

1939 Southern Recording Trip Fieldnotes

SOUTHERN RECORDING TRIP

by John A. Lomax and Ruby T. Lomax

March 31 - June 14, 1939

AFS 2589 - 2728

Section I: Itinerary and Acknowledgments

RECORDING TRIP For the Folk Song Archive of the Library of Congress

March 31, 1939 - June 14, 1939 John A. Lomax, assisted by Ruby Terrill Lomax (Mrs. John A.)

Travel by automobile, 1939 Plymouth, owned by John A. Lomax Equipment- Presto recording machine and playback for AC current. Two sets batteries and converter.

Total mileage 6502 miles States-Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, South Carolina-recordings made. Galax, Virginia-stop on Archive business, no recordings.

Acknowledgment is made to the following for valuable assistance in locating musicians and arranging appointments: Sister Joan of Arc, Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio, Tex. Sister Mary Dolores, 2410 Anne. St., Houston, Texas John B. Jones, 1912 Kipling St, Houston J. L. Goree, 2908 Jackson St, Houston Miss Manuela Longorio(teacher), Brownsville, Texas J. K. Wells, Brownsville, Texas Judge Harbert Davenport, Brownsville, Texas Mrs. Edward Lasater, Falflurrias, Texas Frank Goodwyn.

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Falfurrias and Kingsville, Texas Prof. J. A. Rickard, A & I College, Kingsville, Tex. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. A. Moye, N. 7th st., Kingsville, Texas J. Marvin Hunter, Bandera, Tex. Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, Texas Supt. Ellingson, State Prison, Huntsville, Texas Prof. and Mrs. William Longino, Teachers College, Huntsville, Tex. Captains at Ramsey and Clemens State Farms, and the Goree Farm Gonzalo Lopez, Sugar land, Texas H. R. Weaver, Merryville, La. Supt. Reed, Cummins State Farm, Varner, Ark. and Capts. Allen, Acklin and Martin Capt. Burt Clayton, Camp 9, State Farm, Arkansas City, Ark. Supt. Thames, State Farms, Parchman, Miss. Mrs. Ruby Pickens Tartt, Livingston, Alabama Supt. L. F. Chapman, Raiford, Florida (State Penitentiary)

Recording-Lomax (J. A.)- 1839 Acknowledgmens cont'd- - Mrs. Genevieve W. Chandler, Murrells Inlet, South Carolina Ben Robertson, Clemson, S.C. C. F. Adams, Seneca, S.C.

Number acetate double-faced records- - (12 in.) (6 in.) Number separate songs or items

ITINERARY March 31, 1939 left Port Aransas, Texas April 1-4 Austin, Texas and environs April 4-14 Houston, Texas and environs April 15-17 West Columbia, Clemens Farm and environs April 18-23 Houston, Sugarland, Centra 1 Farm, Darrington Farm April 24-29 Brownsville, Texas and environs April 29-30 Falfurrias, Texas April 30-May 2 Kingsville, Texas May 3-May 7 Bandera and Medina, Texas May 8, 9 Comanche, Texas May 10 Taylor, Tex. May 11-14 Huntsville, Tex. May 15-19 Merryville, Louisiana and vicinity May 20-21 Cummins State Farm, Varner, Ark. May 22 Camp 9, State Farm, near Arkansas City, Ark. May 23-25 Parchman, Miss. . . State Penitentiary (farms) May 26-30 Livingston, Alabama May 31 En route June 1 Newberry, Florida. June 2-5 Raiford, Florida-State Penitentiary June 6 En route June 6-8 Murrells Inlet, S. C. June 9-12 Clemson, S. C. and Taccoa Falls, Ga. June 12 Enroute June 13 Galax, Va. June 14 Galax to Washington, D. C.

Section 2: Port Aransas, Austin and Houston, Texas; March 31-April 14

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RECORDING TRIP March 31- June 14, 1939 John A. Lomax accompanied by Ruby Terrill Lomax (Mrs. John A.)

We left Port Aransas, where we had spent the winter months, on March 31. At Aransas Pass, on the mainland, we unboxed and loaded into our Plymouth the fine almost-new recording machine, microphone, stand and converter, leaving the two heavy batteries to be shipped directly to Houston by express. Then we headed for Austin where we knew a mechanic who could check the machine to be sure all parts were there and working.

On April 4 we arrived at Houston, which we made headquarters for the next two weeks. The engagement that set the date for this trip was a performance of a Sacred Drama, The Good Thief, about which Sister Joan of Arc of the Our Lady of the Lake College had written us. It was to be presented on Easter Sunday, April 9, at Guadalupe Church, Houston, by a group of Mexican Texans led by the Gozalo Lopez Family of Sugarland. With the help of Sister Mary Dolores an appointment to record the choral parts of this drama was arranged for the afternoon of April 9. Unfortunately after two of the choruses had been recorded something went wrong with the machine; there being no electrician at call on Sunday afternoon, the recording had to be postponed and a date was set for a meeting at the Sugarland home of the Lopez family.

John B. Jones of 1912 Kipling St., Houston, and of Hollywood, California was a student of John A. Lomax at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College. He became interested in folk songs and was very helpful in bringing in folk materials. This interest he has kept. At his home in Houston on April 10 Mr. Lomax recorded old tunes with words, some texts incomplete, of songs that Mr. Jones had learned from various sources. His mother, Mrs. Kate W. Jones, who had come to Texas from Mississippi in 1868, also knew and recorded several fragments, mostly children's songs.

See texts on following pages.

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2589 RECORD- TEMPORARY DISC #1.

A 1. Christopher Columbo Sung by John B. Jones, Houston, Texas and Hollywood, Calif. April 10, 1939 in his Houston home, 1912 Kipling St. Comment: "Have known it all my life. Hundreds of verses. Much of it lewd. Will send words".

A 2. THE BRITISH KING Sung by John B. Jones (see above) Comment: "Learned tune in army. Words supposed to be Kipling's. Have heard that this song cost him the laureateship. Lewd. Song said to be popular at the University of Va."

A 3. HOME BOYS HOME Sung by John B. Jones (see A 1) Comment: "Learned this ong in the army before 1910."

A 4. BESSIE MOORE-fragment Sung by John B. Jones (see above). "They'll take me to Texas Where I'll be tried For the murder of poor Bessie Moore. I'll sail the wild seas no more; For they'll take me to Texas Where, etc."

B 1. THE ARCHER'S SONG Sung by John B. Jones (see note A1) Comment: "English archers sang it in 14th century; sang it during discharge of seven arrows, the seventh of which was in the air before the first touched the ground." "Oh, we'll all pull together round the grey goose feather, For the land where the grey goose grows."

B 2. The U.S. MARINE MARCH Played by Mrs. Kate W. Jones on piano Comment: "Learned it from my mother, who learned it about 1830." Date and place of recording as in A 1. Mrs. Jones is mother of John B. Jones; came with her family from Mississippi in 1868. She was Kate Giallard.

B 3. Hunting Horn Calls John B. Jones (see A 1) blows hunting calls for dogs on old heifer's horn, scraped down by a Negro. Horn covered with squirrel skin where horn scraped too thin. Sound will carry two or three miles. Two calls blown: (1) Calling dogs together for hunt; (2) Calling dogs off after prey treed, etc.

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2590 RECORD-TEMPORARY NO. 2

A 1. Dilly, Dilly (See revised text next page) Sung by Mrs. Kate W. Jones, Houston, Texas, 1912 Kipling St. April 10, 1939 Comment: Mrs. Jones learned this song from her mother, who herself must have known it by 1830. Mrs. Jones came to Texas from Miss. in 1868. First line: "Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond." Oh, what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond? I've beef in the larder and ducks in the pond. Call, "Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed, For you must ne stuffed and my customers filled." Mrs. Bond went down to the pond in a rage, With plenty of onions and plenty of sage; Calling, "Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed, For you must be stuffed and my customers filled."

A 2. THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE Sung by Mrs. Kate W. Jones (see above, A 1) Comment: Learned from he mother. Three 4 stanzas were was all Mrs. Jones could recall. There was a lady loved a swine. "Honey," said she, "Pig, Hog, wilt thou be mine?" "Hunh!", said he. "I'll build thee a silver sty, Honey," said she; "And in it thou shalt lie." "Hunh!" said he. "I'LL pin it with a silver pin, Honey," said she, "That thou may'st go out and in." "Hunh!" said he. "Wilt thou have me now, Honey?" said she. "Speak or my heart will break." "Hunh!" said he.

A 3. MISS LUCY LONG (For revised text, see next page Sung by Mrs. Kate W. Jones (see above A 1) Comment: This song used as lullaby by Mrs. Jones's Mammy in Miss. Miss Lucy she is handsome, Miss Lucy she is tall. The way she danced Paducah, She beat them niggers all. Oh, rock that cradle, Lucy; Oh, rock that cradle long; Oh, rock that cradle, Lucy, and keep that baby warm. Her head is like a cabbage, Her ears like sauer-kraut; Her mouth is like a fire-place, With the ashes taken out. Oh, rock that cradle, Lucy; Oh, rock that cradle long; Oh, rock that cradle, Lucy, And keep that baby warm. Houston, Texas April 11, 1939 Mr mike Hogg

2590 Temporary No. 2

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A. 1. Dilly, Dilly (revised version of Text) Mrs. Kate W. Jones Oh what have you got for dinner, Mrs. Bond? I've beef in the larder and ducks in the pond Call, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed For you must be stuffed and my customers filled John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two, John Ostler, go fetch me a duckling or two- Call, dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed, For you must be stuffed and the customers filled I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond And they won't come and be killed, Mrs. Bond, I cried, Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed, For you must be stuffed and the customers filled. Mrs. Bond she went down to the pond in a rage, With plenty of onions and plenty of sage; She cried, Dilly, dilly, dilly, dilly, come you little wag-tails, (wag, come and be killed, For you shall be stuffed and my customers filled.

