

Jil Chambless & Dan Vogt
Two for the Road Late One Night
CVCD2019

Jil Chambless – flute, vocals
Dan Vogt – guitar, bouzouki, vocals

This selection of songs was recorded late on night at the University of Alabama in the Recital Hall at Moody Music Building and was expertly engineered, mixed, and mastered by David Myers.

Thanks to all who continue to support our musical endeavors and live music in general.

Tracks:

1. Waterbound – Dirk Powell – Crying Bayou Music (BMI)
2. Poor Ditchin' Boy – Richard Thompson – UFO Music Inc (BMI)
3. Going to the West - traditional
4. When First Unto This Country - Traditional
5. Worker's Song – Ed Pickford - Mechanical Copyright Protection Society LTD
6. Sadie - Traditional
7. Uncle Rock – Jil Chambless
8. Crazy Man Michael – Richard Thompson & Dave Swarbrick – Embassy Music Corporation OBO
Sparta Florida Music Group LTD
9. Little Eau Plain - Traditional
10. The Times They Are A-changin' – Bob Dylan – 1963 Warner Brothers Inc./Special Rider
11. Almost Every Circumstance – Colum Sands – Mechanical Copyright Protection Society LTD

Notes, Lyrics:

1. Waterbound – Dirk Powell – Crying Bayou Music (BMI)

I went out late one night
The moon and the stars were shining bright
A storm come up and the trees come down
I tell your boys I was water bound

Waterbound on a stranger's shore
The river rising to my door
It carried my home to the field below
I'm waterbound nowhere to go

I carve my name on an old barn wall
And no one would know I was there at all
The stable's dry on a winter night
You turn your head you can see the light

A black cat crawling on an old box car
A rusty door and fallen star

Ain't got a dime in my nation sack
I'm waterbound and I can't get back

It's I'm goin' and I won't be back
You don't believe me count my tracks
The river's long and the river's wide
I'll meet you boys on the other side

So say my name and don't forget
The water still ain't got me yet
Ain't nothing but I'm bound to roam
I'm waterbound and I can't get home

2. Poor Ditchin' Boy – Richard Thompson - UFO Music Inc (BMI)

Was there ever a winter so cold and so sad
The river too weary to flood
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I was looking for trouble to tangle my line
But trouble came looking for me
I knew I was standing on treacherous ground
I was sinking too fast to run free

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

I would not be asking, I would not be seen
A-beggin' on mountain or hill
But I'm ready and blind with my hands tied behind
I've neither a mind nor a will

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough
The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

It's bitter the need of the poor ditching boy
He'll always believe what they say
They tell him it's hard to be honest and true
Does he mind if he doesn't get paid?

With her scheming, idle ways
She left me poor enough

The storming wind cut through to my skin
But she cut through to my blood

3. Going to the West - trad

We learned this song from friends Mary Anne and Ricky Stone in Birmingham AL. Later Dan learned that Peggy Seeger had found it in Byron Arnold's "Alabama Songbook".

In this fair land I'll stay no more
Here labor is in vain
I'll leave the mountains of my birth
And seek the fertile plains
I'm going to the west

You say you will not go with me
You turn your eyes away
You say you will not follow me
No matter what I say
I'm going to the west

Three years have passed since we first met
When you became my bride
Now I must journey far away
Without you by my side
I'm going to the west

I'll leave you here, in the land you love
Mid scenes so bright and fair
Where fragrant flowers are blooming
And music fills the air
I'm going to the west

4. When First Unto This Country – traditional

We learned this from Jerry Garcia and David Grisman's CD "Not For Kids Only".

When first unto this country
A stranger I came
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name

I courted her for love
Her love I didn't obtain
Do you think I've any reason
Or right to complain

I rode to see my Nancy
I rode both night and day
I stoled a fine stallion

From Colonel Charles Grey

I rode to see my Nancy
I rode both day and night
I courted fairest Nancy
My own heart's true delight

The sheriff's men they followed
And overtaken me
They carted me away
To the penitentiary

They opened up the door
And then they threw me in
They shaved off my hair
And they cleared off my chin

They beat me and they banded me
And they fed me on dry beans
'Til I wished to my own soul
I'd never been a thief

With my hands stuck in my pockets
And my cap set on so bold
My coat of many colors
Like Joseph's of old

When first unto this country
A stranger I came
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name

5. Workers Song – Ed Pickford - Mechanical Copyright Protection Society LTD

Come all of you workers who toil night and day
By hand and by brain to earn your pay
Who for centuries long past for no more than your bread
Have bled for your countries and counted your dead

In the factories and mills, in the shipyards and mines
We've often been told to keep up with the times
For our skills are not needed, they've streamlined the job
And with sliderule and stopwatch our pride they have robbed

But when the sky darkens and the prospect is war
Who's given a gun and then pushed to the fore
And expected to die for the land of our birth
When we've never owned one handful of earth?

We're the first ones to starve the first ones to die
The first ones in line for that pie-in-the-sky
And always the last when the cream is shared out
For the worker is working when the fat cat's about

All of these things the worker has done
From tilling the fields to carrying the gun
We've been yoked to the plough since time first began
And always expected to carry the can

6. Little Sadie – traditional

Dan learned this from a John Renbourn record.

