

# MOONSHINE & PROHIBITION



sung & played by the



# NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS



M  
1630.18  
N532  
A512  
1962

**TOM PALEY MIKE SEEGER JOHN COHEN**

MUSIC LP

**FH 5263**

~PIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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THE OLD HOME BREW  
PROHIBITION IS A FAILURE  
THE TETOTALS  
WHISKEY SELLER  
KENTUCKY BOOTLEGGER  
AL SMITH FOR PRESIDENT  
GOODBY OL' BOOZE  
MOONSHINER  
THE INTOXICATED RAT

DRUNKARD'S HICCUPS  
VIRGINIA BOOTLEGGER  
DRUNKEN DRIVER  
BOOTLEGGER'S STORY  
DOWN TO THE STILL HOUSE TO GET A LITTLE CIDER  
I'VE STILL GOT 99  
WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY  
I SAW A MAN AT THE CLOSE OF DAY

# AMERICAN MOONSHINE & PROHIBITION



sung & played by the

## NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS

JOHN COHEN  
MIKE SEEGER  
TOM PALEY



"NOW THEN. ALL TOGETHER. MY COUNTRY 'TIS OF THEE"

Cartoonist Rollin Kirby, *New York World*,

by Mike Seeger

Liquor and drinking have long been favored subjects of southern mountain string band music just as they have been common subjects of Negro blues and many contemporary songs. This is due, mainly, to the conspicuousness of their effects on everyday life anywhere. But further, music and liquor are often partners in social gatherings and many musicians feel that a drink improves their playing and their singing.

As could have been expected, Prohibition stimulated the output of songs about liquor, especially those in its favor and against prohibition. Songs currently popular were parodied or re-written with "moonshine" words. Thus, *The River of Jordan* (a religious song) became *Virginia Bootlegger*, complete with "Oh yes", *Meet Me in the Moonlight* because *Bootlegger's Story*, *Crawdaddy* (with all of its pseudonyms) became *Governor Al Smith* and *Three Nights Drunk* became *Intoxicated Rat*. And so on with all the other songs that couldn't fit on this record, *When the Roses Bloom Again* for the *Bootlegger*, originally *When the Roses Bloom Again*, and *The Virginia Moon-*

shiner to the tune of *Old 97* among them. Asa Martin's *Roving Moonshiner* (after *Roving Gambler*) paraphrased entire lines, i.e.

... He took me to the jailhouse,  
With handcuffs on my hands,  
And whispered low in the jailers ear,  
Lock up this moonshine man.

Oh officer, dear officer,  
Why do you treat me so?  
If you keep on bringing in the liquor men,  
My jail will overflow.

Now jailer, dear jailer,  
I'll tell you like a man,  
If I don't get a least six 'shiners a week  
You wouldn't call me a revenue man...

The great majority of these songs appear to have been written by people who know drink well and are familiar with its effects. Reflection on one's own drinking may be seen in *Drunkard's Biccoughs*, bragging of the whisky life, or in the more sober after drink outlook of *Goodbye Booze*, (Homer and

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Jethro's version of this song is not quite so sober and ends with the line "I'll quit my drinking when I have found another way to get it down"), and, also, in the drunken daydream Intoxicated Rat where liquor produces shortlived boldness.

The philosophy and experiences of the moonshiner are dealt with in Virginia Bootlegger, Kentucky Bootleg, Bootlegger's Story and the serious The Moonshiner and I've Still Got 99. Clearly he is not a criminal in the sense that some of the urban bootleggers were (or are now portrayed) and is described sympathetically (as the revenue officers are not).

A few songs actually raise the issue of prohibition on a realistic level, specifically, Prohibition is a Failure, the lighter Old Home Brew and Governor Al Smith, the latter written by one of the best topical songwriters, Uncle Dave Macon. Uncle Dave had a definite and dynamic view of life and felt that many of the changes occurring in the structure of southern life were unfortunate (automobiles and factories especially) and although he enjoyed his pipe and a drink, was apparently a truly religious man.

On the other hand are the anti-drink songs written either by those who would have nothing to do with liquor, who would not even try to understand those who did, or by those who had "given it up" after initial experiences with it. Get Out of the Way, You Whisky Seller and Teetotalers are early examples. That they were originally sung unaccompanied suggests an accompanying rejection of instruments (because of their association with dance music and dancing) or, perhaps, that they predate the time when accompaniment was the rule for country music. I Saw a Man at the Close of Day is a later and less extreme example of the early temperance song, which recounts a tragedy caused by excess drink. Both Drunken Driver and Wreck on the Highway are from later country music recorded in the 1940's although written by old-time country musicians.

