

SING-ALONG SONGS – Stewart Hendrickson
<http://www.stewarthendrickson.com/songs.html>

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Bring Me A Rose – Ernie Sheldon

Recorded by The Womenfolk (1964)

Bring me a rose in the wintertime
When it's hard to find
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
I've got roses on my mind
A rose is sweet
Most any time, and yet
Bring me a rose in the wintertime
It's so easy to forget

Bring me a friend when I'm far from home
When it's hard to find
Bring me a friend when I'm far from home
I've got friendship on my mind
A friend is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me a smile when I'm all alone
When it's hard to find
Bring me a smile when I'm all alone
I've got smiles on my mind
A smile is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me a kiss when my child is grown
When it's hard to find
Bring me a kiss when my child is grown
I've got kisses on my mind
A kiss is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me love in my autumn years
When it's hard to find.
Bring me love in my autumn years
I've got loving on my mind.
Love is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

Bring me peace when there's talk of war
When it's hard to find
Bring me peace when there's talk of war
Peace is on my mind
Peace is sweet ... It's so easy to forget

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THE CLIFFS OF MOHER – Dermot Kelly (sung by Dermot Kelly)
Recorded by Curtis & Loretta "Gone Forever". "We learned it from a cassette tape of a woman singing and playing harp. We learned it for a wedding, and the bride had bought this tape from a woman playing and singing harp, on the Cliffs of Moher!" The woman who sings and plays the harp on the Cliffs of Moher is Tina Morrissey. She recorded the song "Cliffs of Moher" by Dermot Kelly under her maiden name of Tina Mulrooney on her first CD "A Memory of Ireland". Dermot Kelly now lives in Liscannor, near the Cliffs. [Discussion at Mudcat](#). [The Ballad of Joseph McHugh](#) by Dermot Kelly.

I'm sitting on the cliffs of Moher
Looking out to sea
The broad Atlantic swells below me
A bridge love between you and me
The puffins cry above the tide
The seagulls glide through the air
Calling you back from New York City
Back home to the county of Clare

Come back, come back sweet Annie
Come back, for I will be there
We'll sing and we'll play
In the old fashioned way
On the hillside of sweet County Clare

I'll hold your hand
We'll walk through the burren
With limestone and flowers so rare
The yellows and reds
The gold in their petals
Will match your blue eyes and fair hair
We'll visit Quinn Abby and Fein Cill Sula
Where holy ones once knelt in prayer
But how can this be if you stay away darling
From your home in the county of Clare

I'm looking across at the great Aran islands
Inis Maan, Inis Mor, Inis Oirr
They've nestled there neatly
Caressed by the ocean
Surrounded by water so clear
But you have the smoke
And the dust of the city
Where people pass by and don't care
There's love and there's welcome
As warm as the sunshine
For you in the county of Clare

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COME SIT DOWN (john Kennedy)

Recorded on "Kennedy's Kitchen"

Come sit down, pour a glass of fine porter, stay awhile,
Sing some songs, and let us be together.

Listen to some stories with old friends
As we laugh and we pretend our lives will never end.

The songs we sing are almost always old,
The stories often told of lovers lost and heroes bold.

The problems of the world are discussed here,
Illuminated by the beer, diminished by the cheer.

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Come And Go With Me To That Land

As recorded by Peter Paul and Mary

Come and go with me to that land
Come and go with me to that land
Come and go with me to that land
Where I'm bound

There ain't no kneelin' in that land....

They'll be singin' in that land
Voices ringin' in that land.
They'll be freedom in that land
Where I'm bound
They'll be singin' in that land
They'll be singin' in that land
Freedom in that land where I'm bound

Well I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory,
I'm gonna put on the shoes that's holy
I'm gonna walk the streets of Glory, Hallelu

Don't you want to hear the children singin' on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to hear the children singin' on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to hear all the children singin'
Big ol' bells a-ringin'
Don't you want to hear all the children singin', Hallelu

Don't you want to stand in the line together on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to stand in the line together on that
Great Day in the Mornin'
Don't you want to stand in the line together,
Shake hands with one another
Don't you want to stand in the line together, Hallelu

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DILLAN BAY - Gordon Bok

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

Gone away, laddie-o
Gone away, laddie-ay
Gone away, laddie-o
With their topsails high

Topsails high, laddie-o
Topsails high, laddie-ay
Topsails high, laddie-o
When the wind's away

Wind's away, laddie-o
Wind's away, laddie-ay
Wind's away, laddie-o
Down in Dillan Bay

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

recorded by Gordon Bok on "*Seal Djiril's Hymn*", sound clip
Copyright Folk Legacy Records, 1977

Dublin Lady – John Conolly
Video

It if wasn't for the ships that do sail, that do sail,
It if wasn't for the ships that do sail,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to sit alone upon her stool,
It if wasn't for the ships that do sail.

