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PROGRAM NOTES

What we often forget about folk songs is that someone wrote them. We assume that they were always there, hovering in the air. But they did have composers, and those composers, whose names are lost to us, had genuine talent. The melodies are catchy, memorable. The lyrics are at turns, powerful, tender, playful, and bawdy. And as these songs were handed down through the generations, sung from mother to child, or among cowboys around the campfire, or on shipboard, they were honed, altered and embellished, so that each generation added their own unique touch. What has persisted is their timelessness, their epic quality.

I decided to create my own American folk song settings after hearing Aaron Copland's *I Bought Me a Cat* for the 1000th time. I have great admiration for Copland, but I felt we needed more of these from which to choose for recitalists. So, I poured over the collections of John and Alan Lomax, Carl Sandburg, and just about every book of folk songs I could find. Having decided not to set anything with which I was familiar, I set out to discover some (to me) unknown gems. What I found was that a scant few were worthy of treatment. Most were repetitive reels, or dealt with subjects that were not resonant, or were just not very interesting musically.

Ultimately, I found fifteen songs which comprise the title *American Folk Set*. What attracted me to these songs were the stories they told. They are mini-dramas. Something is happening in each one of them. Someone is traveling, working, or suffering. Their messages are universal to the human experience. They still resonate. I did extensive editing of the available texts (which I felt was my right, being the next "folk" in the line), to keep the storytelling succinct. I arranged these songs, but I did not write them. Our ancestors, storytellers with great musical talent, did that many years ago.

—Steven Mark Kohn, 2000

AVAILABLE EDITIONS

Low Voice and Piano	8666
Medium Voice and Piano	8667
High Voice and Piano	8668

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Sing I for a brave and a gallant barque, for a stiff and a rattling breeze,
A bully crew and a captain true, to carry me o'er the seas.
To carry me o'er the seas, my boys, to my true love so gay,
Who went on a trip on a government ship, ten thousand miles away.

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A-roaming I will go.
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play.
I'll start by the morning train to cross the raging main,
For I'm on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away.

My true love, she was handsome. My true love, she was young.
Her eyes were blue as the violet's hue, and silvery was the sound of her tongue.
And silvery was the sound of her tongue, my boys, and while I sing this lay,
She's a-doing of the grand in a far-off land, ten thousand miles away.

Oh, blow ye winds, hi oh! A-roaming I will go.
I'll stay no more on England's shore, so let the music play.
I'll start by the morning train, to cross the raging main,
For I'm on the road to my own true love, ten thousand miles away.

On the Other Shore

I have a mother gone to glory, on the other shore.
By and by I'll go to meet her, on the other shore.
Won't that be a happy meetin', on the other shore.
There we'll see our good old neighbors, on the other shore.
There we'll meet our blessed savior, on the other shore.

The Farmer's Curst* Wife

There was an old man at the foot of the hill. If he ain't moved away, he's a-livin' there still.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
The devil he come to his house one day, says, "One of your family I'm gonna take away."
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
"Take her, my wife, with all o' my heart, and I hope, by golly, you never part."
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
The devil he put her up on his back, and off to Hell he went, clickity clack.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
When he got her down to the gates of Hell, he says, "Punch up the fire, we'll scorch her well."
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
In come a little devil draggin' a chain. She upped with a hatchet and split his brain!
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
Now nine little devils went a climbin' the wall, sayin', "Take her back, Daddy, she'll a-murder us all!"
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
The old man was a-peepin' out of a crack, and he saw the old devil come draggin' her back.
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day.
Now there's one advantage women have over men: they can all go to Hell and come back again!
Sing hi diddle-i diddle-i fi, diddle-i diddle-i day!

*"Curst" is the archaic spelling of the word "cursed."

Wanderin'

I been a-wand'rin' early, I been a-wand'rin' late, from New York City to the Golden Gate.
 An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.
 Been a-workin' in the army 'an workin' on a farm. All I got to show for it is the muscle in my arm.
 An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.
 There's snakes up on the mountain, and eels in the sea. 'Twas a red headed woman made a wreck of me.
 An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. If whiskey don't get you, then the woman must.
 An' it looks like I'm never gonna cease my wanderin'.

