

Wait Till the Clouds Roll By

Part 3 of the Old World/New World Trilogy

MTCD518-0

CD One

- 1 *Johnny the Drunkard*: Asa Martin
- 2 *Get Away Old Man*: Ernie Payne / Vernon Dalhart
- 3 *Cruel Slavery Days*: Fields Ward
- 4 *Cruel Slavery Days*: Mary Anne Haynes
- 5 *Leaving Dear Old Ireland*: Charlie Poole
- 6 *The Bunch of Shamrock*: Cecilia Costello
- 7 *If There Wasn't Any Women ...*: Fiddlin' John Carson
- 8 *If There Wasn't Any Women ...*: Bill Smith
- 9 *Kitty Wells*: The Hill Billies
- 10 *Kitty Wells*: Cecilia Costello
- 11 *Sailor Boy*: The Carter Family
- 12 *Your Faithful Sailor Boy*: Daisy Chapman
- 13 *Swinging Down the Lane*: Carter & Young
- 14 *Swinging Down the Lane*: Chris Willett
- 15 *The Gypsy's Warning*: Vernon Dalhart
- 16 *The Gypsy's Warning*: Bob Hart
- 17 *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By*: Uncle Dave Macon
- 18 *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By*: Charlie Bridger
- 19 *There'll Come a Time*: The Blue Sky Boys
- 20 *There'll Come a Time*: Bill Elson
- 21 *When the Frost is on the Pumpkin*: Fred Jordan
- 22 *Lamp-lighting Time in the Valley*: Asa Martin
- 23 *Lamp-lighting Time in the Valley*: Cyril Poacher
- 24 *Two Convicts*: Levi Smith
- 25 *California Blues*: Gene Autry
- 26 *California Blues*: Derby Smith
- 27 *Rock All Our Babies to Sleep*: Jimmie Rodgers
- 28 *Rock All Our Babies to Sleep*: Doris Davies

Total: 77 mins



CD case cover

CD Two

- 1 *The Ship that Never Returned*: Asa Martin
- 2 *The Ship that Never Returned*: Harry Upton
- 3 *Will the Angels Play Their Harps*: Bud Billings
- 4 *Will the Angels Play Their Harps*: Bill Smith
- 5 *When You and I were Young Maggie*: Fiddlin' J Carson
- 6 *When You and I were Young Maggie*: Danny Stradling
- 7 *Break the News to Mother*: Carson Robison Trio
- 8 *Break the News to Mother*: Bob Hart
- 9 *He's In the Jailhouse Now*: Jimmie Rodgers
- 10 *He's In the Jailhouse Now*: Derby Smith
- 11 *The Drunkard's Lone Child*: Spicer / Dalhart
- 12 *The Little Old Log Cabin*: Fiddlin' John Carson
- 13 *The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane*: Walter Pardon
- 14 *The Birds Upon Tree*: Charlie Bridger
- 15 *The Strawberry Roan*: Paul Hamblin
- 16 *The Strawberry Roan*: Wiggy Smith
- 17 *The Wanderer's Warning*: Carson Robison Trio
- 18 *Riding Along on a Free Train*: Wiggy Smith
- 19 *Granny's Old Arm Chair*: Frank Crumit
- 20 *Granny's Old Arm Chair*: Jack Smith
- 21 *Come Little Leaves*: Walter Pardon
- 22 *Ben Bolt*: Eleonora de Cisneros
- 23 *Ben Bolt*: Walter Pardon
- 24 *Whistling Rufus*: Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers
- 25 *Whistling Rufus*: Levi and Derby Smith

Total: 72 mins

CD Three

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|--|---|
| 1 <i>You Taught Me How to Love You</i> : Buell Kazee | 16 <i>All Alone by the Seaside</i> : Fiddlin' John Carson |
| 2 <i>You Taught Me How to Love You</i> : Bob Hart | 17 <i>In a Cottage By the Sea</i> : Harry Upton |
| 3 <i>Twenty One Years</i> : Frank Luther & Carson Robison | 18 <i>Waiting for the Robert E Lee</i> : The Heidelberg Quintet |
| 4 <i>Twenty One Years</i> : Caroline Hughes | 19 <i>Waiting for the Robert E Lee</i> : Harry Lee |
| 5 <i>Two Sweethearts</i> : The Carter Family | 20 <i>Blue-Haired Jimmy</i> : Horton Barker |
| 6 <i>A Group of Young Squaddies</i> : Joan Taylor | 21 <i>The Blue-Haired Boy</i> : Pop Maynard |
| 7 <i>Silver Threads Among the Gold</i> : Richard José | 22 <i>Gentle Annie</i> : Asa Martin |
| 8 <i>Silver Threads Among the Gold</i> : Bob Hart | 23 <i>Gentle Annie</i> : Billy Pennock |
| 9 <i>I'll Be All Smiles Tonight</i> : Carter Family | 24 <i>Two Little Girls in Blue</i> : Bradley Kincaid |
| 10 <i>I'll Be All Smiles Tonight</i> : Tom Newman | 25 <i>Two Little Girls in Blue</i> : Cyril Poacher |
| 11 <i>The River in the Pines</i> : Gloucestershire Gypsy | 26 <i>The Volunteer Organist</i> : George Belton |
| 12 <i>The Girl I Left in Sunny Tennessee</i> : Floyd Cty Rlers | |
| 13 <i>Tennessee</i> : Eddie Penfold | |
| 14 <i>Mother, Queen of My Heart</i> : Jimmie Rodgers | |
| 15 <i>Home in Texas</i> : Levi Smith | |

Total: 73 mins

Wait Till the Clouds Roll By

Introduction

Cecil Sharp, in a lecture given in Hampstead in 1903, said of his first week collecting folk songs:

"For the first week or so, our captures were few and of small account. I could easily have filled my notebook with Music Hall songs, Nigger songs of the Christy Minstrel type, or with the popular songs of fifty years ago and less, such as 'Grandfather's Clock', 'A Life on the Ocean Wave', 'Woodman Spare That Tree', 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By' and sentimental balderdash of that sort. Gradually however we worked through that stratum and eventually struck a rich vein of Real Folk Song, of the kind we were searching for ..."

(In the typed notes made for his lecture, Sharp had originally used the term 'drivel' when describing the songs. This is crossed out and the term 'sentimental balderdash' written in its place.)

Clearly, it only took Sharp a very short period of time to decide what he was looking for, and to be able to differentiate between 'Real Folk Songs' rather than 'drivel'. Interestingly, of the four songs listed by Sharp, two, *Grandfather's Clock* and *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By*, were written by Americans, or else published in America. One hundred years later, British 'folk singers' were still including American songs in their respective repertoires.

Perhaps at this point it is worth noting that Sharp, and many of his contemporary collectors, were classically trained musicians and composers, who were first drawn to folk songs because of their tunes. We can see how they greatly respected these tunes, because they would sometimes incorporate them into their own compositions. Here we can especially think of Ralph Vaughan Williams and George Butterworth who included folk song tunes that they had collected themselves in their works. Another English composer, Gustav Holst, arranged tunes which had been collected in Somerset by Cecil Sharp. In Europe Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály were doing much the same thing, as was Aaron Copland, later, in America. (You can hear some of Bartók's field recordings and subsequent arrangements on the excellent Muzsikás CD *The Bartók Album* - Hannibal HNCD 1439.) Over the years some people have criticised Sharp and his fellow collectors for limiting their collecting work to songs which they perceived to be folk songs. But this is unfair. Cecil Sharp and all the others were of their time. They were pioneers who preserved so much that would otherwise have been lost. We should not, I believe, forget this. Now, back to those American songs.

In 1836 a white American singer and dancer called Thomas 'Daddy' Rice arrived at London's Adelphi Theatre to perform his song and dance routine *Jump Jim Crow*.

Rice was an immediate sensation and his act paved the way for troupes of 'Nigger Minstrels' - white singers with blacked-up faces - to begin performing in Britain. Ironically, in America some black performers 'blacked' themselves up - using black face-paint on their skins - in order to perform with such troupes. (See, for example, the photograph of performers including blacked-up black singers Jim Jackson and Gus Cannon, which can be found in the booklet (pp. 70 - 71) accompanying the double CD *Good for What Ails You - Music of the Medicine Shows 1926 1937* - Old Hat CD 1005). And it may be that the blackened faces were also responsible for the black faces to be found in some British customs, such as the Britannia Coconut Dancers from Bacup in Lancashire.

One of the first Minstrel troupes to visit Britain was the Virginia Serenades who arrived in 1843, later followed by Raynor & Pierce's Christy Minstrels, who opened in London's St James Theatre on 3rd August, 1857. The term 'Christy (or 'Christy's') Minstrels comes from a black-face group formed by Edward Pearce Christy in Buffalo, New York, in 1843. Raynor & Pierce's Christy Minstrels included several members from the original America troupe. The Minstrels then moved to the Surrey Theatre and then to the Polygraphic Hall in London's King William Street. In 1859 they were performing in Liverpool's St James's Hall, before touring and performing in various provincial halls. The group then returned to London, before disbanding in 1860. Within a year four new 'Christy Minstrel' troupes were performing throughout Britain. In 1864 one of these troupes began playing at the St James Theatre, the same theatre that the original group had played at in 1857, and such was their popularity that they continued to perform there for 35 years, before retiring in 1904.

The Christy Minstrels popularised dozens of songs, including: *Blue Tail Fly*, *Campdown Races*, *Grape Vine Trot*, *Jump Jim Crow*, *Jordan is a Hard Road to Travel*, *Oh! Susanna*, *Old Bob Ridley*, *Old Dan Tucker*, *Old Folks at Home*, *Old Joe Clark*, *Old Johnny Boker*, *Old Zip Coon*, *The Ole Grey Goose*, *Polly Wolly Doodle*, *Turkey in the Straw* and *Year of Jubilo*.

Many of these songs entered the repertoires of British traditional singers. According to the collector Alfred Williams, who collected a very full text for the song *Old Bob Ridley*. 'This is of American origin; the song was very popular throughout the Thames valley.' Williams also noted a short version of *Old Johnny Boker* - he called it 'Bowker' - which, along with *Old Bob Ridley*, can be found in his book *Folk Songs of the Upper Thames* (1923). *Old Johnny Boker* was also printed on a number of British broadsides, including one issued by Ryle of London. Alfred Williams also collected a full text of the song *In Those Agonizing Cruel Slavery Days*, a version of which was collected from the Gypsy singer Mary Ann Haynes (Musical Traditions CD320). Williams left this song out of his book, though the text is now available on line.

The Horsham folk singer and shoemaker Henry Burstow (1826 - 1916) produced a book, *Reminiscences of Horsham* in 1911, in which he included a list of some 400 or so songs that he knew. Burstow was visited by the song collector Lucy Broadwood, who, like Cecil Sharp above, left us this telling comment:

We must listen with becoming reverence to "Silver Threads amongst the Gold," to Eliza Cook's "Old Armchair," or to "Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt"; we must wag our pencil hypocritically over our music-paper should we wish later to hear the ballad of "Long Lankin," "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor," "Death and the Lady," or the like. And we must never take for granted that a dirge on Napoleon, or the lamentation of a convict hanged a few years ago, can be skipped, for modern doggerel is often wedded to the oldest tunes.

Henry Burstow's list includes a few Minstrel songs - *Good Old Jeff*, *Hard Times Come Again No More*, *Kitty Wells*, *The Negro Boy*, *Nelly Gray*, *Poor Uncle Tom*, *Uncle Ned* - this latter by Stephen Foster, who also wrote *Gentle Annie* and *Old Folks at Home*, two other songs that Burstow knew. Other American songs that were known to Burstow include: *Ben Bolt*, *Ben Bolt's Reply*, *The Gipsy's Warning*, *The Gipsy's Warning (Answer to)*, *Home, Sweet, Home*, *Meet Me by Moonlight Alone*, and *Ring the Bell Watchman*. In two of these songs we also have replies, or answers, which suggests that the songs appeared on broadsides. (It being a common practice for the broadside printers to create follow-up pieces to songs which were selling well.) And many of these songs did appear on British broadside sheets. Burstow's song, *Ben Bolt* was also in the repertoire of the Norfolk singer Walter Pardon (Musical Traditions CD 305-06).

And, of course, we have recordings of other Minstrel songs, such as *Playing on the Old Banjo* (sung by Charlie Bridger of Kent on MTCD377), *Old Johnny Bigger* (sung by Percy Bridges of Oxfordshire on MTCD372), Freda Palmer of Oxfordshire (on MTCD375-6), and Bill Smith of Shropshire on MTCD351), *Kitty Wells* and *Saturday Night I Lost My Wife* - a version of the Minstrel song *Old Grey Goose* - (both sung by Cecilia Costello of Birmingham (MTCD363-4), *The Little old Log Cabin in the Lane* sung by Walter Pardon of Norfolk and available on this CD), and *Good Old Jeff* (versions sung by Charlie Bridger of Kent on MTCD377 and Harry Upton of Sussex on MTCD371.)

Playing on the Old Banjo was written by Alfred Scott Gatty in 1893 and published in 'Gatty's Plantation Songs'. An English recording, by the Zono Minstrels, was issued in 1913 (Zonophone X-49448). *Old Johnny Bigger* may, or may not, have started life as the Minstrel song 'Johnny Boker, or, *De Broken Yoke in de Coaling Ground*, which was printed on a music sheet in Boston in 1840 and performed by J W Sweeny. Over the years it became known under a number of different titles, such as 'Old Johnny Booker' or 'Old Johnny Bucker'. *Kitty Wells* is a Moore & Burgess Minstrels' song and was in the repertoire of several English singers, including Jack Elliot (Co Durham), Stan Cope (Worcestershire), Ted Lambourne (Buckinghamshire), Frank Hinchliffe (Yorkshire), Henry Burstow (Sussex), George, Geoff, and Fred Ling (all Suffolk), and Walter Pardon (Norfolk). *The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane* was written by Will S Hays in 1871 and later popularised by Fiddlin' John Carson. *Good Old Jeff* was composed, words and music, in 1853 by the American G W H Griffin (1829-1879) and popularised by the Christie Minstrels. It needs hardly saying that, today, such sentimental pieces are rather out of fashion, although, according to Harry Upton, the song was quite popular during his youth. I mentioned above that the texts to some Minstrel songs were printed on British broadsides, and we know that in this case there were broadsides by Disley and Such (both of London), Charles Saunderson (Edinburgh), Harkness (Preston) and Thomas Pearson (Manchester), and Fortey (also from London) included the words in at least two songsters, *The Nigger Melodist* and *The Aquarium Songster*. Other versions have been recorded from the Millen Family of Kent (OPEN CD003) and Gordon Syrett of Suffolk (VTCD8). Further details about Minstrelsy in Britain may be found in the booklet which accompanies the CD *Ray Andrews - Classic English Banjo* MTCD314.

Once the Minstrel Shows had become established in Britain, other American singers and musicians began to visit our shores, performing in music-halls and Variety Theatres, and, of course, bringing further songs with them.

By the end of the 19th century many homes in Britain had a piano. It became customary for families to congregate around the piano and sing, or listen to, songs which had been written for such occasions and which had been printed, words and music, for these occasions. Such songs, which differed from the 'earthiness' of many music-hall songs, became known as 'parlour-songs, or, parlour-ballads'. The composer, and sometime folk song collector, Ralph Vaughan Williams was not a fan:

The people who originally sang folk songs now sing music-hall songs instead. I do not like music-hall songs very much, but with all their blatant vulgarity they are infinitely superior to the inane rubbish which is sung in the modern drawing-room.

Increasingly, many music-hall and parlour-ballads were being written by Americans, as were songs which appeared on the newly invented gramophone:

(The) heavy transatlantic influence had begun in the music-hall and parlour-song era, but was consolidated and made permanent by the gramophone record industry. Aficionados of the period will be quick to point out that many dance bands had a particularly British flavour, and that some British artists - such as Harry Lauder, George Formby and Gracie Fields - had a huge following, which is true, but the underlying model was overtly American. People who learnt songs from records were more likely to sing about their 'home in Tennessee' than their cottage in Lancashire.

These words, by Steve Roud, appear in his book 'Folk Song in England' (2017). Steve continues:

Until the outbreak of the First World War, Germany dominated the production of gramophones and records, and looked set to continue in this position, but the conflict allowed British and American companies to take over and very quickly to dominate the world. The American influence at all levels cannot be overestimated. Even the nominally British companies had strong transatlantic connections, they bought each other's recordings, the modern business methods adopted were all derived from America and a huge proportion of the popular music issued on record originated there.

In 2003 I wrote a short article about some of the music-hall songs which had been recorded on early records and later remembered by traditional singers (*The Other Songs* in *Musical Traditions - Enthusiasms # 40*). I did not mention recordings of American singers in the article, but, as Steve Roud says, many American recordings were issued in Britain and many songs passed from these records into the repertoires of British traditional singers. American singers such as Vernon Dalhart, Frank Crumit, Frank Luther (aka Bud Billings) and Carson Robison could be heard in Britain singing all kinds of songs, many of which passed into the British tradition. These included white singers who sang the blues - such as Jimmie Rodgers - and the highly popular 'singing cowboys' whose films could be seen in British cinemas. (The Coen Brothers film *The Ballad of Buster Scruggs* features a splendid spoof of this genre, with the ever smiling Tim Blake Nelson playing his part to perfection.)