Out one night to make a little round
I saw little Sadie and I blowed her down
Bummed a ride home, got in the bed
Forty-four smokeless under my head

Began to think what a deed I'd done
Grabbed my hat and I began to run
Made a good run just a little slow
Overtook me down in Jericho

Standing on a corner reading the bill
Up walked the sheriff from Thomasville
He said, young man, ain't your name Brown?
Remember the night you shot Sadie down?

Oh hes, sheriff, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
Firse degree, second degree
Got any papers, won't you read 'em to me

The took me downtown and dressed me in black
Put me on the train and they brought me back
No one there to throw my bail
Sent me back to the county jail

The judge and the jury took the stand
The judge held the papers in his right hand
Forty-one days, forty-one nights
Forty-one years to wear the ball and stripes

7. Uncle Rock – Jil Chambless

Jil wrote this after returning from her uncle's funeral.

8. Crazy Man Michael – Dave Swarbrick and Richard Thompson - Embassy Music Corporation OBO Sparta
Florida Music Group LTD

Within the forest and out upon the sea
Crazy Man Michael was walking
He met with a raven with eyes black as coals
And shortly they were a-talking
Your future, your future I would tell to you
Your future you often have asked me
Your true love will die by your own right hand
And crazy man Michael will cursèd be

Michael he ranted and Michael he raved
And beat up the four winds with his fists-o
He laughed and he cried, he shouted and he swore
For his mad mind had trapped him with a kiss-o
You speak with an evil, you speak with a hate
You speak for the devil that haunts me
For is she not the fairest in all the broad land
Your sorcerer's words are to taunt me

He took out his dagger of fire and of steel
And struck down the raven through the heart-o
The bird fluttered long and the sky it did spin
And the cold earth did wonder and startle
O where is the raven that I struck down dead
And here did lie on the ground-o
I see that my true love with a wound so red
Where her lover's heart it did pound-o

Crazy Man Michael he wanders and calls
And talks to the night and the day-o
But his eyes they are sane and his speech it is plain
And he longs to be far away-o
Michael he whistles the simplest of tunes
And asks the wild wolves their pardon
For his true love is flown into every flower grown
And he must be keeper of the garden

9. Little Eau Plain – traditional

We learned this from the singing of Brian Miller while our daughter was in college in Wisconsin.

One evening in June as I rambled,
Through the green fields and valleys among,
Mosquitos were buzzin' harmonious,

To the tune of the whip-poor-will's song.
The frogs in the marshes were croaking,
The tree-frogs were whistling for rain,
The partridges 'round me were drummin',
On the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

It was there that I beheld a young maiden
Who was walking along on the shore
She was mournin' all for a young raftsman
Sayin' I fear I will see him no more
He went off on a fleet with Ross Gamble
And he's left me in sorrow and pain
And it's been two months since he started
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

"His pants were made out of two meal-sacks,
With a square a foot wide on each knee.
His shirt and his jacket were dyed with
The bark of a butternut tree.
He wore a large open-faced ticker
With almost a yard of steel chain,
When he went away with Ross Gamble
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

"He was stout and broad-shouldered and manly,
His height was about six feet one.
His hair was inclined to be sandy,
And his whiskers as red as the sun.
His name it was Honest John Murphy,
And on it there ne'er was a stain,
He loved the bold Wisconsin River
That's the reason he left the Eau Pleine."

"If John Murphy's the name of your raftsman
I fear I know him very well.
But sad is the news I must tell you:
Your Johnny's been drowned in the Dells.
They buried him 'neath a scrub Norway,
You'll never behold him again,
No stone marks the spot where your Johnny
Lies far from the Little Eau Pleine."

"My curses attend you, Wisconsin!
May your rapids and falls cease to roar.
May every tow-head and sand-bar
Be as dry as a log schoolhouse floor,
May the willows on all of your islands
Lie down like a field of ripe grain,

For taking my only love Johnny
From the banks of the Little Eau Pleine.

10. The Times They Are A-Changin' – Bob Dylan - Copyright

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We felt compelled to learn and perform this timeless song in the last couple years.

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it is ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

11. Almost Every Circumstance – Colum Sands – Mechanical Copyright Protection Society LTD

We learned this from the Silly Sisters recording.

Seven days are in the week in almost every circumstance,
And there's four seasons in the year, or so we learn at school;
Ah, but never count your chickens when you're dealing with the women
For many's the wise man fell asleep and wakened up a fool.

The first time I met my love was on a Monday morning,
And the second time I saw her was a Tuesday afternoon;
When she kissed me on a Wednesday, I couldn't wait for Thursday,
But I can tell you now, my boys, that Thursday never came.

Seven days are in the week in almost every circumstance,
And there's four seasons in the year, or so we learn at school;
Ah, but never count your chickens when you're dealing with the women
For many's the wise man fell asleep and wakened up a fool.

My love, she took the wintertime and turned it into springtime,
I never thought that love could change the world so much before;
I gave my heart and in return she promised me the summertime,
But I can tell you now, my boys, that summer never came.

Seven days are in the week in almost every circumstance,
And there's four seasons in the year, or so we learn at school;
Ah, but never count your chickens when you're dealing with the women
For many's the wise man fell asleep and wakened up a fool.