If it wasn't for the butter tubs and coal all in the hold,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to spend her nights alone and cold,

If it wasn't for the kegs of beer and cattle in the pen,
Dublin Lady wouldn't miss her sailor laddie now and then,

If it wasn't for the Irish Sea so narrow with no reef,
Dublin Lady wouldn't have to sit and weep all in her grief,

It's because of the Irish Sea so narrow with no reef,
It's because of those ships that do sail,
Dublin Lady has to sit and weep alone all in her grief,
It's because of those ships that do sail.

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Dumbarton's Drums (traditional)
version by Jim Brannigan - Audio

Dumbarton's drums, they sound so bonnie
 When they remind me of my Jeannie
 Such fond delight can steal upon me
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

Across the fields o' bounding heather
 Dumbarton tolls the hour of pleasure
 A song of love which has no measure
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

My love she is a bonnie lassie
 And I a poor Dumbarton caddie
 Some day she'll be a captains lady
 When Jeannie kneels and sings to me.

'Tis she alone who can delight me
 As gracefully she doth invite me
 And when her tender arms enfold me
 The blackest night can turn and flee

... When Jeannie kneels and kisses me

Traditional Version

Mudcat Discussion:

DUMBARTON'S DRUMS. AKA and see "Scotch Tune." Scottish, Scottish Measure and Air. F Major/D Minor. Standard. AABB. Emmerson (1972) characterizes this (and other Scottish Measure tunes) as a "slightly different style of Scottish double hornpipe air." The melody was first published in England as a generically-titled "Scotch Tune" in John Playford's *Apollo's Banquet* (Sixth Ed., 1690). In its native Scotland the song and tune proved durable and popular; it earliest appears in the Skene Manuscript from the early seventeenth century (c. 1615-1630) and subsequently was published in over 20 sources before 1793. The Gow's printed it in their *Repository*, Part Second, 1802. Robert Burns referred to it as a "West Highland" air in his manuscript notes. It appears in O'Farrell's Vol. III (1810/20) pg. 55.

"Dumbarton's Drums" is the oldest tune played for a march-past in the British army, i.e. when a regiment passed in review in front

THE GALWAY SHAWL - Trad. Irish
Recording by Ryan's Fancy

At Orenmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May,
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

Chorus: She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
No paint or powder, no, none at all.
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And round her shoulder was a Galway Shawl.

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,
'Till her father's cottage came into view.
Says she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play to please him " The Foggy Dew."

She sat me down beside the fire
I could see her father, he was six feet tall.
And soon her mother had the kettle singing
All I could think of was the Galway shawl.

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley",
" Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew",
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.
Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue.

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,
When I hit the road for old Donegal.
She said 'Goodby, sir,' she cried and kissed me,
And my heart remained with that Galway shawl.

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Gentle Annie (Tommy Makem)

Video by Tommy Makem, and recorded

Fair and lovely Annie,
Your gentle ways have won me.
You bring peace and joy and laughter everywhere.
Where you go the sunshine follows,
You're a breath of spring in winter
And my heart and soul are always in your care.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
And my heart and soul are always in your care.*

When you touch me with your fingers,
My cares and worries vanish
Like the morning dew before the rising sun,
When your eyes tell me you love me,
Then my soul is filled with wonder
And my love for you will live when life is done.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
And my love for you will live when life is done.*

You're the flower among the flowers,
You're the birdsong in the morning,
You're the laughter of the children at their play.
You're my hope and joy and wisdom,
You're my reason just for living,
You're my treasure, you're my very night and day.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
You're my treasure, you're my very night and day.*

When the mountains all come tumbling
And the earth has stopped its turning,
When the winds don't blow and stars refuse to shine,
When the moon has left the heavens,
And the seven seas are empty,
I will still have Gentle Annie on my mind.
*Gentle Annie, Gentle Annie,
I will still have Gentle Annie on my mind.*

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Go and Leave Me (Once I Loved)

*Trad. Victorian Parlour Ballad, recorded by Niiamh Parsons
My own version*

Now once I loved with fond affection
One whose heart was dear to me
Till there came such a dreary parting
Now she no longer speaks to me

Chorus: So go and leave me if you wish to
Never let me cross your mind
If you think I've been unworthy
Go and leave me I don't mind

Many's the night in peaceful slumber
You have laid in sweet repose
While I lay broken-hearted
Listening to the wind that blows

Chorus

Here is the ring that once you gave me
When our lips they were entwined
Go and give it to another
Never know it once was mine

Chorus

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Green Grows the Laurel

This version is collated from English collections.

