



FOLKWAYS FA 2427

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS FA 2427

Precious Memories Jean Ritchie sings folk and country songs accompanied by Eric Weissberg, Arthur Rosenbaum and Marshall Brickman Folkways Records FA 2427

PRECIOUS MEMORIES

Jean Ritchie

SINGS FOLK AND COUNTRY SONGS

Accompanied by ERIC WEISSBERG,
ARTHUR ROSENBAUM,
MARSHALL BRICKMAN

INTRODUCTION
by Jean Ritchie

"What is Jean Ritchie doing, singing hillbilly songs?" I can already hear the howls of protest around the country-side from many of my loyal friends--devotees of the Elizabethan ballad and the Kentucky survivals and variants of Scotch-Irish-English folk-song with which I have become associated over the past years. These friends are, as I have been, anti-hillbilly-music, resentful of the "new" music which we in the mountains felt had been thrust in upon us with the coming of the radio, blaring forth maudlin sentiments with the exaggerated nasal twang and the loud guitar, a style of playing and singing originating not in the hills or the countryside but in the cities--Nashville and Louisville and Knoxville. Within a few short years, its catchy tunes and exciting beat had swept over and all but obscured the more subtle airs and beautiful refine poetry of the British love songs, and ballads and meetin-house songs.

But some people, individuals and family groups, preferred the old-time music, and almost ignored the new hillbilly songs which they considered less than trash. Our family was such a one. Hillbilly and Tin-pan Alley tunes were rising and falling all around us and yet we remained almost immune to their charms. I say, "almost," for of course it would have been impossible not to have been affected by something so omnipresent as this new music was. The way it worked, the older family members yelled, "Awful!" and covered their ears with shock, but the young (courting age and under) all had friends in the neighborhood who liked and sang whatever new thing came along, so that some of us were tolerant and even friendly--I remember my sisters Jewel and Pauline, the teenagers of the period, and three or four of their girl friends, walking arms-around waists in a row down the county road, their heads to one side and their faces woebegone and lovelorn, harmonizing on "Little Rosebud Casket," or, "Wildwood Flower," or, "The Gypsy's Warning." My brother Truman, older and "sparking to marry," picked the guitar softly and crooned, "Daisies Won't Tell You." Wilmer, the youngest of the boys, learned to play "Zeb Turney's Girl," and "Bury Me Beneath the Willow," on the fiddle. My father, a true democrat, had published on his own printing press (he used to print a local newspaper called, THE RECORD) a little song book which he entitled, OLD SONGS OUR GRANDMOTHERS SANG, AND OTHER POPULAR AIRS. This booklet included, alongside oldtimers like "Jackaro," "A Foreign Lander," and newer ones like, "Sweet Willie," and "Jim Blake," several out-and-out written songs, like, "Kitty Wells," "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home."

Later on, besides the individual singers, and local talent groups putting on shows in the school



Photo by George Pickow

house, there was added the record player, or talkin' machine, as it was called in those days. My father was the first one around home to get a record player; he ordered it from a mailorder house and walked to Jackson, Kentucky, to pick it up and bring it home, amazing the citizens along the homeward route. They thought he was a wizard, but when he had convinced them that it was really a machine, they started throwing pennies down into the horn, thinking to hoax it to play. Thus the first juke-box came into the Kentucky mountains! Anyway, the first song he got to play on it was a recording of "Whistling Rufus." Among the records which were in the family with in my memory were, "In the Shadow of the Pines," "Thinking Tonight of My Blue Eyes," "The Little Rosebud Casket," and, "The Wreck on the Highway." To my knowledge, none of the old British ballads which were recorded in those early days of recording, ever found their way into our community.

