

1

Angel Band

My latest sun is sinking fast, My race is nearly run; My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

o Refrain: Oh, come, angel band, Come and around me stand; Oh, bear
me away on your snowy wings To my eternal home; Oh, bear me away on
your snowy wings To my eternal home.

o Refrain

I've almost reached my heav'nly home, My spirit loudly sings; The holy ones,
behold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.

o Refrain

Oh, bear my longing heart to Him, Who bled and died for me; Whose blood now
cleanses from all sin, And gives me victory.

o Refrain

2

BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES

Jenny my darling I love U
I love you with all of my
heart
Tomorrow we were to be
married
But liquor has kept us
apart

CHORUS:

Beautiful beautiful brown
eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown
eyes
Beautiful beautiful brown
eyes
I'll never love blue eyes
again

Down thru the barnyard he
staggered
Fall flat by the door
And the very last words
that he uttered
"I'll never get drunk
any more"

Now many long years I've
been married
I wish I was single again
A woman never knows of her
troubles
Until she has married a man

3

BECAUSE JUST BECAUSE

Just because you think you're
so pretty
Just because you think you're
so hot
Just because you think you've
got something
That nobody else has got
Tho you made me spend all my
money
Then you laughed and called
me old Santa Claus
But I'm telling you honey I'm
leaving you
Because just because
Just because you think I'll
be lonesome
Just because you think I'll
be blue
Just because you think I'll
be foolish
To stay at home and wait
for you
Tho you made me drop all my
girlfriends

Then you laughed and called
me Mr. Santa Claus
But I'm telling you baby
I'm thru with you
Because just because

There'll come a time you'll
be lonesome
There'll come a day you'll
be blue
When old Santa Claus won't
be near you
To pay the bills for you
Tho you may say that I'm
foolish
But there just ain't no
Santa Claus
I'm telling you good gal
I'm thru with you
Because just because

4
BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

One evening as the sun
went down
And jungle fire was burning
Down the track came a hobo
hiking
And he says boys I'm not
turning
I'm headed for a land that's
far away
Beside the crystal fountain
So come with me we'll go
and see
The big rock candy mountain

Now the big rock candy
mountain's
In a land that's fair and
bright
Where the handouts grow on
bushes
And you sleep out every
night

In the big rock candy mtn
You never change your socks
And little streams of alco-
hol
come a trickling down the
rocks
Where the brakemen have to
tip their hats
The railroad bulls are blind
and there's wine and beer and
whiskey too
You can paddle all around
In a big canoe
in the big rock candy mtn

In the big rocky candy mtn
All the jails are made of
tin
And you can walk right out
again
As soon as you are in
Where there ain't no short-
handled shovels
No axes and no picks

Where the boxcars all are
empty
And the sun shines every
day
Oh the birds and the bees
and the cigarette trees
The lemonade springs ~~where~~
Where the blue birdx sings
In the big rock candy mtn

In the big rock candy mtn
All the cops have wooden
legs
The bulldogs all have
rubber teeth
And the hens lay softboiled
eggs
The farmers' trees are
full of fruit
The barns are full of hay
Oh I'm bound to go where
there ain't no snow
The rain don't fall and the
wind don't blow in the
big rock candy mountain

Oh I'm bound to stay
Where you sleep all day
Where they hung the Turk
who invented work
In the big rock candy mtn

5

BILL BAKER

In the shade of a tree
We two set him and me
Where the badger hills
sloped to the rift
As the ponies grazed round
Reins adragging the ground
Well he looked at me funny
and ~~said~~ laughed

~~Do~~
Do you see that there town
He opined pointing down
To some shacksxsprawled
about in the heat
When I opined that I did
He shifted his quid
And he drowned a tumble
bug neat

Then he turned to me square
There's a man waiting there
That the sheepmen have
hired to get me

Are you game to go down
To that jerk-water town
Just to see what the hell
there's to see

So we rode down the hill
~~Heck~~ puffing ~~the~~ a pill
To some shacks sprawled
about in a heap
And we stopped by a shack
That was leaning its back
'G'inst the side of a
cowboys' retreat

Just inside the door
With one foot on the floor
And the other hist up on
the rail
Stood a big raw-boned guy
With the orneriest eye
That I ever saw out of the
jail

Eeside was a girl
She sure looked like the pearl
That the Bible guy cast
before swine
She was pleading with him
Her eyes teary and dim
When I high-signed the
barkeep for mine

Then the door swung again
And my pal he stepped in
And the look in his eyes
was sure bad
The big guy he wheeled
And the gal there she
squealed

"Oh for God's sake don't
shoot, Bill, That's Dad"

Then the big raw-boned guy
With the ornery eye
Up and shot my pal dead in
the door

Right there Bill Baker
He went to his Maker
He won't take advantage
no more

6

BROWN EYES I LOVE

When the evening sun was low
Brown eyes whispered I must
go
not one moment could he wait
He kissed my cheek and left
the gate

CHORUS:

It's those brown eyes I
love so well
It's those brown eyes I long
to see
How I sigh for those brown
eyes
Since strangers they have
grown to be

On one dark memorable day
They laid my own brown eyes
away
Make his grave both wide
and long
Those brown eyes won't be
very long

One day we met upon the street
I bowed my head but could
not speak
For there was another girl
by his side
Who thought ^{she} soon would be his
bride

Just one year ago today
They laid my own brown eyes
away
Up in heaven where I long to
be
A brown eyed angel waits for
me

7

~~Oh~~ BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIRIE

Oh bury me not on the lone prair
These words came low and mourn-
fully
From the pallid lips of a boy
who lay
On his dying bed at the close
of day.

Oh bury me not on the lone
prairie
Where the wild coyotes will
howl o'er me
In a narrow grave just six by
three
Oh bury me not on the lone
prairie

It matters not I've oft been
told
Where the body lies when the
heart grows cold
Yet grant ^{oh front t's due} this single wish to me
~~And~~ bury me not on the lone
prairie

I've always wished to be laid
when I died
In the little churchyard on the
green hill side
By my fathers grave there let
mine be
And bury me not on the lone prairie:

Oh bury me not- and his voice
failed there
But we took no heed of his dying
prayer
In a narrow grave six foot by
three
We buried him there on the lone
prairie

Yes we buried him there on the
lone prairie
Where the old night owl hoots
mournfully
And the blizzard beats and the
wind blows free
O'er his 'dobe grave on the lone
prairie.

Bury me not

1st verse
Oh Bury me not on
The lone prairie
These words came low

Chorus
2nd verse
It matters not -

3rd verse
I've always wished

4th verse
Oh Bury me not
and his voice failed me

5th verse
And the cowboys now as
they roam the plain
For mark the spot where
His bones were lain
Fling a handful of roses
O'er his grave
With a prayer to Him
who his soul will save.
echo:

8

CHISCLM TRAIL

Come along boys and listen
to my tale
And I'll tell you 'bout
my troubles on the
Chisholm Trail
Come a ty-yi yippee
yippee yay yippee yay
Come a ty-yi yippee yay

Started up the trail
October 23rd
Left old Texas with a
200 herd

Oh a ten dollar horse and
a forty dollar saddle
I'm a gonna punch those
long horned cattle

Woke up one morning on the
Chisholm Trail
With a rope in my hand and
a cow by the tail

~~Last night on guard and
the leaders broke and run
Kicked my horse down the
shoulders and I spurred
in the flanks~~

With my foot in the stirrup
and my hand on the horn
I'm the best darn cowboy
ever was born.

I'm on my best horse and
going at a run
I'm the quickest shooting
cowboy ever pulled a gun

Well we rounded them up
and we put 'em on cars
And that was the last of
the old 2 bars

Then I went to the boss to
draw my role
He had it figgured nine
dollars in the hole

Old Ben Bones was a mighty
good boss
But he drove us thru the
hills on a sway back
horse

Well I'm up in the morning
before daylight
And Before I sleep the
moon shines bright

Its cloudy in the west and
looks like rain
And my durned old slicker
is in the wagon again

Well I crippled my horse
but I don't know how
Roping at the horns of a
2U cow

No smokes no slicker and
its pouring down rain
And I swear by god I'll
never nightherd again

So I sold old Baldy and
I hung up my saddle
And I bid farewell to the
longhorned cattle

9

Eb

CIELITO LINDO

De la sierra morena
Cielito lindo vienen bajando
Un par de ojitos negros
Cielito lindo de contrabando

Refrain:

Ay, ay, ay, ay
Canta y no llores
Porque cantando se alegran
Cielito lindo los corazones.

