1957

A Collection of Ballads, Folk Songs, Dance Tunes and Marches from Taylor, Arizona

Lenn M. Shumway
Brigham Young University - Provo

Follow this and additional works at: https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/etd
Part of the Mormon Studies Commons, and the Music Commons

BYU ScholarsArchive Citation
https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/etd/5105

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.
A COLLECTION

OF

BALLADS, FOLK SONGS, DANCE TUNES AND MARCHES

FROM TAYLOR, ARIZONA

A Thesis

Presented to

The Faculty of the Department of Music

and the Graduate School

Brigham Young University

In Partial Fulfillment

of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Arts

by

Lenn M. Shumway

1957
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writer gratefully acknowledges those persons who willingly gave their time to record these songs. They are Mrs. Nell Bates Hall, Mr. James R. Jennings, Mr. Renz L. Jennings, Mr. Bert Allen, Mrs. Lucille Palmer, Mrs. Grace Reidhead, Wilford Shumway, Stanley Shumway, Argyle Shumway, Marge Freeman Shumway, Diane Shumway, Phil Shumway, and Nelda Moon Shumway.

Gratitude is extended to the author's graduate committee, Homer Wakefield, Harold Laycock, and Quentin Nordgren for their guidance and encouragement.

Special appreciation is offered to Dale Bailey of the English Department for his assistance in preparing this thesis.
# Table of Contents

## Introduction

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PART I. BALLADS AND SONGS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Home On The Range</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whistling Rufus</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Rosy Becky</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When The Harvest Moon Is Shining, Molly Dear</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodland Mary</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Baily</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Ran The Little Woman</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady At Sea</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down On The Brandywine</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lightning Express</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Loved You Better Than You Knew</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Juanita</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just Plain Folks</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiawatha</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old David Hancock</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Dan Tucker</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasant Valley</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Venero</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There'll Be No One To Welcome Me Home</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In The Shadow Of The Pines</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lady Lost Her Bustle</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Old Dad</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quit Kickin' My Dog Around</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bully</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Letter Edged In Black</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Asked Me Why I'm A Hobo</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down On The Rio Grande</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molly O'Grady</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whoa Mule, Whoa</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wreck Of The Old Ninety Seven</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Preacher Went Out Hunting</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annheuser Bush</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Orphans</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Pretty Quadroon</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farmer And The Devil</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down By The Old Garden Gate</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ugly Grizzly Bear</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor Town</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Pompey</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Noble Duke Of York</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Williams</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andy Bardeen</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give My Love To Nell</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Little Joe</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Cannot Be Your Sweetheart</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucky Jim</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tenderfoot</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Valley Of Custer</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WHEN CYRUS JENNINGS PLAYED THE DRUM</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PART II. DANCE TUNES AND MARCHES</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limekiln Band</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonapartes Retreat</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black Hills Waltz</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Round The Hill</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier's Joy</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rag Time Annie</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adamanna</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wingate March</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Waltz</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frolic Of The Frogs</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marker Waltz</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dietzman Waltz</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUMMARY</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BIBLIOGRAPHY</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDEX OF SONGS</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
INTRODUCTION

Primary Purpose. The primary purpose of this study is to collect and record examples of music of the early inhabitants of Taylor, Arizona, as they are sung and played by their survivors and descendants.

Importance of Study. America has always been a singing nation. Americans have expressed their work and play, their dreams and laughter, joys and sorrows, in their songs. "There is a song connected with almost every famous person, place and event in American History." For the reason that they provide an insight into the lives and activities of our ancestors, folk song collections are important.

Furthermore, great composers have made use of folk melodies in their compositions. Some of our great music literature was inspired by simple folk tunes. Therefore, folk songs are important musically.

There have been many collections made in most areas of the United States. In 1942 the Library of Congress published a publication containing a list of the titles of thousands of songs which have been collected from all parts of the United States and which are being kept in the archives of the Library of Congress. This book lists only nine songs collected from Arizona.

---


2 Check List of Folk Songs, (Washington D. C.; The Library of Congress, 1942) (Forward-not paginated)
Arizona has an abundance of colorful history made by its pioneers. The cattlemen, prospectors, trappers, outlaws, and others who settled there became heroes of numerous historical events and legends. The question may be asked, is it not possible that Arizona might be a source of some valuable material to add to the existing folk song collections? It was to find the answer to this question that this study was undertaken.

Dr. John Crowder, Dean of the College of Fine Arts at the University of Arizona, expressed his interest in such a project. Others have stated that such a collection would be of value as a history of their ancestors. Frank Luther expresses the sentiment of these people: "The songs your ancestors sang bring those ancestors to life. When you sing their songs, they emerge as living, pulsing, red-blooded people."

Research on this study was done in Taylor, Arizona, and in other places where former residents of Taylor now reside, namely in Reserve, New Mexico; Phoenix, Arizona; Hurricane, Utah; and Orem, Utah. All residents or former residents of Taylor who could possibly add to the collection were contacted. This collection is not limited to music which is found only in this area, but includes all folk-like songs that each individual could remember and that were most likely to have belonged to the period dating from 1880, when Taylor was settled.

---

3 Letter from Dr. John Crowder, Dean of the College of Fine Arts, University of Arizona, July 6, 1957.

4 Luther, op. cit., p. xi.
to approximately 1920. In those cases where the music is found in other areas, it is believed that comparisons would reveal many differences that have occurred in both the words and music.

**Definition of Terms.** Folk song is defined by Apel as "the musical repertory and tradition of communities as opposed to art music which is the artistic expression of musically trained individuals." A particular folk song must have had its beginning with some individual, but in the course of being passed from person to person, has probably been changed. If a song is taken up by a community and made a part of its singing and musical expression, it becomes a folk song. Since a folk song must have lasting value and interest, popular songs which die after a few months must be excluded from this category.

A ballad is defined as a narrative, usually the tale of a personal experience, or of some famous or miraculous deed. Dance tunes refer to the type of music used for dancing during the period under discussion. Dances of the period were principally quadrilles and squares. Marches referred to in this study are tunes collected which fit the standard march pattern.

---


7 Apel, *op. cit.*, p. 67

8 Statement of Aquilla F. Standiford, personal interview.
Organization of Thesis. There are two main parts to the report of this study. Part I contains Ballads and Folk Songs with the words and music. The words to the first verse and chorus have been written beneath the music. The extra verses are presented below the music or on the following page, together with the name of the performer and any known facts concerning the origin of the song.

Part II contains some dance tunes and marches which were very popular with the early residents of Taylor. Some of them are still used in their present day celebrations.

Part II is followed by the summary, bibliography, an alphabetical index of the songs contained in this collection, and the abstract of the thesis.

History of Folk Song Collecting. The collecting of folk songs in America began early in the twentieth century when many people became interested in their preservation. Cecil Sharp made a collection as early as 1917-18. In 1933 the Library of Congress established the Archive of American Folk Song and many great folklorists began contributing their collections from all parts of the United States. The work of John and Allan Lomax was mainly responsible for the accumulation of this tremendous wealth of material. As previously stated, this collection contains only nine songs obtained from Arizona. Some

---


states are not represented at all in this list.

There have been some people who have made important contributions as collectors and also as performers. In America, three of these are John Jacob Niles, Burl Ives, and Jean Ritchie. Some others who have made important collections are Margaret Boni and Norman Lloyd, B. A. Botkin, Sigmund Spaeth, and Cecil Sharp; however none of these has done any notable work in Arizona.

In Utah there has been a study similar to this one made of Enterprise, Utah, by Elvin B. Terry, and another is in the process of being made of Wales, Utah, by Leslie E. Reese. As far as it


16 Sigmund Spaeth, Read 'Em and Weep (New York: Doubleday, Page and Company, 1926).


17 Sharp, op. cit.


19 Leslie E. Reese, A Collection of Ballads and Folk-like Songs of Wales, Utah (now in the process of being studied).
can be ascertained, no similar collection has been made or is at the present time being made in Arizona dealing specifically with early Arizona music, excluding that of the native Indians which is outside the scope of this study.²⁰

Sources and Procedures. The sources of data for this study were the residents and former residents of Taylor, Arizona. They were contacted in their homes and requested to sing or play any songs they remembered which had been sung in the old days in Taylor. These were recorded on a portable tape recorder. Without exception they responded willingly and usually recommended someone who might remember some that they had forgotten.