The tune is from Yorkshire, England.

sung by Stewart Hendrickson

played by Bruce Molsky with Darol Anger

When first in this country, a stranger, I came,
In fair Dublin city, that place of great fame,
It was my misfortune a fair one to see,
It was the beginning of my misery.

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

If I were a clerk and could handle a pen,
I would write my love a letter, to her I would send,
Saying, Keep your own love, dear, and I will keep mine,
Write to your sweetheart, and I'll write to mine.

Green grow the rushes and the tops of them small,
And love is a thing that can conquer us all.
The tulip may wellow, it may fade and die soon,
But the red rose will flourish in the sweet month of June.

O can't you love little, o can't you love long,
Can't you love a new love till your old one returns,
Can't you say that you love him, his mind for to ease,
And when his back's turned, can't you love who you please ?

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

And sometimes I wonder why women love men,
And oft-times I wonder why they love them,
Women are faithful and kind, don't you know,
While men are deceitful wherever they go.

Green grows the laurel and sweet falls the dew,
Sorry I was when I parted from you,
But by our next meeting I hope you'll prove true,
And we'll love one another, as lovers should do.

GUM TREE CANOE (THE TOMBIGBEE RIVER)

As sung by Tom, Brad and Alice . Recorded on "Been There Still" (scroll down to listen).

On the Tombigbee river so bright I was born,
In a hut made of husks of the tall yaller corn,
It was there that I first met my Julia so true
And I row'd her about in my Gum Tree Canoe

chorus: Sing row away, row o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float, in my Gum Tree Canoe - 2X

All day in the fields of soft cotton I'd hoe,
And think of my Julia and sing as I go,
I'd catch her a bird with a wing of true blue,
And at night row her 'round in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

With my hand on the banjo and a toe on the oar,
I would sing her a song to the river's soft roar,
While the bright stars shone down on my Julia so true,
They danced in her eyes in my Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

One day the old river bore us so far away,
That we couldn't come back, so we thought we'd just stay,
And we spied a tall ship with a flag of true blue
And she took us in tow in the Gum Tree Canoe.
Sing row away...

Note: *It was published in Boston (as much of the first-period minstrel music was) in 1847, only 4 years after Dan Emmett and the boys got the whole thing rolling. (Cover text is as follows): PLANTATION MELODIES, The words by S.S. STEELE, Esq. as sung by A.F. WINNEMORE and his band of VIRGINIA SERENADERS. Arranged for the Piano Forte by A. F. WINNEMORE.*

BOSTON, Published by Geo. F. Reed, 17 Tremont Row. Entered according (blurred) copyright in the year 1847 by Geo. P. Reed in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts. (inside): THE GUM TREE CANOE Written by S.S. Steele, Sung by A.F. Winnemore

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HOBO'S LULLABY - Goebel Reeves
Cowboy's Lullabye (variant) sung by Goebel Reeves
Sung by Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston

Go to sleep, you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by;
Listen to the steel rails humming
That's the hobo's lullaby.

Do not think about tomorrow;
Let tomorrow come and go.
Tonight you have a nice warm boxcar
Free from all the ice and snow.

I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But when you die and go to heaven
There'll be no policemen there

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning grey
Lift your head and smile at trouble
You'll find happiness some day

Now do not let your heart be troubled
If the world calls you a bum;
'Cause if your mother lives, she loves you
Well, you are still your mother's son.

Written by Goebel Reeves, this song was a favorite of Woody Guthrie and Cisco Houston. The tune is nearly identical to the popular Civil War era song "Just before the Battle, Mother" and reminiscent of the Carter Family song "Thinking Tonight Of My Blue Eyes."

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I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO LOVE ME

An Irish version of The Prisoner's Song as sung by Joe Heaney
Sung by Sally Rogers; Sung by the Dubliners and Imelda May

I wish I had someone to love me,
Someone to call me his own,
Someone to sleep with me nightly,
I weary of sleeping alone.

Meet me tonight in the moonlight,
Meet me tonight all alone,
I have a sad story to tell you
I'm telling it under the moon.

