

**JAKE XERXES FUSSELL**  
**WHAT IN THE NATURAL WORLD**

**Notes, Credits, and Lyrics**

***Side A***

**Jump For Joy**

Duke Ellington, Sid Kuller, & Paul Francis Webster, 1941 | From Ellington's 1941 musical revue *Jump For Joy: A Sun-Tanned Revu-sical*

Fare thee well, land of cotton, cotton lisle is out of style  
Honey child, jump for joy  
Don't you grieve, Little Eve, all the hounds, I do believe  
Have been killed, ain't ya thrilled, jump for joy

Have you seen pastures groovy?  
Green Pastures was just a Technicolor movie

When you stomp up to heaven and you meet old Saint Pete  
Tell that boy jump for joy  
Step right in, give Pete some skin, and jump for joy

**Have You Ever Seen Peaches Growing on a Sweet Potato Vine?**

Traditional | *Source:* Jimmy Lee Williams, Poulan, Georgia, 1982 | *See:* "Peaches in the Springtime," Memphis Jug Band, 1928; "Sorrowful Blues," Trixie Smith, 1924

Have you ever seen peaches growing on a sweet potato vine  
Have you ever seen peaches growing on a sweet potato vine  
Well, wake up, woman, take your big leg off of mine

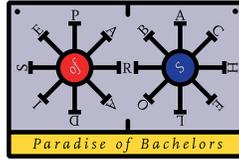
Well, I love that woman, I can't call her name  
Well, I love that woman, I can't call her name  
She's a married woman but I love her just the same

Well, I give you my money, all my loving too  
Well, I give you my money, all my loving too  
Well, tell me, baby, what more can I do?

Have you ever seen peaches growing on a sweet potato vine  
Have you ever seen peaches growing on a sweet potato vine  
Well, wake up, woman, take your big leg off of mine

**Pinnacle Mountain Silver Mine**

Helen Cockram, 1979 | *See:* *Native Virginia Ballads and Songs*, Blue Ridge Institute, 1981



They say there's silver in the Pinnacle Mountain / Nuggets found in the river below  
From a cave back up in the mountain / One man had the fortune to know  
Though many have searched this mountain / Its secret is hidden in the ground  
Lives were risked and crops were abandoned / But the silver hasn't yet been found

It's a rocky old mountain I'm a-climbing  
There's a raging river below  
Through the valley so beautiful and winding  
And its secret I may never know, no its secret I may never know

In the legend one man took shelter / From the storm with his sheep in a cave  
Things of silver in the walls were gleaming / As the streaks of lightning danced and played  
Upon returning his sheep to the pasture / Back to the cave he thought he could go  
But for weeks he searched for this treasure / Hidden in the ground below

It's a rocky old mountain I'm a-climbing  
There's a raging river below  
Through the valley so beautiful and winding  
And its secret I may never know, no its secret I may never know

### Furniture Man

Traditional | Source: Lil McClintock, Clinton, South Carolina, 1930 | See: "Riley the Furniture Man," Georgia Crackers, 1927; "Cocaine Blues," Luke Jordan, 1927; "Furniture Man," Bill Chitwood & Bud Landress, 1925

What kind of business has the poor man got dealing with the furniture man?  
Well he's got no dough and it will stand to show / and I expect the wagon's gonna stand  
This pi-ano and everything, Mister Cooper had it written under my name  
So take your time, Mister Brown, take your time

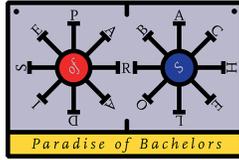
The furniture man he came to my house, it was last Sunday morn'  
He asked me if my wife was at home, I told him she had long been gone  
He backed the wagon up to the door and he took everything I had  
He hauled it back to the furniture store, honey, I did feel bad  
Well he took everything from an earthenware plate from a bed-tick to a frying pan  
And if there ever was a devil who'd been born without horns  
Well, he must've been a furniture man

So take your time, Mister Brown, take your time  
All this furniture is mine  
Well, this pi-ano and everything, Mister Cooper had it written under my name  
So take your time, Mister Brown, take your time

### Bells of Rhymney

Lyrics by Idris Davies (from *Gwalia Deserta*, 1938); music by Jake Xerxes Fussell

What will you give me



Say the sad bells of Rhymney  
Is there hope for the future  
Cry the brown bells of Merthyr  
Who made the mine owner?  
Say the black bells of Rhondda  
And who robbed the miner  
Cry the grim bells of Blaina

