

Recording Laboratory AFS L20

Anglo-American Songs and Ballads

From the Archive of Folk Song

Edited by DUNCAN EMRICH

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS WASHINGTON 1947

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number R53-580 rev

*Available from the Library of Congress
Music Division, Recorded Sound Section
Washington, D.C. 20540*

ANGLO-AMERICAN SONGS AND BALLADS

A1-A3—CRIPPLE CREEK, GIT ALONG DOWN TO TOWN, and KICKING MULE. Sung with five-string banjo by Henry King accompanied by the King family on guitar, mandolin, and bass, at Visalia, Calif., 1941. Recorded by Charles Todd and Robert Sonkin.

The three songs on this record, played and sung by the King family, belong to the broad group of native songs from the southern mountains. They are without any European antecedents and in subject matter are purely American. The mandolin and guitar accompaniment, and the very tempo of the pieces, again are distinctive of the pure strain of American folk music. Originating in the South, they have spread widely throughout the United States.

CRIPPLE CREEK

"Folks, this number is 'Cripple Creek.'"

Goin' down to Cripple Creek, goin' at a run,
Goin' down to Cripple Creek to have some fun.
Roll my britches to my knees,
Wade old Cripple Creek when I please!
Goin' down to Cripple Creek, goin' at a run,
Goin' down to Cripple Creek to have some fun.

Goin' down to Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,
Goin' down to Cripple Creek to see my girl.
Roll my britches to my knees,
Wade old Cripple Creek when I please!
Goin' down to Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,
Goin' down to Cripple Creek to see my girl.

GIT ALONG DOWN TO TOWN

"Folks, this is the King Family playing 'Git Along Down to Town.'"

Boss he had a yaller gal,
He brought her from the South,
She had her hair done up so tight
Couldn't hardly shut her mouth.

Chorus:
Git along down to town,
Git along down to town,
Git along down to Little Rock town,
Gonna set my banjo down.

Her head looked like a coffee pot,
Her nose looked like the spout,
Her mouth looked like the fire place
With the ashes all raked out. *Chorus.*

I wouldn't have a yaller gal,
Now here's the reason why,
Her neck's so long and scrangy
She'd make them biscuits fly. *Chorus.*

Boss he had an old gray mare,
He rode her down in town,
Before he got his trading done,
The buzzards had her down. *Chorus.*

Boss he had an old gray mare,
Her name was Brindly Brown,
Every tooth in that mare's head
Had sixteen inches 'round. *Chorus.*

Well, I hopped upon that old gray mare,
I rode her through the town,
I sold that mare for fifteen cents
And I got my money down.

Chorus:
Git along down to town,
Git along down to town,
Git along down to Little Rock town,
Gonna push my 'bacco 'round.

Boss he had a big white house
Sixteen stories high,
Well every story in that house
Was lined with chicken pie.

Chorus:
Git along down to town,
Git along down to town,
Git along down to Little Rock town,
Gonna push my 'bacco 'round.

Whiskey by the gallon
And sugar by the pound,
A great big bowl to pour it in
And a pretty girl to carry it around.

Chorus:
Git along down to town,
Git along down to town,
Git along down to Little Rock town,
Gonna set my banjo down.

THE KICKING MULE

"Folks, this is the King Family playing 'The Kicking Mule' with a tenor banjo lead."

As I went down to the huckleberry picnic,
Dinner all over the ground,
Skippers in the meat was nine foot deep
And the green flies walking all around.
The biscuit in the oven was a-baking,
Was a beefsteak frying in the pan,
Pretty gal sitting in the parlor,
Lord god a'mighty, what a hand I stand!

Chorus:

Whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with this mule.

My uncle had an old mule,
His name was Simon Slick,
'Bove anything I ever did see
Was how that mule could kick.
Went to feed that mule one morning
And he met me at the door with a smile,
He backed one ear and he winked one eye
And he kicked me a half a mile.

Chorus:

Well, whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with my mule.

That mule he am a kicker,
He's got a iron jaw,
He's the very thing to have about
To tame your mother-in-law.
This mule he am a kicker,
He's got a iron back,
He headed off a Texas railroad train
And kicked it clear o' the track.