Tonight is our last night together,
Nearest and dearest must part,
The love that has bound us together
Is shredded and torn apart.

I wish I had ships on the ocean
Lined with silver and gold
Follow the ship that he sails in
A lad of 19 years-old.

I wish I had wings of a swallow,
Fly out over the sea
Fly to the arms of my true love
And bring him home safely to me.

"Apparently before this song went through the folk process, it was one of Vernon Dahlhart's country hits of the late 30's. It went under the title of "The Prisoner's Song" and a snatch of it is used at the end of the Bogart movie, Deadend. I learned this version from Lisa Null, who heard Irish singer Joe Heaney perform it. I learned it summer 1982." Sally Rogers

"This is the only song in the English language my grandmother had. And she's the only one I heard singing it. But I think nowadays a lot of people has it, because I think it's a beautiful song.... When she was singing it, when we were present, she said 'someone to be with me nightly' – she wouldn't say 'sleep with me nightly.' But as we grew older we found out that she had missed a word there – so." Joe Heaney

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THE LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ - Wade Hemsworth
(1916-2002)

Video of the song; Sung by Kate & Anna McGarrigle

If you should ask any girl from the parish around
What pleases her most from her head to her toes,
She'll say - I'm not sure that it's business of yours,
But I do like to waltz with a log driver.

Cho: For he goes birling down a-down white water;
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
It's birling down, a-down white water;
A log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

When the drive's nearly over, I like to go down
To see all the lads while they work on the river.
I know that come evening they'll be in the town
And we all want to waltz with a log driver.

To please both my parents I've had to give way
And dance with the doctors and merchants and lawyers.
Their manners are fine but their feet are of clay
For there's none with the style of a log driver.

I've had my chances with all sorts of men
But none is so fine as my lad on the river.
So when the drive's over, if he asks me again,
I think I will marry my log driver.

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Lorena - words/[H.D.L. Webster](#) (1856); music/[J.P. Webster](#) (1859)

video sung by John Hartford

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the ground again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh, the sun can never dip so low
To be down affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months – 'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
Far more than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had our loving prospered well!
But then, 'tis past; the years have gone,
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms!"

Note: "Lorena" is an antebellum song with Northern origins. The lyrics were written in 1856 by Rev. Henry D. L. Webster, after a broken engagement. He wrote a long poem about his fiancée but changed her name to "Lorena," an adaptation of "Lenore" from Edgar Allan Poe's poem "The Raven." Henry Webster's friend Joseph Philbrick Webster wrote the music, and the song was first published in Chicago in 1857. It became a favorite of soldiers of both sides during the American Civil War.

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THE MASTER OF THE SHEEPFOLD - Traditional

(from Art Thieme, from someone in Maine, ... from Eugenia Bonyun)

recorded by [Adam Miller](#); by [Art Thieme](#); by [Anne Hills and Cindy Mangsen](#)

Chorus: Oh the master guards the sheepfold bin,
He wants to know, "Is my sheep brung in?"
And he's callin', callin'
Callin' softly, softly callin'
For them all to come gatherin' in.

Oh the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
And he said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"
Said to his hireling shepherd, "Is my sheep, is they all brung in?"

And the hireling shepherd answered, "There's some that's wan and thin
And some that's got all weathered and they won't come a gatherin' in
They is lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in
Lost and good for nothing, but the rest they is all brung in.

Then the master of the sheepfold, who guards the sheepfold bin
Went out on the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain begins
And he let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in"
He let down the bars to the sheepfold, callin' soft, "Come in, come in."

Then up through the gloom in the meadow, through the long night's rain
and wind
Yes, up through the wind and the rain path, where the long night's rain
begins
Came the long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gatherin' in
The long lost sheep of the sheepfold, they all come a gatherin' in.

Note: "This version of "The Master of the Sheepfold" comes to us through the singing of Eugenia Bonyun, late of Westport Island, Maine, who learned it in the early part of the twentieth century as a child in Ohio. We learned it from her in the 1960's." [More...](#)

"Eventually, if we search long and hard enough, we will find that there is an author/composer for just about every song ever sung! I learned this song from Jerry Epstein at New York Pinewoods folk camp in Plymouth, Massachusetts in August of 1982. Jerry told me that it had been collected in Maine by Bill Bonyun years earlier. It had been brought to Pinewoods Camp by Susan Richardson. I was the first one to record the song." Art Thieme-On the Wilderness Road (FSI-105, 1999) .