With the coming of the radio, hillbilly and "pop" songs really came into their own in the mountains, and washed over us in such a great wave that the old songs were, at least to the eyes of outsiders, completely obscured. This is why many would-be collectors, having heard my family songs in recital, have rushed off (without consulting anyone) to the southern mountains, to hear native singers in their own habitat--and have come back disappointed. "I've been cheated; I didn't see a single family sitting singing old ballads on their front porch and all I could get on the radio was hillbilly." If they had asked me, I could have told them where they could have gone to hear the "real" mountain music; it has to be dug for these days, but it is still there. At any rate, their criticisms after awhile set me to thinking that I had, through my own choice of songs, been giving a false impression of folk singing around home. Of course we didn't all sit around from morn to night in Kentucky singing "Ryddles Wysely Expounded," and "The Lass of Loch Royal." We did sing those, because we love them; they're part of us and they are beautiful. But we also took in something of everyday life as it mounted up, and we sang of this, too. Sometimes the song grew out of a local happening but used the form of the old ballad, as "The Printer's Bride," a fairly new and local song, uses the centuries-old "silver dagger" verses, changing little excepting the identities of the hero and heroine. Fairly often, too, we sang straight hillbilly, the pop music of the day. It is to set the record straight, to present a truer picture of singing in the

southern mountains, that I have come to undertake this program of songs.

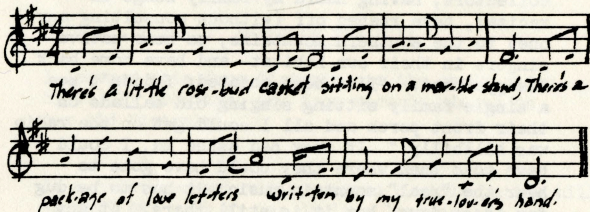
Some of the songs I have chosen to sing here are not hillbilly, in the strict sense, "Sweet Willie," "The Printer's Bride," "The Most Fair Beauty Bright," "The Poor and Rambling Boy," "Go Dig My Grave," -- to name a few. But they were (and are) sung in the hillbilly style, and for this reason have usually been avoided by the serious singer of the mountain ballad. Another reason (a personal one, in this case) is a semi-religious one. For example, my Mother never approved of us girls singing these songs because they were "banjer-pickin" songs and therefore unladylike and even low-down. Mom has broadened her views somewhat in her later days, and I have found the banjo songs very satisfying to sing. In fact, since rehearsing for this record, I might add that my liking and respect for hillbilly songs have increased!

But, my friends will say, is this folk music? Perhaps not, by the strictest scholarly definition. Some have known authors, some have not changed essentially their original forms, I would call them valuable and interesting period pieces, the natural outgrowth of the older folk music of the region--if one wants to be purely objective. But these songs are more than that; they are brimming over with the simple basic emotions that touch us all. Only a hardened big-city progressive-school graivante would find them funny or embarrassing. I remember vividly an incident that taught me my first lesson along these lines, back in my "hate-hillbilly" days. I was about fourteen or so, sitting on the sun-warmed boards of our front porch in Viper. The old Victrola was scratching out, "The Old and Faded Picture on the Wall," and I was shouting out the words along with the singers, mocking and laughing. All at once I heard a step behind me and there stood Mom, looking so hurt, about to cry. I was shocked; that song meant something to her; she did love her Mother's picture on the wall! The song finished and Mom said softly, "Don't you make fun of that song, honey. It's about your Mother."

SIDE I, Band 1: LITTLE ROSEBUD CASKET

Learned from singing of my older sisters and their girl friends when they got together on Sunday afternoons in Viper, Kentucky.

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
©1962 by Stormking Music Inc.



There's a little rosebud casket
Sitting on a marvel stand,
There's a package of love-letters
Written by my truelover's hand.

Go and bring them to me, sister,
Come and sit upon my bed,
Lay your head upon my pillow,
Then I'll hear every word he said.

Read them over to me, sister,
Read them till I fall asleep,
Fall asleep to wake with Jesus.
O dear sister, do not weep.

Sister, go and tell him for me,
That I would have been his wife;
That in death I stronger love him
Even than I could in life.

Bid him not to weep, dear sister,
Even though we're torn apart;
He must learn to love another,
Time will ease the broken heart.

But if he never finds another,
Life is short and time is fleet;
Tell him that we'll meet in Heaven
Where our joy will be complete.

There's a little rosebud casket
Sitting on a marvel stand,
There's a package of love-letters
Written by her truelover's hand.

