

## Pay Me My Money Down

Well, I thought I heard a captain say,  
"Pay me my money down.  
Tomorrow is my sailing day,  
pay me my money down."

Chorus:

Oh, pay me. Pay me.  
Pay me my money down.  
Pay me or go to jail.  
Pay me my money down.

Soon as that boat was clear of the bar,  
pay me my money down,  
well, he knocked me down with the end  
of a spar  
Pay me my money down.

Chorus

Wish I was Sherman Adamson,  
pay me my money down.  
Get a coke and watch the fun.  
Pay me my money down.

Chorus

Wish I was Erv Jellison,  
pay me my money down.  
Fly away and have some fun.  
Pay me my money down.

Chorus (2X)

## Poor Ellen Smith

Chorus:

Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found,  
Shot through the heart liein' dead on the  
ground  
Her body was mangled, and all cast  
around,  
An "X" marks the spot where poor Ellen  
wah found.

They picked up her body, and carried it  
away,  
now she's a-restin' in some cold  
lonesome grave,  
Who had the heart, and who had the  
brain  
To shoot my little Ellen on that cold  
lonesome plain.

Chorus

They picked up their rifles, and hunted us  
down,  
Found us a loafin' all around town,  
The judge my convict me, and God  
knows he can,  
But I know I died as an innocent man

Chorus

The warden has told me that soon I'll be  
free,  
To go to her grave near that old willow  
tree,  
I'm free from the walls of that prison, at  
last,  
but I'll never be free from my sins of the  
past.

Chorus

One favorite of Trio fans is "Poor Ellen Smith" from the New Frontier album. As with many of the Trio's folk numbers, this one has an interesting history. (Bear in mind, of course, that it is sometimes tough to separate legend from fact with respect to old folk songs) Peter DeGraff murdered Ellen Smith on July 20, 1892 in Forsyth County, North Carolina. A letter found in the bosom of the dead woman, alleged to be in DeGraff's hand, sealed his doom. He was tried and hanged in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in 1894. He supposedly wrote this song while in prison awaiting his execution. After his execution, the feeling was so great both for and against DeGraff that it was considered a misdemeanor to sing this song in a gathering of any size because it always started a riot.

<http://www.topsoil.net/moider.htm>

## Portland Town

I was born in Portland town.  
I was born in Portland town.  
Yes, I was. Oooh, yes, I was.

October third, I'm on my way.  
October third, I'm on my way.  
Yes, I am. Oooh, yes I am.

Rains came the very next day  
but I been gone to long.  
There's a gal in Portland town  
and she sings a marryin' song.

Goin' back to Portland town.  
Goin' back to Portland town.  
Yes, I am. Oooh, yes, I am.

I'll have children, one, two, three.  
I'll have children, one, two, three.  
Yes, I will. Oooh, yes, I will.

I was born in Portland town.

## Poverty Hill

They come in their summery dresses and  
jackets so fine,  
the rich folks who measure success with  
a big dollar sign.  
They gaze with delight with the rocks and  
the scraggly pines.  
The come in the Spring and they stay 'til  
the Fall  
On Paradise Mountain away from it all.

Chorus:  
Stubble and stone make a hard row to  
how.  
What little will grow, the drought will kill.  
The summer folks call it Paradise  
Mountain  
but we call it Poverty Hill.

They say we have beautiful faces as  
grainy as wood.  
Yeah, they'd like to live here of all places  
if only they could.  
Well, we don't get those wood, grainy  
faces from livin' too good.  
It's the rocks and the sun and dust and  
the heat.  
It's too much of work and too little to eat.

Chorus

They pack and say what a pity that they  
have to go.  
They say that Old Smokey's so pretty all  
covered with snow,  
But how we get through the winter they  
never will know.  
No lard for the pantry. No grist for the mill  
And winter's are cold over Poverty Hill.

Chorus

Yes, we call it Poverty Hill.

## Pullin' Away

Chorus:

Pullin' away, he's pullin away.  
Now his wagons are loaded, he's pullin' away.

Hard luck is the fortune of all woman kind.  
They're always controlled. They're always confined.

Controlled by their parents until they are wives.

Then slaves of their husbands the rest of their lives.

I once knew a girl and her story was sad.  
She always was courted by the wagoner lad.

He courted her truly by night and by day.  
Now his wagons are loaded. He's pullin' away.

Chorus

Your parents don't like me. They think I'm too poor.

They think I'm not worthy to enter your door.

Hard livin's my pleasure. My money's my own  
and if they don't like me, they can leave me alone.

Bridge:

Long is the road.

Dark is the sky.

Look over your shoulder.

He's wavin' goodbye.

My wagon is loaded. My whip needs a mend.

So sit down here by me for as long as you can.

My wagons are loaded. My whip's in my hand.

So, fare thee well, darlin', I'm leavin' this land.

Chorus

## Put Your Money Away

I could go a-runnin', jumpin', reachin' for the sky

(reachin' for the sky)

That's all that I thought that it would take to buy your mind

(take to buy your mind)

Then one day, I looked the other way.

Chorus:

And, hey, did you ever see my town at sundown,

all the hills around.

Hey, put your money away.

Hey, hey, put your money away.

Hey, hey, put your money away.

When somebody comes a-callin', knockin' on my door

(knockin' on my door)

Tryin' hard to sell me something that I have no use for

(I have no use for)

I push the fool inside. I take a look outside.

Chorus

I could go a-runnin', jumpin', reachin' for the sky

(reachin' for the sky)

That's all that I thought that it would take to buy your mind

(take to buy your mind)

Then one day, I looked the other way.

Chorus

## Raspberries, Strawberries

Spoken:

A young man goes to Paris, as every young man should.

There's something in the air of France that does a young man good.