Una flecha en el aire
Cielito lindo lanzó Cupido
Y como fue jugando
Cielito lindo yo fui el herido

CIGARETTES AND WHISKEY

Oh once I was happy and
 had a good wife
 I had enough money to last
 me for life
 When I met a wild woman
 we went on a spree
 She started me smoking and
 a drinking whiskey

Chorus:

Cigarettes and whiskey and
 wild wild women
 They'll drive you crazy
 they'll drive you insane
 Cigarettes and whiskey and
 wild wild women
 They'll drive you crazy
 they'll drive you insane
 Cigarettes is a blot on
 the whole human race
 A man is a monkey with one
 in his face

Here is my definition
 believe me dear brother
 A fire at one end a fool at
 the other

Now I am feeble and broken
 with age
 The lines on my face make a
 well-written page

~~Brother repent ere they
 write on your grave
 To women and whiskey here
 lies a poor slave
 Take warning dear stranger
 take warning dear friend
 Then write in big letters
 these words at the end.~~

11

COLUMBUS STOCKADE BLUES

Way down in Columbus ~~xxx~~
Georgia
Want to be back in Tenn.
Way down in Columbus
stockade
Friends have turned their
backs on me

Chorus:
Go and leave me if you
want to
Never let me cross your
mind
In your heart you love
another
Leave me darling I don't
mind

Last nite as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my
arms ~~xxxxxxx~~
When I awoke I was mistaker
I was sleeping thru the bars

Many a nite with you I've
rambled
Happy hours spent with you
I thot I had your love foreve
Now I find you've been un-
true

COWBOY'S DREAM

Last night as I lay on the
 prairie
 And looked at the stars in
 the sky
 I wondered if ever a cowboy
 Would drift to that sweet
 bye and bye

CHORUS:

Roll on, roll on
 Roll on little dogies roll
 on, roll on
 Roll on, roll on
 Roll on little dogies roll
 on

They say there will be a
 great round-up
 And the cowboys like dogies
 will stand
 To be marked by the Riders
 of Judgment
 Who are posted and know
 every brand

They say that he never
 forgets you
 That he knows every action
 and look
 So for safety you better
 get branded
 Get your name in that great
 talley book

They tell of another big
 owner
 Who's ne'er over stocked
 so they say
 But he'll always make room
 for the sinner
 Who drifts from the straight
 narrow way

13

COWBOY FIREMAN

In the high ol' Rocky mountains
Came a UP passenger train,
The hobos tried to ride her,
But alas twas all in vain.
For the conductor took the tickets,
And he counted every soul.
And the fireman he looked straight ahead,
As he shoveled and shoveled that coal.

For the fireman was a cowboy,
And do not think it strange.
For he could make more money shoveling
coal,
Than riding out there on the range
And tho he was a fireman,
And tho he had to sweat.
He still remained a western boy,
And he carried his lariat.

Now the train was way behind time,
And the passengers all were wild.
When on the that track a sudden,
There strolled a little child.
Her golden hair in ringlets,
Was flowing down her back.
And she little knew her danger grave,
As she skipped along the track.

My God the hoghead shouted,
As he threw on all the brakes.
Said I'll never stop this train in time,
Cause I ain't got what it takes.
Oh heaven help that wee tot,
He cried in accents wild.
Can nothing stop this UP train,
And save that darling child?

Then up stepped the cowboy fireman,
And a gallant lad was he.
Said I will save that baby,
Tho I wreck this whole UP.
He climbed out on the running board.
With tears his eyes were wet.
And in his hand our hero brave,
Bore his trusty lariat.

Then he quickly dropped a fast loop,
Round a pole beside the track.
And then he tied the other end,
Around that big smokestack.
He jerked the train right off of the tracks,
And caused a horrible wreck.
And our hero lay there in the ditch,
With the engine on his neck.

Oh, we will all remember,
That 45th of May.
For there were many valiant hearts,
All filled with fear that day.
They buried that poor fireman,
Where the prairie winds blow wild.
He killed 200 passengers,
But thank God he saved that child.

14

COWBOY'S LAMENT

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

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

Oh beat the drum slowly and
play the fife lowly
Play the Dead March as you
carry me along
Take me to the green valley
there lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I
KNOW I'VE DONE WRONG

So beat the drum slowly and
play the fife lowly
And play the Dead March as you
carry him along
Take him to the green valley
there lay the sod o'er him
He was just a young cowboy
who knew He'd done wrong.

Go gather around you a
group of young cowboys
And tell them the story of
this my sad fate
Tell one and the other ~~xxx~~
before they go further
To quit their wild roving
before it's too late.

Let sixteen gamblers come
handle my coffin
Let sixteen cowboys come
sing me a song
Take me to the graveyard and
lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy and I
know I've done wrong

It was once in the saddle I
used to go dashing
It was once in the saddle I
used to go gay
First took to drinking and then
to card playing
Got shot in the breast and
I'm dying today

Go bring me a cup a cup of
cold water
To cool my parched lips the
poor cowboy said
Before I returned the spirit
had left him
And gone to it's Maker the
cowboy was dead

CRASH ON THE HIGHWAY

Who did you say it was
brother
Who was it fell by the way
When whiskey and blood run
together

Did you hear anyone pray
Chorus:

I didn't hear nobody pray
dear brother
I didn't hear nobody pray
I heard the crash on the
highway
But I didn't hear nobody
pray

When I heard the crash on
the highway
I knew what it was from
the start
I went to the scene of
destruction
And a picture was stamped
on my heart

There was whiskey and blood
all together
Mixed in the glass where they
klay
Death laid a hand in destruct-
ion
But I didn't hear nobody pray

I wish I could change this
sad story
That I am now telling you
But there is no way I can
change it
For somebody's life is now thru

Their soul has been called by
the Master
They died in the crash by
the way
I heard the calls of the dying
But I didn't hear nobody pray

DARK AS A DUNGEON

Come listen you fellows so
 young and so fine
 And seek not your fortune in
 in the dark dreary mine
 It will form as a habit and
 seep in your soul
 Till the stream of your
 blood is as black as the
 coal

Chorus:

It's dark as a dungeon and
 damp as the dew
 Where the danger is double
 and the pleasures are few
 Where the rain never falls
 and the sun never shines
 It's dark as a dungeon way
 down in the mine

It's a many a man I've seen
 in my day
 Who lived just to labor his
 whole life away

Like a fiend with his dope
 and a drunkard his wine
 A man will have lust for the
 lure of the mine c

I hope when I've gone and the
 ages shall roll
 My body will blacken and turn
 into coal
 Then I'll look from the door
 of my heavenly home
 And pity the miner a digging
 my bones.

THE DAY THE FREEWAY FROZE

'Twas at eight-o-five a.m. on a hot old July day,
 When a hiker got up on the Garfield ramp where he wasn't supposed to be.
 He was hit by a Fairlane Riviera with automatic drive,
 And a Chevrolet Bel Aire coupe, well he didn't stay long alive.

Chorus:

On the day the freeway froze in Los Angeles U.S.A.,
 What a wonderous affair! and
 I wish I'd been there
 On the day, the freeway froze.

Well, the cars began to stop, but the ramps kept feeding slow,
 And a Plymouth hardtop Belvedere was smacked by a Dynaflo.
 And some of them could have made it, going out on a ramp marked "in",
 But nobody does the likes of that, because that is a cardinal sin.

Meantime downtown, at the Spring Street underpass,
 A couple of trucks collided, and one had a load of gas.
 It could have been a holocaust cause no one could turn about,
 But the engines sat up on the cloverleaf and they put that fire out.

Mr. Tempot sat at his wheel, and a hungry man was he,
 While up ahead was an unmanned truck from the Binkhelm Bakery.
 He opened a drawer marked "D", found doughnuts glazed and plain,
 He pulled real hard, the drawer flew out, and the doughnuts fell like rain.

Well, the people jumped around, and the doughnuts soon were gone,
 And Roger Stuckley he had ten, but Caulfield he had none.
 Then somebody found a truck that was full of cows and steers,
 He opened the gate and the cattle strolled among the lanes and piers.