Mention must also be made of the fact that during World War Two, thousands of American service personnel (soldiers, airmen etc.) were posted to England prior to the D-Day landings in France. Many of these people were stationed in East Anglia (Suffolk and Norfolk) and it does seem that many East Anglian traditional singers who were recorded in the 1960s and '70s had quite a high proportion of American songs in their respective repertoires. We know that there was social interaction between the Americans and the local people - the daughter of Suffolk singer Cyril Poacher, for example, married an American GI - and it may be that singers picked up American songs directly from hearing them being sung by the visiting Americans. (On the other hand, it may be that singers all over England sang American songs and that collectors spent more time in East Anglia than anywhere else. This is something that needs further investigation.)

Wait Till the Clouds Roll By is the third in a trilogy of CDs devoted to Anglo-American folk music. *A Distant Land to Roam* (MTCD516) was devoted to songs and tunes which had been taken to America by early British and Irish settlers, while *Oh, Listen Today* (MTCD517) looked at the roots of American fiddle music. As explained above, *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By* tries to explain why British and Irish traditional singers and musicians have adopted American songs and music into their own repertoires. The fact that the opening track is a version of an old British ballad may confuse some listeners, but I hope that, by reading the booklet notes, they will see just where I am coming from. American music, in order to become truly American, had to begin with something else. And that something was the music that the early settlers brought with them to the New World. This series concentrates on the music brought to America from Britain and Europe. Sadly, there has not been space to consider music from other

parts of the world, such as Africa, which brought about the rise of jazz and the blues, two types of music which I have loved for most of my life. American music cannot, and should not, be considered in isolation. Where, for example, would Old-Timey and Bluegrass music be without the 5-string banjo, an instrument whose origin lies in the hands of black African slaves? And what about black gospel music? According to some scholars, this music could have been based on the music of Gaelic psalms which were once sung in parts of southern America and which would have been heard being sung by white Scottish descendants on slave plantations? This trilogy will, I hope, help explain certain aspects of American music, but, as I said above, it can never be the whole story. Who knows? Perhaps that will come later.

The Performers

Gene Autry. Orvon Grover 'Gene' Autry (1907 - 1998), 'The Singing Cowboy', was well-known for his performances on American radio and in American Western films, which featured his singing. In a twenty year period (1934 - 53) Autry appeared in over 90 films and in the 1950's had his own television show. He is often said to have been one of the most important of the early country singers, second only in popularity to Jimmie Rodgers (see below).

Horton Barker (1889 - 1973). Blind from birth, Horton Barker became well-known as a ballad singer. Originally from Laurel Bloomery, TN, Horton picked up many of his songs when he attended the School for the Blind in Staunton, VA. He also picked up a number of spirituals while accompanying a travelling preacher. Following his 1930s appearances at the Whitetop Festival, he was recorded in 1939 by Herbert Halpert, on behalf of the Library of Congress. In the 1960s Folkways Records issued an LP of Horton. He can also be heard singing *Hares on the Mountain*, *There Was an Old Man and Pretty Sally* on the *Musical Traditions* double CD 'When Cecil Left the Mountains' (MTCD514-5).

Bud Billings was an alias used by the singer and songwriter Frank Luther (1899 - 1980), whose full birth name was Francis Luther Crow. In 1927 he toured England. Many of his American recordings were reissued in Britain on the Zonophone label, often under his alias of Bud Billings.

Charlie Bridger (1913 - 1988) spent most of his life working on farms and as a stonebreaker. There is a solo CD *Won't You Buy My Pretty Flowers* (MTCD377).

Fiddlin' John Carson (1868 - 1949) was an American Old-Timey fiddler and singer from Georgia. Between 1914 and 1922 Carson was voted 'Champion Fiddler of Georgia' seven times. On 19th June, 1923, Carson recorded *The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane* and *The Old Hen Cackled and the Rooster's Going to Crow* in Atlanta. The record company was not too impressed, but they nevertheless pressed 500 copies of the disc for local consumption. These sold out quickly and Carson was invited to New York to continue his recording career. Carson's recordings of *You Will Never Miss Your Mother Until She is Gone* and *Old Joe Clark* apparently sold over one million copies each. In all, Carson recorded almost 150 sides, often with his group 'The Virginia Reelers' or else with his guitar-playing daughter Rosa Lee Carson, who also sang on some recordings.

Buster Carter & Preston Young were from North Carolina. Preston Young had learnt songs from his father, including *A Lazy Farmer Boy*, a version of the song *The Young Man Who Wouldn't Hoe His Corn* and could play the guitar and autoharp. As a young man he became acquainted with Charlie Poole (listed below) who suggested that Young should form his own band. Following Poole's death in May, 1931, Poole's fiddler, Posey Rorer, suggested that Young and Buster Carter should accompany him to New York to make some recordings. These recordings, including classic tracks such as: *I'll Roll in my Sweet Baby's Arms*, *It Won't Hurt No More* and *A Lazy Farmer Boy* can now be heard on Document CD *Walter Smith and Friends - volume 3* (DOCD-8064). You can read more about Preston Young in Tony Russell's article *Good Old Times Makin' Music - the Preston Young Story* in *Old Time Music 7* (Winter 1972/3).

The Carter Family Alvin Pleasant 'A P' Carter (1891 - 1960), Sarah Dougherty (1899 - 1979) and Maybelle Addington Carter (1909 - 1978) comprised one of the best-known and most loved groups in early country music. Originally from rural Virginia, the trio's repertoire ran from Anglo-American folk songs to the latest parlour or gospel ballad. Sarah's distinctive voice, backed by Maybell's driving guitar work and A P's vocal harmony, created one of the most distinct sounds to be found in early old timey and country music. Much of the Carter Family's recorded repertoire has been reissued on two 5 CD box sets - *The Carter Family 1927 - 1934* (JSPCD7701) and *The Carter Family. Volume 2 1935 - 1941* (JSPCD7708).

Daisy Chapman (1912 - 1997) spent thirty years working on an Aberdeenshire farm, before moving with her husband to Aberdeen. Many of her songs can be heard on the CD *Daisy Chapman - Ythanside* (MTCD308).

Eleonora de Cisnerois (1878 - 1934) was born Eleanor Broadfoot in New York City. She became an opera singer with the Metropolitan Opera Company and is, perhaps, best remembered for fund-raising work for the Red Cross during the First World War.

Cecelia Costello (1884 - 1976) was born in Birmingham of Irish parentage and became famous in the early 1950s when the BBC recorded a number of songs from her, including some rare and beautiful Child ballads. She was visited by several later collectors and there is a double CD of her singing titled *Old Fashioned Songs* (MTCD363-4).

Frank Crumit (1889 - 1943) was from Ohio. He first appeared on stage at the age of five years, in a minstrel show, and he originally made his name on stage. He then began to make records, and his coupling of the songs *The Gay Caballero* and *Abdul Abulbul Amir* is said to have sold over four million copies.

Vernon Dalhart (1883 - 1948), was born Marion Try Slaughter, but changed to his stage name, Vernon Dalhart, at the beginning of his musical career. Dalhart was both a singer and songwriter and is best known for being the first country singer in America to sell one million copies of one recording. Originally, Dalhart trained to be an opera singer and from 1916 until 1923 he recorded over four hundred light classical pieces. However, in 1924 he recorded *The Wreck of the Old 97* coupled with *The Prisoner's Song*, a 78rpm disc which, eventually, sold some seven million copies. Country music was suddenly on the scene and Dalhart, despite his 'trained' voice, had found a new career. Many of Vernon Dalhart's recordings were issued in Britain, the most popular possibly being *The Runaway Train* which became well-known to children, via children's radio programmes.

Doris Davies was a member of the Brazil family of Gloucestershire, who are the subject of a three CD set *Down by the Old Riverside* (MTCD345-7). She recorded at least three songs for the collector Peter Shephard in 1966. These were *Rock All Our Babies to Sleep*, *As I Strolled Out One May Morning* and *Young Lady that Never Would Roam*.

George Dunn (1887 - 1975) was a Birmingham chainmaker who had a large repertoire of songs, many of which can be heard on the double CD *Chainmaker* (MTCD317-8).

Bill Ellson (b. 1916) was originally from south London, though was living in Kent when Mike Yates met him. His family were related to the Gypsy Penfolds and Bill spent much of his life working with horses, eventually setting up his own farm near Edenbridge. He learnt to play the mouthorgan as a boy in London and would often busk in the streets there to earn a few coppers.

Floyd County Ramblers were, as their names suggests, from Floyd County, VA. In 1930 they had one recording session in New York, where they recorded six sides. The group comprised fiddler Banks McNeil, harmonica player Walter Boone, banjoist Sam McNeil and guitarist J W 'Will' Boone. Their recording of *Granny Will Your Dog Bite* - a version of the well-known tune *Eighth of January* - has been reissued on various CDs.

Benjamin Paul Hamlin (1906 - 1933) was from Kanab County in Utah. He grew up working in cow camps before becoming a dude wrangler working for tourists in the area of the Grand Canyon. Hamlin then moved to Los Angeles where he performed as a singing-cowboy on radio stations KFI and KMPC. He recorded four songs in 1930, including *The Strawberry Roan*, all of which were issued. He sadly died two years later, at the age of only 26 years, possibly as a result of a fall from a horse.

Bob Hart (1892 - 1978), from Suffolk, began his working life on farms before going to sea. After the Great War, where he was wounded, he had a number of jobs before working at Snape Maltings. Bob was discovered by the outside world in the 1960s and many of his songs can be heard on the double CD set *A Broadside* (MTDC301-2).

Mary Ann Hayes (1905 - 1977) was living in Brighton when Mike Yates met up with her. She can be heard on the anthology *Here's Luck to a Man - Gypsy Songs and Music from South-East England* (MTCD320).

The Heidelberg Quintette recorded for Victor and Edison Records during the period 1912 - 1914. The term 'Quintette' was only used on their Victor recordings. Originally four of the group - tenors Billy Murray and John H Bielings, baritone Steve Porter and bass William F Hooley - had formed the 'American Quartet', but they became a quintet when countertenor Will Oakland joined.

Caroline Hughes (1900 - 1971) was yet another fine Gypsy singer, this time one from Dorset. Another singer with a large repertoire, she can be heard on the double CD *Sheep-crook and Black Dog* (MTCD365-6) and on another double CD *I'm a Romany Rai* (Topic TSCD672D), where her songs fill one of the CDs.

Roy Harvey & The North Carolina Ramblers Please see the entry for Charlie Poole with the North Carolina Ramblers' below.

The Hill Billies were founded by pianist Albert 'Al' Green Hopkins (1889 - 1932) who brought together musicians from Watauga County, NC, and from Grayson and Carroll Counties in VA. They first came together in the musically rich area of Galax, VA but were later based in Washington, where they regularly performed on WRC radio. Occasionally, Hopkins' mother would join them on the radio, where she sang ballads. The band became the first old-timey group to perform for an American President, in this case President Calvin Coolidge. It is sometimes said that they invented the term 'hill billies', though this is probably incorrect.

Fred Jordan (1922 - 2002) was a farm labourer from Shropshire. At the age of only six, he won £1 as a prize for singing one of his mother's songs, *The Gypsy's Warning*, in a competition. Discovered as a singer by the BBC in the 1950s, Fred went on to become a popular performer at folk clubs and Festivals around Britain. He continued to pick up songs throughout his life and there is a good selection on a two-CD set - *Fred Jordan. A Shropshire Lad* - Veteran VTD148CD.

Richard Josè (1862 - 1941) was born in Cornwall, England. He followed an uncle to Nevada in 1876, where he began singing in local saloons. At this time he became known as 'the singing blacksmith'. In 1881 he appeared with Thatcher's Minstrels. He toured California before appearing in New York. In 1892 he began recording on phonograph cylinders before recording for the Victor Company. His recording of *Silver Threads Among the Gold* was probably his biggest hit. His original Cornish surname Jose (it rhymes with 'rose') was changed to Josè (pronounced hoh-zay) to suggest a Hispanic background.

Buell Kazee (1900 - 1976) was from Kentucky. He recorded family songs and ballads, such as *The Lady Gay*, *East Virginia* and *John Hardy*, but he also recorded a number of modern songs which sound very different from his earlier pieces. Later recordings may be heard on MTCD 505-6 and MTCD 507-8.

Henry 'Harry' Lee (1891 - 1967) was probably the only English Gypsy fiddle-player to have been extensively recorded and many of his tunes can be heard on the Musical Traditions CD *Boshamengro* - English Gypsy Musicians (MTCD373). There are extensive notes about Harry Lee in the booklet which accompanies this CD.

Uncle Dave Macon (1870 - 1952) from Tennessee was a banjo-player and singer who was known as 'The Dixie Dewdrop'. Macon's huge repertoire ranged from Anglo-American folksongs to Vaudeville songs, Parlour ballads, blues, ragtime and religious pieces. His recordings with the Fruit Jar Drinkers are probably some of the greatest old-timey recordings ever made. Almost two hundred of his early (1924 - 1938) recordings are available on two JSP box sets - JSP7729 and JSP7769. The music historian Charles Wolfe once described Jimmie Rodgers (see below) as 'the father of country music'. Wolfe added that if this was so, 'then Uncle Dave must certainly be 'the grandfather of country music'.' For more on Uncle Dave, see the article *Uncle Dave Macon - a study in repertoire* Musical Traditions internet magazine, article 257 (2010).

Asa Martin (1900 - 1979) was from Kentucky. His mother was a piano teacher, who also played the guitar, while his father was a fiddle player. Asa hoped to become a doctor, but with a shortage of money he was forced, instead, to become a street busker. A friend, the fiddler Doc Roberts, had begun making records and, in 1925 Roberts and Martin won a fiddle contest held in Winchester, KY. Doc Roberts had previously made records, but in 1928 he took Asa Martin with him to Richmond, IN, to records for Gennett Records. The pair recorded some fifty sides over the next six years. In later years Martin began to sing on the recordings. Although more or less retired by the early '70s Asa Martin produced one last album - *Dr Ginger Blue* - which appeared on the Rounder label. He can also be heard backing Doc Roberts on three Document albums (DOCD 8042/43/44) and singing on a British Archive of Country Music album (BAMC CD493).

George 'Pop' Maynard was born in Smallfield, Surrey, on Old Christmas Day, 6th January, 1872. In childhood he moved with the family to the next village, Copthorne, on the Surrey and Sussex border, and lived there for most of the rest of his long life - but worked over a wide area of those counties and in Kent. He died at the age of 90 years on November 29th, 1962.

He was skilled in many rural crafts; woodcutting, harvesting, flaving (bark stripping), bark hatching (dressing the bark ready for the tanner), barrel-stave making, hop picking and poaching. He was also - famously - a player of games; shove ha'penny, quoits, darts and marbles. When, in 1948, his team won the marbles tournament at Tilsley Green on Good Friday, he was interviewed by the BBC, and was subsequently seen on TV on several occasions at this annual event.

Singing was part of family life and George learnt many songs from his father, brothers and neighbours. He once paid a mate 6d to teach him *The Rusty Highwayman* while they were out in the field hoeing. Despite having had little education he was literate and so was able to learn more songs from the penny ballad sheets (broadsides) hawked around the villages in those days.

He appeared on the BBC Radio *As I Roved Out* series, and sang *Polly on the Shore* on the EP *Four Sussex Singers* (Collector LEB 7), 1961. Two BBC LPs of his songs, recorded by Peter Kennedy in 1956, reside in the EFDSS' Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, and eight of these, plus seven recorded by Paul Carter and Ken Stubbs in 1962, appeared on Pop's only commercial album *Ye Subjects of England* (Topic 12TS86), 1976.

George 'Tom' Newman was in his 90th year when I met him and, sadly, I only knew him for the last six months of his life. Originally from Faringdon, he was living in a small bungalow in the village of Clanfield, near Bampton, Oxfordshire. I was told that Tom used to occasionally turn up at the Bampton Whit Monday ceremonies with his one-man band and would proceed to accompany the traditional Morris team around the village. John Baldwin, whose 1969 *Folk Music Journal* article directed me to Tom, had described him thus: He is an old man now and tends to become very excited when singing; sitting in a chair and pumping the floor with his feet alternately, and similarly his knees with clenched fists.

Walter Pardon (1914 - 1996) was one of the most important traditional folk singers to have been discovered in the 20th century. A village carpenter from the village of Knapton in Norfolk, Walter learnt many of the songs in his vast repertoire from his family. Much of his repertoire can be heard on three CDs - *Put a Bit of Powder On It Father* (Musical Traditions double CD MTCD305-6) and *A World Without Horses* (Topic TSCD514) - and individual songs may be heard on at least nineteen anthology CDs.

Ernie Payne was from the village of Hawkesbury Upton, Gloucestershire. I had been directed to him by fellow song collector Gwilym Davies. I recorded Ernie singing a lovely version of the folk song *The Seeds of Love* (which can be heard on Veteran VTC6CD - *It Was on a Market Day, volume 1*) and a couple of fragments. Gwilym later collected a number of Music Hall songs from Ernie.

Billy Pennock was discovered by the BBC in 1953. He played the fiddle for the Goathland Plough Stots and recorded several traditional dance tunes, together with three songs: *Green Bushes*, *The Indian Lass* and *The Bonny Hawthorn*. *Gentle Annie* was recorded at a later date. Billy's father, Nesswell Pennock, was visited by Frank and Ethel Kidson before 1891, then again in 1914 by Cecil Sharp, Ellis Roberts, and Maud Karpeles. Bill can also be heard singing: *The Bonny Hawthorn*, *Smock's Made of Linnen*, *Two Little Maids*, and *The Baby's Name* on MTCD406-7.