Temporary No. 2

A 3. Miss Lucy (revised version of text) Mrs. Kate W. Jones Miss Lucy she is handsome, Miss Lucy she is tall, And the way she danced Paduka, she beat the niggers all. Chorus Rock that cradle, Lucy, rock that cradle long, Rock that cradle, Lucy, and keep that baby warm. Miss Lucy went a-fishing, she caught a little trout; Says she, You little rascal, does your mammy know you're out? Her head is like a cabbage, her ears like sauer kraut, Her mouth is like a fire-place, with the ashes taken out.

2590A4 Disc-Temporary No.2 cont'd

A 4. COACH AND SIX Sung by Mrs. Kate W. Jones (see note on A1) Comment: Used as lullaby by Mrs. Jones's Mammy in Mississippi, who came from Va. First line: Hush an' bye, don't you cry. Same song as "All the pretty little horses", as sung by Lomax children and printed in American Ballads an Folk Songs, Vol. I Hush an' bye, don't you cry,/Don't you cry, little baby; You shall have, you shall have,/You shall have, little baby, A coach and six, coach and six,/Coach and six little horses; All for the pretty little baby.

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A 5. Dance tune - Now salute your right Sung by John B. Jones, 1912 Kipling St., Houston, Texas; April 10, 1939 Comment; Mr Jones is son of Mrs. Kate W. Jones. He learned this tune from the Dayton community This tune as played by Jeff Carey, a dance fiddler of Cedar Bayou, Texas. Now deceased. Now salute your right, now salute your left; Swing that right hand lady round, and all promenade.

B 1. THERE WAS A COUNTRY BLADE(The man who had a dumb wife) Sung by John B. Jones (see note A 5) Comment: Sung around Dayton community, with a dance step. Dayton community "barbarians". Barber's Hill people near mouth of Cedar Bayou. Oh,- there was a country blade,/And he wooed a pretty maid, And he safely conducted her to home, home, home. She was neat in every art,/And she stole away his heart, But the pretty little creature, she was dumb, dumb, dumb. REFRAIN: Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la-, etc. To the doctor then he went, To make his heart content, For curing a dearie of her dumb, dumb, dumb. So he cut the chattering string and her tongue began to ring, And He'd given all he had if she was dumb, dumb, dumb. Refrain; Tra-la-la-la, etc To the doctor then he goes with his bosom full of woes, For curing his dearie of her dumb, dumb, dumb. Said the doctor he went to see, "I'm sorry you can't agree, For indeed you're both very young, young, young." Refrain: Said the doctor he went to see, "I'm sorry you can't agree, For indeed you're both very young, young, young; If her body all around you will make the hickory sound, You'll never more be bothered with her tongue, tongue, tongue.

B. (2) All the pretty little horses- Sung by Mrs. Shirley Lomax Mansell of Lubbock, Texas May 7, 1939 in home of Oscar Callaway, Comanche Co. Comment: Mrs. Mansell learned this song from her mother, who learned it From her mother, a Virginian.

2591- 2592 2593 Temporary No. 3 (J.A.L.)

Songs on this record by John Lowry Goree, made in his home, 2908 Jackson St., Houston, Tex. on April 12, 1939 Mr Goree came from Marian, Alabama in 1903; educated at Judson College; his great-grandfather, -King, trustee of that college and plantation

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owner; gave his children the plantation. Mr. Goree's mother died when he was born; as a small child he had scrofula and was sent to the plantation to be nursed by an old mammy, Aunt Harriet; he lived in a log cabin with her for two years. From her he learned the lullabies which he sings on these records, and by which he was often sung to sleep. Furthermore he sang his own children to sleep by them. On this plantation, also, he became familiar with the other tunes here recorded.

2593

A 1. Who curled yo' hair? by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see above) Comment: Sung by Negro women hoeing cotton on plantation in Black Belt near Marian, Alabama Who curled yo' hair an' combed yo' bangs? Little boy from L-u-zianner. An' he come from L-u-zianna, L-o-r-d, Lord. He curled my hair an' he combed my bangs, An' he come from L-u-zeanna.

A 2. Coach an' fifteen little ponies by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see above) Comment: Lullaby learned from Aunt Harriett Go to sleepy, little baby, go to sleepy little baby, When you wake, you shall have a coach an' fifteen pretty little ponies. One is red, an' one is green, pne is pink an' one is tan, One is yallow an' one is blue, an' one is purty jes like you. Go to sleepy, little baby, go to sleepy, little, baby, Go to sleepy, little baby, and let dem ponies in.

(For other versions see: Am. Ballads and Folk Songs, Vol. I-Pretty Little Horses as sung by Bess Brown Lomax; also Temporary Record No. 2-A 4: Coach and Six Little Horses, sung by Mrs. Kate". Jones.)

B 1. Jonah - (Spiritual) sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see note on A, above) Comment: Spiritual, but also sometimes sung by Negroes as they brought up cotton sacks from the field.

2593 Temporary No. 3

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B 2. Of all de beas'es in de worl'- -sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see note to A 1)

Comment: "Reel" Of all de beas'es in de worl' I'd ruther be a Pant'er, (panther) I'd crawl up on some lonesome hill An8 cry fer Susianner.

B 3. Sugar Babe sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see note on A1) Comment:

"Blues", learned when Mr. Goree was 7 or 8 years old. Stannin' on de corner wid a dollar in my han',-Sugar Babe, Stannin' on de corner wid a dollar in my han',-Lawd, lawd.

Stannin' on de corner wid a dollar in my han', Waitin' fer de 'oman didn' had no man, Sugar Babe. Lord knows I didn' mean no harm, Sugar Babe, Lord knows I didn' mean no harm, Lord, Lord; Lord knows I didn' mean no harm, Police grabbed me by my arm, Lord. He took me down to de Calaboose, Sugar Babe, He took me down to de Calaboose, Lord, Lord; He took me down to de Calaboose, An' I axed Jedge Mo' fer to turn me loose, Lord. Jedge Mo' didn' pay me no mind, Sugar Babe, Jedge Mo' didn' pay me no min', Lord, Lord; Jedge Mo' didn' pay me no min', Gun me 30 days an' a ten dollar fine, Sugar Babe.

B 4. Hear dat Whistle When She Blow- -(Train Song)- -by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas

(see note on A 1.) Hear dat whistle when she blow, Lord, Lord, Hear dat whistle when she blow, Uh, she blow like she never blow befo' Blow like she never blow before: T-o-o- -too-oo-e-ee Blow like she never blow before. Blow like she ain' goin' blow no mo', Uh, she blow like she ain' goin' blow no mo', Cause she's blowin' like my Honey's on Boa'd. Uh, de train got my Honey an' gone.

TEMPORARY NO. 2

Report of a side-walk conversation, mostly one-sided, between two Negro men in Alabama- Bre'r Zeke's Power in Prayer Reported by J. L. Goree at his home in Houston, Texas April 12, 1939. Mr. Goree is a U.S. "T"-man

2591

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Yon comes Bre'r Zeke; he ain' much on preachin', but he's 'bout de out-prayin'est Parson dat ever went to town on Satday. He can ast for mo' things in less time than air' nigger dat ever flung buck-shot mud off'n his boots. When he steps out to de aidge o' de pulpit, an' stretches his arms out'n frontta him, an' rolls his eyes up to de skies, an' starts prayin', hit look jes' like he 'spactin' de Good Lord to start drappin' de blessin's in his arms, den an' dere. He kin beg so hard, an' plead so pleadin' fied dat de corngregation, stidda prayin', be's peepin' thou deys fingers to see what sortta blessin's de Good Lord gwine drap down..

Lak de time back in 1932, Bre'r Zeke walked out to de aidge o' de pulpit 'n' rolled his eyes up to de sky, 'n' stretched his arms straight out in frontta him, 'n' start prayin': "Oh-o-o-, Marster, Thou hath knowed me fum de day o' my birth, even unto dis day 'n' time. Thou knowest me, Oh-o, Marster, Thou knowest me in de days o' prosperity when de manna wuz in plentiful 'bundence hereabouts; an' tseaeth me in these Thou seeth me in dem days, Oh-o, Marster; Thou seeth me in dem days goin' roun' sowin' de seeds o' righteousness 'mongsst de thornser 'nickerty, an' Thou hast sayeth, 'Let hit be so; an' Oh-o, Marster, hit wuz so.

"Now, Oh-o Marster, Thou seeth me in dese days o' 'versity; Oh-o Marster, Thou seeth me gwine upn' down de cotton fiel', tryin', Oh-o Marster, tryin' by de sweater my brow ter feed six chilluns wid some fo' cent cotton. Thou seeth me on a Sunday mornin', gwine down de Big Road, wid my elbows out, an' de botooms o' my foots reachin' de groun' thu de soles o' my shoes; Thou hath heard de Boss-man say dat de cotton us done riz won' 'pensate him fer de meat us done et. Now, Oh-o Marster, even as Thou knoweth all things dat be's possible, Thou knoweth also dat feedin' six chilluns wid some fo' cent cotton ain't one uv 'em,an' I beseeks Dee, Oh-o Marster, I beseeks Dee to look down deep in de bottom o' my heart, an' make search roundabout. An' ef you finds air' hoe, air' Gee-whizz, air' Go-devil, air' mule or air' cotton-planter, pluck 'em, Oh-o Marster, pluck 'em, an' cast 'em into de sea

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o' everlastin' fergetfulness; fer as long as cotton don' wuf but fo' cents, I ain' gwine need 'em no mor. Amen."