Bekins van was stalled, and some ladies walked right in,
 And set up light housekeeping in the Harbor outbound lane,
 And a truckload of cigars was very quickly spent,
 They smoked them by the handful and a smoke signal was sent.

But the greatest find of all was a wagonload of rum.
 It was all dealt out with a generous hand to whoever wanted some.
 And a couple of guys they skated along using car tops for their trail,
 With the bumpers all mashed together to form the perfect rail.

It was seven hours, they say, til the jam began to go.
 The last lost car was towed away after 70 hours or so.
 Three thousand ice cream bars were sold to the sound of the auto horn,
 Twenty two people died that day, and three little babies were born.

These details can be found in City police reports,
 In interviews in the Daily News and TV newsreel shorts.
 And all I do is tell to you the facts that are disclosed
 In the City of Los Angeles on the day the freeway froze.

DETOUR

Headed down life's crooked
 road
 Lot of things I never knowd
 And cause of ~~my~~ not knowing
 I now pine
 Troutle got in the trail
 spent the next 5 yrs. in
 jail
 Should have read that ~~xxxx~~
 detour sign

Hours:
 Detour there's a muddy road
 ahead
 Detour take no mind of what
 it said
 Detour all these bitter ~~xxx~~
 things I find
 Should have read that
 detour sign

When I got stuck in the mud
 All my hopes dropped with a
 thud
 I guess that my heart strijs
 are made of twine
 Had no ~~whil~~ power to get
 from the hole that I'm in
 yet
 Should have read that detour
 sign

When I got right to the place
~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~
 where it said about face
 I thot that all my worries
 were behind
 But the farther I go the
 more sorrow I know
 Should have read that detour
 sign

DUST PNEUMONIA

I got that dust pneumonia
Pneumonia in my lungs
I got that dust pneumonia
Pneumonia in my lungs
And I'm a gonna sing
This dust pneumonia song

I went to the doctor ~~and~~
And the doctor said "my son
I went to the doctor
And the doctor said "my son
You got that dust pneumonia
And you ain't got long--not
long

Now there ought to be ~~some~~
Some yodeling in this song
Now there ought to be
Some yodeling in this song
But I can't yodel
For the rattling in lungs

Down in Texas
My gal fainted in the rain
Down in Texas
My gal fainted in the rain
I throwded a bucket of
dirt in her face
Just to bring her back
again

My good gal sings ~~the~~
The dust pneumonia blues
My good gal sings
The dust pneumonia blues
She loves me 'cause
She's got the dust pneumoni
too

If it wasn't for chopping
MY holt would turn to rust
If is wasn't for chopping
My holt would turn to rust
I can't find a woman
In this blank old Texas du.

Down in Oklahoma ~~the wind~~
The wind blows mighty stro
Down in Oklahoma ~~the wind~~
The wind blows mighty stro
If you want to get a woman
Just sing a California song

EAST VIRGINNEY BLUES

I was born in East Virginey
North of the line oh I did

So
There I spied a fair young
ixix lady
And her age I do not know

Her hair was dark in color
Her cheeks were rosey red
Upon her breast she wore
white lilies
Where I longed to lay my
head

Now at my heart you are my
derling
At my door you're welcome
in
At my gate I'll always meet
you
For you're the girl I tried
to win

I'd rather be in some dark
holler
Where the sun refused to
shine
Than for you to be another
man's derling
And to know you'll never be
mine.

22

FARTHER ALONG

Tempted and tried we're oft.
made to wonder
Why it should be thus all
the day long
While there are others
living about us
Never molested though in
the wrong

CHCRUS

Farther along we'll know
know more about it
Farther along we'll under-
stand why
Cheer up my brother, live
in the sunshine
We'll understand it all
by and by

When death has come and ~~xxx~~
taken our loved ones
It leaves our home so lonely
and drear
Then do we wonder why others
prosper /year
Living so wicked year after

"Faithful to death" said our
loving Master
A few more days to labor and
wait
Toils of the road will then
seem as nothing
As we sweep thru the beautifu
gate

When we see Jesus coming in
glory
When He comes from His home
in the sky
Then we shall meet him in
that bright mansion
We'll understand it all
by and by.

FILIPINO BABY

23

When the warships left Manila
sailing proudly o'er the sea
All the sailor's hearts were
filled with fond regrets
Looking backward toward that
Island where they'd spent
such happy hours
Taking love to every pretty
girl they met.

When up stepped a little sailor
with his sad eyes all aglow
Saying take a look at my girls
photograph
And they gathered all around
him just to look upon her
face

And he said I love my Filipino
Baby

She's my Filipino Baby she's my
treasure and my pet
Her teeth are bright and pearly
and her hair is black as jet
Oh her lips are sweet as honey
and her heart is true I know
Yes she's my little darling
Filipino

In a little rustic cottage in the
far off Philippines

There dwells a lovely maiden all
alone

She is thinking of her true love
tho he's far across the sea
And her hearts beats true for him
and him alone

Then one day he whispered darling
I've come back from Caroline
I've come back to claim the only
girl I love

~~Then that night there was a wedding
while the ship was in~~

Then that night there was a
wedding while the ship's
crew gathered round
And he wed his little Filipino
Baby

She's my Filipino Baby she's
my treasure and my pet
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
and her hair is black as jet
Oh her lips are sweet as honey
and her heart is true I know
Yes she's my little darling
Filipino.

FIRE BALL MAIL

Here she comes look at her
roll

There she goes eating that
coal

Watch her fly look at her
sail

Let her by, by, by it's
the fire ball mail

Watch her go look at her
steam

Hear her blow whistle and
scream

Like a hound wagging its
tail

Dallas bound bound bound
It's the fire ball mail

Engineer making up time

Tracks are clear look at
her climb

See that freight clearing
the rail

Bet she's late late late
it's the fire ball mail

Watch her swerve look at
her sway

Get that curve out of the
way

Watch her fly look at her
sail

Let her by by by it's the
fire ball mail

if
er
s

FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

I was born in Dixie in a boomer shack
Just a little shanty by the railroad track
The humming of the drivers was my lullaby
And a freight train whistle taught me how to cry

Chorus:

I got the freight train blues
Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
I got them in the bottom of my rambling shoes
And when the whistle blows I got to go
Oh Lordy, guess I'm never gonna lose the freight train blues

My Daddy was a fireman and my Momma dear
Was the only daughter of an engineer

My sweetie loves a brakeman and it ain't no joke
It's a shame the way she keeps a good man broke.

~~Airplanes and autos~~
A steamboat whistle never stirred my soul
Airplanes and autos always leave cold

The only thing that makes me want to navigate
Is the wildcat whistle on a south-bound freight.

I know I'm old enough to quit this running around
I've tried a hundred times to stop and settle down
But every time I find a place I'd like to stay
I hear a freight train holler and I'm on my way.

GOODBYE OLD PAL
~~GET ALONG ABOUT THE~~
~~ROUND-UP TIME~~

Get along about the round-
 up time

In Texas way out West

I lost a friend and a pal
 boys

I laid him down to rest

I weep and mourn o'er his
 grave

You boys it was sad

For I knew down beneath
 that mound

Lay the best pal I ever
 had

My best pal ~~was~~ my old
 paint horse

Now he's gone to rest

I laid him down beneath
 the ground

In Texas way out West

Where the cactus blooms
 o'er his grave

And the coyotes cry

I know he sleeps in perfect
 peace

Beneath the Texas sky

Dear old pal it breaks my
 heart

To leave you here alone

Now I'll go and ride the
 range

On a Texas roan

But my love for you old pal

It will linger on

I will always think of you

Altho you're dead and gone.