Red Iron Ore

Come all ye bold sailors that follow the lakes, on an iron ore vessel your livin' to make,
 I shipped in Chicago, bid adieu to the shore, bound away to *Escanaba* for red iron ore.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 In the month of September, the seventeenth day, two dollars and a quarter was all they would pay.
 And on Monday morning the Bridgeport did take the *E. C. Roberts* out into the lake.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 This packet she howled 'cross the mouth of Green Bay, and before her cut water she dashed the white spray.
 We rounded the sand point, our anchor let go. We furled in our canvas and the watch went below.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Next morning, we hove in along the Exile, and soon was made fast to an iron ore pile.
 They lowered their chutes, and like thunder did roar. They spouted into us that red iron ore.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Some sailors took shovels while others got spades, and some took wheel barrows, each man to his trade.
 We looked like red devils, our fingers got sore. We cursed *Escanaba* and that damned iron ore!
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 The tug *Escanaba*, she towed the *Minch*, the *Roberts* she thought she had left in a pinch.
 And as she passed by us she bid us good bye, saying, "We'll meet in Cleveland next fourth of July."
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 'Cross Saginaw Bay the *Roberts* did ride with dark and deep water rolling over her side.
 And now for Port Huron the *Roberts* must go, where the tug, *Katey Williams*, will take us in tow.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 We went through North Passage, O Lord, how it blew! And all 'round the dummy a fleet there came, too.
 The night being dark, old Nick it would scare. We hove up next morn and for Cleveland did steer.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Now, the *Roberts* in Cleveland made fast stem and stern, and over the bottle we'll spin a big yarn.
 But Cap Harvey Shannon had ought to stand treat for getting to Cleveland ahead of the fleet.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.
 Now my song is ended. I hope you won't laugh. Our dunnage is packed and all hands are paid off.
 Here's health to the *Roberts*: she's staunch, strong and true. Not forgotten, the bold boys that make up her crew.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

The Bachelor's Lay

As I was a traveling one morning in May, I heard an old bachelor beginning a lay:
 "Oh, I can't tell why the reason may be that none of those girls will marry me.
 I've courted the rich and I've courted the poor. I've often been snubbed at the meeting house door.
 And I can't tell why the reason may be that none of those girls will marry me.
 I've offered them silver, I've offered them gold, and many fine stories to them I have told.
 But gold and silver won't do, I can see, for none of those girls have married me.
 I've been through the mountains, I've traveled the plains. I courted the missus, I've courted the dames.
 And I can't tell why the reason may be that none of those girls will marry me.
 I've sailed on the main and I've followed the coast. No conquest of love can I honestly boast.
 And I can't tell what the reason may be that none of those girls will marry me.
 I've asked them to tell me what stood in their way. And all of them answered, "I'd rather not say."
 So, I can't tell why the reason may be that none of those girls will marry me.
 Go shave off your whiskers and powder your hair! Go dress yourself up with the greatest of care.
 Put on your broad sword and bright buckles, too!, if you want a young lady to marry you."

Down, Down, Down

With your kind attention, a song I will trill for ye who must toil with the pick and the drill,
and sweat for your bread in that hole at Oak Hill that goes down, down, down.
When I was a boy, said my daddy to me, "Stay out of Oak Hill, take my warnin,'" said he,
"or with dust you'll be choked and a pauper you'll be, broken down, down, down."
But I went to Oak Hill and I asked for a job, a mule for to drive or a gangway to rob.
So, the boss said, "Come out, Bill, and follow the mob that goes down, down, down."
"All aboard for the bottom" the topman did yell. We stepped on the cage and he gave her the bell.
Then from under our feet like a bat out of... well, we went down, down, down.
You could look at the rib or the face or the top. Ne'er a sign of a laggin' or slab or of prop.
Someday I expect this old mountain to drop, and come down, down, down.