Cyril Poacher (1910 - 1999) worked in Suffolk as a cowman. He grew up in an area that was renowned for its singers and musicians and he was recorded by the BBC and several other later collectors. Many of his songs can be heard on the CD *Plenty of Thyme* (MTCD303).

Charlie Poole with the North Carolina Ramblers The North Carolina Ramblers were led by banjo player and singer Charlie Poole (1892 - 1931), who came from the mill town of Franklinville, NC. In 1918 he moved to Spray, now a part of Eden. It is said that as young man he damaged his right hand playing baseball and, as a result, when he learnt to play the banjo he was unable to play in a conventional style, but rather developed his own characteristic style. He became a semi-professional musician but continued to work in the textile mills for most of his short life. Poole formed the North Carolina Ramblers with his brother-in-law, the fiddler Posey Rorer, and guitarist Norman Woodlief. They recorded for the Columbia label and it is said that their first record *Don't Let Your Deal Go Down*, which they recorded in 1925, sold over 106,000 copies and this was at a time when there were only thought to be some 6,000 phonographs in the southern United States. In 1929 Charlie Poole teamed up with a larger group, The Highlanders, comprising Lonnie Austin (fd), Oden Smith (fd), Lucy Terry (p), Roy Harvey (gtr) and himself on guitar and vocals. They had a series of New York session for Paramount records (shortly after recording for Columbia a day or two before) but the larger group did not prove as popular as the original North Carolina Ramblers and in the following year Poole and the Ramblers - this time comprising Poole, Odell Smith (fd) and Roy Harvey (gtr) - returned to Columbia records for their final three recording sessions. Charlie Poole died in May, 1931, following a heart attack.

Carson Robison (1890 - 1957) was the son of a fiddle player, and began his musical career when only aged 15 years. He began recording in New York in 1924, sometimes accompanying Vernon Dalhart (see above). Later recordings were made with Frank Luther (see entry for Bud Billings

above). Robison toured Great Britain in 1932, 1936 and 1938 and many of his American recordings were reissued on British labels.

Jimmie Rodgers (1897 - 1933) was born James Charles Rodgers in Mississippi and it is thought that, as a boy, he would have heard black singers working on the railroad. Rodgers became a railroad brakeman on the New Orleans and Northeastern Railroad. In 1924, then aged 27 years, Rodgers was diagnosed with tuberculosis. Having left the railroad, he began to work on a career in music. In 1927 Rodgers travelled to Bristol, Tennessee, having heard that the Victor Talking Machine Company were auditioning for singers. He recorded two songs, *The Soldier's Sweetheart* and *Sleep, Baby, Sleep*. He was then asked to go to New York, where he recorded four more songs, including what was to become one of his best-known pieces, *Blue Yodel* - better known as 'T for Texas'. Rodgers included a yodel in this song, which became his recording trade mark. It seems that he had once heard a troupe of Swiss yodelers giving a demonstration in a church. Rodgers continued to make records until his untimely death in 1933. He is remembered as being one of the greats of early country music.

Bill Smith (1909 - 1987) was a farmer and singer from Shropshire. His album, *A Country Life* is on MTCD351.

Derby Smith. The son of the Gypsy singer Jasper Derby Smith (1921 - 2003) and nephew of Jasper's brother Levi Smith (see below). Derby's guitar playing and singing style owe much to early American Country and Western recordings. He once said that his favourite singer was the 1930s American singer Jimmie Rodgers, who can be heard singing *He In the Jailhouse Now* on this CD, alongside Derby's version of the song.

Levi Smith (b. 1915) was a Gypsy who travelled around south-east England. When I first met him he was camped at a roadside just outside Westerham, Kent, but was 'moved on' shortly afterwards by the police. He then settled on a site near Epsom, Surrey, where his brother Jasper and Jasper's son Derby were living. Levi can also be heard on two other Musical Traditions CDs *Here's Luck to a Man* (MTCD320) and *Boshamen-gro* (MTCD373).

Wisdom 'Wiggy' Smith (1926 - 2001) came from another family of Gloucestershire Gypsies, many of whom sang. He, and other members of his family, can also be heard on his solo album *Band of Gold* (MTCD307).

George Spicer (1906 - 1981) from Sussex, was discovered as a singer by the BBC in the 1950s. Some of his songs appeared on an out-of-print Topic LP and, today, his songs can be heard on several CD anthologies, including *Just Another Saturday Night* (MTCD309-10), *Up in the North and Down in the South* (MTCD311-2), *The Birds Upon the Tree* (MTCD333) and *I Wish There Was No Prisons* (MTCD372) and Topic's *Voice of the People* series.

Danny Stradling was a young North Londoner whose life was changed by hearing Phoebe Smith in the mid-Sixties and subsequently, numerous other Gypsy and Traveller singers still performing at that time. She was unusual, for her generation, in being very fond of the old popular songs like *When You and I Were Young, Maggie*.

Harry Upton (b.1900) worked on Sussex farms for most of his life. His solo album, *Why Can't it Always be Saturday?* is on MTCD371. Two additional songs can be heard on *I Wish There Was No Prisons* (MTCD372).

Fields Ward & The Grayson County Railsplitters. Fields Ward (1911 - 1987) came from a well-known family of musicians from the Galax region of Grayson County, VA. These included Crockett Ward (fiddle) and his brother Wade Ward (banjo), and Crockett's son, Fields Ward. They often performed with the singer and guitarist Ernest Stoneman and the fiddler Uncle Eck Dunford. The 1929 Gennett recording session by The Grayson County Railsplitters resulted in sixteen sides being recorded, but, for some reason or other, the sides were never issued at the time. Fields Ward, however, kept test pressings and these were eventually issued on an LP in the 1970s.

Chris Willett (b. 1918) described himself as a 'trader'. He was living near Paddock Wood in Kent when he was recorded and came from a family of outstanding Gypsy singers whose songs can be heard on a double CD *Adieu to Old England* (MTCD361-2).

The Songs

Roud numbers quoted are from the databases, The Folk Song Index and The Broadside Index, continually updated, compiled by Steve Roud. Currently containing over half a million records between them, relating to over 31,000 separate songs, they are described by him as "extensive, but not yet exhaustive". Copies are held at: The Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, London; Taisce Ceol Duchais Eireann, Dublin; and The School of

Scottish Studies, Edinburgh. The Folk Song Index is also accessible on-line at: <http://library.efdss.org> They can also be purchased direct from Steve at: 38 King Street, Somersham, Cambs PE28 3EJ, UK. E-mail: sroud@btinternet.com

Child numbers, where quoted, refer to entries in The English and Scottish Popular Ballads by Francis James Child, Boston, 1882-98. Laws numbers, where quoted, refer to entries in American Balladry from British Broad-sides by G Malcolm Laws Jr, Philadelphia, 1957.

In the following Song Notes, all Musical Traditions Records' CDs are referred to only by their Catalogue Numbers (i.e. MTCDxxx), as are all Topic Records' CDs (i.e. TSCDxxx) and Veteran CDs (i.e. VTxxx). The names of all other CD publishers are given in full.

This booklet will already be a very tight fit into a double DVD case, and so we have decided not to include the text transcriptions of the English versions unless they are significantly different from the preceding American ones.

CD One

1 - 1. **Johnny the Drunkard** (Child 274/Roud 114) - Asa Martin. Asa Martin, vcl. & gtr. Doc Roberts, man. Richmond IN. 1930.

John came home the other night as drunk as he could be
Found a hat upon the rack where his hat ought to be
'Now wifey, dear, come over here, explain this thing to me
Whose hat is that upon the rack where my hat ought to be?'
'You silly fool, go back to school, you're blind and cannot see
For that is a frying pan my mama sent to me'
'I've travelled far, I've travelled near, a thousand miles or more
But a frying pan with a lining I never have seen before'

John came home the other night as drunk as he could be
Found a jacket on the chair where his coat ought to be
'Now wifey, dear, come over here, explain this thing to me
Whose jacket is that upon the chair where my coat ought to be?'

'You silly fool, you drunken fool, you're drunk and cannot see
For that is a baby suit my mama sent to me'
'I've travelled far, I've travelled near, a thousand miles or more
But a baby's suit with a fancy vest I never have seen before'

John came home the other night as drunk as pickled as could be
Saw a shoe lay on the floor where his shoe ought to be
'Now wifey, dear, (open up?) your ear, if you don't come to me
And tell me all about this shoe where my shoe ought to be
'You drunken bum, you dirty bum, so drunk you cannot see
For that is a cuspidor my mama sent to me'
'I've travelled far, I've travelled near, a thousand miles or more
But a cuspidor with a rubber heel I never have seen before'

John came home the other day as (?) as he could be
Saw a head lay on the couch where his head ought to be
'Now wifey, dear, come over here, explain this thing to me
Whose head is that upon the couch where my head ought to be?'
'You dirty fool, you drunken fool, so drunk you cannot see
For that is a cabbage head my mama sent to me'
'I've travelled far, I've travelled near, a thousand miles or more
But a cabbage head with a mustache I never have seen before'

It may seem odd to begin this set of American songs with a version of the Old World ballad which Professor Child called 'Our Goodman'. Versions of the piece were taken to America by British and Irish settlers. Many American collected versions usually seem to be linked melodically, suggesting that the song spread across America by word of mouth. But this is not the case with Asa Martin's version. Martin was from Kentucky, a State visited by Cecil Sharp and others who were in search of Old World songs and ballads and, while Martin's words are pretty routine, his melody is not. Martin's verses are sung to a jaunty military march tune. Couple this with the long drawn-out final line in each verse, and we seem to be, musically speaking, in the realm of the American Music Hall. I can only suggest that here we have a case of a British/Irish song being turned into an American piece, a piece that was 're-invented' for public stage performance. If this is the case, then we may say that here lies the roots of American commercial music and that the songs and tunes which follow on these two CDs came about because of the commercialisation of what were, originally, folk songs and ballads. One final point, and I may be clutching at straws here, but I notice that Asa Martin pronounces the word 'ought' as 'ort', which, to my ears, has a sort of Irish ring to it. So could this version of the song originally have been in the repertoire of an Irish/American stage performer? Perhaps we shall never know, but it is, I think, worth considering.

Other recordings: Alice Francombe (Gloucestershire) MTCD331. Alfred 'Fred' Welfare (Sussex) MTCD372. George Spicer (Sussex) - TSCD663.

Mabs Hall (Sussex) - VT115CD. Harry Cox (Norfolk), Mary O'Connors (Belfast) & Colm Keane (Galway) - Rounder CD 1776. Earl Johnson (Georgia) - Document DOCD 8005. Jolly Boys of Lafayette (Louisiana) - JSP 77115D. Percy Ridge (Texas) - Rounder CD 1821. Dr David Rosenbaum (Indiana) - Dust-to-Digital DTD 08. Vern Smelser (Indiana) - Dust-to-Digital DTD 12. Mainer Family (North Carolina) - Rounder CD 1701. Blind Boy Fuller (North Carolina) - Document DOCD 5091 & 5092. Blind Lemon Jefferson (Texas) - JSP 7706D.

1 - 2. **Get Away Old Man Get Away** (Roud 3719) - Ernie Payne/Vernon Dalhart.

i. Ernie Payne, vcl., Hawkesbury Upton, Avon. Early 1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates.

ii Vernon Dalhart, vcl, accompanied by unknown band. London, England. 1931.

i. Ernie Payne

Now listen all you maidens about to choose a man
Don't get one who is ancient, get a young one if you can

For an old man he is old, and an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away

Be sure and marry a young man, 'cause when the weather's cold
A nice warm place to put your feet is better far than gold

For an old man he is old, and an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away

ii Vernon Dalhart

Now listen all you maidens about to choose a man
Don't take one who is ancient, get a young one if you can
'cos if you marry an old man, now list to what I say,
You're sure to meet a young man who will steal your heart away
For an old man he is old, for an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away

Be sure to get a young man with red and rosy cheeks
Don't get a man with a cane in his hand whose back is very weak
I'd rather marry a young man with his pockets lined with silk
Than to marry an old man with a hundred cows to milk
For an old man he is old, for an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away.

I'd sooner marry a young man with an apple in his hand
Than to marry an old man with a hundred acres of land
Don't ever marry an old man and here's the reason why
His lips are all tobacco juice, and his skin is never dry
For an old man he is old, for an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away.

Don't ever marry an old man who's got the rheumatiz
You'll have to rub his creaking joints, if that ain't work, what is?
Don't ever marry an old man, 'cos when the weather's cold
A nice warm place to put your feet is better far than gold.
For an old man he is old, for an old man he is grey,
But a young man's heart is full of love
Get away, old man, get away.
Get away, get away, get away
Get away, get away, get away
Shoo fly, don't bother me
Shoo fly, don't bother me
Get away old man get away.

Written in the 1920s by the American singer Frank Crumit. Vernon Dalhart recorded the song whilst on a visit to England in 1931 and the song was issued as the 'B' side to a 78 whose 'A' side was *The Run Away Train*, a song which became popular on British radio. Whilst American song collectors have noted the piece on many occasions, it has only been seen occasionally in England. Bob & Jacqueline Patten noted a set from Somerset singer Amy Ford, while there is a set in the Francis Collinson collection, now housed in the Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, London.

1 - 3. **In Those Cruel Slavery Days** (Roud 14063) - Fields Ward & The Grayson County Railsplitters.

Fields Ward, vcl. & gtr. Ernest V. Stoneman, vcl. & har. (Possibly Eck Dunford, fd. & Sampson Ward, bjo.) Richmond, IND., 1929.

On the day ol' Marster died,
All the darkies stood and cried.
In those agonizing cruel slavery days,
For we knew we would be sold,
for the silver and the gold.
In those agonizing cruel slavery days.

Well they sold my brother Sam, to a man from Alabam',
And my sister went to Georgia far away. then they broke my heart for life,
When they sold my loving wife in those agonizing cruel slavery days.
In the ol' Virginia State, where they made us separate.
In those agonizing cruel slavery days.
Well it broke the old man's heart, when they said we had to part.
In those agonizing cruel slavery days.

When I'm all alone at night, and the fire is burning bright.
And I think of happy days of long ago,
When the darkies all would sing, and the banjo it would ring.
On those days we never thought will be no more.
When our work on earth is done, and we gather one by one.
In that land where all the tears are washed away,
There we'll need to part no more, on that beautiful golden shore.
Where there never will be cruel slavery days.

In the 1870s Ed Harrigan and Dave Braham wrote a song '(Cruel) Slavery Days' (Roud 12897) which appeared in a number of American songsters, including *Jakey Wolfingstein Songster*, *Larry Tooley's Turn Down Your Collar Songster*, *Braham's Vocal Character Sketch Songster*, *Sam Martin's One Legged Soldier Songster* and *Pretty Waiter Girl Songster* (all 1876), *Johnny Roach's Best Songster* (1877) and *Johnny Patterson's Great London Circus Songster* (1878). The latter title may suggest that the song had been taken to England by American singers; certainly, Alfred Williams found a version in Culham, Oxfordshire, Ralph Vaughan Williams a set in Fen Ditton, Cambridshire, while I found a set being sung in Brighton by a Gypsy singer, Mary Ann Haynes. The song was certainly popular in Britain during the latter half of the 19th century and the words appeared on several broadsides, including those by Sanderson of Edinburgh, both Such and Fortey in London and White of Liverpool. White's text is as follows:

I am thinking today of dem years dat passed away,
When dey tied me up in bondage long ago
In old Virginny State, it was dar we separate,
And it filled my heart with misery and woe.
Dey took away my boy, he was his mother's joy
From a baby in the cradle we him raise.
Oh, dey put us far apart, and it broke de old man's heart,
In dem agonising cruel slav'ry days.

Dey never come again, let us give our praise to Him.
Who looks down what de little children play
So ev'ry night and morn, we will pray for dem dat's gone
In dem agonising, cruel slav'ry days.

Still my memory will steal o'er to dat cabin floor.
When de shadow of de sun came peep in,
At night when all was dark, we would hear the watch dog bark,
And we'd listen to de murmur of de wind.
It seem'd to say to him, 'You people must be free,
For the happy time is coming, 'Lord be prais'd
For then we would weep and moan, for our souls was
In dem agonising, cruel slavery days, not our own,

I am growing old and feeble, and our life am nearly done
I have travell'd in the roughest of road;
Thro' sickness, toil and sorrow,
I have reach'd de end at last,
And I'm resting by de way side wid my load.

Forget now and forgive, has always been my guide,
For dat's what the Golden Scripture surely says:
But our mem'ry will turn roun' when souls dey were tied down,
In dem agonising, cruel slav'ry days.

Although Fields Ward's text is very different - in fact, almost totally different - from the Harrigan & Braham text, Ward always maintained that he had based his song on the one written by Harrigan & Braham. He did say, however, that he had added quite a few new lines.

1 - 4. **Cruel Slavery Days** (Roud 12897) - Mary Ann Haynes.
Mary Ann Haynes, vcl. Brighton, Sussex. Early 1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates.

I'm getting old and feeble and I cannot work no more,
And I'm resting down the lane, by the side.
But through sickness and through sorrows,
We're going to tie both hands tomorrow.

In these haggard nights and these cruel slavery days.

Will they ever come again?
To bring me back all praise [pain?]
I look from where my little children play.
Oh, but every night and morn,
Don't I cry for them 'ats gone,
In these haggard nights and cruel slavery days.

