

## Robert Deeble

### "The Bluegrass Widow"

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It's been five years come this autumn, she remembers  
well the day  
The day the fever got him, and took him far away  
Far away from always knowing that the love they  
shared was true  
Far away the fiddler's bowing, the grass forever blue

It was in the dead of winter when her man first caught  
the chill  
And he said he heard the angels singing "Cabin on the  
Hill"  
Through the springtime he was groaning "The good  
times are past and gone"  
By the summer she was moaning "Old lover please  
come home"

Chorus:

Now she stands out in the midnight in the moonlight all  
aglow  
She prays to Carter Stanley "Won't you please tell Bill  
Monroe  
Rather be in some dark hollow or some dark deep  
shady grove  
Than to be a bluegrass widow"

Spoken word break:

I started listening to bluegrass music in Bryan  
Duckworth's rust red 1970 Ford Maverick.  
Had an eight track tape deck and an eight track tape of  
Bill Monroe's Greatest Hits.  
We used to skip second period chemistry and go over  
to the Shamrock station across the street from the high  
school and get a case of Texas Pride beer.  
Charge it on my dad's credit card and get 'em to write  
it up as oil so dad never knew the difference.  
Then we'd ride around and drink Texas Pride, listen to  
Bill Monroe.  
Soon we got to be bluegrass experts.  
And we'd stop in another Shamrock station and get  
another Texas Pride case, drink that and listen to the  
Stanley Brothers and then we'd go get a tape of Jim

and Jesse and it was on to the Kentucky Colonels and Mack Wiseman and the New Grass Revival, Peter Rowan, and finally I got the brilliant idea one day to take all the greatest bluegrass song titles in the world and string 'em together to make this song right here, The Bluegrass Widow.  
Quite possibly the worst bluegrass song ever written.

I did this in tribute to the Front Porch Boys, which was a bluegrass band I was in in College Station, Texas. We were a little four piece band, we played weddings and parties and out on the porch and beer joints and one weekend on a handful of cheap amphetamines, we decided to go to Crockett, Texas. We entered the International Bluegrass Band Competition and took second place. We could play faster than anybody in the competition. The other two bands took first and third, respectively. I met some friends and went off into the night separated from the Front Porch Boys and met back up with them in the cold, gray light of dawn, as the bluegrass songs say. They were standing underneath a giant pine tree there in Crockett singing the rudest, most grotesque, nastiest bluegrass songs you've ever heard in your life. I'm talking about the kind of song where not only is the character in the song dead by the end of the song, but he's been dismembered as well. And the Front Porch Boys stopped and looked up at me just long enough to say, "We're taking bluegrass music where it's never been before. And we're not taking you with us 'cause you don't have that high and lonesome sound that bluegrass music requires." Well, I'm not one to fight failure. I packed up my stuff and left. The Front Porch Boys broke up three days later when they realized I owned the PA system.

"Will you miss me when I'm gone?" were his final words to her  
"Darlin' think of what you've done," then replied his Knoxville girl  
And the leaves had started turning when his mind began to fail  
Then he broke down in a breakdown, now she wears a long black veil.

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