They have fangs, they have teeth  
Shout the loud bells of Neath  
They will plunder will-nilly  
Cry the bells of Caerphilly  
Even God is uneasy  
Say the moist bells of Swansea  
And what will you give me  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney

Throw the vandals in court  
Say the bells of Newport  
All will be well if if if  
Cry the green bells of Cardiff  
Why so worried, sisters, why?  
Sang the silver bells of Wye  
And what will you give me  
Say the sad bells of Rhymney

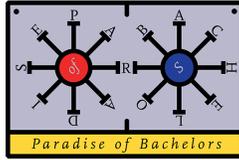
## ***Side B***

### **Billy Button**

Traditional | *Source:* Mary Ruth Moore & Art Rosenbaum, Athens, Georgia, 2003 *See:* "Dr. Ginger Blue," Arthur Tanner & His Corn-Shuckers, 1929; "Ginger Blue," Charlie Oaks, 1926; "Walky, Talky Ginger Blue," Marie Wilbur, Pineville, Missouri, 1926 (*Ozark Folk Songs*, Vance Randolph); "Walkin' Talkin' Jinger Blue," Jewell Robbins, Pekin, North Carolina, 1921 (*Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore*, Vol. 5)

Hog meat, I got plenty  
Sheep meat's too good for the fellow  
Ram, lamb, sheep mutton - good enough for Billy Button, any other living glutton  
Walking Joe, I'll be your friend  
It's a long way to travel and the money for to spend  
Walking talking Ginger Blue get over double trouble, I'm bound for the happy Land of Canaan

The old tomcat, he did love honey  
The old tomcat, he did love money  
Caught a fellow by the collar, made him whoop and made him holler, made him pay a half a dollar  
Walking Joe, I'll be your friend  
It's a long way to travel and the money for to spend  
Walking talking Ginger Blue get over double trouble, I'm bound for the happy Land of Canaan



Hog meat, I got plenty  
Sheep meat's too good for the fellow  
Ram, lamb, sheep mutton - good enough for Billy Button, any other living glutton  
Walking Joe, I'll be your friend  
It's a long way to travel and the money for to spend  
Walking talking Ginger Blue get over double trouble, I'm bound for the happy Land of Canaan  
Walking talking Ginger Blue get over double trouble, I'm bound for the happy Land of Canaan  
Walking talking Ginger Blue get over double trouble, I'm bound for the happy Land of Canaan

### Canyoneers

Loy Clingman, 1956 | See: *Folk Songs of the Colorado River*, Katie Lee, 1964

Come listen and I'll tell a tale of hardy canyoneers  
That breed of men the river rats who live without the fears  
Of common ordinary men whose worries sure are small  
Compared to those who flirt with death within that high grey wall

What's in a man to make him thirst for the kind of life he knows is cursed?  
He'll die a lonely river rat, foolhardy canyoneer

Do you ever wonder what you'd do when all the chips were down  
If you doubt you'd do what a man would do when danger comes around  
Then take the test to prove the case to see if courage calls  
As waves leap thirty feet or more on the trip through Lava Falls

What's in a man to make him thirst for the kind of life he knows is cursed?  
He'll die a lonely river rat, foolhardy canyoneer

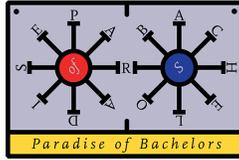
At night at rest on a rocky beach he hears a hairy sigh  
Of the lonely phantom of the gorge whose mournful voices cry  
Although we ran the rapids wild and with our lives did pay  
We welcome you, you canyoneers, who come this dismal way

What's in a man to make him thirst for the kind of life he knows is cursed?  
He'll die a lonely river rat, foolhardy canyoneer

### St. Brendan's Isle

Jimmy Driftwood, 1960

When I was a lad on the Emerald Isle  
I heard many stories both lovely and wild  
About the great dragons and monsters that be  
That swallow the ships when they sail on the sea  
Oh I was an artist with canvas and paints  
I sailed with St Brendan and his jolly saints  
We told the good people goodbye for a while



We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle, fair isle  
We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle

We'd been on the ocean just ninety-four days  
When we came to this place where the sea was ablaze  
The devils from Hades were yelling with glee  
And burning the sailors alive on the sea  
Then Saint Brendan walked on the blistering waves  
And drove all the demons right back to their caves  
And all of the saints had a heavenly smile  
We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle, fair isle  
We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle

One night as the brethren were lying asleep  
A great dragon came up from out of the deep  
He thundered and lightnined and his mighty din  
Awakened Saint Brendan and all of his men  
The dragon came on with his mouth open wide  
We threw in a cross and the great dragon died  
We skinned him and cooked him and feasted a while  
We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle, fair isle  
We sailed for St Brendan's fair isle

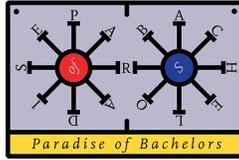
At last we came onto that heavenly land  
We all went ashore and we walked on the sand  
We took our longbows and we killed a zebu  
We roasted his hams and had hot barbecue  
When after the meal we were singing a song  
We noticed our island was moving along  
We ate and we drank and we rode in high style  
We sailed on St Brendan's fair isle, fair isle  
We sailed on St Brendan's fair isle

St Brendan said "Boys this is much to my wish,  
We ride on the back of the world's biggest fish  
Hold tight to the rope that is dragging our ship  
We'll need it someday if the fish takes a dip"  
We sailed every ocean, we sailed every sea  
We seen every sight that a sailor could sea  
In forty-four days we rode ten million miles  
We sailed on St Brendan's fair isle, fair isle  
We sailed on St Brendan's fair isle

### Lowe Bonnie

Traditional, derivative of the ballad "Young Hunting" (also known as "Henry Lee"), Roud no. 47 / Child no. 68 |  
*Source:* Jimmie Tarlton, Phenix City, Alabama, 1930 | *See:* "Lou Bonnie," Ollie Gilbert, Mountain View, Arkansas, 1971; "Lord Bonnie," James York, Olin, North Carolina, 1939

Lowe Bonnie, Lowe Bonnie was a hunting young man



And a-hunting he did ride  
With his hunting horn slung around his neck  
And his broadsword by his side

Well he hunted 'til he came to his old true love  
And a-lightly tingled down at his reins  
No one was ready but his old true love  
To hear right and say "Call in"

"Call in, Call in," Lowe Bonnie, she cried  
And stay all night with me  
A burning fire which you shall receive  
And a drink of white chocolate tea"

Says "I will call in and I will set down  
But I haven't got a moment to stay  
There's one more girl in this whole round town  
That I love better than thee"

Oh, it's while he was sitting all on her lap  
He was kissing her so sweet  
A little penknife was so keen and sharp  
She wounded him so deep

"Don't die, Don't die," Lowe Bonnie, she cried  
"Don't die, don't die so soon  
I'll send for the doctors in the whole round town  
For one can heal your wound"

"How can I live, how can I live?  
You've wounded me so deep  
I think I feel my own heart's blood  
A-dropping on my feet"

Lowe Bonnie, Lowe Bonnie was a hearty young man  
And a-hunting he did ride  
With his hunting horn slung around his neck  
And his broadsword by his side

### *Credits & Personnel*

Jake Xerxes Fussell: vocals, acoustic & electric guitars

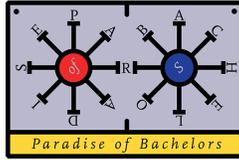
Nathan Bowles: drums, banjo, piano, melodica

Casey Toll: upright & electric bass

Nathan Golub: steel guitar

Ioan Shelley: vocal, "Lowe Bonnie"

Nathan Salsburg: acoustic guitar, "Pinnacle Mountain Silver Mine"



Recorded & engineered by Jason Meagher at Black Dirt Studio, Orange County, New York & by Nick Petersen at Track & Field Recording, Orange County, North Carolina, March through May 2016.

Mixed by Jeff Zeigler at Uniform Recording, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mastered by Josh Bonati at Bonati Mastering, Brooklyn, New York.

All songs are traditional or c their respective composers.  
These performances & arrangements c Jake Xerxes Fussell 2017.

Design and layout by Brendan Greaves.  
Jacket paintings both by Roger Brown (American, 1941–1997);  
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*Recto*: “Hunters Hunting an Autumnal Tapestry,” 1976, oil on canvas, 96”× 42”.  
*Verso*: “A Seasonal Change,” 1974, oil on canvas, 46”× 96”.

*Thank you*: Paige Prather, Brendan Greaves, Christopher J. Smith, Julienne Alexander, Chris Catanese, Jefferson Currie II, Lisa Stone, & The Roger Brown Study Collection. *Special thanks to* Nathan Bowles.

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