Chorus:

Ah les fraises et les framboises et les bons vins que nous avons bus.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Raspberries, strawberries, the good wines we brew.

Here's to the girls of the countryside, the ones we drink 'em to.

Spoken:

Paris nights are warm and fair. The summer winds are soft.

A young man finds the face of love in every field and loft.

In every field and loft.

Chorus

Spoken:

An old man returns to Paris as ev'ry old man must.

He finds the winter winds blow cold. His dreams have turned to dust.

His dreams have turned to dust.

His dreams have turned to dust.

Ah les fraises et les framboises et les bons vins que nous avons bus.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Raspberries, strawberries, the good wines we brew.

Here's to the girls of the countryside, whom we must bid adieu.

## Razors In the Air

Come, my love, and go with me. Ah, my love, I greet thee.

Take you down to Tennessee. Meet you by and by.

Don't you hear them hollerin' now. Ah, my

love, I need thee.

Ain't there goin' to be a row! Meet you by and by.

Chorus:

Get away from that window, my love and my dove.

Get away from that window, don't ya hear? Come some other night for there's gonna be a fight.

There'll be razors flyin' through the air.

Pack a poke and come with me. Ah, my love, don't grieve me.

Shoe your foot in Tennessee. Meet you by and by.

Out that window, sweet and soft. Ah, my, believe me.

Hurry love and we'll be off. Meet you by and by.

Sookie by the kitchen gate. Tiptoe by and let her wait.

She don't know 'bout you and me. Corn is cheap in Tennessee.

Chorus

Someone's slipping down the hall. Hush, my love, be quiet.

Don't you make no noise at all. Meet you by and by.

Hear that blind man blow his horn. Goin' to be a riot.

All those boys are full of corn. Meet you by and by.

Chorus

Wagon comin' down the road, turnin' with the heavy load,

See the moon a-shinnin' down. All the boys are out of town.

Isn't this a quiet town? Took the mad-dogs to the pound.

Bless the day that you were born. I was affraid that you'd be gorn.

Chorus

## Red River Shore

At the foot of yon mountain, where the  
big river flows,  
there's a fond creation and a soft wind  
that blows.  
There lives a fair maiden, she's the one I  
adore.  
She's the one I will marry on the Red  
River shore. She wrote me a letter.

She wrote it so kind  
and in that letter these words you will  
find. "Come back to me, darling, you're  
the one I adore.  
You're the one I will marry on the Red  
River shore.

I jumped on my bronco and away I did  
ride  
to marry my true love on the Red River  
side.  
But her pa knew the secret and with  
twenty and four  
come to fight this young cowboy on the  
Red River shore.

I grabbed my six shooter, spun 'round  
and 'round  
'til six men were wounded and seven  
were down.  
I can't fight an army of twenty and four  
when I'm bound for my true love on the  
Red River shore.

At the foot of yon mountain, where the big  
river flows,  
there's a fond creation and a soft wind that  
blows.  
And there lives a fair maiden, she's the one I  
adore,  
but never will marry on the Red River shore

## Remember the Alamo

A hundred and eighty were challenged by  
Travis to die.  
A line that he drew with his sword when  
the battle was nigh.  
"The man who would fight to the death  
cross over but he who that would live  
better fly,"  
And over the line stepped a hundred and  
seventy-nine.

Chorus:  
Hi! Up! Santa Anna, we're killing your  
soldiers below,  
so the rest of Texas will know and  
remember the Alamo!

Jim Bowie lay dyin', his powder was  
ready and dry.  
From flat on his back, Bowie killed him a  
few in reply,  
And young Davy Crockett was smilin' and  
laughin'. The challenge was fierce in his  
eye.  
For Texas and freedom, a man more than  
willin' to die.

Chorus

A courier sent to the battlements, bloody  
and loud.  
With words of fare well in the letters he  
carried were proud.  
"Grieve not, little darlin', my dyin' if Texas  
is sovereign and free.  
We'll never surrender and ever will liberty  
be!"

## Reuben James

Have you heard of the ship called the good Reuben James? Run by hard fighting men both of honor and of fame. She flew the Stars and Stripes of the land of the free, but tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.

[Chorus:]

Oh, tell me, what were their names, tell me, what were their names?  
Did you have a friend on the good Reuben James? (Repeat [Chorus])

One hundred men went down to their dark and watery graves. When that good ship went down, only forty-four were saved.

'Twas the last day of October they saved forty-four from the dark, icy water of that cold Iceland shore.

[Chorus]

It was there in the dark of that cold and watery night. They watched for the U-boats and they waited for a fight. Then a whine and a rock and a great explosion's roar. They lay the Reuben James on that cold ocean floor.

[Chorus]

Many years have passed since those brave men are gone. Those cold, icy waters, they're still and they're calm. Many years have passed and still I wonder why the worst of men must fight and the best of men must die!

## The Reverend Mr. Black

(Spoken)

He rode easy in the saddle. He was tall and lean,  
and at first you'd a-thought nothing but a streak of mean  
could make a man look so down right strong,  
but one look in his eyes and you knowed you was wrong.

He was a mountain of a man, and I want you to know.

He could preach hot hell or freezin' snow. He carried a Bible in a canvas sack  
and folks just called him The Reverend Mr. Black.

He was poor as a beggar, but he rode like a king.

Sometimes in the evening, I'd hear him sing:

Chorus:

I gotta walk that lonesome valley.  
I got to walk it by myself.  
Oh nobody else can walk it for me.  
I got to walk it by myself.

(Spoken)

If ever I could have thought this man in black was soft and had any yellow up his back, I gave that notion up the day a lumberjack came in and it wasn't to pray.

Yeah, he kicked open the meeting house door  
and he cussed everybody up and down the floor!

