

# The Wild Mustard River

As sung by Eddie Ashlaw

Very freely

Capo: 3 D

The musical score is written in 6/8 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It consists of three staves of music. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The lyrics are written below the notes, with some words underlined. The guitar chords are indicated by letters above the notes.

1. Come all of you boys of the riv - er, Pay at -  
 2. We were camped on the Wild Mus - tard Riv - er; It's \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. It's then we got up and got read - y With \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. For the wa - ters came rush - ing and roar - ing Right \_\_\_\_\_  
 5. For we worked for an hour and a quar - ter, \*\*Til \_\_\_\_\_

ten - tion to me for a while, I will sing you a song of the  
 down by the old Hen - ry Dam. As we rolled from our blank - ets one  
 pea - veys and picks we sup - plied, While some of the boys took the  
 down on the tail end of the jam, For you know how the wa - ters wild  
 haul - ing it seemed most des - pair, But af - ter the wa - ters \*worked

sad fate Be - fell my friend, chum, John - ny Stile. \_\_\_\_\_  
 morn - ing, On the rocks there we spied a big jam. \_\_\_\_\_  
 foot trail To \_\_\_\_\_ o - pen the res - er - voir dam. \_\_\_\_\_  
 flow - ing With a flood from a res - er - voir dam. \_\_\_\_\_  
 through her, Like \_\_\_\_\_ light - ning she pulled out of there. \_\_\_\_\_

6. It's "Rider her, ride down to dead waters,"  
 Our foreman he cried, we obeyed.  
 Not a man in our number but had rode her,  
 Not a man in our crew was afraid.

7. There was not a man on the logs better  
 Than my friend, it's my chum, Johnny Stile,  
 For he'd rode in her more times than any,  
 But always was careless and wild.

8. This day luck had proved hard against him:  
 His foot, it got caught in the jam.  
 And you know how the waters wild flowing,  
 They roll in but they never roll out.

9. For we worked for an hour and a quarter,  
 We had worked 'til the sweat down did pour,  
 And when that we'd got his poor body,  
 It did not look like him anymore.

10. He was crushed from his feet to his shoulders,  
 He was rolled out as thin as your hand;  
 But he never squealed 'til it was all over,  
 For Johnny had plenty of sand.

11. We buried him beneath the green willows,  
 Where the larks and the nightingales sing.  
 His grave, it was covered with flowers,  
 Wild flowers that bloom in the spring.

12. Way down on the Wild Mustard River,  
 Poor Johnny lies under the sod,  
 For on earth we'll find rest for his body,  
 And hope that his soul is with God.

\*This G is often sung as an A (more so in the second instance than the first), and sometimes results in a modification of the pick-up which follows.

\*\*In the field recording, Ashlaw inserts some extra words (probably in the process of remembering the song while singing it) which are not included here, as they add extra beats to the rhythm.