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My Blackbird Is Gone – Trad. Civil war era
Sung by Jimmy Driftwood, 1960, in the Wolf Collection. "My Blackbird is Gone, a Civil War Song that the listener will have to interpret for himself. It might be a white boy or a white girl singing about a black mammy that he might have had. It could be a black boy singing about his sweetheart that's gone. Well, as Alan Lomax says, you have to interpret this song for yourself." J.D.

She had the soul of an angel;
She had a heart that was true.
Her lips were sweet as the hummingbird's mouth,
All filled with the sweet honeydew.
She taught me how to be humble;
She taught me how to pray.
I thought I would die when she said goodbye,
And they carried my blackbird away.

Chorus: My blackbird is gone,
My blackbird is gone,
My blackbird is gone away (I'll never forget the sad day).
They came with a chain,
They called her sweet name,
And they carried my blackbird away

List to the roar of the cannons;
Look at the battle array.
It's all because of the tears that I shed
When they carried my blackbird away.
Angels a-singing in heaven
Hushed their sweet songs when they heard
The cries of my heart when they tore me apart
From the arms of my pretty blackbird.

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My Flower, My Companion and Me – as sung by Norma Waterson
Recorded by Norma Waterson

Oh the flowers that I loved in the wildwood
They have sent off their beautiful blooms
And the many dear friends of my childhood
Have slumbered for years in their tombs
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

Oh the rose that I loved I remember
And the smile that I never more shall see
Since the cold bitter winds of December
Stole my flower my companion from me
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

Ah but think of that bright shiny morning
When our spirits from earth shall be free
And we meet those we've loved in that dawning
Oh my flower my companion and me
*It's no wonder I'm broken-hearted
Stricken with sorrow to be
We have met we have loved we have parted
Oh my flower my companion and me*

[trad. arr. Norma Waterson, Eliza Carthy, Ben Ivitsky]
Norma Waterson commented in her sleeve notes: From the wonderful Helen Schneyer. Helen has a fund of the most wonderful songs and this she sang to us in her house in the woods in Vermont with humming birds on the porch. One of those memories which cling.

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NEVER GROW OLD - Words & Music: James Cleveland

Moore (1930)

Recorded by Anne Hills and Cindy Mangsen: "[Never Grow Old](#)"
[video](#)

I have heard of a land on the faraway strand,
'Tis a beautiful home of the soul;
Built by Jesus on high, there we never shall die,
'Tis a land where we never grow old.

Refrain:

Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old;
Never grow old, never grow old,
In a land where we'll never grow old.

In that beautiful home where we'll nevermore roam,
We shall meet in the sweet by and by;
Happy praise to the King through eternity sing,
'Tis a land where we never shall die.

When our work here is done and our life-crown is won,
And our troubles and trials are o'er;
All our sorrow will end, and our voices will blend,
With the loved ones who've gone on before.

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OLD TIME RIVER MAN - John Hartford

"The rivermen--especially the captains of steamboats---were reincarnated as GREAT BLUE HERONS!! They'd spend their new lives flying in front of the boats to guide 'em to deep water and keep 'em away from the dangerous shallows. (river tall tale)" Art Thieme

*Recorded by John Hartford on "Down On The River" track#6
Video*

"Where does an old time river man go, after he's passed away?
Does his soul still keep a watch on the deep, to the rest of the
river day?

Does he then come back as a channel cat,
Or the wasps that light on the wheel?
Or the birds that fly through a summer sky,
Or the fish swimmin' under the keel?

"Where does an old time pilot go, after he's stood his last watch?

Does he fall by the ear of the man who steers,

Sayin' "Hold her on that notch"?

There's a gentle sneeze in the river breeze,

Sayin' "Son, I'm goin' to bed."

Then they light their pipes, and go off in the night,

Or was that fireflies instead?

Where does an old time engineer go, after he's cooled her down?

He's gone up the hill to never come back, from a quiet side of
town.

Does his soul live on in the engine's song,

While the striker checks the gear?

Is he still afloat on an old steam boat, After he's gone from here?

Where does a poor old love song go, after it's off the charts?

Does it hang around like a distant sound, of last year's broken
hearts?

Does it then come back on a brand new track? It's sure to page
ahead.

Well, it might be old, but it just went gold,

My old achy-cranky heart instead.

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PRECIOUS MEMORIES - Lonnie Combs & J. B. Wright

Precious memories, unseen angels,
Sent from somewhere to my soul.
How they linger, ever near me,
And the sacred scenes unfold.

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 my lonely years.
And old home scenes of my childhood,
In fond memory appear.