Then, when things got quiet in the place, he walked up and cussed in the preacher's face!

He hit that Reverend like a kick of a mule and to my way of thinkin' it took a real fool to turn the other face to that lumber jack, but that's what he did, The Reverend Mr. Black.

He stood like a rock, a man among men  
and he let that lumberjack hit him again,  
and then with a voice as quiet as could be,  
he cut him down like a big oak tree when he said:

Chorus

(Spoken)

It's been many years since we had to part  
and I guess I learned his ways by heart.  
I can still hear his sermon's ring,

down in the valley where he used to sing. I followed him, yes, sir, and I don't regret it and I hope I will always be a credit to his memory 'cause I want you to understand.

The Reverend Mr. Black was my old man!

Chorus

### Rider

Chorus:

Well, I know you, Rider, gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Well, I know you, Rider, gonna miss me when I'm gone.

You're gonna miss your daddy rollin' in your arms.

Well, the sun's gonna shine on my back porch some day.

I said Well, the sun's gonna shine on my back porch some day.

Then the wind from the river's gonna blow all my troubles away.

Chorus

Well, I ain't got a nickel, no, I ain't got a lousy dime.

Well, I ain't got a nickel, no, I ain't got a lousy dime.

But I got a long way to go 'fore the end of my time.

Chorus

It takes a hard hearted woman to make a long time men feel bad.

It takes a hard hearted woman to make a long time men feel bad.

'Cause it makes him remember the long hard road that he's had.

Chorus

### River is Wide, The

Chorus:

The river is wide I cannot see.

Nor do I have light wings to fly.

Build me a boat that can carry two and both shall row, my love and I.

My love is like the lofty tree.

It shudders fierce and then sways free.

If it should fade when the summer's through,

she'll bloom again when the spring shines through.

When love is young, then love is fine.

Just like a gem when first it's new.

But love grows old and waxes cold

and fades away like the morning dew.

Chorus

### River Run Down

Chorus:

Oh, the river run down but the stream ran dry.

Big strong man don't ever cry.

Just stands to watch his love go by.

Oh, the river ran down but the stream ran dry.

Yes, he loved a woman but he let her get away.

Didn't ever think he'd regret that day.

The laugh and the smile, he'd still play the game,

but he knew that day would never be the same.

Chorus

There walks a man, he could've had a home,

fine baby children, a woman of his own.

He walks all alone. He doesn't have a care

but he keeps on thinking that he sees her ev'rywhere.

Chorus

## Road To Freedom

I'm gonna walk that road  
that we walked long before,  
many years ago,  
and we'll walk a hundred more.

Chorus:

And we're comin' one by one.  
You didn't see us two by two.  
Ev'ry time you turn around another's  
comin' through.  
So we'll sing it long and proud  
so ev'ryone will know  
that the road to freedom  
is a long, long way to go.

Turn and look out over there,  
just as far as you can see.  
There are many more  
who have died for liberty.

Chorus

## Rocky

Chorus:

Rocky, du musst reiten durch die Weiten der  
Prairie.  
Rocky, du kommst weiter, doch nach Hause  
kommst du nie.

Irgendwo da fiel ein Schuss im Dunkeln  
und dann stand ein Pferd allein am Tor.  
Alle Maedel wussten wer's getan hat,  
und noch heute singen sie's uns vor.

Chorus

Irgendeiner sah die fremde Maske,  
doch er sagte niemandem Bescheid.  
Als die Stadt um Mitternacht im Schlaf lag,  
kam das grosse Feuer und das Leid.

Chorus

Irgendeiner schoenen jungen Lady,  
der gefiel der fremde Kavalier.  
Sie ging aus und mit ihm tanzen,  
und sie suchten lange noch nach ihr.

## **ROCKY - ENGLISH TRANSLATION:**

Chorus:

Rocky, you must ride through the wide prairie.

Rocky, you get on, but you never get home.  
Somewhere there was a shot in the dark  
and a horse stood alone at the gate.  
All the girls knew who had done it  
and they still sing it today.

Chorus

Somebody saw the red mask,  
but he didn't tell anybody.  
When the town was asleep at midnight  
the big fire came and the harm.

Chorus

Some pretty young lady  
liked the unknown cavalier.  
She went to the dance with him  
and they sought for her for a long time.

Chorus

## Roddy McCorley

Oh, see the fleet foot hosts of men who  
speed with faces wan.  
From farm stead and from thresher's cot  
along the banks of Ban.  
They come with vengeance in their eyes,  
too late, too late are they  
For young Roddy M'Corley goes to die on  
the Bridge of Toome today!

Up the narrow street he stepped, smiling  
and proud and young.  
About the hemp rope on his neck, the  
golden ringlets clung.  
There's never a tear in his blue eyes,  
both glad and bright are they,  
As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die on  
the Bridge of Toome today!

When he last stepped up that street his  
shining pike in hand.  
Behind him marched in grim array a  
stalwart earnest band.  
For Antrim Town! For Antrim Town! He led  
them to the fray,  
As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die on  
the Bridge of Toome today!

There's never a one of all who die more

bravely fell in fray  
than he who marches to his fate on the  
Bridge of Toome today.  
True to the last, true to the last, he treads  
the upward way  
And young Roddy M'Corley goes to die  
on the Bridge of Toome today!

As young Roddy M'Corley goes to die on  
the Bridge of Toome today!

### Rolling Stone

A rollin' stone gathers no moss.  
A rollin' stone gathers no moss.  
So, as far as I can see,  
I guess I was meant to be  
just a rollin' stone.

A rollin' stone gathers no moss.  
A rollin' stone hasn't a boss.  
Just like a Spring or a Summer's breeze,  
I can roll just where I please.  
I'm just a rollin' stone.

