

Progress and Protest

In all respects save the abolition of slavery, the Civil War was not an end but a beginning. With it, industry and capital forever gained the upper hand over agrarian gentility. American society entered its rowdy adolescence—brash, confident, rebelliously amoral, reveling in its new Western wealth and toughened Northern muscle. In the quarter century after Appomattox, steel took King Cotton's crown; the tracks of the Iron Horse bound the states into a new, unshakable union; factory workers replaced field hands as America's proletariat; millions of immigrants were lured, bought, or abducted by American wealth; and a splendid lot of rascals, heroes, thieves, and reformers staggered, marched, or slunk across the public stage. Every parlor had a rocking chair; in these re-United States of Progress and Protest, folks kept moving even when sitting still.

In the North, the war was good business. For men like J. P. Morgan, Jim Fisk, and Jay Cooke there was no personal danger; safely civilian, they could devote themselves to converting hostilities into profit. Morgan made his first hundred grand by using wartime inflation to precipitate a run on gold. Fisk sold contraband cotton. Cooke entered the war as a banker of moderate wealth; after successfully promoting Union bonds, he was hailed as the savior of the North and became the most powerful financier in the country.

In the postwar years the boom continued. "The close of the war," Senator John Sherman warned, "gives a scope to the ideas of leading capitalists far higher than anything ever undertaken in this country before." The hundred and forty thousand factories of 1859 had almost doubled a decade later: Steel production shot from two thousand tons in 1867 to almost one million in 1879. Much of the new metal went into railroads; between 1867 and 1873 more than thirty thousand miles of track were opened, and twenty years later the mileage had quintupled. The boundary between government and business almost disappeared; Uncle Sam, made tractable by rebates, kickbacks, and outright bribes, gave the railroads two hundred million acres and sixty-five million dollars between 1862 and 1872.

There was a panic or depression every few years—in 1867, 1873, 1877, 1884, and 1893. Many of these resulted from the shenanigans of the Wall Street crowd: Fortunes evaporated and miraculously reappeared; entire industries were ruined and resurrected; the currency collapsed, was shored up, collapsed again. Somehow the captains of industry generally emerged from these tempests with bigger boats; farmers, small businessmen, and the industrial poor foundered in their wake.

From these and from the swollen stream of immigrants emerged a new kind of lower class: growing, confused, and increasingly restless. The great dream of the poor was to become rich, and in the postwar mythology instant wealth could be had by all. Had not Jim Fisk been the son of a peddler and Andrew Carnegie a poor Scottish immigrant? But in reality the dispossessed got only the leavings. When Jay Gould sanctimoniously averred that he had gratuitously returned the Union Pacific to six or seven thousand widows and orphans, he neglected to mention that in the preceding six years he had bilked the company of about twenty million dollars. As the century continued and the myth became an obvious lie, segments of the dispossessed banded together, split, regrouped, and split again. Their strongest union was the Populist party of the nineties; earlier, business and

government had generally been able to play factions off against each other. These scattered early attempts were the beginning of a struggle that persists to the present.

The conflict between capital and labor was cultural as well as economic. Perhaps even more than profit or power, the great barons sought order and uniformity. They envisioned an efficient urban society in which the waste and confusion that frequently attend competition would be eliminated. To accomplish this they conspired and consolidated; the best-ordered business, they felt, was a monopoly, and the best society that in which monopolies interlocked. John D. Rockefeller said it most clearly: "[Combinations] had to come, though all we saw at the moment was the need to save ourselves from wasteful conditions. . . . The day of combination is here to stay. Individualism has gone, never to return." Since the test of value was success, the barons were essentially secular; some, like Fisk, were flagrantly and extravagantly amoral. But even the churchgoers among them tended to view heaven as the final interest payment in the savings book of life.

Against this view, the dispossessed sought to implement heaven on earth. The immigrants imagined themselves transported to a mythical paradise of freedom and opportunity; the Western settlers plunged into new beginnings. Many had a missionary's faith in the rewards that would follow "doing good"; it was from their ranks that the great reformers drew their armies. Except for the ghetto immigrants, most of the poor were pious, rural, and individualistic, clinging to a prewar vision of decentralized, egalitarian democracy. The immigrants, on the other hand, discovering that the melting pot was more accurately a slag heap, isolated themselves in a struggle to maintain some kind of cultural continuity. Both groups were thus suspicious of great unions; they valued instead the small farm, the family factory, the homogeneous community. It was inevitable that their alliances would constantly crumble. They persevered, however, and their efforts to organize grew more credible as the century wore on: the National Labor Reform party of 1872, the Greenbackers of 1872-80, the Anti-Monopoly parties of 1880-86, the Farm Alliances and Independent Labor parties of the late eighties, and the Populists of the nineties. By the end of the century their efforts had significantly altered the structure of the major parties, and when "that damned cowboy" Teddy Roosevelt became president, many of their causes merged with the mainstream.

Industrial and Populist Musics

As always, America's popular music both reflected and influenced her political and economic life. Just as there were at least two American ideologies in the last third of the nineteenth century, so also there were at least two popular musics. On the one hand were rural hymnody, early union songs, music from the farmers' movements, crusading reform songs, and ethnic or traditional musics—stylistically disparate, geographically scattered, created by nonprofessionals, and usually designed for participation. On the other hand was the burgeoning music industry—primarily urban and secular, increasingly centralized, professional, commercial, and intended for entertainment. The division between them was as real as the economic and political conflict it mirrored; and, like the larger conflict, it was not resolved until twentieth-century technology radically altered mass culture.

This recording represents both the "industrial" and the "populist" music of this period. Not all the pieces included were hits; many have been chosen primarily to illustrate particular social or musical developments. Much music, especially the populist, had to be passed over because of complex questions of authenticity and accuracy. Moreover, the populist and industrial musics often blended in complex ways, each borrowing from the other.

The position of the music industry was somewhat peculiar. Unlike steel or transportation, music was not a product that would automatically be consumed by an expanding economy. And the moneyed class was uninterested in patronage; the tycoons instead collected their culture in Europe to display competitively in their banks and brownstones. The music business was more like the clothing industry, whose products both shaped and reflected the tastes of the middle and lower classes. Moreover, since entertainment was a labor-intensive field, it increasingly drew on the working classes for performers and material. The ethnicity that even today characterizes popular entertainment thus began about this time (see New World 80265-2, *Don't Give the Name a Bad Place: Types and Stereotypes in American Musical Theater—1870-1900*, for further aspects of this development), and the music hall or music-publishing house became a common route in the attempt to escape poverty.

The product changed accordingly. Minstrel and variety shows became important instruments for ethnic and political satire; topical songs and parodies became a staple of the sheet-music industry. The industry provided material for every component of the American public: songs for reformers, songs for political campaigns, memorial songs, ethnic songs, racist songs, topical songs, sentimental and semi-religious songs for those aspiring to gentility (see New World 80220-2, *Angels' Visits*), parlor pieces for the amateur, show songs for the variety stage, and parodies and self-parodies of almost everything. The quantity was staggering: the Board of Music Trade catalogue for 1870 lists some eighty thousand titles, and five years later the estimated number had increased by forty percent. In 1870 a hit sold ten thousand copies; in 1892 "After the Ball" ushered in a new era of publishing by selling a phenomenal five million. No one knew what would catch on, and any successful song was copied relentlessly by rival writers and publishers. In the eighteen-sixties, tune like "Mother, Is the Battle Over?" (New World 80202-2, *Songs of the Civil War*) inspired a great rash of songs about, for, or in memory of mothers by the gross; the Board of Trade catalogue has ninety-three entries that begin with "Mother." In 1865 one Eugene T. Johnson strung many of these titles together to make a novelty number called "Mother on the Brain"; his title was lifted from another hit, "Oil on the Brain," and a whole series of "brain" songs ensued. And so it went.

The publishing industry was big business more than just statistically. In 1855 the major publishers united to form the Board of Music Trade, the equivalent of the trusts and combinations that were appearing in transportation and finance. Sheet music was among the many industries greatly stimulated by the Civil War, and the Board was established just in time to control price cutting. It was so successful, the New York *Herald* complained in 1869, that it had "become a swindle and a stumbling block in the path of music . . . a monopoly for the purpose of grinding down poor American composers to the very dust." And in 1884 a new music journal, *Étude*, protested that "the price of sheet music needs revolutionizing. No class of industry suffers more from monopoly than this."

With the completion of the transcontinental railway in 1869, American industry pushed vigorously westward. Again music publishing mirrored the trend. When the Board of Music Trade was started, only one-seventh of its membership came from the interior; of the firms that joined in the next two decades, fully half were from west of the Appalachians. Prime among the new western houses was the Chicago firm of Root and Cady, whose extraordinary growth and impact were halted only by the great fire of 1871. Root and Cady prospered for two reasons: It had in its stable the two most

important Civil War composers, George F. Root (the publisher's brother) and Henry C. Work; and C. M. Cady possessed a genius for consolidation worthy of a Rockefeller. In 1868 Cady purchased the entire catalogue of the established Boston firm of Henry Tolman and Company, thereby quintupling his holdings, and the following year he was elected president of the Board of Music Trade; under his leadership the industry made its only attempt at complete consolidation, in the Board of Music Trade *Complete Catalogue* of 1870. These developments signaled a new era in the music industry, a period of prosperity and growth that continued essentially without change until the revolutionary impact of "After the Ball."

The Hand That Holds the Bread
(George F. Root)

Midwestern farmers stood midway between the Eastern monopolists and the Western and immigrant radicals, politically as well as geographically. Basically Protestant conservative individualists, many were uncomfortable in the unstable alliances they sometimes formed with the urban poor, but their grievances were similar and painful: The transportation industry and the commodities brokers took up to 80 percent of their profit; manipulated by speculators, land prices soared and wheat prices dropped; and successful legislation establishing regulatory agencies was subverted by pressure and bribery.

The farmers' struggle against the middlemen began well before the Civil War, and their best-known musical protest, "The Farmer Is the Man That Feeds Them All," dates from about that time. But not until the Grange was organized in Texas in 1867 did farm protests begin to focus. The Grange quickly became a powerful force for education, communication, and mutual support among the isolated farmers. Politically it was active but conservative; akin to the Christian reform movements of the time, it looked to moral force and voluntary cooperatives to effect change. Music was an important tool for furthering unity, and the many songsters and tunebooks published by the Grangers drew their repertory from other reform crusades, hymns, glees, comic songs, and pieces especially written for the farm population. The last were primarily social in character, extolling the virtues of farm life, hard work, and mutual support, but occasionally they took an overtly political stance.

The Grange grew with astonishing rapidity in Illinois, and in 1874 the ever alert George F. Root, with Mrs. S. M. Smith, an Illinois farm wife, published a volume of music suited to it, *The Trumpet of Reform*. Root was an Illinois native and no doubt felt genuine sympathy for the Grange and its objectives. His publication, however, was not very successful, although one song from it, "The Hand That Holds the Bread," became quite popular and was reprinted in many later Grange anthologies. Its tone is noticeably different from the paean to the railroad published five years before ("The Pacific Railroad").