SIDE I, Band 2: THE GYPSY'S WARNING

My sisters Jewel and Pauline Ritchie used to sing this one while we washed dishes. Also a great Sunday afternoon favorite of the young girls.

Gentle lady, do not trust him,
Though his voice is low and sweet.
Heed not him who kneels before thee,
Gently pleading at thy feet.
Now thy life is in its morning,
Spurn not this thy happy lot--
Listen to the gypsy's warning,
Gentle lady, trust him not!

Do not turn so coldly from me,
I would only guard your youth,
From his stern and withering power--
I would only tell the truth.
I would save you from all danger,
Shield you from the tempter's snare;
Lady, shun that dark-eyed stranger,
I have warned you, now, beware!

Once there lived a tender maiden,
Pure and bright, and, like thee, fair;
But he wooed and wooed and won her,
Filled her gentle heart with care.
Then he heeded not her weeping,
Nor cared he her life to save;
Soon she perished, now she's sleeping
In the cold and silent grave.

Keep your gold, I do not want it.
Lady, I have prayed for this,
For the day I could outwit him,
Rob him of expected bliss.
Gentle lady, do not wonder
At my words so cold and wild--
Lady, in that green grave wonder
Lies a gypsy's only child!

SIDE I, Band 3: THE POOR AND RAMBLIN BOY

This is a banjo-picking song and therefore considered unladylike by my Mother. Sung a great deal by the young boys of the neighborhood at their Sunday-afternoon get-togethers (usually a banjo and fiddle-playing session on some deserted crossroads store porch). This particular version I learned from the singing of our neighbor Justus Begley, of Hazard, Kentucky.

It's I am a poor and a ramblin boy,
Through many of a show it's I have been,
In Cumberland City I pay my way,
And spend my money at the balls and play.

In Cumberland City I married me a wife,
I loved her as I loved my life.
She treated me kind both night and day
And she caused me to rob on the road highway.

So my pretty little miss so fare you well,
I love you so well no one can tell;
If pleasure no more on earth I see
I wouldn't serve you as you're served me.

I robbed them all I will declare,
I robbed them all in deep despair,
I robbed them all ten thousand pounds,
That night when I was a-ramblin around.

So my pretty little miss sixteen years old,
 Hair just as yellow as the shinin gold,
 Well the prettiest face and the sweetest hands,
 God bless the ground on where she stands.

Now my mother sits and weeps and mourns,
 My sister says she is left alone,
 My true love cries in deep despair,
 With her dark brown eyes and her curly curly hair.

So I'm going far on you to weep,
 I'm satisfied I cannot sleep,
 But I will write you a few short lines,
 It's hard as death ten thousand times.

It's I'll buy me a paper and I'll set down,
 And I'll write a few lines to my Governor Brown,
 He received that letter and he read it awhile,
 He began to think of his womern and child.

I'll get me some paper and I'll set down,
 Write another letter to Governer Brown,
 And every word will be the truth--
 I'll ast that governor to turn me a-loose.

I'll buy me a ticket in that foreign town,
 Get on the train and it's I'll set down,
 Well the wheels will roll and the whistles will moan,
 It'll take me a long time to get back home.

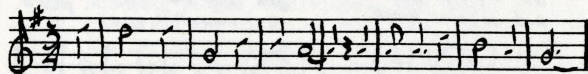
Come young and old and stand around,
 See me laid in this cold ground,
 I'm not ashamed nor afraid to die,
 But hope to meet you by and by.

Learned from Justus Begley Hazard, Ky.

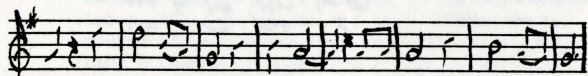
SIDE I, Band 4: JIM BLAKE

One of the early railroad songs, a respectable number sung and harmonized by both girls and boys. This one was published by my Dad, Balis Ritchie, about 1914, in a little song collection which he called, LOVERS' MELODIES, OLD SONGS OUR GRANDMOTHERS SANG, AND OTHER POPULAR AIRS.