The Old Woman's Courtship

Old woman, old woman, will you go a-shearing?
"Speak a little louder, sir, I'm rather hard of hearing."
Old woman, old woman, are you good at weaving?
"Pray speak a little louder, sir, my hearing is deceiving."
Old woman, old woman, will you go a-walking?
"Speak a little louder, sir, or what's the use of talking?"
Old woman, old woman, are you fond of spinning?
"Pray speak a little louder, sir, I only see you grinning."
Old woman, old woman, will you do my knitting?
"My hearing's getting better now, come near to where I'm sitting."
Old woman, old woman, shall I kiss you dearly?
"Oh, Lord have mercy on my soul, sir. Now I hear you clearly."

The Ocean Burial

"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea." These words came low and mournfully
from the pallid lips of a youth who lay in his small cabin bed at the close of day.
"Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea, where the billowy shroud will roll over me,
where no light will break through the cold dark wave, and no sunbeam rest upon my grave.
Oh, it matters not, I have oft been told, where the body may lie when the heart grows cold.
But grant, oh, grant me this one final plea, to bury me not in the deep, deep sea.
I have always hoped to be laid, when I died, in the old church yard on the green hillside.
By the bones of my father, oh, there let me be. Oh, bury me not in the deep, deep sea.
Oh, bury me not- "...and his voice failed there. But they gave no heed to his dying prayer.
They have lowered him over the vessel's side, and above him has closed the cold, dark tide.

California

When formed our band, we are all well-manned to journey far to the promised land.
The golden ore is rich in store on the banks of the Sacramento shore.
Then ho boys, ho, to California go! There's plenty of gold, or so I'm told, on the banks of the Sacramento!
We all expect the coarsest fare, sleeping out in the open air.
On the ground we'll all sleep sound, 'cept when the wolves go howling 'round!
Then ho boys, ho, to California go! There's plenty of gold, or so I'm told, on the banks of the Sacramento!
As we explore the distant shore, filling our pockets up with ore.
Hear the sound, the shout goes 'round, filling our pockets with a dozen pounds!
Then ho boys, ho, to California go! There's plenty of gold, or so I'm told, on the banks of the Sacramento!
The gold is almost everywhere, we dig it out with an iron bar!
But where it's thick, with spade or pick, we take out chunks as big as a brick!
Then ho boys, ho, to California go!
As oft we roam the dark sea foam, we'll not forget our friends at home.
For memory kind will bring to mind the love of those we left behind.
Then ho, boys, ho, to California go! There's plenty of gold, or so I'm told, on the banks of the Sacramento!

The Gallows Tree

Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.
 I think I see my mother comin', ridin' many a mile.
 Oh, mother have you brought me gold, or have you paid my fee?
 Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?
 "I have not brought you gold. I have not paid your fee.
 But I have come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."

Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.
 I think I see my father comin', ridin' many a mile.
 Oh, father have you brought me gold, or have you paid my fee?
 Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?
 "I have not brought you gold. I have not paid your fee.
 But I have come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."

Slack your rope, hangs a man! Slack it for a while.
 I think I see my true love comin', ridin' many a mile.
 Oh, darlin' have you brought me gold, or have you paid my fee?
 Or have you come to see me hangin' on the gallows tree?
 "Yes, I have brought you gold. Yes, I have paid your fee.
 I have not come to see you hanging on the gallows tree."

I'm a Stranger Here

Hitch up my buggy, saddle up my old black mare.
 Goin' to find me an angel in this world somewhere.
 I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere. I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.
 I'm worried now, but I won't be worried long.
 It takes a worried man to sing a worried song.
 I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere. I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.
 Looked down that road far I could see.
 And a little bitty hand kept wavin' back at me.
 I'm a stranger here. I'm a stranger everywhere. I would go home, but honey, I'm a stranger there.

The Drunken Old Fool

Oh, the old man he came home one night as drunk as he could be.
 He saw a coat upon the rack where his coat ought to be.
 "My good wife, my dear wife, my darlin' wife," said he,
 "whose coat is that upon the rack where my coat ought to be?"
 "Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool," says she,
 "it's nothing but a bed quilt me uncle sent to me."
 "I've traveled the world over ten thousand times or more,
 but buttons on a bed quilt I've never seen before."

