Skidmore Session Book

Banjo Fiddle & Mandolin

Skidmore Session Book

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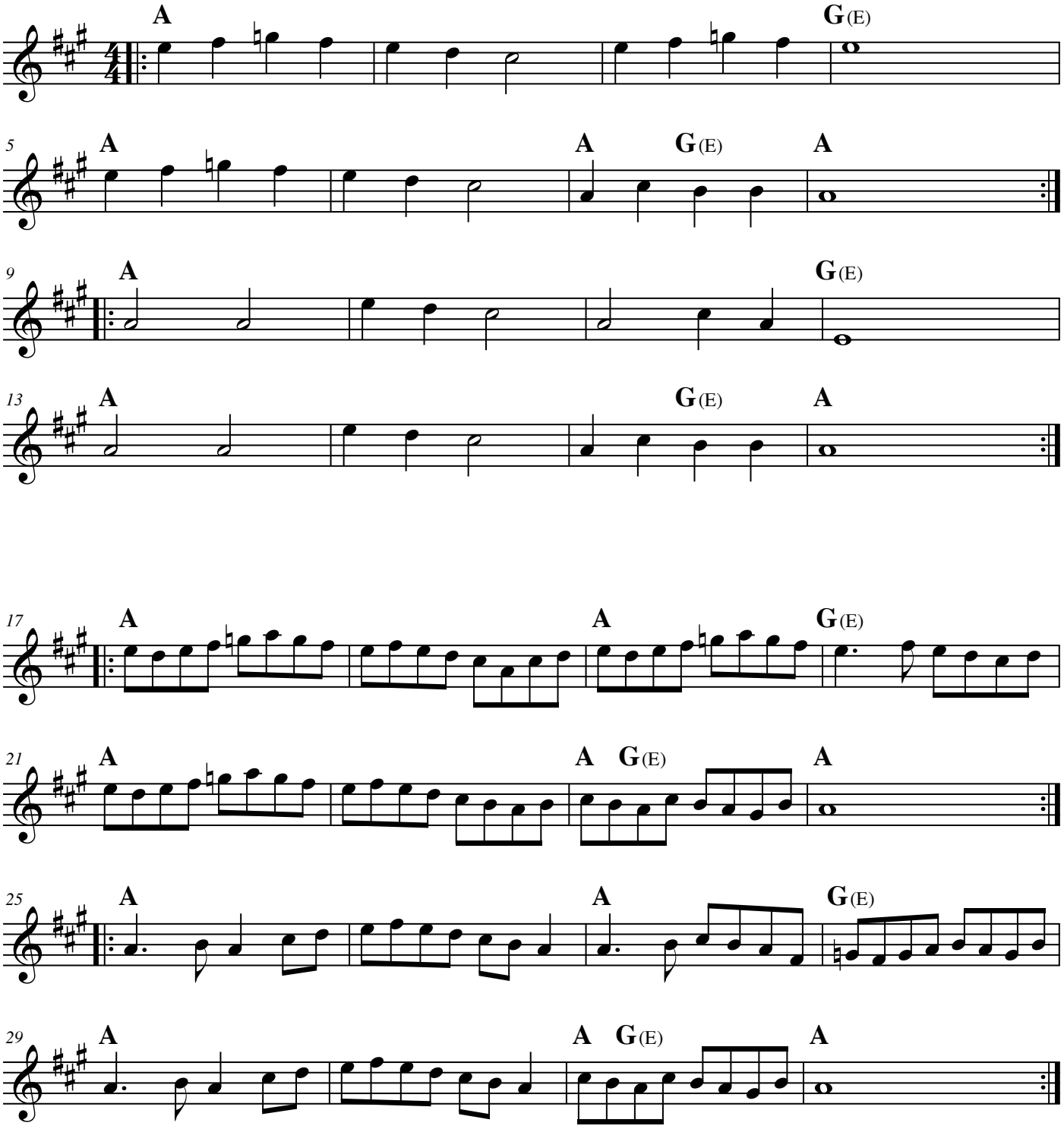
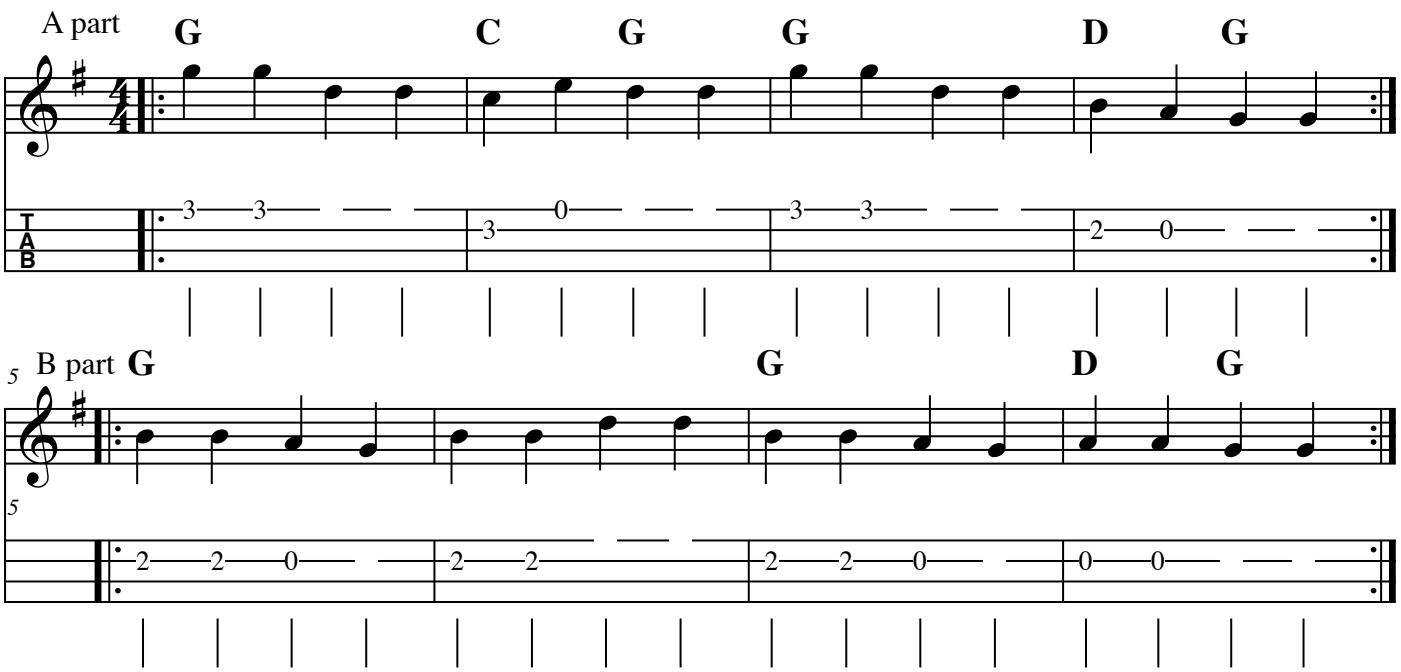
Old Joe Clark