GOOD OLD MOUNTAIN DEW

There's a big hollow tree
 down the road here from
 me
 Where you lay down a dollar
 or two
 You go round the bend then
 you come back again ~~with~~
 With ~~xxxxx~~ a jug full of
 good old mountain dew

Chorus:
 They call it that old
 mountain dew
 And them that refuse it
 are few
 I'll shut up my mug if
 you fill up my mug
 With that good old mtn dew

Well my uncle Nort he's
 sawed-off and short
 He measures about four
 foot two

But he thinks he's a giant
 when you give him a pint
 Of that good old mtn dew

Well my old Aunt June bought
 some brand new perfume
 It had such a sweet smelling
 pieur

But to her surprise when she
 had it analyzed
 It was nothing but good old
 mountain dew

Well the preacher rode by
 with his head histed high
 Said his wife had been down
 with the flu

And he thot that I ort just
 to sell him a quart
 Of that good old mountain dew

Well my brother Bill he's
 got a still on the hill
 Where he runs off a gallon
 or two
 The buzzards in the sky
 get so drunk they can't
 fly
 From smelling that good
 old mountain dew

GRAND COULEE DAM

Now the World has Seven
 Wonders
 So the travelers always
 tell
 There's some gardens and
 some towers
 I guess you know them well
 But now the greatest wonder
 is in Uncle Sam's fair
 land
 It's that King Columbia
 River
 And the big Grand Coulee
 Dam

She heads up Canadian ~~Rx~~
 Rockies
 Where the rippling waters
 glide
 Comes a tumbling down the
 canyons
 To meet that salty tide

In Washington and Oregon
 You can hear the factories
 hum
 Making chrome and making
 manganese
 And light aluminum
 There are scores of mighty
 airplanes
 To fight for Uncle Sam
 Spawned upon the King
 Columbia
 By the big Grand Coulee
 Dam

In the misty chystal
 glimmer
 Of that wild and wind-
 blown spray
 Men have fought the pound-
 ing waters
 And met a watery grave
 Well she tore men's boats
 to pieces
 But she gave men dreams
 to dream

Of the wide Pacific Ocean
 Where the sun sets in the
 West
 In that big Grand Coulee
 country
 That's the land I love the
 best

Uncle Sam took up the char-
 ange
 In the year of '33
 For the farmers and the
 factory
 And all of you and me
 He said "roll along Columbia
 In your ramble toward the sea
 But River while you're
 rambling
 You'll do some work for me

Of the day that Coulee Dam
 would cross
 That wild and raging stream

30

Hit The Road, Jack

Chorus:

Hit the road, Jack,
And don't you come back
No more no more no more no more
Hit the road Jack
And don't you come back
No more

Woman oh woman why you treat
me so mean
You're the meanest old woman
I've ever seen
Well I guess if you say so
I'll have to hit the road
And go (That's right)

Woman oh woman why you treat
me this way
Cause I'll be back on my feet
some day
Don't care if you do because
it's understood
You ain't got no money
And you just no good

IF I COULD HEAR MY MOTHER PRAY

and seem
How sweet ~~those~~ happy ~~times~~
Those days of which I dream
When memory recalls them now
and then
And with that rapture sweet
My weary heart would beat
If I could hear my Mother pray
again

CHORUS:

If I could (only) hear my Mother
pray again
If I could only hear her tender
voices then
So happy (glad) I would be,
would mean so much to me
If I could hear my Mother pray
again

She used to pray that I
On Jesus would rely
And always walk the shining
Gospel way
So trusting still his love
I seek that home above
Where I shall meet my Mother

Some glad day

Her work on Earth is done
The life crown has been won
And she is now at rest with Him
above
And some glad morning she
I know will welcome me
To that eternal home of peace
and love

*Oh how glad and happy when we meet
No more cold iron shackles on my feet*

I'LL FLY AWAY
by Albert E. Brumley

Some glad morning when this life is o'er
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away.

I'll fly away, O glory
I'll fly away
When I die hallelujah by and by
I'll fly away.

When the shadows of this life have grown
I'll fly away
Like a bird from prison bars have flown
I'll fly away.

Just a few more weary days and then
I'll fly away
To a land where joys shall never end
I'll fly away.

I'LL REAP MY HARVEST IN HEAVEN

The time has come to depart from
 this world
 And prove my heavenly worth
 My Maker told me to give all my
 crops
 To his children here on earth

I'll reap my harvest in
 heaven

On that beautiful shore
 I'll plow a field up in
 glory

And live in peace evermore
 This world I leave to my
 neighbor

Till we meet at that heavenly
 door

I'll reap my harvest in
 heaven

And live in peace evermore

The time has come I must hurry
 along

Don't cry for me when I'm gone
 I'm going over that heavenly
 road

That we all must travel on.

I'M A HOBO

Oh you ask me why I'm a
hobo
And why I sleep in the
ditch

It's not because I'm lazy
no
I just don't want to be
rich

Oh I could be a banker
And eat till I got fat
But then I'd lose my
girlish form
And oh I wouldn't like that

CHORUS:
Dooddle doo, etc.

Oh I could be a tenor
And learn to sing high C
But I heard one on the
radio once
And that was enough for me
Whenever I think of Lincoln
I know I could never forgiv
A guy that would murder a
man like that

Now I got no money to live
on
Not a dime for room and
board
But when I die it will
mean as much
To me as Mister Ford
Oh I could run the White-
house
Or the mint I don't care
which
IT's not because I'm lazy
no
I just don't want to be
rich

And let those tenors live

Oh I could be a conductor
But there you have it again
The plush they put on those
pullman seats

Tickles my sensitive skin
Oh I could be a brakeman
And never have a wreck
But any kind of a RR man
To me is a pain in the neck

Oh I could be a fireman
But they don't use them in
Heaven

And I could never learn to
sing

"The Wreck of the Old 97"

Oh I could be a doctor
My duty I never would shirk
If I ever stopped to treat
a cop

He'd never go back to work

IM AN OLD COWHAND

I'm an old cowhand
From the Rio Grande
And my legs aren't bowed
And my cheeks aren't tanned
I'm a cowboy who never saw a cow
Never roped a steer 'cause I don't know how
I'm sure not planning to start in now
Yippee Tyo Ty Yea

I'm an old cowhand
From the Rio Grande
And I learned to ride
Before I learned to stand
I'm a cowboy who is up to date
And I know every trail in the Lone Star State
Cause I drove 'em all in my Ford V Eight
Tippee Tyo Ty Yea

I'm an old cowhand
From the Rio Grande
And I go to town
Just to hear the band
Well I know every song that the cowboys know
Bout the big corral where the doggies go
Cause I learned them all on the radio
Yippee Tyo Ty Yea

I'm an old cowhand
From the Rio Grande
Where the West is wild
Round the border land
Where the buffalo roam all around the zoo
And the Indians make you a rug or two
And the Old Bar-X is a barbeque
Yippee Tyo Ty Yea

I MARRIED MY OWN GRANDMA

An old man gazed at a
document
Given him by a census
taker
His nephew asked him the
reason why
He was crying all over the
paper
Now listen he said and I'll
tell to you
A story strange but true

My father and I had a ~~picnic~~
picnic one day
Met a widow and daughter
in blue
I married that widow in
blue lad
Believe me for what I have
said
My father got mad and he
said now my lad
To your daughter I'll get
wed

My daughter's my wife's
own mother-in-law
My father son-in-law of
his son
Now I'm in a fix or I'm
terribly mixed
If I ain't I'm a son of a
gun

And so my step-daughter
in law lad
Who took my father's name
Became my mother I married
her mother
Now who in the world is
to blame?

My wife is my father's
mother-in-law
I leave it to you ain't I
right
For I married the mother
~~of the~~ of the
daughter
That married my father
that night

My wife is my father's
mother-in-law
My wife is my father's
wife's mother
If that is the case waht
an awful disgrace
For I married my own grand
mother

I'M GOING BACK TO WHERE I
CAME FROM

I'm going back to where I
come from
where the honeysuckle smells
so sweet it darn near
makes you sweet
I used to think my life was
humdrum
But now I've learned a lesson
that is bound to stick
There ain't no use in me
pretending
For the city just ain't no
place for a guy like me
to end in
I'm going back to where I
come from
Where the mocking bird is
singing in the lilac bush
~~xxxxxx~~

I told her "yep, that's ~~xxx~~
what I'm here for"
So she said she'd take me
to the hottest spots in
town
She mentioned things she'd
have to fix up
So she took my fourteen
dollars but there must
have been a mixup
She's been gone since Thur.
evening
I don't guess that I will
ever see that gal no more

When I get old and have a
grandson
I will tell him 'bout my
romances then watch his
eyes bug out

I used to go down to the
station
Every evening just to watch
the pullman trains come
rushing in
And then one day that great
temptation
Got the best of me and lead
me to a life of sin
I took my hat and fourteen
dollars
And I went thru all the ~~xxx~~
trouble in this world that
usually follows
When you're rich and hunting
romance
But my hunting days are ~~xxx~~
over I can tell you that
I met a girl down in the city
And she looked at me and asked
me if I'd like to step around

The chances are he won't
believe me
And he'll do the same darn
thing when he grows up no
doubt
But he can't say I didn't
warn him ~~xxxx~~
What will happen when you
mix up with those city
girls goldarn 'em
I'm going back to where I
came from
Where the mocking bird is
singing in the lilac bush.