AMERICAN MOONSHINE AND PROHIBITION - John Cohen  
(research from A. Sinclair).

Prohibition and moonshine were and are strictly an American product, which revealed many of the conflicting qualities within the structure of American culture.

In a sense, the problem was the result of our American ability to morally and ethically believe in one thing, and then go and do just the opposite. As Will Rogers put it "The citizens of Mississippi will vote dry as long as they can stagger to the polls."

In America, there has been a long tradition of prohibition and temperance sentiment, and there has been an even longer tradition of making and drinking liquor.\* On the continent of North America, two different traditions of law and morals developed. The first, which was developed by the Puritans, regarded morals as a fit branch of legislation. The second, which was the result of frontier conditions, considered morality as a private matter, and moral reformers as representatives of the very tyranny of civilization and church from which America had revolted. The first attitude became the logical argument of the dries, the second of the wets. To the dries, "the ultimate source of all progress" was "in the word, law and its penalty". To the wets "no man was ever made good by force".

In some of the oldest American communities, Puritanical values set up limitations nearly impossible to follow, and resulting deviations from the letter of this law (such as drinking, smoking, swearing, lying, pre-marital sex, adultery, wife swapping etc.) are accompanied by a sense of sin and guilt.

In terms of mountain music, the Regular Baptists don't allow or believe in the use of musical instruments. In their view, fiddles, banjos, and guitars are associated with the devil, sin, drinking, smoking,

etc. One can thus understand the real story of a mountaineer ex-preacher turned musician sitting across the road from the Baptist church, a little drunk, and playing the Old Baptist tunes on his fiddle while the tears fall down his face.

The passage of the 18th Amendment in 1917, until it's repeal in 1932, marked a period in America, in which the population majority shifted from rural to urban. Prior to 1917, the cities were dominant only economically but by the end of prohibition, they emerged dominant in cultural, moral, social and political matters as well. Prohibition was the last strong victory of rural America over the cities.

#### BACKGROUND ON MOONSHINE

Noah found drunk on wine (old testament)

Christ turned water to wine at marriage in Cana  
(new testament)

Evidence of beer production found by archaeologists in association with grain production of earliest agricultural societies known to mankind.

In the war of Independence (1776), soldier's daily ration included one half pint of whiskey.

In the early days of the frontier, whiskey was the most portable form of grain and served as currency in many parts. The Kentucky distillers rebelled against the US government in the 18th century because of the liquor tax (Whiskey Rebellion) and in the twentieth century because of the eighteenth Amendment.

Moonshine has been made in the Appalachian mountains since the 18th century. How liquor making practices developed, considering the origins of the mountaineers (Scotch, Irish or English) and what techniques they brought with them from the old country (rye, barley corn, beer) is a subject yet to be studied, especially in terms of their contemporary conditions.

Oldtimers in the mountains today, still talk about the pureness and goodness of their old corn mash liquor, and they speak of the ruinous effects of prohibition, causing the production of liquor for consumption away from local and home uses. They speak with despite towards the newer red liquor which causes hangovers, poisoning, meanness, and the likes. Over use and easy accessibility of bad liquor is the primary cause given by mountain people today for almost total disappearance of square dancing in the hills. Too many home dances have been broken up by uncontrolled drunkenness, fighting and shooting, and the old local traditions of justice and morality couldn't keep up with the modern styles of recklessness.



from this came a thing people called liquor in those days.

\* A. Sinclair 'Prohibition' - Atlantic, Little, Brown.

During Prohibition, local mountaineer moonshiners started off in a good position, but as demand increased, quality was sacrificed to quantity and many moonshine operations were taken over by bootleggers. The centers of operation shifted from the mountains, to city-based criminal bases. Today, there is far more illegal moonshine liquor made in the cities than in the hills.

Illegal liquor was sneaked into the country from the sea by 'rum-runners, and over the borders from Mexico as well as a great deal from Canada. The Canadian liquor industry was established from this business. Illegal liquor was made in homes-'bath-tub gin', from backyard stills, and from bootleggers who farmed out their corn sugar to home "alky cookers" in the tenements of large cities. Distributors would purchase the distilled moonshine and retail it to 'speakeasys' (illegal saloons). Local brands of moonshine had names attesting to their 'kick'; Panther and Goat whiskey, Jackass Brandy, White Mule, Yack Yack Bourbon, Soda Pop Moon, and Straightville Stuff.