trad

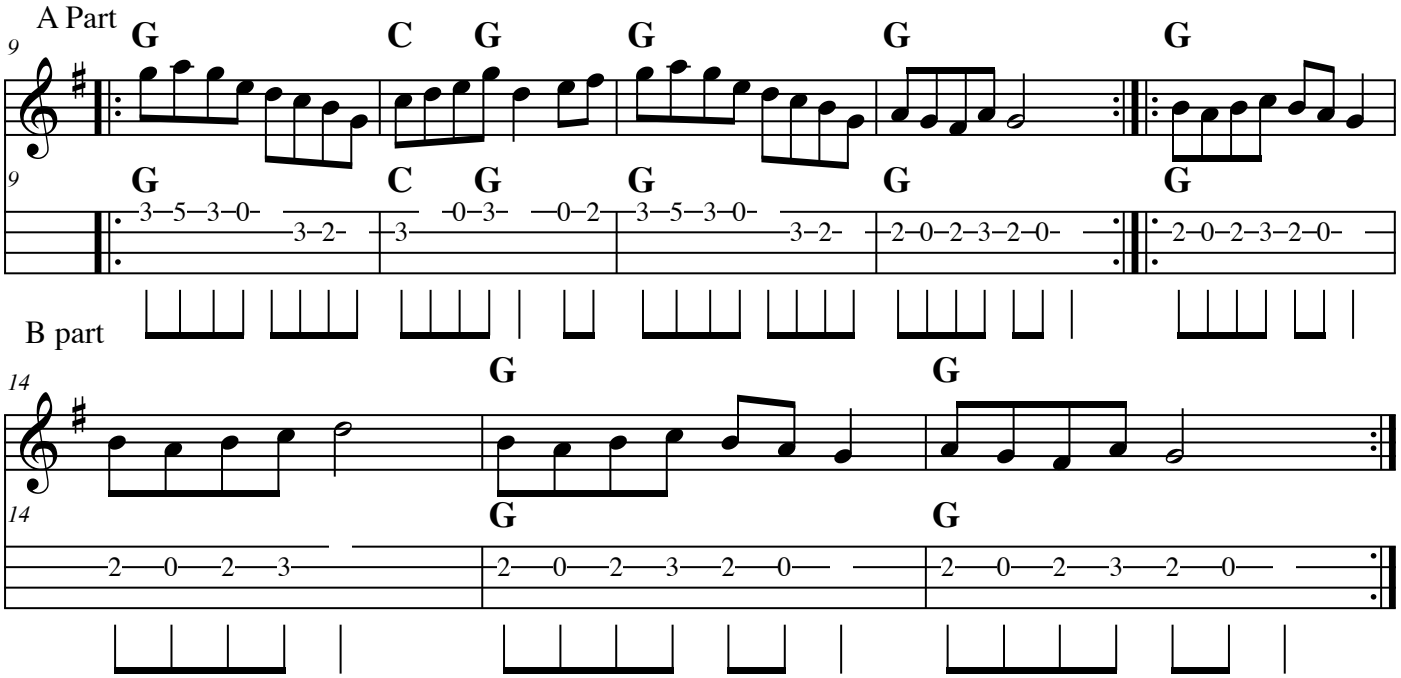


Cripple Creek

trad

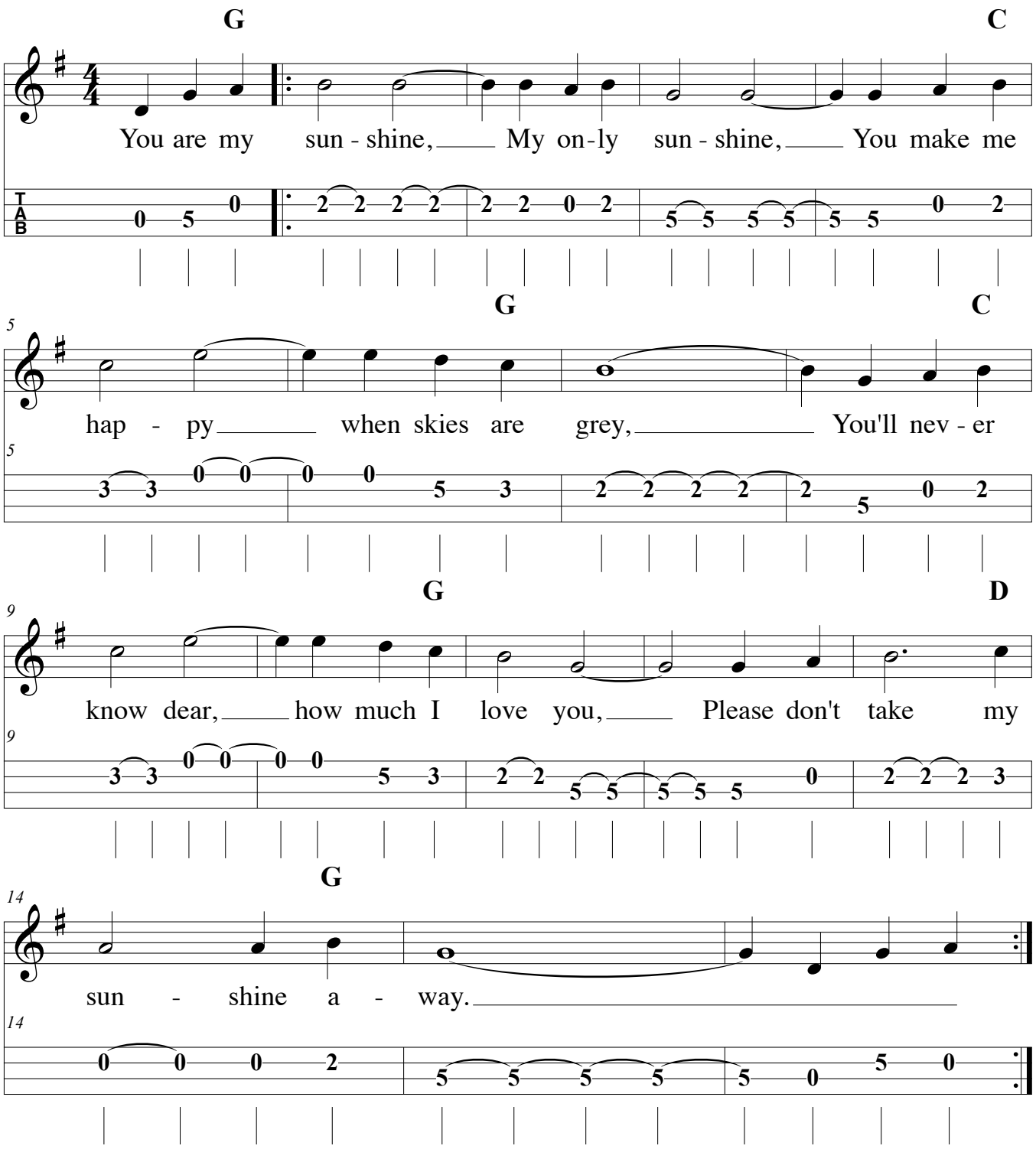


Variation



YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

JIMMY DAVIS & CHARLIE MITCHELL



YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
(Jimmy Davis & Charles Mitchell)

The other night dear, as I lay sleeping
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken
So I hung my head and I cried.

CHORUS:
You are my sunshine, my only sunshine
You make me happy when skies are gray
You'll never know dear, how much I miss you
Please don't take my sunshine away

I'll always love you and make you happy,
If you will only say the same.
But if you leave me to love another,
You'll regret it all some day:

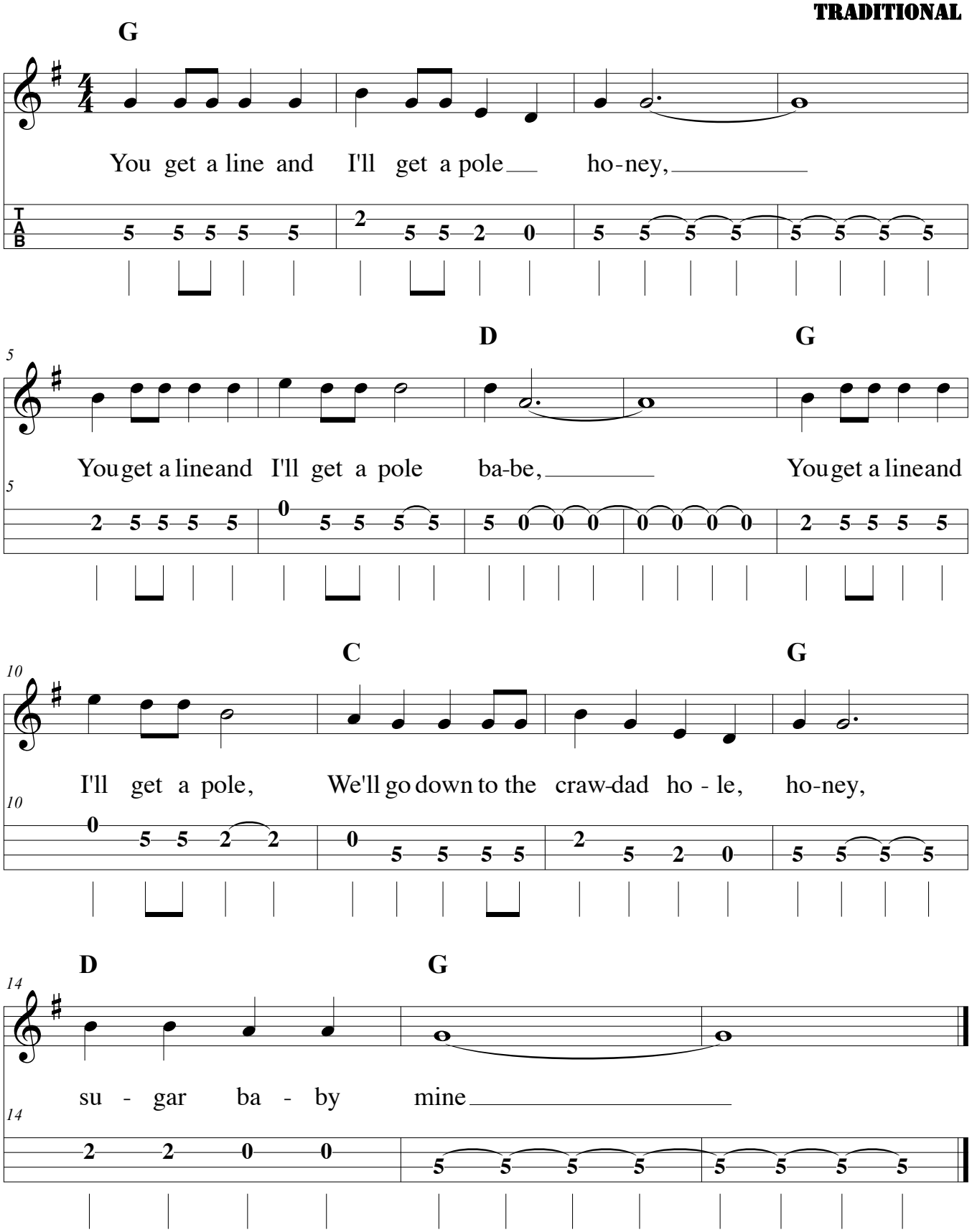
CHORUS

You told me once, dear, you really loved me
And no one else could come between.
But not you've left me and love another;
You have shattered all my dreams:

CHORUS

CRAWDAD SONG

TRADITIONAL



CRAWDAD SONG

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
And we'll go down to the Crawdad hole,
Honey, sugar baby, mine,

Get up old man, you slept too late, honey, (2x)
Get up old man, you slept too late,
Last piece of crawdad's on your plate,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

Get up old woman, you slept too late, honey, (2x)
Get up old woman, you slept too late,
Crawdad man done passed your gate,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

Along come a man with a sack on his back, honey, (2x)
Along come a man with a sack on his back,
Got more crawdads than he can pack,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

What'cha gonna do when the lake goes dry, honey?(2x)
What'cha gonna do when the lake goes dry?
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

What'cha gonna do when the crawdads die, honey? (2x)
What'cha gonna do when the crawdads die?
Gonna make myself some crawfish pie,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

I heard the duck say to the drake, honey, (2x)
I heard the duck say to the drake,
There ain't no crawdads in this lake,
Honey, sugar baby mine.

Waterbound - Dirk Powell

I went out late one night
Moon and stars were shining bright
Storm come up and the trees come down
I tell you boys, I was waterbound

Waterbound on a stranger's shore
River risin'to my door
Carried my home to the field below
Waterbound nowhere to go

Carved my name on an old barn door
No one knew I was there at all
Stable's dry on a winter's night
You turn your head you can see the light

Black cat crawlin' on an old boxcar
A rusty door and a fallin' star
Ain't got a dime in my nation's sack
I'm waterbound and I can't get back