Chorus:

Whoa there, mule, I tell you
Well, whoa there, mule, I say,
Just keep your seat, Miss Liza Jane,
And hold on to that sleigh.

He kicked a feather from a goose,
He pulverized a hog,
He kicked up three dead chinymans
And swatted him a yellow dog.

Chorus:

Well, whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with that mule.

When I seen Miss Dinah the other day,
She was bent all over her tub,
And the more I'd ask her to marry me,
Well, the harder she would rub.

Chorus:

Well, whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Whoa there, mule, I say,
Just keep your seat, Miss Liza Jane,
And hold on to that sleigh.

You see that mule a-coming,
He's got about a half a load,
When you see a roomy mule,
Better give him all the road.

Chorus:

Whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with this mule.

A4—A RAILROADER FOR ME. Sung with guitar
by Russ Pike at Visalia, Calif., 1941. Recorded
by Charles Todd and Robert Sonkin.

"Here's an old-timer that I learned from my grand-
mammy way down in southern Missouri, and this old song I
think was written right after the Civil War when they first
invented the first steam engines."

A railroader, a railroader,
A railroader for me;
If ever I marry in this wide world,
A railroader's bride I'll be.

Now I would not marry a blacksmith,
He's always in the black,
I'd rather marry an engineer
That throws the throttle back.

A railroader, a railroader,
A railroader for me;
If ever I marry in this wide world,
A railroader's bride I'll be.

I would not marry a farmer,
He's always in the dirt,
I'd rather marry an engineer
That wears a striped shirt.

A railroader, a railroader,
A railroader for me;
If ever I marry in this wide world,
A railroader's bride I'll be.

A5—LITTLE OLD SOD SHANTY. Sung with guitar by Jimmy Denoon at Bradleyville, Mo., 1942. Recorded by Vance Randolph.

This song is an adaptation of W. S. Hays' "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane" which appeared in 1871 and was widely popular, lending itself to numerous parodies, the most famous of which is "The Little Old Sod Shanty on the Claim." The text is not an unfair account of the hardships and way of life of the early settler on the western plains of Nebraska and bordering States during the period of first settlement.

I'm looking mighty seedy while holding down my claim,
My victuals are not always of the best,
And the mice play shyly round me as I nestle down to rest
In that little old sod shanty on the claim.

Chorus:

The hinges are of leather and the windows have no glass,
The board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he slinks up through the
grass
Round that little old sod shanty on my claim.

When I left my Eastern home, a bachelor oh so gay,
To wend my way up in this (world to) wealth and fame,
Whoever thought I'd be so low as to burning twisted hay
In that little old sod shanty on my claim.

Chorus:

The hinges are of leather and the windows have no pane,
The board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he prowls up through the
grass
Round that little old sod shanty on my claim.

I wish that some kind-hearted girl would pity on me take
And relieve me from this mess that I am in;
The angel how I'd bless her if this her home she'd make
In that little old sod shanty on my claim.

And if kind fate should bless us with now and then a heir,
To cheer our hearts in honest pride and fame,
Oh, then we'd be contented for the toil that we had spent
In that little old sod shanty on my claim.

Chorus:

Where the hinges are of leather and the windows have no
pane,
The board roof lets the howling blizzard in,
And I hear the hungry coyote as he slinks up through the
grass,
Round that little old sod shanty on the claim.

A6—GOOD OLD REBEL. Sung with guitar by Booth Campbell at Cane Hill, Ark., 1942. Recorded by Vance Randolph.

This song has had considerable folk treatment and is a hand-me-down corruption of the original poem by Innes Randolph, southern poet and friend of Sidney Lanier. Booth Campbell, the singer, hesitated in 1942 to record the song for Vance Randolph, saying, "It don't seem hardly right for a fellow to go around singing songs agin the Government what with the war and all." Campbell would have been reassured had he heard, as I did, Massachusetts and Virginia officers at General Eisenhower's headquarters in France singing it at the Officers' Club in Versailles, initially to horror-struck looks from British allies and finally to their amused understanding of the "Yanks"—which we all were there.

Oh, I'm glad I'm a good old rebel, I don't care if I am;
I won't be reconstructed, if I am may I be damned!

Oh, I followed old Marse Robert for four years near about,
Got wounded in three places and I starved at Camp Look-
out.