Folks, you know dat prayer hit got answered, yessir, hit sho' be's answered, fer 'twarnt long 'fo' de Good Lord tuck an' drapped dis here Mister Roosevelt right down in Bre'r Zeke's arms, an' said: "Gi' dat nigger ten cents fer his cotton!"

LULLABIES

My last speck of consciousness has been thrilled time and again by three lullabies, a child's paradise. I could see the back yard full of a all kinds of animals, prancing around, made to seem a reality by the only ones who have mastered the art of picturing childish dreams in song, the Bla Black Mammy of the South.

-J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas, who sent in material

2592 J. L. Goree Walked all the way from Chicago.

2592 Temporary No. 4(J.A.L.)

Songs on this record by John Lowry Goree, made in his home, 2908 Jackson St., Houston, Texas on April 12, 1939 Mr. Goree came from Marian, Alabama: educated at Judson College of which his great-grandfather had been a trustee (named King); he was a plantation-owner. Mr. Goree's mother died at his birth; as a small child he had scrofula and was sent to the plantation to be nursed by old mamy Aunt Harriet, with whom he lived inna log cabin for two years. From the Negroes on the plantation he learned the songs recorded on this record.

A 1. [Walked all the Way from Missouri]-sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see note above) April, 1939 Walked all de way from Missouri (Hee!) And I come through Arkansas; Got so weak an' hungry (eeh!) Couldn' move my underjaw. Fed me on cornbread and 'lasses (eeh!) An' meatskins I could not chaw. Biscuits ao raggedy an' taggedy (eeh!)

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Till I sprung my underjaw. Mamma, bring me a pillow (eeh!) An' lay right under my haid;
Whiskey surround my body (eeh!) An' sport life gonna kill-a me daid.

A 2. [When you hear that peafowl holler] (Wood-chopping Song or Chant) Sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Texas (see note above) When you hear dat, Humh!, peafowl holler, Humh! Sign o' rain, Baby Humh!, sign o' rain, Humh! When you hear my, Humh!, bulldog barkin', Humh!, Somebody roun', Baby, Humh!, somebody noun', Humh! When you hear my, Humh!, forty-fo' lumber, Humh!, 'Nother nigger daid, Baby, Humh!, 'nother nigger daid, Humh!

A 3. [I got a purty gal down de road]- -sung by J. L. Goree, Houston, Tex. (see note on A 1) Comment; First line. I went home to my supper las' night. I went home to my supper last night, I looked in de winder, didn' see no light. I went to de do' an' de do' was shut, I looked in de yard an' i looked in de lot. Under de house an' all aroun', But my gal Hannah jes' coudn' be foun'. I axed de neighbors to see if dey knowed, Dey said de las' time dey seed her she was down de road. I got a purty gal down de road, down de road, Purty gal down de road. She sees to my washin' an' paid my boa'd, I got a purty gal down de road, Purty gal down de road, down de road

2594 2595 J. A. L. '39 TEMPORARY NO'S. 6 & 7

Sixteen so-called American Mother Goose jingles sung by Ray Wood of Raywood, Tex.

Several of these are printed in his Mother Goose of the Ozarks, illustrated by Ed Hargis. See also his American Mother Goose, 1940.

Mr. Wood is a T-man, ho has seen service in many parts of the U.S. possessions. He was brought up in Arkansas and retains an affection for the homely rhymes and jingles of the backwoods. He had previously, 1937, record other jingles for Mr. Lomax, in New Orleans. Mr. Wood is a T-Man who has seen service in many parts of U.S. possessions

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Titles are designated as follows:

Wooden-legged soldier

Leather britches: Leather britches, full of stitches Mammy sewed the buttons on And daddy kicked me out of bed Because I had my britches on

Johnny get your gun Johnny, get your gun Get your sword and pistol Nigger on the barn And he wont get off.

Marching round the Levee

Sugar Babe

Roll on the ground

Chew my terbaccer Chew my terbaccer Spit my juice Want to go to heaven But it aint no use

Sallie lost her petticoat Left foot, right foot Any foot at all Sallie lost her petticoat A-goin' to the ball

Johnny get your gun

Bully of the town

I'm a husker

I stuck my finger in a crawdad's hole I stuck my finger in a crawdad's hole Crawded says "dad gum your soul "Take it out! Take it out! Take it out! Take it out!"

I'll eat when I'm hungry I'll eat when I'm hungry I'll drink when I'm dry If a tree dont fall on me I'll live till I die

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Uncle John is sick in bed

Hush, my baby, don't you cry

Make me, shake me

I wish I was a little rock

Little birdie in the tree

Pop caught a crawdad

Speak to me, darling

There is a boarding house

When I die

Section 3: Houston and Sugar Land, Texas; April 9 and 23

JAL '39 Recording Trip Houston, and Sugarland, Texas

April 9 and 23, 1939

THE GONZALO LOPEZ FAMILY

We first met Gonzalo Lopez and his family on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1939, at Providence Home, 2410 Anne St., Houston, Texas, where we had set up our recording machine to catch the singing parts of THE GOOD THIEF. (See Introduction by Sister M. Dolores). The family had interrupted their rehearsing for the evening performance of the drama to record for us. The Lopezes were introduced to us by Sister Mary Dolores. She herself we had met by correspondence through Sister Joan of Arc of Our Lady of the Lake College, San Antonio Texas. Sister Joan of Arc had previously assisted Mr. Lomax (John A.) in

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his search for folk songs around San Antonio. Early in the spring she had written that an interesting religious drama, THE GOOD THIEF, would be presented in Spanish by the Lopez family on Easter Sunday at the Guadalupe Church; Sister Mary Dolores of Providence Home would assist us. Mr. Lomax arranged to meet the singers of the choral parts of the drama at Providence Home at three o'clock on Easter Sunday. Sister Dolores furnished him with an introductory sketch, a full text of the choral parts in Spanish and an English translation of them.

The presenting of this play, MORIR EN LA CRUZ CON CRISTO, oDIMAS EL BUEN LADRON, is traditional with the Lopez family beginning with their elders in Mexico. It occurred to some one of the family, Lorenza Lopez, some fifty years ago that the drama would be more effective if the lyrical parts were sung. As Sister M. Dolores has set down in her introduction, Lorenza Lopez approached an old school teacher in Coahuila, Lorenzo Flores, then a recluse, who, after praying over the matter for several days, set the verses to tunes which he taught the Lopez family. These tunes have been handed down from generation to generation of the Lopez family without written music. The discs which John A. Lomax has deposited in the Archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress are their first permanent form.

On Easter Sunday, in Providence Home, after two of the seven songs had been recorded, the machine broke down. As no mechanic could be found on Easter Sunday further recording had to be postponed. The Lopez family is a busy, thrifty farming family who live at Sugarland a few miles west of Sugarland. Two weeks later, on April 23, we set up the recording machine on batteries in the living-room of the Gonzalo Lopez farm home. There Mr. Lomax recorded not only the seven songs of the drama, THE GOOD THIEF, but also the following secular folk songs of the Mexican border: Moldita la ilusion La vida de los arrieros Yo ya me voy- -(which Mr. Lopez had used as his courting song)

Mr. and Mrs. Lopez have twelve children, eleven of whom arranged themselves about the room where the machine was set, the singers and the microphone being in the kitchen. Mr.

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Lopez' brother, Cleofe, from Sugarland assisted, Mrs. Lopez and the daughters singing the women's parts. The daughter who was not present is a Sister in a convent, a teacher. One daughter is employed in nearby Sugarland; the other children who are large enough or who are not in school assist with the farmwork.

When we drove from Houston, our headquarters, out to the Lopez farm to make the appointment for the recording, we found Mr. Lopez busy in the field, while Mrs. Lopez, having just finished a large family laundry, was preparing to go to the field. She apologized further for her late start, explaining that she had to do something extra for one of the small children who was sick. Much of this conversation was carried on in pantomime, as Mrs. Lopez knows little English and the Lomax pair knew less Spanish. Mr. Lopez and the children of school age, of course, speak English. The members of the family are all devout members of the Catholic Church, highly respected in the community for their thrift and dependability.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. LOPEZ

A 1. Maldita la ilusion Gonzalo Lopez and Cleofe Lopez, in the home of Gonzalo Lopez, near Sugarland, Texas, April 23, 1939

A 2. La vida d los arrieros..Donkey song..sung by Mr. and Mrs. Gonzalo Lopez

A 3. Yo ya me voy. . . I'm going your way. . . Mexican courting song..Gonzalo Lopez and Cleofe Lopez Mr. G. Lopez courted his wife with this song.

The Lopez family sang these songs after they had finished the songs of The Good Thief. The records were made in the Lopez living room of their modest Mexican farm home near Sugarland, Texas. There are twelve living children, eleven of whom were present either as singers or as spectators. Cleofe is brother to Gonzalo, father of t e family.