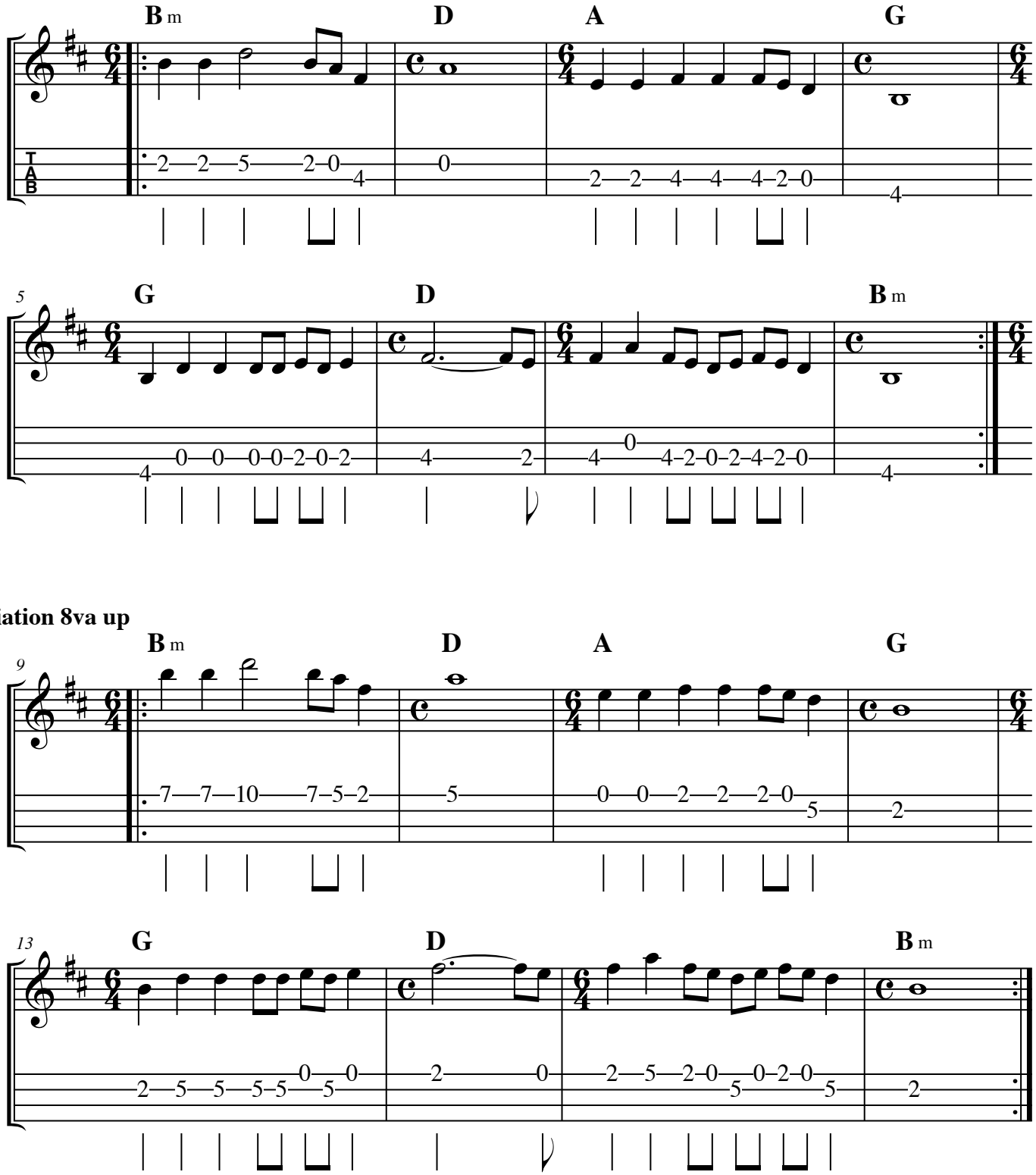
This time I'm gone and I won't be back
Don't believe me count my tracks
The river's long and the river's wild
I'll meet you boys on the other side

Say my name and don't forget
The water still ain't got me yet
Nothin' but I'm bound to roam
I'm waterbound and I can't get home

‖: Bm		D		
/	/	/	/	/
A		G		
/	/	/	/	/
G		D		
/	/	/	/	/
D		Bm		:‖
/	/	/	/	/

Waterbound

Dirk Powell



FRIEND OF THE DEVIL- Grateful Dead

||: G G/F# G/E G/D C C/B C/A C/G :||

G G/F# G/E G/D C C/B C/A C/G
I lit out from Reno I was trailed by twenty hounds
G G/F# G/E G/D C C/B C/A C/G
Didn't get to sleep that night till the morning came around

CHORUS:
D
Set out runnin' but I take my time
C
a friend of the devil is a friend of mine
D
If I get home before day light
C D
I just might get some sleep tonight

Ran into the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills ...CHORUS

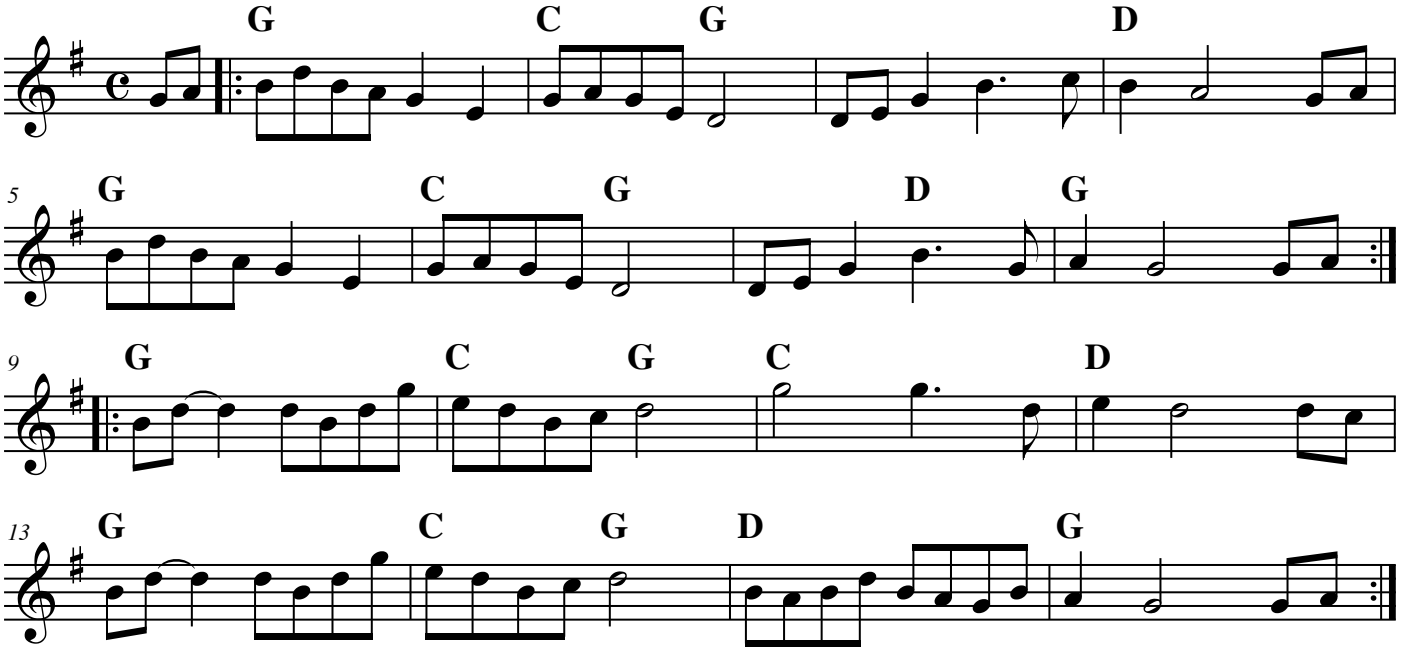
Ran down to the levee but the devil caught me there
took my twenty dollar bill and he vanished in the air ...CHORUS

BRIDGE:
D
Got two reasons why I cry away each lonely night
C
The first one's named Sweet Anne Marie and she's my heart's delight
D
Second one is prison, baby, the shefiff's on my trail
C D
and if he catches up with me I'll spend my life in jail

Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Cherokee
First one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me
...CHORUS

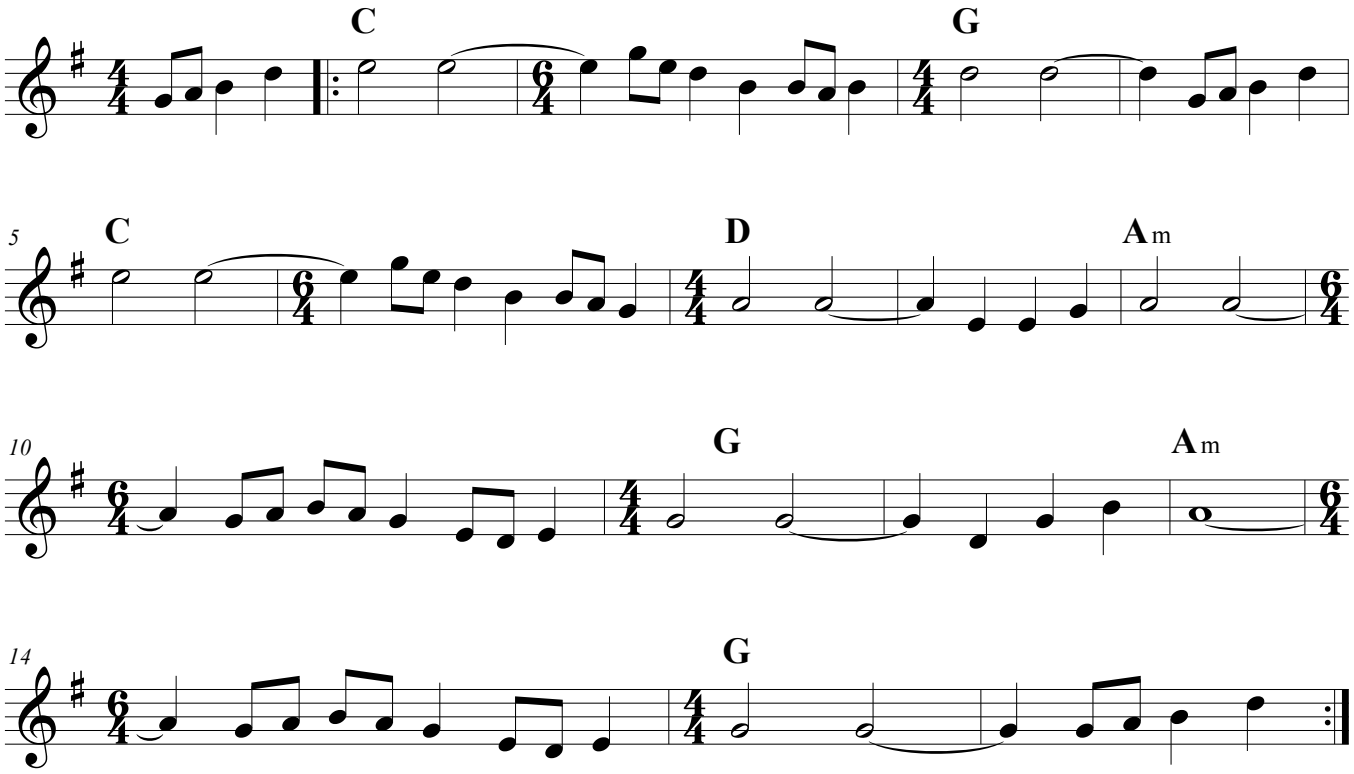
Shove that Pig's Foot a Little Further in the Fire