After all known material was collected on the recorder it was notated on manuscript paper by listening to the playback of the tape recording. The songs have been notated as nearly as possible as they were recorded, without any editing. People who read this collection may observe places in certain songs which are "not the way we used to sing it." As a matter of fact, in many instances it was a temptation to notate a song differently from the way it was performed on the tape recording because it was not sung the way the present writer remembered it. It should be remembered that there is no one correct version of a Folk Song.

It may be of value to mention some of the problems connected with a study of this kind. The tape recorder used by the author has

²⁰Letters from the University of Arizona, Arizona State College at Tempe, and the Arizona State College at Flagstaff have indicated that they have no such collections of Folk Songs of Arizona.
no way of establishing the correct volume before the recording begins. An average volume would be set before turning on the recorder but this would often be in error. Through experience it was learned that a recorder should be used that will allow the volume to be tested before the recording begins.

In general the rhythm of these songs was quite easy to follow. As is usually the case with untrained singers, the longer notes are seldom held full value. In the case of those tunes played on the violin and harmonica, harmony notes are often added by the performer and it is sometimes difficult to tell which note is the melody.

The performers always like to listen to their recording played back to hear how their own voices sound. As the recording is being played back to the performer it can be checked to see if all the words can be understood or to question the performer on certain places where the melody or rhythm is not clearly understood.

As a supplement to this thesis, a tape recording of the first verse and chorus of each song is submitted.
Taylor, Arizona was settled in the year 1880, by Mormon pioneers sent from Utah. The town is situated on the Silver Creek, a tributary of the Little Colorado River, in northeastern Arizona. At the time of its settlement, it was an extremely isolated area and even today remains comparatively so. The population has shown no appreciable change in many years but remains almost the same as it has been for half a century.

Because of the isolation of the early settlers of Taylor, their entertainment was entirely drawn from their own talents. They were a musical people: They had a church choir and a town band, they put on operettas, and they had a dance orchestra. In the home many evenings were spent in pleasant homemade entertainment, singing and telling stories. The songs in this section are among the ones that were sung on those occasions. These songs reflect the spirit of their joys, sorrows, work and play.

There will be found in this collection songs representing many nationalities and most sections of the United States. This is entirely to be expected since among the Mormon pioneers were representatives from all these many areas. When travelers infrequently passed through the town, songs were picked up from them and made a part of the town's music heritage.
Some of the songs in this section are sung on the tape recording by persons who are second generation, that is, whose parents were the settlers of Taylor. Other songs are sung by members of the third generation, while one of the performers, Diane Shumway, belongs to the fourth generation. This is important because it shows that these songs have that lasting quality which is called for in the definition of folk songs.

It is not intended that this collection be of interest for its musical value alone, which on the whole may be inferior to the folk music of older regions. However, it is felt that this study will be of historical value and will appeal to the descendants of those pioneers in that it will provide them with an insight into the lives of their ancestors.
Home On The Range

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam, Where the deer and the antelope play. Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, The skies are not cloudy all day. And a home and a home where the buffalo roam where the deer and the antelope play. Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Then give me a land where diamond bright sand
Shines under the glittering sun
To guide us along as we chase the wild swan,
We'll ride with our saddle and gun.

Chorus

It's back to Red River and seldom, if ever,
I'll never go back anymore.
Then give me a gale of Adam's pure ale
That flows along Erin's green shore.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. This tune to the famous western song was brought to Taylor by Pete Stevenson, an Irishman, as can be seen by the third verse.
Way down south in old Alabama, High up a sycamore tree. Lived a coon, his name was Ruf-us, black as a negro could be. Ruf-us had a head like a big sledge hammer, a mouth like a terrible scar. No one could touch him.

Down Alabama, playing on his old guitar. ---- Now do not blunder or you will lose him. ---- A perfect wonder ---- They had to shoot him. ---- A great musician in a high position -- was whistling Ruf-us that one man band.

Continued on following page
Little Rosy Becky

Lit- tle Ros- y Beck- y, sweet and fair, Bright blue eyes and
cur- ly hair, Red ros- y cheeks and a dimp- le in her chin,
Lit- tle Ros- y Beck- y's heart fell in. Heart fell in,
Lit- tle Ros- y Beck- y's heart fell in.

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. She learned it from her father.

Whistling Rufus
Continued from previous page

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
When The Harvest Moon Is Shining, Molly Dear

The nightingales are singing in the valley
The stars like shining jewels deck the sky
But still beside the garden gate they linger,
And whisper of a love that never dies.

The summer soon will pass away, he murmured,
And when the fields are ripe with golden grain,
Then I'll come back to keep my loving promise,
And you and I will never part again.

Chorus

When the harvest moon is shining in the valley,

And the merry harvest songs again we hear,
Then as sweethearts we will roam, down the path that leads to home,
When the harvest moon is shining Molly, dear.
'Tis autumn now, and in the peaceful valley,
The paths are strewn with leaves all bright and gay.
A maid beside the garden gate is waiting
For one who promised he'd return some day.
Beneath the oceans dancing foam he's sleeping,
And when the sunset turns to red and gold,
A woman by the garden gate still lingers
And dreams about the loving vows he told.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Woodland Mary

With slow black eyes and jet-black hair, Red
rosy cheeks and her arms all bare, Her lips so
sweet and a dimpled chin, Her bosom fair—and
pure within. With steps as light as any
fair-y, 'Twas there I met my woodland Mar-y.

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. She learned this from her mother. There are
more verses but she could not remember them.
One dark and a stormy night when the rain was falling fast, Bill Bailey told his lady friend his dream of love was past. He said no more but slammed the door. He wandered down the street, He didn't have a cent, He longed for beans and pork chops, So back to the house he went and the passers-by could hear him saying:

"Ain't it a shame ---- a meas-a-ly shame to leave your honey out in the rain, Oh, open the door and let me in for I'm a freezing wet to the skin."

Continued on following page.
Home ran the little woman all in the dark, Up stairs ran the dog and he began to bark. He began to bark and she began to cry, "laws a mas-sey on me this ain't I".

"If it be I, and I hope it be, I've a little dog at home and he knows me. If it be I, he'll wag his little tail; If it ain't, he'll bark like a rail."

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. She learned this from Marilla Terry Hansen.

Bill Bailey

Continued from previous page.

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Lady At Sea

They had not sailed more than two weeks,
I'm sure if was not three,
Until this fair lady began to weep
And she wept most bitter tears.

"Oh, do you weep for gold?" he cried.
"Or do you weep for fear?
Or do you weep for that house carpenter
That you left when you sailed here?"

"I do not weep for gold," she cried.
"Nor do I weep for fear.
But I do weep for that sweet little babe
That I left when I sailed here."

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheer up," he cried.
"Cheer up, cheer up," cried he.
"And I'll take you back where the grass grows green
On the banks of the Sweet Willee."

They had not sailed more than three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
Until this vessel under deck sprang a leak
And it sank to rise no more.

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. She learned this from her mother.
Down On The Brandywine

Me and my Car-o-line hand in hand, Down on the Brandywine. Strolling through the fragrant meadow land,
Down where the sun beams shine. Down where the verdant meadows grow, Down where the fragrant breezes blow.