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B.1. Ride on, King Jesus. . . Spiritual. . . by Negro quartette of convicts in "The Walls" at Huntsville, Texas, May 13, 1939 Wm. Bowen, Eugene Blocker, Terrell Corlay, Alvin Brown

The Good Thief- JAL '39 Recording Trip Houston and Sugarland, Texas

April 9 and 23, 1939

The Lopez Family- -Choral parts of a religious drama in Spanish, THE GOOD THIEF, or On the Cross with Christ

Introduction by Sister Mary Dolores, Providence Home, Convent of Our Lady of Guadalupe, 2410 Anne St., Houston Texas

In my effort to gather some information concerning the music used in the drama, "To Die on the Cross with Christ", or "The Good Thief", I was told that the music was arranged about fifty years ago by an old school teacher of General Zepeda, Coahuila, Mexico. Lorenzo Flores is the name of this teacher. He lived a retired life without mixing with the world. When this drama was studied by the seniors of the Lopez family, not having any music for the songs used, they went to this Lorenzo Flores and he, reading the words, meditated for a while in his secluded abode and presently brought the melody to the director of the drama. He was asked, then, to teach it to the group of actors, for there were not written notes, and the Lopez family learned it. From that time on it has been handed down to the actual date through memory and tradition by the Lopez family, since the music has never been printed.

When this drama was presented in Guadalupe Church, 2405 Navigation Ave., Houston, Texas, on Easter Sunday evening, April 9, 1939, the following singers rendered the seven songs which occur at intervals throughout the spoken text of the drama: Cleofe Lopez, Jose Lopez, Gonzalo Lopez, Rafaela Lopez, Paula Lopez, and Eulalia Martinez. The singers live at Sugarland, Texas, about twenty-five miles from Houston.

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Title of drama: Morir en la Cruz con Cristo, o Dimas el Buen Ladron (Juan C. Aguilav (sp/?)) Imprenta Cosmopolita-Mexico

TEXT OF SONGS IN THE SACRED DRAMA: THE GOOD THIEF or TO DIE ON THE CROSS WITH CHRIST (Morir en la cruz con Cristo,o Dimas el Buen Ladron) Juan C. Aguilav (or Aguliar) (Imprents Cosmopolita-Mexico)

CORO DE BANDOLEROS La vida del bandido es vida deliciosa alegre y bulliciosa de todos es temido. Su oficio es el robar vivir en la montanas y con astucia y mana mucho oro atesorar mucho oro atesorar.

LELIO Si asi quereis vivir preciso es ser va liento, matar a mucha gento que al fin hay que morir. Jurar siempre obediencia al jefe de vosotros que el siempre por nosotros expone su existencia.

CORO Pues viva el capitan y Lelio su seguando 11: y viva todo el mundo gritemos con afan. :11 gritemos con afan.

ESCENA QUINTA

Sara, Rebeca, Susana y coro de pastoras (Salen cantando)

Canto La noche ya se aleja y nos alumbra el dia, y en nuestros campos deja la paz y la alegria. El Dios de las alturas, nos de su bendicion, y a todas sus criaturas bendign esta ocasion.

ESCANA UNDECIMA

CORO Al compas de las copas brindemos y bebamos con gusto y placer. Que mas dicha podrase tener que la que ahora nosotros tenemos? Viva, viva! Dimas! Viva, viva gestas! Viva Libia hermosa! Todos juntos, vivan!

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ACTO SEGUNDO

ESCENA SEGUNDA

MUSICA RINON Plantaron celos y amores Un rosal con mil desvelos: El amor hizo las flores Y las espinas los celos. Pero dosda que embas cocas LLegaron a ser vecinas Ninguno coge las rosas sin punzarse en las espinas.

CORO Tu tienes tus flores tu tienes tus galas, tienes el alhago de la paz del alma. Esta vida infortunada que ama el hombre con empeno, es un ay: dentro de un eueno, es un algo de la nada. Es aire que en a carrera teje un velo de crespones: es un nido de ilusiones, dentro de una calavora.

Cantro Dentro Gloria a Dios en las alturas que desciende desde el cielo para darle a sus criaturas eterna paz en el suelo.

ESCENA TERCERA

CANTRO DENTRO Hoy los cielos se han rasgado Y llueve el rocío fecundo, Que admirando a todo el mundo Salva al hombre del pecado

CORO GENERAL Pastores dichosos marchad a Belem, a adorar al Verbe y a Maria tambien.

CORO DE HOMBRES En carne humanado ya bajo del cielo a dejar al hombre libre del pecado.

CORO DE MUJERES Una madre virgen con un carpintero es toda la corte de este rey del cielo.

CORO GENERAL Pastores dichosos Marchad a Belem a adorra al Verbo y a Maria tambien.

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ESCENA QUINTA

Los pastores, pastoras, el angel y core. Salen cantando y con ofrecimientos.

CORO Guidas de la luz vamos a Belem, a ver a la Virgen y al Nino tambien. Vamos pastorcillos con gusto crecido, a adorar humildes al recien nacido.

CANTO Dichosos Pastores de Dios preferidos dad vuestros amores al rey de nacidos.

CORO Dichosos pastores, etc.

ESCENA OCTAVA

CANTA Se alibian las penas con comunicarlas Oid mis desdichas, cristalinas aguas. . .
Ecos Yo soy la que ausente de su amada patria, por amor de un joven me veo
desterrada. . . Ecos El, por consiguiente desterrada se halla, y entre bandoleros para
mas desgracia. . . Ecos Capitan le jura la caterva brava y le hacen caudilloo viendo su
arrogancia. . . Ecos Ay: amado Dimas que me sobresalta esparar el golpe de la nuda
Parca Ecos Volvedme a mi Dimas, flores, fuentes, aguas, por que sin el, Libia ningun
consuelo halla..Ecos

ESCENA NOVENA

CANTO DENTRO Vela por tu amante, vela, no te apartes de su lado; porque aunque el es
buen soldado un venganza le espera.

CANTO DENTRO Vela por tu amante, vela

CanTO DENTRO No te apartes de su lado

CANTO DENTRO Por que aunque el es buen soldado

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CANTO DENTRO Una venfanza le espera.

EPILOGO 33 ANOS DESPUES ESCENA QUINTA CANTO DENTRO

EPILOGO

33 ANOS DESPUES

ESCENA QUINTA

CANTO DENTRO Preludios y luego el siguiente: Excucha, Dim s, detente que ya el momento ha llegado de morir como valiente en una cruz enclavado

CANTO DENTRO Preludios y luegoel siguiente: Dimas, tu afrenta es dichosa, pues el cielo determina tu (yu?) muerte en una cruz afrentosa por disposicion divina.

CUADRO SEGUNDO

ESCENA PRIMERA

MUSICA DENTRO Llego el venturoso dia Dimas, el tiempo es llegado; de (Se?) cumplio la profesia de todo lo que has sonado.

Section 4: West Columbia and Clemens State Farm, Brazoria County, Texas; April 15-17

2596, 2597, 2598, 2599 2604, 3551, 3552 JAL '39

Clemens State Farm, Brazoria Co., Texas- -

April 16, 1939

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We were spending a few days at the Varner Plantation, owned by Mike Hogg and other members of the distinguished Hogg family, the plantation having been bought by the former Governor Jim Hogg and developed by his sons, Will and Mike. It lies near West Columbia-Texas

On Saturday, April 15, we drove over to Clemens State Farm, a few miles away to arrange for a meeting with "the boys", Negro convicts stationed on the farm. On Saturday the boys who were working near headquarters were hauling dirt, grading, clearing ditches and otherwise improving the grounds around a new brick and steel dormitory. A group of ditch-diggers was working in time to the musical calls of the leader. We arranged to return to make records on the next day, Sunday, and returned to West Columbia to rent batteries for power, the dormitory being wired for DC current.

When we arrived at the farm the next day, the boys were ready for us. Mechanics from the white convicts who had quarters on the second floor helped adjust the machinery. The barber and the dentist furnished counter attractions, but our 'show' gave the boys greater diversion. Gradually, after suggestions from Mr. Lomax as to what kind of music he wished to record, musicians and singers volunteered or were pushed forward by their companions. Some of the boys, Ace Johnson and Smith Cason for examples, already had had experience before the microphone, since they were sometimes used on the programs called "Behind the Walls", broadcast from the Huntsville, Texas Penitentiary on Wednesday nights. After two hours we stopped for lunch, we being served with the white guards, and after lunch we worked an hour or so until the time came for base-ball practice and preaching services.

2598 TEMPORARY NO. 11

A 1. (New) Shorty Georgesung by Smith Cason, Clemens State Farm - (Negro) Brazoria Co., Texas, April 16, 1939 (Words incomplete) Oh, what's the matter now. Lord What's the matter now? never thought Yes, he died on de road, he died on de road, I know He was

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a friend o' mine, yes, he was a friend of mine; Everytime I think now I jes' can't keep from cryin' I stole away an' cryin'; yes, I stole away an' cryin'; Never had no money, I wasn't satisfied. I wonder what de matter now? Lord, I wonder what de matter now? Can't get no letter now, don't need no letter nohow. I 'bout to lose my mind; yes, I 'bout to lose my mind; Seem to me sometime . . . this great long time.

A 2. (Talkin' 'bout) West Texas . . . sung by Roger Gill..Smith Cason (guitar) -negroes Clemens State Farm, Texas, Apr. 16, 1939 (Words incomplete and confused) Talkin' 'bout West Texas, Boy, that's sho' you don't know. An' I lived in West Texas out in a prairie dog hole. It was out in West Texas, is a good old place to roam (repeat) That's where my bad luck overtook me and I lost my happy home. I unsaddle my grey horse,..hitch up my pink an' roan; Unsaddle dat grey horse (?)..hitch up dat pink an' roan; Hear dat black gal done quit me, got to be some ridin' done.