traditional



Elk River Blues

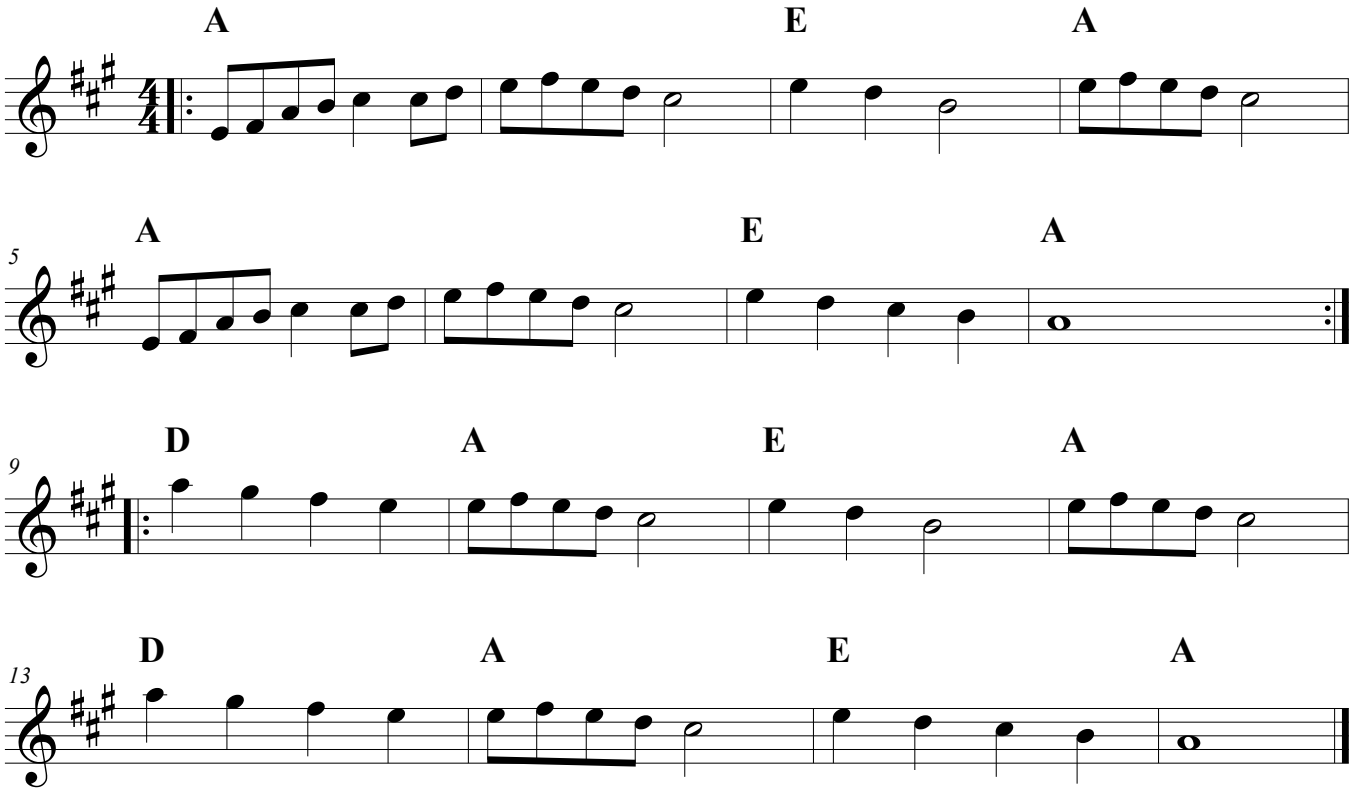
Traditional



A Tunes

Buffalo Gals ~ aka Skidmore Gals

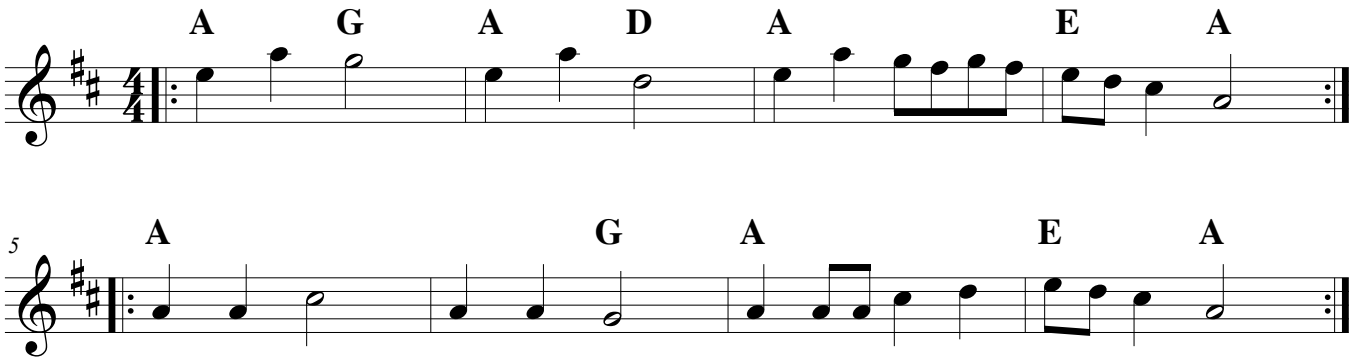
Traditional



Cluck Old Hen

Traditional

A Mixolydian (Sometimes)



Cluck old hen, cluck and sing
Ain't laid an egg since 'way last spring.

Cluck old hen, cluck and squall
Ain't laid an egg since 'way last fall.

My old hen's a good old hen
She lays eggs for the railroad men.

Sometimes one, sometimes two
Sometimes enough for the whole damn crew.

Sometimes nine, sometimes ten
That's enough eggs for the railroad men.

My old hen, she won't do
She lays eggs and taters too.

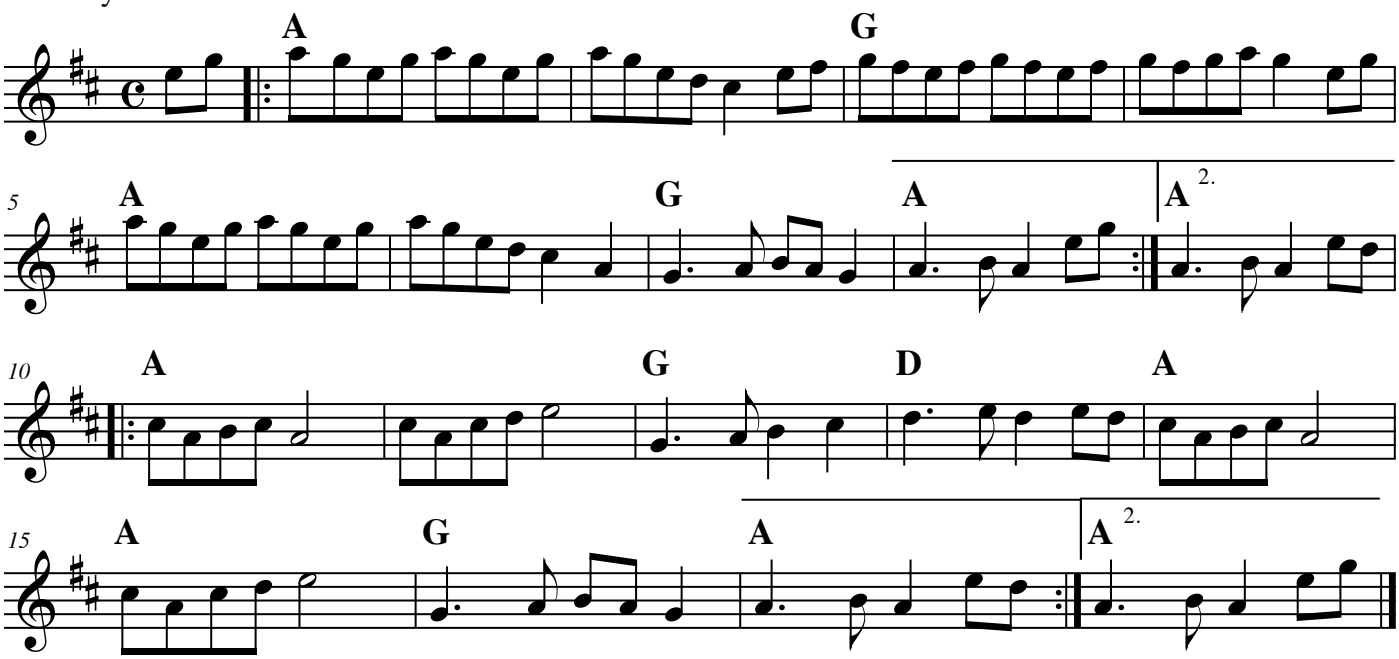
The old hen she's raised on a farm
Now she's in the new ground diggin' up corn.

The first time she cackled, she cackled a lot
Next time she cackled, cackled in the pot.