I'll tell the worst of all, they stoled away my joy,
I rocked him in the cradle by the fire.
Oh, they [ripped?] me boy apart,
Where the dogs don't dare to bark,
In these haggard nights and cruel slavery days.

Will they ever come again?
To bring me back all praise
I look from where my little children play.
But in those cotton fields far away,
All my thoughts did fondly strays,
To them haggard nights and cruel slavery days.

If they sell us slaves tomorrow, and old cottons to be [?]
And my darling wife, she worked hard by my side.
Now they'll drift us both apart, where the dogs don't dare to bark,
In these haggard nights and these cruel slavery days.

1 - 5. **Leaving Dear Old Ireland** (Roud 3769) - Charlie Poole with the North Carolina Ramblers.
Charlie Poole, bjo & vcl, Lonnie Austin fd & Roy Harvey gtr. New York City, 1929.

When leaving dear old Ireland
In the merry month of June
The birds were sweetly singing
All nature seemed in tune
An Irish girl accosted me
With a sad tear in her eye
And as she spoke these words to me
So bitterly she cried
'Kind sir, I ask a favor
Will you grant it to me, please
It is not much I ask of you
But it'll set my heart at ease
Take these to my brother Ned
Who's far across the sea
And don't forget to tell him, sir
That they were sent by me'

Chorus:

Three leaves of shamrock
The Irish shamrock
From his darling own sister
A message too she gave
'Take these to my brother
For I have no one other
And tell him they were gathered
From his angel's mother's grave'
'Dear Ned, since you have went away
How bitter's been our lot
The landlord came one winter night
And drove us from our cot
Our troubles they were many
Our friends were very few
Oh, brother, how my mother
Used to often sigh for you
'Son, oh son, come back again'
She did so often say
At last she was stricken
And soon was laid away
Her grave I watered with my tears
That's where these flowers grew
Oh, brother, these are all I have
And these I'll sent to you'

Ch:

Leaving Dear Old Ireland may sound Irish, but the song was, in fact, written by an American called James McGuire in 1889 - no doubt of Irish extraction, judging by his name. It was recorded in New York by Charlie Poole's band, although the versions recorded by the American singers Lester McFarland & Robert A Gardner in 1928 and 1931 were, so I am told, extremely popular in Ireland in the 1920s and '30s.

Other Recordings: Viv Legg (Devon) VT153CD.

1 - 6. **A Bunch of Shamrock** (Roud 3769)

Cecelia Costello - recitation. Birmingham, 1967. Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop.

I was leaving dear old Ireland
In the very month of June.
The birds were sweetly singing
When all nature were in bloom.
When an Irish girl accosted me
With a sad tear in her eye,
And as she spoke these words to me
How bitterly she cried.
"Kind sir, I ask one favour,
Will you grant it to me please?
It is not much I ask of you
But it will set my heart at ease.
Will you take these bunch of shamrocks
To my brother o'er the sea,
And will you kindly tell him, Sir,
That they have come from me.

"They are the three leaved shamrock
The Irish man's shamrock,
From his own darling sister
With a blessing she gave:
Take these to my brother,
And please kindly tell him
It's the shamrock that I
Plucked from mother's grave.

"Will you tell him since he's been away
How bitter has been our lot.
The landlord came one winter's day
And turned us from our cot.
Our troubles they were many,
Our friends were very few
But Brother dear, this is all I have
And these I'll send to you."

1 - 7. **If There Wasn't Any Women in the World** (Roud 11534) - Fiddlin'

John Carson & His Virginia Reelers.
Fiddlin' John Carson, vcl & fd, Rosa Lee Carson, gtr. Atlanta, GA. 1926.

If there wasn't any women in the world
If there wasn't any women in the world

I will tell you true, don't know what we all would do
If there wasn't any women in the world

(Only line 3 changes in the subsequent verses:)

The men wouldn't be up late, be no kissing at the gate
The men would make their beds, and they'd have to bake their bread
The men would wash their socks, but they'd have no cradle to rock

There must be more to this elusive song than that sung by Fiddlin' John Carson, because Bill Smith, a Shropshire farmer, had a verse which is not included in the Carson song - see below:

Surprisingly, there are no other known texts or early recordings, so, presumably, the song must have come to England via sheet music or, perhaps, from a stage performance.

1 - 8. **If There Wasn't Any Women in the World** (Roud 11534).

Bill Smith, Shropshire. 1979. Recorded by Andrew Smith.

There'd be lots of little things that we should have to do without
If there wasn't any women in the world
We should have to put the patchin' on our trousers I suppose
We should have to do the washing we should have to mend the clothes
If there wasn't any women in the world.

Recorded by Fiddlin' John Carson and Rosa Lee Carson on Okeh in 1926, now available on (Document DOCD 8016) Other Recordings: Viv Legg (Devon) VT153CD.

1 - 9. **Kitty Wells** (Roud 2748) - The Hill Billies.

Tony Alderman, fd. Unknown har. Al Hopkins, pno. & vcl. New York City, 1926.

You ask what makes this darkie weep
While he like others am not gay
What makes the tears roll down his cheek
From early morn till close of day
My story, darkies, you shall hear
While in my memory fresh it dwells
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
On the grave of my sweet Kitty wells

Chorus: While the birds were singing easy in the morning
The myrtle and the ivy were in bloom
And the sun o'er the hill was a-dawning
It was there we laid her in the tomb

I never shall forget the day
When we together roamed the dells
I kissed her cheek and named the day
That I could marry Kitty Wells
But death came in my cabin door
And took from me my joy my pride
And when I found she was no more
I laid my banjo down and cried

Written by Thomas Sloan Jr of Newark NJ with music by T Brigham Bishop and published in New York in 1861. The song became popular, not only in America but also in Britain and Ireland where the text was printed on many broadsides, Some of which may have been printed in the 1860s. It has been sung in England by Frank Hinchliffe, Jack Smith, Henry Burstow, George, Geoff, and Fred Ling, Walter Pardon, and Jack Holden, all of whom are well-scattered across the country.

Other recordings: Fred Ling (Suffolk) - Helions Bumpstead NLCD 10. Bradley Kincaid (Kentucky) - JSP77158A.

1 - 10. **Kitty Wells** (Roud 2748) Cecelia Costello. Birmingham, 1967. Recorded by Charles Parker and Pam Bishop.

1 - 11. **Sailor Boy** (Roud 376) – The Carter Family. Sarah Carter, vcl. gtr. Maybelle Carter, vcl. Camden, NJ. 1934.

'Twas on one dark and stormy night
The snow was on the ground
The sailor boy was at his post
His ship was outward bound
His sweetheart standing by his side
She mourned a bitter tear
Though as he pressed her to his side
He whispered in her ear

Farewell, my own true love
This parting gives me pain
And you will be my guiding star
Till I return again
And then I think of you, my love
While storms are raging high
Then oh, sweetheart, remember me
Your faithful sailor boy

'Twas sad to say the ship returned
Without the sailor boy
For he had died while on the sea
His flag was held most high
Farewell, my own true love
This parting gives me pain
And you will be my guiding star
Till I return again
As his shipmate steps on shore
To tell that he was dead
The letter that he gave to her
These words it sadly read

Farewell, my own true love
On earth we'll meet no more
So may we meet in heaven above
Where parting is no more

The Faithful Sailor Boy is believed to have been written by the American songster Thomas Payne Westendorf (1848-1923) and the American composer G W Persley (1837-1894), although no original sheet music has, so

far, been discovered. There are a couple of late-19th century broadside texts, however. The Carter Family text is very similar to those texts found in Britain and Ireland, though their tune is different to the one commonly found here. Few songs have achieved such widespread popularity among country singers and their audiences in Britain. Gavin Greig described it as being 'Very popular in Aberdeenshire in the early years of the 20th century' and there are sets from all over England, Ireland, North America, Australia and even Tristan da Cuna! At least two other American Old-Timey singers, Vernon Dalhart, on Okeh 40487, and Flora Noles, on Okeh 45037, recorded the song, as *The Sailor Boy's Farewell*, in the 1920s.

Other recordings: Cyril Poacher (Suffolk) - MTCD303. Walter Pardon (Norfolk) - MTCD305-6. Percy Webb (Suffolk) MTCD356-7). George Attrill (Sussex) - MTCD372. Charlie Bridger (Kent) MTCD377. Freda Palmer (Oxon) MTCD375-6. Arthur Wood (Yorks) MTCD406-7. Fred Whiting (Suffolk) - VTC2CD. Charlie Carver & Stan Steggles (both of Suffolk) - VTDC8CD. Fred Jordan (Shropshire) - VTD148CD.

1 - 12. **The Faithful Sailor Boy** (Roud 376) Daisy Chapman. Daisy Chapman, vcl. Aberdeen, 1968. Recorded by Peter Shepherd.

1 - 13. **Swinging Down the Lane (I'd Rather Be With Rosy Nell)** (Roud 2870) – Buster Carter & Preston Young. Posey Rorer, f. Buster Carter, bjo. & vcl. Preston Young, gtr. & vcl. New York City, 1931.

How oft we talked of childhood joys
Of tricks we used to play
Upon each other while at school
To pass the time away!
But, oh! how often have
I longed for those bright days again
When little Rosy Nell and I
Went swinging in the lane.

But yet I'd give the world to be
With Rosy Nell again
I never, never will forget
Our swinging in the lane

The boys and girls would often go
A-fishing in the brooks
With spools of thread for fishing lines
And bended pins for hooks
They did sometimes wish me with them
But always wished in vain
I'd rather be with Rosy Nell
A-swinging in the lane

But soon a cloud of sorrow came
A strange young man from town
Was introduced to Rosy Nell
By Aunt Jemima Brown
She stayed away from school next day
The truth to me was plain
She'd gone with that old city chap
A-swinging in the lane

Now, all young men with tender heart
Pray, take advice from me
Don't be so quick to fall in love
With every girl you see
For, if you do, you soon will find
You've only loved in vain
She'll go off with some other chap
A-swinging in the lane

Written by Charles Carroll Sawyer and first printed in the 'Champagne Charlie and Coal Oil Tommy Songster' (San Francisco, 1868). Several American Old-Timey singers recorded the song, but only the version recorded by Vernon Dalhart (as 'Mack Allen') was issued in Britain (Regal MR23). Other recordings: Smith & Woodlieff (VA & NC) - Document DOCD-8062. Edgar Button (Suffolk) – Helions Bumpstead NLCD14.

1 - 14. **Swinging Down the Lane** (Roud 2870) – Chris Willett. Chris Willett, vcl. Paddock Wood, Kent. 1970's. Recorded by Mike Yates.

1 - 15. **The Gypsy's Warning** (Roud 1764) – Vernon Dalhart. Vernon Dalhart, vcl. prob. Carson Robison gtr. New York, 1927.

Do not trust him, gentle lady, though his voice be low and sweet
Heed not him who kneels before thee, gently pleading at thy feet

Now thy life is in its morning, cloud not this, thy happy lot
Listen to the gypsy's warning, gentle lady trust him not

Do not turn so coldly from me, I would only guard thy youth
From his stern and withering power, I would only tell the truth
I would shield thee from all danger, save thee from the tempter's snare
Lady, shun that dark eyed stranger, I have warned thee, now beware

Lady, once there lived a maiden, pure and bright and, like thee, fair
But he wooed, and wooed and won her, filled her gentle heart with care
Then he heeded not her weeping, nor cared he her life to save
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping in a cold and silent grave

Keep thy gold, I do not wish it, lady, I have prayed for this;
For the day I might betray him, rob him of expected bliss.

Gentle lady, do not wonder at my words so cold and mild,
Lady, in that green grave yonder lies the gypsy's only child,
Lady, in that green grave yonder lies the gypsy's only child.

Although *The Gypsy's Warning* is a relatively recent song which turns up in the repertoire of many traditional singers, we know little about its origin. It appears to have been first printed in America in 1864, the music "arranged by Henry A Coard", although by 1892 the copyright has passed to one D S Holmes. In 1896 the song was sufficiently well known to form the basis of a Broadway melodrama of the same name. In a way *The Gypsy's Warning* has already carved its own niche in history, as in 1878 it became the first song to be transmitted over the telephone, Thomas Augustus Watson singing it at a demonstration organized by the pioneer Alexander Graham Bell. Other recordings: George Townsend (Sussex) MTCD304-5, Charlie Bridger (Kent) MTCD377. Fred Jordan (Shropshire) VTD148CD.

1 - 16. **The Gypsy's Warning** (Roud 1764) – Bob Hart. Bob Hart, Snape, Suffolk. 1969. Recorded by Rod & Danny Stradling.

1 - 17. **Wait Till the Clouds Roll By** (Roud 9088) – Uncle Dave Macon. Uncle Dave Macon vcl. & bjo. 'Smokey Mountain' Glenn Stagner, vcl. & gtr. Charlotte, NC. 1938.

Jenny, my own true loved one
I'm going far away
Out on the bound(r)ing billows
Out on the dark blue sea
How I will miss you, my darling
There's where the storm is raging high
Cheer up and don't be lonely
Wait till the clouds roll by

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny
Wait till the clouds roll by
Jenny, my own true loved one
Wait till the clouds roll by
Jenny, when far from thee, love
I'm on the ocean deep
Each thought of thee forever
Loving, sweet vigil keep

Then I will come to you, darling
Take courage, dear and never sigh
Cheer up and don't be lonely
Wait till the clouds roll by
Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny
Wait till the clouds roll by
Jenny, my own true loved one
Wait till the clouds roll by

Now here's an interesting one! Published in America, with words by J T Wood and music by H J Fulmer, the song has all the makings of an American parlour ballad. But all is not what it seems. It appears that Wood and Palmer did not exist, and were, in fact, pseudonyms used by an American musical arranger called Charles Pratt. Just why he did this remains unknown.

In 1907 Irish singer and concertina player Tom Maguire was arrested outside a London theatre for 'causing an obstruction'. In court Maguire complained, saying that he was a bona fide musician who had composed a number of songs, including *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By*. If this really is the case, and it could well be, then how come Pratt got his hands on the song? Did Maguire visit America? Or did Pratt get the song from somebody else and then, fraudulently, claim it as his own (sort of!) Whatever the story, it is a great song, one which unsurprisingly entered the British traditional repertoire. The words were printed on a number of broadside, including those by Such of London, Sanderson of Edinburgh and Brown of Glasgow.

Hamish Henderson collected a set from Annie Forbes of Caithness, and this recording is now in the School of Scottish Studies archive, Edinburgh.

1 - 18. **Wait Till the Clouds Roll By** (Roud 9088) - Charlie Bridger. Charlie Bridger, vcl. Stone-in-Oxney, Kent. 1983. Recorded by Andy Turner.

1 - 19. **There'll Come a Time** (Roud 7125) - The Blue Sky Boys. Bill Bolick vcl. man., Earl Bolick vcl. gtr. Charlotte, NC. 1936.

Why are you sad, Papa my darling?
Why are those tears falling today?
Have I done wrong? Pray please tell me
Have I been naughty? Tell me I pray

Oh no, my child, you are an angel
There's not a heart that's truer than thine
I was just thinking someday you'll leave me
Just as your dear mother did, there'll come a time

Chorus:

There'll come a time someday when I've passed away
There'll be no poppa to guide you from day to day
Tell me about mama, my darling
Tell me about her, I pray
Why did she go? Why did she leave us?
Why is her name never mentioned today?

Listen my child I'll tell you about her
Your mother, child, left home one night
She fled, alas, fled with another 'tis an old story faded from time
One year ago, back to the old home
She came to die, yes baby mine
That's why I fear someday you'll leave me
Just as your dear mother did, there'll come a time

There'll come a time someday when I have passed away
There'll be no papa to guide you from day to day
Think well of all I've said, honor the man you wed
Always remember my story there'll come a time

A song written by New York born Charles Kassel Harris (1867 - 1930) in 1895. Harris, a prolific songwriter is perhaps best known for his song '*After the Ball*'. He also wrote the song '*Break the News to Mother*', written at the time of the Spanish/American War in 1897, and two songs '*Mid the Green Fields of Virginia*' and '*Hello Central, Give Me Heaven*', which were both recorded by the Carter Family.

The tune seems to have been especially popular with English Gypsy musicians, such as Bill Ellson (on track 20 below) and by the Gypsy fiddler Harry Lee on MTC373 (as '*You'll Have no Mother to Guide You*').

Other recordings: E V Stoneman (VA) - County CD3510. Charlie Poole (NC) - HJSP7734. Roy Harvey & The North Carolina Ramblers (NC) - JSP7734 and Document DOCD-8051.

1 - 20. **There'll Come a Time** (Roud 7125) - Bill Ellson. Bill Ellson, har. Edenbridge, Kent. c.1970. Recorded by Mike Yates and Ken Stubbs.

1 - 21. **When the Frost is on the Pumpkin** (Roud 1149) - Fred Jordan. Fred Jordan vcl. Aston Munslow, Shropshire. 1965. Previously unissued. (A different recording of the song may be heard on VTD148CD.)

When your apples bin all gar'nered and your mangle harvest due
When you cider mak'ins over and your women folk come though
For it sets me heart a-tickin', like the tickin' on a clock
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock

Oh the canking of the gander as he leads mighty flock
The stepping and the stamping of the struttin' turkey cock
Oh it sets me heart a-tickin', like the tickin' on a clock
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock

Oh the husky-rusky tussle of the husky-rusky corn
I shall see the plough shear shining on the headland in the morn
And it'll set my heart a-tickin', like the tickin' on a clock
When the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock

Fred learnt this song when he was a young man. It is based on the poem 'When the Frost is on the Punkin (sic)' written by the American writer

James Whitcomb Riley (1849 - 1916), who is perhaps best known for creating the character Little Orphan Annie. But, if we compare Fred's text with the poem, we will see that his song does not follow the poem, but rather rearranges random lines, and uses words which are not necessarily in the original poem.

