

Alan Murphy was born in Iowa City, Iowa in 1945. He is descended from some Murphy's who came over from Ireland in the 1840's. An interest in music has been with the family down to the present. Two great uncles, one a dentist, one a farmer, played fiddle. By the time Alan was in high school, he was learning guitar by backing up the fiddle playing of his father's brother Leo, telephone electrician and rodeo buff (with whom still often gets together for a session of old-time tunes). Al picked up Leo's fiddle one day and tried it out, and discovered that "it didn't seem as rough as I'd thought." Since then, he has been picking up tunes and techniques from many sources—old and new recordings, bluegrass musicians and from several old-time musicians still active in the Iowa City area. Al has played professionally in several country and bluegrass groups. He currently leads the Bluegrass Union which plays regularly at Bart's Place, an Iowa City bar that attracts a good mix of university and country people.

Art Rosenbaum is currently Assistant Professor in the University of Iowa School of Art; born in 1938, he has been at both music and art a long time. At 14, he bought a "Stadium" five-string banjo with \$25 prize money won for a painting in the Indiana State Fair. He got started with Pete Seeger's banjo book, and a few years later began to seek out and learn from old-time banjo pickers like Pete Seeger, Cass Moore, Omie Rose and many others. He has collected traditional music in the Midwest, Appalachia, Scotland and Ireland. He has recorded several blues singers from Indianapolis, among them Shirley Griffith and the late Scrapper Blackwell. He wrote and illustrated **Old-Time Mountain Banjo—An Instruction Method** (Oak Publications). Art also edited an album, along with Pat Dunford, called **Fine Times At Our House** (Folkways).

**SIDE 1 BAND 1**

**FORTY-EIGHT DOGS IN THE MEAT HOUSE—Al, fiddle; Art, <sup>str</sup>banjo**

We learned this tune from Pete Delaney, a fiddler native to Iowa City. It is usually called "Stone's Rag" or "Lone Star Rag".

**SIDE 1 BAND 2**

**BONNIE JAMES CAMPBELL (Child 210)—Art, vocal and fiddle**

This especially full and fine version of one of the best of the old ballads was learned from the late Frank Proffitt's Folk-Legacy recording (FSA-1). Frank learned it from his father and aunt and commented that it was widely known as a fiddle tune in his area of North Carolina but that the words were seldom sung as "it's awfully hard to fit 'em in when you play it as fast as it always was played." I never heard a fiddle rendition but was challenged to try to do the ballad to the fiddle in the old style. The fiddle is tuned AEAE, "straight A" as they call it in North Carolina.

Booted and spurred  
 And bridled rode he  
 A plume in his saddle  
 And a sword at his knee  
 Back come his saddle  
 All bloody to see  
 Back come his steed  
 But never come he  
 Riding on the highlands  
 Steep was the way  
 Riding by the lowlands  
 Hard by the Tay  
 Out come his old mother  
 With feet all so bare  
 Out come his bonnie bride  
 Riving of her hair  
 The meadows all a-falling  
 And the sheep all unshorn  
 The house is a-leaking  
 And the baby's unborn  
 But Bonnie James Campell  
 No more will you see  
 With a plume in his saddle  
 And a sword at his knee  
 For home come his saddle  
 All bloody to see  
 Home come the steed  
 But never come he

**SIDE 1 BAND 3**

**THE DRUNKEN SAILOR—Art, banjo**

This piece is related to the famous "stamp and go" sea chanty of the same name. I adapted the clawhammer banjo setting used on this record from the hornpipe version which appears in O'Neill's *The Dance Music of Ireland*. This piece is also listed in Ira Ford's *Traditional Music of America*.

**SIDE 1 BAND 4**

**FRED ADAMS—Art, vocal**

During the summer of 1958 I spent many wonderful evenings with the Rhodes family of Arkansas who were up in Allegan county, Michigan, picking blueberries. They were very poor, living in an old tent behind an orchard; Cecil Rhodes was an older man with a young wife and family, and consequently there were many mouths to feed and a few hands big enough to do much work. There was always music in the evening; "Slim" Rhodes played old-time banjo and fiddle tunes, his wife and kids sang ballads, funny ditties, gospel pieces, and popular country songs. Ray, one of the younger boys, was a good singer who contributed fine versions of "Gypsy Davy", and this recently composed bad man ballad with a "Bonnie and Clyde" flavor from Kennett, Missouri, near the Mississippi River and Arkansas line. The story is told with true ballad economy. Only in a few images and snatches of dialogue are used. The old "come listen to a story" opening contrasts with the modern subject matter and language.