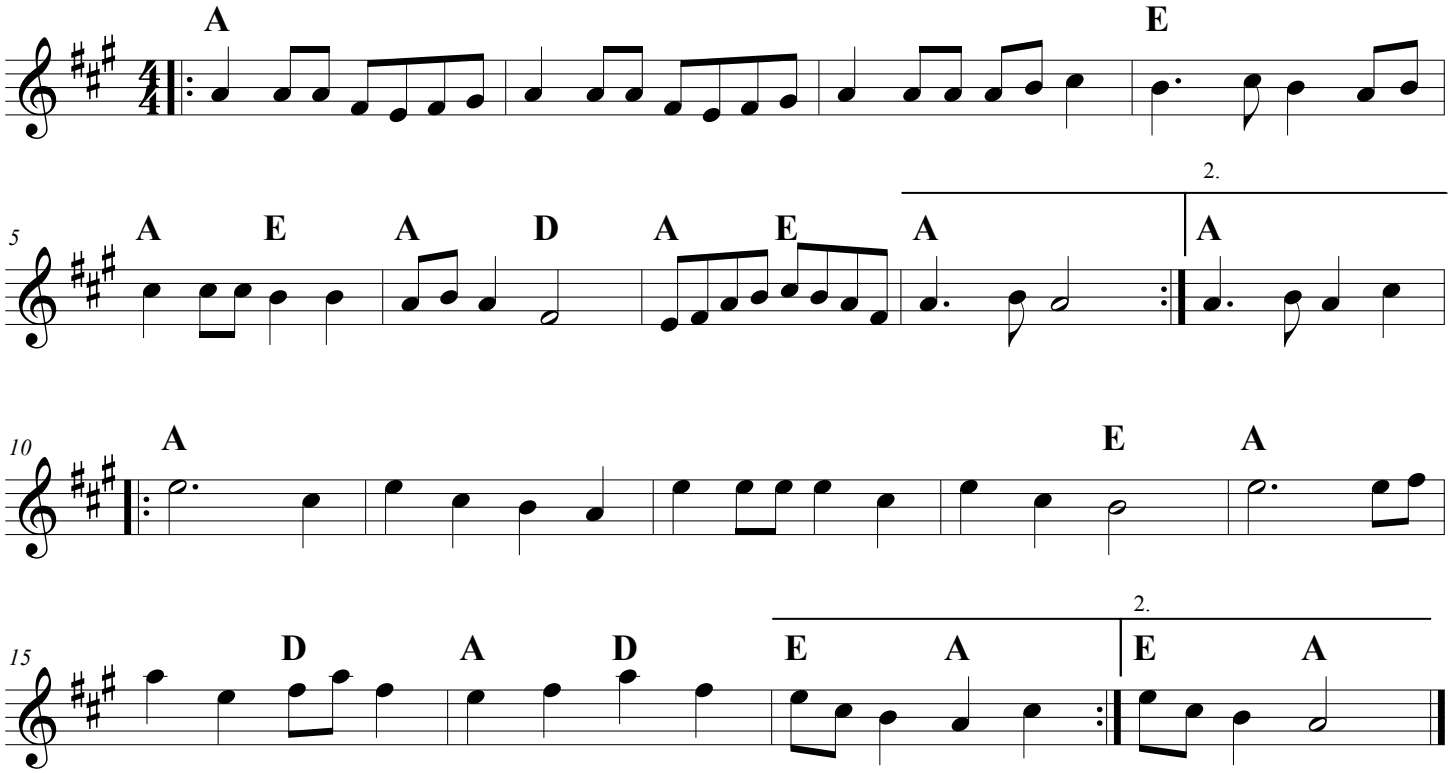
June Apple

Mixolydian

Traditional



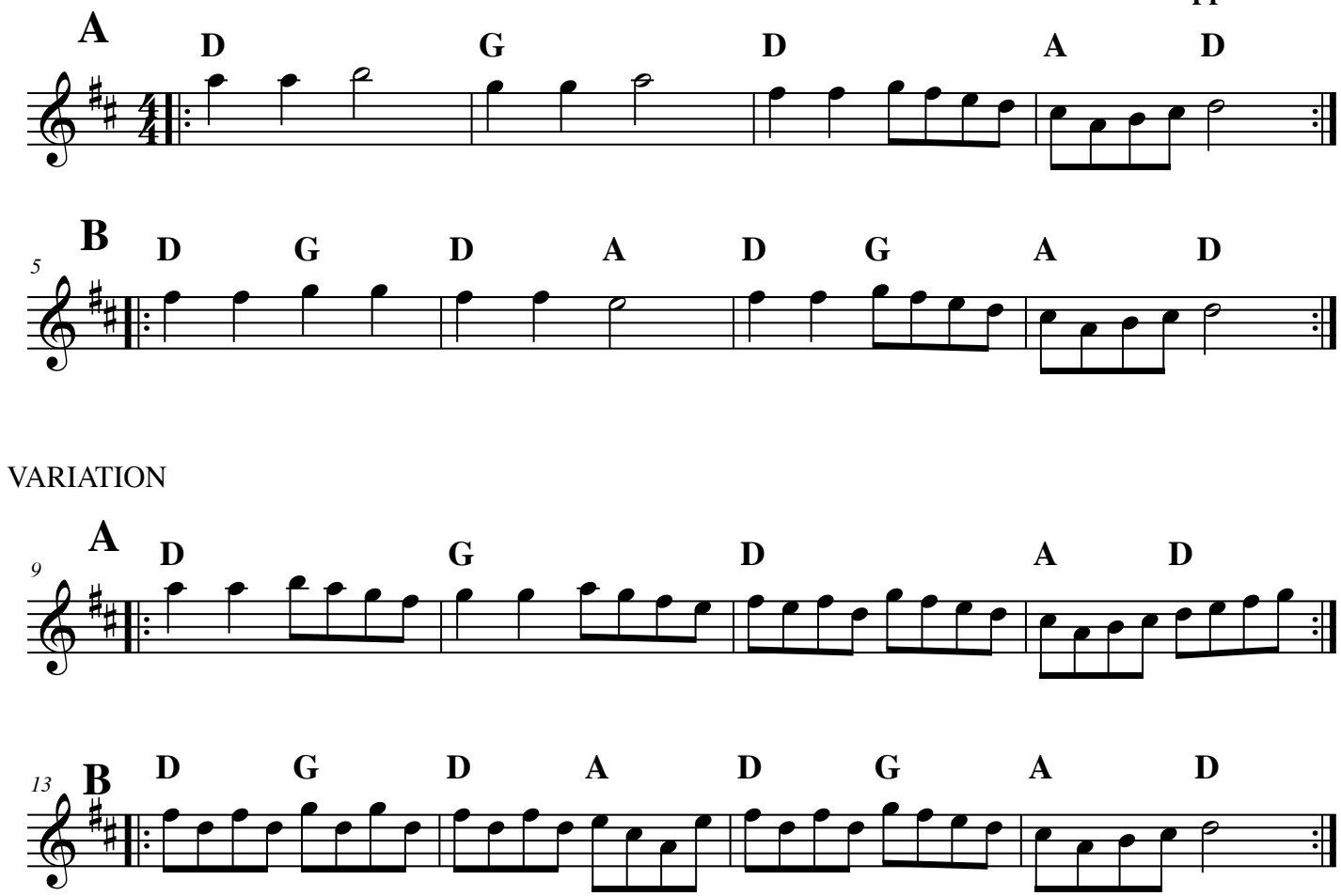
Squirrel Heads in Gravy



D Tunes

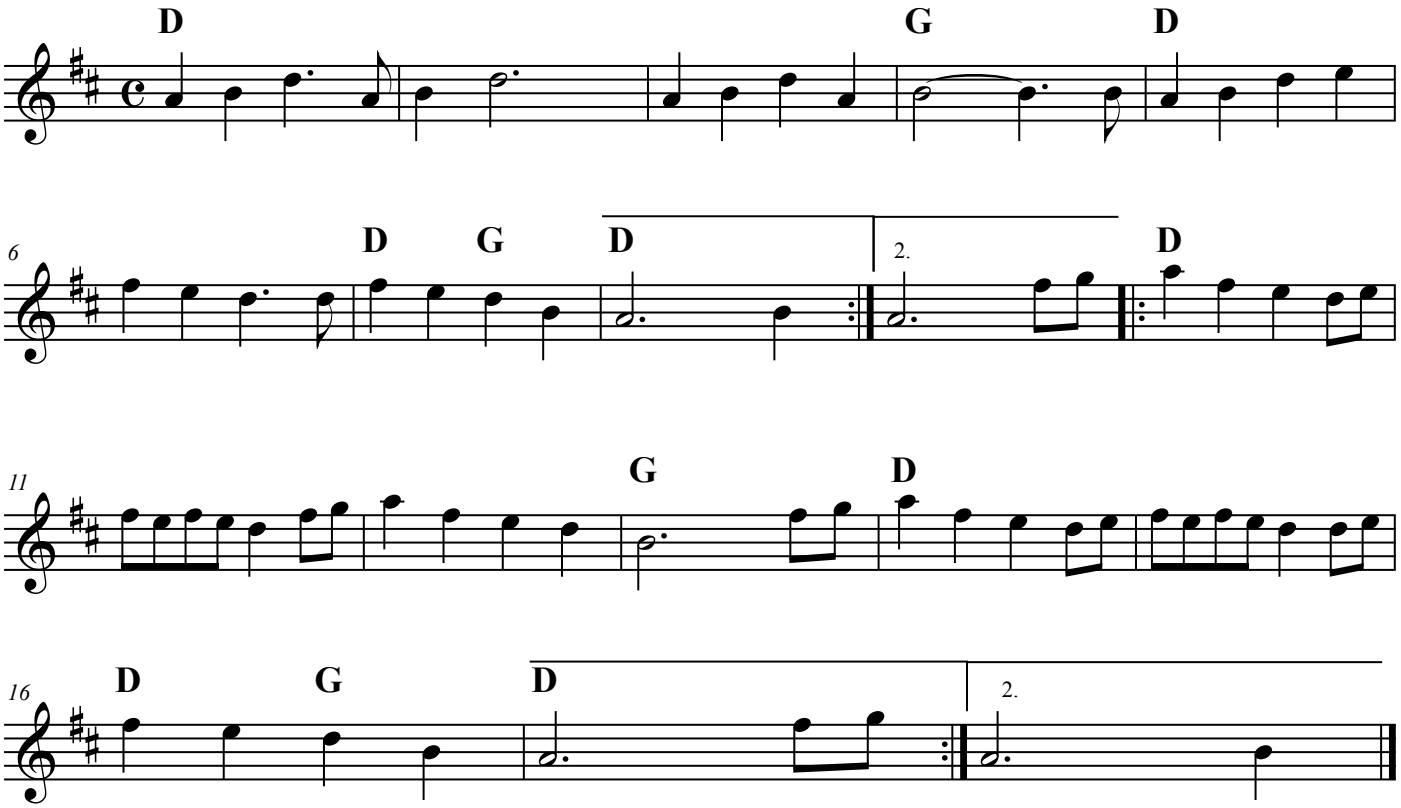
Old Molly Hare

Traditional Appalachian



angeline the baker

Stephen Foster
w/ trad. alterations



Angelina Baker, lived near the village green
The way I always loved her, beats all you've ever seen
Her father was a baker, they called him Uncle Sam
I never can forget her, no matter where I am

Chorus:
Angelina Baker, age of 43
I gave her sugar candy but she wont marry me
Angelina Baker, Angeline I know
Wish I'd married Angeline, twenty years ago

Sixteen horses in my team, the old grey went before
Almost broke Angelina's heart, to hear the wagons roll
Angelina Baker, Angeline I know
Wish I'd married Angeline, twenty years ago

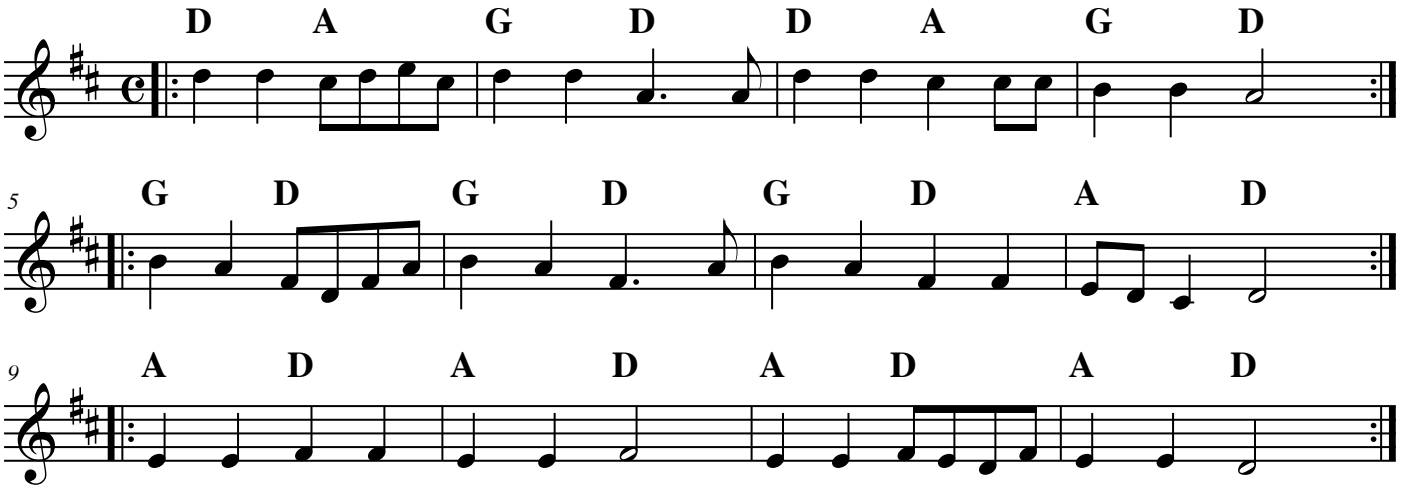
Angelina Baker, left me here alone
Left me hear to weep a tear and play on the old jaw bone
Said she couldn't do hard work, because she was not stout
Baked her biscuits every day, poured her coffee out