I'M IN THE JAIL HOUSE NOW

I had a friend named rambling
 Bob
 Who used to steal, gamble and
 rob
 He thot he was the smartest man
 in town
 But I found out last Monday
 That Bob got locked up Sunday
 They've got him in the jail
 house way down town

Chorus
 He's in the jail house now
 He's in the jail house now
 I told him once or twice
 To stop playing cards and
 shooting dice
 He's in the jail house now

He played a game called poker
 Pinochle, whist, and ochre
 But shooting dice was his
 greatest game

Now he's down town in jail
 Nobody to go his bail
 The judge done said that he
 refused a fine
 Chorus

I went out last Tuesday
 Met a gal named Suzy
 She said I was the grandest
 man around
 She started to call me honey
 Then we started to spend my
 money
 We took in every cabaret in
 town

We're in the jail house now
 We're in the jail house now
 I told the Judge right to his
 face
 We didn't like to see this
 place
 We're in the jail house now.

JIMMY BROWN THE NEWSEY

I sell the morning paper
 Sir my name is Jimmy
 Brown
 Everybody knows that I'm
 the newsboy of the town
 You can hear me yelling
 "Morning Star" a running
 along the street
 Got no hat upon my head
 no shoes upon my feet

Never mind Sir how I look
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
 don't look at me and frown
 Sell the morning paper Sir
 my name is Jimmy Brown
 I'm awful cold and hungry
 Sir my clothes are mighty
 thin
 I wander about from place to
 to place my daily bread
 to win

My father died a drunkard
 Sir, I've ~~heard~~ ^{heard} my mother
 say
 I am helping mother Sir to
 try and ~~earn~~ ^{earn} my way
 Mother always tells me Sir
 I've nothing ~~xxx~~ in the
 world to lose
 I'll get a place in heaven
 Sir to sell the Gospel New

JUST TO BE OBLIGING

When ~~xxxxxx~~ just a boy
 my home I left
 To battle life alone
 And when I left my father
 said
 In firm but gentle tone
 Where 'eer on earth you
 chance to roam
 You'll find it to your ~~gat~~
 gain
 If you treat a man politey
 He'll call on you again

While standing on a corner
 once
 A lady said to me
 Won't you please hold my
 baby Sir
 A favor it would be
 She looked to be respect-
 able
 In manner and in dress
 And taking up the little
 one
 I told that lady Yes

Just to be obliging
 Just to be polite
 Women sitting on the seat
 Egan to scream with fright
 The driver called out
 loudly
 Young man you are insane
 That big conductor punched
 him so
 He'll not do that again

I staggered home the other
 night
 So drunk I couldn't see
 I ~~asked~~ my wife to help
 me up
 The stairs to bed you see
 Get out you drunken lug
 she ~~said~~ cried
 This spree you will repent
 I hope you fall and break
 your neck
 And backwards down I went

Just to be obliging
 Just to be polite
 Then suddenly she turned
 around ~~xxxxxx~~
 And ran with all her might
 I've looked this city over
 I've search for her in ~~xx~~
 vain
 I'll not be so obliging in
 A case like that again

A jay got on the horsecar
 Where a sign right o'er
 the door
 Proclaimed ~~thax~~ company
 objects
 To spitting on the floor
 And looking round he
 noticed
 That the car was very neat
 Careful not to break the
 rules
 He spat upon the seat

Just to be obliging
 Just to be polite
 Always try and please your
 wife
 You'll find this motto
 right
 Where e'er on earth you
 chance to roam
 You'll find it to your
 gain
 If you treat a man politel;
 He will call on you again

40

KEEP ON THE FIRING LINE

If you're in the battle for
the Lord and right

Keep on the firing line

If you win my brother surely
you must fight

Keep on the firing line

There are many dangers that
we all must face

If we die a fightin' it is
no disgrace

A coward in the service he
will find no place

So keep on the firing line

CHORUS:

Oh you must fight be brave
against all evil

Never run or even lag
behind

If you would win for God
and the right

Just keep on the firing
line

God will only use a soldier
he can trust

Keep on the firing line

If you wear a crown then
brother ^{cause} ~~cross~~ you must

Keep on the firing line

Life is but to labor for the
Master dear

Help to banish evil and to
spread good cheer

Rich will be rewards for
your service here

So keep on the firing line

When we get to Heaven brother
we'll be glad

Keep on the firing line

We will praise the Savior
for the call we had

Keep on the firing line

When we see the soldiers we
have helped to win

Leading them to Jesus from
the paths of sin

With a shout of welcome
we will all march in
So keep on the firing
line

40A

40A

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE

by Ada Blenkhorn and J. Howard Entwisle

There's a dark and a troubled side of life
There's a bright and a sunny side, too
Though we meet with the darkness and strife
The sunny side we also may view.

Keep on the sunny side, always on the sunny side
Keep on the sunny side of life
It will help us ev'ry day, it will brighten all the way
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

^{will} Though the storm in its fury ^{broke} break today
Crushing hopes that we cherish so dear
Storm and cloud will in time pass away
The sun again will shine bright and clear.

Let us greet with a song of hope each day
Though the moments be cloudy or fair
Let us trust in our Savior, a way
To keep'th every one in his care.

LETTER EDGED IN BLACK

I was standing by the win-
 dow yesterday morning
 Without a thought of worry or
 of care
 When I saw the postman com-
 ing up the pathway
 With such a happy face and
 jolly air

He rang the bell and whist-
 led as he waited
 And then he said "good-morn-
 ing to you Jack"
 But he little knew the
 sorrow that he brot me
 When he handed me a letter
 edged in black

With trembling hands I took
 this letter from him
 I broke the seal and this
 is what it said

"Come home my boy your dear
 old father needs you
 Please come home my son your
 dear old mother's dead"

I could hear the postman
 whistling yesterday mornin
 Trudging up the pathway with
 his pack
 But he little knew the sorrow
 that he brot me
 When he handed me that letter
 edged in black

"The last words that your
 mother ever uttered
 Were tell my boy I want h
 to come back
 My eyes are dim my poor ol
 heart is breaking
 As I'm writing you this
 letter edged in black"

I bowed my head in sorrow
 and silence
 The sunshine of my life it
 all had fled
 When the postman brot that
 letter yesterday morning
 "Please come home my boy
 your dear old mother's
 dead".

"Those angry words I
 wish I'd never spoken
 You know I did not
 mean them don't you Jack
 May the angels bear the me
 witness I'm asking
 You're forgiveness in
 this letter edged in
 black"

Life's Railway to Heaven

#1 Life is like a mountain railway
 With an engineer that's brave
 We must make the run successful
 From the cradle to the grave
 Be all mindful of obstruction
In your duty, never fail
Keep your hand upon the throttle
 And your eye upon the rail

CHORUS

Blessed Savior, thou wilt guide us
 Til we reach that golden shore
 Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise forever more

#2 As you roll across the trestle
 Spanning Jordan's swelling tide
 You behold the union depot
 Into which your train will glide
 There you'll meet the superintendent
 God the Father, God the Son
 With a band of weary pilgrims
 Singing welcome, welcome home

CHORUS

#3 You will often find obstructions
 Look for storms of wind and rain
 On a fill or curve or trestle
 They will sometimes ditch your train
 Put your trust alone in Jesus
 Never falter, never fail
 Keep your hand upon the throttle
 And your eye upon the rail

LIGHTENING EXPRESS

The Lightning Express from
the depot so grand
Had just pulled out on its
way

All of the passangers who
were on board

Seemed to be happy and gay
Except a young lady in a
seat all alone

Reading a letter he had
It was plain to be seen
by the tears in his eye
That the contents of it
made him sad

The stern old conductor
who passed thru the car
Taking tickets from every-
one there
Finally reached the little
boys side
And he gruffly demanded
his fare

I have no ticket the boy
replied
But I'll pay you back some-
day
I'll have to put you off at
the next station he said
But he stopped when he heard
the boy say:

CHOURS--
Please mister conductor
Don't put me off of your
train

For the best friend I have
in this whole wide world
Is waiting for me in vain
Expecting to die any moment
And may not live thru the day
I want to kiss Mother good-
bye, Sir

Before God takes her away

My mother was ailing before

I left home

And needed a doctor's care

I came to the city employment to seek

But didn't find any work there

A little girl in a seat
close by
Said to put that boy off
it's a shame
So taking his hat a collec-
tion she made
And soon paid his way on
the train
I'm obliged to you Miss
for your kindness to me
You're welcome I'm sure
never fear
Each time the conductor
passed thru the car
These words seemed to ring
in his ear.