Come listen to a story  
 A story we can tell  
 A story of Fred Adams  
 A boy we all know well

He started out to drinking  
 He made a very bad name  
 He robbed the filling station  
 He shot a marshal down  
 Fred Adams went to Arkansas  
 Took to the Kennett jail  
 The jury found him guilty  
 And locked him in the cell  
 His sister came to see him  
 She tried to beg the truth  
 I did not shoot the marshal  
 He said to his sister Ruth  
 His sweetheart came to see him  
 She stayed with him before

He knew as she was leaving  
He would not see her anymore  
Standing on scaffold  
With a cigarette in his hand  
The trigger it sprung at eight P.M.  
He took it just like a man

**SIDE 1 BAND 5**

**A SAILOR'S LIFE IS A WEARY LIFE (Laws K 12)—Art, vocal and banjo**

This song of British origin has been widely sung in America. I learned most of this version in France in 1965 from Ann McGarrell, wife of the American painter James McGarrell; it had come down to her from a West Virginia ancestor who had the distinction of having deserted from both sides during the Civil War. The banjo is picked in two-finger style and is tuned G D G C D.

A sailor's life is a weary life  
Robs pretty maidens of their heart's delight  
Causes them to weep and moan  
Think of their true love never shall return  
Oh father, father build me a boat  
That on this ocean I may float  
Every ship that I pass by  
Of them I shall inquire of my sweet sailor boy  
Oh captain, captain tell me true  
Does my sweet William sail for you  
Tell me quick and tell me joy  
That I might find my sweet sailor boy  
It's honorable maiden he's not here  
Drowned in the gulf I fear  
Near the rocky islands as we passed by  
It's there we left your sweet sailor boy  
She rung her hands and she tore her hair  
Like some maiden in despair  
Against the rocks she run her boat  
You'd think that poor maiden's heart was broke  
This is what she said:  
Oh get me a chair and set me on  
Pen and ink to write it down  
At the end of every line she dropped a tear  
At the end of every verse she said 'Oh my dear'  
And this is what she wrote:  
Oh dig my grave both wide and deep  
Place a marble stone at my head and feet  
On my grave a turtle dove  
To let the world know that I died for my love

**SIDE 1 BAND 6**

**OVER THE WATERFALL—AI and Art, fiddles**

This tune has been one of the "hits" among us city players of old-time music since Alan Jabbour learned it from the late Henry Reed of West Virginia and passed it on to the rest of us. Here we try it with twin fiddles, without accompaniment.

**SIDE 1 BAND 7**

**JONAH—Art, vocal and banjo; AI, vocal and guitar**

I recorded this religious ballad several years ago from Bert Hare, post-master and storekeeper in the little town of Asher, Kentucky, on the Harlan-Leslie County line. I have also heard it sung by an old man who ran a vegetable and fruit stand in Manchester, Kentucky, and kept a fiddle among his watermelons. I was unable to record his verses, which rounded out the story of the Book of Jonah, but Hares' version makes a good, complete song. The song, with tenor line added by the Passaic County Chamb'ry Players, was printed in Sing Out! (Vol. 17 No. 1). The banjo is tuned G C G B D and is picked in the Kentucky thumb-lead two-finger style.

God sent Jonah to the Nineveh land  
preached the gospel to the wicked men  
Tell them repent of their wicked ways  
Or I'll over turn the city in 40 days

Chorus:

God moves in the wind storm  
He rose in the wind storm  
Troubles everybody in mind  
Jonah went down to the sea shore  
Made up his mind which way to go  
Boarded ship and paid his fare  
But God got angry with Jonah down there  
(Ch.)

Ship got wrecked as it came in time  
Captain of the ship came troubled in mind  
Searched the ship and in the deep  
He found poor Jonah fast asleep  
(Ch.)

Wakeup stranger and tell me your name  
My name is Jonah and I flee from my king  
All this trouble is because of me  
Throw me overboard let the ship sail free  
(Ch.)

Threw poor Jonah overboard  
God sent a whale to swallow him whole  
Made his way to the Nineveh land  
And he threw poor Jonah on a bar of sand  
(Ch.)

**SIDE 1 BAND 8**

**BRICKYARD JOE, BOATMAN, WHO'S BEEN A-GETTIN' THERE—Art, banjo**

These are pieces that I heard played on the fiddle and reworked for banjo. The first two I recorded from the fine Indiana fiddler John W. "Dick" Summers; the third from Missouri fiddler Harry E. Wells: I was playing banjo with "Pappy Wells' Ozark Square Dance Band" at the Central City, Iowa, Chuckwagon Races, and wrote out the banjo tablature to "Who's Been A-Gettin' There" from Pappy's playing between our stints at the microphone—Pappy speculated that that might have been the first time the tune had been written down. "Brickyard Joe" is played in an eclectic three-finger style (tablature in *Old-Time Mountain Banjo*, the others in clawhammer, downpicking, frailing, call it what you will. The tuning is G D G B D.