#### BACKGROUND ON PROHIBITION

Prohibition was an all-out, no compromise movement, and probably would have been successful if it had allowed temperate consumption of beer and wine.

In 1784, Dr. Benjamin Rush published a pamphlet on the Effects of Liquor On Body and Mind. This cause was taken up by wandering missionaries of the West. By 1834, a million Americans enrolled in temperance societies. Techniques of persuasion appealed more to heart than to head, with processions, Cold Water Armies, and descriptions of lives of sin and redemption.

After the Civil War, the movement used new methods of medical research to support God's ban against drink, only utilizing those parts of the research which supported the movements program.

After 1870, the dry campaign put its emphasis on education, placing pressure on textbook publishers to present liquor as evil, sinful, and harmful. The McGuffey Reader sold over 122 million copies to schools between 1836 and 1920.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union (founded 1873) pressured Congress and State legislatures to require temperance teaching in the public schools. "A cat or dog can be killed by causing it to drink a small quantity of alcohol. A boy once drank whiskey from a flask he had found, and died in a few hours" (from Brand's 'Good Health for Children' - pre 1903).

The Prohibition Party was founded as a political organization in 1859.

The Anti-Saloon League formed in 1893, contended with the Prohibition Party, and eventually took over the cause.

The issue of Prohibition divided the nation in many ways: It set country morality against city habits, old-stock Americans against the newer immigrants.



Dr. Benjamin Rush's anti-liquor pamphlets stirred Bone-Dry hearts way back in Revolutionary times.



Frances E. Willard stood for Temperance and brotherhood, too. And keep away from tobacco while you're at it.

- Loyal Temperance Union

Beer was the drink of the working people who manned the factories and populated the cities. Largely, these were the newer immigrants; and they were members of the Roman Catholic Church. The Anti-Saloon League was first set up as the political machine of the Protestant Church.

When prohibition became law in 1918, it was the poor who were first deprived of their pleasure. Only the wealthy and middle class could afford bootleg prices.

Although organized labor was generally opposed to prohibition, big business wavered and shifted its stand several times over the years. At first it was dry, in that prohibition would provide a more efficient, less drunken labor supply. However, with the loss of taxation from liquor, the personal income of the wealthy was taxed more heavily, so they changed their line. In no case, were the wealthy, or the legislators for that matter, ever without liquor.

Prohibition's development co-incided with the evolution of the Woman's Suffrage Movement and the Progressives of the early 1900's. Although there were few direct connections between these movements, it was thought that if women got the vote, they would support Prohibition.... "The Hand that rocks the cradle will never rock the boat." This did not prove necessarily so, for more women took up drinking, with their new independence.

Prohibition was never decisively associated with either of the major political parties; rather it exerted pressures on both, and was an issue that all politicians had to deal with and skirt, despite their own personal convictions on the subject.

"I cannot tell a lie-I did it with my little hatchet!" Carry Nation is at the left, in person. The cartoon is the Utica (N.Y.) Globe's impression of her one-woman crusade against the Demon Rum. Mrs. Nation, once married to an alcoholic, staged a violent campaign against the saloons that were flouting the Kansas Prohibition law in 1900. Then, middle-aged, she came out of the West and

turned her Dry fury on the legal drinking emporia in the Wet states. The police often had to commandeer the Nation hatchet when her vast evangelical zeal got the best of her. She passed from the scene in 1911 but suffered considerable embarrassment in the grave four years later: the revenuers turned up a tremendous moonshine layout on her father's old farm in Missouri.



Hoover was looked on as a supporter of Prohibition, but the depression knocked out any effectiveness he might have had in this area. FDR stood for repeal. The history of prohibition and national politics is very complicated and full of distorted pressures. For an excellent examination of this subjects, see A. Sinclair 'Prohibition, the era of excess.'

There was a great fanaticism in the drive of the prohibitionists, which often was so pushed to the forefront that it overshadowed other issues. As the Jesuit weekly 'America' editorialized, "The decalogue is no longer up to date." "Thou shalt not kill" in certain contingencies, is of less moment than "Thou shalt not drink wine". "Thou shalt not commit adultery" on a par with "Thou shalt not use tobacco".

