

Stanley Brothers

And The

Clinch Mountain Boys



Folio Number Two

PICTURE AND SONG FAVORITES

Price Fifty Cents



STANLEY, BROS. — CARTER AND RALPH

JAY HUGHES was born at St. Paul, Virginia, December 16, 1923, and has played the Bass Fiddle for the past two years. He sings bass in the CLINCH MOUNTAIN Quartet. He is unmarried.

BOBBY SUMNER was born at Vicco, Kentucky, March 6, 1924, and has been playing the fiddle ever since he can remember. Bobby has been doing radio work four years. He is married to the former Jamoe Dixon of Vicco. They have two children, Sandra Joan, three years, and Michael, 6 months.

CARTER STANLEY was born at Stratton, Virginia, in Dickenson County, August 27, 1925, and grew up with a natural love for old time music. Has been doing radio work for three years. He is 23 years old. He is married to the former Miss Mary Kiser of Carterton, Virginia. They have one child, Carter Lee, who is 1½ years old.

RALPH STANLEY is twenty-two years old, and is the younger one of the Stanley Brothers. Ralph was born at Stratton, Virginia, also. He has been in radio work two and one-half years and likes it fine. Ralph is unmarried, and is considered one of the best old time banjo players in the nation.

PEE WEE LAMBERT was born at Thocker, West Virginia, August 5, 1924, and did his first work in radio with the Stanley Brothers and is considered a right hand man with the Clinch Mountain Boys. Pee Wee is married to the former Miss Hazel Holbrook of Wise, Virginia. They have one child, Darrell Glen, who is now eight months old.

THE WHITE DOVE

In the deep rolling hills of Old Virginia
There's a place I love so well
Where I spent many days of my childhood
In the cabin where we love to dwell.

CHORUS: White Doves will mourn in sorrow
The willows will hang their heads
I'll live my life in sorrow
Since Mother and Daddy are dead.

We were all so happy there together
In our peaceful little mountain home
But the Saviour needs angels in heaven
Now they sing around the great White Throne.

As the years roll by I often wonder
Will we all be together some day
And each night as I wander to the graveyard
Darkness finds me where I kneel to pray.



STANLEY BROS. AND THE CLINCH MTN. BOYS
(At Station Before Program)

WHITE HOUSE BLUES

Doc came running
He took off his specks, said to McKenly
Got to cash in your checks
You're bound to die, bound to die.

He jumped on his horse, grabbed at his mane,
Said to his horse, got to out run this train
From Buffalo, to Washington.

Now look here, you raskel
You see what you've done,
You've shot my husband, but I've got your gun
Take you back to Washington.

Took him to the court house
Verdict was read,
The jury said hang him until he is dead,
He shot the boss of Washington.

President in the White House
Doing his best;
Roosevelt in the grave yard,
Taking his rest;
He's long gone from Washington.

MOTHER NO LONGER AWAITS ME AT HOME

One night while the moon from heaven was shining
My mother was praying for me to come home
She asked her dear Lord to watch o'er me out yonder
To send me back home to never more roam.

When I left my old home way back in the mountains
I said I'd return with honor and fame.
But a young reckless heart turned wrong at the crossroads
Now as I go home I bring Mother shame.

When I got to the place where I spent my childhood
The silver moon was shining so bright
When I asked my dear friends to tell me of Mother
They said she was called to heaven last night.

She told them of how she was longing to see me
How lonesome our home since I went away
Said darling repent and ask for forgiveness
And meet mother there in heaven some day.

Mother has gone to live with the angels
Her soul is at rest around the great Throne.
Now I have no one left here to advise me
For Mother no longer awaits me at home.



"PEE WEE" LAMBERT



TRUE AND TREMBLING MOTORMAN

See that true and trembling motorman,
Says his age is twenty-one,
See him stepping from his motor,
Crying, Lord, what have I done?
Have I killed my faithful brakeman,
Is it true that he is dying;
Oh, I tried to stop the motor,
But I could not stop in time.
I saw the car wheels running o'er him,
I saw him raise his weary head,
I saw his sister stoop to kiss him,
Crying, brother, are you dead?
Yes, my sister, I am dying,
Soon I'll reach that blissful shore;
Soon I'll gain that home up yonder,
Where this breaking be no more.
Tell my brother, he's a loader,
These few words I'll send to him;
Never, never tackle breaking,
If he does his life will end.
Tell my father, he's a weigh boss,
What he weighs to weigh it fair;
For we'll have true scales up yonder,
In that meeting in the air.
Tell my mother I've gone to glory,
Tell her to weep for me no more;
But to meet me over yonder,
On that bright celestial shore.
All you miners now take warning,
From this time now and on,
Never tackle breaking,

IT'S NEVER TOO LATE

Now darling I've tried, I've never done wrong
I've been fair to you, you know all along
Why treat me this way, you're breaking my heart
I'm lonesome for you, we're so far apart.

CHORUS: It's never too late to start over now
I've loved you so long, you know I've been true
Please come back to me, my heart is so blue
It's never too late to start over now.

