

665

[duplicate of

Tape 168 [118]
Tape ~~168~~

Tape 168: Audio 1200 A.
~~Tape 168: Audio 1200 A.~~ [duplicate]

CATSKILL DOCUMENTARY #1: BALLADS AND SONGS [various re-dubs]

Side 1

- 1 010 George Edwards: The Dens Of Yarrow. 8.28.48.
- 2 068 George Edwards: The Hills Of Glenshee. 8.28.48.
- 3 124 George Edwards: Fare You Well, My Own True Love. 8.28.48.
- 4 181 George Edwards: Poor And Foreign Stranger. 8.29.48.
- 5 238 George Edwards: A Shantyman's Life. 8.29.48.
- 6 295 George Edwards: The Bright Sunny South. 8.29.48.
- 7 362 George Edwards: Cutting Down The Pines. 8.22.48.
- 8 460 George Edwards: The Wife Who Was Dumb. 8.22.48.
- 9 524 George Edwards: The Resurrection. 8.XX.46.
- 10 600 George Edwards: A-Walkin' And A-Talkin'. 8.XX.46.
- 11 645 George Edwards: The Dens Of Ireland. 8.XX.46.

Side 2

- 12 011 George Edwards: The Bonny Laboring Boy. [Asch 78-rpm disc #56C-2B].
- 13 074 George Edwards: The Albany Jail. 8.22.48.
- 14 110 George Edwards: She Perished In The Snow. 8.22.48.
- 15 160 George Edwards: The Banks Of Sweet Dundee. [Asch 78-rpm disc #56C-2A].
- 16 240 Ernie Sager: Puttin' On The Style. 8.4.45.
- 17 310 Ernie Sager: Long, Long Ago. 8.14.54.
- 18 360 Orson Slack: Catskill Valley. 8.21.48.
- 19 395 Charles Hinckley: The Hills Of Last Chance. 8.21.48.
- 20 498 Charles Hinckley: I'm Sad When I Cry. 8.21.48.
- 21 580 Mary Avery: A Sport Song [The Quaker's Courtship]. 8.14.54.
- 22 645 Mary Avery: I Am A Young Maiden. 8.16.52.
- 23 700 Grant Rogers: Bessie, The Heifer. 8.15.53.

Notes

- #4, 5, 6: noise of katydids in background (evening).
- #7, 8, 13, 14, 16 to 23: audience present and at times noisy.
- #9, 10, 11: dubs from acetate discs.
- #12, 15: dubs from shellac discs.
- All re-copied in this sequence 7.4.53.

Edwards: "The Dens of Yarrow"

There were seven sons and two of them twins;
 There were seven sons in the Yarrow;
 And they all [do fine] for their own true loves
 In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow.
 Oh my dear I've had a dream;
 A dream of grief and sorrow:
 I dreamed I
 In the dewy, dewy dens of Yarrow.
 Oh my dear, I your dream,
 Your dream of grief and sorrow;
 Your love is lying slain
 Way down in the dens of Yarrow.
 She sought him up, she sought him down;
 She sought him all through Yarrow;
 And there she found him lying slain,
 At the black elder bush in the Yarrow.
 She washed his face, she combed his hair;
 She combed it neat and narrow;
 And then she washed the bloody, bloody wound,
 That he had got in the Yarrow.
 Her [scarf] was three quarters long;
 And the color of it was yellow;
 She wrapped around his middle so small,
 And carried him home from Yarrow.
 Oh my dear, go make my bed,
 Go make it neat and narrow;

yarrow - Ireland

To hang their heads low at the lass of Glenshee.
 Took her by her lily white hand and I gently embraced her,
 And then she [consented] to go along with me;
 There's no one but you to step into my castle,
 My heart soon belonged to the lass of Glenshee.
 Long years have passed since we were united,
 Changes were brought, but it brought no change in me;
 For my love was as true as the rose in the summer,
 My heart is as white as the hills of Glenshee.
 The larks may forget to sing in the morning,
 Bright Phoebe may forget to shine o'er the way;
 Never will I as long as I have my senses,
 Forget to be kind to the lass of Glenshee.

"Fare You Well My Own True Love," sung by George Edwards

Fare you well, my own true love,
 And fare you well for a while;
 If I shall go I will return,
 If I travel ten thousand miles.
 If I should go from you my love,
 To Holland, France and Spain;
 If I should travel ten thousand miles,
 I would return again.
 What if you should happen to die my dear,
 And from me you would be gone;
 Who would hear her every cry,
 Or who would hear her mourn.
 "My mourn my dear you would not hear,

Spain
 France
 Ireland
 Holland

[Although] we're a distance apart;
 I'd take a pen and write to you,
 All the secrets of my heart.
 All the secrets of my heart my dear,
 And the rest of my good will;
 Although our bodies are a distance apart,
 My heart is with you still.
 If I should go from you my love,
 All the rocks, they'd melt with the sun;
 And the fish would live without water,
 And the sea would rage and burn.
 The sea would rage and burn, my love,
 And the days they would turn to night;
 And the darkest bird that ever flew,
 Would change his color to white.