B 1. Santa Fe B lues sung by Smith Cason Clemens State Farm, Apr. 16, 1939 Oakdale on the mountain, Craven on the Santa Fe; I know good an' well this aint no place for me. I know my baby, she's goin' jump an' shout, When she receive this letter I done roll this long time out. I thought I hearded the two-eighteen blow, She wasn't there but some here on the road. I run to de depot an' look up on de board; That train wasn't due, but somewhere on de road. I run to de railroad an' kneel down on de tie, Tryin' to wait right here till that long olo train roll by. I stan' here Mamma, wringin' my hands an' cryin' (repeat) Well, I aint highway blue, but I'm bothered all de time. I sure be glad when die trouble off my min'; It keep me worried an' bothered all de time. (repeat last couplet) I know my baby now, Lord, goin' jump an' shout (repeat) To git that letter I done rolled dis long time out.

3551

TEMPORARY NO.

A 1. Jack o' Diamonds by Smith Cason (Negro), Clemens Prison Farm, Brazoria Co., Tex. April 16, 1939 Comment: "Learned my songs on de streets in Jackson and San Jacinto

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Counties". Guitar accompaniment. Jack o' Diamonds, Jack o' Diamonds is a hard card to play; You can play it in the summer, play it in the fall; But Jack o' Diamonds wuz the pore man's friend I plays the deuce 'gainst the tree Cause the deuce has been winnin' all the day. My pardner, Low, (?), plays the Jack 'Gainst the Fo', He'll win that bet in the dough. I begged my pardner, Low, don't gamble no mo', Caue he would win that bet right in the dough. Yes, mother, I know you told me so: Don't play dice an' cards any mo'. I received a letter which you rockin it said,- That my pardner, was Low, was dead. I thought I heard the big boll tone; I knowed by that my pardner Low was dead an' gone.

A 2. Ole Rattler by group of Negro convicts on Clemans State Farm, Brazoria Co., Tex. Tommy Woods, leader- -April 16, 1939 An' it's here, Rattler,-Here, Rattler, here. An' it's here, Rattler,-Here, Rattler, here. Ole Rattler, here some nigger gone,-(Here, Rattler, here) You can ketch him or you can leave him alone,-(Here, Rattler, here) (Lawd), go call that sergeant,-(Here, Rattler, here) Tell him gwine lose a trusty,-(Here, Rattler, here). Lawd, dat sergeant come a-leapin',-(Here, Rattler, here) Lawd, dat sergeant come a-leapin',-(Here, Rattler, here) Went to callin' Ole Rattler,- -(Here, Rattler, here)-Repeat. And it's here, Rattler, here; here, Rattler, here) Ole Rattler come a leapin'- -etc. Ole Rattler hear dat nigger gone,- -etc. You can ketch him, Rattler,-etc- (ketch him, Rattler, Bite him, Ole Dog) Lawd, dey talk about Ole Rattler,-(Here, Rattler, here)- repeat. Lawd, dey oughta see dat Logan dog,-etc. Dat dog he could trail a hog,-etc. Dey talkin' 'bout dat Logan dog,-etc. Dey ouh ta seen dat Queen dog,-etc. Dat dog she could trail a cop, etc.

TEMPORARY No. 9 3551

B 1. Mournful Trouble Blues by Smith Cason Negro convict)* Clemens State Farm April 16, 1939 With guitar pickin'. (Words very difficult to understand.) Trouble, trouble, I know you told me so Wish sometimes I never been born Your know now my trouble

B 2. Old Hannah by group of Negro convicts, Clemens State Farm, april 16, 1939 "Ole Hannah is de sun; when de sun goes down we quits work, an' in dis song we'se tryin' to

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git it down." Tomy Woods, leader Ole Hannah! Ole Hannah! Oh go down Ole Hannah. Well, well, well. An' don't you rise no more. You can go down, Ole Hannah, (Well, well, well, O and don't you rise no more. Oh, I tired o' livin', but I got so long. (repeat) Oh, ny mamma called me an' I answered ma' am; (repeat) Oh, Son, aint you tired o'rollin' for Mister Cunnin' ham? (repeat) Mamma, I'm tired o' rollin', but I got so long. (repeat) Oh ma papa called me and I answered Sir. (repeat) Son, if you tired o' rollin', what you stay dere for?

TEMPORARY NO. 8 2599

A 1. Spoiled

A 2. Hammer Ringby group of Negro convicts on Clemens State Farm, Brazoria Co., Tex April 16, 1939 Work Song for rock-breaking or ax-cutting. Note: Could not get all the words. Well, my hammer,-(hammer ring), got a ten pound hammer, (hammer ring) Cap'n went to Houston, (hammer ring), to git me a hammer, (hammer ring) Way down in de bottom, (hammer ring), Hew out de live oak, (hammer ring) Son you got fever? (hammer ring), son, you got fever, etc. Said come here, nigger, (hammer ring). . . Don't you see you got fever? etc. Oh sergeant,. . . Ain't got no fever. . . Better got to rollin' gonna hang you Oh cap'n, hammer am a ringin' Ringin' for de captin, ringin' for de sergeant. What de matter wid my pardner? Oh my hammer, hammer ring, way down in the timber. . . I'm goin' to Austin (hammer ring), have a talk wid de Gov'ner I heard dat Sergeanttalkin' to Marble Eye.

Notes: Marble Eye is the captain John Henry is the dinner wagon shakin'-jake means Praying for rain

B1. Levee A 3. Field Hollers- -by group of Negro convicts at Clemens State Farm in Brazoria Co., Tex Each man hollers by turn . . . April 16, 1939 in couplet (1) Oh, I b'lieve I git religion an' jine de church; I'll be a black-jack preacher, an' know how to work. (2) Louisiana is a murderer's home; It may be a graveyard, but It's my home (?) (3) Goin'

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to Oklahoma, git behind de sun; I don' mind rollin', got to roll so long (4) I been down so jumpin' long; Well,-I don' mind, Cap'n, I roll so long. (5) There ain't but one thing on my mind; I hate to go leave my Willie behind. (6) If ever I git back in de country, Gwine te ll de Boss don't come for me. (7) Only one thing I done wrong, Stayed in Texas one day too long. (8) Oh what can it be? Heart full o' sorrow an' misery. (9) I been down to Georgiy an' Tennessee, Lookin' for de woman what's crazy 'bout me.

B2. Harmonica Train Ace Johnson

2599

TEMPORARY NO.

A 1. Spoiled

A 2. Hammer Ring by group of Negro convicts on Clemens State Farm, Brazoria Co., Tex Hammer Song April 16, 1939 Work Song for rock-breaking or ax-cutting. Note: Could not get all the words. Well, my hammer,-(hammer ring), got a ten pound hammer, (hammer ring) Cap'n went to Houston, (hammer ring), to git me a hammer, (hammer ring) Way down in de bottom, (hammer ring), How out de live oak, (hammer ring) Son you got fever? (hammer ring), son, you got fever, etc. Said come here, nigger, (hammer ring). . . Don't you see you got fever? etc. Oh sergeant, Ain't got no fever Better got to rollin' gonna hang you Oh cap'n, hammer am a ringin' Ringin' for de captin, ringin' for de sergeant. What de matter wid my pardner? Oh my hammer, hammer ring, way down in the timber. . . I'm goin' to Austin (hammer ring), have a talk wid de Gov'ner I heard dat Sergeanttalkin' to Marble Eye. Gittin lumber in de timber O hear dat sergeant-

Notes: Marble Eye is the captain John Henry is the dinner wagon shakin'-jake means Praying for rain

Driving Levee B1 B1 (Driving) Levee

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A 3. Field Hollers- -by group of Negro convicts at Clemens State Farm in Brazoria Co., Tex Each man hollers by turn . . . April 16, 1939 in couplet Incomplete text (1) Oh, I b'lieve I git religion an' jine de church; I'll be a black-jack preacher, an' know how not have to work. (2) Louisiana is a murderer's home; It may be a graveyard, but It's my home (?) (3) Goin' to Oklahoma, git behind de sun; I don' mind rollin', got to roll so long (4) I been down so jumpin' long; Well,-I don' mind, rollin Cap'n, I roll so long. (5) There ain't but one thing on my mind; I hate to go leave my Willie behind. Oh go way, (6) If ever I git back in de country, Gwine te ll do Boss don't come for me. (7) Only one thing I done wrong, Stayed in Texas one day too long. (8) Oh what can it be? Heart full o' sorrow an' misery. (9) I been down to Georgy an' Tennessee, Saving for de woman what's crazy 'bout me. (10)

B 2. - Train- - Harmonica Ace Johnson

JAL '39

TEMPORARY NO.

B 2. Imitation of Train- -Harmonicaby Ace Johnson (Negro) Clemens State Arm. Brazoria Co.,Tex.,April 16, 1939

TEMPORARY NO. 10 2596

A 1. The RabbitHarmonicaby Ace Johnson (Negro), Clemens State Farm April 16, 1939 Interspersed with calls to rabbit and to dog: Rabbit, git up in de mornin', go in my garden,eatin' up my cabbage. Rabbit,. . . git up in de holler. . . got a bad habit. . . go in my garden..eatin'up my cabbage. Dog after rabbit Rabbit, got a mighty habit, Go into my garden, Eat up my cabbage.