Chorus

Bought Angeline a brand new dress, neither black nor brown
It was the colour of a stormy cloud, before the rain pour down
Sixteen horses in my team, the leader he was blind
I came close to dying when they sold my Angeline

Barlow Knife

Traditional



||: I've been sittin' here all my life, and all I got is a Barlow knife :||

CHORUS:
||: A Barlow handle and a Barlow blade, best ol' knife that ever was made :||

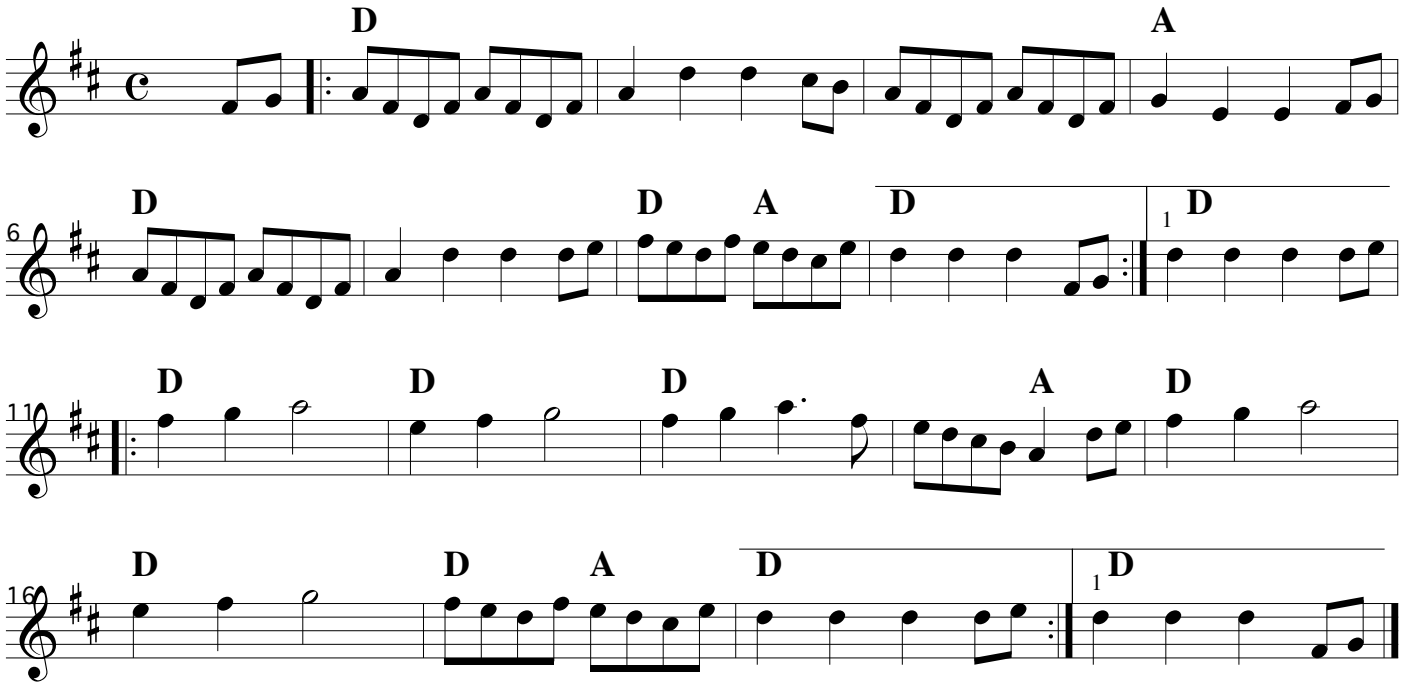
||: I've been a lumberin' all my life, and all I got is a Barlow knife :||

||: I've been workin' all my life, and all I got is a Barlow knife :||

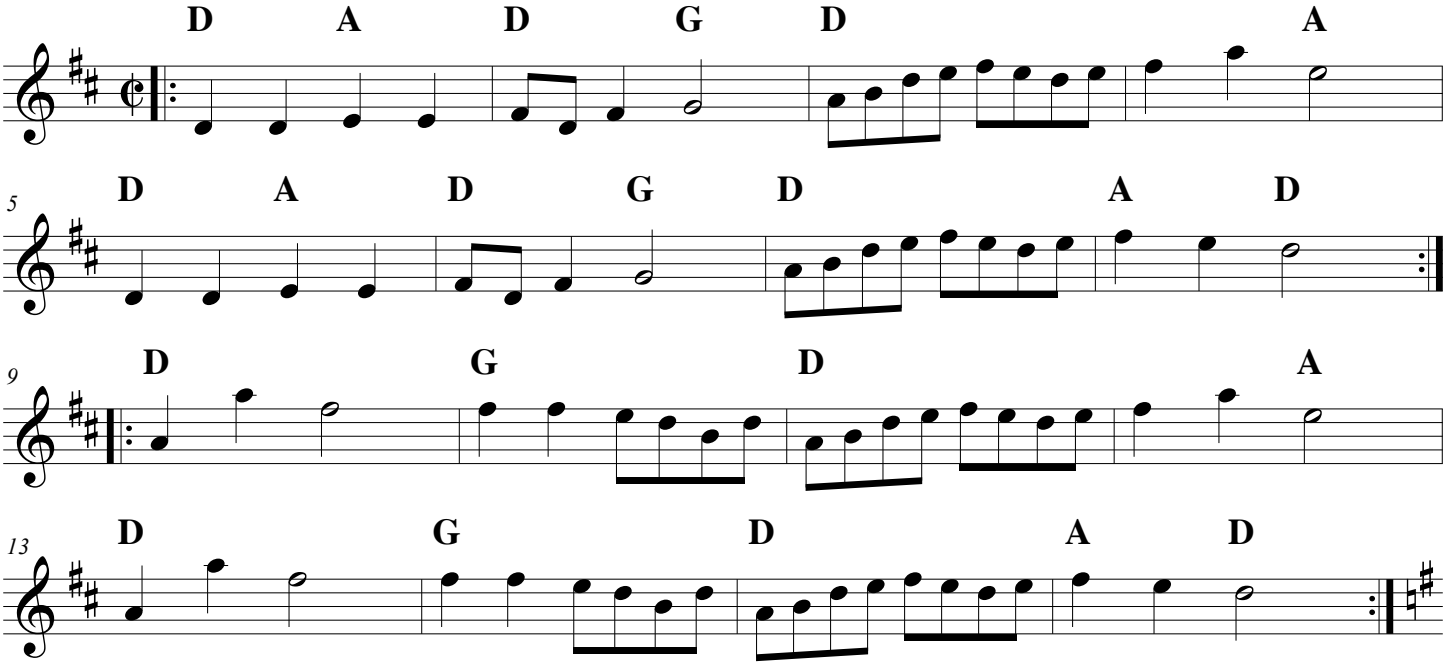
||: I've been fiddlin' all my life, and all I got is a Barlow knife :||