Oh, I'm glad I'm a good old rebel—hat, boot, coats and all,
I won't be reconstructed, no sir, not at all!

I hate that Yankee nation and all they say and do,
I hate the Declaration of Independence, too;
I hate that striped banner with all its rare and fuss,
Them lying thieving Yankees, I hate 'em worse and worse.

Oh, I'm glad I'm a good old rebel, I don't care if I am;
I won't be reconstructed, no sir, not a damn!

I can't take up my musket and fight 'em any more,
But I ain't a-going to love 'em, now that am certain sure.
Yes, I'm glad I'm a good old rebel—hat, boots, coat and all,
I won't be reconstructed, no sir, not at all!

A7—JESSE JAMES. Sung with banjo by Bascom Lamar Lunsford at Swannanoa, N.C., 1946. Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

The ballad of Jesse James has many versions stemming possibly from an original with the refrain about "that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse in the grave." Jesse was looked upon by the people as a combination Robin Hood and frontier adventurer, and the legends about him are for the most part generous and hero-worshipping. He was the most notorious train- and

bank-robber in the country in the 15 years following the Civil War, and a price of \$10,000 was placed on his head by the Governor of Missouri. James hid out under the alias of Mr. Howard, but Robert Ford, a member of the gang, was tempted by the reward and killed Jesse in St. Joseph, Mo., in 1882. The story has it that James was hanging a picture in the front room of the house with the doorway open to the street. Rather than attract the attention of passers-by with his weapons, he removed both pistols and placed them on a chair while he stood on a bed to fix the picture. Robert Ford had never seen James off his guard before, but seized the opportunity to kill his companion from behind. James heard the click of Ford's pistol as he cocked it and turned in time to receive the pistol ball over his eye. Ford, fearing the revenge of James' friends, left Missouri for Colorado to work in a saloon and gambling house in Creede, where he was subsequently shot to death by an unknown assailant, presumably a friend of James.

For further references, see H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folklore Society*, University of Missouri Press, 1940, p. 401.

"This song is 'Jesse James.' While I heard it when I was a boy in many different ways . . . but this text is the one I learned from Sam Sumner who lives just across Hickory Nut Gap next to Bat Cave in Henderson County, N.C., in 19 and 03."

Went down to the station not many days ago,
Did something I'll never do again,
I got down on my knees and delivered up the keys
To Frank and his brother, Jesse James.

Refrain:

Poor Jesse, goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse James,
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly
And it laid poor Jesse down to die.

Oh, the people in the West when they heard of Jesse's
death,
They wondered how he came to die;
It was Ford's pistol ball brought him tumbling from the
wall,
And it laid poor Jesse down to die.

Refrain:

Poor Jesse, goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse James,
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly
And he laid poor Jesse down to die.

Oh, Jesse leaves a wife, she's a mourner all her life,
And the children they were brave;
But the dirty little coward, he shot Mr. Howard
And he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Refrain:

Poor Jesse, goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse James,
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly
And he laid poor Jesse down to die.

Oh, Jesse was a man and a friend to the poor
And little did he suffer man's pain,
But I know with his brother Frank, he robbed the Chicago
bank
And he stopped the Glendale train.

Refrain:

Poor Jesse, goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse James,
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly
And he laid poor Jesse down to die.

Now Jesse goes to rest with his hands on his breast,
And the Devil will be upon his knees;
He was born one day in the county of Clay
And he came from a great, great race.

Refrain:

Poor Jesse, goodbye Jesse, farewell Jesse James,
Robert Ford caught his eye and he shot him on the sly
And he laid poor Jesse down to die.

A8-BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP. Sung by Bascom
Lamar Lunsford at Swannanoa, N.C., 1946.
Recorded by Artus M. Moser.

This song would seem to have its ultimate origin in the Scotch ballad of "The Twa Corbies," where two crows perch on the body of a horse slain by a cruel butcher and pick its eyes out one by one. The song as sung here was originally located in Mena, Ark., from the singing of Mrs. Emma Dusenbury and a clear line of informants is known for its transmission from Arkansas to North Carolina and the singing of Mr. Lunsford. The Arkansas version has "buzzards" picking out the eyes, but in process of transfer this was softened to "butterflies."