A 2. Mamma don't 'low no swinging out..-Harmonica and singing by Ace Johnson, Clemens Farm Guitar accompaniment by L. W. Gooden Mamma don't 'low no swinging out in here, Mamma don't 'low no swinging out in here; We don't care what Mamma don't

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'low, We goin' swing out anyhow, Mamma don't 'low no swinging out in here. Oh, Mamma don't 'low no booger-roogin' in here, Mamma don't 'low no booger-roogin' in here, etc. Oh, Mamma don't 'low no truckin' round in here, etc. French harp playin' etc. guitar playin' etc.

B 1. Slow drag work song.. Cap'n I sho' wanto see my Mamma by Tommy Woods and group of Negro convicts Clemens Form, Brezoria. Co., Tex. Apr. 16, 1939 Words very incomplete. Cap'n I she' wanta see my . . . Little boy,. . . Little boy, what you want me to tell her? You tell her you lef' me When I'm dead an' gone.

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TEMPORARY NO. 10 2596

B 2. (Work Song) First line: Cap'n, I got a home in Oklahoma Group of Negro convicts on Clemens Farm, Brazoria Co., Apr. 16, 1939 Cap'n, I got a home in Oklahoma, Cap'n I got a home in Oklahoma.-Well, well, well Cap'n, I sho' wanta see my Mamma, Cap'n, jes' one more time. Cap'n, I sho' wanta see Black Alma, (Well, well), Cap 'n,I can't go home. Cap'n, I sho' wanta see Black Alma, (Oh, Lawdy), Cap'n, I can't go home. Cap'n, I 'bieve I'll write my Mamma one more letter, (Well, well, well) Tell her to pray for me (Lawd, have mercy) Cap'n, I 'bieve I'll write my Mamma one more letter (well, well, well) Will you please pray for me? Cap'n, it's all black an' cloudy, (), but it ain't goin' rain.

B 3. Worry Bluesung by Jesse Lockett (Negro convict)..Clemens State Farm, Brazoria Co., Tex. April 16, 1939 Some people say that the worry blues ain't bad, Well, Some people say that the worry blues ain't bad; But it's the worst old feelin that I most ever had. Eveything that I do seem like I do it wrong (repeat) Sometimes I regret that I was ever born. Blues and trouble seeme o be my best friend (repeat) Evey when my blues leave me then my troubles begin. If any one aska you who composed this song (repeat) Tell him you don't know who wrote it, but he's done come an' gone.

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TEMPORAY NO. 10

2596

B 2. (Work Song) First line: Cap'n, I got a home in Oklahoma, Tommy Woods & Group of Negro convicts on Clemens Farm, Brazoria Co., Apr. 16, 1939

2596 B 2

[Cap'n, I got a home in Oklahoma,] Cap'n I got a home in Oklahoma.-Well, well, well
Cap'n, I sho' wanta see my Mamma, Cap'n, jes' one more time. Cap'n, I sho' wanta see
Black Alma, (Well, well), Cap 'n, I can't go home. Cap'n, I sho' wanta see Black Alma,
(Oh, Lawdy), Cap'n, I can't go home. Cap'n, I 'blieve I'll write my Mamma one more letter,
(Well, well, well) Tell her to pray for me (Lawd, have mercy) Cap'n, I 'blieve I'll write my
Mamma one more letter (well, well, well) Will you please pray for me? Cap'n, it's all black
an' cloudy, (), but it ain't goin' rain.

B 3. [Worry Blues] sung by Jesse Lockett (Negro convict)..Clemens State Farm, Brazoria
Co., Tex. April 16, 1939 Some people say that the worry blues ain't bad, Well, Some
people say that the worry blues ain't bad; But it's the worst old feelin' that I most ever had.
Eveything that I do seem like I do it wrong (repeat) Sometimes I regret that I was ever
born. Blues and trouble seeme o be my best friend (repeat) Evey when my blues leave me
then my troubles begin. If any one asks you who composed this song (repeat) Tell him you
don't know who wrote it, but he's done come an' gone.

JAL 39

TEMPORARY NO.# 12

A 1. I wouldn't mind dyin' if dyin' was all. . . by Clemens State Farm, April 16, 1939 I
wouldn't mind dyin' if dyin' was all, but bye-an'-bye, Lord I'm goin' see the King. (TEXT

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VERY INCOMPLETE) I wouldn't mind dyin', got to go by myself; I wouldn't mind dyin' if Dyin' was all. Well, Lord, let me be your child, Lord, I wouldn't mind dyin' if dyin' was all. dead an' gone Ezekial said he saw a wheel in de middle O de wheel Wouldn't mind dyin', got to stand de test, Bye an' bye I'm goin' see the King Wouldn't mind dyin' if dyin' was all, Got to go by myself; " " " " " " ", butg got to lie dead so long. " " " " " " ", got to go by myself. ETC

A2. When I git home (spiritual) Clemens State Farm April 16, 1939 I'll/be so glad when I git home (3 times) No more trouble, no more trouble, no more troublw when I git home. There'll/be no more trouble when I git home (3 Times) No more dyin' when I git homeetc. I'm/gonna set right down when I git home (3 Times) No more trouble, No more trouble, no more trouble when I git home. I'm/going shake glad hands, etc I'm goin' to shout hallelujah, etc I'm/goin' to meet my mother, etc. There'll/be no more dyin', etc.

B 1. Long hot summer day(work song). . . Group Negro Convicts..Clemens State Farm Clyde Hill, leader April 16, 1939 (Text incomplete) Little boy, what you want me to tell your mamma-AAH! Little boy, what you want me to tell your mamma-AAH! Oh, it's been a long hot summer day. You say you lef' me a rollin'- There'll be June, July an' August, Oh, in them long hot summer days Cap'n I hear you been sendin' over Cap'n, I'm goin' walk an' talk with Alberta, Oh, in them long hot summer days Black Gal, if I never more see you, Black gal, I say, if I never more see you, In them long hot summer days Black gal, I'm on my way back to Arizonie, Oh, in them long hot summer days. Cap'N, I'm goin' write my mother, Oh, in them long hot summer days

B 2. Grey Horse Bluesby Smith Cason (negro)Clemens State Farm, Apr. 16, 1939 over
2597 B 2

B 2. Text of Grey Horse Blues

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TEXT INCOMPLETE Oh, mamma, tell me what in the world is on your mind, Babe, what's on your mind? Evey time I think, I jest can't keep from cryin' Hitch up my old grey mare, hitch up my old grey mare, I'm goin' find Corinna, she's in the world somewhere. Saddle up my old grey mare, and hitch up my old grey bu gy, too. She told me now, she told me too, She told my sister, she told me too. Now, my boy, where my luck goin' take you. Needn't look for me on Sunday, cause I'm goin' take Corinna to Sunday school.

JAL 39

TEMPORAY NO. 13

3552

A 1. Funeral Song sung by Smith Cason (Negro) Clemns State Farm guitar accompaniment. April 16, 1939 [Two white horses standin' in line,] Goin' take me to my buryin' ground; Did you ever hear that coffin sound You know now that poor boy is in the ground. Your heart stop beatin' an' your feet get cold, You can let me down with a golden chain. It's one kind favour lask of you, Be sure my grave be kept clean; Did you ever hear the church bell tone, You know now the poor boy's dead an' gone. Now two white horses standin' in line, Oh, take me to my buryin' ground. Did you ever hear that coffin sound etc.

A 2. [East Texas Rag.] guitar solo. . . by Smith Cason (Negro). . . Clemns State Farm April 16, 1939

B 1. [I Got a Home in New Orleans] by Clyde Hill (Negro)..Clemens State Farm April 16, 1939 But I got a home in New Orleans, I mean I want to see Black Alma; I mean Mrs. Helen Green, But I mean Mrs. Helen Green She's a sweet brown-skin woman, Jes as sweet as the cold ice-cream. I say she's in New Orleans, She's a brown-skinned woman, sweetest woman I ever seen. Evey time she give me a new shirt, she buy the black crepe

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machine (de chine) She put my initial on de pocket, Better than Mrs. Ella Green I want to see Black Alma, She's sweeter than cold ice-cream.

B 2. [Clemens Rag]guitarsAce Johnson and L. Goodgen. . . Clemens State Farm April 16, 1939

B 3. [Influenza] Ace Johnson..(Negro). . . Clemens State Farm-Apr. 16, 1939 "Learned it off a holiness boy in Amarillo"

(SEE SEPARATE SHEET FOR WORDS)

JAL '39- temporary #13

3552

B 3- Influenza Sung by Ace Johnson, Clemens State Farm, Texas April 16, 1939 "Learned it off a holiness boy in Amarillo." Influenza In nineteenhunderd-an'-twenty-nine, men an' women sure was dyin' From de disease what de doctors called de flu; People was dyin' eve'ywhere, death was creepin' through de air, For de groans of de sick sure was sad. Chorus It was God's almighty hand, he was judgin' dis old land, North an' south, east an' west could be seen, Yes, he killed de rich an' pore, an' he's goin' to kill more If you don't turn away from your sins. In Mamphis, Tennessee, doctors said it soon would be In a few days influenza will control, But God showed He was the head, an' he put the doctor to bed, And the nurse they broke down with the same. (Chorus) Influenza is a disease makes you weak all in your knees; 'Tis a fever ev'ybody sure does dread; Puts a pain in ev'y bone, a few days an' you are gone To a place in the ground called the grave. (Chorus)