**WHO'S BEEN A-GETTIN' THERE**

Who's been a-gettin' there, who's been tryin'  
Who's been a-gettin' there all this time?  
I've been a-gettin' there, a-gettin' there, a-gettin' there,  
I've been a-gettin' there, I've been tryin'  
I've been a-gettin' there, a-gettin' there, a-gettin' there,  
I've been a-gettin' there all this time.

**SIDE 1 BAND 9**

**SALLY ANN—AI, fiddle; Art, banjo**

An old stand-by, played in the old hoe-down style on banjo and fiddle in the key of A. The banjo is tuned G D G B D with the capo at the second fret.

**SIDE 1 BAND 10**

**DEADHEADS AND SUCKERS—Art, vocal and banjo; AI, vocal and guitar**

This peculiar hybrid, part spiritual, part blues, part fugitive's lament, belongs to the family of songs of black origin which includes "Worried Man Blues", "Do, Lord, Remember Me" and "Long Journey Home." These songs were entering the repertoires of hillbilly singers and string bands by the late thirties when Fields Ward put together "Deadheads and Suckers" and recorded it with Crockett Ward and his Boys, a family group that formed part of the famous Bogtrotters Band of Galax, Virginia. He sang some of it in a pseudo-Negro dialect, suggesting that the mountain singers might not yet have felt entirely comfortable with rough and rowdy stuff like this unless they could present it through a sort of ventriloquism of what it originally had been, the personal statement of some forgotten black song-maker. The banjo is tuned G C G C D and is played in clawhammer down-picking.

It's deadheads and suckers  
 How can you live (3 X)  
 It's deadheads and suckers  
 How can you live  
 When good men are dying every day  
 I'm going around the mountain  
 Bound to leave you now  
 Darling I don't know what to do  
 Light in the graveyard  
 Out shines the sun  
 Darling I don't know what to do  
 High sheriff and police  
 Running after me  
 Darling I don't know what to do  
 Mighty happy meeting  
 Don't you want to go  
 Yes, we all want to go  
 (Repeat first verse)

**SIDE 2 BAND 1**

**MISS MC CLOUD'S REEL—Art, banjo**

My clawhammer arrangement is influenced more by Irish fiddle performances of this tune. It is the Irish style that is usually played in the South, where it is often called "Uncle Joe" or "Hop Light, Ladies". Banjo tuning: GDGBD.

**SIDE 2 BAND 2**

**THE BOSTON BURGLAR (Laws L16B)—Art, lead vocal and guitar; AI, tenor vocal and fiddle**

We recently learned this version from our friend John Jackson, a writer currently living in Iowa City. He learned it from his mother, a native of Alabama, from whom he also acquired several other old songs and a fine traditional ballad-singing style. This song comes from the British ballad "The Botany Boy".

I was born and bred in Boston  
 A town we all know well  
 Brought up by honest parents  
 The truth to you I'll tell  
 Brought up by honest parents  
 And raised most tenderly  
 Till I became a sporting youth  
 At the age of 23  
 My character was taken  
 And I was sent to jail  
 And there I laid for weeks and weeks  
 No one would go my bail  
 The judge he passed a sentence  
 The clerk he wrote it down  
 And the very next word he spoke to me  
 Son your bound for Colburg town  
 They put me on board  
 An east bound train one dark December day  
 And every city that I rode through  
 You could hear the people say  
 There goes the Boston Burglar  
 For Colburg he's bound down  
 For some great crime or other  
 Hard telling what he's done  
 My dear gray haired old father  
 Came tearing down the tracks  
 Likewise my dear old mother  
 Who's tears were rolling fast  
 Saying son oh son what have you done  
 That you're bound for Colburg town  
 Son oh son what have you done  
 That your bound for Colburg town  
 I have a girl in Boston  
 And I do love her well  
 And If ever I gain my liberty

And the truth to you I'll tell  
 If ever I gain my liberty  
 Bad company I will shun  
 And night walks and gambling  
 And also drinking rum  
 Now come all you young men of Boston  
 Come listen to my plea  
 Don't spend your time and money  
 On the pleasures of the city  
 Come all you young men of Boston  
 Come listen to my plea  
 Or else you'll find you're 21  
 In the penitentiary

**SIDE 2 BAND 3**

**STEAMBOAT QUICKSTEP—AI, fiddle; Art, guitar**

This tune is played in Britain and America. Alan learned it from Otis McKray, a fiddle player and singer of old songs from near Cogrove, Iowa, now in his early nineties. It is also listed in *Traditional Music of America* by Ira Ford, and *Folk Songs of Old New England* by Eloise Linscott.