In the stillness of the midnight,
Echoes from the past I hear:
Old-time singing, gladness bringing,
From that lovely land somewhere.

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

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THE PRISONER'S SONG

sung by Vernon Dalhart

sung by Stewart Hendrickson

Oh I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me her own,
Oh I wish I had someone to live with
For I'm tired of living alone.

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 never been told.

I'll be carried to the new jail tomorrow
Leavin' my poor darlin' alone
With the cold prison bars all around me
And my head on a pillow of stone

Now I have a grand ship on the ocean
All mounted with silver and gold
And before my poor darling would suffer.
Oh that ship would be anchored and sold.

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

Note: From Vernon Dalhart recording, 1924. This was the flip side of Wreck of the old 97, and Dalhart made several cover versions for some 30 different labels. This was clearly the single most popular record ---of any type--- produced at the time, with reported sales up in the billions of records being reported. A decade later, Acuff covered it, and sold another million or so. 'The Prisoner's Song' was recorded in 1924 by Vernon Dalhart whose birth name was Marion Try Slaughter. He had begun a recording career in 1916 as a popular singer and light opera tenor. Most of his early recordings were popular pieces and 'plantation' songs. By 1924, his popularity was on the wane and he decided to dip his toes into the hillbilly market. Although he was from a light opera background, he was able to perform rural songs in a plaintive style that struck a chord in the south. In early 1924, he covered Henry Whitter's recording of 'The Wreck of the Old '97', accompanied by his own harmonica and

PULL FOR THE SHORE — Philip Paul Bliss (1875)Recorded by Tom Brad & Alice: "Been There Still"

Light in the darkness sailor day is at hand
See o'er the foaming billows fair heaven's land
Drear was the voyage sailor now almost o'er
Safe within the lifeboat sailor pull for the shore

*Pull for the shore sailor pull for the shore
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar
Trust in the lifeboat sailor cling to self no more
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for the shore*

Trust in the lifeboat sailor all else will fail
Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale
Heed not the stormy winds though loudly they roar
Watch the bright and morning star and pull for the shore

Bright gleams the morning sailor uplift the eye
Clouds and darkness disappearing glory is nigh
Safe in the lifeboat sailor sing forever more
Glory glory hallelujah pull for the shore

Note: "This seemed to set the theme for his gospel songs, which were generally not very specific about religion. "Pull for the Shore," one of his other most popular songs, is even more "non-denominational." Bliss in 1874 joined with Ira Sankey to edit the famous book Gospel Songs. He died in a train wreck in 1878 in Ohio, reportedly trying to save his wife from the fire. This particular song was published in 1873/1874."

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Red River Valley - From the text of Canadian Folklorist Edith Fowke.

Associated with the Metis rebellion of late 1860s.

It's a long time, you know, I've been waiting
For the words that you never did say,
Now alas! all my fond hopes have vanished,
For they say you are going away.

From this valley they say you are going.
I shall miss your blue eyes and sweet smile,
For you take with you all of the sunshine
That has brightened my pathway a while.

So consider a while ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the poor Metis girl who loved you.

So remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely, how dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged in its bowers.

And the dark maiden's prayer for her lover
To the Spirit that rules all this world
Is that sunshine his pathway may cover
And the grief of the Red River Girl.

So consider a while ere you leave me,
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley
And the poor Metis girl who loved you.

So remember the valley you're leaving,
How lonely, how dreary it will be;
Remember the heart you are breaking,
And be true to your promise to me.

ROUND-UP LULLABY — (aka, Cowboy's Lullaby, Desert Silver Blue) words by Badger Clark*, music by Clifton W. Barnes

Desert blue and silver in the still moon-shine,
Coyote yappin' lazy on the hill,
Sleepy winks of lightin' down the far sky-line,
Time for millin' cattle to be still,

Chorus

So, now, the lightnin's far away,
The coyote's nothin' skeery,
He's singin' to his dearie,
Hee-ya, tam-ma-la-le-day!
Settle down, you cattle, till the mornin'.

Nothin' out the hazy range that you folks need,
Nothin' we kin see to take you eye,
Yet we got to watch you or you'd all stampede,
Plung-in' down some 'roryo bank to die,

Always seein' way-off dreams of silver blue,
Always feelin' thorns that stab and sting,
Yet stampedin' never made a dream come true,
So I ride around myself and sing.