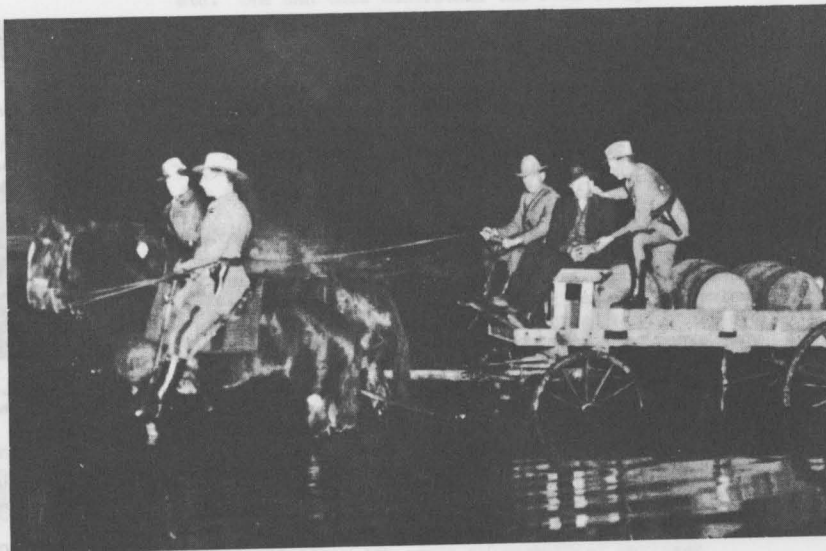
#### THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

Prohibition became law in 1917 (though it was some time before sufficient states ratified the law). The Anti-saloon league which did much to write the Eighteenth Amendment, pussyfooted on the use of liquor. The amendment did not forbid the purchase or use of liquor. Only its sale and manufacture were outlawed. Instruments for home manufacture were not banned. In the law, the definition of 'liquor' was described by the term 'intoxicating', yet intoxication was not so easily defined. The manufacture of beverage alcohol was still permitted for medicinal purposes, as was sacramental wine, and also cider. So the clergy, the farmers and the medical profession still had access to their own brew. Of course, abuses of these sources were great.

The Volstead Act was passed to enforce the Amendment. However, it was extremely difficult to enforce anything in a basically unpopular law, and further, the Bill Of Rights contained certain provisions to the people which secured them from unreasonable search, preserved the sanctity of the home, and protected one from being witness against himself. Thus, enforcement was only of a token nature. It was successful in areas where Prohibition sentiment was high, and negligible in the urban centers.

In fact, the prohibition of so much, only served to increase and encourage breaking of the law, and this was done on every hand. Criminal networks increased for they had a larger market to exploit now. Graft was more common than not, bootlegging became a big business, speakeasys came into existence, and the general consumption of liquor was scarcely changed, except that it was more difficult for the working people to pay for the bootleg. In fact, most of the poisoning which came with illegal liquor, was done to the poor. It was estimated that there were 15,000 cases of jake paralyses (from Jamaica ginger) in the country, particularly in the slum areas of dry states, such as Kansas, and in the South, where efficient law enforcement made rotten liquor the only available source of alcohol for poor people.

Eventually, there was so much out-and-out violation of this unenforceable and unpopular law, coupled



with pressures from the wet lobbys and the general distress of the nation with the depression in 1932, that the 19th Amendment was passed with FDR repealing Prohibition.

In terms of today, the questions posed by prohibition and moonshine have little immediate meaning to us, yet it must be seen how this problem was so much in the forefront just thirty years ago, and we can realize that the conflicting points of view; moral, religious, personality determined, and socially manifested, still exist within the American Structure.

The songs on this record are divided into several categories. Some deal with the historical setting. 'The Whiskey Seller' and 'I Saw A Man' represent the early temperance sentiments. The 'Teetotals' is one of the temperance marching songs. 'Al Smith for President' reflects some of the country sentiments, when it was realized that Prohibition was causing more harm than good, with poor drink and the general disregard for the law. It is interesting that this song should come from the South, for Al Smith generally represented the child of immigrants, from the streets of New York, and a catholic to boot. 'Prohibition is a Failure' records many of the existing violations of the law, with some rather specific directions for making homebrew. 'The Old Home Brew' refers to a humorous problem posed by repeal. This humorous problem continues today.