Sing-ing the songs we used to know. Down on the Brandywine. -------------- Oh, Car-o-line,

won't that be fine. Joy bells ring-ing, Dark-ies sing-ing,

When to church we'll go a swing-ing Oh, Car-o-line, Say you'll be mine. We'll find a spot to build a cot, Down on the Brandywine.
I long to be on that flowery shore
Down on the Brandywine.
Back with my Caroline girl once more.
Down where our hearts entwine.
She'll be awaiting there for me
Under the weeping willow tree
Down on the Brandywine.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown. The Brandywine is a river in Pennsylvania.
The Lightning Express

The lightning express, from a depot so grand, had just started on its way. Most of the passengers who were on board seemed to be happy and gay. A little boy sat on a seat by himself, reading a letter he had. 'Twas plain to be seen by the tears in his eyes that the contents of it made him sad. A stern old conductor then started to take the tickets from every one there. When finally reaching the side of the boy, he roughly demanded his fare. "I haven't a ticket," the boy then replied. "But I'll pay you back some day." I must put you off at the next station then, but stopped when he heard the boy say, "Please, Mister con-
The conductor, so stern, stood filled with surprise
At hearing the boy's sad tale.
He thought of the best friend that he had on earth
Who'd lately been called beyond the veil.
His angel mother, his memory recalled,
How she knelt by his bedside to pray.
"God keep us from harm with Thy powerful arm
And lead us all home," she would say.
"My boy, my dear mother is watching me now,
Her angel eyes look from above.
I dare not refuse the request you have made
For fear I retain not her love.
Go home to your mother," the conductor then said,
"And God speed you on your way."
Though we drift apart
I'll remember the boy
And the beautiful words he did say:

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
I Loved You Better Than You Knew

Our hands have clasped the last for-ev-er, per-haps we'll nev-er meet a-

gain. I loved you as I could no oth-er; this

part-ing fills my heart with pain. You asked and free-ly I for-
gave you. The hap-py past I must for-

get. And

though I wan-der on in sor-row, I hope that you'll be hap-py

yet. As though this wea-ry world I wan-
der, my

thoughts will be a-lone of you. In mem'-ry I will see you

ev-er. I loved you bet-ter than you knew.
Perhaps when I have gone forever,
You'll sometimes sit and think of me
And wonder if I'm dead or living.
Perchance I'll think the same of thee.
And when your friends have all departed,
The friends you thought were tried and true.
Remember one you left heartbroken,
Had loved you better than you knew.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Mexican Juanita

"My Juanita I must leave you. I have come to say good-bye." They were standing by the ruins where the sombre shadows fell. "You will miss me, ah la Mia, for a time then you'll forget. Ere this parting kiss I give you Juanita your eyes are wet."

"Crying, why, my brave Juanita? Do not grieve because I go I'm not worth it, there's a good girl."
"Ah, senor, I love you so."
"Love me, why my brave Juanita, I love you too, so do not grieve."
"Ah, senor, if you do love me, You would never, never leave."

"Don't be angry, dulce mia-- How your cheeks like roses glow, How your dark eyes flash like jewels, Fairest girl in Mexico. I did not think a slight flirtation Would leave an impress on your heart. I must leave to wed a maiden Of my country. We must part."

"One more kiss, I'll give you fifty," Round her form his arms entwine They were nearer to the ruins Almost hid by clustering vines.
They have parted now forever
Juanita leaves the place alone
In her eyes no teardrops glisten
From her heart all love has flown.

In the morning two vacqueros
Stop to rest there in the shade.
For siesta seeks the shelter
By the clustering foliage made.
"Por Dios," cried one vacquero
As he pushed the vines apart.
There lay el Americano,
With a dagger in his heart.

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Just Plain Folks

To a mansion in the city came a couple old and gray, To see their son who'd left them long ago. He had prospered and grown wealthy since in youth he ran away, And now his life was one of pomp and show. But sadly did he greet them, for his friends were by his side, Who'd often heard him boast of home so grand. But his father only looked at him and said in honest pride, as he gently led his dear wife by the hand.

Chorus

"We are just plain folks, your mother and me, Just plain folks like our own folks used to be, but as our presence seems to grieve you, we will go away and leave you, for we're sadly out of place here cause we're just plain folks."
It has been but few short years
Since you were but a country lad,
And did the work that country lads should do.
In those days you never looked with shame
On mother or old dad.
In fact, my boy, we both were proud of you.
But something must have changed you,
Or your wealth has brought you vain pride
King riches often takes with wings, they say.
But you'll always find a hearty welcome
By your parents' side;
They will treat you with the same old loving way.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Hiawatha

Oh, the moon is all a gleam, on the stream, where I dream, here of you my pretty Indian maid, while the rustling leaves above us over head. In the glory of the bright summer in the light, and the shadows of the forest glade. I am waiting here to kiss your lips so red. There's a flood of melodies, on the breeze, from the trees, and of you they breathe so tenderly, while the woodlands all a name. Oh, my all in life is you, only you, fond and true, and your own forever more I'll be. Hear then the song I sing with lips a flame.

Chorus

I am your own, your Hi - a - wath-a brave, my heart is yours you know, dear one I love you so —— Oh Min ne - ha - ha, gentle maid de-cide -- de-cide and say you'll be —— my In - dian bride.
In the tresses of your hair lays a snare,
And it's there, where my heart a willing captive is.
Oh, my woodland queen, I pray
You'll hold it ever in your care.
In my little birch canoe, love with you,
Just we two, down the stream of life in wedded bliss
I would drift sweetheart, with you my lot to share.
When the birds upon the wing, in the spring,
Gaily sing of the green and golden summer time
And the snows of early winter
Robe the woodlands all in white.
Then your Hiawatha, free I will be, and to thee
Every thought of mine will e'er incline.
Heed then the vows I pledge to thee this night.

Chorus

Sung by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
Old David Hancock had no pants to wear. He got him a goat hide and made him a pair. The hair-y side in and the skin-ny side out. "They'll do for cold weather," said David Hancock.

Old David Hancock had no watch to wear
So he got him a gourd and scooped it out square,
He got him a cricket and put it in there,
"It'll do for time keeping," said David Hancock.

Played on the harmonica by Stanley Shumway. Sung by Wilford Shumway. This song concerns a character who lived in Taylor. There is a story told about him. He had a well about a half mile from his house. When he was thirsty he always walked the half mile to the well for a drink. One day a neighbor asked him why he didn't carry a bucket of water to the house and save a few trips to the well. He replied, "Well, I never thought of that."
Old Dan Tucker

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man: He used to ride a
derby ram. He rode him up and down the hill, If he
hasn't got off he's a ridin' him still. Get out the way,
Old Dan Tucker, your too late to get your supper.

Hey jima-long, jima-long, josie, Hey jima-long,
jima-long josie.

Old Dan Tucker, he got drunk.
Fell in the fire and kicked out a chunk.
He got a coal in the toe of his shoe.
Laws a massey how the ashes flew!

Chorus

Old Dan Tucker, he climbed a tree
His Lord and Master for to see.
The limb did break and he did fall--
Never got to see his Lord at all.

Chorus

Old Dan Tucker was a fine old man:
Washed his face in the fryin' pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
Died with the tooth ache in his heel.

Chorus

33
Hog and a sheep went trottin' in a pasture
Sheep says, "Hog, can't you trot a little faster?"
The hog says no and stubbed his toe,
And said, "Oh, oh, it hurt me so."

Sung by Stanley and Wilford Shumway. The origin is unknown.
When you go to Pleasant Valley you take a sudden sally and
out through Heber you go. If you got a big load you better
take the ridge road for the canyon is sandy and slow. When you
get to Nelson's quarters you better go and water for your
horses will be dry. Take a bucket and a rope down a
little rocky slope, for that is the nearest water by.

Chorus

Look away, peek away, to see which way for to go. If you
don't keep a watch-in' It'll be a great caution if you
don't break down the wagon-0.
When you get to the rim
It'll take a little vim
For you scarcely can see the ground.
Little boulders are so thick
They will nearly make you sick
And your head will go buzzing around.
Keep your leaders in the track
And hold your wheelers back
And guide them safely through the stumps.
If you hit 'em on the back
It'll make your wheels crack
And you're apt to give your head a little bump.

Chorus

When you get to Cherry Creek
If you look right quick
Perhaps you'll see some cherries floating down.
The reason the water's so clear
Is because there's none near,
And you wade across upon the dry ground.
When you go down the mountain
You'll see a little fountain
Running down the wash so clear;
And a half a hundred hitches
Makes 'em pull like sons-a-bitches
And to Ellisons you are near.

Chorus

When you get to the gate
You can't hardly wait
To get started home again.
You find your wagon light
Before you're back out of sight
For you're not overstocked with hay and grain.
If you come by Raymond's Ranch
There is only half a chance
For a man to think about his life.
For half the time he's slidin'
And the other half a-glidin'
And to stay with the wagon is a strife.