Brothers of the plow!
The power is with you;
The world in expectation waits
For action prompt and true.
Oppression stalks abroad,
Monopolies abound;

Their giant hands already clutch
The tillers of the ground.
Awake! then, awake!
The great world must be fed,
And heaven gives the power
To the hand that holds the bread.

Brothers of the plow!
In calm and quiet might,
You've waited long and patiently,
For what was yours by right,
A fair reward for toil,
A free and open field,
An honest share for wife and home
Of what your harvests yield.
Awake! then, awake! *etc.*

The Anti-Monopoly War Song
(R.J. Harrison [?])

"The Pacific Railroad" and "Crossing the Great Sierras" (see "The Song of the Red Man," below) typify the music industry's response to the completion of the western lines. Together with thousands of their countrymen, most songwriters saw in the gleam of the golden spike a new era in industry and empire and eagerly anticipated the spread of their culture—and their business—to the freshly opened territories. The farmers and small businessmen of the West initially joined the East in its enthusiasm. The railroad, it seemed, would make possible immense growth in the Western territories; cattlemen, sheepherders, miners, and the growing West Coast labor force would be able to compete as equals for their share of America's economic wealth.

The event proved to be far different. Rather than benevolently serving the economy, the railroads dominated it to a terrifying degree. Monopolistic control of transportation and land placed much of the West in permanent indebtedness, and alliances among transportation, industry, and the national government made relief through the judiciary or the national parties impossible. In 1877 President Rutherford B. Hayes asked in astonishment: "Shall the railroads govern the country, or shall the people govern the railroads? . . . This is a government of the people, by the people, and for the people no longer. It is a government of corporations, by corporations, and for corporations."

The railroads' grip was tightest in California. There the "Octopus"—a loose cartel of steamship companies, railroad lines, and some banks—entirely controlled the state economy. When in the seventies this same cartel swung a deal with Jay Gould of the Southern Pacific, they established hegemony over every major access route into California and completely overpowered the Republican and Democratic parties. California farmers, miners, and laborers were forced to organize outside conventional political channels. Motivated further by the furor over immigration, dozens of splinter parties formed, agitated briefly, and collapsed during the seventies and eighties; one such was the Anti-Monopoly party.

In 1873 an organization of that name had helped elect an antirailway governor, Newton Booth, and one-third of the legislature. Six years later the party was revived, and by 1884 it was large enough to hold a national convention, at which General Ben Butler was nominated for president. Butler's impact was negligible, however, and the Anti-Monopoly party quietly dissolved into the Alliances and Independents of the late eighties.

R. J. Harrison has eluded identification. It is not even entirely clear whether he was actually the author of "The Anti-Monopoly War Song." While the first page of music says "copyrighted 1882 by R. J. Harrison," the title page reads "dedicated to R. J. Harrison"; it is possible that Harrison received the song from someone else and then copyrighted it for distribution. The confusion about authorship is a good measure of the difference between this music and its commercial counterpart. The "War Song" was not written to make money but to induce action; it is a song by a people, not by an industry.

Lo! the car of Juggernaut,
Lo! the ruin it hath wrought,
As it moves o'er hill and dale
Riding on its iron rail,
Will you let the idol grim
Tear ye, brothers, limb from limb,
And your breath of Freedom choke
With its clouds of poisoned smoke?
No! then onward to the fray
Hurl the monster from your way,
Let your cry of battle be
Death to all Monopoly!

Merchants! crushed beneath the weight
Of your contract-laden freight—
Fettered by each tyrant line
Of the craven bond you sign,
Farmers, ye who sow the plain
With its wealth of precious grain,
Yet must see your fruit of toil
Be the Rail-Roads' robber-spoil,
Onward! onward to the fray!
Hurl the monster from your way,
Let your cry of battle be
Ruin to Monopoly!

The Pacific Railroad
(George F. Root)

The symbolic opening of the Gilded Age took place at the unlikely site of Promontory Point, Utah, where on May 10, 1869, Leland Stanford of the Central Pacific and T. C. Durant of the Union Pacific, surrounded by Irishmen, Chinese, reporters, politicians, and whores, managed on their third

attempt to bring a silver sledge into contact with a golden spike. The contact closed a telegraphic circuit, and word was flashed to President Ulysses S. Grant: "The Pacific Railroad is completed." Back in Chicago, George F. Root (1820-1895), composer of "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "The Battle Cry of Freedom," dashed off a ditty in honor of the occasion. His song became the title tune of *The Pacific Glee Book*, issued by Root and Cady three months later:

Ring out, O bells! let cannons roar,
In loudest tones of thunder,
The iron bars, from shore to shore,
Are laid, and nations wonder.
Thro' deserts vast, and forest deep,
Thro' mountains grand and hoary,
A path is open'd for all time,
And we behold the glory.
Ring out, O bells! *etc.*

We who but yesterday appear'd
As settlers of the border,
Where only savages were rear'd
Mid chaos and disorder—
We wake to find ourselves midway
In continental station,
And send our greetings either way,
Across the mighty nation.

We reach out to'ard the Golden Gate,
And eastward to the oceans;
The tea will come at light'ning rate,
And likewise Yankee notions.
From spicy islands of the West
The breezes now are blowing,
And all the world will do its best
To keep the cars a-going.
Ring out, O bells! *etc.*

Glee books were anthologies for small groups of amateurs, to be used in the home or at local singing societies. Their compilers precariously balanced gentility and vulgarity, mixing in a single volume hymns, show songs, sentimental ballads, and topical comment. In such an *olla podrida* George Root, a versatile and facile musician, was quite at home. His products ranged from cantatas to instruction books to war songs, and at his death he was one of the best-known, best-loved, and best-paid composers of the day.

The Song of the Red Man
(Henry C. Work)

Henry C. Work (1832-1884) was Root and Cady's other great breadwinner; his Civil War tunes, like

"Kingdom Coming" and "Marching Through Georgia," rivaled even Root's in popularity. But he was an atypical songwriter: he produced pieces slowly and carefully and at irregular intervals, and his productivity was closely tied to his personal life. While most tunesmiths treated composition as an industrial job very much like any other, in which quantity and consistency were the overriding considerations, Work seemed to regard it very much as personal expression in almost a Romantic sense.

"The Song of the Red Man" (1868) is a rarity; surprisingly few songs were written about the Indians until well after Bill Cody and others sold a fictitious West of heroes and villains to a gullible Eastern audience. Those that did appear often treated their subject either exotically or with condescension; Root's passing reference in "The Pacific Railroad" to "savages . . . rear'd/Mid chaos and disorder" was typical. By contrast, Work's portrayal of the destruction of Indian culture is simple and sympathetic:

When the palefaces came in their white-wing'd
 canoes,
 Long ago, from the sun-rising sea,
When they ask'd for a lodge, and we did not
 refuse,
 Happy then was the red man, and free.
He could then choose a spot for his wigwam to
 stand,
 Where the forest was crowded with game;
For the blue-rolling lake and the ever-smiling
 land
 Were his own till the palefaces came,
For the broad grassy plains and the forests deep
 and grand
 Were his own till the palefaces came.
They came! they came!
Like the fierce prairie flame,
 Sweeping on to the sun-setting shore:
Gazing now on its waves,
But a handful of braves,
 We shall join in the chase nevermore;
Till we camp on the plains
Where the Great Spirit reigns,
 We shall join in the chase nevermore.

When the oaks, pines, and cedars were fell'd to
 the ground,
 'Twas a sight that with sorrow we saw;
For the game fled affrighted, and no food was
 found
 For the old chief, the papoose and squaw.
Driven westward we came, but the paleface was

here,
With his sharp axe and death-flashing gun;
And his great Iron Horse now is rumbling in
the rear
O my brave men! your journey is done.
Like the beaver and elk, like the buffalo and
deer,
O my brave men! your journey is done.
They came! they came! *etc.*

Work's text proved remarkably prophetic: the "great Iron Horse" was indeed the death of the wild Great Plains. In 1867, when the rails split the prairie ecology, ten million buffalo roamed the grasslands; by 1875 the southern half was gone, and by 1890 the ten million had become two thousand. When the Indians in desperation staged the great uprisings of the eighties, it was the railroad that supplied their antagonists and engineered their defeat. By the time of Work's death, the Iron Horse and its riders had destroyed most of the major Western tribes and confined the others to valueless reservations in what has been called "the American apartheid."

Work's interest in the Indians may have come from his father, who had been jailed before the war for assisting runaway slaves; but it seems likely that "The Song of the Red Man" owes more to his personal life. The postwar years were tragic for him. In 1866 his wife first experienced the insanity that permanently disabled her in 1869. At the same time Work had invested with his brother in a firm at Vineland, New Jersey; they were hit immediately by the depression of 1867, and the firm and their finances were ruined. As a final blow, Work's daughter Clara, the last child his wife could bear, died in infancy in August, 1868. "The Song of the Red Man" was written at about this time; thus it seems to be as much a statement about Work's own lost future as about the Indians'.

A song by Work published shortly after this is clearly autobiographical and precisely opposite in its social implications: "Crossing the Great Sierras" (1869) followed Work's trip to California on the new transcontinental line and is an enthusiastic tribute to the Iron Horse, whose arrival he had noted with foreboding less than a year earlier. Perhaps because it affirmed the values the rails represented, "Crossing the Great Sierras" proved far more popular than its disquieting predecessor. Work himself gathered up his life, returned to the printing business, and in a few years had slipped into relative obscurity in New York.

The Future America
(Traditional and H. C. Dodge)

By the end of the eighties it was clear that voluntary associations and appeals to the government were having no effect. The Grange had by then become simply a social organization; one of its more popular tunes in 1891 was "Keep Politics Off Your Farm." As early as the seventies it had begun to be replaced by a new, more radical group of farm organizations, the Alliances.

In 1890 the new politics swept across the Midwest: Independent or Alliance parties seized control of eight state legislatures and sent forty-four congressmen to Washington. The struggle was particularly intense in Kansas. The lean and angry Mary Elizabeth Lease stormed the state, telling the farmers to

"raise less corn and more *Hell!*" and when the clouds of oratory cleared she and scores of others had taken over the government. Bolstered by their wins, radical farmers began to seek support among the laboring classes. Although the Greenback-Labor coalition of the mid-seventies had disintegrated under the pressure of conflicting ideologies, the climate had changed: labor was better organized and agriculture more militant. In May, 1891, the Southern Alliance joined with the Knights of Labor to form the basis of the Populist party, which was to be the most powerful force in American politics for the next five years.

A great barrage of songs, broadsides, and songsters accompanied these political upheavals. Very few of these used original music; most were parodies of hymn tunes and popular and patriotic songs. Their character ranged from the enthusiastic ("Hark! the bugle note is sounding/Over all the land;/See! the people forth are rushing,/Oh! the change is grand!") to the sardonic ("Sing a song of bribery,/Pockets full of boodle;/The easiest and best way/To conquer Yankee Doodle."). Most were by farmers, workers, or other amateurs who were motivated solely by the Cause; the music industry remained aloof, if not antagonistic.