Here is the Riley's poem for comparison:

When the Frost is on the Punkin

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmufere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they grewed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover over-head!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yellere heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too! ...
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they'd call around on *me*—
I'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

1 - 22. **Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley** (Roud 13304) - Asa Martin. Asa Martin, gtr. & vcl. & James Roberts, man. & vl. New York, 1933.

There's a light shining bright in a cabin
In the window it's shining for me
And I know that my mother is praying
For the boy she is longing to see

When it's lamp-lighting time in the valley
Then in dreams I go back to my home
I can see that old lamp in the window
It will guide me where ever I roam
In the lamplight each night I can see her
As she rocks in her chair to and fro
Though she prays that I'll come back to see her
Still I know that I never can go

When it's lamp-lighting time in the valley
Then in dreams I go back to my home
But I sinned 'gainst my home and my loved ones
And now I must evermore roam

So she lights up the lamp and sits waiting
For she knows not the crime I have done
So I'll change all my ways and I'll meet her
Up in Heaven when life's race is run

When it's lamp-lighting time in the valley
Then in dreams I go back to my home
I can see that old lamp in the window
It will guide me where ever I roam

A very popular American song from 1933. It is often ascribed to one Herald Goodman, though other names - Joe Lyons, Sam C Hart and the Vagabonds, Curt Poulton and Dean Upson - have also, at one time or another, been credited with the piece. In fact, Goodman, Upson and Poulton were members of The Vagabonds, who recorded the song in 1933, so it may, in fact, have been a combined effort. Other early American recordings, from

1933, were made by Roy Harvey, Frank Luther and Lester McFarland & Robert A Gardner. The latter recording was reissued in Britain by Decca Records.

1 - 23. **Lamp Lighting Time in the Valley** (Roud 13304) - Cyril Poacher. Cyril Poacher, vcl. Blaxhall, Suffolk. 1965. Recorded by Neil Lanham.

1 - 24. **Two Convicts** (Roud 4475) - Levi Smith. Levi Smith, vcl. Epsom, Surrey. Early 1970's. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

Now once, two convicts, deserter, inside of a prison cell
Said the story of the livelihood to each other we did tell

Oh said one unto the other, the older of the two
Said, 'I have a wife, a darling wife and a baby daughter too

'Now I came home one evening after working hard all day
I found my house where the light is out, where my wife she run'd away

'Now I started a-drinking what more was I to do?
For I've got mixed up with bad companions and I've 'camed a burglar to

'Now I set out one evening to rob a mansion grand
With the tools in my pocket and revolver in my hand

'For I crept in through the window I hear a faint voice cry
For I fired the shot, Oh that was my lot, for I've shot my own dear child

'Oh Lord how I've suffered no human voice could tell
But only the shelter I have got is in a prison cell'

We have been unable to trace this sentimental song to any printed source. Collectors first noted it in America, firstly from a singer in Mississippi (see *The Journal of American Folklore* # 39 (1926) pp. 144-45), and, secondly, from a singer in California in 1941 (Library of Congress disc 5117 B2). It seems certain that the song originated in America, although it has turned up occasionally on this side of the Atlantic. A number of Gypsies and Travellers are known to have sung the song (these include Wally Fuller, a Sussex Gypsy who sang the song to the BBC in 1952, two Scottish Travellers, John McPhee and Marty Powers both recorded in Blairgowrie, Perthshire - and an Irish Traveller called Andy Cash, living to the west of London in 1973). Another trio of singers, this time from Suffolk, have also been recorded singing versions of the song and one of these versions, from the singer Tony Harvey, can be found in John Howson's book *Songs Sung in Suffolk* (1992) p. 60.

Other recordings: Tony Harvey (Suffolk) - VT104. Jack Tarling (Suffolk) - Lanham CD NL01. Viv Legg (Cornwall) VT153CD. Percy Webb (Suffolk) - Helions Bumpstead CD NL90.

1 - 25. **California Blues. Blue Yodel # 4** (Roud 11804) - Gene Autry. Gene Autry, vcl. & gtr. New York, 1929.

I'm a-going to California, where they sleep out every night
Lord I'm going to California, where they sleep out every night
I'm a-leaving you, mama, 'cause I know you don't treat me right

(Yodels after each verse)
Listen to me mama, singing this lonesome song
Listen to your daddy, singing this lonesome song
You've got me worried now, but I won't be worried long

Let me tell you something, mama, that you don't know
Let me tell you something, good girl, that you don't know
I'm a do-right poppa and got a home everywhere I go

I got the California blues and I'm sure gonna leave you here
I've got the California blues and I'm sure gonna leave you, gal
I may ride the blinds, I ain't got no railroad fare

Spoken: Lord, Lord, Lord. Let's go south...

Now I cain't understand what makes you treat me like you do
Lord I cain't understand what makes you treat me like you do, do, do
But if you don't want me, mama, it's (the same/a cinch I don't want you

Possibly a Gene Autry composition. Derby Smith (track 26 below) almost certainly learnt the song from a recording. The Stripling Brothers (fd & gtr) recorded a 'California Blues' in 1936, but this is a different tune.

1 - 26. **California Blues** (Roud 11804) - Derby Smith.

Derby Smith, vcl. & gtr. Epsom, Surrey, early 1970's. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

I'm going to California, where they sleep out every night (Lord, Lord) (x2)
I'm a-leaving you woman, you know you don't treat me right

Let me tell you something, good girl, that you don't know (x2)
I can find another woman and a home everywhere I go

I've got (the/those) California blues and I'm sure gonna leave this town (x2)
I don't want you, baby, I don't like you hanging round (Yeah)

1 - 27. **Rock All Our Babies to Sleep** (Roud 4378) - Jimmie Rodgers. Jimmie Rodgers, vcl. Clayton McMichen, fd., Oddie McWinders, bjo., Hoyt 'Slim' Bryant, gtr. Camden, NJ. 1932.

Yodels ...and rock all our babies to sleep

Show me the lady that never would roam
Away from her fireside at night;
And never go roaming out after the boys
But would sit by her fireside so bright
My wife, she is one of the different kind
Often caused me a lot of grief
She's of from her home
She leaves me alone
To rock all our babies to sleep
Yodels

I remember one night when I came back home
I came in as quiet as a lamb
They must have had company for when I walked in
I heard the back door when it slammed
I walked right in and looked all around
I never thought that she would cheat
Without a doubt she had just gone out
And left all our babies to sleep

Yodels

Just the other night while out for a walk
I happened to stroll down the street
And to my surprise I saw with me eyes
My wife with a man of six feet
She says, "It's no harm don't raise no alarm
Don't make any fuss on the street."
She tickled my chin, told me to go in
And rock all our babies to sleep

Yodels

This Jimmie Roger's recording was available, for a short time, in Britain on the Regal Zonophone label. Although considered by many to have been composed by Rodgers, the 78rpm recording only credits Rodgers with 'arranging' the song. So, was this song actually composed by somebody else?

1 - 28. **Rock All Our Babies to Sleep** (Roud 4378) - Doris Davies. Doris Davies, vcl. Staverton, Gloucestershire. 1966. Recorded by Peter Shephard.

CD Two

2 - 1. **The Ship that Never Returned** (Roud 775) - Asa Martin. Asa Martin, vcl. & gtr. & James Roberts, man. New York, 1931.

On a summer's day when the wave was rippled
By the soft and gentlest breeze
Did a ship set sail with cargo laden
For a port beyond the sea
There were sweet farewells
There were loving signals
While her form (fate?) was yet to learn
Though they knew it's not was a solemn parting
For the ship she never returned

Chorus:
Did she ever return? She never returned
Her fate is yet unlearned
Though for years and years
There were fond ones watching

For the ship that ever returned

Said a feeble lad to his anxious mother
'I must cross the wide, wide sea
For they say, perchance, in a foreign climate
There is health and strength for me'
Was a gleam of hope and a maze of danger
And her heart for (?) did yearned
Did she send him forth with the smile and blessing
On that never returned

'Only one more trip', said a gall-i-ant seaman
As he kissed his weeping wife
'Only one more bag of the golden treasure
And will last us all through life'
Then I'll spend my days in my cozy cottage
And enjoy the rest I've earned'
But alas, poor man, for he sailed (from land?)
On the ship that never returned

Written by the American songwriter Henry Clay Work ("Work might be his name, but it is not his inclination", according to his in-laws!) who also wrote such pieces as *The Abolitionist*, *The Year of Jubilo*, *Marching Through Georgia* and *My Grandfather's Clock*. It dates from 1865 and has been heard on the lips of many British and Irish singers.

In 1903 the tune was used for the American train wreck song *Wreck of the Old 97* which was recorded by Vernon Dalhart. Since then, many other songs have been composed using the same melody.
Other recordings: Fred Jordan (Shropshire - VTD148CD).

2 - 2. **The Ship that Never Returned** (Roud 775) - Harry Upton.
Harry Upton, vcl. Balcombe, Sussex. 1976. Recorded by Mike Yates.

2 - 3. **Will the Angels Play Their Harps for Me?** (Roud 23305) - Bud Billings.
Frank Luther, vcl., Carson Robison. gtr. & har. Unknown fd. New York. 1928.

I was passing by the churchyard in the city
And I saw a beggar old and grey.
With his hands outstretched he asked the folks for pity,
And it made me sad to hear him say:

Oh I wonder, yes I wonder,
Will the angels way up yonder
Will the angels play their harps for me?
For my heart is growing dreary
And my feet are growing weary.
Will the angels play their harps for me?
Oh a million miles I've travelled, and a million sights I've seen
And I'm ready for the glory soon to be.

Oh I wonder, yes I wonder, will the angels way up yonder
Will the angels play their harps for me?
Will I ride up to the pearly gates in glory
In a chariot of shining gold?
Will I see the folks that went up there before me
When I'm safely gathered in the fold?

Oh my heart is growing dreary,
And my feet are growing weary
Will the angels play their harps for me?
Oh a million miles I've travelled,
And a million sights I've seen
And I'm ready for the glory soon to be.
Oh I wonder yes, I wonder,
Will the angels way up yonder
Will the angels play their harps for me?

Written by Walter Hirsch (1891 - 1967) with music by Monte Wilhite. It was popularised in Britain by the Irish singer Josef Locke and no doubt many British singers learned it from Locke's rendition, although the American recording by 'Bud Billing' (Carson Robison and Frank Luther) was also issued in Britain on ZO5422.

Other recordings: Bradley Kincaid (KY) - JSP77158. Jean Turriff (Aberdeenshire) - Springthyme SPRCD 1038.

2 - 4. **Will the Angels Play Their Harps for Me?** (Roud 23305) - Bill Smith.
Bill Smith, vcl. Shropshire. 1981. Recorded by Andrew Smith.

2 - 5. **When You and I Were Young, Maggie** (Roud 3782) - Fiddlin' John Carson.
Fiddlin' John Carson vcl & fd. New York, 1923.

I wandered today from the hills, Maggie
For to watch the streams down below
The creek and that creaking old mill, Maggie
When you and I were young years ago

But the green grass is gone from the hills, Maggie
Where daisies first have sprung
And that creaking old mill has been stilled, Maggie
Since you and I were young

Now they say we are aged and grey, Maggie
The signs of life are nearly gone
Well the (?) of the days that have gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

But they say we are feeble and grey, Maggie
The trials of life are nearly done
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie
When you and I were young.

Based on a true story, *When You and I Were Young, Maggie* was written as a poem by George Washington Johnson, a school teacher from Toronto in Canada. 'Maggie' was Margaret Clark, one of Johnson's pupils. The couple became engaged but Margaret Clark developed TB. At one time, when Clark was extremely ill, Johnson climbed a local hill, which overlooked a mill, and wrote these words. The couple were married in 1864, but Margaret died on May 12th, 1865. J C Butterfield, a friend of Johnson, set the poem to music. Johnson died in 1917.

Irish playwright Seán O'Casey included the song in his play *The Plough and the Stars*, though the name was changed from 'Maggie' to 'Nora' to fit the name of one of the play's characters. It is claimed that the earliest known rendition of the song was one sung in 1870 by Frank Dumont, of the 'Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels'. The first recording was made in 1905 by Corrinne Morgan and Frank C Stanley. It has subsequently been recorded by numerous artists, including John McCormack, the Stanley Brothers. Slim Whitman, Mac Wiseman, Perry Como, Foster and Allen, Josef Locke and Gene Autry, while the tune has been recorded by such diverse musicians as Benny Goodman, Fats Waller, Teddy Wilson, Sidney Bechet and James Galway.

2 - 6. **When You and I Were Young, Maggie** Roud (3782) - Danny Stradling.
Danny Stradling, vcl. Cheltenham, Glos. 1971. Recorded by Denis Olding.

Roud has only 60 entries, which seems a shame for such a lovely song which was so very well known when we were singing round the pubs in southern England in the late-Sixties.

2 - 7. **Just Break the News to Mother** (Roud 4322) - Carson Robison Trio.
Carson Robison vcl. Others unknown. New York. 1930.

While the shot and shell were screaming upon the battlefield
The boys were bravely fighting, their noble flag to shield
Came a cry from their brave captain. Said, "Boys, our flag is down
Who will volunteer to save it from disgrace?"

"I will," a young boy shouted, "I'll bring it back or die!"
Then sprang into the thickest of the fray
Saved the flag, but gave his young life, all for his country's sake
They brought him back and heard him softly say...

Chorus:

Just break the news to Mother, she knows how dear I love her
And tell her not to wait for me, for I'm not coming home
Just say there is no other can take the place of Mother
Then kiss her dear sweet lips for me and break the news to her
Repeat the last two lines.

Written by Charles Russell Harris (1897), and popular on the Halls in the mouths of half a dozen or more 'artists'. Quite a lot of US recordings were made, including Andrew Jenkins (1925), Vernon Dalhart (1925), Riley

Pucket (1925) - reissued on JSP 77138, and The Callaghan Brothers (1935). The Dalhart and Robison recordings may have been issued in UK.

2 - 8. **Break the News to Mother** (Roud 4322) - Bob Hart.
Bob Hart, vcl. Snape, Suffolk. 1969. Recorded by Rod and Danny Stradling.

As above, but second verse:
From afar a noted general
Had witnessed this brave deed.
"Who saved the flag? Speak up my lads.
"Twas noble brave indeed"
"There he lies," replied the captain.
"He's sinking very fast."
And turned aside his face to hide a tear.
The general in a moment
Knelt down beside the boy,
And cried a cry that touched all hearts that day.
"'Tis my son, my brave young hero!
I thought you safe at home."
"Forgive me, father, for I ran away."

Chorus:

2 - 9. **He's in the Jailhouse Now** (Roud 18801) - Jimmie Rodgers.
Jimmie Rodgers, vcl. & gtr. Ellsworth T Cozzens, bjo. Camden, NJ. 1928.

I had a friend named The Ramblin' Bob
Who used to steal, gamble, and rob
He thought he was the smartest guy in town
But I found out last Monday
That Bob got locked up Sunday
They've got him in the jailhouse
way downtown

He's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now
I told him once or twice
To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice
He's in the jailhouse now

(Yodels after chorus)

He's playing a game called poker
Pinochle, whist and euchre
But shootin' dice was his greatest game
Now he's down town in jail
Nobody to go his bail
The judge done said that he refused the fine

He's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now
I told him once or twice
To quit playin' cards and shootin' dice
He's in the jailhouse now
I went out last Tuesday
I met a girl named Susie
I told her I was the swellest man around
We started to spend my money
Then she started to call me honey
We took in every cabaret in town

We're in the jailhouse now
We're in the jailhouse now
I told the judge right to his face
We didn't like to see this place
We're in the jailhouse now

A song associated with Jimmie Rodgers, so much so that many people believe that Rodgers actually wrote the piece. In actual fact several people recorded the song prior to Roger's 1930 recording. The earliest known recording was made in 1915 by a couple called Davis & Stafford, which includes a verse about a man called Campbell who is caught cheating at cards. Whistler's Jug Band, from Louisville, KY, recorded it in 1924 as 'Jail House Blues', while another local group, Earl McDonald's Original Louisville Jug Band, recorded a version in 1927. Blues singers Blind Blake and Jim Jackson also had their recorded versions (1927 and 1928 respectively) and, in 1930, the Memphis Sheiks (a cover name for the Memphis jug Band) recorded a version based on the Louisville Jug Band recording (rather than the Jimmie Rodgers recording of that year). According to the Memphis Sheiks record, the song was composed by an African-American vaudeville performer called Albert 'Bert' Murphy (1876 - 1917).

Other recordings: The Memphis Sheiks (TEN) - Old Hat CD-1005. Blind Blake (possibly originally from Florida) - JSP7714B. Jim Jackson (TEN) - Document DOCD-5114. Frankie Marvin (Oklahoma) - Document DOCD-1110.