Chorus

Sung by Wilford and Stanley Shumway. The tune is "Noah and His Good Old Ark." The words were written by Lafe Jennings while he was freighting to Pleasant Valley.
In an Arizona town one day, Billy Venero heard them say, that a band of Apache Indians were upon the trail of death. Heard them tell of murder done, Three men killed at Rocky Run, There is danger at the cow ranch cried Venero under breath.

Cow ranch, forty miles away, was a little place that lay Nestled in a shady valley of the mighty wilderness. Half a score of homes were there, And in one a maiden fair Held the heart of Villy Venero, Venero's little Bess.

So no wonder he grew pale when he heard the cowboy's tale, Of the men that he'd seen murdered day before at Rocky Run. "Sure as there's a God above, I will save the girl I love. By my love for little Bessie, I'll see that something's done."

Not a moment he delayed when his brave resolve was made. "Why, man," his comrades told him when they heard his daring plan. "You are riding straight to death." But he answered, "Save your breath. I may never reach the cow ranch, but I'll do the best I can."

As he crossed the alkali all his thoughts flew on ahead To the little band at cow ranch, thinking not of danger near. With his quirt's unceasing whirl and the jingle of his spurs, Little Chapo bore the cowboy o'er the far away frontier.

Lower and lower sank the sun; he drew rein at Rocky Run. "Here those men met death, my Chapo," and he stroked the glossy mane. "So shall those we go to warn ere the coming of the morn. If we fail--God help my Bessie." And he started on again.

Sharp and clear, a rifle shot woke the echoes of that spot. "I am wounded" cried Venero, and he swayed from side to side. "While there's life there's always hope. Slowly onward I will lope. If we fail to reach the cow ranch, Bessie Lee shall know I tried."
"I will save her yet," he cried. "Bessie Lee shall know I tried."
And for her sake then he halted in the shadow of the hill.
From his chapareras he took with weak hands a little book,
Tore a blank leaf from its pages, saying, "This shall be my will."

From a limb a twig he broke, and he dipped his pen of oak
In the warm blood that was spurting from a wound above her heart.
"Rouse," he wrote, "before too late. Apache warriors lie in wait.
Goodbye, God bless you, darling." And he felt the cold tears start.

Then he made his message fast. Love's first message and its last.
To the saddle horn he tied it, and his lips were white with pain.
"Take this message, if not me, straight to little Bessie Lee."
Then he tied himself to the saddle, and he gave his horse the rein.

Just at dusk a horse of brown wet with sweat came panting down
The little lane at cow ranch, stopped in front of Bessie's door.
But the cowboy was asleep, and his slumbers were so deep
Little Bess could never wake him though she tried for evermore.

You have heard the story told by the young and by the old,
Away down yonder at the cow ranch, the night the Apaches came.
Of that sharp and bloody fight, how the chief fell in the fight,
And the panic-stricken warriors when they heard Venero's name.

And the heavens and the earth between keep a little flower
so green,
That little Bess had planted ere they laid her by his side.

Sung by Wilford and Stanley Shumway. The origin is unknown.
There'll Be No One To Welcome Me Home

My mother stood out on that Liverpool dock, with her apron held up to her eyes. As the big ship pulled out of the dock, She said, Goodbye, goodbye. My boy you are going to lands far away, Far over the sea for to roam. And when you return to the place of your birth, There'll be no one to welcome you home. There'll be no one to welcome me home, There'll be no one to welcome me home. And when I return to the place of my birth, There'll be no one to welcome me home.
In the dim twilight I wander alone
As oft through the old days of yore.
Fatherless, motherless, sadly I roam
For I ne'er have returned to that shore.
As through this dark world I have traveled alone
How oft have I dreamed of that home.
And when I return to the place of my birth
There'll be no one to welcome me home.

Chorus

Sung by Wilford and Stanley Shumway. They learned it from their mother.
In The Shadow Of The Pines

We wandered 'neath the shadow of the pines, my love and I, as the winds were softly blowing from the sea; When a sudden fitful darkness came across our summer sky and the shadow came between my love and I. Some hasty words were uttered and then almost unaware hasty answers to unthinking anger led. All our heartfelt bitter longing, all our weeping and our tears could not make those harsh and cruel words unsaid.

Chorus

Come back to me sweetheart and love me as before, back, back to me sweetheart and leave me never more. O'er life's dull pathway, the sun no longer shines. Come, love, and meet me in the shadow of the pines...
You took the ring I gave you nor cast a glance at me
As you held the jeweled trinket in your hand;
And then you turned and tossed it to the bottom of the sea
As the waves were dashing wildly on the sand.
You turned away unheeding the tears I could not hide
You walked away and not a word was said.
My stubborn heart was breaking beneath its mark of pride
And the pine trees sighed in pity overhead.

Chorus

I wake from bitter dreaming to call aloud your name,
I sleep again to dream of you once more.
All my stubborn pride has left me,
I admit I was to blame;
Oh forgive me, dear, and love me as before.
The future is o'er shadowed with the darkest of despair,
In life's sky the sun of love no longer shines.
I would give this whole world gladly once again to meet you there,
Reunited in the shadow of the pines.

Chorus

Sung by Wilford, Stanley and Lenn Shumway. The origin is unknown.
The Lady Lost Her Bustle

A gentleman he found it,
He found it, he found it.
Oh, a gentleman he found it
In a fancy ballroom.

The lady wouldn't own it,
Wouldn't own it, wouldn't own it.
Oh, the lady wouldn't own it
In a fancy ballroom.

The lady said he stole it,
Said he stole it, said he stole it.
Oh, the lady said he stole it
In a fancy ballroom.

The gentleman he wore it,
He wore it, he wore it.
Oh, the gentleman he wore it
In a fancy ballroom.

Coda

Sung by Wilford Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Dear Old Dad

Last night I had a dream of my dear childhood. Of the time when I was but a little boy, I thought it was upon a Christmas morning, and Santa Claus had filled my heart with joy. My father took me from my little cradle and bade me look upon the Christmas tree. I know now it was daddy and not Santa Claus who filled my stocking Christmas Eve for me.

Chorus

I have heard many praises of sweet-hearts, I have heard many praises of wives, I have heard many praises of our great men, who have led such wonderful lives. I have heard many praises of mothers. Who would stick to you through good and bad, But while you are

(cont.)
Dear Old Dad (cont.)

I remember daddy coming home at twilight
In the evening when his daily toil was done.
He'd take me then upon his big broad shoulder
And we'd watch the glory of the setting sun.

If you've a daddy that you can remember
Who you never gave a kindly thought before,
Just think 'twas he who toiled from early morn 'til night,
To keep hard times from knocking at the door.

Chorus

Sung by Stanley Shumway. He learned it from his mother.
Quit Kickin' My Dog Around

Ev'ry time I go to town, The boys start kick-in' my dog a-round. It makes no diff'rence if he is a hound, They gotta quit kick-in' my dog a-round.

Sung by Wilford Shumway. This song may have been learned from an old cylindrical phonograph record. There are probably more verses but they are not known by this performer.
The Bully

Have you heard about that bully? He just come into town. He's gwine round the neighbors, He's laying' their bodies down. I'm lookin' for that bully and he must be found.

Chorus

When I walk that levee round, round, round, round, When I walk that levee round, round, round, round, round, When I walk that levee round, I'm lookin' for that bully and he must be found.

I'm a gwine down the street, My axe in my hand And if I meets that bully I'll sweep him off the land. I'm a lookin' for that bully And he must be found.

Chorus

Sung by Stanley Shumway. He learned it from his mother.
I was seated by my window yesterday morning, without a bit of worry or of care. When I heard the postman whistling up the pathway, with such a smiling face and jaunty air.

He rang the bell and whistled while he waited
And then he said, "Good morning to you, Jack."
But he little knew the sorrow that he brought me
When he handed me that letter edged in black.

With trembling hands I took the letter from him
I broke the seal and this is what it said,
"Come home, my boy, your poor old father wants you,
Come home my boy, your mother dear is dead.

"Forgive me boy, the cruel words I've spoken.
You know I never meant them, don't you, Jack?
And your poor old father's heart is almost broken
As he's writing you this letter edged in black."