CHORUS--

*This morning a letter from
sister arrived
Come home mother's lying at home
and that is the reason I'm anxious
to ride riding your train
though I haven't the money to pay*

LITTLE JOE, THE WRANGLER

It's little Joe the wrangler
he'll wrangle never more
His days with the remuda they
are o'er

'Twas a year ago last April
when he rode into our camp
Just a little Texas stray
and all alone.

'Twas long late in the evening
that he rode up to the herd
On a little Texas pony
he called "Shaw"
With his brogen shoes and
overalls a tougher looking
You never in your life before
had saw.

His saddle was a Texas kar
built many years ago,
An O.K. spur on one foot idly hung
while his hot role in a cotton
sack was loosely tied behind
And a canteen from his saddle
h&n WAS JWUNG

We'd driven to Red River
the weather being fine
We were camped down on the south
side in a bend
Then a norther came a blowing
and we doubled up our guard
For it was taking all of us
to hold them in.

Little Joe the wrangler was
called out with the rest
Though the kid had scarcely
reached the herd
When the cattle they stampeded
like a hailstorm long they
And we were all a riding
for the lead.

Amidst the streaks of lightening
a horse we could see in the lead
It was little Joe the wrangler
in the lead
He was riding old Blue Rocket
with a slicker o'er his head
Trying to check the leaders in

He said he had to leave his home
his pa had married twice
And his new ma beat him every
day or two
So he saddled up old Shaw one
night and lit a shuck this way
And now he's trying to paddle
his own canoe.

He said if we would give him
work he'd do the best he could
Though he didn't know straight up
about a cow
So the boss he cut him out a
mount and kindly put him on
For he sort of liked this little
kid some how.

Taught him to wrangle horses
and to try to know them all
And to round them up by daylight
if he could
To follow the chuck-wagon
and always hitch the team
And to help the cocinero

RUSTLE WOOD

At last we got them milling and
kind of quieted down
And the extra guard back to
the ~~pass~~ camp did go
But there was one a missing and
we knew it at a glance
'Twas our little Texas stray
poor wrangling Joe.

Next morning just at day break
we found where Rocket fell
Down in a washout
twenty feet below
And beneath his horse mashed
to a pulp his spur had rung
the knell
Was our little Texas stray
poor wrangling Joe

LOVESICK BLUES

I've got a feeling called
~~the blues~~ ~~xxxxxxx~~
~~Sing~~ my baby went away
 Lord I don't know what I'll
 do
 All I do is sit and sigh
 oh Lord
 That last long time she ~~xx~~
 said good-bye
 Good lord I thought I would
 die
 She'll do me she do you
 She's got that kind of lov-
 ing
 Lord you ought to see her
 when she calls me
 Sweet daddy she's such a ~~xx~~
 beautiful dream
 I hate to think it all over
 I've been so wrong it seems
 I've grown so used to you
 somehow
 Lord I'm nobody's sugar ~~xxx~~
 daddy now

And I'm ~~xxxx~~ lonesome
 I've got those lovesick blues

Well I'm in love I'm in love
 With a beautiful gal
 That's what's the matter with
 me

Well I'm in love I'm in love
 With a beautiful gal
 But she don't care about me
 Lord I tried and I tried ~~xx~~
~~To~~ keep her satisfied
 But she just wouldn't stay
 And now that she is leaving ~~me~~
 This is all I can say

Repeat:

~~THE~~ MID-NIGHT SPECIAL

Yonder come Miss Judy,
 How the world does you know
 Well I knows her by her
 apron
 And the dress she wore
 Umbrella on her shoulder
 Piece paper in her hand
 She gone tell the Guvnor
 Turn loose my man

Chorus:

~~Now~~ let the mid-night ~~xx~~
 Special
 Shine it's light on me
 Let the Mid-Night Special
 Shine it's ever loving
 light on me

~~When~~ you wake up in the
 mornigg
 Hear the big bell ring
 Go marching to the table
 It's the same damn thing
 Knife and fork are on the
 table

Now jumping little Judy
 Was a mighty fine gal
 Now Judy brought jumping
 To this whole round world
 Well she brought it in the
 morning
 Just a while 'fore day
 She brought me the news
 My wife was dead
 That started me to grieving
 Whooping hollaring and a
 crying
 then I began to worry
 Bout my great long time

Nothing in your pan
 Say anything about it
 You're in trouble with that
 man

Well I went to the Nation
 And the Territo'
 Got thinking about the girl
 I love
 Live in Mexico

If you ever go to Houston
 Boy you better walk right
 Better not squabble and you
 better not fight
 Een and Brocker will arrest
 you
 Payton and Eoone will take
 you down
 You can bet your bottom dollar
 Penetentiary bound

MOTHER'S NOT DEAD

I left my old home way
back in the mountains
Mother was called to heaven
that day
They carried my mother down
to the grave yard
Everything's lost since
she went away

CHORUS:

Mother's not dead she's
only a sleeping
Just patiently waiting for
for Jesus to come
Birds will be singing while
Mother is sleeping
They will sing o'er her as
the great saints await
As the grave sinks away
Nothing seems right around
the old home place
Not even the places where
we used to play

I love my old home way back
in the mountains
But everything's changed
since she went away
Mother was good and now she's
in heaven
She was the best pal a boy
ever had
I love my old home way back
in the mountains
But without a Mother my
heart is so sad

MULE SKINNER'S BLUES

6

Good morning captain
 Good morning shine
 Do you need any skinnners
 Down on that new mud line
 Yodel
 Working on the railroad
 For a dollar and a dime a
 day
 Gonna save that dollar
 Gonna throw that dime away
 I'm going downtown honey
 What'ya gonna bring me back
 A bottle of booze
 And a John B. Stetson hat
 Come little water-boy
 Bring your bucket round
 If you don't like your job
 You can throw your bucket
 down.

I'm working on the railroad
 For a dollar and a dime a day
 My little galls in town each
 Saturday night
 To collect my little pay
 I like this work ~~xxxxxxx~~
 I'm a rolling all the time
 I can carve my initials
 Right on a mules behind (most
 any old time).
 Your breads a burning
 Turn your damper down
 Ain't got no damper
 Just turn that bread around.

MY PRETTY QUADROON

I ne'er will forget when
 I met
 Sweet Cora my pretty
 Quadroon
 I see her dear eyes shin-
 ing yet
 As they vow to be true
 'neath the moon
 My happiness fades like a
 rose
 Before the next coming of
 June
 The grim reaper knocked
 at our door
 For Cora my pretty quadroon

CHORUS:

Oh my pretty Quadroon
 My flower that faded too
 soon
 My heart's like the strings
 on my banjo
 All broke for my pretty
 Quadroon
 (Repeat last two stanzas)

Farewell to Kentucky's
 green fields
 Farewell to Kentucky's
 green shade
 Farewell to the green cov-
 ered fields
 Where Cora and I often
 strayed
 My sorrow will soon be
 forgot
 My heart will find rest in
 the tombs
 My spirit will fly to the
 spot
 Watch over my pretty
 Quadroon

~~NO VANCANCY~~

Along the road of life
~~ixx roadxxx~~
 Looking for a place to
 call my home
 Not a fancy mansion of a
 bungalow for me
 But everywhere I go ~~I seem~~
 I seem to find
 Hanging on the door that
 same old sign
 And my heart beats slower
 when I read on the
 door

No Vancancy
CHORUS:

No vancancy no vancancy
 All along the line its
 the same old sign
 waiting for me

No vancancy, no vancancy
 And my heart beats slower
 as I read on the door
 No vancancy