Can't lose my way, all directions are the  
same  
when I'm a-travelin'. I've got no home,  
sweet home.  
Just keep boppin', never stoppin',  
couldn't even if I wanted to,  
I've got to roam and roll.

A rollin' stone gathers no moss.  
A rollin' stone's like that coin that you  
toss. But I don't need level ground.  
I can roll up hill or down.  
I'm just a rollin' stone.

When I'm travelin', all directions are the  
same.  
A string unravelin', I don't think that I'm to  
blame.

Some might think my life's a loss.  
A rollin' stone never gets lost.  
So, I'll just keep playin' it straight  
'til I roll right through that gate.  
I'm just a rollin' stone.

### Round About Christmas, A

Christmas is coming.  
The goose is getting fat.  
Please put a penny in the old man's hat.  
If you haven't got a penny,  
then a ha' penny will do.  
If you haven't got a ha' penny, then God  
bless you!

### 'Round About the Mountain

'Round about the mountain.  
'Round about the mountain.  
My God is waitin'. You can rise in His arms.  
My God is waitin'. You can rise in His arms.

Chorus:  
The Lord loves a sinner.  
The Lord loves a sinner man.  
The Lord loves a sinner  
who will rise in His arms.

I would not be a sinner. I'll tell you the reason  
why.  
If the Lord should want me, I would not be  
ready to die!  
I tell you fellow members, things happen  
mighty strange.  
The Lord was good to Israel and His ways  
don't ever change.

Chorus

Sometimes I feel discouraged and think my  
works in vain,  
but then the Holy Spirit revives my soul again.

If you can't pray like Peter, if you can't preach  
like Paul,  
go home and tell your neighbor that He died  
to save us all.

Chorus

'Round about the mountain.  
'Round about the mountain.  
My God is waitin'. You can rise in His arms.  
The Lord loves a sinner.  
The Lord loves a sinner man.  
The Lord loves a sinner who will rise in His  
arms.

## Rovin' Gambler/This Train

I am a roving gambler. I've gambled all around.

Whenever I see a deck of cards, I lay my money down.

I lay my money down.

I hadn't been in the city many more days than three

When I fell in love with a pretty little girl and she fell in love with me.

She fell in love with me.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers,  
no crap shooters, no midnight rambler,  
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

She took me to her parlor. She cooled me with her fan.

Cried, "Daddy, Daddy, oh, Daddy, dear,  
I'm in love with a gambling man.

I'm in love with a gambling man.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers,  
no crap shooters, no midnight rambler,  
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train.

I am a roving gambler. I've gambled all around.

Whenever I see a deck of cards, I lay my money down.

I lay my money down.

I lay my money, yeah, I lay it down.

## Ruby Red

Ruby red. Ruby red.

Chorus:

Ruby red were her lips. Diamond pure was her heart.

Emerald green (emerald green) were her eyes.

A priceless gem of perfection, but I lost her 'neath the sapphire sky.

Ruby red, ruby red, ruby red.

I'd cross the wide Pacific and swim the China sea

to have those lips of ruby red back here again with me.

Ruby red, ruby red, to have those lips of ruby red  
back here, again, with me.

Chorus

I thought I could forget, so I sailed away, but I lived to regret until this very day.

Ruby red, ruby red, to have those lips of ruby red

back here, again, with me.

Chorus

Ruby red. Ruby red.

## Runaway Song

I ain't asking to cry on your shoulder.  
I don't wanna see your happiness folder.  
I got a sing when things go wrong.  
I gotta sing a runaway song.

Chorus:

And I run (run, run, run, run away) run  
away (run, run, run, run away),  
yeah, I run away. Fly, fly away.  
Sneak away. Fly away. Watch me as I get  
away,  
anyway. I can runaway.

Show me a man with a pocket full of  
causes.  
Says he knows who Santa Claus is.  
Talking 'bout a war I should denounce  
over in a country with a name I can't  
pronounce.

Chorus

I run (run, run, run, run away) run away  
(run, run, run, run away),  
yeah, I run away. Fly, fly away.  
Any way, I can run away.

## Run Molly Run

Chorus:

Run Molly, run (oh, Molly). Run Molly, run.  
Long John's gonna beat you, beneath the  
shinin' sun.

Long John was the youngest horse and  
Molly was the old.  
Molly was an old grey mare and he was a  
stallion bold,  
oh, Lordy, he was a stallion bold.

Long John said to Molly, "You're runnin'  
your last race  
'Cause when I turn my head around I'm  
gonna see your face,  
old gal, I'm gonna see your face."

Molly said to Long John, "Don't take me

for a fool.

If you didn't cut your ears and tail, I'd  
think you were a mule  
(Yeah!) I'd think you were a mule."

Long John, he got mad, oh, Lord, and  
shook his wooly mane.

"Last time that I run, old girl, I beat the  
Memphis train.

I beat the Memphis train."

Chorus

See them waitin' on the track. The man,  
he hollered, "Go!"

Long John runnin' fast, Lord, Molly  
runnin' slow.

Molly runnin' slow.

Long John said to Molly, "Take a last look  
at the sky.

'Cause baby when I pass you by, my  
dust's gonna blind your eye,  
oh, Lord, my dust's gonna blind your  
eye."

Run, Molly, run. Look out for the turn,  
oh, Lordy, Lordy, here she comes!

Long John beatin' Molly. Wait, what do I  
see?

Molly passin' Long John. Molly runnin'  
free,

oh, Lordy, Molly runnin' free.

Run Molly, run (oh Molly). Run Molly, run.  
Put old Long John out to stud and let old  
Molly run!

## Run the Ridges

Well, I hope to tell you, Johnny, that I lay  
that rifle down  
but leave the noose and the calaboose  
and headed for another town.