The 'Drunken Driver' and 'Wreck on The Highway' are still popular songs in the country today, and show some of the continuing old sentiments of Prohibition.

'Down to the Still-house to get a little cider' shows that hard cider could be as efficient as home brew.

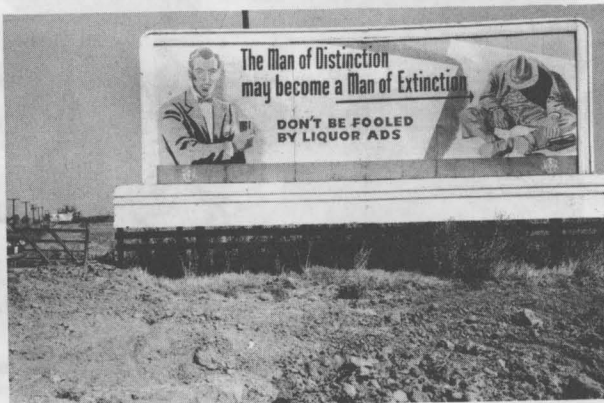


Photo by John Cohen

SIDE I

Band 1: VIRGINIA BOOTLEGGER

(Miles)

Virginia Possum Tamers - Champion 15790 A

I'm going down to North Carolina (Oh yes)  
I'm going down to North Carolina - one of these days  
hallelujah

I'm going down to North Carolina  
I'm going down to North Carolina one of these days.

I'm going to buy me a barrel of whiskey, etc.

I can make bail if the officers catch me, etc.

You may find me in old Atlanta, etc.

John: autoharp and bass voice  
Tom: guitar, tenor voice and "Oh yes"  
Mike: fiddle and lead (Pb?) voice

Band 2: KENTUCKY BOOTLEGGER

Come all you booze buyers if you want to hear  
About the kind of booze they sell around here  
Made way back in the swamps and the hills  
Where there's plenty of moonshine stills.

Some moonshiners make pretty good stuff  
Bootleggers use it to mix it up  
He'll make one gallon, well he'll make two  
If you don't mind boys, he'll get the best of you.

One drop will make a rabbit whip a fool dog  
And a taste will make a rabbit whip a wild hog  
It'll make a toad spit in a black snake's face  
Make a hard shell preacher fall from grace.

A lamb will lay down with a lion  
After drinking that old moonshine  
So throw back your head and take a little drink  
And for a week you won't be able to think.

The moonshiners are getting mighty thick  
And the bootleggers are getting mighty slick  
If they keep on bagging, they better beware  
They'll be selling each other I do declare.

Tom: voice and guitar  
Mike: banjo  
John: kazoo

Band 3: BOOTLEGGERS STORY

Rambling Duet  
Frank Gerald and Howard Dixon  
Bb 7484 (text from original recording)

Well it's true that the law-men don't like me  
They have drove me away from my still  
And of course I had to leave there running  
Through the wildwood and over the hill

CHORUS:

So it's meet me tonight, oh pal meet me  
Meet me out in the moonlight alone  
For I have ten gallons of good whiskey  
Must be sold by the light of the moon

So you see that the officers don't like me  
They have drove me away from my door  
If I had my time to go over  
I would still ten thousand gallons or more

(CHORUS)

If I knew when the officers were coming  
I would be standing in my cabin door  
With my pockets full of steel jackets  
And a Colt ivory - handled forty - four

and lead voice  
and tenor voice

Band 4: THE DRUNKEN DRIVER

Molly O'Day and the Cumberland Mountain Folks-Col.  
37938 (text from original record)

Now listen you drunken drivers  
While here on earth you dwell  
You'll never know when the time will come  
You'll have to say farewell

I saw an accident one day  
That would charm the heart of men  
And each them not to drink a drop  
While the steering wheel's in their hands

This awful accident occurred  
On the 20th day of May  
And it caused two loving children  
To sleep beneath the clay.