Not so xlong ago when the
 bullets screamed
 Many was the happy dream
 I dreamed
 Of a little nest where I
 could rest
 When the world was free
 Now the mighty war over
 there is won
 Troubles and trials have just
 begun
 Facing that terrible enemy
 sign
 No Vancancy

Brother if you live a life
 of ease
 better take a moment on
 your knees
 Thank the Lord above for
 all his love
 Then think about me
 Living ~~ixx~~ in a world of
 greed and hate
 Hoping every day that the
 hand of fate
 Will remove that sign
 that's hanging on the
 door
 No Vancancy

51

~~OLD COLD TATER AND WAIT~~

When I was a little boy around
the table at home
I remember very well when
company would come
I would have to be right still
until the whole crowd ate
My Momma always said to me
Will (son) take a tater and
wait

Now taters never did taste
good

With chicken on the plate
But I had to eat 'em just
the same

That is why I look so bad
And have these peculiar
ways

Because I always have to
take an old cold tater
and wait

Then the preachers they would
come

To stay a while with us

I would have to slip around
And raise a little fuss

In fear that I would spill the
In beans

Or break the china plate

My Momma always said to me
Will take a tater and wait

Well I thot I would starve to
death

Before my time would come

All that chicken they would eat
And just leave me the bung

The feet and neck were all tha's
left

Upon the china plate

It makes you pretty darn weak to
take

An old cold tater and wait

PRECIOUS JEWEL

Way back in the hills when
~~a boy I once wandered~~
 Buried deep in a grave lies
 the one that I love
 She was called from this
~~earth a jewel for heaven~~
~~More precious than diamonds~~
 more precious than gold

Chorus:

A jewel here on earth a
~~Angel~~ jewel in heaven
 She'll brighten the king-
 dom around God's great
 throne
 May the angels have peace
 God bless her in heaven
 They broken my heart and
~~they~~ left me alone

to rain

When a girl of sixteen we
 courted each other
 She promise one day to be
~~come my sweet wife~~
 I bought her the ring to
 wear on her finger
 But the angels they called
~~her to heaven one night~~

This world has its wails its
 trials and troubles
 Mother earth holds her treas-
 ures of diamonds and gold
 But it can't hold the soul of
 one precious jewel
 She's resting in peace with
 the heavenly fold.

PRISONER'S SONG

②

If I had the wings of an
angel
Over these prison walls
I would fly
And back to the arms of my
poor darling
And there I'd be willing
to die

③

Oh please meet me tonight
in the moonlight
Please meet me tonight all
alone

For I have a sad story to
tell you

It's a story that's ten
pages long (a "number ten" or

"for the moonlight alone")

Now I have a grand ship on
the ocean

All ~~xxx~~ mounted with silver
and gold

And before my poor darling
would suffer
That ship would be anchored
and sold

①

Now I wish I had someone to
love me

Someone who would call me
their own

Yes I wish I had someone to
live with

For I'm tired of living alone

③

Oh they're taking me to the
new jail tomorrow

Leaving my poor darling alone
With these cold prison

walls ^{bars} all around me

And my head on a pillow of
stone.

~~THE~~ RIDING OLD PAINT

I'm riding Old Paint
 And leading Old Dan
 Going to Montana
 To throw the hoolihan
 Feed 'em in the coolies
 Water in the draw
 Their tails are all matted
 And their backs are all raw

CHORUS:

Ride around little dogies
 Ride around em slow
 For the piny and snuffy
 Are ready to go

Old Bill Jones
 Had a daughter and a son
 Son went to college
 And the daughter went wrong
 His wife got killed ~~in a~~
 In a free for all fight
 And still he keeps singing
 From morning till night

When I die
 Take my saddle from the wall
 Put on to my pony
 Lead him out of his stall
 Tie my bones on his back
 Turn our faces to the west
 And we'll ride the prairies
 That we love the best

I've worked in the city
 And I've worked on the farm
 And all I've got to show
 Is this mussle in my arm
 Blisters on my feet
 Calis on my hand
 And I'm going to Montana
 To throw the hoolihan

SILVER HAired DADDY OF MINE

In a vine covered shack in
 the mountains
 Bravely fighting the battle
 of time
 Lives a dear one who's
 weathered life's sorrows
 Just that silver haired
 Daddy of mine

G. JRUS:

If I could recall all the
 heartaches
 Dear old Daddy I've caused
 you to bear
 If I could erase those
 lines from your face
 And bring back the gold
 to your hair
 If God would but grant me
 the power
 To turn back the pages of
 time
 I'd give all I own if I
 could atone
 To that silvered haired
 Daddy of mine

Now I know it's too late
 dear old Daddy
 To recall all the heart-
 ache and cares
 But dear Mother is waiting
 in Heaven above
 Just to solice and comfort
 you there

SO LONG IT'S BEEN GOOD

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the place I lived on the wild windy plain
In the month called April county called Grey
And here's what all of the people there say

CHORUS:

So long it's been good to know you
So long it's been good to know you
So long it's been good to know you
This dusty old dust is a getting my home
and I've got to be drifting along

A dust storm hit and it hit like thunder
It dusted us over and it covered us under
Blocked out the traffic and blocked out the sun
Straight for home all the people did run singing

~~We talked of the end of the World and then
We'd sing a song and then sing it again
We sit for an hour and not say a word
And then again these words would be heard~~

Sweethearts sit in that dark and spark
They hugged and kissed in that dusty old dark
They sighed and cried hugged and kissed
Instead of marriage they talked like this honey

Now the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
That was the preacher a making his call
He said kind friend this may be the end
and you've got your last chance at salvation of sin

~~The churches~~

The churches was jammed and the churches was packed
And that dusty old dust storm blowed so black
And the preacher could not read a word of his text
And he folded his specks and he took up collector saying

Starving to Death on a Government Claim

Chorus: Hurrah for Routt County, the land of the free;
Home of the grasshopper, bedbug and flea.
I'll sing loud her praises, I'll tell of her fame,
While starving to death on a government claim.

My house it is built of the national soil,
The walls are erected according to Hoyle.
The roof has no pitch, but is level and plane
And I never get wet till it happens to rain.

Chorus

How happy I am on my government claim,
Where I've nothing to lose and nothing to gain;
Nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
Nothing from nothing is honest and fair.

Chorus

But here I am stuck, and here I must stay,
My money's all gone, and I can't get away;
There's nothing to make a man hard and profane
Like starving to death on a government claim.

Chorus

SWEETER THAN THE FLOWERS

Just as long as I can rem-
 ember
 She'll remain the rose of
 my heart
 Mom took sick along in
 Dec.
 Feb. brot us broken hearts
 The reason we've not called
 a family reunion
 We knew ~~she~~ wouldn't be
 there
 Eut since we thot it all
 over Mama
 We know that your spirit
 is there
 Chorus:
 No No I can't forget the
 hour
 You're the onliest one Mom
 And sweeter than the flower
 No No ^{THERE IS NO} you needn't ^{to} bother
^{SPEAK OF YOU} to mention her now would
 only hurt father

It looked so good to see us
 together
 But I had to look after Dad
 Ch Mama as I passed by ~~ya~~
 your coffin
 I didn't want to remember
 you dead

They all gathered round I
 stared at their faces
 All heads were bowed mighty
 low
 Eut that was one time we ~~z~~
 all had to face it
 Tho it hurt us so much you
 know
 Final Stanza:
 Ch no Mama we'll never
 forget you
 And someday we'll meet you
 up there

60

TAKE ME BACK TO MY TEXAS
HOME

Started out from Texas
about a year ago
Started out to make myself
a name
I'm going back to Texas
with a heart that's sad
and sore
My weary legs are getting
mighty lame

CHORUS:

I'm going back to my dear
old Texas home, home, home
Down by the silvery Rio
Grande
That's where the silver
stars are beaming
And the moon is shining on
the sand
Take me back where the long
horned cattle roam, roam
roam
Your best friend is your
bronco and your gun

Texas home I'll never more
be leaving
Texas home my rambling
days are done

Give me back my saddle
give me back my gun
Give me back that little
dog of mine
I'll no more be grieving
and no more be leaving
For that good old Texas
home of mine

61

TEXAS COWBOY

Well I'm a Texas cowboy
 So far away from home
 If I ever get back to Texas
 I never more will roam
 Montana is too cold for me
 The winters are too long
 Before the round-ups have
 begun
 Your money is all gone
~~xxxxxx~~
 I've worked out in Neb.
 Where the grass grows ten
 feet high
 And the cattle are such
 rustlers
 They seldom ever die
 I've worked in Colorado
 And out along the Platte
 Where the cowboys are good
 fellows
 And the cattle always fat

I've traveled over lots of
 country
 Nebraska's hills of sand
 Down thru the Indian Nation
 And across the Rio Grande
 But the Badlands of Montana
 Are the worst I've ever seen
 The cowboys all are tenderft
 And the dogies are too lean

~~Theyxxxxxxx~~
~~Theyxxxxxxx~~
 They wake you up in the
 morning
 Before the break of day
 Send you out on a circle
 That's a hundred miles away
 Your grub is bread and bacon
 And your coffee's black as
 ink
 The water is so alkalai
 It's hardly fit to drink

So all you Texas cowboys
 This warning take from me
 Don't never go to Montana
 And spend your money free
 But stay at home in Texas
 Where the work lasts all
 year round
 And you'll never get
 lumbago
 From sleeping on the
 ground.