Oh, the old man he came home again as drunk as he could be.
 He saw some boots beneath the bed where his boots ought to be.
 "My good wife, my dear wife, my darlin' wife," said he,
 "whose boots are these beneath the bed where my boots ought to be?"
 "Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool," says she,
 "it's nothing but some milk jugs me uncle sent to me."
 "I've traveled the world over ten thousand times or more,
 but spurs upon a milk jug I've never seen before."

He stumbled home the next night as drunk as he could be.
 He saw a face between the sheets where no face ought to be.
 "My good wife, my dear wife, my darlin' wife," said he,
 "whose face is that between the sheets where my face ought to be?"
 "Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you doddering fool," says she,
 "it's nothing but a cabbage head me uncle sent to me."
 "I've traveled the world over ten thousand times or more,
 but a mustache on a cabbage head I've never seen before!"

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

I am a poor wayfaring stranger, a-trav'lin' through this world of woe,
 And there's no sickness, toil, or danger in that bright land to which I go.
 I'm going there to meet my mother (father). I'm going there no more to roam.
 I'm jus a-goin' over Jordan. I'm just a-goin' over home.

Hell in Texas

Oh, the devil in Hell, they say he was chained. And there for a thousand years he remained.
 He never complained, no, nor did he groan, but decided he'd start up a Hell of his own
 Where he could torment the souls of men, free from the walls of his prison pen.
 So, he asked the Lord if he had any sand left over from making this great land.

The Lord said "Why yes. I have plenty on hand. It's way down south on the Rio Grande.
 But I've got to be honest the stuff is so poor that I wouldn't use it for Hell anymore!"
 So, the devil went down to look over his truck. It came as a gift, so he figured he's stuck.
 And when he examined it careful and well, he decided the place was too dry for Hell.

Well, the Lord he just wanted the stuff off his hands, so he promised the devil he'd water the land.
 He had some old water that wasn't no use, a rancid old puddle that stunk like the deuce!
 The Lord he was crafty, the deal was arranged. He laughed to himself as the deed was exchanged.
 But the devil was ready to go with his plan to make up a Hell, and so he began.

He scattered tarantulas over the roads, put thorns on the cactus, and horns on the toads.
 He sprinkled the sand with millions of ants, so if you sit down, you need soles on your pants!
 He put water puppies in all of the lakes, and under the rocks he put poisonous snakes.
 He mixed all the dust up with jiggers and fleas, hung thorns and brambles all over the trees.
 The heat in the summer's a hundred and ten. Not bad for the devil but way too hot for men!

And after he'd fixed things so thorny and well, he said, "I'll be damned if this don't beat Hell!"
 Then he flapped up his wings and away he flew, and vanished from Earth in a blaze of blue!
 So, if you ever end up in Texas, let me know if it's true!

American Folk Set

for Medium Voice and Piano

Ten Thousand Miles Away

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Smoothly flowing, with feeling ♩ = 126-138

mp

Sing I for a brave and a

Ped. *legato sempre*

4

gal - lant barque, for a stiff and a rat - tling breeze, A

l.h.

Ped. *Ped. on chord changes throughout*

7

bul - ly crew and a cap - tain true, to car - ry me o'er the

Ped.

10

seas. To car - ry me o'er the seas, my boys, to my

mp

13

true love so gay, Who went on a trip on a

16

Gov - ern - ment ship ten thou - sand miles a - way. Oh,

mf

19

with passion
blow ye winds, hi oh! A - roam - ing I will

mf

On the Other Shore

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Slowly, with great tenderness ♩ = 56-70 *bell-tone* *rall. poco*

mp *p* *r.h.* *pp* 3 *

5 *a tempo* *pp* *Ped.* 3

I have a moth-er gone to glo-ry, I have a moth-er gone to glo-ry, I have a moth-er

a tempo

10 gone to glo-ry, On the oth-er shore. By and by I'll go to meet her,

15 by and by I'll go to meet her, by and by I'll go to meet her,

19

pp

on the oth-er shore.