Well, I've got your name in San Jose and  
your picture's there to see.  
And they're shootin' men in Texas just  
because they look like me.

Chorus:

And we will run the ridges of our green  
land Tennessee  
And we will hide for forty years if that's  
what's meant to be, meant to be, meant  
to be.  
Meant to be, meant to be, meant to be.

Maybe we could try Mexico and cross the  
desert sand,  
But they're guardin' 'cross the border  
'case we swim the Rio Grande

Chorus

Well, they'll rope and tie you, Johnny, and  
they'll throw you to the ground  
And they'll let you hang a week or two  
'fore they cut your body down.

Chorus

## Rusting in the Rain

The old gate is rusting in the rain.  
Children, comin' home from school,  
no longer skim their pebbles on the old  
town creek  
That just around the bend becomes a  
pool.

Chorus:

And we've all grown older.  
Come see where we have been  
out here rusting in the rain.

The old house is creaking in the rain.

Lovers, comin' down the hill,  
no longer stop to linger by the old dead  
tree  
They took away for lumber to the mill.

Chorus (2x)

The old world is dying in the rain.  
The summer coming, every year,  
no longer stops to wonder as it goes  
along its way  
Did anybody ever leave here?

Chorus (2x)

## Sail Away Ladies

Ain't no use to sit and cry.  
You'll be an angel by and by.

Chorus:

Can't she rock 'em, can't she rock 'em,  
can't she rock 'em, daddy-e-o  
Can't she rock 'em, can't she rock 'em,  
can't she rock 'em, daddy-e-o

I got a home in Tennessee (Sail away,  
ladies. Sail away.)  
That's the place I wanna be. (Sail away,  
ladies. Sail away.)  
If I ever get my way (Sail away, ladies.  
Sail away.)  
Tennessee is where I'll stay. (Sail away,  
ladies. Sail away.)

Chorus

Ever I get my new house done.  
Give my old one to my son.  
Ever I finish this porch and stairs,  
lie around in my rockin' chair.

Chorus

Ain't no use to sit and cry.  
You'll be an angel by and by.  
Won't be a long time 'round this place.  
So get a look at my funny face.

Chorus

## Sally (Don't You Grieve)

Chorus:  
Sally, Sally, Sally, don't you grieve. (Well-a, well now)  
Sally, Sally, Sally, don't you grieve. (Well-a, well now)  
Sally, Sally, Sally, don't you grieve. (Well-a, well now)  
And I told her not to grieve after me.

Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
And I told her not to grieve after me.

Well, I'm in love with Sally and she use to love me  
but she's gotten kind of busy just recently.  
Well, I'm feelin' so bad I can't stand it anymore.  
I'm gonna get my hat and then I'm gonna hit the door.

Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
And I told her not to grieve after me.

Well, I'm a-going down the road with my troubles on my mind.  
I love that woman but I wasn't born blind.  
She tried to make me stay but I had to tell her "No!"  
She should've quit a-foolin' with me long time ago.

Well, it's bye, bye, baby, goodbye, goodbye.  
Well, it's bye, bye, baby, goodbye, goodbye.  
Well, it's bye, bye, baby, goodbye, goodbye.  
And I told her not to grieve after me.

Sally said she was sorry. I even think she cried.  
When she left, it kinda hurt my pride.  
To think that I could never teach her what true loves mean,  
I guess she couldn't help it 'cause she's only

thirteen.

Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
Well, its when I'm gone, Sally, don't you grieve.  
And I told her not to grieve after me.  
And I told her not to grieve after me.

## Salty Dog

I got a gal, she's ten feet tall,  
sleeps in the kitchen with her feet in the hall.  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.  
There was two old ladies sittin' in the sand,  
each one wishin' the other was a man.  
Honey,  
let me be your salty dog.

Chorus:  
If I can't be your salty dog,  
I won't be your man at all.  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.  
I smile when you go into town.  
Now I'm sorry that your car broke down.  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.  
You told me that your wheel was broke.  
Now I'm sittin' with a broken spoke. Honey,  
let me be your salty dog.

Chorus  
I love you in blue and I love you in red  
but most of all I love you in blue.  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.  
Floatin' down the river on an old oak log.  
What the hell's a salty dog?  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.

Chorus  
I think we better call this the end of this song  
'cause it's a-getting' too damn long.  
Honey, let me be your salty dog.  
Honey, let me be your salty,  
honey, let me be your salty,  
honey, let me be your salty dog.

## San Miguel

Down by the mission San Miguel is a  
great house wherein dwell  
Don Carlos and La Dona Maria Elena  
Cantrell.

I work at the ranch. I saddle her mare.  
I ride with the gun behind as she visits  
her friends here and there.  
She says, "Thank you, Manuel," or,  
"Manuel, por favor," or "Good ev'ning,  
Manuel,"  
La Dona Maria Elena Cantrell.

I dream of the mission San Miguel and it  
says to me, the mission bell,  
"She is married, Manuel, the wife of the  
rancher, Don Carlos Cantrell.

You serve at the ranch. You hold her  
chair.  
You carry her boxes, trunks, letters, and  
books here and there.  
She says, "Thank you, Manuel," or,  
"Manuel, por favor," or "Good ev'ning,  
Manuel,"  
La Dona Maria Elena Cantrell.

But I hear with my heart what she says  
with her eyes  
with, "Good ev'ning, Manuel," or "Manuel,  
por favor,"  
Or, "The carriage, Manuel," or "Manuel,  
close the door."

## Santy Anno

We're sailin' 'cross the river from  
Liverpool,  
Heave away, Santy Anno.  
Around Cap Horn to 'Frisco Bay,  
'Way out in Californio.