**SIDE 2 BAND 4**

**BEAUTIFUL LIGHTS ON THE OCEAN—AI, vocal and guitar; Art, banjo**

Alan learned this 19th century folk song, closely related to "Beautiful Brown Eyes" from Otis McKray. Brown's North Carolina collection includes a fragment.

Down through the bar room he staggered  
 And fell down by the door.  
 Very last words that he uttered,  
 "I'll never get drunk any more."

Chorus:

Beautiful lights on the ocean,  
 Beautiful lights on the sea,  
 Beautiful lights on the ocean  
 Where the loved ones are waiting for me.

Seven long years I've been married  
 I wish I was single again.  
 My life has been nothing but trouble,  
 My husband won't work at his trade.  
 He promised if we would get married  
 He would dress me so gallant and gay,  
 And every evening in the winter  
 We would go to a ball or a play.  
 Now it's get up in the morning,  
 Wash and scrub all day,  
 And then in the evening get supper  
 And put the dear kiddies away.

Chor.

**SIDE 2 BAND 5**

**MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY—AI, fiddle; Art, guitar**

Alan learned this tune from Otis McKray.

**SIDE 2 BAND 6**

**LOOK UP AND DOWN THAT LONG LONESOME ROAD—Art, vocal and banjo; AI, fiddle**

This is a Bogtrotters tune that used to be played with Eck Dunford and Crockett Ward playing fiddle. I learned it from a recording by Peggy Seeger.

Well it's look up and down that long lonesome road  
 Hang down your head and cry, my love  
 Hang down your head and cry  
 Well I wish to the Lord I'd never been born  
 Or died when I was a baby, my love  
 Or died when I was a baby  
 No I wouldn't be here eating this cold corn bread  
 Or sopping in this salty gravy, my love

Sopping in this salty gravy  
 Well I wish that I had some sweet little girl  
 To tell all my secrets to, my love  
 To tell all my secrets to  
 For this old thing that I'm going with  
 Tells everything I do, my love  
 Tells everything I do  
 You caused me to weep, you caused me to moan  
 You caused me to leave my home, my love  
 You caused me to leave my home  
 Well I wish to the Lord I'd never seen your face  
 Or heard your flattering tongue, my love  
 Heard your flattering tongue  
 Well if you do not quit them rough rowdy ways  
 Gonna be in some county jail, some day  
 Gonna be in some county jail  
 Well it's look up and down that long lonesome road  
 Before you travel on, my love  
 Before you travel on

**SIDE 2 BAND 7**

**ROLL ON BUDDY—Art, vocal and banjo**

Black railroad workers brought the earlier forms of this song and others of its class up into the Kentucky mountains around the end of the last century. They were appropriated by white singers and banjo pickers who retained their lyrical content but not their function as "hammer songs." Usually the loosely tied-together verses were set to a driving banjo accompaniment. Some of the verses I do here are from Aunt Molly Jackson's singing (Library of Congress AAFS L61), some from Lomax's *Our Singing Country*. A later stage in the evolution of this song is the well-known "Nine Pound Hammer." The banjo is tuned GCGCD and the up-picking style is influenced by the way Pete Steele plays "Payday at Coal Creek."

**ROLL ON BUDDY**

I dreamt last night  
 Poor Lulu was dead  
 And her apron strings  
 Tied around my head  
 I looked at the sun  
 Sun was red  
 I looked at my partner  
 And he was almost dead  
 And roll on buddy  
 Make your time  
 I'm so weak and hungry  
 I can't make mine  
 Ain't got no money  
 And I would have some  
 Next Saturday night  
 When the pay train comes  
 Oh roll on buddy  
 Make your time  
 My wheel broke down  
 And I can't make mine  
 Oh one of these mornings  
 You'll call my name  
 But I will be on  
 Some old western train  
 Oh it's one of these mornings  
 You call for me  
 But I will be back  
 To old Tennessee  
 Roll on buddy  
 Do your best  
 When the sun goes down  
 Sit down and rest  
 Looked at the sun  
 The sun was high

I looked at my partner  
 And she was shy  
 Oh roll on buddy  
 Make your time  
 My wheel broke down  
 And I can't make mine