You've wondered around you've been so unfair
You've treated me wrong, somehow I still care
Why not change your mind, it's never too late,
It's hard to go on with love as your fate.

Now when you are tired, your new love gone down
I hope you'll return, I'll still be around
I love you so much, you know I will wait,
But remember these words, it's never too late.

FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW

Some folks like the summer time
When they can walk about
Strolling through the meadow green
It's pleasure there's no doubt.
But give me the winter time,
When the snow is on the ground,

CHORUS: I traced her little footprints in the snow
I found her little footprints in the snow
But I blessed that happy day, that Nelly lost
her way
For I found her when the snow was on the ground

I dropped in to see her
There was a big round moon
Her mother said she's just stepped out
But would be returning soon
I found her little footprints and I traced them thru
the snow
For I found her when the snow was on the ground.

Now she's up in heaven, with the angel band
Some day I'll go to see her in that promised land.
For every time the snow falls, it brings back mem-
ories,
For I found her when the snow was on the ground.

PRETTY POLLY

Polly, pretty Polly, would you take me unkind?
Polly, pretty Polly, would you take me unkind?
Come and sit beside me and let me tell you my mind.

Oh my mind is to marry and never to part.
My mind is to marry and never to part.
The first time I saw you, it wounded my heart.

He led her over mountains and valleys so deep
He led her over mountains and valleys so deep
Pretty Polly mistreated and then begin to weep.

Willie, little Willie, I'm afraid of your way
Willie, little Willie, I'm afraid of your way
The way you've been rambling, you'll lead me astray.

Polly, pretty Polly, your guess is about right
Polly, pretty Polly, your guess is about right
Cause I dug on your grave the biggest part of last night.

He led her a little farther and what did she spy
He led her a little farther and what did she spy
A new dug grave with a spade lying by.

He opened up her bosom as white as any snow
He opened up her bosom as white as any snow
He stabbed her to the heart and the blood did overflow.

He threw a little dirt and then turned to go
He threw a little dirt and then turned to go
To leave Pretty Polly in them old woods below.

A VISION OF MOTHER

Oft my thoughts drift back to childhood
To the time when I was free
As I played before the fireside
Around my darling Mother's knee.

CHORUS: There's a blessed home up yonder
Where my loved ones wait for me
I saw Mother in a vision
Kneeling there to pray for me.

Then one day our Mother left us
Daddy said she'd gone to rest
I remember how she loved me
As she clutched me to her breast.

Some sweet day I'll meet you, Mother;
Your little child is coming home.
To see you as in days of childhood,
The one you loved but left alone.



COUSIN WINESAP

COME ALL YOU TENDER HEARTED

Come all you tender hearted Your attention I will call
I'll tell you how it started, Come listen one and all.

Last Wednesday night there was a light Sun shining on the
hill
The mother ran with all her might While every thing was
still.

She went into a neighbor's house Some hundred yards away
She sat down to talk with them But did not mean to stay.

Don't stay too long, dear Mother, there For we'll be lone-
some here
I'll give some liniment, she said, Then did return again.

But when she started home again Her house was in a flame.
She cried, Oh Lord, my babies are gone, And I'm the one
to blame.

She bursted all asunder then And the flames rolled over
her head,
Their little bones lay on the ground, They both lay face to
face.
Each other did entwine, Each other did embrace.

COMING TO US DEAD

One morning when the office had opened
A man came over here
To the express office, showing signs of grief and fear.
When the clerk approached him, with trembling words to
say
I'm waiting for my boy, sir, He's coming home today.
You have made a sad mistake and you must surely know
This is a telegraph office and not a town depot.
If your boy is coming home this perfect, modest day
You'll find him with the passengers at the station just over
the way.

You do not understand me, sir, the old man gently said,
He's not coming as a passenger, but by express, he said.

He's coming home to Mother, the old man shook his head;
He's coming home in a casket, sir; he's coming to us dead.

Do not use him roughly, boys; contains our darling Jack;
He went away as you boys are, this is the way he's coming
back.

He broke his poor old Mother's heart by saying I'll come
through
But that's the way they all come back, when they join the
boys in blue.



CLINCH MOUNTAIN QUARTET

I AM A MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

I am a man of constant sorrow,
I've seemed trouble all my days
I bid farewell to Old Kentucky
The place where I was born and raised.

For six long years I've been in trouble,
No pleasure here on earth I find,
For in this world I have to ramble,
I have no friends to help me now.

It's fare-you-well, my old true lover,
I never expect to see you again.
For I'm bound to ride this northern railroad,
Perhaps I'll die upon this train.

You can bury me in some deep valley,
For many years where I may lay,
Then you may learn to love another,
While I am sleeping in the grave.

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
My face you never will see no more.
But there is one promise that is given,
I'll meet you on God's Golden Shore.

BE READY TO GO

You're drifting along, no hopes of tomorrow,
You've drifted away thru sorrow and sin
Still Jesus calls you, He's tenderly pleading,
The gates will swing open, God's children come in.