In Kansas one of the most articulate Alliance organs was the Winfield *American Nonconformist*, published by the Vincent brothers and their father, a Congregational minister recently arrived from England. The integrity of this radical paper can be judged by the issues on which it opposed such conservative organizations as the Grange: it was anticlerical and antiprohibition, supported Midwestern Catholics and immigrants, denounced English imperialism in Turkey and India, and blasted the conviction of the Haymarket anarchists as "judicial murder." In 1891 Leopold Vincent, one of the brothers, greeted the emerging farm-labor solidarity with a comparatively ambitious volume, *The Alliance and Labor Songster*, which included a few original melodies and reprinted a number of traditional tunes. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," one of the most popular parody subjects, was converted in his book into "The Future America," a savage attack on wealth and monopoly:

My country, 'tis of Thee,
Land of lost Liberty,
Of Thee we sing.
Land which the Millionaires,
Who govern our affairs,
Own for themselves and heirs,
Hail to thy King.

Land once of noble braves,
But now of wretched slaves,
Alas! too late!
We saw sweet Freedom die,
From letting bribers, high,
Our unpriced suffrage buy,
And mourn thy fate.

Land where the wealthy few
Can make the many do
Their royal will.

And tax for selfish greed
The toilers till they bleed;
And those, not yet weak-kneed,
Crush down and kill.

"The Future America" has no attribution in Vincent's compilation, but Philip Foner has found that the same text, by one H. C. Dodge, appeared two years earlier in a trade-union publication, *The Bakers' Journal*. To further complicate matters, Vincent also printed a closely related text, "A New National Anthem," attributed to a Thomas Nicol:

My Country, 'tis of thee,
Once land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land of the Millionaire;
Farmers with pockets bare;
Caused by the cursed snare—
The Money Ring.

Nicol was surely *not* the Kansas industrialist Thomas Nichol, who stumped the country in the seventies opposing the Greenback movement.

In any case, it is clear that authorship and copyright were not issues to Alliance authors, any more than they were to R. J. Harrison. Indeed, in a preface Vincent bluntly repudiated professionalism, affirming instead the musicality of the masses, much as Charles Ives would a generation later:

. . . the single-handed farmer, mechanic, and day-laborer has had to sing another's song,—if, by chance, he felt like singing at all after his "duties" were done—or go without that music all men love, and nature craves. . . . It is with no slight degree of pleasure that we picture the thousands of people now singing *their own* songs, in the spirit of their own labors, and in their own societies.

Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill
(Thomas F. Casey [?])

One consequence of the increasing ethnicity in entertainment was a blurring of the boundaries between folk and commercial music. Songs by solid industrialists like Charles K. Harris shucked their composers and became part of the oral tradition, and traditional songs were performed or arranged by commercial musicians who then claimed them as their own. Some of the best known of America's "folk" songs were published and popularized at this time: "Clementine" (1884), "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill" (1888), and "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" (1892). For these and many others, complicated questions of authorship and history remain to be solved.

The first employment available to the arriving Irish was manual labor. Irishmen so dominated the building of the Union Pacific (the eastern part of the transcontinental line) that people joked that there was a Paddy buried beneath every tie. Their specialty was the dangerous work of blasting and drilling. They were dubbed "tarriers" (a variant of "terriers"), either because of their wiry beards or

because of the doglike tenacity with which they dug. In the eighties one Thomas Casey, a blaster turned vaudevillian, popularized a comic song about their work; the piece was published in 1888 by Frank Harding, a mainstay of the New York industry. ("All over" means that the site is clear.)

(Spoken) Stand out there with the flag, Sullivan.
Stand back there!
Blast! Fire! All over!

Oh! ev'ry morn at seven o'clock
There are twenty tarriers on the rock,
The boss comes along and says, "Be still
And put all your power in the cast-steel drill":
Then drill, ye tarriers, drill,
Drill, ye tarriers, drill
Oh, it's work all day without sugar in your
tay
When ye work beyant on the railway,
And drill, ye tarriers, drill [and blast! and
fire!]

(Spoken) Stand out forninst the fence with the
flag, McCarthy.
Stand back, *etc.*

The boss was a fine man all around,
But he married a great, big, fat far down,
She baked good bread and baked it well,
And baked it hard as the hobs of Hell.
Then drill, *etc.*

(Spoken) Where's the fuse, McGinty? He lit his
pipe with it. What, he lit his pipe with it!
Stop the belt car coming down. Stand back,
etc.

The new foreman is Dan McCann,
I'll tell you sure he's a blame' mean man;
Last week a premature blast went off,
And a mile in the air went big Jim Goff:
Then drill, *etc.*

(Spoken) More oatmeal in the bucket, McCue,
What's that you're reading, Duffy, the
Staats Zeitung? Get out there with the
flag, *etc.*

When payday next it came around,
Poor Jim's pay a dollar short he found,
"What for?" says he, then came this reply,
"Your were docked for the time you were up
 in the sky."
Then drill, *etc.*

Casey performed primarily in New York's political clubs and back rooms, for which he was rewarded with a job at City Hall. His life was a model of immigrant success: laborer to entertainer to politician. But despite his claims, it is not clear that he wrote "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," or even that he was its principal performer. Indeed, in his published collection of readings and songs he included the text with only the note "as sung by Thomas Casey"; other materials are described as having "words and music by Thomas Casey." Some sources attribute the tune to Charles Connelly, but his sentimental style seems far removed from the song's earthy vigor. Douglas Gilbert asserts that it was popularized by a rowdy team of comics, the Four Emeralds, active in the early eighties, thus suggesting that it was in circulation well before Casey picked it up. Others claim that the song was first a hit in Charles Hoyt's farce *A Brass Monkey* (none of the Hoyt materials at the New York Public Library confirm or deny this) or that it was sung by either Maggie Cline, "the Irish Queen," or J. W. Kelly, "the Rolling-Mill Man," both star performers at Tony Pastor's Broadway Theatre. Whatever its origin, it seems clear that "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill" quickly became public property, and most would today classify it as a folk song.

A Laborer You See, and I Love Liberty
(George W. Loyd)

Although the farm-labor movement was plagued by factionalism, and although bitter struggles among ethnic groups poisoned its ideals, it grew steadily in scope and influence throughout the century. In its best manifestations it was both a local and a national struggle, with principles broad enough to accommodate individual idiosyncrasies yet precise enough to mount a concerted offensive. It was strongest when it placed no reliance on existing parties or institutions; affiliation inevitably led to dissension and collapse.

It had a music, too, that was strongest when unaffiliated; commercial pieces made for its consumption, like "The Chinese, the Chinese, You Know," always appealed to its worst aspects. "A Laborer You See" and "Eight Hours," which sprang from the workers themselves, are of greater vision and illustrate the extremes of the spectrum from individualism to unity that the movement sought so conscientiously to integrate.

A laborer you see,
And I love liberty,
And I'm bound to have my way,
For my tax I have to pay;
The Greenbacks for me,
And the Bond I cannot see,
So give us Greenbacks,
That we may live!

Those bonds! Those bonds!
They make the country poor;
Those bonds! Those bonds!
They make the country poor.
Then all wake up,
Or you will shortly see
The country gone in ruin,
Then Whoa! Haw! Gee!

"A Laborer You See" appears only in an unidentified clipping in the New York Public Library with the dateline "Larchmont, October 7" (probably 1878). It was written during the height of the Greenback party's agitation for controlled inflation and was sung by its author at the party's national convention in Syracuse. Captain George W. Loyd fought for the South in the Civil War, which makes the refrain especially interesting; it is a paraphrase of Henry Work's "Marching Through Georgia." Loyd is described at some length in an article accompanying the song:

[He] is an enthusiastic admirer of music. "Music," he says, "is nature, and I love nature in all its periphrases [*sic*]. . . ." He often drops into poetry, generally singing his verses with descriptive action, in a manner peculiarly his own. . . . To be fully appreciated, this song must be heard as it is rendered by the composer. He sings it with the accompaniment of a peculiar swaying motion of the whole body, hands and feet keeping time with the music. Although nearly eighty years old, Captain Loyd is still agile, and with his flowing white beard, disheveled hair and long linen duster fluttering in the breeze, he thus presents a striking and picturesque appearance.

Loyd wrote a popular parody, "A New Yankee Doodle," which appeared in Vincent's *Alliance and Labor Songster* and other compilations, and he also published Mary Dana Shindler's *United States Labor Greenback Song Book*. The former M. S. B. Dana (1810-1883) had published dozens of genteel texts in the forties (an example appears on 80220-2, *Angels' Visits*); the change in her style and associates is a good measure of the difference between the antebellum and postbellum societies.

Out of Work
(Alice Hawthorne [Septimus Winner])

Immigrants, laborers, and farmers were the hardest hit by the panics and depressions of the Gilded Age. One of the worst was precipitated by the collapse of Jay Cooke's bank on September 18, 1873. The depression lasted five years, and agitation among the agricultural and working classes grew increasingly intense, culminating in the railroad strikes of 1877 and the Greenback Labor campaigns the following year. As always, the music industry bent with the times, turning out topical ditties of despair like "Don't Put the Poor Workingman Down" (Bobby Newcomb, 1877) and "Shivering and Shaking Out in the Cold" (Sam Lucas, 1878).

Septimus Winner (1826-1902), the quintessential industrial composer, contributed the lugubrious "Out of Work" (1877) to this genre. There is no indication that the depression caused Winner particular pain; he apparently continued to churn out publications and to sell pianos and sheet music at his Philadelphia store. He was a one-person assembly line: in his fifty-year career he wrote over

two hundred instruction books for twenty-three instruments and thousands upon thousands of songs, piano pieces, and arrangements (a staggering two thousand for piano and violin alone). Many of these, including "Out of Work," he published under the pseudonym Alice Hawthorne, a modification of his mother's maiden name; at the time it was, surprisingly, almost an advantage to be a woman composer. A flawless producer of Victorian detritus, Winner is today remembered primarily by weary cataloguers and overburdened collectors, although two of his songs, "Listen to the Mocking Bird" and "Whispering Hope," have become standards of sentiment.

Out of work, without a penny,
Out of heart, without a friend,
Seeking one among the many
With a helping hand to lend.
I have trod the country over,
I have sought the city through,
Drive me not away in anger,
For there's nothing now to do.
Out of work, without a penny,
Pleading help before thy door,
Without friends among the many,
Look with pity on the poor.

Must I look in vain for pity
From the hearts on which I call?
Must I starve in this great city,
Where there's food enough for all?
Must I wander sad and lonely,
Like an outcast, day by day?
Give me but thy favor only;
Drive me not, my friends, away.
Out of work, *etc.*

Eight Hours

(Jesse H. Jones and I. G. Blanchard)

After Loyd sang "A Laborer You See" at the convention of 1878, there is no reason to assume it was ever heard in public again. He was one of thousands of workers and farmers who published hand-hewn texts and tunes in local and union papers as their contribution to the movement. Occasionally one of these would catch on; the most successful was "Eight Hours," with a text by I. G. Blanchard, printed in 1866 and later set to music by Rev. Jesse H. Jones (1836-1904).