"This song is the 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep' lullaby."

Baa, baa, black sheep, where'd you leave your lamb?
Way down yonder in the valley,
The birds and the butterflies a-picking out its eyes
And the poor little thing cried, "Ma-a-amy."

Mummy told me before she went away
To take good care of the baby.
But I went away and the baby ran away,
And the poor little thing cried, "Ma-a-amy."

The birds and the butterflies a-flying all around,
And the poor little thing was crying, "Ma-a-amy."

A9—BLUE-EYED GIRL. Sung with banjo by Rufus Crisp at Allen, Ky., 1946. Recorded by Margot Mayo, Stuart Jamieson, and Freyda Simon.

Rufus Crisp's singing of the "Blue-Eyed Girl" is an excellent example of the mountain vocal music of Kentucky, as distinct in its individual manner of rendition as the fiddle and banjo accompaniments of the same region. There is no attempt to "smooth out" the lines and a fair comparison may be made between this song and the more even records of a similar song, "Cindy," generally available on commercial records. The purer folk singing, while at first startling to those unfamiliar with it, has qualities which make it of more lasting interest—variations, shift of emphasis, a stanza when the singer feels like singing one, the straight racing of the banjo without song when the instrument seems enough.

Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare you well, my daisy,
Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
You almost run me crazy.

Apples in the summertime,
Peaches in the fall,
If I don't get the girl I want,
Don't want none at all.

Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare you well, my dandy,
Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Going up Big Sandy.

Blue-eyed girl is mad at me,
And black-eyed one won't have me,
If I don't get the girl I want
Single I will tarry.

I won't neither.

Oh, fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare you well, my daisy,
Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Almost drives me crazy.

You stay up on the mountain top,
And I'll live in town,
Boarding at the same hotel,
Courting Betty Brown.

Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl.
Fare you well, my daisy,
Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl.
Almost drive me crazy.

Remember what you told me last,
Remember what you said,
Said you wouldn't marry me
If all the rest was dead.

Going away to leave you now,
Baby, don't you cry,
Long days are rolling 'round,
I'll be back and die.

Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare you well, my dandy,
Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
I'm going up Big Sandy.

When I was a single boy,
Happy I would be,
Now I am a great big boy,
Happy do I feel.

When she saw me coming,
She threw up her hands and cried,
"Yonder comes the ugliest thing
That ever lived or died."

BI—THE CRUEL WAR IS RAGING. Sung by Charles Ingenthron at Walnut Shade, Mo., 1941. Recorded by Vance Randolph.

Known also as "Johnny Must Fight," this song is related to that group of songs in which the girl, in order to be with her lover, assures him that she will put on men's clothes and go with him without fear into the battle. For comparison of theme, see "Jackie's Gone a-Sailing" and "Sweet William," both on Library of Congress record 105A.

For reference, see: Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folk-songs*, The State Historical Society of Missouri, Columbia, Mo., vol. I, p. 274

The cruel war is raging and Johnny has to fight,
And I want to go with him from morning till night;
And I want to go with him, it grieves my heart so,
"Won't you let me go with you?" "Oh, no, my love, no."

Oh, tomorrow is Sunday, and Monday is the day
That his captain calls for him and he must obey,
His captain calls for him, it grieves my heart so.
"Won't you let me go with you?" "Oh, no, my love, no."

"I would go to your captain, get down upon my knees,
Ten thousand gold guineas I'd give for your relieve,
Ten thousand gold guineas, it grieves my heart so,
"Won't you let me go with you?" "Oh, no, my love, no."

"Your fingers are too slender, your figure is too small,
Your cheeks are too rosy to face the cannon ball,
Your cheeks are too rosy, it grieves my heart so."
"Won't you let me go with you?" "Oh, no, my love, no."

B2-NOTTINGHAM FAIR. Sung by Charles Ingenthron at Walnut Shade, Mo., 1941. Recorded by Vance Randolph.

"Nottingham Fair," like "On a Bright and Summer's Morning" (Library of Congress AFS L21), is a traditional nonsense song in which all normal actions are reversed and the listener discovers himself to be in a Lewis Carroll wonderland. Mr. Ingenthron, the singer, made the error in the first line of singing "a-riding" which should be "a-walking" to correspond with other opposites throughout the song. The song comes to the United States from eighteenth-century England.