These two little children walked side by side  
Upon the State Highway  
Their loving mother she had died  
Their father had run away

They were talking of their lovely past  
How sad their hearts did feel  
When around the curve came a speeding car  
With a drunk man at the wheel

This drunk man saw these two dear kids  
He hooted a drunkard's sound  
Get out of the road you little fools  
And the car it brought them down

The bumper struck that little girl  
Taking her life away  
While the little boy in a pool of blood  
In the ditch lying there did lay

The driver staggered from his car  
To see what he had done  
His heart sank within him  
When he saw his loving son

He then picked up his loving ones  
And he carried them to his car  
And keeling on the running board  
He prayed a drunkard's prayer

Saying 'Oh please Lord forgive me,  
For this awful crime I've done'  
His attention then was called away  
By the words of his dying son

Saying 'Take us to our mother, 'Dad  
Who sleeps beneath the ground  
It was you and her we were talking about  
When the car it brought us down

'And please dear Daddy don't drink no more,  
While driving on your way  
But meet us with our mother Dad,  
In Heaven some sweet day'.

Mike-voice and guitar  
John-banjo

Band 5: MOONSHINER

I've been a moonshiner for seven long years  
I make my own whiskey and drink my own beer

I'll go up some hollow and put up a moonshine still  
I'll sell you one gallon for a five dollar bill

I'll go to some grocery and I'll drink with my  
friends  
No women to bother to see what I spend

No women to bother no children to squal  
If you want to live happy never marry at all

Come all of you pretty women take warning from me  
Never lay your affections on a young man like me

I'll eat when I'm hungry and I'll drink when I'm dry  
If the trouble don't kill me I'll live 'til I die

Come all you moonshiners and stand all in a row  
You look so sad and lonesome, you're lonesome yes  
I know.

John: guitar and voice

**Band 6: DRUNKARD'S HICCUPS**

John Carson-Ukeh 45032.  
(Text from original recording)

To work I'm not able and begging's too low  
Tis nobody's durn business how ragged John goes

CHORUS:  
Oh drunkard, oh drunkard, how bad I do feel

I will eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry  
If the rounders don't get me going to live til I  
die

(CHORUS)

I tune up my fiddle, I resin my bow  
I make myself welcome wherever I go

(CHORUS)

My wife goes ragged and has no shoes  
As they all go naked John'll have his good booze

(CHORUS)

Mike: fiddle and voice

**Band 7: I SAW A MAN AT THE CLOSE OF DAY**

I Saw A Man At the Close of Day - Grayson and Whitter-  
Vi 40324 (text from original record)

I saw a man at the close of day  
Standing round the grocery door.  
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parched  
And I viewed him o'er and o'er.

His little son stood by his side  
And unto him he said  
"Oh Father, Mother's sick at home  
And sister cries for bread."

He turned around, went in at the door.  
He staggered up to the bar.  
And falt'ring, unto the landlord said  
"Just give me one glass more."

A year or so I passed thereby.  
A crowd stood around the door.  
I asked the reason. One replied  
"The drunkard is no more."

Just then a hearse moved slowly by.  
No wife or children near.  
They'd gone before this vile murder  
And left this world of care.

Come all you jolly dram drinkers,  
By this a warning take.  
And quit the overflowing bowl  
Before it is too late.

Tom: guitar and voice  
Mike: fiddle

**Band 8: GOODBYE OLD BOOZE**

CHORUS:  
Oh goodby booze, forever more,  
My foolish days will soon be o're  
I had a good time, and I couldn't agree  
You see what booze has done for me

She tore my clothes, she swelled my head  
So goodby booze, I'm going to bed  
Oh I had a good time, and I couldn't agree  
You see what booze has done for me.

She swelled my head, she broke my heart  
So goodby booze, we now shall part  
Oh I had a good time, but I couldn't agree  
You see what booze has done for me.

(CHORUS)

She whispered low, how sweet it sound  
We'll take another ride on the merry-go-round  
I had a good time and I couldn't agree  
You see what booze has done for me.

(CHORUS)

John: Voice and banjo  
Mike: fiddle  
Tom: guitar



**SIDE II**

**Band 1: PROHIBITION IS A FAILURE**

Prohibition is a failure as any one can see  
For whiskey is sold in every town in the good ol'  
USA  
Oh, the policeman will arrest you, he'll lock you  
up in jail  
He'll drink up all your liquor, and turn you out on  
bail

I'm going back to Georgia, to join the drinking clan  
Where whiskey is made of Red Seal Lye and sold in  
old tin cans  
Where the men they drink and gamble, and the women  
quarrel and fight  
And the Saloons they run wide open, and a man's  
killed every night.

Oh the moonshiners in the mountains, they operate  
the stills  
They're true blue to each other, what they say  
they'll do, they will  
They all carry six-shooters, shot guns and bowie  
knives  
And the man who tries to raid them, is sure to lose  
his life.