Sung by Stanley Shumway. He learned it from his mother.
You asked me why I'm a hobo
And why I sleep in the ditch.
It's not because I'm lazy, no, I just don't want-a be rich.

Now, I could have been a tenor
And maybe sung high "C"
But I heard one on the radio
And that was enough for me.

Whenever I think of Lincoln
I know I can never forgive
A guy who would murder a man like that
And let those tenors live.

Sung by Wilford Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Down On The Rio Grande

Oh, They call me tender foot, but I am a reg'-ler now. Hal-e-lu, Hal-e-lu. But when I pitch my rope I am bound to catch a cow. Hal-e-lu. Hal-e-lu. There once was a time you could brand a mav'-rick swell, Bar out the brand so the owner couldn't tell, But if you do it now they'll pen you sure as hell. Hal-e-lu, Hal-e-lu.

Fare you well, my Texas gal fair'est in the land. ---- I'm goin' way down yon-der where the grass grows tall. Down on the Rio ------ Grande.

Continued on following page.
Sweet little Molly O'Grady, She was a black-smith by birth. She got tired of living, and decided to leave the earth. So she swallowed a tape line, but dying by inches was hard. So she went out in the garden, and laid down and died by the yard.

Sung by Wilford, Stanley, and Lenn Shumway. The origin is unknown.

Down on the Rio Grande.

Continued from previous page

Sung by Stanley Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Whoa Mule, Whoa

My daddy was the owner of a very fine mule the prettiest he could find. Had a ring bone spavin, all four feet and he was deaf and blind. He could kick a fly off your left ear and he never would stand still. I'm bound to have a mate for him if it costs me a dollar bill. Whoa Mule, Whoa, why don't you hear me holder? Tie a knot in that mule's tail or he'll go through the collar. Why don't you put him on the track, why don't you let him go? The only way to stop that mule is Whoa Mule, Whoa.
I took my gal out for a ride,  
That mule begin to balk.  
He backed us off into a ditch  
And he spoiled her Sunday frock.  
My gal, she swore she'd have revenge  
And she stooped to pick up a stick.  
That mule let go with both hind feet  
And he laid my gal out slick.

Chorus

I picked my gal up on my back  
And I laid her on the bed.  
I slapped a plaster to her feet  
And another one to her head.  
The doctor came and he felt her pulse  
And he said, "She's very low."  
The last words that the poor girl said was  
Whoa mule, whoa.

Chorus

Sung by Wilford, Stanley, and Lenn Shumway. The origin is unknown.
They gave him his orders at Monroe, Virginia saying,

"Pete, you're a way behind time. This is not thirty-eight, but it's old ninety-seven you must put 'er in Center on time."

He looked 'round and said to his black and greasy fireman,
"Just shovel in a little more coal,
And when we cross that wide old mountain
You can watch old ninety-seven role.

It's a mighty rough road from Lynchburg to Danville
And a line on a three mile grade.
It was on this grade that he lost his average
So you see what a jump he made.

He was going down the grade making ninety miles an hour
When his whistle broke into a scream.
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
He was scalded to death by steam.

Now, ladies, you must take a warning
From this time now and on
Never speak harsh words to your ever-loving husband
He may leave you and never return.

Sung by Wilford Shumway. He learned it from an old phonograph record.
A Preacher Went Out Hunting

A preacher went out hunting, 'Twas on a Sunday morn. Although it was against his religion, he took his gun along. He shot for himself some very fine quail and one little measly hare. And on his way returning home, met a great big grizzly bear. The bear marched out in the middle of the road to watch that coon you see. That coon got so excited, he climbed up a Simmons tree. The bear sat down up on the ground the coon got out on a limb. Then he turned his eyes to the Lord in the skies and these words said to him.

Chorus

O Lord, didn't you deliver Daniel from the lions den, and so the little Jonah from the belly of the whale, and then three Hebrew chil-lum from the fiery furnace, as the
Sung by Wilford and Stanley Shumway. They learned it from an old phonograph record. There is another verse but they could not remember it.
Annheuser Busch

Talk a-bout the shade of the shelter-ing pines,
Praise the bam-boo tree and its wide spread-ing charms.
Theres a lit-tle bush that grows right here in town. You know its
name it has won such re-nown. Of-ten with my sweet-heart just
af-ter the play, To this lit-tle bush then our foot-steps will
stray. If she hesi-tates when she looks at the sign,
Chorus
Soft-ly I whis- per now Sue don't de-cline, Won't you come, come,
come and make eyes with me un-der the Ann-heus-er Bush.

come, come, drink some port wine with me un-der the
Ann-heus-er Bush, Won't you hear the lit-tle Ger-man band

Aug-gust lieb-er un dum come let me hold your hand, Ja.
Rave about the place where your swells go to dine,
Picture Sue and me with our sandwich and stein.
Underneath the bush where the good fellows meet
Life seems worth living with our joy complete.
If your sad at heart take a trip there tonight.
You'll forget your woe and your eyes will grow bright.
There you'll find me with my sweetheart, Sue;
Come down this evening and I'll introduce you.

Chorus

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
The Orphans

Two little children, a boy and a girl, Sat by an
old church door. The little girls cheeks were as brown as the
curls, that fell on the dress that she wore. The boys coat was
faded and hat-less his head, A tear shone in each little
eye. "Why don't you go home to your ma-ma," I said. And
Chorus
this was the maid-ens re-ply: "Ma-ma's in heav-en they
took her a-way, left Jim and I a-lone. We
came here to sleep at the close of the day, For we have no
ma-ma nor home. We can't earn our own bread, were too lit-tle," she
said. Jim's five years and I'm on-ly seven. We've no one to
love us since pa-pa is dead, And our dar-l-ing ma-ma's in heaven."
"Papa got lost out at sea long ago,
We waited all night on the shore.
For he was a life-saving captain, you know,
But he never came back anymore.
Then mama got sick, angels took her away.
She went to a land warm and bright.
She said she would call for her children someday.
Perhaps she is coming tonight."

Chorus

"Maybe tonight there'll be no room," she said.
"Two little ones to keep."
Then, placing her arm under little Jim's heard,
She kissed him and both fell asleep.
The sexton came early to ring the church bell
He found them beneath the snow white.
The angels made room for the orphans to dwell
In heaven with mama that night.

Chorus.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Pretty Quadroon

Oh, I'll ne'er forget when I met, — sweet Cor-a my pretty quad-roon. —— I see her dear eyes smiling yet, —

— As we vowed to be true 'neath the moon. —— Her form was ex-ceed-ing-ly fair, —— She had lips like the wild rose in june. —— And the ring-lets of dark glossy hair, —— Were the curls of my pretty quad-roon. —

Chorus

Oh, my pretty quad-roon, —— My flower that fad-ed to soon. —— My heart, like the strings on my ban-jo, —— All broke for my pretty quad-roon. —— My heart, like the strings on my ban-jo, —— All broke for my pretty quad-roon. —
So happy were we for awhile
Like two love birds we dwelt mid the bowers.
And the sweetness of Cora's bright smile
Seemed to rival the blush of the flowers.
But happiness fades like a rose
And before the next full of the moon
The grim reaper knocked on our door
And took Cora, my pretty quadroon.

Chorus

Farewell to Kentucky's green hills
And farewell to Kentucky's green shade.
Farewell to the bright clover field
Where Cora and I often strayed.
High on the cool northern breeze
Comes the sound of the hue and the cry.
Oh, God, can it be the glad day,
The day of deliverance is nigh.

Chorus

One plunge in the dark muddy stream
One struggle and all will be o'er.
My life floats away like a dream
And the voice of the driver no more.
Our sorrows will soon be forgot
And my heart will find rest in the tomb.
But my spirit will fly to the spot
And watch o'er my pretty quadroon.

Chorus

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
The Farmer And The Devil

There was an old farmer went out to plow, ta-ra-do. He saw the devil come out of the mow. Sing tur-a-li-a-da, sing tur-a-li-a.

He put for the house as fast as he could run, ta-ra-do.
He put for the house as fast as he could run;
Said, "Don't take me, take my eldest son."
Sing tur-a-li-a-do, sing tur-a-li-ay.