24

rall. poco

a tempo

f

Won't that be a hap-py meet-in', won't that be a

28

hap-py meet-in', won't that be a hap-py mee-tin', — on the oth-er

33

Tranquillo

shore. There we'll see our good old neigh-bors there we'll see our

The Farmer's Curst Wife

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With bounce and good humor, not rushed ♩ = 96–108

mf

4 *rit.* *mf* *a tempo*

There was an old man at the foot of the hill. If he

rit. *a tempo*

sf *mf*

7 *piu p sub.*

ain't moved a-way, he's a-liv-in' there still. Sing hi did-dle-i did-dle-i fi, —

p *sf* *p*

10 *mf*

— did-dle-i did-dle-i day. The

sf *mp*

“Curst” is the archaic spelling of the word “cursed.”

13

dev-il he come to his house one day, says, "One of your fam - 'ly I'm gon-na take a-

mf

15

way." Sing hi did-dle-i did-dle-i fi, did-dle-i did-dle-i

p sub.

p sf mp

Ped. *

18

day. "Take her, my wife, with all o' my heart, and I hope, by gol-ly, you nev - er

f più p

f più p cresc. poco

21

part." Sing hi did-dle-i did-dle-i fi, did-dle-i did-dle-i

p sf mp

Wanderin'

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With a steady even roll, mournfully, distantly ♩ = 72-84

4

p

I been a-wan-d'rin' ear - ly, I been a-wan-d'rin' late, from

7

poco *p* *distantly*

New York Cit - y to the Gold - en Gate. An' it

poco

p *distantly*

poco

Ped. changes

10

Looks like I'm nev - er gon - na cease my wan - der-

13

in'. Been a-

16

work - in' in the ar - my, - 'an work - in' on a farm, All I got to show for it is the

19

mus - cle in my arm. An' it looks like I'm

Red Iron Ore

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With measured pace, not rushed ♩ = 56-66

The musical score is arranged in two systems. The first system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes lyrics and continues the piano accompaniment with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The third system continues the piano accompaniment with a *più p* dynamic. The fourth system includes lyrics and continues the piano accompaniment with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The score is marked with a tempo of 56-66 beats per minute and a 6/8 time signature.

With measured pace, not rushed ♩ = 56-66

f

4 *mp*

Come all ye bold sail - ors that fol - low the lakes, on an i - ron ore ves - sel your

8 *più p*

liv - ing to make. I shipped in Chi - ca - go, bid a - dieu to the shore, Bound a -

12 *mf*

way to Es - ca - na - ba for red i - ron ore. Der - ry down, down, down, der - ry

16 *mp*

down. In the month of Sep-tem-ber, the sev-en-teenth day, two

mp *sim.*

Ped. *

20

dol-lars and a quar-ter was all they would pay. And on Mon-day morn-ing the

23 *mf*

Bridge-port did take the E. C. Ro-berts out in-to the lake. Der-ry down, down,

mf

27 *mf*

down, der-ry down. This pack-et she howled 'cross the

mp *mf*

The Bachelor's Lay

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Simply ♩ = 68–80

p

As I was a-trav-'ling one

Simply ♩ = 68–80

p legato sempre

ped. (hold *ped.*) * (*ped.* changes)