Chorus:  
So, heave her up and away we'll go.  
Heave away, Santy Anno.  
Heave her up and away we'll go.  
'Way out in Californio.

There's plenty of gold, so I've been told.  
Heave away, Santy Anno.  
Plenty of gold so I've been told.  
'Way out in Californio.

Chorus

Well, back in the days of forty-nine.  
Heave away, Santy Anno.  
Back in the days of the good old times.  
'Way out in Californio.

## Saro Jane

Rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout, rock-a-bout.

Chorus:  
Come on and rock-about my Saro Jane.  
rock-about my Saro Jane.  
Oh, there's nothing to do but to sit down  
and sing  
and rock-about my Saro Jane.

I've got a wife and five little children.  
Believe I'll take a trip on the big  
Macmillan. Oh, Saro Jane.  
A guy like me don't have no home.  
I make my livin' on my shoulder bone. Oh,  
Saro Jane.  
Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Chorus

Woke up this mornin' feeling mighty  
mean,

thinkin' 'bout my good gal in New Orleans.  
Oh, Saro Jane.  
Fireman, keep those boilers hot,  
I want to reach town by six o'clock. Oh,  
Saro Jane.  
Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Chorus

Back's getting' tired and shoulder's  
getting' sore,  
each sack is bigger than the one before.  
Oh, Saro Jane.  
Clock in my stomach, watch in my head,  
gettin' superstitious 'bout my pork and  
bread, Oh, Saro Jane.  
Oh, Saro Jane. Oh, Saro Jane.

Chorus

### Scarlet Ribbons

I peeked in to say goodnight,  
And then I heard my child in prayer:  
"And for me some scarlet ribbons,  
Scarlet ribbons for my hair

All the stores were closed and shuttered,  
All the streets were dark and bare.  
In our town, no scarlet ribbons,  
Not one ribbon for her hair

Through the night my heart was aching,  
Just before the dawn was breaking,  
I peeked in and on her bed,  
In gay profusion lying there,  
Lovely ribbons, scarlet ribbons,  
Scarlet ribbons for her hair

If I live to be a hundred,  
I will never know from where,  
Came those lovely scarlet ribbons,  
Scarlet ribbons, for her hair!

### Scotch and Soda

Scotch and soda, mud in your eye.  
Baby, do I feel high, oh, me, oh, my. Do I  
feel high.  
Dry martini, jigger of gin.  
Oh, what a spell you've got me in, oh, my.  
Do I feel high.

People won't believe me.  
They'll think that I'm just braggin'.  
But I could feel the way I do  
and still be on the wagon.

All I need is one of your smiles.  
Sunshine of your eyes, oh, me, oh, my.  
Do I feel high.

People won't believe me.  
They'll think that I'm just braggin'.  
But I could feel the way I do  
and still be on the wagon.

All I need is one of your smiles.  
Sunshine of your eyes, oh, me, oh, my.  
Do I feel higher than a kite can fly.  
Give me lovin', baby. I feel high.

**THE CAPITOL COLLECTORS SERIES:**  
"Scotch And Soda" is actually from the  
group's first LP, "The Kingston Trio," though  
for some reason it was not released as a  
single until four years after the album came  
out, on April 9, 1962. The song has a history  
all its own: In 1954 Bob Shane and Dave  
Guard went to Fresno for Easter to Visit  
Dave's girlfriend, Katie Seaver. Katie turned  
out not to be at home, but her parents and  
11-year-old brother entertained the boys. Mrs.  
Seaver played piano while her husband sang  
a song from their honeymoon in 1934. Four  
years later, Dave revised the tune for the Trio,  
and Bob sang it. It was subsequently  
covered by The Manhattan Transfer on their  
1976 album, Coming Out. (And Katie's little  
brother grew up to be baseball great Tom  
Seaver.)

## Sea Fever

Chorus:

Sea fever, my mother called it.  
Sea fever, she knew that I had. When the  
wind is blowing out of the singing South  
then will I be going, sea spray salty upon  
my mouth.

Chorus

When the tide is drifting over the silver  
sand,  
my heart sails are drifting, set upon  
another land

Chorus

When the stars are staring out of a  
cloudless sky,  
then would I be 'faring out where the gray  
gulls cry

Chorus

## Seasons In the Sun

Adieu, Emile, my trusted friend,  
we've known each other since we were  
nine or ten.  
Together we climbed hills and trees,  
learned of love and A B Cs,  
skinned our hearts and skinned our  
knees.  
Adieu, Emile, it's hard to die  
when all the birds are singing in the sky.  
Now  
that the Spring is in the air  
Pretty girls are ev'rywhere.  
Think of me and I'll be there.

Chorus:

We had joy. We had sun.  
We had seasons in the sun,  
but the hills we would climb  
were just seasons out of time.  
Adieu, Papa, please pray for me.  
I was the black sheep of the family.  
You tried to teach me right from wrong.

Too much wine and too much song,  
wonder how we got along.

Adieu, Papa, it's hard to die  
when all the birds are singing in the sky.  
Now that the Spring is in the air  
Little children ev'rywhere.  
When you see them, I'll be there.

Chorus

Adieu, Francoise, my trusted wife,  
without you I'd have had a lonely life.  
You cheated lots of times but then,  
I forgave you in the end  
though your lover was my friend.  
Adieu, Francoise, it's hard to die  
when all the birds are singing in the sky.  
Now that spring is in the air  
With your lovers ev'rywhere;  
just be careful, I'll be there.

All our lives we had fun.  
We had seasons in the sun,  
but the hills we would climb  
were just season out of time.

Adieu, Emile. Adieu, Papa. Adieu,  
Francoise.