You're eldest son I'll spare for your sake, ta-ra-do.
You're eldest son I'll spare for your sake,
But your damned old wife I'm gonna take.

So he picked her up and he packed her to hell, ta-ra-do.
He picked her up and packed her to hell,
He said to himself, "I think I done well."

Six little devils come rattlin' their chains, ta-ra-do.
Six little devils come rattlin' their chains,
She picked up a shovel and beat out their brains.

Six more little devils ran up the wall, ta-ra-do.
Six more little devils ran up the wall,
Said, "Take her away, devil, she'll murder us all.

So he picked her up on his old fat back, ta-ra-do.
He picked her up on his old fat back,
And like a damn fool come waggin' her back.

The farmer saw him come over the hill, ta-ra-do.
The farmer saw him come over the hill,
Said, "If the devil won't have her, be damned if I will."

This story shows what women will do, ta-ra-do.
This story shows what women will do,
They'll rally all hell and kill devils too.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. He learned it from Myrl Kartchner Shumway.
Down By The Old Garden Gate

My sweet-heart's a sly little fairy.---- Her age it is just seventeen,---- Her parents they say she's to airy,----

---But a sweeter girl never was seen.-------- Some nights she steals out of the parlor, And her mother calls after her, Kate.---- But she answers dear Ma, I'm not going far, I'll just go as far as the gate.----------

Chorus

"Just down to the old garden gate dear ma." "Down to the old garden gate.---- For the moon is so bright, and it's such a nice night, I love to stand here by the gate."---
Of course at the gate I am waiting,
And sweet are the word that we say,
While inside the old folks debating
As whether they'll move first of May.
Sometimes they call gently for Katie,
She answers, "Dear Ma, 'tis not late,
There's no sign of storm, and the night is so warm,
I love to stand here by the gate."

Chorus

They say she's too young to be married,
But with them we do not agree;
Love's message to Katie I carried,
And a kiss was the answer for me.
We'll wander alone in the moonlight;
Much longer I'm sure we can't wait.
Some night, by and by, to the preacher we'll fly,
When Katie comes down to the gate.

Chorus

Sung by Argyle and Marge Shumway. They learned it from James Jennings.
Once traveling in a circus was an ugly grizzly bear, who hated all the world although he did not have a care. He'd shake his head in anger at the crowd around his cage, and growl and grunt as if to try to tell them in his rage."

Chorus

"I long for the hills of freedom. I long for the mountain air. If I could wag my stump-y tail, once more in the moss-y dell, then I'd be a happy bear."
Taylor Town

Taylor Town, good old town, Fin-est place you'll find a-round.

Search in an-y clime and bound. Just the same, though it's name,

still is yet un-known to fame, I'll re-peat it

once a-gain it's Tay-lor.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.

The Ugly Grizzly Bear

Continued from previous page.

Sung by Argyle and Diane Shumway. The origin is unknown.
An apple tree grew just over his head,
Over his head, over his head,
An apple tree grew just over his head,
Tri-le-i-le-o.

The apples grew ripe and fell to the ground,
Fell to the ground, fell to the ground.
The apples grew ripe and fell to the ground,
Tri-le-i-le-o.

An old woman come 'long a pickin' 'em up,
A pickin' 'em up, a pickin' 'em up.
An old woman come 'long a pickin' 'em up
Tri-le-i-le-o.

Old Pompey jumped up and give her a thump,
Give her a thump, give her a thump.
Old Pompey jumped up and give her a thump,
Tri-le-i-le-o.

The saddle and bridle lay over the shelf,
Over the shelf, over the shelf.
If you want any more you can sing it yourself.
Tri-le-i-le-o.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Oh, The Noble Duke of York, he had ten thousand men.
He marched them up the hill one day and he marched them down again.
And when they were up, they were up, and when they were down they were down.
And when they were only half way up they were neither up nor down.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Oh, my name is Bill Williams, I'm a jolly old guy. If the Indians don't get me I'll live 'till I die. I love my old horse, he can run like a streak, a chasing coyotes over Bill Williams Peak.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown. There are other verses but they could not be remembered. Bill Williams was a famous trapper. There is a Bill Williams Peak and a town of Williams near Flagstaff, Arizona.
Andy Bardeen

There were three loving brothers from old Scotland, And
three loving brothers were they. ------ They all cast
lots to see which one should go robbing all 'round the Salt Sea.------

The lot it fell on Andy Bardeen,
The youngest of the three.
And he maintained the other two
And went robbing all 'round the Salt Sea.

They scarce had sailed three long winter nights
When a vessel they did spy.
A sailing far off and a sailing far on
'Til at length it came sailing near by.

"Who's there, who's there," cried Andy Bardeen.
"Who's this that sails so nigh."
"'Tis King Charles Fourth of old England.
Won't you please for to let him pass by?"

"Oh no, oh no," cried Andy Bardeen
"This thing can never be.
Your vessel we'll take and your cargo, too.
And your bodies we'll sink in the sea."

Broad side to broad side those vessel did crash
And cannon like thunder did roar.
And Andy Bardeen, the brave pirate,
Sank down to rise no more.

Sung by Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Give My Love To Nell

Give my love to Nel - lie, Jack. Kiss her once for me. --- The
fair - est girl in all this world, I know you'd say is she.

Treat her kind-ly, Jack, old pal. Tell her that I'm well. My
part - ing words, you don't for-get to give my love to Nell.

Sung by James R. Jennings. The origin is unknown.
Poor Little Joe

Cold blew the blast, down came the snow, poor lit-tle Joe, he had
no place to go. No moth-er to guide him the grave she is low.

Wear-y and wast-ed was poor lit-tle Joe.

Sung by Renz L. Jennings. He learned this from his sisters, Nell and Myrtle.
There are other verses but he could not remember them.
I Cannot Be Your Sweetheart

Last night I told my heart's love, Under the clear blue sky. ——— Eagerly waiting her answer, Then saw only a tear in her eye. ——— Softly I whispered, "I love you." Asked her to be my bride. ——— Her face grew pale and she trembled, Then sadly to me she replied. ———

Chorus

I cannot be your sweetheart, I cannot stay by your side. ——— There is one waiting off yonder, One who will claim me his bride. ——— My heart is almost broken, your vows only add to my pain. ——— For I love you, my darling, I love you, Though we may ne'er meet again.
We bade farewell in the moonlight,
My heart is turned to stone.
One blissful hour I was happy
But now I am sad and alone.
Empty my life is forever,
She will go far away.
Yet while I live will I love her
E'en though I still hear her say,

Chorus

Sung by James and Renz Jennings and Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Lucky Jim

Jim and I as children played together, Best of friends for
man-y, man-y years. Alas was always most un-lucky,
Jim was always lucky as could be. Oh, lucky Jim
how I envied him. Oh, lucky Jim, How I envied,

Jim and I as boys grew up together
Alas, we learned to love the same sweet maid.
She loved Jim and married him one evening.
Jim was lucky, I unlucky stayed.

Chorus
Jim took sick and died before the springtime,
Left his widow and she married me.
Jim tonight is sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
In a quiet churchyard by the sea.

Final Chorus
Oh, lucky Jim, how I envy him.
Oh, lucky Jim, how I envy,
How I envy him.

Sung by James and Renz Jennings and Argyle Shumway. The origin is unknown.
I started out one spring for fun, to see how cow punching was done. After the round-up had begun I tackled a cattle king. -- He said his fore-man, his name was Brown, he lived in an apartment house in town. I asked him then if he'd take me down, so in we went to town.

We started out the very next day
Brown augered me most all the way
He said cow punching was just like play
It was no work at all.
All you have to do is whip and ride.
It's just like drifting with the tide.
The son of a gun of how he lied,
Doggone him how he lied.

I picked me out a prick-eared black
With three big set fasts on his back.
They padded him up with a gunny sack
And I used my bedding all.
When I got on him he quit the ground
Went up in the air and whirléd around
And I came down upon the ground
And had a heckuva fall.
They picked me up and carried me in
And rolled me down on a dogie skin.
"Oh, that's the way they all begin
You're doing fine," said Brown.
"If you're not dead by tomorrow morn,
We'll give you another try," says he.
"I'll be darned if you will," says I
For I believe I'll walk to town."