SOLDIER'S JOY

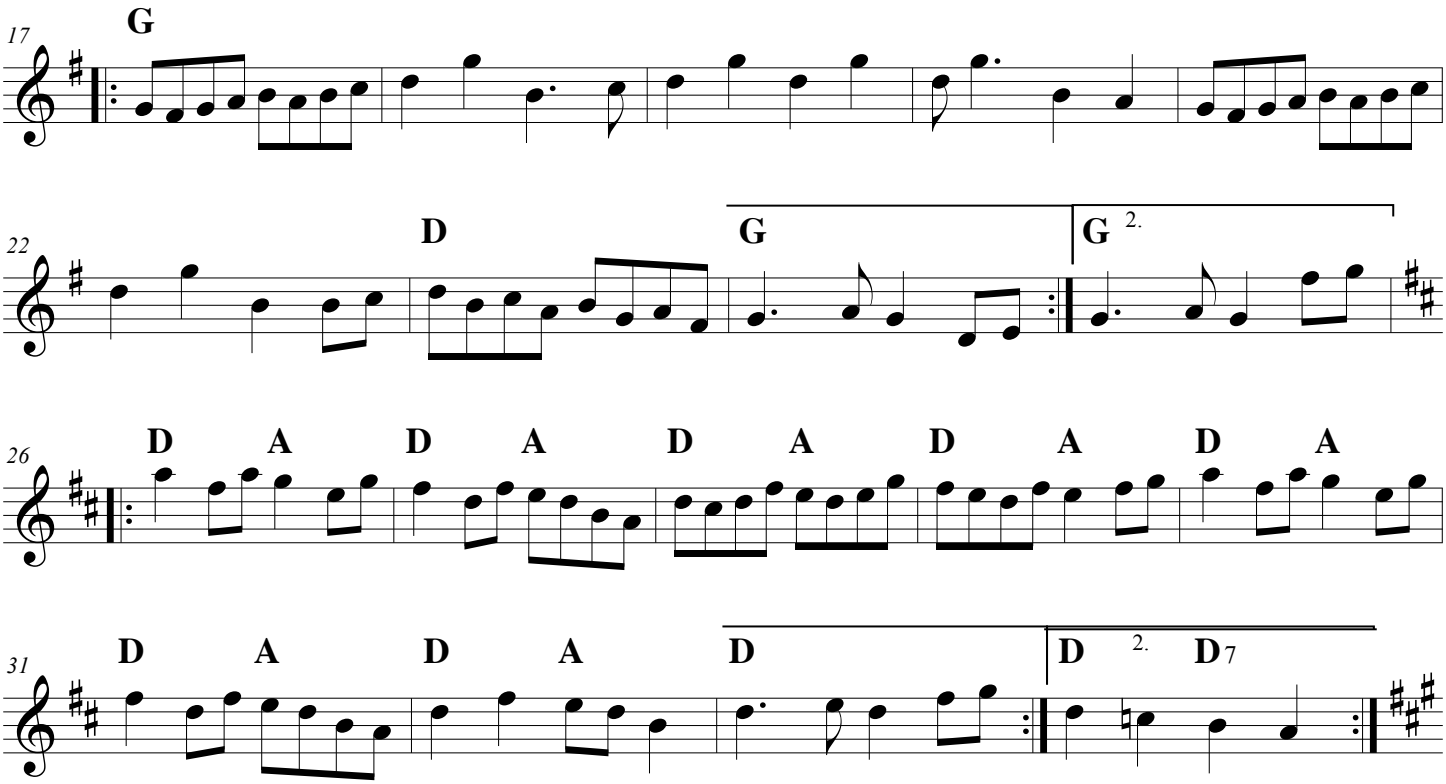
TRADITIONAL



Spotted Pony

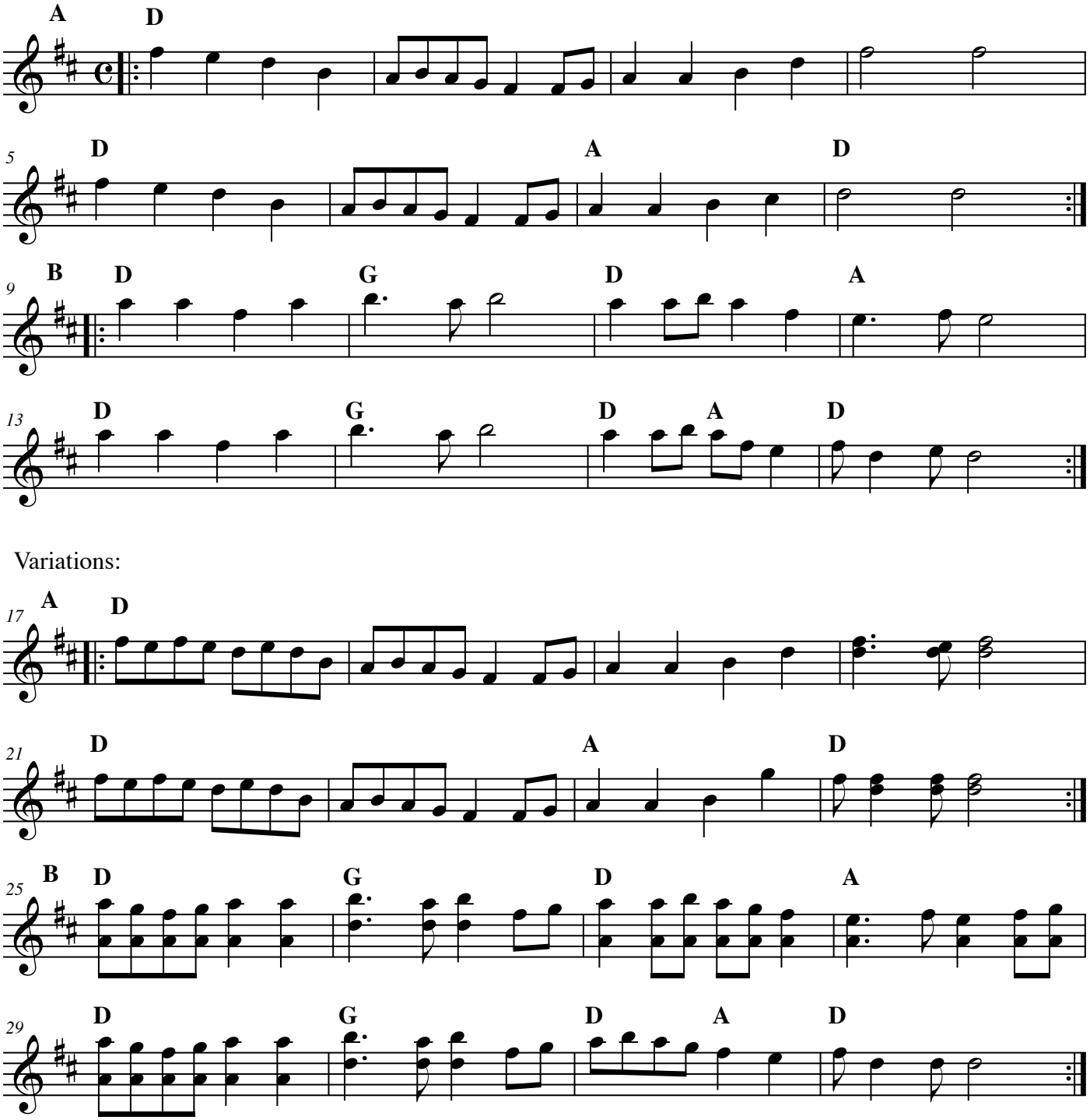


Puncheon Floor



Fly Around My Pretty Little Miss

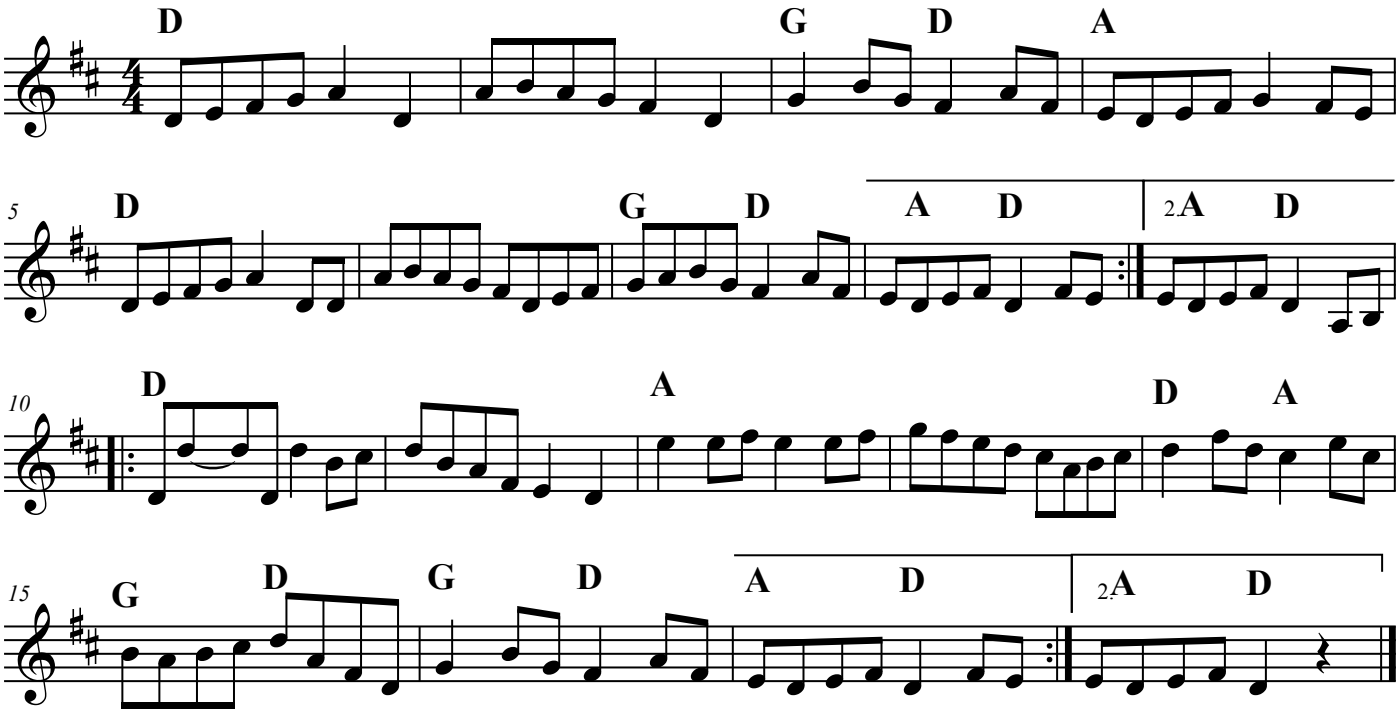
Traditional



Variations:

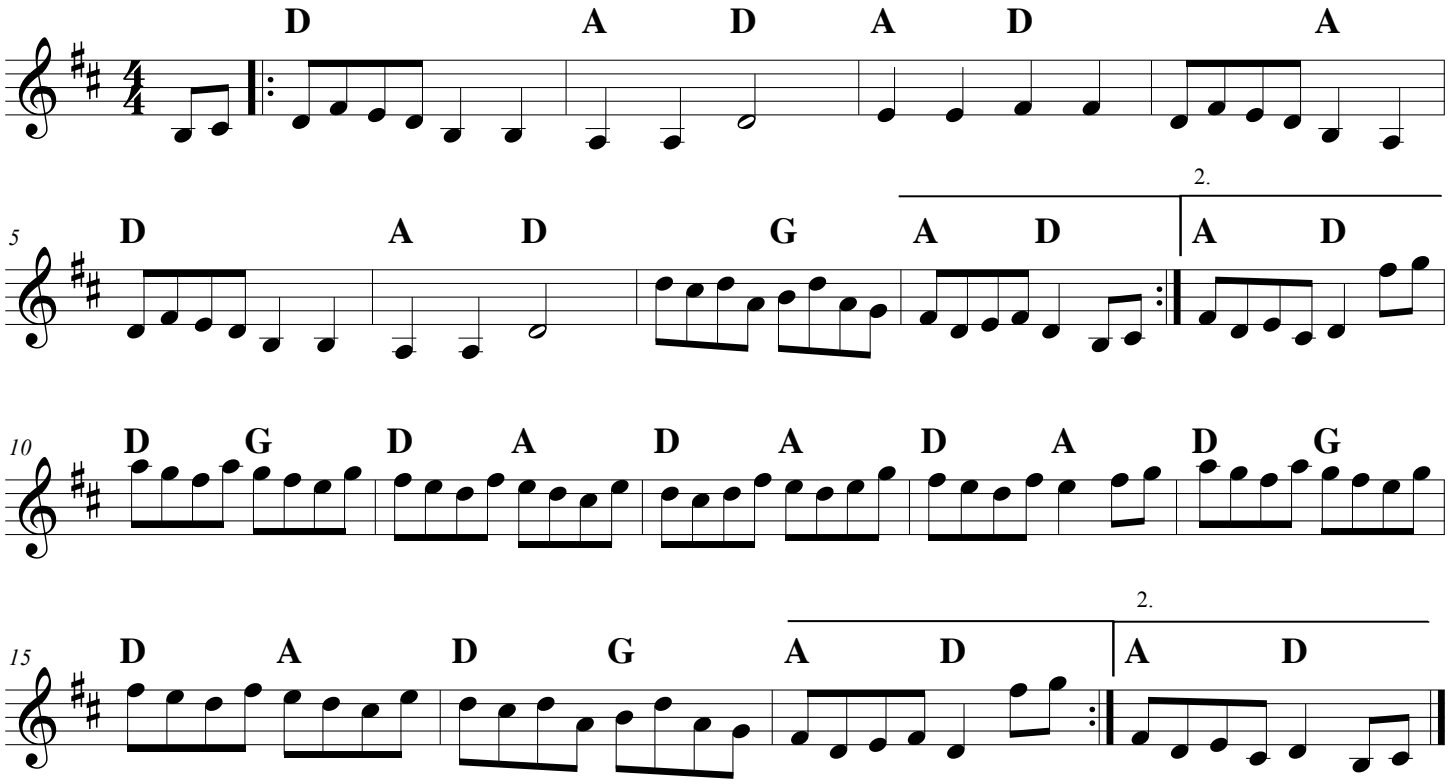
Whiskey before Breakfast

Tad.