2 - 10. **He's in the Jailhouse Now** (Roud 18801) - Derby Smith.
Derby Smith, vcl. & gtr. Epsom, Surrey, early 1970's. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

I had a friend called Rambling Bob
Who used to kill, gamble and rob
He thought he was the swellest guy around
Now I found out last Monday
That Bob got locked up Sunday
They've got him in the jailhouse way down town
He's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now
Now I've told him once or twice
With playing cards and shooting dice
He's in the jailhouse now

I met his old gal Zadie
Says, 'Have you seen my baby?'
Said, 'They'd got him downtown in the can'
She says, 'That's just not how'
I said, 'Nobody to go his bail'
The judge, doggon, says he refused the fine
He's in the jailhouse now
He's in the jailhouse now
Now I cain't understand
Why old Zadie's back in the can
He's in the jailhouse now

2 - 11. **The Drunkard's Lone Child** (Roud 723) - George Spicer/Vernon Dalhart.

(i) George Spicer, Selsfield, Sussex. Recorded by Mike Yates in the early 1970's. Previously unissued. (George's wife may also be heard singing in the background.)

(ii) Vernon Dalhart, vcl, har., unknown fd., possibly Carson Robison, gtr. New York, 1925.

(i) George Spicer
Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam.
I have no mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Betsy should die.
Barefoot and tired, I have wandered all day,

Searching for work; but I'm too young, they say.
Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone,
With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night, and the storms raging wild!
God pity Betsy, the drunkard's own child!

(ii) Vernon Dalhart
Out in the gloomy night sadly I roam.
I've no mother now, no friends, no home;
Nobody cares for me, no one would cry,
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Barefoot and tired, I've wandered all day,
Asking for work; but I'm too small, they say.
On the damp ground I must now lay my head,
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead,

Chorus:

Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone,
With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild!
God pity Bessie, the drunkard's lone child!

We were so happy, till father drank rum,
Then all our sorrows and troubles begun;
Mother grew paler and wept every day;
Baby and I were too hungry to play.
Slowly they faded, and one summer's night
Found their sweet faces all silent and white,
And, with big tears slowly dropping, I said:
Father's a drunkard, and mother is dead
.
Oh, if some temperance men only could find
Poor wretched father, and speak very kind;
If they could stop him from drinking,

why, then I would feel very happy again.
Is it too lute? Men of temperance, please try,
For little Bessie will soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread
Fathers a drunkard, and mother is dead

According to Mark Wilson (booklet notes to MTCD512), 'Several nineteenth century songs share this title and (in part) the opening verse.' Our present song was apparently written c.1880 by a Mrs Ruth Young, who, sadly, remains something of a mystery, and who may have based her song on one of the earlier, though similarly titled, songs. The tune, incidentally, was also used for the song 'Only a Miner' (Roud 2197).

Other recordings: Dock Boggs (VA) - Smithsonian Folkways SF40108.
Nimrod Workman (WVA) - MTCD512.

2 - 12. **The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane** (Roud 2473) - Fiddlin' John Carson.
Fiddlin' John Carson, vcl. & fd. Atlanta, GA. 1923.

Now I'm getting old and feeble
and I cannot work no more
That rusted bladed hoe I've laid to rest
Ole mastress and old mistress
they are sleeping side by side
Their spirits now are roaming with the blessed

Things have changed about the place now
and the darkies they have gone
You'll never hear them singing in the cane
But the only friend that's left here
is that good ole dog of mine
And the little old log cabin in the lane

Chorus:

The chimney's falling down
and the roof's all caved in
Letting in the sunshine and the rain
But the angels watching over me
when I lay down to sleep
In my little old log cabin in the lane

Now this footpath is growed up,
that led us round the hill
The fences are all going to decay
This pond is done dried up,
where we once would go to mill
But times have turned its course another way

Well I ain't got long to stay here
and what little time I've got
I'll try and rest contented while I remain
Until death will call this dog
and me to find a better home
Than a little old log cabin in the lane

Written, to be sung at Minstrel Shows, by Will S. Hays (1837 - 1907) in 1871. Presumably the song's narrator is a former slave. The song became extremely popular with over twenty recordings during the periods 1903 to 1940, including parodies, such as 'The Little Old Sod Shanty on the Claim'. Fiddlin' John Carson's recording, made in 1923, was one of the earliest commercial Old-Timey recordings to have been made. Several English traditional singers, including Walter Pardon of Norfolk - see track 13 below - and Harry Upton of Sussex, knew the song.

Interestingly, the word 'mastress' in verse 1, line 3 above, is an obsolete old English form of the word 'master', though it seems to have survived in parts of the American south.

Other recordings: Uncle Dave Macon (TENN) - JSP7769A. Lillie Greene (Wisconsin) on the CD 'When the Dance is Over' which accompanies the book 'Folksongs of Another America' by James P Leary. University of Wisconsin Press/Dust to Digital, 2015. Riley Puckett (GA) - JSP77138C.

2 - 13. **The Little Old Log Cabin Down the Lane** (Roud 2473) - Walter Pardon.
Walter Pardon, vcl. Knapton, Norfolk, 1970's. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

I'm growing old and feeble now,

I cannot work no more
My rusted bladed hoe I've laid to rest
Old master and old mistress
they are sleeping side by side

And their spirits they are
roaming with the blessed

Times have changed about the place,
the darkies they've all gone
I cannot hear them singing in the cane
And all that I've got left there
is that little boy of mine
In that little old log cabin down the lane

It was a happy time for me, not many years ago
The darkies used to gather round my door
They used to sing and dance all night
and play the old banjo
But alas they cannot do it anymore
The hinges they are rusty
the door is falling down
The roof lets in the sunshine and the rain
And all that I've got left now
is that little boy of mine
In that little old log cabin down the lane

'Oh daddy, don't you be so sad
and melancholy now
There's bright and happy days for you in store
Although you're old and feeble
your boy is young and strong
And he'll love and cherish you forever more'
'Dear child I am contented
but the time has quickly come
When I shall leave this world of earthly pain
And the angels they will waft me
to that bright celestial shore
From that little old log cabin down the lane.'

2 - 14. **The Birds Upon the Tree** (Roud 1863) - Charlie Bridger.
Charlie Bridger, vcl. Stone-in-Oxney, Kent. 1984. Recorded by Mike Yates & Andy Turner.

Oh, I am a happy fellow;
my name is Tommy Bell
I don't care for your billiards
nor game of bagatelle.
A-rambling in the country;
a country life for me,
And listen to the little birds
a-singing on the tree.

Chorus:

Oh, the birds upon the trees,
oh, the bird upon the tree.
Oh what a pretty sight it is,
the little ones to see.

You talk about your music,
the sweetest song to me,
Is the warbling of the little birds
a-singing on the tree.

Oh, I often lose me temper;
it puts me in a rage,
To see a little dicky bird imprisoned in a cage.
So I burst the bars asunder
and set the prisoner free,
And hear the song of liberty
while singing on the tree.

Oh, there's little Maud the miller's maid
who is to be me bride
We often take a ramble through
the meadows side by side.

And when we settle down in life
our cottage it shall be,
Where we can hear the little birds
a-singing on the tree.

The Birds Upon the Tree was written by the American W C Robey and first published in New York in 1882. Interestingly, Percy Grainger noted a version of the song in 1905 from the great Lincolnshire singer Joseph Taylor. And, as *The Birds*, it is sung by Tom Brodie, of Rockcliffe / Wreay, Cumberland, on *Pass the Jug Around* (Reynard Records RR 002, reissued

on Veteran VT142CD). Although we can find no relevant American recording of the song to include here, it is just too good a song to omit.

2 - 15. **The Strawberry Roan** (Roud 3239) - Paul Hamblin.
Paul Hamblin, vcl. & gtr. Calver City, CA. 1930.

I was laying around town, a-fooling away my time
Out of a job and I didn't have a dime
When up comes a man and he says, 'I suppose
You're a bronco-rider I can tell by your clothes'

I knew that I was and I told him the same
And I asked if he had any bad ones to tame
He said, 'I've got a pony that surely can buck
Throwing all the cowboys he's had all the luck'

I got really 'cited and I asked him what he pays
To ride that horse for a couple of days
He said ten bucks and I says I'm your man
And I've never seen a pony that I couldn't fan

He said get your saddle and
I'll give you a chance
(We got into ?)the buckboard
and headed for the ranch
Early next morning, right after chuck
I went down to see if that old pony could buck

There in the corral, a-standing all alone
Is a little hog-eye, a strawberry roan
Little pin ears, red at the tip
With a VT brand was stamped on his hip

Well I buckled on the spurs;
I sure was feeling fine
I pushed back my hat and I picked up my twine
First on the blind he surely had to find
Next on the saddle and I screwed it down tight
Plum into his middle and I pull out the blind
'Look out boys let's watch him unwind'
He went up in the air and I guess he unwound
He didn't spend that much
of his time on the ground

He went up in the air with his belly to the sun
Some sun-fishing, son of a gun
He went up in the east, he come down in the west
Staying with his middle I was a-doing my best

I lost my stirrups and down went my hat
I was grabbing for the saddle (?) as blind as a bat
But then Old Roany gets lifted in the high
And left me a-sitting on nothing in the sky

When at last I came down to earth
I cursed the day that had ever give me birth
I'll bet all my money that there ain't a man alive
That can ride Old Roany when
he takes his high dive
Now that's one horse that I cain't ride
If he still a-living the old devil may die

Originally titled *The Outlaw Broncho*, this poem was written c.1915 by a California cowboy called Curley Fletcher (1892 - 1954) and later turned into a song. The song's popularity was assured when, in 1931, it was sung in a Broadway play *Green Grow the Lilacs*. It has subsequently turned up in numerous collections of American cowboy songs and, interestingly, is still popular today with English Gypsy singers.

2 - 16. **The Strawberry Roan** (Roud 3239) - Wiggy Smith.
Wiggy Smith, vcl. Elmstone Hardwicke, Gloucestershire. 1995. Recorded by Gwilym Davies and Paul Burgess.

Oh let me tell you a tale of a good one I know
Of the bucking old bronc, the Strawberry Roan
Well the time it rode hard, not earning a dime
Being out of a job, suspending my time
When a stranger come up,
and he says "I suppose
You're a bronc-busting man -
I can tell by your clothes"
"For the sake at your rank [?],

There was none I couldn't tame
But it was riding wild ponies
is my middle name."

Oh, the Strawberry Roan,
oh, the Strawberry Roan,
I ride him until he lays down with a groan
There's mary [nary] a bronco
from Texas to Rome
Could ride that Strawberry Roan.

There's no fool and now I'll say
This old pony, he can step
For I'm still sitting tight and I'm earning a rep
When my stirrups I lose, ?? on my hat
And the ?? in leather as blind as a bat

For he makes one more jump -
he is headed up high
Leave me sitting on air, way up in the sky
For I turned over twice
and I came back to earth
And I started to cuss him - the day of his birth.

Oh, the Strawberry Roan,
Below the Strawberry Roan,
That some perishing critter
Was even [heaving?] alone
There's mary [nary] a bronco
from Texas to Rome
Could ride that Strawberry Roan.

Wiggy Smith learned this song from the radio - hearing it performed by Big Bill Campbell and his Hillbilly Band (or Hilly Billy Boys, as Wiggy always called them).

The tune used by Wiggy for the chorus to *The Strawberry Roan* is one that is also used for the song *In my Liverpool Home*.

2 - 17. **The Wanderer's Warning** (Roud 16143) - Carson Robison Trio
Frank Luther vcl. possibly Murray Kellner fd. Carson Robison gtr. New York. 1929.

I'm riding along on a freight train
Bound for God only knows where
I ran off from home just this morning
And my heart is heavy with care

I quarreled with my old father
Because of the things I have done
He called me a drunkard and a gambler
Not fit to be called his son

I cursed and I swore at my father
I told him his words were a lie
I packed up my things in a bundle
And I went to tell mother goodbye

My poor mother broke down a-crying
"My son, Oh, my son, do not leave
Your poor mother's heart will be broken
And all my life long I will grieve"

She kissed me and she called me her darling
And around me her arms she did throw
Oh, I'll never forget that sad parting
When I said "Mother dear I must go."

As I ride along in this freight car
My dear mother's voice I can hear
She's crying, "Oh son, do not leave me
It's more than my poor heart can bear."

I know she'll be there by the window
Day after day as I roam
Watching, and waiting, and praying
For her boy who will never come home

Oh boys, hear a wanderer's warning:
Don't break your poor mother's heart
Stay by her side, for she needs you
And let nothing tear you apart

Written by Carson Robison & Frank Luther, and recorded by them as either by 'Bud Billings' or else by the Carson Robison Trio. This recording was issued twice in England - Zonophone Z05422 & Regal Zonophone RZ5422 - and also in Ireland - Irish Regal Zonophone iz322. There are two collected sets in the School of Scottish Studies Archive (sung by Nell Hannah, Perthshire, in 2010, and by Dolina MacLennan, Marvig, Isle of Lewis, in 1962), while Steve Roud collected a set from a Mr E C Ryder of Vernham Dean in Hampshire in 1982 and Mike Yates found it being sung by the Cantwell Family of Standlake in Oxfordshire in the early 1970s.

Other Recordings: Harry Green (Essex) - VT135CD. Viv Legg (Cornwall) VT153CD.

2 - 18. **Riding Along on a Free Train** (Roud 16143) - Wiggy Smith. Wiggy Smith, vcl. Elmstone Hardwicke, Gloucestershire. 1999. Recorded by Gwilym Davies and Paul Burgess.

I curse and I swore at my father
And I told him his words was a lie
He called me a drunkard and a gambler
Not fit to be called his son.

So I packed all my clothes in a bundle
And I went to wish mother goodbye
My poor mother broke down a-crying
Saying, "Oh, my son, my son, do not leave."

Now I'm riding along in a free train
And I'm bound for nobody knows where
I only left home just this morning
And my heart is heavy with care.

"Now, Son, here's a wanderer's warning
Don't break your poor mother's heart
Stay by her side, for she needs you
And all her life long she'll agree."

2 - 19. **Granny's Old Arm Chair** (Roud 1195) - Frank Crumit. Frank Crumit, vcl. Unknown orchestra. (London ?)

My grandmother, she, at the age of eighty three
One day took sick and died
And after she was dead
The will of course was read
By a lawyer as we all stood side by side
To my brother, it was found
She had left one hundred pound
The same unto my sister I declare!
But when it came to me, The lawyer said, 'I see
She has left you her old armchair!'

Chorus:

How they tittered, how they chaffed
How my brothers and my sisters laughed
When they heard the lawyer declare
'Granny has left you her old armchair!'

I thought it hardly fair
And still I did not care
And in the evening took the chair away
The neighbours, they chaffed
And my brother at me laughed
And said, 'It will be useful some day!
'When you settle down in life
Find a girl to be your wife
You'll find it very handy, I declare
On a cold and frosty night
When the fire burns bright
You can sit in your old armchair!'

Ch.

What my brother said was true
For in a year or two
I had settled down and married life
I first the girl did court
And then a ring I bought
Took her to the church to be my wife
Oh, the old girl and me
Were as happy as could be
For when my work was over, I declare
I never abroad would roam
But each night stayed home

And was seated in my old armchair

Ch.

Spoken: And here's how granny fooled us!

One night the chair fell down
When when I picked it up I found
The seat had fallen out upon the floor
And there, to my surprise I saw before my eyes
A lot of notes, two thousand pounds or more

When my brother heard of this,
the fellow I confess
Went nearly wild with rage and tore his hair
I only laughed at him and said, 'Unto you Jim
Don't you wish you had the old armchair?'

Ch.

Such a well-known song. But, who exactly wrote it and where does it come from? It was printed twice in Boston, in 1880 and in 1881, firstly as 'Grandmother's Chair' by John Read and then as 'Grandma's/Granny's Old Arm Chair' by Frank B Carr, who is described as 'America's Motto vocalist'. John Read is known to have written other songs, but Carr is a mystery. Could it possibly be that the song was actually written by John Read, and that Frank B Carr was the person who first performed the song?

The first known British recording was that by Billy Williams in 1909. Frank Crumit's recording, which refers to 'pounds', was recorded for issue in Britain. On page 2 of the Introduction Lucy Broadwood mentions the song 'Old Armchair' by Eliza Cook. This is a different song to 'Granny's Old Arm Chair'.

Other recordings: Walter Pardon - Norfolk (MTCD305-6).

2 - 20. **Granny's Old Arm Chair** (Roud 1195) - Jack Smith King's Head F C, Islington. Recorded by Rod Stradling, 5.11.69

My grandmother, she, was
the age of eighty-one

When one day in May took ill and she died.
Sure, after she was dead,
Well, the will that was read,
To me sisters that she left a thousand pounds.
But when it come to me, oh, the lawyer said,
"I see, John," I said "'Ello Sir." "I'm sorry,
She's only left you the old armchair."

Chorus:

How they tittered, and how they chaffed,
How me brothers and me sisters laughed,
When they heard the lawyer declare,
"Granny only left you her old armchair."

I thought it hardly fair,
although I did not care,
But in the evening took the chair away.
When me brother at me laughed
And me sisters at me chaffed;
"You'll find it'll come very useful,
oh, some day.

When you get yourself a wife,
And you settle down in life,
You'll find it come very useful, I declare.
On a cold and winter's night,
When the fire is burning bright,
You can then sit in your old armchair."

Ch:

One night the chair fell down
And I picked it up and found,
Well, the seat it had fallen out upon the floor.
I never was surprised,
When I saw before me eyes,
Well, a thousand pounds in notes,
And more, and more!
When my brother hearded of this,
Oh, the feller, he confess
He went raving 'stracted mad,
And tore his hair.
But I only laughed at him,

And I said unto him "Jim", "Ello!"
"Don't you wish you had the old armchair?"