TEMPORARY No. 3552

Influenza

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B 3. Influenza sung by Ace Johnson Clemens State Farm, Brazoria Co., Texas April 16, 1939 Comment: "Learned it off a holiness boy in Amarillo, Tex." In nineteen hunderd and twenty-nine, men an' women sure wuz dy in', From de disease what de doctors called de flu. People wuz dyin' eveywhere, death wuz creepin' thu de air, For de groans of de sick sure wuz sad. CHORUS It wuz God's almighty hand, he wuz judgin' this old land; North an' south, east an' west could be seen, Yes, he killed de rich an' pore, an' he's goin' to kill more If you don't turn away from your sins. In Memphis, Tennessee, doctors said it soon would be In a few days influenza will control, But God showed that He wuz head, an' he put de doctor to bed, And the nurse they broke down with de same. (CHORUS) Influenza is a disease, makes you weak all in your knees; 'Tis a fever eveybody sure does dread; Puts a pain in evey bone, a few days an' you are gone To a place in de groun' called de grave. (CHORUS)

JAL '39

TEMPORARY NO. 14 2604

A 1. Hesitating Bluesby Smith Cason (Negro), Clemens State Farm with guitar April 16, 1939 Tell me how long will I have to ring; Can you ring, now friend, or got to hesitate? Early this morning, don't be so slow, Business in a jamb an' I got to go. Tell me how long will I have to ring, Can you ring now or got to hesitate? Rahg this mornin' at half past four, Told me not to ring no more; Tell me how long, etc. Silver is silver an' gold is gold, You don't mind, you lose your soul Never seen the like since I been born; All my friends now are out an' gone. Te I her this mornin' not to be so slow; Got me in trouble an' I got to go. I aint no millionaire but an millionaire's son, Goin' spend my money till my baby (?) come. My friend goin' make me wait, I jest now seen my mistake Wake up this mornin' haf pas four, Didn't have nowhere to go Now wake up friend, don't be slow Walked out this mornin' at half past nine, But the blues I had made me lose my mind. Meet me mamma, don't be so slow; I'm in a jamb an' I got to go. Me for Texas an' me for Tennessee; See all my

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friends gone back on me Rang this mornin' at half past four; Business in a jamb an'I got to go. Tell me how long will I have do wait; Can you ring now, or got to hesitate?

Section 5: Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Texas; April 23

JAL '39

2604 2605 2606

Ramsey State Farm, Camp 4, Otey, Texas

April 23, 1939

After we had recorded the choral parts of the religious drama, The Good Thief, at the home of the Lopez family on a arm near Sugarland, Texas, we drove to the Central State Farm near Sugarland. The Captain had a good dinner served us and assisted Mr. Lomax in trying to locate singers. In previous years Central Farm had "entertained" such singers as Clear Rock and Iron Head, who had made recordings. But this trip was fruitless. The old crowd had scattered, the new boys sang less fewer of the old songs and in performance imitated radio artists. We did not set up the machine. We found about the same situation at the Darrington Farm some thirty miles away,- few singers and these not interested in old songs or the old manner of singing.

Our next stop was at Camp Four of the Ramsey State Farm, where most of the habituais and incorrigibles stay.. With the help of the Captain and some of his guards we located some singers, who were admitted one by one or by small groups into a small office where the recording machine was set up. InOne of these groups included Columbus Christopher, Alexander Hamilton and George Washington,-who sang for us under guard, behind three sets of locks. Just outside this office we could look down on the dormitory room, where Negro convicts were playing cards, reading, talking, singing blues, listening to an exhorter, sleeping. One boy was standing on a barrel as punishment for some minor violation of

Library of Congress

rules. We saw the boys go in to supper, in a line, both hands on the shoulders of the man in front of him.

Among the boys whom we found there was Iron Head (James Baker) now back "in the line", old and broken, assigned to the garden squad. He had been paroled from Central Farm by Governor Allred, but after a few months he was sent back for burglary, - "po'ch-climbin'". At first he was shy and stayed in the background, as if ashamed for Mr. Lomax, who had petitioned for his parole, to find him in worse case, no longer even a trusty. But finally he came forward, either drawn by love of music or by "pride of profession", - for he had made many beautiful recordings for the Lomaxes and after his parole was granted he had traveled with Mr. John Lomax through the South on a recording trip. Impatiently Iron Head broke into a group's singing of some popular music-hall ditty, "No he don't want that kind o' stuff. This is kindly what he's after", and he started off on an old-time spiritual. Later he recorded it: "This heart o' mine, God's goin' save this heart o' mine, "with this remarkable stanza: Mary had one virgin son, She rocked Him in the cradle of number one. Another of his spirituals, "Elder, will you march down to Jordan?" includes this couplet: Religion is somethin' like a bloomin' rose: None can tell that doesn't know. Iron Head claims his nickname from this story: One day when he was cutting timber, a big tree caught him and one of its largest limbs struck him down across the head The limb broke in two, but Iron Head shook it off and went on back to work.

Two boys claimed the nickname of the famous "Stavin' Chain"; they compromised by accepting the amended names, "Big Stavin' Chain" and "Little Stavin' Chain". Another boy was called claimed "Jaybird", from his physical appearance. It was customary to set down nicknames of singers along with their names, which caused some embarrassment at Ramsey. In routine manner, "What is your name?" asked Mrs. Lomax of one of the singers. He gave it readily. "Your nickname?" No reply, just a shuffling of feet. "Haven't you a nickname?" Again a shuffling of feet, and then hesitatingly: "Dey calls me Monkey." A swift glance at the boy's features stopped the usual "How did you get that nickname?"

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Mrs. Lomax changed to an embarrassed and especially cordial "Thank you." Supper with the white guards closed our day at Ramsey.

JAL 39

TEMPORARY NO. 14 2604

B 1. Jesus walk 'round your bedside. . . (Spiritual). . . Alexander Hamilton (Negro) Ramsey State Farm, Camp 4, Otey, Texas April 23, 1939 Don't you want Jesus to walk around your, walk around your sick bedside? I do want Jesus o walk around me, walk around me till I die. Life is like a mountain railroad with an angel near my side Jes' keep your hand upon the throttle and your eyes upon the rail. Well don't you let old Satan lead you, he will lead let you off astray; An' when he catch you for your meanness, he will go and leave you lay. Don't you want Jesus to walk, Jesus to walk, Jesus to walk around you, Walk around your sick bedside? I do want Jesus to walk around me, walk around me till I die My mother's dead and gone to heaven, an' she left me here alone; I have no freind or no relation, None to teach me right from wrong.

B 2. This heart O' mineby Iron Head (James Baker-Negro). . . Ramsey State Farm April 23, 1939 Oh, this heart o' mine, oh, this heart o' mine, this heart etc. God's goin' save this heart o' mine. When I was a sinner just like you, (God's goin' save this heart o' mine) I prayed in the valley an' I come through (God's gon' sav this heart o' mine) Oh, this heart o' mine, etc. Mary had one virgin son (God's goin' save this heart o' mine) Well, she rocked him the cradle of number one. - God's goin' save this heart o' mine) Oh, this heart o' mine. . . oh, this heart o' mine, God's goin' save this heart o' mine.

B 3. Elder, will you march down, Elder will you march down, /Ramsey State Farm, Apr. 23, 1939 Elder, will you march down to Jordon? Hallelu: Give me the horn that you told me to blow; Blow them sinners from Hell's dark door. Religion is something like a bloomin' rose; None can tell that doesn't know. Well, thank God Am ighty done fixed it so, That the

Library of Congress

rich an' the pore both must go. Religion is something that money can't buy, Thank God
Amighty done

JAL '39

TEMPORARY NO. 18 2606

A 1. Smoky Mountain Blues by Wallace Chains and Sylvester Jones (Negroes) "Big Stavin' Chain" and "Little Stavin' Chain" Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Texas-April 23, 1939 In the guard's office, behind three sets of locks. These Smoky Mountains way our in de West I say these Smoky Mountains, they are way out in de West, I was standin' here wonderin' who my good girl loves best. UI say dedo Smoky Mountins is a dangerous place to go (repeat) But I'm goin' up on de mountin an' knock on my baby's do' Oh, I've got a woman, an' she lives way up on dat hill (repeat), She may drive me 'way, but I don't 'bieve she will I'm goin' up on dat mountin an' knock upon my baby's do'; (repeat) An' if she drive me 'way, I know she don't want me no mo'. I'm goin' upon dut mountin, an' I may not come back down; (repeat) You may tell my friends I'm in my last go-round. Baby, you may never see my smilin' face no mo', (repeat) But if you see my baby, tell her I hate to go. But my baby got a diamon', shine like de risin' sun; (repeat) She says you come back from Tulsie, says 'may be I buy you one'. I'm goin' to Newport to Aunt Ca'line dis; (repeat) She's a fortune-teller an' aint never telled a lie.

A 2. Ella Speed by Wallace S. Chains and Ramsey State Farm April 23, 1939 (Text sent in later by Wallace Chains) Come all you girls an' take heed. Do you remember the pore girl Ella Speed? Some day you might be out only havin' fun; some man will do the deed that Marton done. I was in Savannah and will tell you what it was about; Martin killed Ella 'cause she wanted to be a rousterbout. I was standin' in the sloon an' seen it when it first begun; He shot Ella with a forty-one smokin' gun. Then right down State Street the dirty coward he did run; In his right han' he held this smokin' forty-one. He hollered, "You better hurry, Miss Ester, if you wants see yo' girl; She is lyin' on the bar-room floor, strugglin' in her blood."