6

morn-ing in May, _____ I heard an old bach-'lor be-gin-ning a

10

lay: "Oh, I can't tell why the rea-son may be _____ that

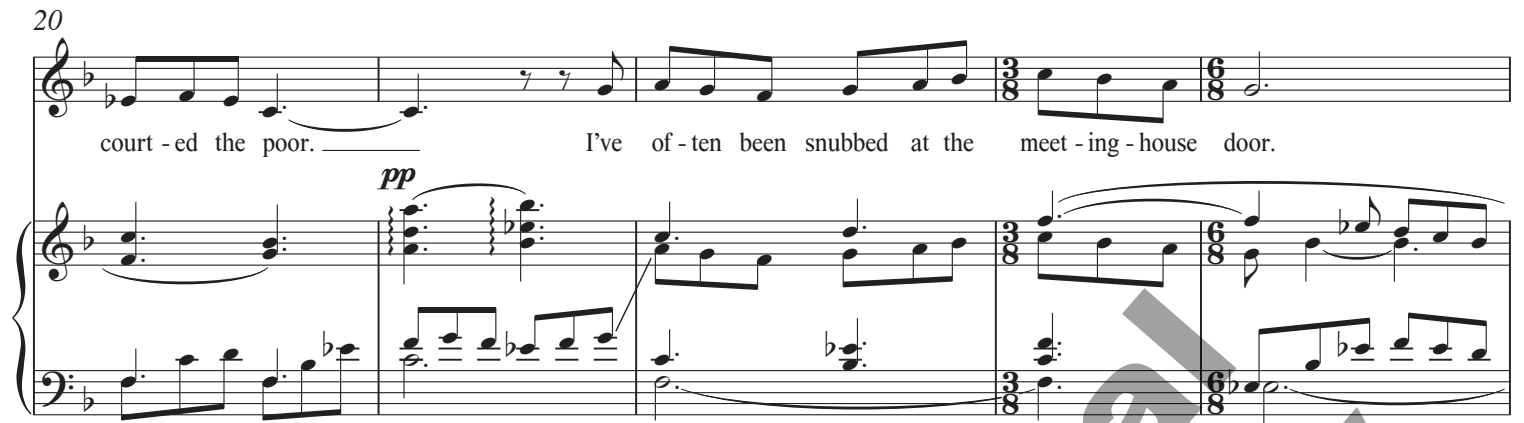
15

mp

none of those girls will mar-ry me. I've court-ed the rich and I've


mp

20



court-ed the poor. I've of-ten been snubbed at the meet-ing-house door.

25



And I can't tell why the rea-son may be that

29



none of those girls will mar-ry me. I've

33



of-fered them sil-ver, I've of-fered them gold, and man-y fine sto-ries to

Down, Down, Down

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

In a slow "one," with weight ♩ = 120-144

pp *(pp)*

9 *p* *p*

With your kind at - ten - tion, a song I will

16

trill for ye who must toil with the pick and the drill, and sweat for your bread in that hole at Oak

24 *mf* **A** *mf* *mp*

Hill that goes down, down, down.

32 *mp*

When I was a boy, said my dad - dy to me, "Stay out of Oak Hill, take my

39

war - nin'," said he, "or with dust you'll be choked and a pau - per you'll be, bro - ken down,

46 *with excitement f*

down, down." ————— But I

p *pp sub.* *cresc.*

55

went to Oak Hill and I asked for a job, a mule for to drive or a gang - way to rob. So, the

f

The Old Woman's Courtship

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Briskly, with good humor ♩ = 108–132

mf

Old wo - man, old wo - man, will you go a - shear - ing?

Briskly, with good humor ♩ = 108–132

mf detached

4 use an absurd falsetto or head voice for the Old Woman's lines

“Speak a lit - tle loud - er, sir, I'm ra - ther hard of hear - ing.” Old, wo - man, old wo - man,

are you good at weav - ing? “Pray speak a lit - tle loud - er, sir, my hear - ing is de - ceiv - ing.”

10

Old wo-man, old wo-man, will you go a-walk-ing? “Speak a lit-tle loud-er, sir, or

13

what’s the use of talk-ing?’ Old wo-man, old wo-man, are you fond of spin-ning? “Pray

16

speak a lit-tle loud-er, sir, I on-ly see you grin-ning.’ Old wo-man, old wo-man,

The Ocean Burial

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Tenderly, not too slow ♩ = 76-96

p with Ped. *poco cresc.*

8 *Tempo pp* "Oh, - *Tempo*

mf *p* *rit. poco*

14 bur - y me not in the deep, deep sea." These words came low and - mourn - ful -

pp

21 ly from the pal - lid lips of a youth - who lay in his small cab - in

27

poco più f

bed at the close of day. "Oh, — bur - y me not in the deep, deep

sonore

poco più f

33

sea, where the bil - lo - wy shroud will roll o - ver me, where no light will

39

break through the cold dark — wave, and — no sun - beam rest up - on my

45

grave. Oh, it mat - ters not, I have oft been told, where the

Ped. each bar

California

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With rollicking energy ♩ = 112–132

f marc. sempre

4 *f*

When formed our band, we are all well-manned to

sf mf

6 jour-ney far to the prom-ised land. The gold-en ore is rich in store on the

8 banks of the Sac-ra-men-to shore. Then

The score consists of four systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The piano part features a consistent rollicking energy with a tempo of 112-132. The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings such as *f*, *sf*, and *mf*. A large 'Copyrighted Material' watermark is overlaid diagonally across the page.