[clears throat]

Now you see that little bird,
 As he lights on the yonder rill;
 I would give ten thousand worlds,
 To feel the sheet of silk.
 You see that little bird,
 As he lights on the yonder vine;
 And mourning for her own true love,
 And so do I for mine.

"I Am A Door And Foreign Stranger" sung by George Edwards

I am a poor and a foreign stranger,
 I journey through the world of woe;
 There is no sickness or danger

Where the wolves and the owls
 With their terrifying howls,
 They disturb our nightly dreams.

[clears throat]

And six o'clock is our naughty, naughty cook
 As she's shouting, "Oh boys, it's day."
 And a broken slumbering, a cold frosty night,
 Those cold winter nights away.
 Soon I'll leave
 To the wild woods, boys we'll go;
 And swing our axe morning and the night

Springtime comes in, that old hardship does begin,
 How well my

it was[hef]only fun,

In the middle of the forest so drear.
 To the rocks and the sands, give employment to old hands,
 When the water's piercing cold;
 All our clothing are all wringing wet,
 Our hands scarce the pike poles can hold.

[clears throat]

Had we gin, wine or beer, our spirits for to cheer,
 While we're into the shanty town;
 Had a glass of any shone while lying here alone,
 We'd forget

heart does us part,

Whether our riches be great or small;
 We'll enjoy one another's hearts til death do us part,
 Whether our riches be great or small,

"The Bright Sunny South" sung by George Edwards

Oh the bright sunny South where the fair sun contents,
And the days of my boyhood was carelessly spent;
Where the wide spreading lakes and the
Ever fresh in my memory, cleansed in my dreams.

I left the enjoyments, comforts of life,
I have left her behind me who would have been my wife;
I have

Shouldered my rifle, buckled my sword.

Oh mother, dear mother, for me don't you weep,
For it's on a lonesome mountain sleep;

With my knapsack for a pillow, my rifle in my hand,
I'm going in the fence of my own native land.

Oh father, dear father, for me don't you weep,
For your kind advices I shall forever keep;

You have taught me to be brave from a boy up to a man,
I'm going in the fence of my own native land.

[clears throat]

Oh sister, dear sister, I cannot stand your woe,
Your woeing and crying does bother me so.

Let go of my hand here I can no longer stand;
I'm going in the fence of my own native land.

Oh friend and dear lady

My sweetheart who's nearest and dearest to my heart,
My dear loving sister to in her woe,

I gave her a kiss and I hastened to go.

Time find~~s~~ the hour, when will it be,

That this North and this South will forever agree,

War will be ended, fighting will be done.

We'll hasten to our loved ones are waiting at home.

"Cutting Down The Pines"

Oh friends if you will listen, I'll sing to you a song,

All about the pine woods and how they get along.

you will find

Spend the winter pleasant, we're just cutting down the pine.

Some leave their only home, friends they love so dear,

Til the lonesome pine

Sawyers and the choppers, the too;

Men of all sorts that pile upon the crew.

Sawyers and the chopper, they lay the timber low,

Skidders and the swampers, haul them to and fro;

On comes the before his break of day,

Load up her log temas haste away.

Noontime is coming, how the

haste to pork and beans.

Arriving at the [paddy] where the fun begins,

Bringing up the water pails and rapping on the tin;

Hurry up there, Tom, Dick and Joe,

Have to take the water pail, for the water go.

"Time for your dinner," you'll hear the foreman cry,

You ought to see him bound around, they hate to lose a pine.

After dinner's over

Roll up our pipes and we'll smoke a lot of

"Time for the woods boys," you hear the foreman say,

In Jack shanty this song was sung with glee,
This the end of lumber

"The Wife Who Was Dumb"

Oh, it's Bonny Blaine and he married her in Maine,
And he saved like a
She was neat in every part and pleasing to his heart;
Like and a like, she was dumb, dumb, dumb;
But a like and a like she was dumb.
She could knit, she could sew, keep the house clean,
She could keep the house clean with a broom;
Then the silly swain, nothing but complain,
Call that his wife, she was dumb, dumb, dumb,
He called her his wife, she was dumb.
And after he go
Can you make a lady speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb,
Can you make a woman talk that is dumb.
Doctor, he come, he cuts the string,
And he sought her tongue;
When her tongue begun to walk, she begun to talk,
As though she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb,
As though she had never been dumb.
Her faculty she tried, filled the house with noise,
And hollered in his ear like a drum.
She [laugh] strife, make him weary of his life.
He'd give anything at all if she was dumb, dumb, dumb,
He's give anything at all if she was dumb.
The doctor he goes
Said, "Doctor, you've got me undone,

Maine

My wife's turned to scold and her tongue she never holds,
 I would give a thousand dollars if she was dumb, dumb, dumb,
 I'd give a thousand dollars if she was dumb."
 So the doctor to his "This is a very easy part,
 To make a lady speak that is dumb.
 But within the art of man, you must do the best you can
 To make a scolding woman hold her tongue, [laugh]tongue, tongue,
 To make a scolding woman hold her tongue."