Until the American Federation of Labor and the Knights of Labor split over the issue in 1886, the demand for a shorter workday was one of the few matters on which all competing unions could agree. It received substantial support from the government as early as 1868, when Congress mandated an eight-hour day for all federal workers. "Eight Hours" remained popular partly because the issue it addressed persisted for the rest of the century.

Although the music to "Eight Hours" was not published until 1878, it was probably written about six years earlier. Jones, a Congregational minister from North Abington, Massachusetts, was closely associated with Edward Rogers, the principal force behind the Boston Eight Hour League. Rogers and Jones left that organization in 1872 to form the Christian Labor Union, an association devoted to moral suasion rather than political action. In 1870 Blanchard published *Rhymes for the Times*, which included a parody of "The Star Spangled Banner" called "The Uprising of Labor," but he has so far resisted more precise identification.

We mean to make things over,
We are tired of toil for naught,
With but bare enough to live upon,
And never an hour for thought;
We want to feel the sunshine,
And we want to smell the flowers,
We are sure that God has will'd it,
And we mean to have eight hours.
We're summoning our forces
From the shipyard, shop, and mill:
Eight hours for work, eight hours for rest,
Eight hours for what we will!

The beasts that graze the hillside,
And the birds that wander free,
In the life that God has meted
Have a better lot than we.
Oh! hands and hearts are weary,
And homes are heavy with dole;
If our life's to be filled with drudgery,
What need of a human soul!
Shout, shout the lusty rally
From the shipyard, shop, and mill,
Eight hours, *etc.*

The voice of God within us
Is calling us to stand
Erect, as is becoming
To the work of His right hand.
Should he, to whom the Maker
His glorious image gave,
The meanest of his creatures crouch,
A bread-and-butter slave!
Let the shout ring down the valleys
And echo from ev'ry hill,
Eight hours, *etc.*

The Chinese, the Chinese, You Know

(W. S. Mullally *and* John E. Donnelly)

The Pacific Railroad was built by Irishmen from the east and Chinese from the west. The first group of Asian immigrants, lured to the "Golden Mountain" of California in the eighteen-fifties, was dramatically augmented by contracted coolie labor after the Civil War. On the Pacific Coast, agitation against the Chinese grew rapidly; in 1871 a Los Angeles mob lynched twenty-one Chinese workers, and that same year the Supreme Court declared Chinese ineligible for citizenship. When the depression hit two years later, Chinese labor was blamed, although its contribution to joblessness was minimal; Denis Kearney, a demagogue, founded the Workingman's party and mounted a massive drive in support of a new state constitution severely restricting Chinese residence, employment, and education.

Racial hatred was particularly intense in San Francisco, the home of many older immigrant communities. The booming entertainment industry there of course provided appropriate music. In 1884 a well-known minstrel leader, W. S. Mullally (1845-1905), accompanied Charley Reed's Minstrels to San Francisco for an extended engagement; it was probably there that he teamed with one John E. Donnelly to produce this pleasant and vicious waltz of 1885. The song was sufficiently successful to be picked up by the National Music Company of Chicago and reprinted in their *National Minstrel Folio* of 1889.

America's sordid treatment of the Chinese is all the more painful because the false issue of Chinese exclusion deflected the workers from the real problems of employment and capital. Nowhere is the enormity of their delusion expressed more clearly than in the impossible plea with which Donnelly began his refrain: "Let labor and capital go hand in hand."

I'll sing of a subject, but your ears you must
 lend,
 And listen to what I've to say.
We'll have to do something with this curse in
 our land,
 For our business has gone to decay.
The merchants are idle, their goods on their
 hands,
 And the cause of this terrible woe
I'll tell you my friends, and you'll say I am
 right,
 It's the Chinese, the Chinese, you know.
Let labor and capital go hand in hand
 And crush out this terrible foe,
For a crying disgrace is this abominable race,
 The Chinese, the Chinese, you know.

Little Ab Sid

(Joseph P. Skelly)

The entertainment industry had its own class of exploited laborers: chorus girls, stagehands, bit

players, and a certain type of songwriter. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, the last years of Stephen Foster were a kind of sentimental paradigm for balladeers, who were expected to be impoverished, lonely, and alcoholic—producing nevertheless from the midst of misery gems of exquisite beauty. To a slight degree this melancholy scenario was based on fact: There were indeed a good number of hard-drinking, rough-living tunesmiths who provided publishers with raw melodies for a bill and a bottle. One of the best known was J. P. Skelly (1853-1895), whom Edward Marks describes in *They All Sang* as "the Bible house plumber who wrote 400 songs on brown wrapping paper."

Skelly was under the thumb of Frank Harding, publisher of "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," who used to boast that he could buy six songs from him for twenty-five dollars. In the course of a brief and well-stewed career, Skelly produced dozens of popular tunes, his greatest hit being "My Pretty Red Rose" (1877). "Little Ah Sid" (1883) seems to have been a more moderate success, but it had an interesting bastard child (see "Ma! Ma! Where's My Pa?").

In New York the Chinese were more a curiosity than a threat, and "Little Ah Sid" was more inanity than insult. It came as close as the law would allow to cashing in on Bret Harte's phenomenally successful poem "Plain Language from Truthful James" (1870), in which a wily Chinese, Ah Sin, hustles a group of miners at poker. In 1877 Harte and Mark Twain titled a play after this character, so Skelly was not too far behind. Perhaps because of its ancestry, "Little Ah Sid" endured longer than most novelty items; five years after publication it was still being performed, and it was probably taken up by an acrobatic act, Charles Harding and Little Ah Sid, whose first important appearance was at Tony Pastor's theater in 1889. It would be nice to know whether Charles and Frank Harding were related.

Little Ah Sid

Was a Chinese kid,
A cute little cuss you'd declare;
With eyes full of fun
And a nose that begun
Right up at the roots of his hair;
Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he play'd thro' the long summer day,
And braided his cue
As his father used too [*sic*]
In Chinaland, far away.

Kiya, ling, hip, hop, wing,
Chinaman dance and Chinaman sing;
Flipflop fling, catch um wing,
'Melican buttelfly he sting!

Over the lawn
That Ah Sid played on,
A bumblebee flew in the spring;

"Melican butterfly,"
Said he, with winking eye,
"Me catshee and pull off um wing."
Then with his cap
Did he strike it a rap,
This innocent, gay bumblebee;
He put its remains
In the seat of his jeans,
For a pocket there had this Chinee.

Kiya, ling, *etc.*

Down on the green
Sat the wee sardine
In style that was strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin,
"Me washee um butterfly sure!"
Little Ah Sid
He was only a kid,
And you could not expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In folds of his loose-fitting dress.

Kiya, ling, *etc.*

No Irish Need Apply
(O'Reilly [?])

The first great wave of immigrants came from Ireland; oppressed by English rule and devastated by famine, over one and a half million left from 1844 to 1851. The majority came to America, where they found that English discrimination had preceded them. The contemptuous phrase "No Irish need apply" appeared everywhere, and most were lucky to get the poorest job at the meanest pay. Drunken, brawling "Paddy," strong and stupid, became a stock character in minstrelsy, and Irishmen joined blacks as the moronic butts of America's broadly racist humor.

Most of the Irish settled in the coastal cities, where as time passed they built a strong cultural, economic, and political base. By the end of the Civil War the components had been created for the Irish-run political machines of the later nineteenth century, some of which persist today. At the same time, urban entertainment was changing; the minstrel show was joined by the concert saloon, the variety hall, and eventually vaudeville. The audience for these new entertainments was strongly ethnic, with the Irish very prominent; the character types changed accordingly. Although many earlier stereotypes were retained, the treatment of ethnic characters was increasingly realistic and sympathetic, culminating in the brilliant comedies of Harrigan and Hart in the seventies and eighties (see 80265-2, *Don't Give the Name a Bad Place*, for further examples of these developments).

The central figure in nineteenth-century vaudeville was Tony Pastor (1837-1908), comic, singer, and entrepreneur. He almost single-handedly converted the disreputable and dangerous concert saloons into variety houses presenting "family entertainment"; and he was most alert to the changing composition of his audience. In 1864, in one of his best strokes, he popularized a song by his business manager, John F. Poole, in which the hated phrase of a decade earlier was comically revenged: a new immigrant beats the tar out of an employer who advertises that "No Irish need apply."

Unfortunately, Poole's song survives only in songsters, without a melody, and it remains to be discovered to what tune it was sung. But in any case the idea was not original with him. An English music hall ballad tells a related, though quite different, tale (this version is heard here). Throughout the nineteenth century there was a constant exchange of entertainment between England and America, and this earlier song was published in Cincinnati in 1863, with some topical modifications. Little is known about it; no composer or author is mentioned in the sheet music, although the 1870 Board of Music Trade catalogue attributes what is apparently the same piece to one O'Reilly. It appears not to have been very well known on this side of the Atlantic but did serve as the inspiration for Poole's popular text.

I'm a simple Irish girl,
And I'm looking for a place;
I've felt the grip of Poverty,
But sure that's no disgrace;
'Twill be long before I get one,
Tho' indeed it's hard I try,
For I read in each advertisement,
"No Irish need apply."
Alas! for my poor country,
Which I never will deny,
How they insult us when they write,
"No Irish need apply."

Then they can't deny us genius,
With "Sheridan"—"Tom Moore,"—
The late lamented "Catherine Hayes,"
And Sam Lover to the Fore,—
Altho' they may laugh at our "Bulls,"
They cannot but admit,
That Pat is always sinsible, [*sic*]
And has a ready wit,—
And if they ask for Beauty,
What can beat their nice black Eye?
Then is it not a shame to write,
"No Irish need apply"?

Ah! but now I'm in the land

Of the "Glorious" and "Free,"
And proud I am to own it,
A country dear to me;
I can see by your kind faces,
That you will not deny
A place in your hearts for Kathleen,
And All Irish may apply.
Then long may the Union flourish,
And ever may it be
A pattern to the world,
And the "Home of Liberty"!

Uncle Sam's Farm

(E. P. Christy and Jesse Hutchinson)

The industrialization of American required a vast labor force, most of which consisted of immigrants lured by promises of livelihood, land, and liberty. From 1860 to 1890 five million immigrants entered the country; most had no resources, spoke no English, and were totally unfamiliar with urban life. They came despite inconceivable hardships; measured against the crumbling fabric of European society, the American expanse was a paradise of opportunity and freedom.

American relished its image as a benevolent Uncle Sam; the Statue of Liberty, erected in 1886, ponderously urged Europe to "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." But as early as 1850 the Hutchinson Family had invited the world to "Uncle Sam's Farm" in a text flavored with antebellum pride rather than Victorian sentiment:

Of all the mighty nations
In the East or in the West,
Oh, this glorious yankee nation
Is the greatest and the best.
We have room for all creation,
And our banner is unfurl'd,
Here's a gen'ral invitation
To the people of the world.

Then come along, come along,
Make no delay;
Come from ev'ry nation,
Come from ev'ry way.
Our lands, they are broad enough,
Don't be alarmed,
For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give us all a farm.