11

ho, boys, ho! To Cal-i-for-nia go! There's plen-ty of gold, or so I'm told, on the

14

banks of the Sac-ra-men-to! We

17

all ex-pect the coars-est fare, sleep-ing out in the o-pen air. On the ground we'll all sleep sound,

20

'cept when the wolves go howl-ing 'round! Then

(howl) *mf* *stacc*

The Gallows Tree

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Briskly $\text{♩} = 92-104$

19

moth - er have you brought me gold, or have you paid my fee? Or

23 A

have you come to see me hang - in' on the gal - lows tree?

28

"I have not brought you gold. I

33

have not paid your fee. But I have come to see you hang - ing

I'm a Stranger Here

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Plaintively flowing, not too slowly

♩ = 96-112

with quiet resignation *p*

Hitch up my

p molto legato sempre

sim.

Ped. the changes throughout

5

bug - gy, sad - dle up my old black mare. Hitch up my

9

bug - gy, sad - dle up my old black mare. Goin' to

13

find me an an - gel in this world some - where. *pp* I'm a

17

stran - ger here, I'm a stran - ger ev - 'ry - where. I

pp *poco*

Ped. *

21

would go home but hon - ey, I'm a stran - ger

rall. poco

rall. poco

A

25

a tempo there. *mp* I'm wor - ried

a tempo *mp*

The Drunken Old Fool

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With pace and humor ♩ = 112–126

mp be flexible with the vocal rhythm; duple/triple feel ad lib.

Oh, the old man he came home one night as drunk as he could be. He

saw a coat up - on the rack where his coat ought to be. "My good wife, my dear wife, my

dar - lin' wife," said he, "whose coat is that up - on the rack where my coat ought to be?"

"Oh, you old fool, you blind fool, you dod - der - ing fool," says she, "it's

mf (triplets sim. throughout) *pp* *p*

15

noth - ing but a bed quilt me un - cle sent to me." "I've trav - eled the whole world o - ver ten

f

18

thou - sand times or more — but but - tons on a bed quilt I've nev - er seen be -

21

fore!" — Oh, the old man, he came home a - gain as drunk as he could be. He

molto *mp* **A**

sf p sub.

25

saw some boots be - neath the bed where his boots ought to be. "My good wife, my dear wife, my

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

Slowly and simply ♩ = 48-60

p

I am a poor way-far-ing stran-ger, a-trav-'lin'

5

through this world of woe, And there's no sick-ness, toil, or dan-ger in that bright

9

land to which I go. I'm go-in' there to meet my

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

12

moth-er I'm go-in' there no more to roam. I'm just a -

mf

pp

mf

15

go - in' o - ver Jor - dan, I'm just a - go - in' o - ver

pp

18 *più pesante*

home. I am a poor way - far - ing

mp

più pesante

mp

l.h.

Ped.

21

stran - ger, a - trav - lin' through this world of woe, And there's no

A

l.h.

l.h.

l.h.

Ped.

24

sick - ness, toil, or dan - ger in that bright land to which I

*

Hell in Texas

Traditional American Text

Traditional American Tune
Arranged by Steven Mark Kohn

With emphasis, not too fast ♩ = 72-94 ***f***

Oh, the dev-il in Hell, they say he was chained. And

With emphasis, not too fast ♩ = 72-94 ***f***

7 there for a thou-sand years he re-mained. He nev-er com-plained, no, nor did he groan, but de-

11 cid-ed he'd start up a Hell of his own, he'd start up a Hell of his

15 own Where he could tor-ment the souls of men free from the walls of his pris-on pen. So, he

loco *loco*

20 A

asked the Lord if he had a - ny sand left o - ver from ma - king this great land, _____

25 *mp*

_____ left o - ver from mak - ing this land. The Lord said "Why yes. I have

shimmering

mp legato molto

ped. changes

29

plen - ty on hand. It's way down south on the Ri - o Grande, but I've

32

got to be hon - est, the stuff is so poor that I would - n't use it for Hell an - y -