All our lives, we had fun.  
We had seasons in the sun,  
but the hills that we climbed  
were just seasons out of time.  
All our lives, we had fun.  
We had seasons in the sun,  
but the stars we could reach  
were just starfish on the beach.

## The Seine

One night along the river at St. Germain  
de Pre,  
I first met my beloved at a small sidewalk  
café.

We walked along the river, the shadows  
passing by  
but we only saw each other, the shining  
water and the sky.

Chorus:

The Seine, the Seine, when will I again  
meet her there, greet her there  
on the moonlit banks of the Seine?

Standing there across the river, mid  
sound of horn and tram,  
in all her quiet beauty, the cathedral  
Notre Dame,  
And as we passed beside her, I said a  
little prayer  
that when this dream was over, I'd awake  
and find you there.

Chorus

We walked along the river, 'till dawn was  
coming nigh.  
Beneath the Eiffel Tower we said our last  
good-bye.

There on that splendid morning, I left you  
all in tears  
and the beauty of that hour will shine  
within my through the years

Chorus

The Seine, the Seine, when will I again  
meet her there on the Seine?

## Señora

Don't you remember, Señora, when you  
had a love of your own?

You had a duenna, Señora. You had a  
kind chaperone.

Didn't she sometimes, Señora, grant you  
a moment alone?

Once in a garden, Señora, didn't your  
love steal a kiss?

Surely a moment remembered stirs in a  
setting like this.

Surely, within such a garden, wisdom can  
smile upon bliss.

Cruel is the curfew, Señora, cruelly and  
strictly imposed.

Soon Don Hernando will signal, bidding  
the gate to be closed.

Who'd be the wiser, Señora, if, for a  
moment you dozed?

Don't you remember, Señora, you had a  
love of your own.

You had a duena, Señora. You had a kind  
chaperone.

I love her dearly, Señora. Grant us a  
moment alone.

I love her dearly, Señora. Grant us a  
moment alone.

### Shady Grove/Lonesome Traveller

Chorus:

Shady Grove, my little love, Shady Grove,  
I know.

Shady Grove, my little love, bound for  
Shady Grove.

(Last time: Bound for Shady Grove.

(Right on over to Lonesome Traveler)

Lips as red as the bloomin' rose, eyes of  
the deepest brown,

You are the darlin' of my heart stay 'til the  
sun goes down.

(Chorus)

I went to see my Shady Grove standin' by  
the door,

shoes and stockings in her hand little  
bare feet on the floor.

(Chorus)

I wish'd I had a big fat horse, corn to feed  
him on,

pretty little girl to stay at home, you feed  
him when I'm gone.

(Chorus)

Well, (Yeah, yeah, yeah) I am a lonely  
and a lonesome traveler,

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler,

I am a lonely and a lonesome traveler,

I've been a-travelin' on.

I traveled in the mountains and in the  
valleys,

I traveled in the mountains and in the  
valleys,

I traveled in the mountains and in the  
valleys,

Well, I've been a-travelin' on.

I traveled cold and then I traveled hungry,

I traveled cold and then I traveled hungry,

I traveled cold and then I traveled hungry,

I've been a-travelin' on.

Hey, one of these days I'm gonna stop all  
my travelin',

Hey, one of these days I'm gonna stop all  
my travelin',

Hey, one of these days I'm gonna stop all

my travelin',

Stop all this travelin' on.

I'm gonna keep right on a-travelin' on that  
road to freedom I'm gonna keep right on

a-travelin' on that road to freedom

I'm gonna keep right on a-travelin' on that  
road to freedom

Well, I've been a-travelin' on.

### She Belongs To Me

She's got everything she needs,

She's an artist, she don't look back.

She's got everything she needs,

She's an artist, she don't look back.

She can take the dark out of the  
nighttime

And paint the daytime black.

Yeah, she never stumbles,

She's got no place to fall.

Yeah, she never stumbles,

She's got no place to fall.

She's nobody's child,

The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring

That sparkles before she speaks.

She wears an Egyptian ring

That sparkles before she speaks.

She's a hypnotist collector,

Ah, you are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday,

Salute her when her birthday comes.

Bow down to her on Sunday,

Salute her when her birthday comes.

For Halloween buy her a trumpet

And for Christmas, give a big drum.

## She Was Too Good to Me

She was too good to me,  
how can I get along now,  
So close she stood to me,  
ev'rything seems all wrong now  
She would have brought me, the sun,  
making me smile, That was her fun

If she were mean to me,  
I'd never say go 'way now,  
She was a queen to me,  
Who's gonna light my way now  
It's only natural that I'm blue,  
She was too good to be true.

## Sing Out

Chorus:  
You gotta sing out if you want to get to  
heaven.  
Gotta sing out, join in and pray.  
Sing out if you want to get to heaven.  
Ask the Lord to show you the way and  
He'll show you if you pray!

Well, I can sing my title clear  
to mansions in the sky.  
I'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear  
and wipe my weepin' eye.

Chorus

Wake up by the trumpet sound,  
I from the grave shall rise  
to see the judge with the glory crown,  
a view from flaming sky.

Chorus (2X)

## Sing We Noel

Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!

Sing we now of Christmas.  
Noel sing we here.  
Sing our grateful praises  
to the maid so dear.

Chorus:  
Sing we Noel! The King is born, Noel!  
Sing we now of Christmas.  
Sing we here, Noel!  
Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel! Noel!

From the Eastern kingdoms  
come the wise men far.  
Bearing ancient treasure.  
Following yonder star.

Chorus

Noel!  
From the distant mountains,  
hear the trumpet sound.  
With angelic blessings  
on the silent town.

Chorus

Noel!  
Come let us surround Him  
on this magic night.  
Gather here around Him.  
Wondrous Babe of light.

Chorus

Sing we now of Christmas.  
Noel sing we here.  
Sing our grateful praises  
to the maid so dear.