Ch:

Spoken: The old armchair, boy.

A charmingly different version! The only other person I ever heard who didn't sing the standard version was Walter Pardon - and his chorus is the same as Jack's except for one note. Walter's verse and chorus tunes have a very obvious unity - was this an alternative standard tune which has been lost in the face of recorded versions?

2 - 21. **Come Little Leaves** (Roud 1775) - Walter Pardon.
Walter Pardon, vcl. Knapton, Norfolk, 1980. Recorded by Mike Yates.

'Come little leaves', said the wind one day
'Come o'er the meadows with me and play'
Put on your dresses of red and gold
Summer is gone and the days grow cold'

As soon as the leaves heard the
wind's loud call
Down they came fluttering, one and all
Over the brown fields they danced and flew
Singing the sweet little songs they knew

Written, as 'The Leaves and the Wind' by the American poet George Cooper (1840 - 1927) and set to music in 1903 by Franco Leoni. Dame Clara Butt made an influential early recording, though Walter may have learnt the piece while at school. Cooper's complete poem reads as follows:

"Come, little leaves, " said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,
For summer is gone and the days grow cold. "

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the glad little songs they knew.
"Cricket, good-bye, we've been friends so long,
Little brook, sing us your farewell song;
Say you are sorry to see us go;
Ah, you will miss us, right well we know.

"Dear little lambs in your fleecy fold,
Mother will keep you from harm and cold;
Fondly we watched you in vale and glade,
Say, will you dream of our loving shade? "

Dancing and whirling, the little leaves went,
Winter had called them, and they were content;
Soon, fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlid over their heads.

2 - 22. **Ben Bolt** (Roud 2653) - Eleonora de Cisneros.
Eleonora de Cisneros, vcl. Unknown orchestra. Edison Amberol cylinder recording, number 28017, issued 1912.

Oh, don't you remember, Sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt?
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,

She wept with delight when you
gave her a smile,
And trembled with a fear at your frown!

In the old churchyard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey.
And sweet Alice lies under the stone!

They have fitted a slab of granite so grey.
And sweet Alice lies under the stone!
Oh don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
And the master so kind and so true,

And the little nook by the clear running brook,
Where we gathered the flowers as they grew.
On the master's grave grows a grass, Ben Bolt
And the running little brook is now dry

And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains there but you and I.
And of all the friends who were schoolmates then,
There remains there but you and I.

Roud has 24 sightings of this song, mostly from the USA. It's a composed piece; words by Thomas Dunn English (1819 - 1902) and music by Nelson Kneass. English, from Logan, West Virginia, was a doctor, lawyer and writer, who composed his poem 'Ben Bolt' in 1843. He later became a Congressman. It is quite remarkable that Eleonora de Cisneros' recording, made 112 years, ago has remained in such excellent condition.

2 - 23 **Ben Bolt** (Roud 2653) - Walter Pardon.
Walter Pardon, vcl. Knapton, Norfolk, 1980. Recorded by Mike Yates.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt
With her hair and eyes hazel brown
How she wept with delight
when you gave her a smile
And trembled with fear at your frown?

In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt
In the corner obscure and alone
They have fitted a slab of granite so grey
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

Oh, don't you remember the wood, Ben Bolt
Near the green, sunny slope of the hill
How oft we have sung
neath its white spreading shade
And kept time to the click of the mill?

The mill has gone to decay, Ben Bolt
Sad silence and gloom reigns round
See the old rustic porch with its roses so sweet
Lies scattered and fallen to the ground.

Oh, don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt
With the master, so kind and so true
And the sweet little nook,
by the clear-running brook
Where we gathered wild flowers as they grew?

On the Master's grave grows the grass, Ben Bolt
And the little running brook is dry
And of all our friends who were schoolmates then
There remains none but you, Ben and I.

The only other British examples are a 1904 Sharp collection from a Mrs Glover of Huish Episcopi, Somerset, and Henry Burstow's inclusion of its title in the list of his repertoire in his book *Reminiscences of Horsham* (1911). It's really a rather fine song, both in terms of the sophisticated text and the truly glorious tune which Walter (like Bob Hart) sings with the sort of accuracy which is unusual in a country singer - that last note of the middle eight wouldn't have survived in the mouths of too many pub singers.
2 - 24. **Whistling Rufus** (Roud 5065) - Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers. Probably includes Gid Tanner, fd., Clayton McMichen, fd., Lowe Stokes, fd., Gid Tanner, fd., Riley Puckett, gtr. Unknown whistling.

'Whistling Rufus' was composed by Kerry Mills (1869-1948) and first published in 1899. It contains a set of words, which today would be considered offensive, about a musician called Rufus Blossom, who, according to the chorus, was:

A great musician, of high position
Was Whistling Rufus the One Man Band.

According to a note in the sheet music, "No cake walk given in the Black Belt District in Alabama was considered worthwhile attending unless **"WHISTLING RUFUS"** was engaged to furnish the music. Unlike other musicians RUFUS always performed alone, playing an accompaniment to his whistling on an old guitar, and it was with great pride that he called himself the **"ONE-MAN BAND"**

As stated above, the tune, which is usually played today as a reel, was originally intended to accompany *The Cakewalk*, a stately dance in march tempo. This dance may have been based on the *Chalk Line Walk*, a dance from the 1850s which originated from African-American slaves and which may have incorporated African dance steps. There could also be a connection to the early Minstrel shows, which featured a 'walk-around' in the Grand Finale.

Other recordings: The Kessinger Brothers (WVA) - Document DOCD-8011. Sam McGee (TEN) - Document DOCD-8036 (Original words, which may offend some listeners today.) Ernest Thompson (USA) - JSP77100C. (Another set with original words.) Ray Andrews (Bristol) - MTCD314.

2 - 25. Whistling **Rufus & Brighton Camp** (Roud 5065 & 23929) - Jasper & Derby Smith.
Jasper Smith, har. & Diddling & Derby Smith, gtr. Epsom, Surrey. 1970s.
Recorded by Mike Yates.

The tune (Whistling Rufus) was popularised on the BBC radio in the 1950's by Chris Barber and his Jazz Band. It was also recorded as a banjo solo by Vess L Ossman. In 1961 the collector Ken Stubbs recorded the Sussex singer Harry Holman singing some of this song. The recording remains unissued.

CD Three

3 - 1. **You Taught Me How to Love You** (Roud 12918) - Buell Kazee.
Buell Kazee, vcl. Bert Hirsch, fd., Carson Robison, gtr. New York. 1928.

You're going away, you're going to leave me
You're going away, how it will grieve me
Dearie, don't sigh those words 'Goodbye'
Think how I love you, think how I'll cry
Don't let us part, maybe you'll miss me
Don't break my heart, come dear, and kiss me
If you say no, it must be so
Kiss me before I go

You taught me how to love you
Now teach me to forget
Don't leave me heavy hearted
And fill me with regret
Your sweet face haunts me always
I'm sorry that we met
You taught me how to love you
Now teach me to forget

Your sweet face haunts me always
I'm sorry that we met
You taught me how to love you
Now teach me to forget

Written in 1909 by Jack Drislane and Alfred Bryan, with music by George W Meyer. The song was recorded extensively over the years in America.

3 - 2. **You Taught Me How to Love You** (Roud 12918) - Bob Hart.
Bob Hart, vcl. Snape, Suffolk. 1969. Recorded by Rod & Danny Stradling.

3 - 3. **Twenty One Years** (Roud 2248) - Frank Luther & Carson Robison.

Frank Luther & Carson Robison, vcl. duet, acc. Probably Carson Robison har/gtr., probably John Cali, man. New York. 1931.

The judge said, 'Stand up, boy,
and dry up your tears
You're sentenced to Dartmoor
for twenty-one years'
So kiss me goodbye, babe,
and say you'll be mine
For twenty-one years, babe,
is a mighty long time

Oh hear that train blow, babe,
she'll be here on time
To take me to Dartmoor to serve out my time
Oh look down that railroad, as far as you can see
And keep right on waving your farewell to me

The steam from the whistle,
the smoke from the stack
I know you'll be true, blue, until I get back.
So hold up your head, babe,
and dry up your eyes
For the best of friends must part, babe,
and so must you and I.

Oh call back the Governor, babe,
On your sweeey phone/toll
If you can't get a pardon, better get a parole
If I had the Governor,

where the Governor's got me
Before Tuesday morning,
that Governor'd be free

Six months have gone by, babe,
I wish I was dead
This dirty old jailhouse, with a post for a bed
It's raining its hailing, the moon gives no light
Oh babe please tell me why you never write?

I've counted the days, babe, I've
counted the nights
I've counted the minutes, I've counted the lights
I've counted the footsteps, I've counted the stars
I've counted a million of these prison bars

I've counted on you, babe, to get me a break
I guess you forgot, babe, I'm here for your sake
Oh you know who's guilty, you know it too well
But I'll rot in this jailhouse before I would tell

Come all you young fellows
with hearts brave and true
Don't believe a women, you're beat if you do
Don't trust any women, no matter what kind
For twenty-one years, boys, is a mighty long time

Twenty One Years was written by the prolific 'Hill Billy' song writer Bob Mills (1895 - 1955). Originally from Tennessee, Mills moved to New York, where he worked as a song-writer for the Irvin Berlin Company. Most American recordings name American prisons, so it is rather surprising to hear mention of the English Dartmoor Prison on this American recording.

3 - 4. **Twenty One Years** (Roud 2248) - Caroline Hughes.
Caroline Hughes, vcl. Dorset. 1962 or 1966. Recorded by Ewan MacColl & Peggy Seeger.

The judge said, "Stand up, babe,
dry up your tears."
They're sending me to Dartmoor
for twenty-one year.
You'll hoist up your hand, babe,
and wish me goodbye,
For twenty-one years, babe, 's a mighty long time.
Well now, six months is gone past, babe,
I wish I was dead,
While the dirty old jailhouse
my floor for my bed.
It's raining, 'tis hailing, the moon gives no light,
And baby, please tell me why you never write.

I've counted the lights, babe,
I've counted the nights,
I've counted your footsteps,
I've counted the files(?);
I've counted your footsteps,
I've counted the files(?),
I've counted one million of those prison bars.

Now, come you young fellows,
with hearts brave and true,
Don't b'lieve in a woman; you're beat if you do;
Don't trust any woman, don't matter what for,
For twenty-one years, boys,
is a mighty long time

3 - 5 **Two Sweethearts** (Roud 1783) - The Carter Family.
A P Carter, vcl., Sarah Carter, vcl., gtr., autoharp, Maybelle Carter, vcl.
gtr. 1932. Camden, NJ.

A crowd of young fellows one night at a ball
Were telling of sweethearts they've had
All seemed jolly except one lad
Who seemed downhearted and sad
Come join us, Ned, his comrades then said
Surely some girl has loved you
Then raising his head, proudly he said
I'm in love with two

Chorus:
One has hair of silver-gray
The other one is just like gold
One is young and youthful, too
The other one is aged and old
But dearer than life are they both to me

From neither would I part
One is my mother, God bless her, I love her
The other one is my sweetheart

My sweetheart is a poor working girl
Whom I'm determined to wed
Father said "No, 'twill never be so
You must marry an heiress instead."

Mother was young, she knows how it is
When father met her she was poor
Ned, don't fret, she'll be your wife yet
For he will consent, I am sure

Written and published in 1898 as 'Two Sweethearts of Mine' by E P Moran & J Fred Helf (1870? - 1915). Roy Harvey first recorded it with the North Carolina Ramblers in 1927, though the Carter Family recording from 1932 (above) may be how it entered Britain. There are a number of collected sets in the Gwilym Davies collection.

Other versions available on CD: Freda Palmer (MTCD375-6); Bill Smith (MTCD351); David Stacey (MTCD360); Geoff Ling (VT154CD); Viv Legg (VT153CD); Harry Green (Essex) - VT135CD.

3 - 6. **A Group of Young Squaddies** (Roud 1783) - Joan Taylor.
Recorded by Gwilym Davies, Gloucester, 11.3.97

It's worth noting that Joan, along with all the other English performers of this song that we've heard, have a noticeably different tune to that used by the Carter Family, or other American versions.

3 - 7. **Silver Threads Among the Gold** (Roud 6403) - Richard Josè.
Richard Josè, with unknown orchestra. Probably New York, 1905.

Darling I am growing old
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today
Life is fading fast away

Oh, my darling you will be, will be
Always young and fair to me
Oh, my darling you will be
Always young and fair to me
When your hair is silvery white
And your cheeks no longer bright
With the roses of the May
I will kiss your lips and say
Yes my darling, mine alone, alone
You have never older grown
Yes, my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown

Originally a poem by Eben E Rexford (died 1916), which was later set to music by H P Danks. The song soon became a standard with Barbershop Quartets.

3 - 8. **Silver Threads Among the Gold** (Roud 6403) - Bob Hart.
Bob Hart, Snape, Suffolk. 1969. Recorded by Rod & Danny Stradling.

3 - 9. **I'll Be All Smiles Tonight** (Roud 3715) - The Carter Family.
Sarah Carter vcl. & gtr., Maybelle Carter vcl. & gtr. Camden, NJ. 1934.

I'll deck my brow with roses
The loved ones may be there
And gems that others give me
Will shine within my hair
And even those who know me
Will think my heart is light
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

Chorus: I'll be all smiles tonight, love
I'll be all smiles tonight
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

Oh, when the dance commences
Oh, how I will rejoice
I'll sing the song you taught me
Without a falling voice

When the flattering ones come around me
They'll think my heart is light
Though my heart may break tomorrow
I'll be all smiles tonight

And when the room he enters
With a bride upon his arm
I stood and gazed upon him
As though he was a charm
And once(d) he smiled upon her
And once(d) he smiled on me
They knew not what I'd suffered
They found no change in me

Written, in 1879, by T B Ranson. The Carter Family were the second group to record this song, the Allen Brothers having previously recorded it for Victor Records in 1928.

3 - 10. **Fare Thee Well Cold Winter** (Roud 1034) - George 'Tom' Newman.
George 'Tom' Newman. Clanfield, Oxon. 1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

Fare thee well cold winter
Oh fare thee well cold frost
Nothing have I gained by thee
But a false young girl at last
But if she's got another one
And they both can't agree
She's welcome to stay with him
And think no more of me

Chorus: I'll be your smiles tonight
Boys, I'll be your smiles tonight
If my heart should break tomorrow
I'll be your smiles tonight

She wrote to me a letter
To say that she was sad
I quickly wrote the answer back
To say that I was glad
She may keep her paper
And I will keep my time
For what I'll have a true young girl
I'd lay me down and die

One day that I was walking
All through the shady grove
'Twas there I met my own true love
She handed me a rose
Thinking I should take it
And never pass her by
For what I'll have a true young girl
I'll search the world around
False deceitful young girls
Are easy to be found
For what I'll have a true young girl
I'll search this world around
And if she's got another one
And they both can't agree
She's welcome to stay with him
And think no more of me

Tom Newman's song uses the chorus from the Carter Family recording, but his verses are clearly related to other British folk songs.

3 - 11. **The River in the Pines** (Roud 669) Unknown singer.
Unknown singer in *The Cat and Fiddle*, Whaddon Road, Cheltenham.
1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

Oh, Mary was a maiden
When the birds began to sing.
She was sweeter than the blooming rose
So early in the spring.
Her thoughts were gay and happy
And the morning gay and fine,
For her lover was a river boy
On the river in the pines.

Now Charlie, he got married
To his Mary in the spring
When the trees were budding early
And the birds began to sing.

But early in the autumn
When the fruit is in the vines,
I'll return to you, my darling
From the river in the pines.

It was early in the morning
In Wisconsin's dreary clime
When he rode that fatal rig
For that last and fatal time.
They found his body lying
On the rocky shore below
Where the silent waters echo
And the whispering cedars blow.

Now every raft of lumber
That comes down the Chippaway
There's a lonely grave that's
Visited by drivers on their way
They plant wild flowers upon it
In the morning fair and fine.
'Tis the grave of true young lovers
From the river in the pines

This song was recorded during a singing session in *The Cat and Fiddle*, Whaddon Road, Cheltenham, where I was recording songs from a number of Gypsy singers. The singer of *The River in the Pines* left immediately after singing this song and I was unable to find out who he was, though I remember him saying that he had learnt the song from a record album. At the time I assumed that this was probably an album of Country and Western songs, which were popular with Traveller and Gypsy singers, but I now think that he may have got the song from the Joan Baez album *Farewell Angelina* (issued in 1965) because his words and tune are almost identical to those on the Baez album.

The song was first published by Franz Rickaby in his book *Ballads and Songs of the Shanty-Boys* (1926), though Rickaby gives no details as to the origins of the song. Further details may be found in James P Leary's book *Folksongs of Another America - Field Recordings from the Upper Midwest, 1937 - 1946*, which also contains two recordings, one of the tune and the other of the song. Further recordings were made in Canada by the late Edith Fowke. The tune used for *The River in the Pines* is a slowed down version of an Irish tune which was used for the song *Let Mr McGuire Sit Down* (as recorded by Dinny 'Johnny' Doyle & Larry Griffin - reissued on *Ballinasloe Fair - Early Recordings of Irish Music in America*, Traditional Crossroads CD 4284).

