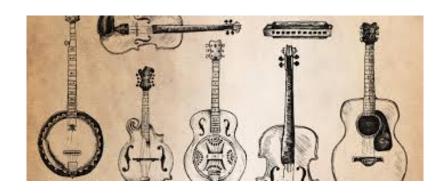
# Newport Old Time and Bluegrass Session Tune Book



#### **Newport Old Time & Bluegrass Session**

The Newport Old Time & Bluegrass Session is a recent offshoot of the Newport Fiddle and Folk Club. It is a community organization and welcomes all levels of musical skill.

We meet on the 1'st & 3'rd Mondays of the month.

- Location: Newport Hub, 13 Mason St, Newport.
- Session time 7.30 to 9.30 pm.
- \$3.00 NFFC Members
- \$5.00 Non-members
- Website: https://www.nffc.org.au/oldtimey.html

This book is intended as a guide only. It will expand periodically as the repertoire grows.

All tunes and songs are in the public domain unless otherwise noted.

Compiled and arranged by Bruce Williams

 $V2.\ Feb.\ 2020$ 

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#### Angelina Baker



(verses and choruses sung to B section of tune)

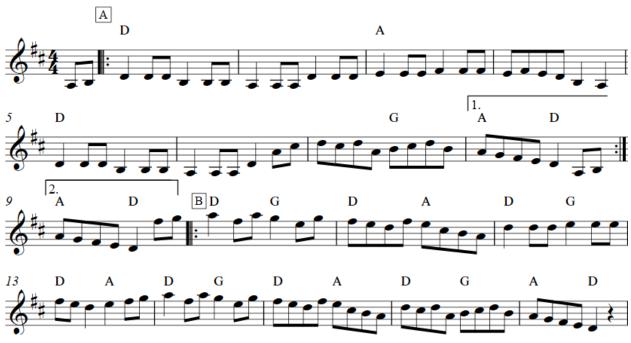
Angelina Baker lives on the village green
 The way that I love her, beats all to be seen
 Anglelina baker her age is forty three
 I gave her candy by the peck, but she won't marry me

Ch Angelina Baker, Angelina Baker Angelina Baker, Angelina Baker

- 2. Angeline is handsome, Angeline is tall
  She broke her little ankle from dancing in the hall
  She won't do the bacon because she is too stout
  She makes cookies by the peck and throws the coffee out
- 3. Last time that I saw her, was at the county fair
  Her man chased me halfway home and told me to stay there
  She taught me how to weep, she taught me how to moan
  And she taught me how to sing, and play the old jawbone

#### Arkansas Traveller

Traditional



#### Ashokan Farewell

Jay Ungar



## Big Sandy River

Traditional



# Big Scioty

Traditional



#### Bill Cheatum



# Billy in the Lowground

#### Blackberry Blossom



#### Boatman's Dance



The boatman dance, the boatman sing, the boatman do most anything When the boatman comes to shore, he spends his money and he works for more

#### Ch

Dance boatman dance, dance boatman dance, dance all night till the broad daylight Go home with the girls in the morning

High ho the boatman rows, floating down the river of the ohio High ho the boatman rows, floating down the river of the ohio

I went on board the other day, to see what the boatman had to say

And there I let my passion loose and the clapped me in the calaboose

Ch

When the boatman blows his horn, look out old man your daughter's gone He stole my sheep, he stole my goat, put 'em in his bag took 'em to the boat

Ch

#### Boil Them Cabbage Down

Traditional



 Went up on a mountain to give my horn a blow Thought I heard my true love say, 'yonder come my beau' Racoon and a possum, running side by side Racoon askd the possum, 'won't you be my bride?'

# $\mbox{Ch}\ x\ 2$ Boil them cabbage down boys bake them hoe cakes brown Only song that i can sing is boil them cabbage down

Raccon up a simmon tree, possum on the ground
 Raccon said to the possum, 'shake them simmons down'
 Jaybird died of the whooping cough, sparrow died of the colic
 Along came a frog with a fiddle on his back to join in on the frolic

Ch x 2

#### Bury Me Beneath the Willow



My heart is sad and I am lonely searching for the one I love When will I see her, no not ever, till we meet in heaven above

#### Ch

So bury me beneath the willow, under the weeping willow tree So she may know where I am sleeping, and perhaps she'll think of me

Tomorrow was to be our wedding, where oh where could she be She's gone away, she loves another, she no longer cares for me

#### Ch

She told me that she really loved me, how could I believe it untrue Until the day a neighbour told me, she has proven untrue to you

#### Cherokee Shuffle

Traditional



#### Clinch Mountain Backstep

#### Cluck Old Hen

Traditional



Note: verse and chorus sung over B section of tune

I had an old hen, she had a wooden leg
 Best old hen that ever laid an egg
 Laid more eggs than any hen around the barn
 Another drink of whisky won't do me any harm