As I was a-riding to Nottingham Fair,
A-riding on horseback all on a gray mare,
With a white tail and mane and a streak down her back
But darn' a hair on her but what was coal black.

My mare she stood still, threw me off in the ditch,
My skin she did dab and my shirt she did bruise;
With my foot in my stirrup I mounted again
And on my ten toes rode over the plain.

I met a king and a queen and a company more,
All riding on horseback, all walking before,
With a stark naked drummer a-beating the drum,
With his heels in his pockets before them did run.

I pulled my head off, the majest' to greet,
I asked him the road though I knew not the place,
But with gladness he could scarcely look down
To tell me the road to fair Nottingham Town.

When I came into town not a soul could I see,
Though the streets were all lined a-gazing at me;
I set myself down on a hot frozen stone,
Ten thousand around me, and me all alone.

I called for a glass to drive gladness away,
I stifled with dust though it rained all the day,
It rained and it hailed and I stood in the storm
With my hat in my hand to keep my head warm.

B3-B4-THE SOLDIER'S JOY and GIVE THE FIDDLER A DRAM. Played by the McMinnville Garment Factory Workers' Band at McMinnville, Tenn., 1946. Recorded by Margot Mayo, Stuart Jamieson, and Freyda Simon.

B5-BLACK MOUNTAIN BLUES. Played on fiddle by Sam Leslie and on guitar by Palmer Crisp at Allen, Ky., 1946. Recorded by Margot Mayo, Stuart Jamieson, and Freyda Simon.

B6-THE DYING COWBOY. Sung by Dick Devall of Reed, Okla., at Dallas, Tex., 1946. Recorded by John A. Lomax.

Originally a British ballad describing the death of a young girl whose dissolute way of life brought her to the grave, the song developed and was attached to an English soldier—rather than a woman—dying from the effects of disease. Transplanted to this country the manner of death was changed to shooting and the central character to a cowboy. In most versions, however, the fifes and drums of a military funeral have been anachronistically retained from the English original. This record may be compared with "One Morning in May" (Library of Congress AFS L1).

"This is Dick Devall, Reed, Oklahoma. I'm going to sing you a little ditty now."

As I rode down to Tom Sherriman's barroom,
Tom Sherriman's barroom one morning in May,
'Twas there I spied a gay handsome cowboy
All dressed in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I knew by your outfit that you were a cowboy."
"That's what they all say as I go riding along."

"Come gather around me, you set of jolly cowboys,
And listen to me my comrade," said he.
"It's each and all may learn and take warning
And quit your wild roving before it's too late.

"It was onc't in the saddle I used to go dashing,
It was onc't in the saddle that I used to be gay.
First taking to drinking and then to card playing,
Got shot through the breast and now I must die.

"Go bear the news gently to my grey-headed mother,
And whisper them lowly to my sister so dear.
And don't forget the word that I've told you,
For I'm a gay cowboy and I know I've done wrong.

"Go bring unto me a glass of cold water,
A glass of cold water," the poor boy cried.
And when I returned the spirits had left him
And gone to the Giver, the poor boy had died.

"Six jolly cowboys to balance my coffin,
Six pretty girls to sing me a song.
Oh, take me to the graveyard and roll the sod o'er me
For I'm a gay cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

B7—RED WHISKEY. Sung by Dick Devall of Reed, Okla., at Dallas, Tex., 1946. Recorded by John A. Lomax.

This song is the traditional "Jack of Diamonds," "Clinch Mountain," or "Rye Whiskey" of the Kentucky hills carried west and adapted to the way of life of the cowpunchers. It may be compared with Library of Congress AFS L14.

"This is Dick Devall, the cowboy singer from Reed, Oklahoma, I'm going to shoot the other barrel!"

Oh Molly, oh Molly, I've told you before,
Go make me a pallet, I'll sleep on the floor.

I've rambled, I've trambled, I've rambled around,
I ache for the cow country, for cow country I'm bound.

It's whiskey, red whiskey, red whiskey I cry,
If I don't get m' red whiskey, I surely will die.

It's ride wild horses while rambling around,
I can ride the wildest bronco that's ever been found.