Thru life's weary way we meet with our trials
Please face them with pride as time rolls along
Remember to love thy father and mother
Then God will reward you, dear pilgrim come home.

Be ready to go, He's calling you gently.
Don't ever be late, dear pilgrim, press on.
Meet Jesus up there, the mansion's ready
Our heavenly father awaits you at dawn.

CHORUS: Don't ever be lost—the gate will swing wide
The Saviour will call—you safely inside
Don't ever be late—there pleasure you'll know
Dear brother, don't wait—be ready to go.

YOUR FRIENDS WILL FOLLOW

Through this world of toil and trouble.
Through this weary world of sin.
There's no promise of tomorrow.
There's no hope of peace within.

CHORUS: Walk away, your friends will follow,
Walk the road that leads you home.
Walk away, your friends will follow,
Jesus guides you safely on.

Jesus is an humble Saviour,
He will take you by the hand
When your soul is lost in sorrow
He'll lead you to that Promised Land.

When the dark shades fall around you
When the Saviour calls you home,
There's a straight and narrow pathway.

THE ROAN COUNTY PRISONER

In the beautiful hills way back in Roan County
There's where I have roamed for many long years.
There's where my heart's been tending most ever
There's where the first step of misfortune I made.

I was thirty years old when I courted and married
When Armenda Gilbreath was then called my wife
Her Brother stabbed me for some unknown reason
Just three months later I'd taken Tom's life.

For twenty-five years this whole world I rambled
I went to old England, to France and to Spain
Then I thought of my home way back in Roan County
So I boarded a steamer and I come back home.

I was captured and tried in a village called Spencer
Not a man in that county would speak one kind word
When the Jury came in with the verdict next morning
A life time in prison were the words that I heard.

When the train pulled out poor Mother stood weeping
And Sister she sat all alone with a sigh
And the last words that I heard was, Willis, God Bless
You,

Was, Willis God Bless You, God Bless You, Goodbye.

Some went to the pen way down in old Nashville
Some went to their grave I'm sorry to say
But I'm glad that I went to my home in Roan County
Where there I must tarry for the rest of my days.

No matter what happens to me in Roan County
No matter how long my sentence may be
I'll love my old home way back in Roan County
It's a way back down in old East Tennessee.

LITTLE GLASS OF WINE

Come little girl let's go get married
I love you so great, how can you slight me.
I'll work for you both late and early.
At my wedding, my little wife you'll be.

Oh! Willie dear, let's both consider
We're both too young to be married now
When we're married we're bound together
So let's stay single just one more year.

He went to the bar where she was dancing
A jealous thought ran through his mind
I'll kill that girl, my own true lover,
Before I'll let another man beat my time.

He went to the bar and he called her to him
She said, Willie dear, what do you want with me?
Come and drink wine with the one that loves you
More than anyone else in this world, said he.

While they were at the bar a-drinking
That same old thought came through his mind.
I'll kill that girl, my own true lover,
I'll give her poison in a glass of wine.

She laid her head over on his shoulder,
Said, Willie, dear, please take me home.
That glass of wine that I've just drinkin'
Has gone to my head and got me wrong.

He laid his head over on the pillow.
Let me read you the law, let me tell you my mind.
Molly dear, I'm sorry to tell you,
We both drank poison in a glass of wine.

They folded their arms around each other
They cast their eyes into the sky.
Oh God! Oh God! ain't this a pity
That we both true lovers are bound to die.

YOU'RE DRIFTIN' ON

Press along dear, friendly neighbor, try to lend a helping
hand,
You have loved ones lost in sorrow, they will not heed God's
command.

Please advise them Holy children, try to teach them how
to pray
They'll be ready to meet Jesus, on that final Judgment day!

CHORUS: You are drifting, slowly drifting—through this
weary world of sin,
You are striving, daily striving—for a crown of
life to win.
Jesus calls you, softly calls you to a better home
above!
Are you ready, please be ready for that happy
home of love.

Jesus is our loving Master; all our troubles He will share.
When in sorrow, call upon Him; He is waiting everywhere.
So be ready for the Judgment, don't be left here all alone,
When the gates of Heaven open, Holy children welcome
home.

MOLLY AND TIMBROOK

See that train coming, coming 'round the curve
See Molly running, straining every nerve,
Straining every nerve, O Lord, straining every nerve.

Now Timbrook was a big bay horse,
He wore a shaggy mane.
He ran all around in Memphis, beat the Memphis train
Beat the Memphis train, O Lord, beat the Memphis train.

Timbrook said to Molly, what makes your head so red,
From running in the hot sun with fever in my head
Fever in my head, O Lord, fever in my head.

Kiper, KiKper, Kiper, my son, give Timbrook the bridle
Let old Timbrook run,
Let old Timbrook run, O Lord, let old Timbrook run.

Timbrook in the stable, Molly in the stall
Timbrook kicked a plank off, kicked Molly through the wall
Molly through the wall, O Lord, Molly through the wall.

Go get old Timbrook, hitch him in the shade
We going to bury Molly, coffin ready made
Coffin ready made, O Lord, coffin ready made.

Autographs