Sheet music of this song was published in 1938 as arranged by Ralph H. Lyman for the Men's Glee Club at Pomona College. Sung by the Pomona College Glee Club. The words are by a cowboy-poet, Badger Clark (1883-1957), the poet laureate ("Iariat") of S. Dakota. It was set to music by Clifton W. Barnes. Badger Clark also wrote the words ("A Border Affair") to the song "Spanish is the Loving Tongue".*

** From "Sun and Saddle Leather," Richard G. Badger, publisher (1920).*

ORIGINAL POEM BY BADGER CLARK

Desert blue and silver in the still moonshine,
Coyote yappin' lazy on the hill,
Sleepy winks of lightning on the far skyline,
Time for millin' cattle to be still.

So, now, the lightnin's far away,
The coyote's nothing skeery;
He's singin' to his dearie --
Hee-ya, tammalalleday!
Settle down, you cattle, till the mornin'.

Sheep, Don't You Know The Tide? – Jonathan Eberhart (from a poem by W. H. Davies, 1871-1940)

Recorded by **The Boarding Party** on "Too Far From The Shore" track #7 (2003)

When I was once in Baltimore
A man came up to me and cried,
"Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep
To Glasgow bound on Tuesday's tide."

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide?
Yes, yes, we know the tide.
Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide?
Oh yes, we know the tide.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind.
The second night they cried with fear--
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the wind? (etc.)

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep.
They would not eat, they would not drink,
But bleated o'er the salt sea deep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the deep? (etc.)

To sort the living from the dead,
Inside the pens we crawled each day,
And ere we came to Glasgow town,
Five hundred sheep had passed away.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the way? (etc.)

For all of fifty shillings down
I sailed across the salt sea deep.
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the sheep?
Oh yes, we know the sheep.
For fifty million shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep.

Sheep, sheep, don't you know the tide
Oh yes, we know the tide.
Sheep, sheep, you're bound to ride
Sheep on the deep and how they cried
Sheep on the deep and how they cried.

"The Boarding Party's interest in sheep comes primarily from our many friends who are shearers, carders, spinners, dyers, knitters, weavers and waulkers of wool and not from that animal's questionable affiliation with the maritime trades. Even the veterinarian (tanky) on board royal navy ships was better known for dispensing grog than for butchering mutton. But sheep do get around, and they have a bad reputation

SILVER DARLINGS – poem by Bob Halfin and Hulskramer, 1970*Video - sung by Alastair McDonald*

Oh herrings are harvests that fishermen glean, D A7 D G
 Where flashes the silver through deep oceans green, D G Em A7
 And when herring harvests reach old Aberdeen, D A7 D G
 They're known as the silver darlings D G A7 D

Chorus:

Silver darlings on Aberdeen quay, D G
 Brought by the fishermen home from the sea D Em A7
 To the city that stands 'twixt the Don and the Dee, D A7 D G
 The home of the Silver Darlings. D G A7 D

The boats leave the harbor their wakes spreading wide,
 And empty they roll with the swell of the tide.
 Oh soon may their hatches be thrown open wide
 With a catch of the silver darlings.

Chorus

There's ice on the rigging and death down below,
 With the gales screaming wild and the glass hanging low.
 The wives and the sweethearts are women who know
 The price of the silver darlings.

Chorus

I first saw the words, but did not know the tune, so I wrote my own tune. The words are from a poem by Bob Halfin and Hulskramer in 1970. Later I learned that Jim McLean had set these words to music in 1972. It first appeared on an LP that Jim McLean produced with Alastair McDonald - "Scotland In Song," Nevis 002, 1972 . It is on the CD "Lines Upon The Water" by Gaye Anthony & Trish Norman .

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Smile In Your Sleep (Hush Hush)

Lyrics, Jim McLean

Tune, Mist Covered Mountains

Sung by Bruce Davies

Chorus

Hush, hush, time to be sleeping
Hush, hush, dreams come a-creeping
Dreams of peace and of freedom
So smile in your sleep, bonny baby

Once our valleys were ringing
With songs of our children singing
But now sheep bleat till the evening
And shielings lie empty and broken

We stood with heads bowed in prayer,
While factors laid our cottages bare,
The flames fired the clear mountain air,
And many lay dead by the morning.