Oh Molly, oh Molly, I've told you before,
Go make me a pallet, I'll sleep on the floor.

Yes, I've rambled, I've trambled, I've rambled around,
I can ride the wildest bronco that's ever been found.

If the ocean was whiskey and I was a duck,
I'd go to the bottom for one sweet sup.

But the ocean ain't whiskey and I'm no duck,
So play the Jack of Diamonds and go get drunk.

Oh Molly, oh Molly, I've told you before,
Go make me a pallet, I'll sleep on the floor.

It's beefsteak when I'm hungry, red whiskey when I'm dry,
Pretty girls when I'm lonesome and heaven when I die.

B8—LITTLE DOGIES. Sung by Dick Devall of Reed, Okla., at Dallas, Tex., 1946. Recorded by John A. Lomax.

The song of the little dogies and their hardships on the long trail northward is a creation of the plains and seems not to have antecedents in the traditional songs of other sections of the United States. John Lomax first recorded a tune in 1910, published in *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, and in 1946 collected the present version which catches the traditional singing of the old-time cowboy.

"This is Dick Devall, the cowboy singer from Oklahoma, Reed, Okla., Route 2. I will try to sing you a little ditty. For the benefit of all those that don't know what the word 'dogie' means, I'm going to try to tell you. A dogie is just a little calf that his mammy died in a bog hole and his daddy ran away with another cow."

As I walked out one bright spring morning,
I met a gay cowboy come riding along;
His hat throwed back and his spurs was a-jingling,
As I prosume he was singing this song:

Oh, 'hoop i lie ay, go on, you little dogies,
Oh, 'hoop i lie ay, Wyoming's your home.
It's 'hooping and yelling and driving the dogies,
Ever making sad fortunes, well it's none of our own.

First thing in the spring, round up your dogies,
Hop on your old brand, cut out your strays and have your
herd inspected
And then they're ready to throw on the trail.

Oh, 'hoop i lie ay, go on, you little dogies,
It's then Wyoming shall be your new home.

Round up the saddle horses, roll out the chuck wagon,
And then you are ready to throw them on the trail.

So it's 'hoop i lie ay, go on, little dogies,
It's 'hoop i lie oh, Wyoming's your home.
It's 'hooping and yelling and driving the dogies,
Ever making sad fortunes, well, it's none of our own.

First thing in the evening, it's roll on the bed ground
While they're grazing in the hills all around;
It's all that the trouble those poor boys do see,
It's milling and lowing all night long.

Oh, 'hoop i lie ay, lie still, you little dogies,
I wish you'd lay down and quit your tromping around.

First thing in the morning, it's roll off the bed ground,
Having to graze them an hour or two.
It's then, oh then, you might think that you could drive
them,
But I'll be dogged if you do.

B9—MY SWEETHEART'S A COWBOY. Sung by Dick Devall of Reed, Okla., at Dallas, Tex., 1946. Recorded by John A. Lomax.

Dick Devall, in the singing of "My Sweetheart's a Cowboy," has made an interesting combination of the song of that title and another cowboy song, "Goodbye, Old Paint." More of the latter than the former actually appears here. The freedom with

which Devall treats music and text is characteristic of many folk singers and accounts, of course, for the wide differences to be found in the many versions of a single song.

"This is Dick Devall, the cowboy singer from Oklahoma. I'm going to sing you another little ditty. I hope you like it a-plenty."

My sweetheart's a cowboy, he rides every spring,
He rides them wild broncos, the high headed thing.

The last time that I saw him was early in the spring,
He was riding wild broncos, the high headed thing.

Goodbye, my little honey, I'm going to Cheyenne,
I'll be riding old Paint and a-leading old Dan.

Goodbye, my little honey, I'm going to Montan'
To throw the hoolihan . . .

Goodbye, my little honey, I'm off for Cheyenne,
My foot's in the stirrup, my bridle in my hand.

Goodbye, my little honey, I'm off for Montan',
Going to Montan' to throw the hoolihan.

I'll be back this fall, be a'coming down the trail,
Be a-riding old Paint and a-leading old Ball,
Be riding old Paint and a-leading old Ball.

Goodbye, my little honey, I'm home from Cheyenne.
Waltz to the center and don't you be afraid,
And swing 'em on the corner with a waltz promenade.