**SIDE 2 BAND 8**

**CALLAHAN—Art, vocal and banjo; AI, fiddle**

One of the great Kentucky fiddle tunes. This song (see Library of Congress recording AAFS L2), is associated with the legend of a fiddler, Callahan, who, condemned to death for murder, played an intricate farewell tune and offered his fine violin to anyone who could, or would dare come up on the scaffold and play the tune. There were no takers, Callahan smashed his fiddle on his coffin and was hanged, but the tune was carried on with his name attached to it. I learned a banjo version from Pete Steele. The present song is a related piece which Pat Dunford and I recorded from the singing of Oscar "Doc" Parks (who originally recorded it for the Library of Congress); he told us that Callahan was permitted to marry his girl friend, Betty Larkin, and live with her in jail where they "danced and played around" until his execution. The song is a variant of the play party song "Tip-toe, Pretty Betty Martin." Alan and I added the fiddle and banjo parts; the banjo is picked in the Kentucky two-finger index-lead style and is in the GCGCD tuning, but the strings are raised a whole tone to be in tune with the fiddle playing in D.

**CALLAHAN**

What're you gonna do, my pretty Betty Larkin  
 The jury says I'm gonna be hung,  
 What're you gonna do, my pretty Betty Larkin?  
 Oh, fare thee well, my pretty little one!  
 Fare thee well my darling!  
 What will become of pretty Betty Larkin  
 When old John Callahan's dead and gone?  
 What will become of pretty Betty Larkin?  
 Oh, fare thee well, my pretty little one!  
 Fare thee well my darling!

**SIDE 2 BAND 9**

**EDWIN IN THE LOWLANDS LOW (Laws M 34)—Art, vocal and banjo; AI, fiddle**

We put together this setting of a British broadside ballad that is sung in the Appalachians from a couple of variants collected by Cecil Sharp in North Carolina over fifty years ago. The banjo is picked in the North Carolina index-lead two-finger style and is tuned GBGAD.

Young Edwin came to Emilly  
 His gold all for to show  
 That he had made all on the land  
 All on the lowlands low  
 My father keeps a boarding house  
 All down by yonder sea  
 You go there this and night  
 And until morning be  
 Young Emilly in her chambers  
 She dreamt an awful dream  
 She dreamed she saw young Edwin's blood  
 Come flowing like a stream  
 She rose so early in the morning  
 And dressed herself also  
 To go to see young Edwin  
 Who plowed the Lowlands low  
 Oh father where's that stranger  
 Come here last night to dwell  
 His body's in the ocean  
 And he no tales can tell  
 Oh father, Oh father  
 You'll die a public show  
 For the murder of young Edwin  
 Who plowed the Lowlands low  
 Then off to some Attorney

To let the case be known  
 The jury found him guilty  
 The trial to come on  
 The jury found him guilty  
 And hanged he was to be  
 For the murder of young Edwin  
 Who plowed the Lowland sea  
 My love is in the ocean  
 The fish swim o'er his breast  
 His body's in a constant motion  
 I hope his soul's at rest  
 His coach is in a mountain  
 The waters all afloat

In minding of young Edwin  
 Who plowed the Lowlands low

**SIDE 2 BAND 10**

**THE DOUBLE SHUFFLE—Al, fiddle; Art, banjo**

We learned this from *Ira Ford's Traditional Music in America*. It is my guess that this syncopated Ozark fiddle tune originated with, or at least at one point was reworked by, black musicians. Some of us have tried it with dancing doll clogging on paddle, on tin whistle and banjo, tin whistle and fiddle, mouth music and fiddle, or just mouth music. The banjo is picked clawhammer style and is in the GCGCD tuning, but the strings are twisted up a whole tone into the key of D.

**Notes by Art Rosenbaum**

Callahan  
 What's you gonna do, my pretty Betty Larkin  
 The jury says you're guilty  
 The trial to come on  
 The jury found you guilty  
 And hanged you was to be  
 For the murder of young Edwin  
 Who plowed the Lowland sea  
 My love is in the ocean  
 The fish swim o'er his breast  
 His body's in a constant motion  
 I hope his soul's at rest  
 His coach is in a mountain  
 The waters all afloat

ROLL ON BODDY—Al, vocal and banjo  
 I don't want no  
 Foot that was  
 And not upon  
 The ground my  
 I looked at the  
 You was red  
 I looked at my  
 And he was  
 And roll on  
 Make your  
 I'm in a  
 I can't make  
 And I got no  
 And I would  
 Next Saturday  
 When the  
 On roll on  
 Make your  
 My wheel  
 And I can't  
 On one of  
 You'll call  
 But I will  
 State old  
 On it's one  
 You call  
 But I will  
 To old  
 Roll on  
 Be your  
 When the  
 Sit down  
 I looked  
 The sun