Oh the city dude he makes home brew, most anyone can  
learn  
He takes a can of old malt syrup and an old fashioned  
churn  
He adds a cake of yeast or two and he lets it work  
and foam  
And a bottle or two on a Saturday night, he'll sing  
'My Home Sweet Home'

Oh at the next election, I'm sure you all will see  
We'll have light wines and good ol' beer in 1933  
And if we do not get it, I'm tellin you and you  
We'll make our old home liquor, and drink our old  
home brew.

John: guitar and voice  
Mike: fiddle  
Tom: banjo



**Band 2: THE OLD HOME BREW**

America, we're glad, although you made us sad,  
For many, many long and weary years  
With your war against the rum, we all got on the bum  
But we're thankful that you gave us back the beer.

**CHORUS:**

What are we going to do with that old home brew  
We do not need it since we have the beer.  
We do not want the brew, although we know its true  
When days were dark it was to us so dear.

America you see, Prohibition could not be  
You made your law against the rock and rye  
Your law was on the line, all the spirits we could  
not find  
The boys were drowning wet while you were dry.

**(CHORUS)**

America you see, you gave us all a treat  
We're glad we're living in your happy land  
We're drinking to your health, may your future all  
be wealth  
With a glass of foaming beer in either hand.

**(CHORUS)**

John: guitar and voice  
Tom: Dobro and voice

**Band 3: I'VE STILL GOT 99**

Monroe Brothers - Bb B-7425 B  
(Text from original recording)

Tom: lead voice and guitar  
Mike: tenor voice and mandolin

As I sat down in a gambling game  
I could hardly play my hand  
Thinking about the woman I love  
Run away with another man

Run away with another man, poor boy  
Run away with another man  
Thinking about the woman I love  
Runaway with another man

I bought her everything she needs  
I dressed her up so fine  
She caused me to work just 40 long years  
I still got 99

I still got 99, poor boy  
I still got 99  
She caused me to work just 40 long years  
I still got 99

They took me down to the old jail-house  
The door they slammed on me  
Said if you'll report that moonshine still  
I'll see that you go free

I'll see that you go free, poor boy  
I'll see that you go free  
Said if you'll report that moonshine still  
I'll see that you go free

I told my age was 21  
The truth I told that time  
Before I report that moonshine still  
I'll go and serve my time

I'll go and serve my time poor boy  
I'll go and serve my time  
Before I report that moonshine still  
I'll go and serve my time

They took me down to the old depot  
Just to watch the trains roll by  
I looked in the window saw the woman I love  
Hung down my head and cry

Hung down my head and cry poor boy  
Hung down my head and cry  
Looked in the window saw the woman I love  
Hung down my head and cry.

**Band 4: WHISKEY SELLER**

Of all the crimes that ever has been  
Selling whiskey is the greatest sin  
It cause more misery pain and woe  
Than any other crime I know

**CHORUS:**

So get out of the way, you whiskey seller.  
For you ruined a-many of a clever feller

It robs the waggoner of his brain  
And fills his head with the aching pain  
And oftimes in the ruts is found  
A feeling upward for the ground

**(CHORUS)**

It robs the strong man of his strength  
And throws him in the mud at length  
And there he's left to curse and roll  
As if he cared not for his soul.

**(CHORUS)**

It causes the children's bitter cries  
And tears to gush from their mother's eyes  
It causes them to cry for bread  
And hungry they are then to bed

**(CHORUS)**

Tom: voice and banjo

**Band 5: THE TEETOTALS**

**CHORUS:**

We are bands of free men  
We are bands of free men  
We are bands of free men  
And we sound through the land

The teetotals are a-coming  
The teetotals are a-coming  
The teetotals are a-coming  
In that cold water pledge

**(CHORUS)**

We'll drink no more brandy whiskey  
We'll drink no more brandy whiskey  
We'll drink no more brandy whiskey  
In that cold water pledge

**(CHORUS)**

Mike, John, Tom: voices

**Band 6: AL SMITH FOR PRESIDENT**

Al Smith nominated for president, my darlin'  
Al Smith nominated for president, my darlin'  
Al Smith nominated for president  
My vote to him I'm gonna present, my darlin'

Al Smith is a mighty fine man, my darlin'  
Al Smith is a mighty fine man, my darlin'  
Al Smith is a mighty fine man  
He wants to be president of this land, my darlin'