I've traveled East, I've traveled West,
I've traveled up and I've traveled down;
I've lived in city and I've lived in town,
And I have this much to say:
Before cow punching go kiss your wife
Take out a policy on your life
Go stab yourself with a butcher knife
'Tis far the better way.

Sung by Phil Shumway. The origin is unknown.
Valley Of Custer

There's a spot in this wild-wood that I long to see, Where the stream-lets are dancing in laughter and glee, where the sweet daf-fodils and prim-ros-es are seen, and the deer love to play on that mantle of green. 'Tis the Valley of Cus-ter, It's wide spread-ing clus-ter of lit-tle log cab-ins spread out on the green. 'Tis the Val-ley of Cus-ter, where oft we did mus-ter and we drank to the brave from the sol-dier's can-teen.
The pine trees were, sighing
The hill tops around,
But they heed not the call
Of the bugles dull sound.
Our tears wet the spot
On that terrible morn,
When God called the roll
On that Little Big Horn.

Chorus

The star of that valley,
Whose bright name it bears,
Now sleeps in this wildwood
Away from life's cares.
But still there's a spot
Holds its memory dear
In the heart of each comrade,
Each brave pioneer.

Chorus

Sung by Phil, Nelda, and Lenn Shumway. The origin is unknown.
WHEN CYRUS JENNINGS PLAYED THE DRUM

By Rhoda P. Wakefield

We used to have some good old times
In Taylor long ago,
When everybody shared the same
As Uncle Bill or Joe.
And when the Fourth and Twenty-fourth
Came rolling round each year,
A spirit new was in the heart
Of every pioneer.
As for the children of the town,
A circus wasn't in it.
Why for band practice to begin
They couldn't wait a minute,
And when the first strains sounded,
What a treat! 'Twas so much fun
To hear the old band play again,
And Brother Jennings beat the drum.

Uncle Willie played his whistle,
Uncle Reuben played the flute,
Some fiddles, one or two snare drums,
All joined in glad salute
To the starry spangled banner.
Dear Old Flag, red, white, and blue.
Then they told about the soldier
In the faded coat of blue,
How he left a girl behind him.
Now Susannah don't you cry
But for Bonnie Annie Laurie
He would lay him down and die.
Then they livened up on Dixie,
Vowed by Brigham Young to stand
And if old enemies dared appear
They'd sweep them from this land.
Long before the day was breaking
Strains of music sweet and clear,
Friendly neighbors all awaking,
Gladly gave the band a cheer.
As all around the village
To each home in turn they went,
A lively tune for everyone
On morning air was sent,
E'en the horses young and prancy
Caught the spirit, felt the thrill,
Tried some fancy steps in dancing
As they sidled down the hill.
Some friends came always out to treat
To cakes and pies, (Keep mum),
And good, cold, home-make hoppy beer,
When Uncle Cyrus beat the drum.

At ten oclock we gathered
At the old house on the square,
All dressed up for the occasion,
Blackened shoes and braided hair,
Ribbons gay, and brand new dresses
Heads a-bobbing everywhere
Greeting friends and old-time neighbors
They'd not seen for most a year.
How the children all were growing,
How did wheat and corn compare.
Rather dry, the wind kept blowing
If it rained, they'd yield quite fair.
Faces filled with hopeful gladness
All around for miles had come,
Just to hear some right good music
When Cyrus Jennings beat the drum!
PART II

DANCE TUNES AND MARCHES

Dance tunes and marches played important roles in the lives of the early settlers of Taylor. Their main source of social entertainment was dancing. Several names are prominent: Joseph Kay was the earliest fiddler and played for all the dances during the first few years of the town's existence. For his pay he would take posts, livestock, vegetables, or anything else which would be useful to him. A little later Pete Marker and his son, came to the area and would travel from town to town playing for dances. Pete played the violin and his son played a potable organ.

Aquilla F. Standifird, when just a boy, bought himself a violin. A self-instruction manual came with it and he learned to play from that. He also later learned to play the guitar, cello, and bass fiddle.

Bert Allen began to learn to play the violin at the age of twelve. He started to play for dances when he was fourteen years old and has been playing ever since. He is now, in 1957, seventy-seven years old and is the performer who recorded most of the tunes in this

21 Statement by Aquilla F. Standifird, personal interview.

22 Ibid.
section of the thesis. His violin was given to him by his father.\textsuperscript{23}

For celebrations and other special occasions a town band was organized by Cyrus Jennings. He played the bass drum, Will Willis played the piccolo, Henry Jennings played the snare drum; mixed in with these were violins, guitars, and mandolins.\textsuperscript{24} One of the writer's earliest recollections is the serenading of the town by the band on the 4th of July. The band, transported on a wagon, would stop at various points around town and serenade the people.

Some of the tunes in this section received their names from the people who performed them first in that area, such as "The Marker Waltz" which was played first by Pete Marker. Some received their names from certain localities. Some men from Taylor were employed at Ft. Wingate, New Mexico, and when they returned they had a new march to teach the people: "The Ft. Wingate March."

An interesting relic of historical importance is a large bass drum which was played in the Nauvoo Legion band. This drum was constructed under the supervision of Major Edward P. Duzette, the conductor of the band. It was brought across the plains by the first company of Mormon pioneers in 1847.

At one time during the course of the journey when the wagon carrying the drum was brought to a sudden stop, the tongue of the wagon in the rear rammed a large hole in the side of the drum. Ralph

\textsuperscript{23} Statement by Bert Allen, personal interview.

\textsuperscript{24} Standifird, \textit{op. cit.}
Ramsay, the man who carved the Eagle Gate in Salt Lake City, Utah, dove-tailed a patch into the drum.

This drum was no doubt often brought out to supplement the campfire music which cheered the weary travelers on that toilsome trek from Nauvoo, Illinois, to Utah. It was inscribed with the beehive emblem of the State of Deseret. This emblem remains today on the drum, which is still in a fair state of preservation.

Later on some of the Mormon home-seekers extended their frontiers to the Virgin River area in Southern Utah. There a group of small settlements sprang up, known as Utah's Dixie. Here went Major Duzette and with him the old bass drum. He soon gathered around him a group of musicians and organized a band. He taught a young man by the name of Cyrus Jennings to play the drum. When he retired he gave the drum to Cyrus Jennings, who carried on as band leader wherever he lived. When Major Duzette passed away, Cyrus Jennings marched in his funeral procession, playing the drum with muffled beat.

Handed down to the Cyrus Jennings family, along with the big bass drum, is the story of how in the day of the Nauvoo Legion, Joseph Smith, the Prophet, would playfully hop over the drum forward and then backward without turning around. Apparently this fete could not be performed by everyone.

In April of the year 1887, Cyrus Jennings moved with his family from Rockville, Utah, to Taylor, Arizona.
The old bass drum was destined to play an important role in the satisfaction of the music-hungry people in the then isolated settlement along the Silver Creek. As July 4th came nearer, Cyrus just couldn't let the old drum remain quiet. Before dawn on the morning of the nation's birthday, the town was awakened by the strains of "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," etc., as a wagon drawn by two farm horses drove all around the town, conveying the band. Then throughout the day as the residents of Taylor assembled to celebrate, the band was very generous with its music.

As the years passed the band became very popular on the holidays, especially the 4th and 24th of July. More instruments were added. Band practices were held well in advance of the day of celebration.

To watch Cyrus Jennings beat the drum was something to remember. His dexterous performance added a zest to patriotic music which could not fail to thrill the hearts of Americans. As the band struck up a lively tune, he often surprised his audience by tossing his drumsticks high in the air, catching them on the way down, still keeping the time. On special holidays gay ribbons were tied on the drumsticks to add a colorful touch.25

This drum is now in the possession of Renz L. Jennings, the son of Cyrus Jennings. The tradition of the band serenading the town

25 Letter from Mrs. Elizabeth Shumway, June 28, 1957.
on the 4th of July is still carried on today with many former Taylor
residents returning to play in the band or to listen to the band and
participate in the traditional celebration.

