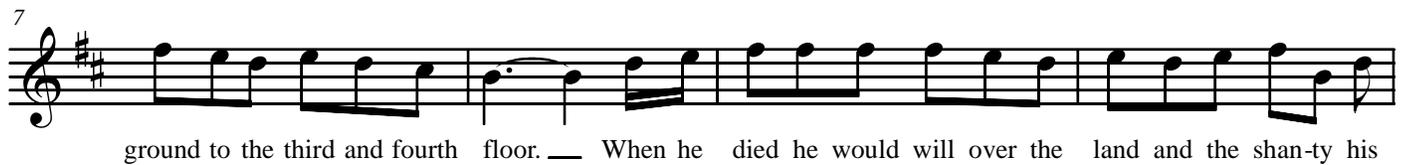
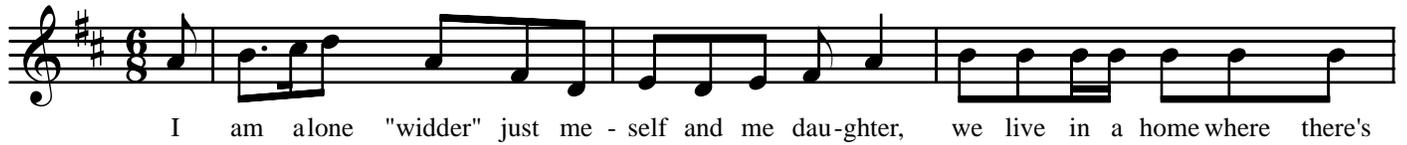


Buck Billy Goat (Lone Widder)

As sung by
Charley Bowlen

Originally in e minor
08-18-1941 Black River Falls, WI

Verse



Verse 1.

I am alone "widder" just meself and me daughter,
We live in a home where there's welcome galore.
Me husband he formerly carried up mortar,
From the ground to the third and fourth floor.
When he died he would will over the land and the shanty,
His pipe, and his stick, and his prized overcoat,
The pigs and the goslings and chickens so banty,
And his favorite pet: oh me buck billy goat.

Verse 2.

With the horses at night he would sleep in the stable,
He was always awake at the break of the day.
When breakfast was ready he'd be found at the table,
Sure you never could drive him away.
Oh he'd lay for a fence so gentle and easy,
And he'd stand by the pond for to see the ducks float.
He'd trip o'er the hill shor'n he never was lazy,
Was my favorite pet: oh me buck billy goat.

(Lyrics continued next page)

Verse 3.

His whiskers were long like the wandering Jew man,
 He ate up old hoopskirts, newspapers, and rags.
 When a kid he belonged to young Mary and Doren,
 He would play and skip out on the flags.
 Ah he was a sly devil me own charming billy,
 He was the companion on him sure I dote.
 So fond of sunflowers and daffy-down-dillies,
 Was my favorite pet: oh me buck billy goat.

Verse 4.

His horns were like sabers he'd fight like a trooper,
 He'd bait all the goats for so many miles round.
 He'd butt out a stranger but never a neighbor,
 Sure they never could take him to the pound.
 All the dogs and the cats sure they never come near 'im,
 With his horns he would butt them a terrible stroke.
 It was long days and years it took me for to rear him,
 Did my favorite pet: oh me buck billy goat.

Verse 5.

His hair was like silk it hung long and droopin',
 He traveled some times with Mike Regan's big Nan.
 If a child in the neiborhood took on the croopin',
 He would stand and he'd gaze like a man.
 'Twas a blast from the quarry struck him on the shoulder,
 On the day that me husband went out for to vote.
 He lay sick in bed from the fall of the boulder.
 Did me favorite pet: oh me buck billy goat.

Coda

Yoho yohone,
 Come back to bosom
 Me own darling billy,
 Yoho yohone.

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by MB, HST.

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

Sung By Charlie Bowlen, age 67, Black River Falls, 1941.

Charlie Bowlen thinks that he is the only man in Wisconsin who knows this song. He learned it in the woods when he was about seventeen from an Irishman named "Sandy."

Popular songs of the city's music halls often became part of the lumberjack's regular repertoire. This song belongs to the Harrigan-Hart era of musical plays. The words are by Harrigan, and the music by Dave Braham. It appeared as Widow Nolan's Goat in 1881 in Squatter Sovereignty.

As Bowlen remarked at the close of the song, "She lost the poor damned thing."

[Handwritten notes, from Spaeth Read 'Em and Weep, p. 129:] *under the voyage of Harrigan and Hart - most gifted comedians of the 'seventies and their vogue lasted until the death of Tony Hart in 1891. Harrigan and Hart formed partnership in 1871; black face acts - also specialized in Irish songs. P. 133: in one play "Squatter Sovereignty" appeared that popular Irish song "The Widow Nolan's Goat". Quotes music of chorus only - all verses pp. 132-134.*

Sources:

Spaeth, Sigmund Gottfried. *Read 'Em and Weep: The Songs You Forgot to Remember*. Garden City, N.Y.: Doubleday, Page, and Co., 1927.