63

WABASH CANNONBALL

From the great Atlantic
Ocean ~~xxxxxxxixx~~
To the wide Pacific shores
From the green off-Blowey
Mountain
To the south bell by the
moors
She's mighty tall and
handsome
She's known quite well by
all
She's the combination on
The Wabash Cannonball

CHORUS:

Listen to the jingle the
rumble and the roar
As she glides along the
woodland
Thru the hills and by the
shore
Hear the mighty rush of the
engine
Hear those lonesome hobo's
call

While traveling thru the
jungle
On the Wabash Cannonball
She came down to Birmingham
One cold December day
As she pulled in to the
station
You could hear all the
people say
There's a gal from Tennessee
She's long and she's tall
She came down to Birmingha
On the Wabash Cannonball
Our Eastern states are dandy
So the people always say
From New York to St. Louie
And Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnisota
Where the rippling waters
fall
No changes can be taken
On the Wabash Cannonball

Now here's to Dadiy Claxton
May his name for ever stand
And always be remembered
In the courts thruout the
land
His earthly race is over
As the curtains round him
fall
We'll carry him home to
Dixie
On the Wabash Cannonball

m

x

64

WHEN THE WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

G

A group of jolly cowboys
 discussing plans at ease
 Says one I'll tell you something
 boys if you will listen please
 I am an old cowpuncher and here
 I'm dressed in rags
 I used to be a tough one
 and go out on great big jags
 But I have got a home boys
 a good one you all know
 Though I have not seen it
 since long long ago
 I'm going back to Dixie
 once more to see them all
 I'm going to see my mother
 when the work's all done
 After the round-ups over
 after the shipping's done
 I'm going right straight home
 boys, 'fore all my money's gone
 I have changed my ways boys and
 no more will I fall
 And I'm going home boys when the
 WORK'S ALL DONE THIS FALL

His body was so mangled
 the boys all thought him dead
 They picked him up so gently
 and laid him on a bed
 He opened wide his blue eyes
 and looking all around
 He motioned to his comrades to
 sit near him on the ground

Boys send mother my wages
 the wages I have earned
 For I am afraid boys my last
 steer I have turned
 I'm going to a new range
 I hear the master's call
 And I'll not see my mother when
 the work's all done this fall

Fred you take my saddle
 George you take my bed
 Bill you take my pistol
 after I am dead
 And think of me kindly
 when you look upon them all
 For I'll not see my mother when
 the work's all done this fall

When I left my home boys my
 mother for me cried
 She begged me not to go boys
 for me she would have died
 My mother's heart is breaking
 breaking for me that's all
 And with God's help I'll see her
 when the work's all done this
 fall
 That very night this cowboy
 went out to stand his guard
 The night was dark and cloudy
 it was storming very hard
 The cattle herd got frightened
 and rushed in wild stamped
 The cowboy tried to head them
 while riding at full speed
 While riding in the darkness
 so loudly did he shout
 Trying his best to head them
 and turn the herd about
 His saddle horse did stumble
 and on him did fall
 Now he won't see his mother
 when the work's all done this fall

Poor Charlie was buried at sun-
 rise, no tombstone for his
 head
 Nothing but a little board and
 this is what it said
 Charlie died at daybreak
 he died from a fall
 And he'll not see his mother when
 the work's all done this fall

WILL THE CIRCLE BE

~~UNBROKEN~~

There are loved ones in
 the glory ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
 Whose dear forms we often
 miss
 Would you close your
 earthly story
 Will you join them in
 their bliss

CHORUS:

Will the circle be un-
 broken

By and by Lord by and by
 In a better home a waiting
 In the sky, ^{LOP} in the sky

You can picture happy
 gathering
 Round the fireside long ago
 And you think of tearful
 parting
 When they left you here
 below

Went back home Lord my home was
~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ lonesome
 Since my Mother she was gone
 All my brothers sisters crying
 What a home so sad and lone

One by one their seats
 were emptied
 One by one they went away
 Now your circle has been
 broken

Will it be complete one
 day

CARTER VERSION

I was standing by the window
 On one cold and cloudy day
 And I saw the horse come
 -folling
 For to carry my Mother away

Can the circle...etc.

Lord I told the undertaker
 Undertaker please drive slow
 For this body you are hauling
 Lord I hate to see her go

I followed close behind her
 Tried to hold up and be brave
 But I could not hide my sorrow
 When they laid her in the grav

66

WORRIED MAN BLUES

Chorus:

It takes a worried man to
sing a worried song
It takes a worried man to
sing a worried song
I'm worried now ~~but I won't~~
But I won't be worried long

I went across the river and
I lay down to sleep
I went across the river and
I lay down to sleep
When I woke up
Had the shackles on my feet

Twenty-nine links of chain
around my leg
Twenty-nine links of chain
around my leg
And on each link ~~the~~
The initial of my name

..... would
I asked the judge what ~~will~~
be my fine would
I asked the judge what ~~will~~
be my fine
Twenty-one years ~~am~~
On the Arky Mountain line.

The train that I ride is
sixteen coaches long
The train that I ride is
sixteen coaches long
The girl I love
is on that train and gone

If anyone should ask you who
composed this song
If anyone should ask you who
composed this song
Tell 'em it was I
And I sing it all day long.

67

WRECK OF CLD 97

Well they handed up his orders
In Monroe Virginia
Saying Steve you're a way
behind time
This is not 38 but old 97
You must put her into Spencer
on time.

Well he turned and said ~~xx~~
To his black greasy fireman
Just shovel in a little more
coal
And when we reach that White
Oak mountain
You'll see old 97 roll.

Now it's a might long road
From Lynchburg to Danville
And a line on a 3 mile grade
It was on this grade ~~xxxxxx~~
That he lost his airbrakes
And you'll see what a jump
he made

He was going down grade
Making 90 miles an hour
When the whistle broke in to
a scream
He was found in the wreck
With his hand on the throttle
Scaulded to death by the
steam

Now ladies
You must take warning
From this time now and learn
Never speak harsh words
To your true loving husband
He may leave you and never
return

Now a telegram came
to Washington City
And this is what it said
There's a brave engineer
who drives Ol' 97
And he's lying there in
Danville dead

WRECK OF NUMBER NINE

It was a cold winters nite
 Not a star was in sight
 And the north wind came
 howling down the line
 Stood a brave engineer
 With his sweetheart so dear
 And his orders to pull odd
 Number Nine
 As he kissed her good-nite
 The whole world seemed
 bright
 And the joy in his heart
 he could not hide
 For she promised that nite
 Neath the pale starlight
 That tomorrow she'd be his
 blushing bride

As the train rolled along
 The wheels hummed a song
 And the black smoke came
 pouring from the stack
 With the headlights agleam

Seemed to brighten the
 dream
 Of tomorrow when he'd come
 rolling back
 As he rounded a hill
 His brave heart stood still
 For a headlight did stare
 him in the face
 And he whispered a prayer
 As he threw on the air
 For he knew that this would
 be his final race

In the wreck he was found
 Lying there on the ground
 And he asked them to raise
 his weary head
 As his breath slowly went
 A message he sent
 To the dear one who thot
 she'd soon be wed
 "There's a little white
 home
 That I built for our own

Where I thot that we'd be
 happy by and by
 But I leave it all to you
 For I know you'll be true
 Till we meet at that
 golden gate good-bye"