Solid New Hampshire farmers and the most important singing group of their time, the Hutchinsons

were both crusaders and characters; Henry Higginson, the patron founder of the Boston Symphony, later termed them "a band of Puritan Bohemians." It was the Hutchinsons who first popularized Root's aggressive "Battle Cry of Freedom"; it was the Hutchinsons who mingled temperance songs with speeches on footwear. The four brothers and Sister Abby campaigned for suffrage and against slavery and liquor with full conviction that their causes were just and would triumph—as indeed they did.

Their faith was founded in part on the new American technology, which was "bound to beat the nations":

Our fathers gave us Liberty,
But little did they dream
The grand results that pour along
This mighty age of Steam;
For our mountains, lakes, and rivers
Are all a blaze of fire,
And we send our news by lightning
On the telegraphic wires.
Then come along, *etc.*

The railroad, that symbol of progress, was the central metaphor for "Get Off the Track," their most powerful abolition song: "Ho, the car Emancipation/Rides majestic through the nation,/Bearing on its train the story,/Liberty! A Nation's glory!" According to a contemporary report by N.P. Rogers:

The way they cried "Get off the track," in defiance of all time and rule, was magnificent and sublime. They forgot their harmony, and shouted one after another, or all in confused outcry, like an alarmed multitude of spectators, about to witness a terrible railroad catastrophe. . . . It was the cry of the people, . . . and it was glorious to witness them alighting down again from their wild flight into the current of song, like so many swans upon the river from which they had soared, a moment, wildly into the air.

Yes! we're bound to beat the nations,
For our motto's "Go ahead,"
And we'll tell the foreign paupers
That our people are well fed;
For the nations must remember
That Uncle Sam is not a fool,
For the people do the voting,
And the children go to school.
Then come along, *etc.*

"Uncle Sam's Farm," one of the Hutchinsons' most popular pieces, has a long and complex history. Most of their texts were sung to existing melodies; "Get Off the Track," for example, used the well-known tune "Old Dan Tucker." It appears from two undated broadsides that "Uncle Sam's Farm" was first written to a tune by the minstrel leader E. P. Christy, "Walk in de Parlor and Hear de Banjo Play"; this is the melody used here. But very soon after its premiere the text appeared in sheet music

with an original melody "arranged and adapted for the piano by N. Barker." Barker was the leader of the Barker Family, another New Hampshire group, and it may be that the sheet-music version was actually his (this version can be heard on *Homespun America*; see Discography).

In any case, since later reprints in songsters make no mention of the Christy tune, it seems that the new melody caught on. The text itself was very popular and constantly parodied, often by the Hutchinsons themselves. In the eighteen-fifties the original family split into two tribes, headed by John and Asa respectively. For Lincoln's 1860 campaign John published *Hutchinson's Republican Songster*, in which "Uncle Sam's Farm" carried an additional topical stanza:

We've a glorious Declaration
To protect us in our rights,
An instrument of Freedom,
For the blacks as well as whites,
And the day is swiftly coming
When Liberty's bright sun
Shall shine with noonday splendor
In the land of Washington.

Both John and Asa remained active in political reform after the war. In 1876 Asa's tribe campaigned for the Greenback party and made still another version of the old favorite:

O ye tiller of the soil,
In the East and in the West,
Come join the Greenback banner,
'Tis the wisest and the best;
It floats from the St. Lawrence
And down to the Rio Grande,
Inviting you to organize
In one great union band.

By 1893 only John was left—a crusty, colorful old patriarch with a long white beard and considerable affection for young ladies. Like thousands of other Americans he traveled to Chicago to see the great Exposition, where he became a minor celebrity, singing at dozens of openings, commemorations, and festivals. In one of his last public appearances, surrounded by "the grand results" of the "mighty age of Steam," he opened the ceremonies for Pennsylvania Day; among his renditions was "Uncle Sam's Farm."

Jim Fisk, or He Never Went Back on the Poor
(William J. Scanlan [?])

In his autobiography John Hutchinson recalls a concert at Brattleboro, Vermont, in August, 1847, by the Burdett Family and mentions that "in the group was a boy, James Fisk, Jr., then fourteen years old, with a beautiful alto voice." Fisk was at the time a peddler's son headed for a career in the circus; by 1869 he was one of the richest scalawags in America. Throughout the sixties and seventies he and his partner, the vulturine Jay Gould, flew like trapeze artists through the Wall Street big top,

flinging themselves with incredible dexterity from railroads to bonds to gold with nary a mishap. In the space of five years this remarkable pair managed to outwit Commodore Vanderbilt, buy off the entire New York legislature, corner the market on gold, and start the country on the road to the panic of 1873. Congress finally investigated; but the tangled web led so far and in so many directions that when Fisk loudly warned, "Let everyone carry out his own corpse," nervous legislators let him go.

In the midst of all this, Fisk managed to become some kind of bizarre folk hero. Probably no single figure more clearly exemplifies the confused morality of the time. Fisk's personal life was as outrageous as his business career: having married fifteen-year old Lucy Moore in 1853, he located her in Boston and took off with a gaudy succession of showgirls and opera stars, eventually settling on the beguiling but treacherous Josie Mansfield. He retained a passion for music, buying and building New York theaters and single-handedly establishing French *opéra bouffe* as popular entertainment. A natural showman, he sported a diamond stickpin and outfitted his steamships with hundreds of canaries. These antics, together with his Wall Street bravado, kept him constantly in the papers, where he alternately amused and terrified the public.

Fisk's generosity was equally extravagant. The down-and-out would approach him on the street and find themselves a hundred dollars richer; defeated competitors got jobs, loans, even gifts from their vanquisher. When the great fire destroyed Chicago in October, 1871, Fisk ordered his Erie Railroad to dispatch emergency trains filled with provisions worth several hundred thousand dollars. Overnight he became a friend of the people; the tens of thousands of stockholders whose meager savings he had destroyed were forgotten.

Three months later Fisk was murdered in a characteristically flamboyant dispute over his beloved Josie. The wealthy Edward Stokes, his assailant, hung one jury trial, successfully appealed the second, and settled for a six-year manslaughter sentence at the third. Stokes was branded an enemy of the people, a man who had bought his way around justice. Music contributed its bit to this supreme irony with "Jim Fisk" (1874), in which Fisk, a truly lawless scoundrel, became a symbol of honest and oppressed poverty:

If you'll listen a while I'll sing you a song
Of this glorious land of the free;
The difference I'll show twixt the rich and the
 poor;
In a trial by jury, you see,
If you've plenty of Stamps you can hold up
 your head
And walk from your own prison door,
But they'll hang you up high if you've no friends
 or gold,
Let the rich go but hang up the poor.
In trials for murder we have nowadays,
The rich ones get off swift and sure;
With their thousands to pay to both jury and
 judge,

You can bet they'll go back on the poor.

Let me speak of a man now dead in his grave,
As good a man as ever was born,
"Jim Fisk" he was called, and his money he gave
To the outcast, the poor and forlorn.
We all know that he loved both women and
wine,
But his heart it was true I am sure.
He lived like a prince in his palace so fine,
But he never went back on the poor.
If a man was in trouble "Fisk" would help him
along,
To drive the grim wolf from his door.
He strove to do right though he may have done
wrong,
But he never went back on the poor.

"Jim Fisk" was a man who wore his heart on
his sleeve,
No matter what people would say.
He done all his deeds both the good and the bad,
In the broad open light of the day,
With his Grand six in hand on the beach at
Long Branch,
He cut a big dash to be sure,
But Chicago's great fire showed the world that
"Jim Fisk"
With his wealth still remembered the poor.
When the telegram came that the homeless that
night
Were starving to death slow but sure,
With his lightning express nobly manned by
"Jim Fisk"
Flew to feed all the hungry and poor.

Now what do you think of this trial of Stokes,
Who murdered this friend of the poor?
If such men get free, is anyone safe
To step from outside their own door?
Is there one law for the poor and one for the
rich?
It seems so at least, so they say.
If they hang up the poor, why, hadn't the rich
Ought to swing up the very same way?
Don't show any favor to friends or foe,

The beggar or prince at your door,
But the millionaire you must hang up also,
But never go back on the poor.

A minor mystery attends the authorship of "Jim Fisk." The song went through several editions, and all the later ones agree that its author was William J. Scanlan (1856-1898). Scanlan was a popular vaudevillian and a prolific songwriter, and "Jim Fisk" is consistent with his other work. But, as Sigmund Spaeth has pointed out, he would have been only fifteen when "Jim Fisk" was written; moreover, the early printings and broadsides ascribe the piece only to "J. S." Still, since Scanlan had been performing since his early teens (initially as "the Temperance Boy Songster"), and since no rival challenged the later attribution to him, he probably was the author—unless, like the lamented Fisk himself, he possessed an unusual aptitude for profiting from other people's products.

Kick Him When He's Down
(T. Martin Towne)

The great adversaries of the Gilded Age were Money and Morality, and their principal weapons were Greed and Guilt. The struggle between these forces for the soul of the times was complex and intense, and it was often easy to mistake one combatant for the other. The promise of instant wealth vied with the hope for eternal salvation, and the effort to achieve both precipitated abrupt reversals and odd alliances. The Reverend Horatio Alger abandoned his flock to write novels of fantastic worldly success, while cattle and railroad magnate Daniel Drew spent almost as much energy on conversions and penance as on Wall Street frauds. Millionaire Peter Cooper found himself the leader of the "people's" Greenback party; the upright Grover Cleveland was made president by the corrupt New York machine he had repudiated.

For many, money was a measure of virtue; with so much wealth so easily at hand, it seemed, only gross failures of will or faith could prevent one from sharing in it. "There may be reasons of poverty which do not involve wrong," Rev. Henry Ward Beecher conceded, but "[generally] no man in this land suffers from poverty unless it be more than his fault—unless it be his sin." Wealth for the asking was a constant refrain in songs throughout the era, from Henry Work's wishful fantasy "Dad's a Millionaire" (1867) to Fred Gilbert's "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" (1892).

Other songwriters were less convinced of money's morality. The Hutchinsons popularized "Dimes and Dollars," a savagely cynical text by abolitionist Charles Shiras that lambasted the equation of poverty with sin:

So getteth ye wealth, no matter how!
"No questions asked" of the rich, I trow!
Steal it by night and steal it by day
(Doing it all in a legal way).
Join the church, and never forsake her,
Learn to cant, and insult your Maker,
Be hypocrite, liar, knave, and fool,
But don't be poor!—remember the rule:

Dimes and dollars! Dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

And in *The Pacific Glee Book*, which opened with George Root's paean to progress, one T. Martin Towne expressed similar sentiments in "Kick Him When He's Down" (1869):

When the sun of prosperity's shining,
And a man's growing richer each day,
When in ease and contentment reclining,
And a golden success crowns his way,
How friends will then flock round about him.
But if fortune should happen to frown,
Oh, how quickly he'll get the cold shoulder
And be kicked just because he is down.