Arkansas Traveler

Traditional



Modal Tunes

&

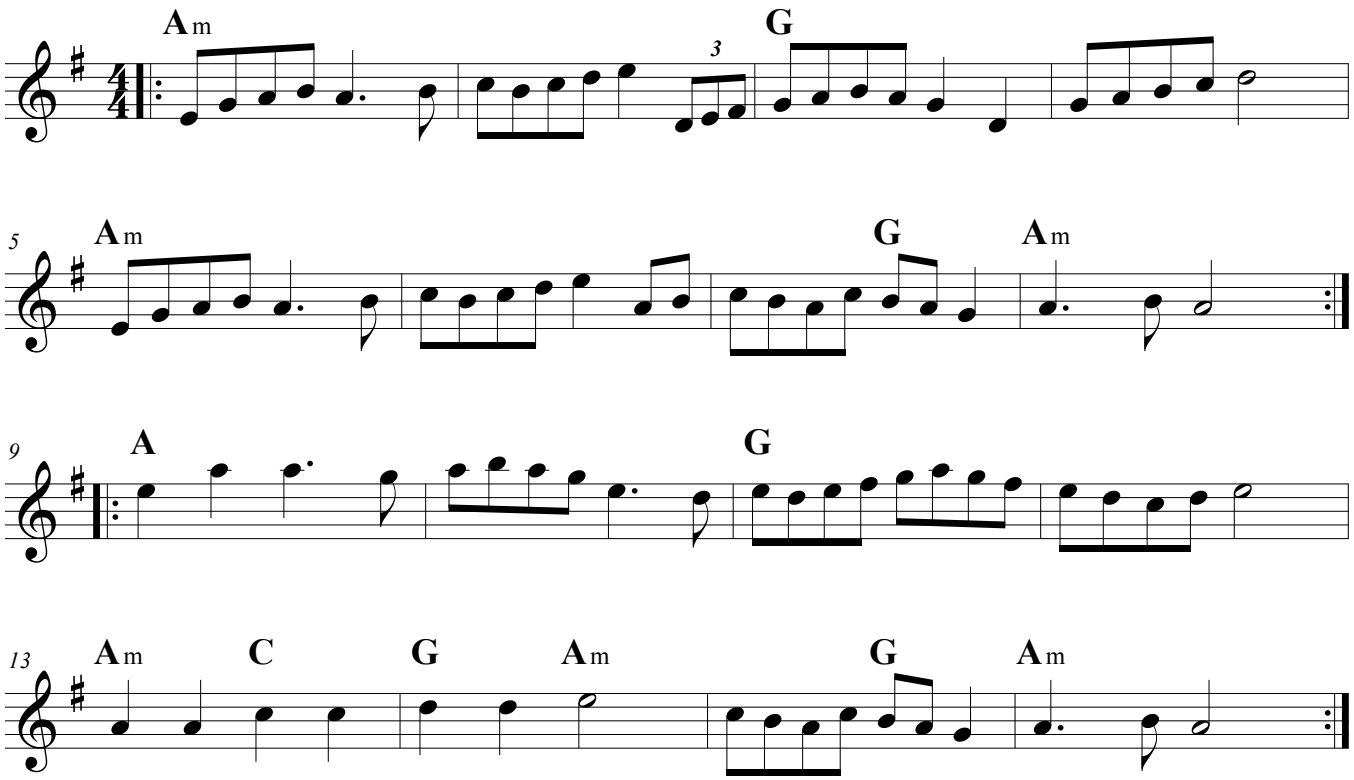
Others

Sawmill Tuning

26

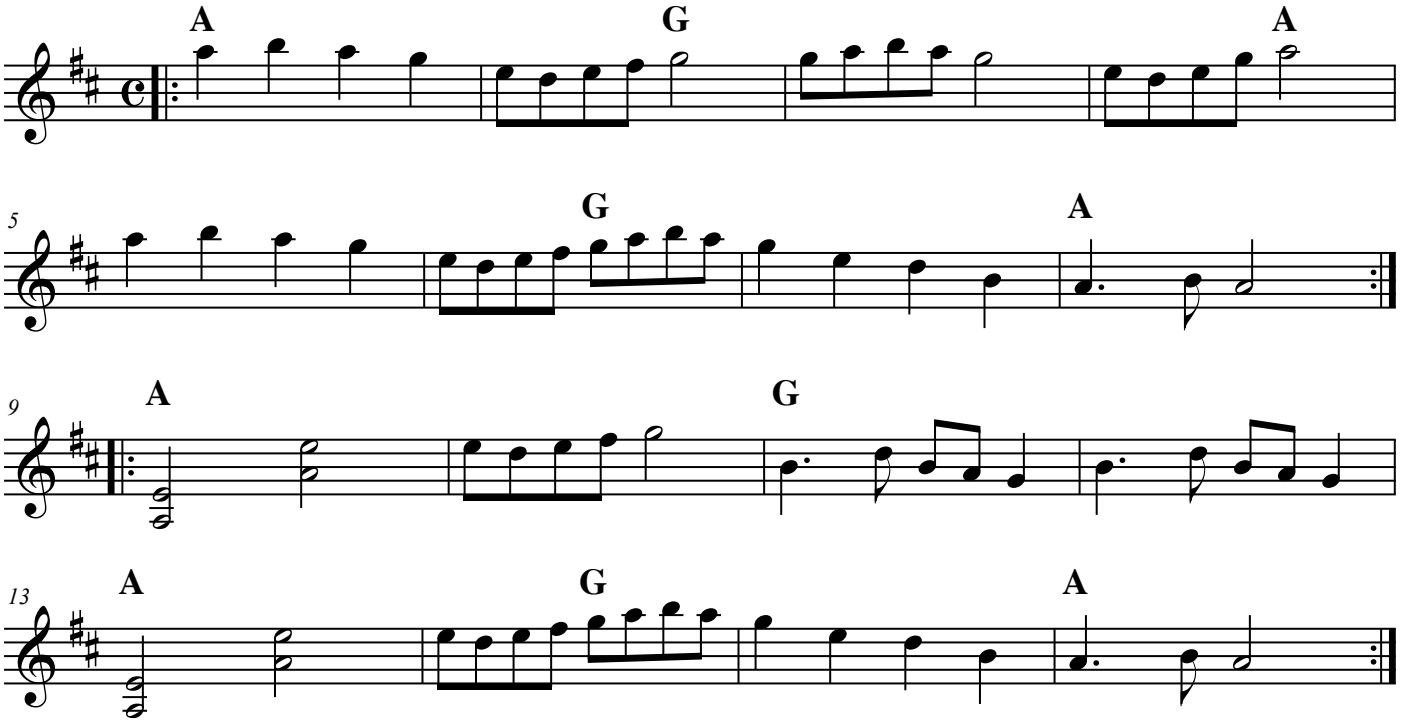
Cold Frosty Morning

Traditional Appalachian



Ducks on the Pond

Traditional



Snowdrops

(A part)

5 7 9 9

9 7 5 5

5 7 9 12

9 7 5 5

(B part)

5 4 C C

D D 5 5

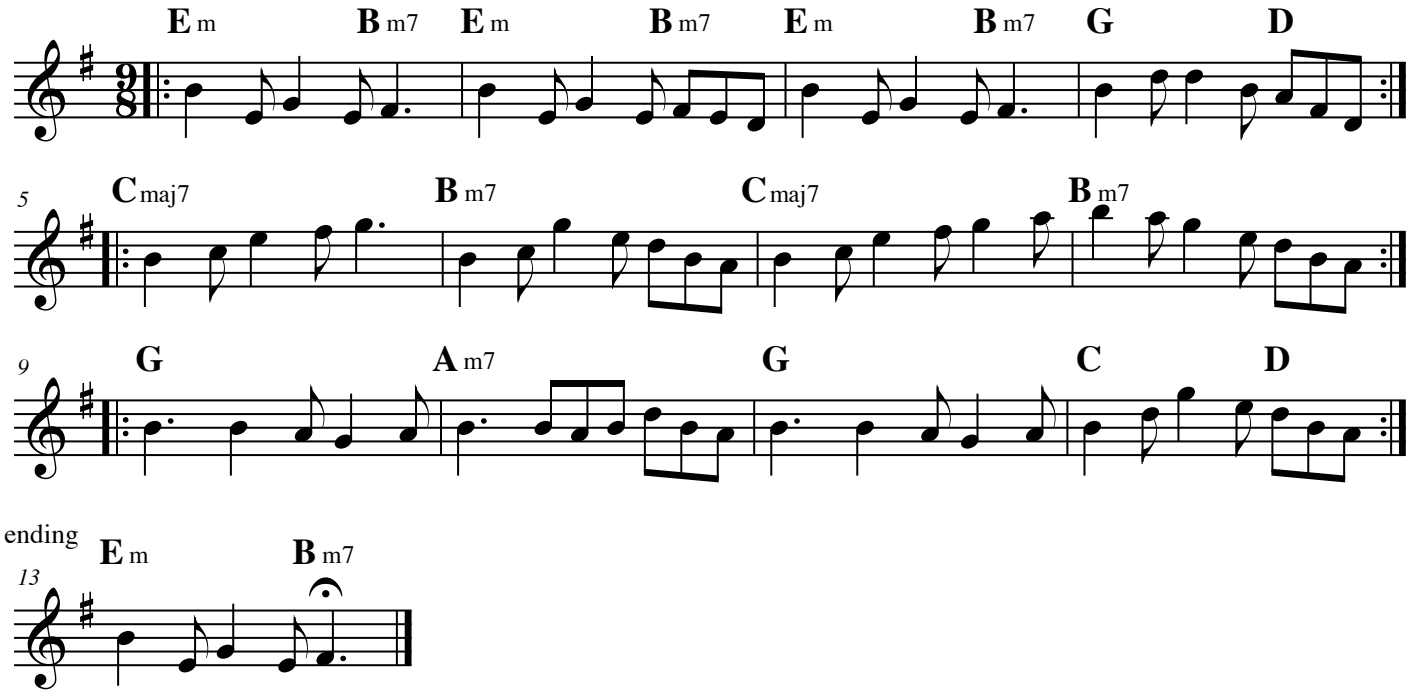
5 4 C C

D D 5 5

Chords:

||: G D G G G D G G :||

||: G D C C D D G G :||

The Butterfly

Tommy Potts