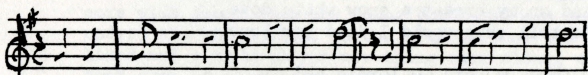
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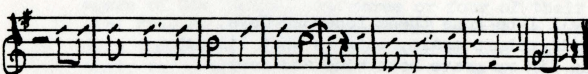
Jim Blake your wife is dy-ing, come o-ver the wires to-night



Brought late in-to his of-fee by a boy most dead with fright



He came rush-ing in-to the of-fee, his face was drawn and white



Saying give this to daddy's en-gine for mother is dying to-night

Jim Blake, your wife is dying, came over the wires tonight,
 Brought late into his office, by a boy most dead with fright.
 He came rushing into the office, his face was drawn and white,
 Saying, give this to daddy's engine, for mother is dying tonight.

Jim Blake was the oldest engineer, had charge of the night express,
 Handled the throttle and lever most all of his life, I guess;
 And when I found this message was for my comrade Jim,
 I made no delay but hastened away, and sent this message to him.

In less than half an hour, the message came back from him,
 Tell wife I'll meet her at midnight, and tell her to pray for Jim.
 I left her son in the office, this message I took Jim's wife;
 I found that dying woman had scarce the breath of life.

And when I entered her chamber, she took me at first for Jim,
 She fell back half exhausted, when she found that it was not him.
 She raised her eyes toward heaven, her face was pale and white,
 And said in a dying whisper, God speed the express tonight.

Over hill and mountain, still rushes the midnight train,
 Her whistling and her shreiking, resisting an awful strain.
 Jim Blake is at the lever, a-guiding her dangerous flight,
 When a voice speaks out of the darkness, God speed the express tonight.

In less than half an hour, the train will be along--
 Hello! there comes the signal, saying, there is something wrong.
 It tells of a sad disaster, the train is in the ditch;
 The young engineer is dying, by the side of an open switch.
 And here is another message, from the engineer, I guess,
 Tell wife I'll meet her in heaven, not to wait for the night express.

SIDE I, Band 5: BURY ME BENEATH THE WILLOW

I learned this one from our old records at home, also it was much sung on early radio programs (Knoxville, Nashville, Louisville and Cincinnati stations).

CHORUS:
 Go bury me beneath the willow,
 Underneath the weeping willow tree;
 And when he knows that I am sleeping,
 Then perhaps he'll weep for me.

When sun had set and we were seated
 Underneath the willow tree,
 He whispered words of love so softly
 I believed him true to me.

He told me that he did not love me,
 But I did not think it true,
 Until some sweetvoiced angel whispered,
 He no longer cares for you.

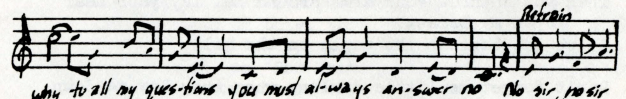
SIDE I, Band 6: NO, SIR

My sister Edna Ritchie sang this one for me; she learned it from a friend of hers at Lothair, Kentucky, a few miles down the line from Viper.

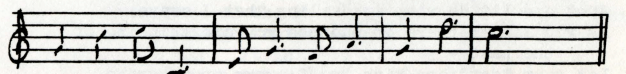
As sung by Jean Ritchie,
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Tell me why you are so cru-el, Tell me why you scorn me so, Tell me



why to all my ques-tions you must al-ways an-swer no No sir, no sir



no sir no sir; No sir, no sir, no sir, no!

Tell me why you are so cruel,
 Tell me why you scorn me so;
 Tell me why to all my questions
 You must always answer, No.

No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir;
 No sir, no sir, no sir, No.

We'll go walking in the garden,
 Gathering flowers fresh with dew.
 Tell me, would you be offended
 If I walk and talk with you?

No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir,
 No sir, no sir, no sir, No.

If while walking in the garden,
 I should ask you to be mine,
 Tell me, would you to this question,
 Would you answer, No, this time?

No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir,
 No sir, no sir, no sir, No.

SIDE I, Band 7: THE PRINTER'S BRIDE

A tender love ballad sung by the banjo-picking boys and the general population around Hindman, Kentucky and up on Clear Creek, where Dad Ritchie was born and raised. This one he also included in his songbook, LOVERS' MELODIES.