Ch
Cluck old hen, cluck and sing
Ain't seen an egg since way last spring
Cluck old hen, cluck and squall
Ain't seen an egg since way last fall

My old hen's a good old hen She lays eggs for the railroad men Sometimes four, sometimes two Sometimes enough for the whole damn crew

Ch

# **Cold Frosty Morning**



#### Crawdad Song

Traditional



1. You get a line, I'll get a pole honey You get a line, I'll get a pole babe You get a line, I'll get a pole We'll go down that crawdad hole Honey, oh baby mine

2. Yonder come a man with a sack on his back honey

Yonder... back babe

Yonder... back

Packed all the crawdads in that sack

Honey, oh baby mine

3. He fell down and he busted that sack honey

He... sack babe

He... sack

Look at them crawdads crawling back

Honey, oh baby mine

4. What you gonna do when the lake runs dry...

Sit on the bank and ill just cry

5. What did the hen duck say to the drake...

Ain't no crawdads in that lake...

#### Cripple Creek

> Going up cripple creek, going on the run Going up cripple creek to have some fun Pull my britches to my knees
>  Wade up cripple creek as I please

#### Ch

Going up cripple creek, going on the run Going up cripple creek to have some fun Going up cripple creek, going in a whirl Going up cripple creek to see my girl

#### Crow Black Chicken

Traditional



1. Chicken crows for midnight, chicken crows for day Along comes an owl oh Lord, tote that chicken away

Ch

Crow, black chicken, crow for day Crow, black chicken, chicken fly away Crow, black chicken, crow for day Crow, black chicken, I love chicken pie

I went on the mountain, I gave my horn a blow
 I thought I heard my pretty girl say 'yoner comes my beau'

Ch

#### Devil's Dream

Traditional



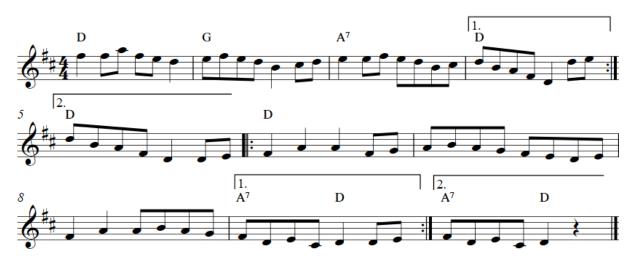
#### Devil's Hornpipe

Traditional



#### Eighth of January

Traditional



V1. Well, in 18 and 14, we took a little trip Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Missisip

We took a little bacon and we took a little beans And we met the bloody British in the town of New Orleans

Ch: We fired our guns and the British kept a comin' There wasn't nigh as many as there was a while ago Fired once more and they began a running Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

V2. Well, we looked down the river and we seed the British come

And there must have been a hundred of them beating on the drum

They stepped so high and they made their bugles ring

While we stood behind our cotton bales and didn't say a thing

Ch

V3. Old Hickory said we could take em by surprise If we didn't fire a musket till we looked em in the eyes

We held our fire till we seed their face well Then we opened up our squirrel guns and really gave em well.. Ch

*Refrain.* Well they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles

And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go

They ran so fast the hounds couldn't catch em Down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico

Ch

V4.Well we fired our cannons till the barrels melted down

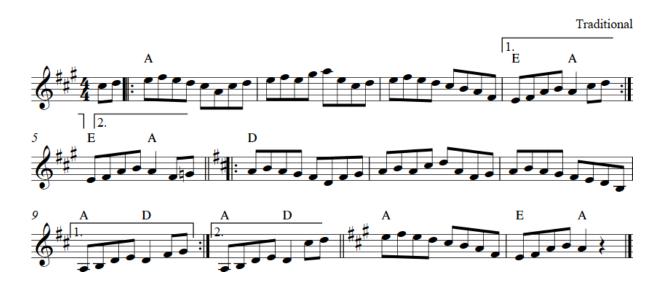
So we grabbed an alligator and we fought another round

We filled his head with minie balls and powdered his behind

And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind

Repeat Verse 1

#### Fire on the Mountain



#### Forked Deer

Traditional

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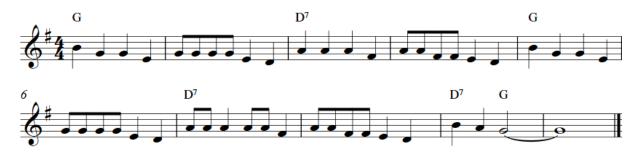
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#### Golden Slippers