Al Smith is a-getting on a boom, my darlin'  
Al Smith is a-getting on a boom, my darlin'  
Al Smith is a getting on a boom  
He don't favor the old saloon, my darlin'

Smith wants everything to be just right, my darlin'  
Smith wants everything to be just right, my darlin'  
Smith wants everything to be just right  
The laws gonna get you if you get tight, my darlin'

Moonshine's been here long enough, my darlin'  
Moonshine's been here long enough, my darlin'  
Moonshine's been here long enough  
Let's all vote right and get rid of such stuff,  
my darlin'

Many good man's been poisoned to death, my darlin'  
Many good man's been poisoned to death, my darlin'  
Many good man's been poisoned to death  
And with a real drink he never was blessed, my  
darlin'

I think I'll buy me a little camphor gum, my darlin'  
I think I'll buy me a little camphor gum, my darlin'  
I think I'll buy me a little camphor gum  
Then I think I can get a little rum, my darlin'.

Four dollar bills and a bottle of beer, my darlin'  
Four dollar bills and a bottle of beer, my darlin'  
Four dollar bills and a bottle of beer  
I wish to the lord my honey was here, my darlin'.

Tom: voice and banjo  
John: guitar

#### Band 7: THE INTOXICATED RAT

The other night when I came home,  
So drunk I could not see  
I got tangled up in the old door mat,  
Fell flat as I could be.

And I had me a little old bottle of rum  
And I didn't have any more  
And the cap flew off when I fell down  
And I spilled it on the floor

Then a rat came out from his hiding place  
And he got that whiskey scent  
Well, he ran right up and he got a little shot  
And back to his hole he went

Right back to his hole he went  
Right back to his hole he went  
He ran right up and he got a little shot  
And back to his hole he went.

Then the rat come out of his hole once more  
Sidled up to the gin on the floor  
He was a little bit shy, but he winked one eye  
And he got him a little bit more.

And he didn't go back to his hole that time  
But he stayed by the puddle of gin  
And he said Doggone my pop-eyed soul  
I'm gonna get drunk again.

And he washed his face with his front feet  
And on his hind legs sat  
With a twisted smile and a half closed eye  
Says a-where's that doggone cat

And he didn't go back to his hole  
He said doggone my soul  
I'm only a rat, but a doggone cat  
Can't run me back to my hole

His little ol' eyes begin to shine  
And he lapped up more and more  
And it made me glad that I had stumbled  
And spilled it in the floor.

But soon the puddle of rum was gone  
And I didn't have any more gin  
And the little old rat was having a time  
And the Old Tom Cat come in

Well the cat made a pass and the rat made a dash  
And his boldness faded then  
The cat jumped over and the rat got sober  
Ran back to his hold again

Ran back to his hole again  
Ran back to his hold again  
Well that cat jumped over and the rat got sober  
Ran back to his hole again.

John: guitar and voice  
Mike: Dobro and voice

#### Band 8: WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY

Roy Acuff and the Smoky Mountain Boys-Col 37028  
(text from original record)

Who did you say it was brother?  
Who was it fell by the way  
When whiskey and blood run together  
Did you hear anyone pray

CHORUS:

I didn't hear nobody pray, dear brother  
I didn't hear nobody pray  
I heard the crash on the Highway  
But I didn't hear nobody pray

When I heard the crash on the highway  
I knew what it was from the start  
I went to the scene of destruction  
And a picture was stamped on my heart

There was whiskey and blood all together  
Mixed with glass where they lay  
Death layed her hand in destruction  
But I didn't hear nobody pray

(CHORUS)

I wish I could change this sad story  
That I am now telling you  
But there is no way I can change it  
For somebody's life is now through

Their soul has been called by the master  
They died in a crash on the way  
I heard the groans of the dying  
But I didn't hear nobody pray

(CHORUS)

John: mandolin  
Tom: steel guitar and screaming tenor  
Mike: guitar and lead voice

#### Band 9: DOWN TO THE STILL HOUSE TO GET A LITTLE CIDER

From "Serenade in the Mountains" - Ernest V.  
Stoneman and the Blue Ridge Corn Shuckers-  
Vi 21518

Saddle up the grey, who'll be the rider  
Down to the still house to get a little cider.

Saddle up the grey horse who'll be the rider  
Down to the still house to get a little cider.

John: 5-string banjo  
Tom: guitar  
Mike: fiddle and voice