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
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Handwritten musical notation for the first part of the song. It consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Come all young men and tender ladies, And hear a story I will impart;
 part of the sad and awful tragic ending, of the printer
 and his poor sweet-heart.

Come all young men and tender ladies,
 And hear a story I will impart;
 Of the sad and awful tragic ending
 Of the printer and his poor sweetheart.

A pretty young girl was courted by a printer,
 He promised to ever stand by her side.
 He vowed a vow most firm and strongly,
 That she should be his lawful bride.

When his old parents came to know this,
 They walked green fields and meadows wide,
 Saying, son, oh son, don't be so foolish;
 For she is too poor for the printer's bride.

He knelt down on his knees before them,
 Saying, father, father, have pity on me;
 Don't keep me from my heart's desire,
 For she is all the world to me.

This young lady when she came to know this,
 She walked green fields and meadows wide,
 Until she came to some fair broad water,
 And there she sat her down and cried.

Then she drew out a golden dagger,
 Pressed it thru her snow white breast,
 Saying, fare you well, my own true lover,
 I'm going away to the home of rest.

This young man being out upon the water,
 Fancied he heard a dying groan,
 He rowed, he rowed, like one distracted,
 Saying, O, I'm ruined, I'm left alone.

He lifted up the dying body,
 And folded her gently in his arms,

Saying, is there any doctor can save you,
 Or must you die all in your charms?

She fixed her dying eyes upon him,
 Saying, true-lover, you came too late.
 But try to meet me up yonder in heaven
 Where all our joys will be complete.

He then picked up the bloody weapon,
 And passed it through his tender heart,
 Saying, let this be a warning to parents,
 Never to keep true lovers apart.

SIDE I, Band 8: PRETTY BETTY MARTIN

An old fiddle tune we used to square-dance to.
 It never did have many words, so we used to
 make them up as we went along. Here, I have
 sung what few I remember from my dancing days,
 and have made up the rest.

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
 ©1962 by Stormking Music Inc.

Handwritten musical notation for the first part of the song. It consists of three staves of music in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes.

Pretty Betty Martin tip-toe tip-toe, Pretty Betty Martin
 Big boys lit-the boys up down the holler, Pretty Betty Martin's
 tip-toe fine, Pretty Betty Martin tip-toe, tip-toe
 got 'em all a-cryin'!
 Pretty Betty Martin tip-toe fine; Put on a red dress and say your mine

Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
 Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe fine;
 Big boys, little boys, up and down the holler,
 Pretty Betty Martin's got 'em all a-cryin'.

CHORUS:
 Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
 Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe fine;
 Pretty Betty Martin, tiptoe, tiptoe,
 Put on a red dress and say you're mine.

Look out! Yonder comes pretty Betty Martin,
 Pigtail swingin and dresstail flyin;
 Up the middle, down the middle,
 Lordie, she sure can tiptoe fine.

First time I saw Pretty little Betty
 Thought that girl could tiptoe fine;
 Next time I saw Betty
 Stand back big boys, this 'ns mine!

Swing your partner up and down the holler,
 Swing that gal and pat her on the head;
 Swing her up on her tippy-tippy tiptots
 She don't like biscuits, giv'er cornbread!

SIDE II, Band 1: PRECIOUS MEMORIES

This was a favorite of the hillbilly radio performers, when the announcer would say, "And now it's hymn time here on the Grand Old Opry (or, 'here in Renfro Valley')," it would almost surely be, "Precious Memories," "Tempted and Tried," or, "The Great Speckled Bird."

Precious memories, unseen angels,
 Sent from somewhere to my soul,
 How they linger ever near me,
 As the sacred past unfolds.

CHORUS:
 Precious memories! How they linger!
 How they ever flood my soul!
 In the stillness of the midnight
 Precious sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father, loving mother
Fly across the lonely years,
And old home scenes of my childhood
In fond memorie appears.

As I travel on life's pathway
Know not what the years may hold;
As I ponder, hope grows fonder,
Precious memories flood my soul!