3 - 12. **The Girl I Left in Sunny Tennessee** (Roud 4290) - The Floyd County Ramblers.
Banks McNeil fd., Walter Boone har & vcl., Sam McNeil bjo. and J W 'Will' Boone gtr. & vcl. New York. 1930.

On a morning bright and clear
My old homestead I drew near
Just a village down in sunny Tennessee
I was speeding on a train
That would bring me back again
To my sweetheart who was waiting there for me
It had been but a few short years
Since I kissed away her tears
As I left her at my dear old mother's side
Each day we've been apart
She's grown nearer to my heart
Than the night I asked of her to be my bride

Chorus: I could hear those darkies singing
As she bid farewell to me
Far across the fields of cotton
My old homestead I could see
Where the moon rose in it's glory
Then I told my sweetest story
To the girl I loved in sunny Tennessee
As the train drew up at last
Old familiar scenes I passed
As I kissed my mother at the station door
And as old friends gathered round
Tears on every face I found
But I missed the one that I'd been longing for
And I whispered "Mother dear
Where is Mary?" "She's not here."
All the world seemed lost and sadness came to me
When she pointed to a spot
In a churchyard (?) lot
Where my sweetheart sleeps in sunny Tennessee

Written in 1899 by Henry Berdan and Stanley Carter. It was recorded in the same year by Byron Carter. Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers also recorded the song in 1925 during their first recording session.

3 - 13. **Tennessee** (Roud 4290) - Eddie Penfold.
Eddie Penfold. Sussex. 1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

On one morning bright and clear
To my home I'm (rolling?) near
To a village down in sunny Tennessee
I got speeded all on a train
What may bring me back again
To the girl I left in Sunny Tennessee

Chorus: You can hear those darkies singing
As they sung farewell to me
Right across the fields of cotton
My old homestead I can see
When the moon shone in its glory
I were telling the sweetheart's story
To the girl I left in sunny Tennessee

Now the train speed home at last
After many long years gone past
I met my mother at the station door
Oh my friends all gathered round
Tears on every face I found
But I could not find that one I'm looking for

I did whisper, 'Mother dear
For my Mary, she's not here'
Through darkness and many long years gone past
Oh she pointed to a spot
In the churchyard's little lot
Where my Mary she is lying in sunny grave

3 - 14. **Mother, Queen of My Heart** (Roud 9708) - Jimmie Rodgers.
Jimmie Rodgers vcl., Clayton McMichen fd., Oddie McWinders bjo., Hoyt 'Slim' Bryant gtr. and George Howell sb. Camden, NJ. 1932.

I had a home out in Texas
Down where the bluebonnets grew
I had the kindest old mother
How happy we were just we two
'Til one day the angels called her
That debt we all have to pay
She called me close to her bedside
These last few words to say

'Son don't start drinking and gambling
Promise you'll always go straight'
Ten years have passed since that parting
That promise I've broke I must say
I started gambling for pastime
At last I was just like them all
I bet my clothes and my money
Not dreaming that I'd ever fall
One night I bet all my money
Nothing was left to be seen
And all that I needed to break them
Was one card and that was a queen
The cards were dealt all round the table
Each man took a card on the draw
I drew the one that would beat them
I turned it and here's what I saw

I saw my mother's picture
And somehow she seemed to say
'Son you have broken your promise'
So I tossed the cards away
My winnings I gave to a newsboy
I knew I was wrong from the start
And I'll never forget that promise
To my Mother the queen of my heart
Ah-dee-dee-yo-del-lay-ee
Dee-oh-dee-oh-del-lay-ee-dee-oh-del-lay-ee

Written c.1932 by Thomas Hoyt 'Slim' Bryan and Jimmie Rodgers. It was issued in Britain as a 78 rpm record on Regal MR1310. Bryan, who was from Atlanta, revolutionised guitar playing in early Country music.

3 - 15. Home in Texas (Roud 9708) - Levi Smith.

Levi Smith. Epsom, Surrey. 1970s. Recorded by Mike Yates. Previously unissued.

I had a home down in Texas
Out where the bluebonnets grow
I had the kindest old mother
How happy we were just us two
'Til one day the angels called her
That's the debt we all have to pay
She called me close to her bedside
And these last few words to say

"Oh, son don't start drinking and gambling
Promise you'll always go straight."
Ten years have passed since that parting
I've broken I must say
I started gambling for pastime
I knew I was wrong from the start
I bet all my clothes and my money
A-dreaming that I'd never fail

Oh, the cards was dealt all-round the table
Each man took a cut of the pack
I drew the one that would beat them
I turned it and here's what I saw
I saw my mother's picture
And somehow she seemed to say
Oh, son you have broken that promise
For I tossed the cards away
Oh, the winnings I gave to a newsboy,
Cause I knew I was wrong from the start
For I'll never forget that promise
To my Mother, the queen of my heart

3 - 16. All Alone by the Seaside (Roud 4327) - Fiddlin' John Carson.

Fiddlin' John Carson. vcl & fd. New York. 1925.

Oh tonight she's left now lonely
And no other bride I'll be
And tonight she's left a widow
In the cottage by the sea

Chorus: Let her go, let her go, God bless her
She is mine wherever she may be
She may travel this wide world over
But she'll find no friend like me
All alone, alone, by the seaside
She left me all alone, alone, by the sea
And tonight she's left a widow
In the cottage by the sea

Some folks says love's a pleasure
But what pleasures do I see?
For the one I loved so dearly
She has turned her back on me

Although titled *All Alone by the Seaside*, John Carson's song, which shows some similarities to the song *In a Cottage By the Sea* as sung by Harry Upton on the following track, could just as well have been called *Let Her Go, Let Her Tarry* because of similarities to the latter (Roud 6527). See, for example, Doug Wallin's version of this song on MTCD513, which includes the first four lines of Carson's chorus together with Carson's final verse.

3 - 17. In a Cottage By the Sea (Roud 4327) - Harry Upton.

Harry Upton. Balcombe, Sussex. 1970s.

Written by American composer C A White in 1868. There is at least one early American recording, *The Widow in The Cottage by the Sea* by Irene Sanders (Champion S-16719, 45056) and American song collectors have found versions in several American States, including Alabama, Mississippi, North Carolina (several sets) and Tennessee.

3 - 18. Waiting for the Robert E Lee (Roud 23632) - The Heidelberg Quintette.

Will Oakland, Billy Murray, John H Bieling, Steve Porter & William F Hoo-ley (all vcls) accompanied by unknown orchestra. 1912.

Way down on the levy in old Alabamy
There's Daddy and Mammy
There's Ephraim and Sammy
On a moonlight night you can find them all
While they are waiting
The banjos are syncopating
What's that they're saying?
What's that they're saying?
While they keep playing
A-humming and swaying
It's the good ship Robert E Lee
That's come to carry the cotton away!

Oh Lordy, Watch them shuffling along
See them shuffling along!
Go take your best gal, real pal
Go down to the levy, I said to the levy
And join that shuffling throng
Hear that music and song!
It's simply great, mate, waiting on the levy
Waiting for the Robert E Lee!

The smokestacks are showing, the whistles are blowing
The ropes they are throwing, excuse me I'm going
To the place where all is harmonious
Even the preacher, why he is the dancing teacher!
Have you been down there?
Were you around there?
If you ever go there you'll always be found there
Why, dog-gone, here comes my baby
On the good old Robert E Lee!

"Oh Lordy, Watch them shuffling along
See them shuffling along
Go take your best gal, real pal
Go down to the levy, I said to the levy
And join that shuffling throng
Hear that music and song!
It's simply great, mate, waiting on the levy
Waiting for the Robert E Lee!"

The 'Robert E Lee' was a Mississippi steamboat, named after the Confederate General of that name, which carried cotton along that great river. The song *Waiting for the Robert E Lee* was written by Lewis F Muir and L Wolfe Gilbert in 1912 and was intended to be sung by Minstrel troupes. It soon became a standard with early jazz bands.

3 - 19. Robert E Lee (Roud 23632) - Harry Lee.
Harry Lee. fd. Kent. 1962. Recorded by Paul Carter.

3 - 20. Blue-Haired Jimmy (Roud 1411) - Horton Barker.

Horton Barker, vcl. Chilhowee, Va., early 1960s.

He's gone for evermore is our darling blue-haired boy.
We'll never see our cross-eyed darling any more.
Like a dream he passed away on the 39th of May.
He never died so suddenly before.

No more upon the mat will he play with pussycat.
No more between his teeth he'll squeeze her tail.
No more he'll rub her nose against the red-hot iron stove,
For little brother Jimmy's kicked the pail.

We knew he was departing by the colour of his breath.
We saw his eyebrows dropping in the mud.
The doctor said the only thing that saved the boy from death
Was to stop the circulation of his blood.

We gently bathed his head in a pot of boiling lead,
And then we gently laid him down to rest;
But through the night a burglar came and broke into the room,
And swiped the mustard plaster from his chest.

We filled his mouth with glue to try to bring him to.
Alas, though, all our efforts were in vain;
And last of all we tried - but he sneezed and smiled and died.
He blew his nose and smiled and died again.

He's gone forevermore at the age of 94.
There's nothing in this world his life could save.
I'm going to the barbershop to fill his last request,
To plant a bunch of whiskers on his grave.

To be frank, at the moment we are unaware as to the origin of this song. Most experts seem to agree that it probably comes from America, even though the earliest known sighting, on an English broadside from the 1890s, is in Britain. At least one American Old-Timey group, The Cumberland Mountain Fret Pickers - recorded the song in 1929 as *Little Blue-Haired (sic) Boy* for Brunswick/ Vocalion, though this record was unissued. Luckily a test-pressing survives. Sadly the personnel of The Cumberland Mountain Fret Pickers remain a mystery. In 1932 the song appeared on Gene Autry's *Sensational Collection of Famous Original Cowboy Songs and Mountain Ballads*. Whatever its origin, it has only been reported on a few occasions, chiefly in Britain and America, and occasionally in Ireland.

3 - 21. **The Blue-Haired Boy** (Roud 1411) - George 'Pop' Maynard. George 'Pop' Maynard. Copthorne, Sussex. 1959. Recorded by Brian Mathews.

He's gone and left us all has our blue-haired boy
We shall never see our cross-eyed pet again
Like a dream he passed away on the 93rd of May
He never died so suddenly before

No more with pussy cat will he play upon the mat
No more between his teeth he'll squeeze his tail
For I'm going into the brickfields to fulfil his last request
And to plant a bunch of turnips on his grave

Chorus: Then he's gone forevermore at the age of 94
There's nothing in this world his life could save
And I'm going into the brickfields to fulfil his last request
And to plant a bunch of turnips on his grave

We bathed his head in a boiling pot of lead
And then we gently laid him down to rest
Through the night the burglars came and they broke into his room
And stole a mustard plaster off his chest

We filled his mouth with glue and we tried to bring him to
'Til at last all efforts were in vain
And after all we tried, then he sneezed and smiled and died
And blew his nose and sneezed and died again

3 - 22. **Gentle Annie** (Roud 2656) - Asa Martin
Asa Martin, vcl., gtr., har., Ed Lewis, autoharp. Richmond, IN. 1931.

Thou will come no more, Gentle Annie
Like a flower that spirit did depart
They were gone, alas, like the many
That have bloomed in the summer of the heart

Shall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thou winning voice again?
When the springtime comes, Gentle Annie
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plains

We have roamed and loved mid the bowers
When thou downy cheeks were in their bloom
Now I stand alone, mid the flowers
While they mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb

Shall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thy winning voice again?
When the springtime comes, Gentle Annie
When my wild flowers are scattered o'er the plains

Oh, the hours grow sad while I ponder
Near the silent spot where thou art laid
And my heart (?) down while I wander
By the streams and the meadows where we strayed

Shall we never more behold thee?
Never hear thy winning voice again?
When the springtime comes, Gentle Annie
When the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plains

Written by the American composer Stephen Foster in 1856. Over the years there have been several attempts to identify the subject of this song. Was it Annie Jenkins, who lived in Federal Street, Allegheny in Pennsylvania? Or Foster's cousin, Annie Evans, who had died shortly before the song was written? Or even one of Foster's grandmothers, Annie Pratt McGinnis Hart or Ann Barclay? For my money, Annie Evans seems to be the best bet.

3 - 23. **Gentle Annie** (Roud 2656) – Billy Pennock
Billy Pennock, vcl. Goathland, North Yorkshire. 1962.

When the Springtime comes gentle Annie,
And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

Chorus:
Shall I evermore behold thee
Shall I ne'er see thy sweet face again?
When the springtime comes, gentle Annie,
And the wild flowers are scattered o'er the plain?

We have roamed and loved 'mongst the bowers,
When thy downy cheeks were in their bloom;
Ere I stand alone amongst the flowers
That mingle their perfumes o'er thy tomb.

Ch.

3 - 24. **Two Little Girls in Blue** (Roud 2793) - Bradley Kincaid.
Bradley Kincaid, vcl. & gtr. Chicago, ILL. 1931.

An old man gazed on a photograph, in a locket he'd worn for years;
His nephew then asked him the reason why, this picture had caused him tears.
"Just listen," he said, "and I'll tell you, lad, a story that's strange but true;
Your father and I, at the school one day, met two little girls in blue.

Chorus:
Two little girls in blue, lad, two little girls in blue,
They were sisters, we were brothers, and learned to love those two;
One little girl in blue, lad, who won your Father's heart,
became your Mother, I married the other, but we have drifted apart.

"That picture was one of those girls," he said, "and to me she was once a wife,
I thought her unfaithful, we quarrelled, lad, and parted that night for life.
My fancy of jealousy wronged a heart, a heart that was good & true,
For two better girls never lived than they, those two little girls in blue."

The song *Two Little Girls in Blue* was written, words and music, by Charles Graham in 1893. It was popularised in America by the singers J W Myers, and Charles Ward of the Primrose and West's Minstrels, before being used as the title for a 1921 Broadway musical theatre production of the same name. The tune is a blatant copy of the smash hit *After The Ball* by Charles K Harris.

3 - 25. **Two Little Girls in Blue** (Roud 2793)
Cyril Poacher, vcl. Grove Farm, Blaxhall, Suffolk. 1975. Recorded by
Ginette Dunn.

According to Cyril: "*I learned that off a blind man called Ally Storey - he used to live in an old hut, a farm ... and he used to sell cotton, soap, garden seeds ... all little things like that ... he sang it in the pubs, where he used to come to sell his seeds ... I heard him in the Farnham George and in the Ship, that's where I heard it off him, he sung it a couple of times down there and couple of times up there - I sung it meself after that*".

3 - 26 **The Volunteer Organist** (Roud 5378)
George Belton. Recorded by Vic Smith, BBC Radio Sussex studio,
4.11.71

A preacher in a village church
One Sunday morning said
"Our organist is ill today;
Will someone play instead?"
An anxious look crept o'er the face
Of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see
Who'd fill that vacant chair.
An old man staggered up the aisle,
Whose clothes were old and torn
How strange a drunkard seemed to be
In church on Sunday morn
But as he touched the organ keys,
Without a single word;
The melody that followed
Was the sweetest ever heard.

Chorus:

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget
 As long as I may live
 And just to see it o'er again,
 All earthly wealth I'd give
 The congregation all amazed,
 The preacher old and grey,
 The organ and the organist
 Who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church,
 The strongest men grew pale.
 The organist, in melody,
 Had told his own life's tale.
 And when the service ended
 Not a soul had left their seat
 Except the poor old organist,
 Who started for the street.
 Along the aisle and out the door
 He slowly walked away
 The preacher rose and softly said
 "Good brethren, let us pray."

Ch:

Written by W B Gray (words) and Henry Lamb (music) in 1863, and sung on the halls by its lyricist, who worked under the name of William Glenroy. Strangely, we have been able to find no extant American recordings. It would appear from Roud that this song was little taken-up by the tradition, since there are only 42 entries and a number of these are duplicates (from books, collections and recordings). All the earlier entries, in the 1920s, are from Canada and the USA. In England it's been found mainly in Suffolk; John Howson heard it from Charlie Hancy in Bungay and Ginette Dunn found four singers in Snape and Blaxhall who knew it - and I have a feeling that Bob Hart did as well. Few examples are noted from outside this area - and George Spicer's version was the only other one collected in the entire South East before this George Belton recording came to light. Keith Chandler tells me that he has recordings - made at festivals - of Stanley Marsden (Yorkshire) and Freda Palmer (Oxon) singing it.

Other recordings: George Spicer (MTCD309-0); Fred Jordan (VTD 148CD); Charlie Hancy (VTC7CD).

Credits:

This must be about the 16th CD project that I've done with Mike Yates. As he says in the Notes, *Wait Till the Clouds Roll By* is the third in a trilogy of CD publications devoted to Old World/New World folk music. *A Distant Land to Roam* (MTCD516) was devoted to songs and tunes which had been taken to America by early British and Irish settlers, while *Oh, Listen Today* (MTCD517) looked at the roots of American fiddle music. As explained above, *Wait 'Til the Clouds Roll By* tries to explain why British and Irish traditional singers and musicians have adopted American songs and music into their own repertoires.

Mike has never asked for any reward beyond the knowledge that the singers and players he recorded are available to the small audience which values them, and a free copy of the resulting CDs. Much the same applies to all the other collectors with whom I've worked down the years. Without them, these CDs would never have existed ... and it goes without saying that without the assistance of countless other collaborators over the years, few of our 110+ CD and CD-ROM publications would have ever been possible.

Mike would like to thank Frank Weston for help with recordings.

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Carter Family



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Fiddlin' John Carson & Gid Tanner