Where is our proud highland mettle
Our troops once so fierce in battle
Now stand, cowed, huddled like cattle
And wait to be shipped o'er the ocean

No use pleading or praying
For gone, gone is all hope of staying
Hush, hush, the anchor's a-weighing
Don't cry in your sleep, bonny baby

This song tells the story of the Highland Clearances, when in the late 18th and early 19th centuries England decided to evict the small landowners from the Scottish Highlands in order to make way for large-scale sheep farming. This was a very sad part of Scottish history, and the tune matches the mood of the song. The tune is from the slow air, also known as "The Mist Covered Mountains of Home." This air is from an older song in Scots Gaelic "Chi Mi Na Morbheanna" (I will see the great mountains).

see Notes from Mudcat

RETURN TO HENDRICKSON'S SONG PAGE

TENTING TONIGHT ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

Walter Kittredge

video

We're tenting tonight on the old camp-ground
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear.

cho: Many are the hearts that are weary tonight
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts looking for the right
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by !"

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are the dead and gone
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp-ground, .
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

final cho: Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

Note: In 1863, the Union Army called on concert singer Walter Kittredge to lay aside his music and serve his country on the battlefield. On the eve of his departure for induction, the young man from New Hampshire sat down and composed a song that expressed his sentiments about the war and echoed the desire of many throughout the country for a swift end to the conflict. Kittredge's military career would be short lived. A run-in with rheumatic fever as a child had damaged his heart, and he was

Wait Till The Clouds Roll By

Uncle Dave Macon, 1939; original words by J T Wood, music by H J Fulmer, 1881. Sung by Pete Coe: Wait Till The Clouds Roll By

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

Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny,
Wait till the clouds roll by
Jenny, my own true loved one,
Wait till the clouds roll by

Jenny, when far from thee, love,
I'm on the ocean deep,
Each thought of thee, forever,
Loving sweet vigil keep?
Then will I come to you, darling?
Take courage dear, and never sigh
Cheer up and don't be lonely,
Wait till the clouds roll by.

On Ann Hills & Cindy Mangsen CD – “Never Grow Up”

Remembering the Old Songs: Wait Till the Clouds Roll By - by Bob Waltz

(Originally published: Inside Bluegrass, May 1998)

I've heard people express doubt that Old Time music actually descends from British roots. If they noticed the number of sea-related songs in the old-time repertoire, they might change their minds.

Of course, Wait Till the Clouds Roll By is not a true old-time song. It was, in fact, originally a parlor piece, with words by J. T. Wood and music by H. J. Fulmer, published in 1894.

Then something funny happened: Uncle Dave Macon got his hands on it. (He may have been intrigued by the banjo accompaniment, but I don't know.) He recorded it in 1939, doing the usual Uncle Dave job of messing up the words -- apart from

Waterbound - traditional
sound clip

/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Chickens crowing in the /old plowed field
/Down in North Caro/lina

CHORUS

/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Waterbound, and I /can't get home
/Down in North Caro/lina

/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
/Me and Tom and /Dave goin' home
Be/fore the water /rises

CHORUS

The /old man's mad and /I don't care
The /old man's mad and /I don't care
The /old man's mad and /I don't care
/I'm gonna get his /daughter

If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
If he /don't give her up we're /gonna run away
/Down in North Caro/lina

CHORUS

/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
/Get up Jenny, and /let's go home
Be/fore the water /rises

CHORUS

"This is a little play-party song from Grayson County, Virginia, that eventually became a favorite of the fiddlers and banjo pickers of that area. The 1938 Library of Congress recording by the famous Bogtrotters Band of Galax can be heard on Folkways FA 2363. The "B" part of the instrumental version suggests that the tune may hark back to the well-known 'Buffalo

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE

words by George W. Johnson; music by James Austin

Butterfield

as sung by Peter Ostroushko on the CD Ostroushko/Magraw

Listen to Ostroushko/Magraw sing this on Youtube

I wander'd today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below;
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat so long ago.

Oh, the green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung;
And the old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

Now they say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then,
And my face is a well-written face, Maggie,
And time alone was the pen.

And they say we are aged and gray, Maggie
Like spray from the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
Our time here on earth nearly done;
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
Ah, when you and I were young.

"Schoolteacher and poet George Washington Johnson made only one contribution to the world of popular song: the lyrics to the standard "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," written for his new wife, Maggie Clark, who was ailing from tuberculosis. Born in 1839 near Toronto, Canada, Johnson studied to become a schoolteacher, and by 20 years of age he began teaching in Hamilton, Ontario. As a young teacher, he met and fell in love with Maggie Clark, who at that time was one of his students. During one of Clark's harshest struggles with her illness, Johnson composed his now famous poem to her while viewing the local mill from his perch on a nearby hill, and then published it in 1864 in his book of poetry titled Maple Leaves. Johnson and Clark were married in October of that year, but in the spring of 1865, at the young age of 23, Maggie