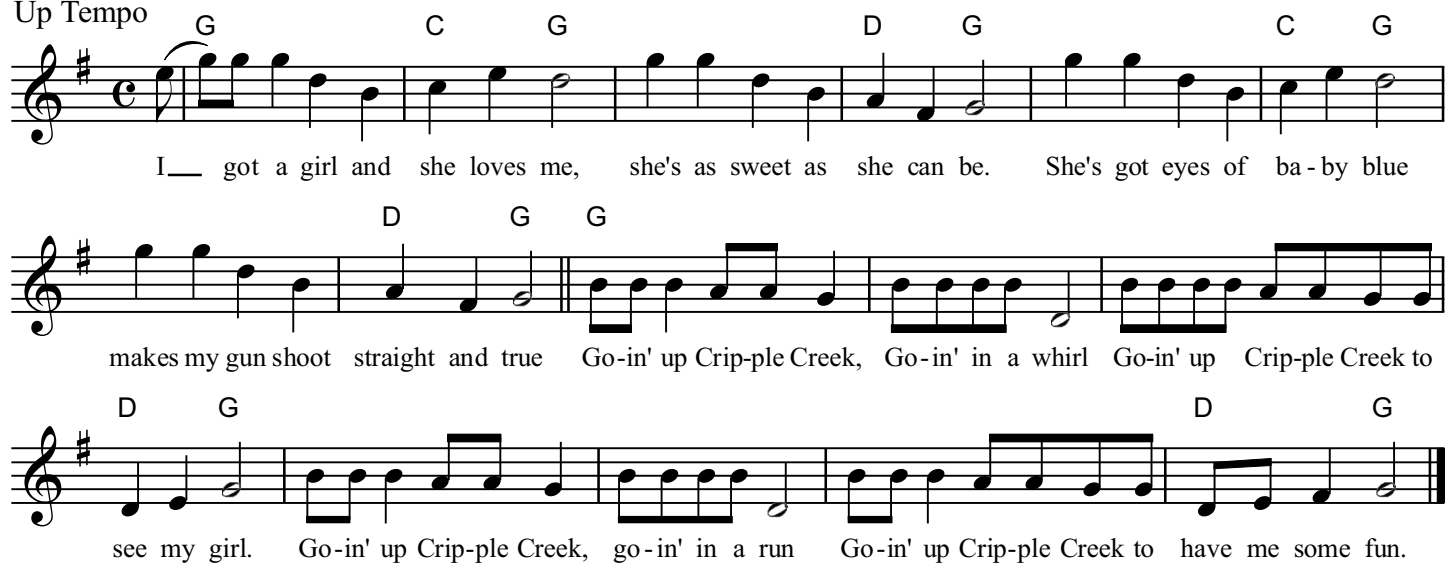


# CRIPPLE CREEK

Traditional Old-Time, Bluegrass; Breakdown. **DATE:** Early 1900's; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** The Hill Billies-1925; Doc Roberts-1925; Fiddlin' John Carson; Charlie Poole and the North Carolina Ramblers- "Shootin' Creek" 1928; J. E. Mainer & the Mountaineers; Flatt & Scruggs & the Foggy Mountain Boys; Fiddlin' Cowan Powers; Stanley Brothers Doc Watson; **OTHER NAMES:** "Going Up/Down Cripple Creek," "Going Up/Down Shootin' Creek;" "Going Up/Down Brushy Fork," "Shootin' Creek;" "Buck Creek Girls (Gals)." **NOTES:** The tune had and still has wide currency throughout the South. There have been several suggestions about the origin of the title and tune, although no definitive information has been found. Folklorist Alan Jabbour, of the Library of Congress found that the oldest Appalachian fiddlers he collected from could recall the first time that they had heard "Cripple Creek," leading Jabbour to speculate that the title might have something to do with the Cripple Creek, Colorado, labor troubles. Gold had been discovered there in 1891 and the labor disputes date from 1903-1904. Many think the tune and title older however, and point out a likely candidate for the title origins include the Cripple Creek that flows through Grayson and Carroll Counties in Virginia, emptying into the New River. Below is the Bluegrass Messenger's version from "Live in Mt. Airy."

Up Tempo



I got a girl and she loves me, she's as sweet as she can be. She's got eyes of ba-by blue  
 makes my gun shoot straight and true Go-in' up Crip-ple Creek, Go-in' in a whirl Go-in' up Crip-ple Creek to  
 see my girl. Go-in' up Crip-ple Creek, go-in' in a run Go-in' up Crip-ple Creek to have me some fun.

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G C G D G  
 I got a gal and she loves me, She's as sweet as she can be,  
 C G D G  
 She's got eyes of baby blue, Makes my gun shoot straight and true.  
 G

**Chorus:** Goin' up Cripple Creek, goin' in a whirl,  
 D G  
 Goin' up Cripple Creek, to see my girl.

Goin' up Cripple Creek goin' in a run  
 D G  
 Goin' up Cripple Creek to have me some fun.

My gal lives at the head of the creek, I go up to see her 'bout twice a week.  
 She's got kisses sweet as any wine,  
 Wraps herself 'round me like a sweet pertater vine. *Chorus*

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep,  
 I'll wade old Cripple Creek before I sleep  
 Roll my britches to my knees, I'll wade old Cripple Creek when I please. *Chorus*