What's the use of our being so moral,
Either upright or "honest and true";
For unless a man has "lots of money"
The whole world's bound to "put him right
through."
They'll "go for him" certain and surely,
From the jockey to priest in his gown,
All will stand ever ready to "snub him,"
And to kick him because he is down.

When, oh! when will mankind be less selfish,
Will it ever in future be thus?
That we always will do to each other
As we'd wish them to do unto us.
And if in "adversity's ocean"
We are sinking and ready to drown,
Ever blest be the friend whose devotion
Loves to help a man up when lie's down.

Towne was a member of the Continental Vocalists, one of the most successful of the groups that sprang up in the fifties in imitation of the Hutchinsons. In later years he became a kind of junior George Root, turning out songs, anthems, cantatas, temperance "oratorios," and instruction books with great facility.

We Never Speak as We Pass By
(Anonymous and Frank Egerton [?])

Fisk's scandalous affairs with women, which were literally the death of him, were an early impetus for a theme that was to become oppressively popular in the nineties, the Woman Corrupted by Wealth. Dozens of pieces appeared that were variations of the same tale: Virtuous woman is bedazzled by well-heeled scoundrel, sacrifices her virtue (youth, beauty, contentment, devoted

husband, small children, what-have-you) for glitter and finery, finds only emptiness and despair, and is cast aside either to die or to be rescued by virtuous man. Occasionally the woman heroically resists, telling her seducer to "Take Back Your Gold" (Monroe Rosenfeld and Louis W. Pritzkow, 1897); more commonly she yields and is pitifully reduced to "A Bird in a Gilded Cage" (Harry Von Tilzer and Arthur J. Lamb, 1900). One of the earliest and most enduring songs in this genre was "We Never Speak as We Pass By" (1882?). It combines a classically mournful tale with a rhythmic pattern inviting echo treatment—"we never speak (we never speak) as we pass by (as we pass by) . . ."—a mixture that made it irresistible to later generations of barbershoppers and fraternities.

The spell has passed, the dream is o'er,
And tho' we meet, we love no more.
One heart is crush'd to droop and die,
And for relief must Heav'n-ward fly;
The once bright smile has faded, gone,
And given way to looks forlorn.
Despite her grandeur, wicked fame,
She stoops to blush beneath her shame.
We never speak as we pass by,
Altho' a tear bedims her eye;
I know she thinks of her past life,
When we were loving man and wife.

In guileless youth, I sought her side,
And she became my virtuous bride.
Our lot was peace, so fair, so bright,
One sunny day, no gloomy night.
No life on earth more pure than ours
In that dear home, 'midst fields and flow'rs,
Until the tempter came to Nell,
It dazzled her, alas she fell.
We never speak, *etc.*

The origins of "We Never Speak" are obscure. No one really claimed the music; several people claimed the words. Separate sheet-music copies assert that the song was "arranged by Jacob J. Sawyer" or "adapted by F. Thomas"; according to publisher Edward Marks, who was in a position to know, the words were by Frank Egerton, another publisher, but Marks also lists a copy "arranged by James Carleton." Like "Drill, Ye Tarriers, Drill," the song appears to have floated freely from the folk to the commercial traditions; by 1888 it was so well known that in *A Brass Monkey* (which may have also offered "Drill, Ye Tarriers") Charles Hoyt could get a laugh simply by quoting it.

When the Girls Can Vote

(M. H. Evans and Emma Pow Smith [Bauder])

Another front in the great battle for reform was the struggle against Demon Rum. The temperance cause managed to ally itself not only with suffrage but with most other radical movements of the nineteenth century. One of the Greenbackers' major liabilities was their willingness to espouse

prohibition candidates and legislation. The new immigrants—Irish, German, Italian—came from cultures in which alcohol was a companion, not an adversary, and were effectively excluded from platforms containing prohibition planks. Thus the temperance movement, like suffrage, Greenbackism, and Populism, was primarily a Western, Protestant, agrarian phenomenon. Its first major success was a state constitutional amendment adopted in Kansas (of course) in 1868. But after the W.C.T.U. was founded in 1874, the movement splintered, and over the next two decades the liquor interests were able to defeat most prohibition attempts.

Even more than most reform organizations, the Temperance Army was a rallying, marching, singing movement. Some of its songs, like Henry Work's "Come Home, Father" and "Lillie of the Snowstorm," became so popular that they entered the mainstream of American music—which was not true of labor songs, suffrage songs, or other reform melodies. Others attained only regional popularity. In Hastings, Nebraska, Flora H. Cassell, the energetic wife of a frontier doctor, published a volume of songs called *White Ribbon Vibrations* in honor of the white ribbon badge displayed by W.C.T.U. members. Several of the pieces were by M. H. Evans, to whom Mrs. Cassell expressed gratitude in her preface but who has not yet been identified more precisely. One of his songs, "When the Girls Can Vote" (1890), with a text by Emma Pow Smith (1848-?; later Mrs. E. P. Bauder), proclaimed with unusual clarity the connection between women's suffrage and prohibition. The proper place of men in the movement was illustrated by a note in the score instructing them to simply repeat "hurrah" in the refrain, leaving the text to the ladies.

Young fellow, don't you come too near,
With swearing, drinking, smoking;
For girls don't like the breath of beer,
But long to do the voting.
When girls can vote, hurrah, hurrah!
Saloons will not be here; (hurrah!)
There won't be one in all the land
Old Rummy's heart to cheer.
So hasten on, ye blithesome day,
When we'll be grown to women;
We mean to vote ere very long,
And stop the boys from drinking.
When girls can vote, *etc.*

The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man
(John Hutchinson; arr. H. H. Hawley)

Money converted women into the dishonored chattel of wealthy lotharios, or so it was feared; morality liberated and unified them to work on half of the good and the right. After abolition the two great campaigns of the nineteenth century were for prohibition and suffrage; and women were the principal leaders and soldiers in both. The two issues, closely related, were commonly joined with other institutions ranging from radical unions to supper clubs; for all these, music was a mighty weapon in the arsenal of the Cause.

The suffrage movement was well under way before the Civil War, supported by songs like J. G.

Meade's "Let Us All Speak Our Minds if We Die for It," but it was not until abolition was accomplished that reformers could concentrate more intently on the vote. The first major drive came in Kansas, that hotbed of radicalism, where suffragettes managed to place the franchise question on the ballot in 1867. John Hutchinson, then living in Minnesota, left his farm and took up campaigning again. With his two children and an old harmonium he crisscrossed the state, singing one of his most visionary songs.

We'll raise the song of triumph
When we see the hosts advance
With banners streaming high,
And its motto shall entrance;
As the golden words they read,
They will quickly join the van,
And vote for equal suffrage,
And brotherhood of man.
For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
With universal suffrage
Is spreading thro' the land;
For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
We'll talk and sing while on the wing,
And ring it thro' the land.

Columbia's sons now lead the way
And rally to the standard
Of equal rights for one and all,
Though once to slavery pandered;
Our country shall this banner bear.
Free suffrage is its motto;
For liberty we'll work, you see,
And vote the way we ought to.
For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
This message that the angels bring,
We'll sing it thro' the land;
For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
We'll talk and sing for woman's cause,
Do all the good we can.

List, ye sorrow-stricken sisters,
To the voice of truth today.
On the world the sun is rising,
Error's clouds shall flee away;

True hearts waiting for the dawning
Earnest seers their joys foretold.
Look! oh, look! the field of promise,
White with harvest rich as gold.
Ever hopeful, never doubting,
Always working for the right,
Loving, waiting, watching, longing
For the millennial dawn of light.
Oh! For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
We proclaim it to the nations,
This glorious Christian plan;
For the Fatherhood of God,
And the brotherhood of man,
Come join with us this chorus,
And waft it thro' the land.

The referendum failed in Kansas, but two years later a similar effort succeeded in the territory of Wyoming. Then the movement was checked until the nineties, when several of the new western states granted women the vote. Hutchinson's song, still remembered by old-time organizers, was revived for these campaigns and persisted as a rallying song into the twentieth century.

Ma! Ma! Where's My Pa?
(H. R. Monroe [Monroe Rosenfeld])

The Republicans' turn came in 1884, when the Democrats nominated the reform governor of New York, Grover Cleveland, for president. Early in the campaign a Buffalo newspaper announced that Cleveland was the father of an illegitimate child of ten. Cleveland immediately admitted that he might have been the parent and explained that he had provided for the boy and his mother ever since the child's birth. But sex was one of the few Victorian issues that was hotter than alcohol, and the Republicans were not about to miss this opportunity. They engaged a young tunesmith, Monroe Rosenfeld (1861-1918), later distinguished for hits like "Johnny, Get Your Gun" and "Those Wedding Bells Shall Not Ring Out," to make what he could of Cleveland's embarrassment. In 1884, under the pseudonym H. R. Monroe, the songwriter published a bizarre parody of J. P. Skelly's novelty hit of the preceding year "Little Ah Sid," with possibly the crassest refrain in American political history: "Ma! Ma! Where is my Pa?/Up in the White House, darling." In Rosenfeld's version "Ah Sid" became "Tom Tid," the dialect was deleted, and new words were added about a "lost" papa; but otherwise the idiotic story about mistaking a bee for a butterfly—which has nothing whatsoever to do with Cleveland or anyone else—remained the same.

Little Tom Tid
Was a frolicsome kid,
A cute little cuss, I declare,
With eyes full of fun,
And a nose that begun
Way up in the roots of his hair.

Jolly and fat
Was this frolicsome brat,
As he played thro' the livelong day,
But one eve, to his cost,
His papa got lost,
And he and his ma sang a lay. Oh,
Ma! Ma! where is my Pa?
Up in the White House, darling.
Making the laws,
Working the cause,
Up in the White House, dear.

Once over a lawn
That Tommy played on,
A bumblebee flew in the spring,
Said little Tom, "Hi!
'Tis a gay butterfly,
I'll catch him and pull off his wing."
Then with his cap,
He struck it a rap,
That innocent, gay bumblebee,
And put its remains
In the seat of his jeans
And sang to his mama in glee:
Ma! Ma!, *etc.*

So down on the green
Sat the little sardine,
In a style so strangely demure,
And said with a grin
That was brimful of sin:
"I'll mash Mr. Butterfly sure!"
But soon with a cry
That rose to the sky,
Up jumped Tommy Tid in the air,
And the welkin about
Rang out with a shout
Quite frightful to hear, I declare:
Ma! Ma!, *etc.*

Poor little Tom Tid
Was only a kid,
Nor could you expect him to guess
What kind of a bug
He was holding so snug
In the folds of his loose-fitting dress,

And he yelled in grief
For a sweet relief,
 And cried for his daddy in vain,
But no daddy was there,
And oft through the air
 Methinks I still hear the refrain:
Ma! Ma!, *etc.*

Rosenfeld, another of Frank Harding's discoveries, was one of the least attractive successes of the music industry. Thoroughly nonpartisan, he followed "Ma! Ma!" with "I've Just Been Down to the Bank," a sarcastic treatment of the swindle that wiped out the naïve former President Grant in 1884. As for the purity and virtue with which Rosenfeld's moral tales were imbued, Edward Marks in *They All Sang* bitingly describes how "thin-faced Monroe Rosenfeld, with his silky mustache and his hypnotic line, worked the piano game on hostesses at Herman's Wine Room." In music, as in government and industry, there was a substantial gap between public pronouncement and private performance.