SIDE II, Band 2: THE GREAT SPECKLED BIRD

Another favorite of the hillbilly radio singers at "Hymn Time," this song and others like "Precious Memories," and "Shake Hands With Mother Again," were completely adopted by all the folks around home. I have heard all three of these sung in the Old Regular Baptist Church meetings at Jeff, Kentucky, and "The Great Speckled Bird," and "Shake Hands With Mother" are included in the revised edition (1940) of The New Baptist Song Book.

What a beautiful thought I am thinking
Concerning that great speckled bird,
Remember her name is recorded
On the pages of God's holy word.

All the other birds are flocking around her
They watch every move that she makes,
But I'm sure they can watch until evening
And really they will find no mistake.

She is spreading her wings for a journey
She is going to fly by and by,
And when the trumpet sounds in the morning,
She will meet the dear Lord in the sky.

In the presence of all her oppressors,
With a song never uttered before,
She will arise and be gone in a moment
Where the great tribulations are o'er.

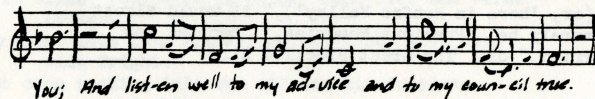
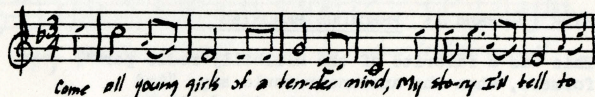
I'm glad I have learned of her meekness,
I'm glad that my name is on her book,
For I want to be one never fearing
On the face of my Savior to look.

When He cometh descending from Heaven
On a cloud as He writes on His word,
I'll be joyfully carried to meet Him
On the wings of that great speckled bird.

SIDE II, Band 3: SWEET WILLIE

This is a banjo-picking one. We (Ritchie) girls never sung it much, although I have heard my sister Una sing it, and it was one which Dad published in his song collection, LOVERS' MELODIES. We probably avoided it because of Mom, but this is one banjo song that is so loaded with good advice that I doubt if she would have minded!

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
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Come all young girls of a tender mind,
My story I'll tell to you;
And listen well to my advice
And to my counsel true.

As a rule, the mind of a girl is weak
And the mind of a man is strong;
And if you listen to what they say
They're sure to lead you wrong.

When I was in my sixteenth year
Sweet Willie courted me;
He said if I'd run away with him,
His loving bride I'd be.

When we were far away from home,
Enjoying a happy life;
He said, Go home, go home, little girl,
For you never can be my wife.

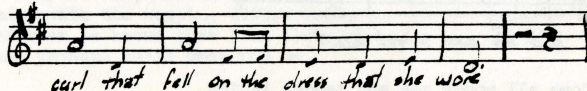
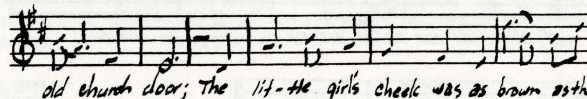
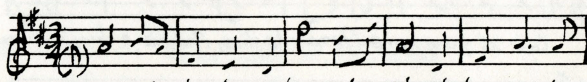
O Willie dear, what have I done?
What makes you treat me so?
How can you take me from my home
And leave me here to mourn?

It's nature, nature, my little girl,
I find no fault in you;
My mind is set on rambling around,
And now I bid you adieu.

SIDE II, Band 4: TWO LITTLE CHILDREN
or The Orphans' Last Plea

In our little two-room school in Viper, we used to give a program on the last Friday afternoon of every month. Sometimes they were planned, but more often they were impromptu, with the teacher asking, after a few group songs, "Who would like to say a poem?" and later, "Who would like to sing a song?" Many times, two or three girls would sing this old tear-jerker; some could harmonize sweetly and it was really pretty. But whether it was sung in unison or in harmony, there wouldn't be a dry eye in the house when it finished.

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
©1962 by Stormking Music Inc.



Two little children, a boy and a girl
Sat down by the old church door;
The little girl's cheek was as brown as the curl,
That fell on the dress that she wore.

The little boy's coat was all ragged and torn,
A tear shone in each little eye.
Why don't you go home to your mama, they said,
And this was the maiden's reply:

We can't earn our bread, we're too little, she said,
Jim's five and I'm only seven;
We've no one to love us since Papa's away
And darling Mama's in Heaven.