Several of the marches and dance tunes in this section are
played at the present day celebration.
Bonaparte's Retreat
Black Hills Waltz

Played by Bert Allen and Lucille Palmer. The origin is unknown.

Bonapartes Retreat

Played by Bert Allen and Lucille Palmer. Bert tuned his violin strings to E-A-E-A for this tune. The origin is unknown.

Limekiln Band

Played by Bert Allen and Lucille Palmer. Bert learned this from his father. There are words to it but he could not remember them.
played by bert allen and lucille palmer. the origin is unknown. there are some words to this tune which are as follows:

the mormons are the dammedest set
that ever in my life i met.
they live in a place called deseret
among the rockies mountains.

these words fit the second part of this tune.
Soldier's Joy

Played by Bert Allen and Lucille Palmer. The origin is unknown.
Rag Time Annie

Played by Bert Allen and Lucille Palmer. The origin is unknown.
Played by Bert Allen and Grace Reidhead. This tune was composed by Kenner Kartchner while he was playing for a dance at Adamanna, Arizona.
Mexican Waltz

Played by Wilford Shumway. The origin is unknown. There is some controversy over the name of this tune. Some individuals thought this should be called the Dietzman Waltz while others thought this was the Frank Willis Mexican Waltz. There appears to be more evidence that the latter is correct.

Ft. Wingate March

Played by Wilford Shumway. This tune was brought to Taylor by some residents of Taylor who learned it while they were working at Ft. Wingate, New Mexico.
Frolic Of The Frogs

Played by James Jennings. The origin is unknown.
Marker Waltz

Played by James Jennings. This tune was probably named after Pete Marker, a traveling musician who stopped in Taylor frequently.
Dietzman Waltz

Played by Nell Bates Hall. The origin is unknown.
SUMMARY

In this study an attempt has been made to collect and record examples of the music sung and played by the early inhabitants of Taylor, Arizona. The music was recorded by portable tape recorder in the field where residents of former residents of Taylor now reside. They were notated on manuscript paper by listening to the playback of the tape recording.

The report of this study is divided into two main parts. Part One is a collection of Ballads and Folk Songs which were sung by the early settlers of Taylor. Part Two is a collection of Dance Tunes and Marches which were popular in their dances and celebrations, some of which are still used today in their traditional celebrations.

It is believed that Arizona is a source of some valuable material to add to the existing folk song collections. It is felt that this collection from Taylor will provide the descendants of the early inhabitants of that area with an intimate picture of the lives of their ancestors. These songs contain a insight into the way of life of the people who sang them. They are filled with expressions of their joys, sorrows, work, and play. Through a study of their songs, the lives of these settlers may be brought nearer to their descendants until they appear as living people.
As far as it is able to be determined, this is the first collection of its kind to be made in Arizona, but it is hoped that it will not be the last. Arizona is rich in folklore, exciting history, and colorful legends. There are other areas which would undoubtedly yield as many songs as have been collected from Taylor. Some suggested areas for further studies are: St. Johns, Pine or Payson, Flagstaff, Thatcher, St. David, and Mesa. As has been previously stated, the advance of civilization makes this work more difficult. For this reason, these suggested areas are not the more populated centers of Arizona, except for Mesa, and it is felt that Mesa might be a valuable source because it was settled by Mormon Pioneers who came from many parts of the United States and some foreign countries.

It is important that any other collections to be made should be done soon. The people who know the old songs have nearly all passed away and those who are still living may not remain long. An appeal is made to those interested in the preservation of this culture not to delay but to collect all the folk songs that may be found before it is too late.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Books


Unpublished Material


Reese, Leslie E. "A Collection of Ballads and Folk Like Songs of Enterprise, Utah." (Now in the process of being studied.)

Letters and Interviews

Dr. John Crowder. Dean of College of Fine Arts, University of Arizona. Personal letter to Lenn Shumway, June 28, 1957.

Dr. Grant Fletcher. Head of Music Department Arizona State College at Tempe. Personal letter to Lenn Shumway, June 26, 1957.

Dr. Eldon A. Ardrey. Head of Music Department, Arizona State College at Flagstaff. Personal letter to Lenn Shumway, June 25, 1957.

Mrs. Elizabeth Shumway. Personal letter to Lenn Shumway, July 2, 1957.


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX OF SONGS</th>
<th>PAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Preacher Went Out Hunting</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adamanna</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Andy Bardeen</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Annheuser Busch</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Bailey</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Williams</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Billy Venero</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Black Hills Waltz</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bonaparte's Retreat</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Old Dad</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dietzman Waltz</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down By The Old Garden Gate</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down On The Brandywine</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Down On The Rio Grande</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wingate March</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frolic Of The Frogs</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Give My Love To Nell</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiawatha</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home On The Range</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Ran The Little Woman</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Song Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>----------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Cannot Be Your Sweetheart</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Loved You Better Than You Knew</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In The Shadow Of The Pines</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just Plain Folks</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lady At Sea</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Limekiln Band</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Little Rosy Becky</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lucky Jim</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marker Waltz</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Jaunita</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mexican Waltz</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Molly O'Grady</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Pretty Quadroon</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Dan Tucker</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old David Hancock</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old Pompey</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasant Valley</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poor Little Joe</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rag Time Annie</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Round The Hill</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldier's Joy</td>
<td>92</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor Town</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bully</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Farmer And The Devil</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Title</td>
<td>Page</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------------------------</td>
<td>------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lady Lost Her Bustle</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Letter Edged In Black</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lightning Express</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Noble Duke Of York</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Orphans</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Tenderfoot</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ugly Grizzly Bear</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Valley Of Custer</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wreck Of Old Ninety Seven</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There'll Be No One To Welcome Me Home</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When The Harvest Moon Is Shining, Molly Dear</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whistling Rufus</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whoa Mule, Whoa</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodland Mary</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You Asked Me Why I'm A Hobo</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Quit Kickin' My Dog Around</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
A COLLECTION
OF
BALLADS, FOLK SONGS, DANCE TUNES AND MARCHES
FROM TAYLOR, ARIZONA

---

An Abstract of a Thesis
Presented to
The Faculty of the Department of Music
and the Graduate School
Brigham Young University

---

In Partial Fulfillment
of the Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts

---

by
Lenn M. Shumway
1957
ABSTRACT

The primary purpose of this study is to collect and record examples of the music of the early inhabitants of Taylor, Arizona, as it is sung and played by their survivors and descendants.

This study is believed to be important because of its historical and musical value. It provides an insight into the lives and activities of our ancestors. Composers have always been interested in folk music as a source for themes to use in their writing.

Arizona has an abundance of colorful history made by its pioneers. It has numerous legendary and historical heroes among the cattlemen, prospectors, trappers, and outlaws who settled there. The question arises, might not Arizona be a source of some valuable material to add to the existing folk song collections?

Research on this study was done in Taylor, Arizona; Reserve, New Mexico; Phoenix, Arizona; Hurricane, Utah; and Orem Utah. All residents or former residents of Taylor who could possibly add to the collection were contacted.

The people were contacted in their homes and requested to sing or play any songs they remembered which had been sung in the old days in Taylor. These were recorded on a portable tape recorder.

After all the material had been collected on tape recording it was notated on manuscript paper by listening to the playback of the tape recording. The songs were notated as nearly as possible as they were recorded, without any editing. In general the rhythm of
the songs was quite easy to follow. As is usually the case with untrained singers, the longer notes are seldom given their full value.

This study is divided into two main parts. Part I contains ballads and folk songs. The words to the first verse and chorus have been written directly beneath the music. The extra verses are presented at the bottom of the same page or on the following page. Part II contains some dance tunes and marches which were very popular with the early residents of Taylor.

A conclusion may be drawn that this collection from Taylor will provide the descendants of the early inhabitants of that area with an intimate picture of the lives of their ancestors. These songs contain an insight into the way of life of the people who sang them. They are filled with expressions of their joys, sorrows, work, and play.

As far as can be determined, this is the first collection of its kind to be made in Arizona. There are other areas which would undoubtedly yield as many songs as have been collected from Taylor. It is hoped that those areas will be explored by the people who are interested in preserving this musical heritage.

As a supplement to this thesis, a tape recording of the first verse and chorus of each song is submitted.