Little Brown Jug
(Eastburn [Joseph Eastburn Winner])

Throughout the century, reformers and radicals were most successful when times were hardest. When the economy and employment improved, their causes immediately collapsed—which strongly suggests that most Americans, then as now, were more interested in their own comfort than in matters of principle. The new era of Progress brought with it the promise of new delights, and Puritanism slowly gave way to pleasure. Thus for every song extolling temperance there was another on the side of alcohol, and for every moral tale of virtue rewarded there were a half-dozen about a flirtatious wench. Certainly the songs on the side of pleasure were more popular in the long run than their more severe counterparts: although "Come Home, Father" touched the hearts of many, it never approached the appeal of a simple ditty glorifying indolence and drunkenness that was penned at about the same time.

Joseph Eastburn Winner (1837-1918) wrote "Little Brown Jug" (1869), legend tells us, to prove to his brother, the indefatigable Septimus, that he could do just as well. Joseph, who signed his work with his middle name, also ran a music store, sold sheet music, and wrote songs—but thankfully less constantly than his brother. After a series of minor successes (including what may have been the original "brain" song, "Oil on the Brain" [1865]), he offered the public a simple little novelty tune about gin and rum. It was a smash, and its popularity has persisted: as recently as 1939, Glenn Miller's recording sold over a million copies.

My wife and I liv'd all alone
In a little log hut we call'd our own;
She lov'd gin and I lov'd rum,
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun,
Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!
Little brown jug, don't I love thee!
Ha! ha! ha! you and me,

Little brown jug, don't I love thee!

'Tis you that makes me wear old clothes,
'Tis you that makes my friends my foes,
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.
Ha! ha! ha!, *etc.*

The rose is red, my nose is too,
The violet's blue, and so are you,
And yet I think before I step,
We'd better have another drop.
Ha! ha! ha!, *etc.*

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk,
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.
Ha! ha! ha!, *etc.*

Father's a Drunkard, and Mother Is Dead

(Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst *and* "Stella" of Washington [Nellie H. Bradley])

In the East, temperance tunes were sentimental and pathetic—gruesome fantasies about dying children, drunken fathers, and shivering, starving moms. Henry Work's phenomenally successful "Come Home, Father" (1868) was surrounded by dozens of equally distraught hits. Such tunes were part of a larger genre in which death and misery were the principal themes (see 80220-2 *Angels' Visits*) and one of the finest composers of such ballads was Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

Little is known about Mrs. Parkhurst except that in the sixties she turned out a remarkable quantity of pieces of generally high quality, ranging from a campaign tune for General Grant to the minstrel tune "Sweet Evalina" to the admonitory "Don't Marry a Man if He Drinks." She contributed to the "brain"-song epidemic with "Love on the Brain" and "Scandal on the Brain," and she helped out the temperance cause repeatedly with songs like "Girls, Wait for a Temperance Man," "Oh, Help Little Mary," and "Father's a Drunkard, and Mother Is Dead." Many of her songs, especially the last, were popularized by her daughter, "Little Effie," on whom Mrs. Parkhurst's success may have depended: in the seventies, when Effie would no longer have been little, her mother apparently stopped composing.

"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother Is Dead" (1866) contains a brief preface:

One dismal, stormy night in winter, a little girl—barefooted and miserably clad—leaned shivering against a large tree near the President's House. "Sissie" said a passing stranger, "why don't you go home?" She raised her pale face, and with tears dimming her sweet blue eyes, answered mournfully: "I have no home. Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."

In the second stanza (omitted in this performance) appears the body of the classic tale.

Out in the gloomy night, sadly I roam,
I have no Mother dear, no pleasant home;
Nobody cares for me—no one would cry
Even if poor little Bessie should die.
Barefoot and tired, I've wandered all day,
Asking for work—but I'm too small, they say
On the damp ground I must now lay my head—
"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead!"
Mother, oh! why did you leave me alone,
With no one to love me, no friends and no home?
Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild,
God pity Bessie, the Drunkard's lone child!

We were so happy till Father drank rum,
Then all our sorrow and trouble begun;
Mother grew paler, and wept every day,
Baby and I were too hungry to play;
Slowly they faded, and one Summer's night
Found their dear faces all silent and white;
Then with big tears slowly dropping, I said:
"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."
Mother, oh! why, *etc.*

Oh! if the "Temp'rance men" only could find
Poor, wretched Father, and talk very kind—
If they could stop him from drinking—why,
then
I should be so very happy again!
Is it too late? "Men of Temp'rance," please try,
Or poor little Bessie may soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
"Father's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead!"
Mother, oh! why, *etc.*

Crooked Whiskey
(Anonymous *and* "Sour Mash")

The reform parties had plenty to protest in the sixties and seventies. Scandal upon scandal rocked Ulysses Grant's presidency; one of the most pungent was an exotic concoction of alcohol, bribery, and blackmail—the so-called Whiskey Ring, which flourished for half a decade until uncovered in 1875 by Treasury Secretary Benjamin Bristow (who got sacked for his service). The Whiskey Ring provided much fuel for the prohibition attack on licensed liquor and made such an impression that a decade later the Democrats successfully recalled both it and Irish discrimination in a song for

Cleveland's campaign, "No Ringsters Need Apply."

About 1870 one General John McDonald, Grant's appointee to supervise Internal Revenue in the Western Territories, began lining Republican coffers and his own pockets with license fees that were properly Uncle Sam's. He was assisted by his secretary, John Joyce, and his Washington liaison, W. O. Avery; the scandal eventually reached Grant himself through his private secretary, Orville Babcock.

Some wag who signed himself "Sour Mash" seized the chance to comment; in 1876, to a borrowed tune (not yet identified), he wrote an intricate set of verses (the first, third, and fourth stanzas are performed here) filled with cynical asides and complex puns. His prediction that "pardon may be *Granted*" was discouragingly accurate: convicted in 1875, McDonald was free and forgiven in 1877.

In the highest-toned society
Of honor and sobriety
Has come a new variety
 Of morals which is king
Of ev'ry other fashion
For it has been a passion
For all the bloods to dash on
 The crooked whiskey ring!
Come join us in the chorus while we sing,
 And give it with a spirit and a dash,
Confusion to the crooked whiskey ring,
 And confiscate the old Sour Mash.

Then all this genteel snobbery
That cut up such a bobbery
Committing all the robbery
 Will feel the lashes sting;
Their requiem is chanted
For now they are supplanted
Though pardon may be *Granted*
 In the crooked whiskey ring!
Come join us, *etc.*

Oh, altitudlum Johnny
Was such a paragon he
Stole but half the money
 The revenue did bring.
Now justice has arisen
And cast him into prison
'Cause he took what was not his'n
 In the crooked whiskey ring!
Come join us, *etc.*

After the Fair

(Otto Bonnell *and* Charles K. Harris)

Eighteen-ninety-three was a critical year. The Western farmlands had been devastated by six years of drought and cold. The growing labor movement was fighting and losing bigger and bigger battles and bitterly remembered its bloody defeat at Carnegie's Homestead steel plant the year before, in which dozens died and the union was broken. The stock market collapsed, and the nation skidded into another painful depression. In Illinois a new party, growing with astonishing speed, elected John Altgeld the country's first Populist governor; he promptly pardoned the Haymarket anarchists still alive. The misnamed Gay Nineties, ten years of confusion and unrest, were well under way.

There were other, less pessimistic, developments. Two crazy brothers named Duryea managed to travel several dozen blocks in an uncouth carriage—without horses. Thomas Edison built a studio entirely devoted to making movies. In Chicago the country celebrated four hundred years of discovery with the spectacular Columbian Exposition. A few blocks away a fellow named Wrigley went into the chewing-gum business. And another Chicagoan, Charles Harris, was making a fortune with a tune called "After the Ball."

"After the Ball" was played at the great Exposition by the Sousa Band every day, time and again; it was sung by every entertainer who could borrow a copy; it was strummed on the streets, pealed in parlors, crooned in saloons. It sold five million copies and transformed Tin Pan Alley from a narrow lane into a turnpike. At the Exposition, one Will Windom incorporated the song into his routine in Haverly's Home Minstrels; Haverly liked the tune so much that he asked Harris to write all the songs thereafter for the first part of the show.

One of Haverly's stars was a comic named Press Eldridge, "Commander-in-Chief of the army of fun," and for him Harris wrote "After the Fair" (1893), a parody of his hit. Otto Bonnell, a journeyman composer in Will Rossiter's publishing stable, wrote the music, but Harris slyly appended a note—"if desired this song can be sung to the tune of 'After the Ball'"—thus getting a little more mileage out of his self-plagiarism.

A little maiden climbed an old man's knee,
Begged for a story, do uncle, please,
Tell of Chicago, that wondrous town,
With its tall buildings, they're world renowned.
Soon the great World's Fair will be at its height,
Prices of all things will go out of sight;
They'll charge for everything but the air,
But just watch the difference after the Fair.

After the Fair is over, just watch the rents come
down,
When all the rubes and hayseeds have skipped
away from town;
Many a man will be busted, people will tear
their hair,

Hyde Park will be dead and buried after the
Fair.

Oh, what a picnic this fair will be,
What wondrous people at it we'll see,
Indians from Indianapolis, Japs from Japan,
Mr. Joe Bunko and the three-card-Monte man,
Turks, French and Arabs and Esquimaux,
Buffalo Bill and his great Wild West show;
Things will be lively, money to spare,
But oh, what a difference after the Fair.

Thirty years later, Sigmund Spaeth printed an additional refrain that made up in wit what it may have lacked in authenticity:

After the fair is over, what will Chicago do
With all those empty houses, run up with sticks
and glue?
I'd rather live in Brooklyn (somebody'd know me there)
Than to live in Chicago, after the Fair.

What *would* Chicago and the rest of America do after the Fair? As the country was drawn like an ambivalent lover into the arms of the next century, Populists, Progressives, Prohibitionists, and the major parties—the forces of Protest and those of Progress—contended to provide an answer. Ultimately, it was Germany that made the decision, and it was the grandchildren of the Gilded Age who endured the logical culmination of its values and culture.

Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay

(Angelo A. Asher *and* Richard Morton; *earlier version* arr. Henry J. Sayers)

The most telling assault on Victorian mores was made by the body, not the bottle. From the ballerinas in *The Black Crook* (1866) to the Broadway queens of the nineteen-twenties, dancing that was ever more daring shocked and delighted American audiences. Certain landmarks stand out in this epidermal evolution, like Sally Rand's famous fan dance at Chicago's 1933 Fair and Little Egypt's hootchie-kootchie routine forty years earlier. Akin to these, although more comical than racy, was a high-kicking bit of nonsense introduced in 1891 by an English vaudevillian, Lottie Collins.