Chorus

## Sloop John B

We come on the sloop John B,  
my Grandfather and me.  
Around Nassau town we did roam.  
Drinkin' all night.  
Got into a fight.  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go  
home. (I want to go home. So now,)

Chorus:

Hoist up the John B's sails.  
See how the main sails set.  
Call for the captain ashore, let me go  
home. (Let me go home.)  
Let me go home. (I want to go home.)  
I want to go home. (Why don't you let me  
go home?)  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go  
home. (I want to go home.)

First mate, he got drunk.  
Broke up the people's trunk.  
Constable had to come and take him  
away.  
Sheriff John Stone (Sheriff John Stone),  
why don't you leave me alone? (Why  
don't you leave me alone?)  
Well, I feel so break up, I want to go  
home. (I want to go home. So, now)

Chorus

Well, the poor cook he caught the fits.  
Throw away all of my grits.  
Then he took and he ate up all of my  
corn. Let me go home. (I want to go  
home.)  
I want to go home. (Why don't you let me  
go home?)  
This is the worst trip since I've been born.  
(Since I have been born. So, now)

Chorus

## Softly As I Leave You

Softly, as I leave you softly  
for my heart would break  
if you should wake and see me go.  
So I leave you softly  
long before you miss me,  
long before your arms can beg me stay  
for one more hour or one more day.  
After all these years  
I can't bear the tears to fall.  
So, softly as I leave you there.

(Repeat verse)

## So Hi

Chorus:

My heaven is so high, you can't get over  
it.  
So low, you can't get under it.  
So wide, you can't get around it.  
You gotta come in at the door.

Tell those children, yeah, tell 'em now.  
You gotta come in at the door.  
Don't stand and whisper, just show 'em  
how.  
You gotta come in at the door.

Chorus

Children of Israel, sing and shout  
You gotta come in at the door.  
You know the gates of heaven can't keep  
you out.  
You gotta come in at the door.

Chorus

Now if you're gonna head for the  
promised land,  
You gotta come in at the door.  
Just step right up and shake his hand.  
You gotta come in at the door.

Chorus

### Someday Soon

I am a young man, so you'll know, my  
age is twenty-one  
I come from out in southern Colorado.  
Just home from the service and lookin'  
for some fun

Refrain:

Someday soon, she's goin' with me  
someday soon  
Someday soon, goin' with me someday  
soon

Her daddy he can't stand me 'cause I'm  
with the rodeo  
Her mother says that I would leave her  
cryin'  
She would follow me right down the  
toughest road to hoe

Refrain

Bridge:

Hey, when I visit her pa ain't got one  
good word to say  
But I can't help thinkin' he was just as  
wild in his day

So blow you old Blue-Northern, come on,  
blow me back to her,  
I'm driving in tonight from California  
And I love that Damned old rodeo just as  
much as I love her

Refrain

Repeat Bridge, last verse and refrain

### Some Fool Made a Soldier of Me

I remember when I was bare-footed boy.  
Climbin' in a sycamore tree  
But now I'm a little older, got a rifle on my  
shoulder,

Some fool made a soldier of me. Some  
fool made a soldier of me, Ah-ha  
And I ride in the rough cavalry  
Got a pretty gal waitin' for me, while I rot  
here in the army,  
Some fool made a soldier of me.

I told her we'd marry and build us a  
home, And raise us a big family.  
But she's given all her charms to a blue  
uniform,  
Some fool made a soldier of me.

Some fool made a soldier of me, Ah-ha  
And I ride in the rough calvary  
The day's getting' hotter, I'm a-near out of  
water,  
Some fool made a soldier of me.

I told General Custer I'm a-dyin' of thirst,  
And the heat is a-getting to me.  
But he said "Have no fear, there's a big  
river near"  
Some fool made a soldier of me.

Some fool made a soldier of me, Ah-ha  
And I ride in the rough cavalry  
We'll get there in the mornin' to the Little  
Big Horn,  
(Hey, General Custer, I think I see an  
Indian over there)  
(Yeah, ask her is she's got a friend for  
me) Some fool made a soldier of me.

Somerset      Glouchestershire  
Wassail

Wassail, wassail, all over the town.  
The cup, it is white and the ale, it is brown.  
The cup, it is made of the good ashen tree  
and so is the malt of the finest barley.

Oh, master and missus, are you all within?  
Pray open the door and let us come in.  
Oh, master and missus who sit by the fire,  
pray think of the trav'lers who walk through the mire.

Oh, where is the maid with the silver hair pin  
to open the door and let us come in?  
Oh, master and missus, it is our desire,  
a good loaf and cheese and a toast by the fire.

There was an old man and he had an old cow  
and how for to keep her, he didn't know how.  
He built up a barn for to keep his cow warm  
and a drop of good cider will do us no harm.

The good dog of Langport, he burnt his long tail  
and this is the night we go singing wassail.  
Oh, master and missus, now we must be gone.  
Bless all in this house until we come again.  
Bless all in this house 'till we come again!

Song For a Friend

When you sit and wonder why things have gone so wrong  
and you wish someone would tell us where our friend has gone.  
Look then in the hills when there's courage in the wind  
and in the face of freedom and those who look to him.  
And search within the heart of ev'ry young man with a song  
then I think we'll know where our friend has gone.

Summer takes the winter as the good years take the pain.  
There'll be laughter in the land again but hearts won't be the same.  
And I know I'll remember when a chill wind takes the sky  
and speak of the years he gave us hope for they will never die.  
And as we gaze at brave young men when yesterdays grow long,  
then I think we'll know where our friend has gone.

When you sit and wonder why things have gone so wrong.  
It's then that we'll remember where our friend has gone.