["The Resurrection"]

[Unintelligible for a moment as the tape recorder is turned on at
 the beginning of a song.]

God did place a of all the human race
 Nature cried against him, come pay you sinner do.
 This task you've undertaken, you therefore must go through.
 With they pierced him and they nailed him to the tree.

They placed him in a sepulchre
 The grate it could not hold him nor the iron band,
 He broke the bar asunder, he tore the kingdom down.
 He has overcome and wears a starry crown.

At the resurrection to Mary he appeared.

"Go tell to my disciples what you're seeing here.

Go tell that I am risen and they can do no more,

I'm going to my father to live forever more."

He came on his disciples, he found them all alone.

He gave them to make his gospel known.

Go preach it to all [nations], baptize them in my name,

Beginning in Jerusalem, cause there I

[Side two]

["The Bonny Laboring Boy" by George Edwards]

As I strolled in the morning, oh in the bloom of spring,
 I overheard a couple talking of that morning.
 My cruel father
 He said, my lad be merry, a bonny laboring boy.
 My father, he employed him, oh for his hired man;
 Too small to row, too weak to hoe, to till my father's lands.

my father's hired man.

As him and me walked together down by a
 Planning our work together in a constant flow of love
 And then my cruel father, he took me by the hand,
Johnny, to a distant land.

He locked me in my own bedroom, my cupboard
 And he left me there to weep and mourn for the bonny laboring boy.
 My mother came next morning, come to me to say,
 "Father is determined to set your wedding day.
 Perhaps a man might fancy you with riches
 So do not throw your love away on the bonny laboring boy."
 "Stop, oh stop, dear mother, your talk is all in vain

I

I

no riches to enjoy.

the bonny laboring boy.

Ten thousand pounds he stole last night,
 Straightway to did he fly.

When they arrived

peace and prospects

["She Perished in the Snow" by George Edwards]

[Should be "Three Perished in the Snow" (Mistake on catalogue)]

It was on a dark and stormy night, the snow was falling fast,
 A mother and two darling babes came wandering through the blast.
 Was so piercing ~~cold~~ and so cold, the little one did cry,
 "Oh mama, you must keep us warm, or we'll surely die."
 "Look up darling babes, tell me you will not die,
 For mother's heart is a-breaking fast and that to her is nigh."
 She covered up her little babes and knelt down in the snow,
 Crying, "God of heaven take us home, we're ready now to go."
 Toll all the late bells, let all God's people know,
 A mother and two darling babes did perish in the snow.
 Next morning when the sun comes out, the snow was melting fast,
 A mother and two darling babes, were in one loving clasp.
 A farmer heard the sad, sad news, it grieved his heart to know,
~~A mother and~~ Not twenty rods from his door, three perished in the snow.
 Toll all the late bells, let all God's people know,
 A mother and two darling babes did perish in the snow.

["The Banks of Sweet Dundee" by George Edwards]

farmer lived on the banks of sweet Dundee
 He died and left his daughter ten thousand pounds of gold.
 He died and left his daughter ten thousand pounds of gold.
 Left her with her uncle, her uncle to
 Her uncle had a plowboy that Mary loved quite well,
 And into the garden all alone
 One morning very early, her uncle he arose;
 He tapped at her window, "Arise, put on your clothes.

Ireland

[Long, Long Ago" by Ernie Sager]

[Musical background provided by a guitar]

The barber shop was once a place where men would congregate

But that was long, long agoe, long, long ago.

And women never occupied the chairs and make you wait,

But that was long, long ago, long, long ago.

Each evening we would sit around the old stove in the rear,

The barber told the stories, I remember them so clear.

I know I'd be arrested if I told those stories here,

But that was long, long ago, long ago.

There was a time when petticoats were made for girls to wear,

But that was long, long ago, long, long, ago.

~~A/fellow/took/his/girl/to/court~~

And when a fellow made a date, his girl would meet him there,

But that was long, long ago, long, long ago.

A feoow took his girl to court and they never talked that much,

They would be engaged a year, there wasn't any rush.

And when he said, "I love you dear," oh how she would blush,

But that was long, long ago, long ago.

Whoever said that two could live as cheap as one was right,

But that was long, long ago, long, long ago.