#### Hot Corn Cold Corn

Traditional



1. Hot corn, cold corn, out in the kitchen x 3
Met an old cook just reeling and a pitching, yes sir

Ch

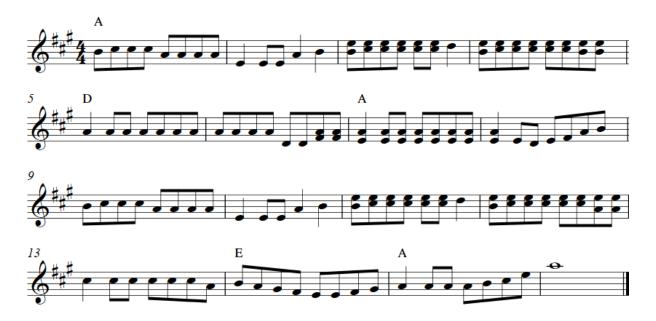
Hot corn, cold corn, bring along a demi-john x 3 Fare thee well my pretty gal, meet you in the morning, yes sir

All I want to keep me happy
 Is two little kids to call me pappy
 One named Sal and the other one Davey
 One loves ham and the other loves gravy, yes sir

Ch

#### I'll Fly Away

Traditional



V1. One bright morning when this life is over, I'll fly away To that land on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away

Ch

I'll fly away, oh glory, I'll fly away, in the morning When I die, hallelujah bye and bye, I'll fly away

V2. Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away To that land where joy will never end, I'll fly away

Ch

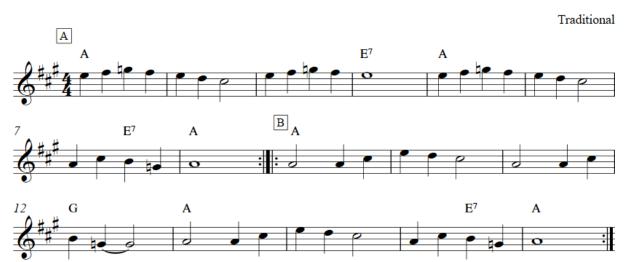
V3. When the shadows of this life are gone, I'll fly away Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly, I'll fly away

Ch

V4. Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away No more cold iron shackles on my feet, I'll fly away

Ch

#### Old Joe Clark



 I used to live on a mountain top, now I live in town Staying in a big hotel, courting Betsy Brown Old Joe Clark he had a home sixteen stories high Every story in that house was filled with chicken pie

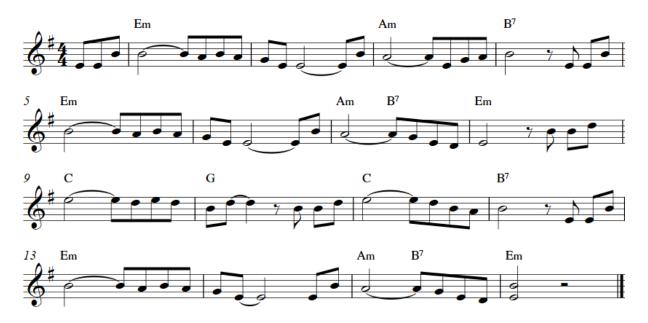
#### Ch

Fare thee well old Joe Clark fare thee well I say Fare thee well old Joe Clark I'm bound to go away

Old Joe Clarke he had a mule his name was Morgan Brown
 And every tooth in that mule's head was 16 inches round
 I went down to old Joe's house he invited me to supper
 I stubbed my toe on the table leg and stuck my nose in the butter

#### Poor Wayfaring Stranger

Traditional



I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger Travelling through this world alone There is no sickness toil or danger In that brigh land to which I go

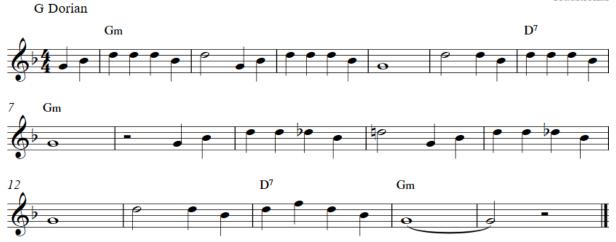
I'm going there to see my father
And all my loved one's who've gone on
I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is hard and steep
But beauteous field arise before me
Where god's redeemed, their vigils keep

So I'm just going over Jordan
I'm just going over home
I'm just going over jordan
I'm just going over home

#### Reuben's Train

Traditional



Ol Reuben made a train and he put it on the track Ran it to the Lord knows where Oh me, oh my, ran it to the Lord knows where

Should have been in town when ol Reuben's train went down You could hear that whistle blow 100 miles Oh me, oh my, you could hear that whistle blow 100 miles

Last night I lay in jail, had no money to go my bail Lord how it sleeted and snowed Oh me, oh my, lord how it sleeted and snowed

I've been to the east Lord I've been to the west
I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow
Oh me, oh my, I'm going where those chilly winds don't blow

Oh the train that I ride, is 100 coaches long You can hear the whistle blow 100 miles Oh me, oh my, you can hear the whistle blow 100 miles

# Soldier's Joy

## Stone's Rag

Traditional



# Whiskey Before Breakfast