

The
STANLEY BROS.



Book No. 3

PICTURE AND SONG FOLIO

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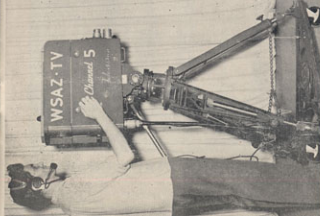
From
THE STANLEY BROS.

W.C.A.B.
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The Clinch Mountain Boys All Set Before the Television Cameras



THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN QUARTET

CARTER STANLEY was born August 27, 1925, in Dickenson County, Virginia, near a small town called Clintwood. He was raised on a small farm where he learned what work really was. He has been interested in old time music as far back as he can remember and strongly believes that the old time way is the only way. When not playing music or working on the farm, he may be found fishing or hunting.

RALPH STANLEY was born February 25, 1927, on the same little Virginia farm. Like his brother Carter, the home-style type of music is near and dear to him. When not on the road with their show, Ralph spends his time on the farm. He is very fond of livestock and devotes a great deal of his time in raising and carrying for them.

DARRELL (PEE WEE) LAMBERT was born August 5, 1924, at Thacker, West Virginia. His opinion of the old time music is the same as the Stanley Brothers. He was the first one to join the Stanley Brothers Show when it organized at Norton, Virginia in 1946. He is dependable and has strived hard to make the Stanley Bros. and Clinch Mountain Boys Show a success. His favorite sport is fishing.

LESTER WOODIE come from the little town of Valdese, North Carolina. He was born on September 20, 1931 and was raised on a small farm near the Catawba River. He plays the old time fiddle and sings bass in the quartet. He joined the Stanley Brothers and the Clinch Mountain Boys in Bristol, Virginia, early in 1949, and has been playing the fiddle for them regularly since that time. He's been playing the fiddle as far back as he can remember. He enjoys all outdoor sports.

"I'm a Man of Constant Sorrow"

I'm a man of constant sorrow
I've seen 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'm bound to ramble,
I have no friends to help me now.

It's farewell my ol' 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'm sleeping in my grave.

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



LESTER WOODIE
Fiddle Player



PEE WEE LAMBERT
Mandolin Player

"The Fields Have Turned Brown"

I left my old home to ramble this country,
My mother and daddy said, "Son, don't go wrong,
Remember that God will always watch o'er you,
And we will be waiting for you here at home."

Chorus:

"Son, don't go astray," was what they both told me,
Remember that love for God can be found,
But now they're both gone, this letter just told me,
For years they've been dead, the fields have turned
brown.

For many long years I traveled in sorrow,
No thought of the day when I would return,
Now as I go home to find no one waiting,
The price I have paid to live and to learn.



CARTER and RALPH
The Stanley Brothers

"Lonesome River"

I sit here alone on the banks of the river,
I watch the old muddy water roll by,
It seems I can see your face in the water,
My heart is so lonesome I wish I could die.

Chorus:

The water rolls high on the river at midnight,
I sit on the shore to grieve and to cry,
The woman I love, she left me this morning,
With no one to love or kiss me good-nite.

We met there one night on the banks of the river,
Stood there holding hands and making our vows,
That we'd never part and be happy forever,
A new love she's found, she's gone from me now.

"You Go To Your Church—I'll Go To Mine"

You go to your church and I'll go to mine
But let's walk along together,
Our Father built them side by side,
So let's walk along together.

Chorus:

The road is rough and the way is long
But we'll help each other over,
You go to your church and I'll go to mine
But let's walk along together.

You go to your church and I'll go to mine
But let's walk along together,
Our Heavenly Father is the same
So let's walk along together.

The Lord will be at your church today,
But He is at my church also,
You go to your church and I'll go to mine
But let's walk along together.

"He'll Open the Gate"

There's a beautiful land across the dark river
The Savior is waiting to welcome me there.
Dear mother and dad have gone on before me
Some day I'm going to heaven so fair.

Chorus:

The Savior will lead WE'LL SOON FOLLOW AFTER.
(To heaven on high)

We'll journey along the dark rolling way;
The angels will sing, I hear voices blending,
The Savior is waiting, He'll open the gate.

My friends who have gone are waiting in Glory,
The place is prepared for you and for me;
Get ready today, the time is upon us
In heaven I know the Savior I'll see.

When life's work is done our trials are over,
In Jesus' sweet name I'll try to abide;
Then nearing the shore I hear the harps ringing,
God's children are drifting along with the tide.

"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 a cabin where we used to dwell.

Chorus:

White doves will morn in sorrow,
The willows will hang their head,
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 Savior 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 grave-yard,
Darkness finds me where I kneel to pray.

"Too Late To Cry"

Come, take me by my trembling hand,
And hold me close to you,
And think of all the days gone by
The days when love was true.

Chorus:

Come with me to the old depot,
And wave your hand good-bye,
I know I've done you wrong, sweetheart,
But now's too late to cry.

Sweetheart of mine, I hate to go,
And leave you here all alone,
May God protect and keep you
Wherever you may go.

"The Angels are Singing"

Sweetheart, I recall the day I first met you,
I wonder if you remember the same,
We talked of the love we had for each other,
And longed for the day we'd change your sweet name.

Chorus:

Oh, I can still hear your voice in the evening,
I see your sweet face, your blue eyes so bright,
God took you away and left me so lonely,
The angels are singing in heaven tonight.

As the years passed away we cherished each other,
No worries or cares to darken our way,
From our little home up in the Clinch mountains,
The Savior came down and called you one day.

I'll always be true and love you my darling,
I know you are happy and welcome up there;
When God calls you home I'll meet you in heaven,
Sleep peacefully, darling, I'll meet you up there.

"That Happy Night"

Many years now have passed since I saw my sweetheart last,
But she waits all alone there for me;
I'll be going back some day and I never more will stray,
From the girl who has stood by me.

Chorus:

I've about forgot the tune of the West Virginia moon,
But the North Caroline moon is just as bright;
I haven't forgot the time when you said that you were mine.
The moon was shining down that happy night.

When I left you all alone in your little mountain home
Did you long for the day when I'd return?
Now I'm coming home to you for I know that you've been true
And you know sweetheart I've lived and I have learned.

"Pretty Polly"

Polly, pretty polly, won't you take me unkind
Polly, pretty polly, won't you take me unkind
Come and sit beside me and tell me your mind.

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.

Polly, pretty polly, come and go along with me
Polly, pretty polly, come and go along with me
Before we get married some pleasure to see.

He led her over mountains and valleys so deep
He led her over mountains and valleys so deep
Pretty polly mistrusted and then began 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
I dug on your grave about half 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.

"I Love No One But You"

Now tonight as I write this note to you
There's sorrow in my heart,
I hate to say goodbye, my dear,
But it's better that we part.

Chorus:

Don't think that I've grown tired of you
Or found somebody new,
For you are all I've ever had,
And I love no one but you.

Now when you read this note, my dear,
I hope you'll understand,
And think of the one that loves you best
This broken-hearted man.

Now that I have loved and lost,
I hope you're satisfied,
It'll be so hard to go through this world,
With a broken heart inside.