In September, 1892, New York's *Illustrated American* explained about her "painful success" that "every now and then all the world and his wife go crazy over a silly song. 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay' is the latest development of this mental disease." Miss Collins, it seemed, had arrived at Tony Pastor's theater, where she was re-creating the smash hit of the previous London season. She delivered the suggestive verses with deceptive demureness, like "a hoyden," the *American* continued, "but a hoyden who is a lady by birth and education." Then she would launch into the lusty refrain and her celebrated "kick dance," a kind of cancan, in which, according to another reviewer, "she turns, twists, contorts, revolutionizes, and disports her lithe and muscular figure into a hundred different

poses, all bizarre. . . . "

The history of "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay" is as full of twists as was the dance. The song originally appeared with different words ("A sweet Tuxedo girl am I . . . ") under the name of Henry J. Sayers; one Mamie Gilroy sang this version without much success in "a minstrel farce comedy" of 1891. Shortly thereafter Sayers apparently swapped it to Lottie Collins for an equally unsuccessful song, "I Couldn't Say No." Lottie headed for Paris, where she worked up the routine that was eventually to make her the highest-paid music-hall player in Europe. A Richard Morton fitted out the tune with new words, and a year later his version appeared in America, with music "arranged by Angelo A. Asher," a London music-hall conductor.

In the nineteen-thirties, as a result of all this confusion, "Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-De-Ay" was entangled in a lawsuit. During the trial it became clear that the song probably originated with a black singer, Mama Lou, who performed in Babe Connor's famous St. Louis establishment (charitably referred to as a "cabaret"). Although Sayers had cleaned up the words and may have reworked the music somewhat, it was eventually decided that the tune and the refrain were in the public domain. Compounding the confusion, Sigmund Spaeth tells us that the refrain "has been found in an old German song-book"—but unfortunately neglects to mention which one. And Benjamin Cooper, writing in the *New York Review* of May 21, 1910, asserted that the song was an adaptation of an old "jubilee" song, "I've Been Redeemed."

Henry Sayers returned to the side of morality in 1891 with "a temperance story in song," "Somebody, Somewhere Is Praying for You," but it never caught on, and he remained a one-song success. Lottie Collins died in 1910 at the age of forty-two; *The Era*, a London periodical, speculated that "the frenzied activity, the fierce energy, the complete abandon" of her dancing brought on heart trouble. What became of Mama Lou is not known.

A smart and stylish girl you see,
Belle of good society;
Not too strict but rather free,
Yet as right as right can be!
Never forward, never bold,
Not too hot, and not too cold,
But the very thing, I'm told,
That in your arms you'd like to hold!
Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay (*eight times*).

I'm not extravagantly shy,
And when a nice young man is nigh,
For his heart I have a try—
And faint away with tearful cry!
When the good young man in haste
Will support me round the waist,
I don't come to, while thus embraced,
Till of my lips he steals a taste!
Ta-ra-ra, *etc.*

I'm a timid flower of innocence—
 Pa says that I have no sense—
 I'm one eternal big expense;
 But men say that I'm just immense.
 Ere my verses I conclude,
 I'd like it known and understood,
 Though free as air, I'm never rude—
 I'm not too bad, and not too good!
 Ta-ra-ra, *etc.*

—*William Brooks*

PROGRESS AND PROTEST IN THE GILDED AGE, 1865-93

- 1865** April 9. Lee surrenders to Grant at Appomattox.
 September 1. The national debt totals \$2,846,000,000.
- 1866** April 12. Congress votes to discontinue use of greenbacks.
 July 27. Congress grants 42,000,000 acres to the transcontinental railroad.
- 1867** November 5. First universal-suffrage amendment is defeated, 2-1, in Kansas.
 December 4. The Grange is organized on a national scale.
- 1868** June 25. Congress votes an eight-hour day for laborers employed by the government.
- 1869** May 10. Transcontinental railway (Union Pacific) completed.
 May 15. National Women's Suffrage Association formed.
 September 12. National Prohibition party organized.
 September 24. Wall Street collapses as Fisk and Gould attempt to corner gold.
 December 30. The Knights of Labor becomes a national organization.
- 1871** April 7. Illinois passes first "Granger" law regulating railroads.
 October 24. Los Angeles mob lynches twenty-one Chinese.
- 1872** March 1. Yellowstone National Park established.
 May 8. Congress votes to remove Kansas Indians and sell the land to settlers.
- 1873** September 18. Jay Cooke's bank fails, triggering a five-year depression.
- 1874** April 22. President Grant vetoes inflationary "Greenback" bill. November 18. Women's Christian Temperance Union founded.
- 1875** May 1. Whiskey Ring exposed, leading to 238 indictments.
- 1876** March 19. Alexander Graham Bell speaks first words through telephone.
 May 17. National Greenback party nominates Peter Cooper for president.
 June 25. General Custer and troops massacred at Little Big Horn.
- 1877** June 21. Leaders of the Molly Maguires, radical mine-workers' organization, hanged in Pennsylvania.
 July. Massive railroad strikes are met with troops, dozens—mostly workers, many wives and children, and some soldiers—are killed.
 July 31. Edison patents phonograph.
- 1879** October 21. Edison invents electric light.
 December 13. Wyoming gives women the vote.
- 1881** February 19. Kansas adopts prohibition.
 December 1. Southern Pacific Railroad completed.

- 1882** April-September. Long and bloody strikes lost in textile, steel, and coal industries.
May 6. Chinese Exclusion Act passed.
- 1883** August 22. Northern Pacific Railroad completed.
- 1885** August-September. Mobs of white workers in Wyoming massacre Chinese laborers.
- 1886** March-September. Massive and violent strikes paralyze railroads; strikes and riots in Milwaukee, New Orleans, and elsewhere.
May 4. Bomb explodes at rally in Haymarket Square, Chicago, killing seven.
October 18. Statue of Liberty dedicated.
- 1889** March 9. Kansas passes first antitrust law.
- 1890** June 12. Populist party formed in Topeka, Kansas.
August 6. First criminal executed by the electric chair.
December 29. Sioux Indians massacred at Wounded Knee.
- 1891** August 1. Eight-hour day goes into effect in Nebraska.
August 24. Edison applies for movie-camera patent.
- 1892** April 9. Duryea brothers invent automobile.
June-November. Strike at Carnegie's Homestead steel plant escalates to armed warfare; strikes spread to railroads; general strike in New Orleans.
November 12. Homestead strike broken.
- 1893** May 1. Chicago Columbian Exposition opens.
May-July. Severe depression sweeps country; 300 banks fail.
June 26. The nation's first populist governor, John Altgeld of Illinois, pardons Haymarket anarchists.
October 13. Union Pacific goes into receivership.
October 30. Columbian Exposition closes.

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SELECTED DISCOGRAPHY

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America Sings, Vol. II. Gregg Smith Singers; New York Vocal Arts Ensemble. Vox SVBX-5304.

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Cincinnati's University Singers:

SOPRANOS

Kim Criswell, Vera Grujin, Carol Penterman, Carol Sweeney-Sparrow; Marianne Specht, Joan Walton

ALTOS

Janice Conrads, Renée Crutcher, Gina Ferraro, Kimberly Johns, Faith Prince, Kate Scharre

TENORS

Bruce Ford, Bruno Kazenas, Kenneth Nisch, Douglas Pennington, Richard Perry, William Schaeffer, Samuel Watts

BASSES

Ronald Campbell, Kenneth Durnbaugh, Joel Imbody, Jeffrey Lewis, Thomas Mariner, Michael van Engen, Philip Yutzy

with Thomas Bankston

Piano and harmonium: Bonnie Wollpert, Earl Rivers

Percussion: Chuck Riehle

Choreographer: Joan Walton

Stage manager: Ron Bunt

Musical assistants: Bruno Kazenas, Jeffrey Lewis

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THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD 80267-2

Cincinnati's University Singers

Earl Rivers, director

1 *THE HAND THAT HOLDS THE BREAD* (George F. Root)

Chorus

2 *THE ANTI-MONOPOLY WAR SONG* (R. J. Harrison [?])

Michael Van Engen

3 *THE PACIFIC RAILROAD* (George F. Root)

Chorus

- 4 *THE SONG OF THE RED MAN* (Henry C. Work)
Thomas Mariner; with Kimberly Johns, Janice Conrads, Samuel Watts, Jeffrey Lewis
- 5 *THE FUTURE AMERICA* (Traditional and H. C. Dodge)
Chorus
- 6 *DRILL, YE TARRIERS, DRILL* (Thomas F. Casey [?])
Bruno Kasenas; with Philip Yutzy and Richard Perry
- 7 *A LABORER YOU SEE, AND I LOVE LIBERTY* (George W. Loyd)
Philip Yutzy
- 8 *OUT OF WORK* (Alice Hawthorne [Septimus Winner])
Thomas Mariner
- 9 *EIGHT HOURS* (Jesse H. Jones and I. G. Blanchard)
Philip Yutzy
- 10 *THE CHINESE, THE CHINESE, YOU KNOW* (W. S. Mullally and John E. Donnelly)
Richard Perry
- 11 *LITTLE AH SID* (Joseph P. Skelly)
Richard Perry
- 12 *NO IRISH NEED APPLY* (O'Reilly [?])
Kate Scharre
- 13 *UNCLE SAM'S FARM* (E. P. Christy and Jesse Hutchinson)
Douglas Pennington; with Carol Sweeney-Sparrow, Janice Conrads, Michael van Engen
- 14 *JIM FISK, OR HE NEVER WENT BACK ON THE POOR* (William J. Scanlan [?])
Ronald Campbell; with Carol Sweeney-Sparrow, Janice Conrads, Douglas Pennington, Michael van Engen
- 15 *KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN* (T. Martin Towne)
Marianne Specht, Kimberly Johns, Samuel Watts, Jeffrey Lewis
- 16 *WE NEVER SPEAK AS WE PASS BY* (Anonymous and Frank Egerton [?])
Douglas Pennington; with Carol Sweeney-Sparrow, Janice Conrads, Michael van Engen
- 17 *WHEN THE GIRLS CAN VOTE* (M. H. Evans and Emma Pow Smith [Bauder])
Chorus
- 18 *THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN* (John Hutchinson;
arr. H. H. Hawley)
Carol Penterman
- 19 *MA! MA! WHERE'S MY PA?* (H. R. Monroe [Monroe Rosenfeld])
Joel Imbody; with Vera Grujin and Marianne Specht
- 20 *LITTLE BROWN JUG* (Eastburn [Joseph Eastburn Winner])
Richard Perry
- 21 *FATHER'S A DRUNKARD, AND MOTHER IS DEAD* (Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst and "Stella" of Washington [Nellie H. Bradley])
Faith Prince
- 22 *CROOKED WHISKEY* (Anonymous and "Sour Mash")
Richard Perry
- 23 *AFTER THE FAIR* (Otto Bonnell and Charles K. Harris)
Thomas Bankston
- 24 *TA-RA-RA BOOM-DE-AY* (Angelo A. Asher and Richard Morton; earlier version arr. Henry J. Sayers)

Kim Criswell

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