Mama's in Heaven, angel's took her away,
Left Jim and I all alone;
And Papa got lost on the sea long ago--
We have no mama nor home.

The sexton came early to ring the churchbell,
And found them beneath the snow white;
The angels made room for two orphans to dwell
In Heaven with Mama that night.

SIDE II, Band 5: THE MOST FAIR BEAUTY BRIGHT

Sung mostly by the boys with banjos. "The boys" that May, Mollie, Ollie and Una, my four oldest sisters, heard these songs from, were older men by the time I met them (I was the fourteenth child in my family)--men like Will Cornett of Hindman

and Justus Begley of Hazard, but they still picked and sang even though they had become respectable citizens.

As Sung by Jean Ritchie,
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Oh I once loved and courted a most fair beauty bright
 courted her by day and courted her by night Oh I
 courted her for love and her love I did obtain. Do you
 think I've any reason or right to complain.

O I once loved and courted a most fair beauty bright,
 Courted her by day and courted her by night.
 I courted her for love and her love I did obtain;
 Do you think I'd any reason or right to complain?

When her old parents they came for to know,
 They said with our daughter you shall never go.
 They locked her in a dungeon, they kept her most severe;
 I could not enjoy the sight or the company of my dear.

Then away to the north to the wars he did go,
 To see whether he could forget his love or no.
 For seven long years a-fighting for his King,
 And in seven years a-longer, its he returned again.

As I rode along then my arms ashinin bright,
 All in my mind was my own fair beauty bright;
 Her old parents saw me coming, they wrung their hands and cried --
 Saying, daughter loved you dearly, and for your sake she died.

Struck me like a lamb, like a lamb that was slain,
 Tears from my eyes fell like showers of rain;
 Cryin O-oo-O, this pain I cannot bear,
 My true love's in her grave, Lord, I wish that I was there.

SIDE II, Band 6: MAPLE ON THE HILL

I learned this from listening to the early radio hillbilly programs, and from records played on our old Victrola.

In a quiet country village stood a maple on the hill
 Where I sat with my own darling long ago;
 When the stars were shining brightly you could hear the whippowill,
 And we vowed to love each other evermore.

CHORUS:

We would sing a song together when the birds had gone to rest,
 We would listen to the murmur of the rills;
 Then you'd throw your arms around me, lay your hear upon my breast
 As we sat beneath the maple on the hill.

Don't forget me little darling when they lay me down to rest.

Just one little wish my darling that I crave;
 As you linger there in sadness you are thinking of the past--
 Let your teardrops kiss the flowers on my grave.

I will soon be with the angels on that bright and golden shore;
 Even now I hear them coming o'er the rills.
 So, goodbye my little darling, it is time for us to part,
 I must leave you and the maple on the hill.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY

Heard on early hillbilly broadcasts and an old recording.

Who did you say it was, brother?
 Who was it fell by the way?
 I heard the wreck on the highway,
 But I didn't hear nobody pray.

CHORUS:

I didn't hear nobody pray, dear brother,
 I didn't hear nobody pray;
 I heard the wreck on the highway
 But I didn't hear nobody pray.

Whiskey and blood run together,
 Mixed in the glass as they lay;
 I heard the screams of the dying,
 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.

SIDE II, Band 8: GO DIG MY GRAVE

This fragment of "The Butcher Boy" I learned from a banjo-picker of my own generation, Lee Sexton, who lives about four miles up the road from Viper, at Ulvah, Kentucky.

As sung by Jean Ritchie,
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Go dig my grave both wide and deep
 And on my breast a snow white dove,
 To
 marble stone at my head and my feet. —
 tell the world I died for love. —

Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and my feet;
 And on my breast a snow white dove,
 To tell this world I died for love.

O Lord, O Lord, O lordie me!
 O Lord, O Lord, O lordie me!

Well I be gone these lonesome days,
 I'll return again, this is what I'll say:
 Go dig my grave both wide and deep,
 Place a marble stone at my head and my feet.

O Lord, O Lord, O lordie me!
 O Lord, O Lord, O lordie me!