A fellow could afford to take his girl out every night,

But that was long, long ago, long, long, ago.

The way that things are happening seems to puzzle me somehow

I'd like to be around a thousand years from now.

There was a time a farmer used his hands to milk a cow,

But that was long, long agoe, long ago.

["Catskill Valley" by Orson Slack]

I [shot] one morn on the hillside,
I gazed on the valley floor.
The mist from the river was rising,
And the birds sang on the shore.
Around me stood the birchbrush,
The grass was green below.
The old oak trees swayed in the early breeze.
As they bent their branches low.
The wind blew the mist from the river
As the sun peeked o'er the hill.
The smell of the birch was a tonic,
As I sat and drank my fill.
On the winding road in the valley,
The cars like ants passed by.
I wondered where all was going
[Some] sight that passed on by.
[Cough] Down in the valley below me
A deer, jumped, jumped rocks and stumps;
As he sped on up the hillside, I saw a rabbit jump.
I knew as I gazed o'er that valley,
That early springtime morn,
The place that is best in this whole world
Is the valley where I was born.

["The Hills of Last Chance" by Charles Hinckley]

As I went a-walking for pleasure one day,
 It was down to _____ where I happened to stray.
 I
 When I heard of a wreck on the Hills of Last Chance.
 They started from Jersey, so I heard them all talk,
 And they flew over Liberty
 They struck a big tree, it was God's only will;
 Seven folks lost their lives on them evergreen hills.

[Clears throat]

There was one lady amongst them and her name I'll explain.
 It was
 She was to be married on the homeward
 And her sweetheart was in Jersey for to make her his bride.
 Clyde Holbrook, he's known the world o'er,
 And he flew that big airplane
 He flew over Germany, through England and France,
 But he made his last flight on the Hills of Last Chance.

[Clears throat]

It was due to _____ that old Irish boy,
 He flew with Clyde Holbrook with the greatest of joy,
 But as you ever go through there if you happen to glance
 Their names all engraved in the rock on Last Chance.
 Now Holbrook's father and his mother look
 They came for to see him with the tears in their eyes,
 But he left them in sorrow and
 And he left his dear wife and two children behind.

[Clears throat]

Ireland
 England
 France

["A Sport Song (Quaker's Courtship)" by Mary Avery]

I have come a-courting

Oh dear, dear oh.

Not for courting, nor for sporting,

Oh dear, dear oh.

Well going to bed is fine desire,

Fel-der-riddle-i-d-a

You and me sat alone by the fire,

Fel-der-riddle-ay.

[Cough]

Here's the ring shilling

Oh dear, dear oh.

And you may wear it if thou art willing,

O dear, dear oh.

Now I want not of your rings or money,

Fel-der-riddle-i-d-a

But give me the boy that calls me honey,

Fel-der-riddle-ay.

Must I die without religion,

Oh dear, dear oh.

Or must I live in sin forever,

Oh dear, dear oh.

No, you must learn to lie in [slaughter]

Fel-der-riddle-i-d-a.

Or else you'll never get any better,

Fel-der-riddle-ay.

["I Am A Young Maiden" by Mary Avery]

[Sung to the tune of "Sweet Betsy From Pike"]

I am a young maiden, my story is sad;
 For once I was courted by a brave sailor lad.
 He courted me truly by night and by day;
 But now he has left me and gone far away.
 If I were a blackbird, I'd whistle and sing;
 I'd follow the ship that my true love sailed in.
 And in the top riggin' I'd there build my nest;
 And I'd pillow my head on his lily white breast.
 He promised to take me to Donnybrook fair;
 To buy me red ribbons to tie up my hair.
 And I know that some day, he'll come back o'er the tide;
 And surely he'll make me his own loving bride.
 His parents they chide me and will not agree
 That me and my sailor boy married would be.
 But let them deride me and do what they will;
 While there's dance in my body, he's the one I love still.

["Bessie, The Heifer" by Grant Rogers]

[Guitar music accompaniment]

My Daddy bought me a little calf for a Christmas present once;
 I picked a little heifer because both of us was runts.
 She didn't seem to have much sense but she grew up somehow;
 And as for giving milk, she's an educated cow.
 Oh, Bessie the heifer, the queen of all the cows;

She gives more milk than any law allows.

In the morning she gives pasturized, in the evening gives homogenized,

[Laughter in background from an audience]

Oh Bessie, the heifer, the queen of all the cows.

I took her to the county fair to try and win a prize;

She knew just what was going on, I could see it in her eye.

Though the contest made her nervous, she tried so hard to please;

But when it came to milk her, all I got was cottage cheese.

From Bessie the heifer, the queen of all the cows;

She gives more milk than any law allows.

In the morning she gives pasturized, in the evening gives homogenized;

Oh Bessie, the heifer, the queen of all the cows.

[End of tape]