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Now if Miss Ester had raised Ella like her farther said, She'd be livin', but now the pore girl is dead. Pore Ella's people they live 'way out West; They didn't come to Savannah till they heard of Ella's death. The train come runnin' under the Union shed; They started the bells to tonin' when they heard poro Ella was dead. Now Martin is in the Jail-house, drinkin' outa a silver cup, An' Ella's in the grave-yard, pore girl, an' she will never wake up. Some of the boys give nickles and some give dimes, I never give one red cent' cause she wasn't no friend o' mine.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

2606 A2

Text of Ella Speed Recorded by Wallace Chains ("Big Stavin' Chain") at Ramsey State Farm April 23, 1939 Note: Text may not correspond exactly to text of record, as it was written out and sent in later. Come, all you girls, and take heed Do you remember the pore girle Ella Speed Some day you might be out only having funn Some man will do the deed Marton done. I was in Savannah and will tell you what it was about Marton killed Ella cause she wanted to be a rousterbout I was standing in the sloon and seen it when it first begun He shot Ella with a 41 smoking gun. Then right down State Street the dirty coward he did run In his right hand he held this smoking 41 He hollered You better hurry Miss Ester if you want to see your girl She is lying on the barroom floor, struggling in her blood Now if Miss Ester had rased Ella like her farther said She'd be living, but now the poor girl is dead Poor Ella's people they live way out west They didn't come to Savanna till they heard of Ella's death The traisn come running under the union shed They started the bells to toneing when they heard poor Ella was dead Now Marton is in the jailhouse drinking out of a silver cup Ella's in the graveyard, poor girl she will never wake up Some of the boys give nickles and some give dimes I never give one red cent because she wasant no friend of mine The End.

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Copied Song. Ella Speed. W.S. Chains of Ramsey Farm. Text sent by Come all you girls & take heed. do you remember the poor girle Ella Speed. Some say you might be out only having funn. Some man will do the deed that Marton don. I was in Savanna I will tell you What it was about Marton killed Ella cause She wanted to be a rousterbout. I was standing in the sloon & seen it when it first begun. he shot Ella with a 41 Smoking Gun. then right down State Street the Dirty coward he did run. in his right hand He held this smoking 41. he holled you better Hurry Miss Ester if you want to see your girl. She is lying on the bar room floor struggling in Her blood. Now if Miss. Ester had rased Ella like her farthar said. Shed be living but now the poor girl is dead. Poor Ellas people they live way out west. They didnt come to Savanna till they heard of Ella's death. The trains come running under the union shed. they started the bells to toneing when they heard poor Ella was dead. Now Marton is in the jail house drinking of of a Silver cup. Ellas is in the grave yard poor girl she Will never wake up. Some of the boys give nickles. & some give dimes. I never give one red cent because wasnt no friend of mine.- -the End.- -

A Song to. Mr. & Mrs. John A. Lomax

JAL '39

TEMPORARY NO. 18 2606

B 1. Worry Blues (I wake up worried)Group of Negroes on Ramsey State Farm near Otey, Texas, April 23, 1939 W. S. Harrison, Leader (Jay Bird) (Text very imperfect) Well, I wake, I wake up worried; Gonna tell you what I'm worried 'bout. Cap'n, what's de matter Cap'n you won'tBut you know that worried me. Cap'n, what time o' day? Gettin' late in de e'en, been runnin' all day. Cap'n, you won'tWhat de matter? I wonder what de matter ever crawlin'

B 2. Come on an' bow down..(Spiritual)-group of Negro convicts led by Iron Head (James Baker) Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Texas. April 23, 1939 Come on an' bow down, He's a

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callin' you, he's a-callin' you this very hour. Come on an' bow down; He's callin' you, he's callin' you Don't you want to be saved? Don't you want to be saved this very hour? Come on an' bow down. You better pray, You better pray, you better pray this very hour. Come on an' bow down, come on an' bow down, He's callin' you. My Saviour said, my Savior said, my Savior said this very hour. Come on an' bow down, come on an' bow down; he's callin' you, he's callin' you. (These same phrases continue and the record concludes:) He's callin' you, he's callin' you, yes, yes, Won't you shake my hand?

JAL '39

TEMPORARY NO. 19 2605

A 1. Sinner will be runnin' in dat great day. . . (spiritual)by group of Negro convicts 'Who shall be able to stand?) Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Texas-April 23, 1939 (Text incomplete) Sinner will be runnin' in dat great day (repeated); Who will be able to stand? My mother will be runnin' in dat great day, etc. My father, etc. My mother, etc. My sister, etc. De grave will be open in dat great day (repeated). Who shall be able to stand?

A 2. My pore mother keeps prayin' so me..(Blues). . . Wallace Chains and Sylvester Jones ("The Two Stavin' Chains") Negroes on Ramsey State Farm, April 23, 1939 My pore mother keeps a-prayin' for me (Whooo-oooh-oooh, Well, Well) (repeat Say bless my son wherever he may be Work all summer long, did'n' save no railroad fare (well, well) Now my money's gone, an' my friends don't even care. I work in de summer when de days was warm long; Now I ain'T got no money, an' all my friends is gone. Well I would go beggin', but I don't like playin' blind; An' that woman she's gone an' taken all those clothes o' nine. Well, you see my condition, won't 1et me love my fun; An' my money's will gone an' my friends won't give me none. These words are interspersed with ejaculations and and groans, such as "Whoo-oooh-oooh and Well, well.

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B 1. Till I die (Spiritual) by group of Negro convicts..Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Tex. April 23, 1939 Words not caught.

B 2. Gambler, where was you? (Spiritual) group of Negro convicts..Ramsey State Farm led by Wade Bolden.. "Monkey" April 23, 1939 Gambler, where was you when they called your name, called your name, called your name? (repeat) Gambler where was you when they called your name? You waited one day too late, one day too late. Liar, where was you, etc. Drunkard, where was you, etc. Backslider, where was you, etc.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

(2604 2605 2606)

Ramsey State Farm, Otey, Texas

April 23, 1939

Copy of letter from Columbus Christopher, one of the singers of 2604-2606 Otey, Texas

April 27, 1939

Mr. John A. Low. Mack Dear Sur. At this time sur I hope I am not taking to much advanthe of my opportunity with you. But kind sur however I am sure you undstand and will consider my true reply. Mr. Mack I hope you wont think I am going to far with you. But I am sure that you will undstand. Sur if you will get me out I will work for you are any of your peoples tell I gets you paid altho I am married. But I did like much to be going around with you if you and Miss can do anything for me I am sure Gord will help me do the rest. Maintime I have a good frend here. he was sleep Sunday when you war here. But he and eye have ben sing a lots since Sunday. he now blues and love songs good. So we are practtice on Religious Songs. Mr Mack he nows River Songs to. I have ben sing with the boys and trying to have a greath number of songs for you and Miss. So please ance soon

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and I will let you no about what time to come. So this time I will remain with the lord and help of others Columbus Christopher R 1. Otey, Texas

Section 6: Brownsville, Texas and vicinity; April 24-28

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Brownsville, Texas

April 25-29

Manuela Longoria Jose Suarez ("Blind Jose") Children of Blalack School Mrs. Henry Krausse, Dolores Royes, Tito Crixell, Henry Delgado

Judge Hobart Davenport introduced us to Miss Manuela Longoria, teac her of a suburban grade school where the pupils are all of Mexican families. Miss Long oria herself is well-educated She is always helpful with the annual "Charro Festival" in training the school children for their parts. Miss Longoria's own songs we recorded in her home in Brownsville, where she lives with an older sister who does not yet speak English. Miss Longoria's songs are traditional, most of them from her mother and her father. The Blalack School children sang us the songs that they use at play in their own homes. It is interesting that when Mrs. Lomax asked them how to spell certain titles they shook their heads, saying that they could not spell Spanish words. Their written and spoken school work is all done in the English language.

Atanacio Hernandez, a Mexican farmer came to the school house to sing old songs which he is thought to know, but due to timidity, perhaps, before his own children or the microphone, he sang only Nicero Leon, a tragic narrative of the "head-hunting of a man who was afraid of nothing but God", according to Miss Longoria's interpretation.

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The recording at Blalack School was made in a large classroom, the children sitting around the machine on the floor, watching every move of singers and recorders.

2607 JAL '39 Recording Trip

Brownsville, Texas

April 25-29, 1939

Manuela Longoria

On the same disc with La Rancherita (o?) Miss Longoria recorded a Confederate Song, La Chinaca two stanzas. She says that there are perhaps six other stanzas which she cannot recall. The song was composed by a group of about fifty Confederate soldiers, among them her father, to greet give warning of the Federals who they heard were coming their way.

A3 is a narrative song about the Storm (La Culebra) 1800 in Leon, learned from her father; there are perhaps one or two more stanzas.

A4 is a Play Song, Run, Run

Another of her songs is (English title)-Little Drunk Man

Others: El Sentimento ..a love song, learned from her father. La Pajara Pinta, a game song, learned from her father Las Aguilas de San Miguel, a game song, played like London Bridge.

Fathers name: Crisostomo Longoria, died 1935

Temp. 21, 22, 23 JAL '39 Recording Trip

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Brownsville, Texas

April 24-29, 1939

Blalack School and Manuela Longoria

Three records were filled at Blalack School, a school for children of Mexican parentage, three miles from Brownsville, Texas. Miss Manuela Longoria is principal. The children speak only English in school, but Miss Longoria invited the children to sing game songs, lullabies and other children's songs in Spanish. She herself added to her list of songs recorded at her home. The father of two of her pupils came from his farm work to sing a "bad man" ballad.

Songs recorded at the Blalack School are as follows: Los Patos (Ducks)-ring game played at night. Counting to ten El Floron-ring game played sitting Maria Blanca- by girls of the school (Maria in prison is freed by the prince) La Pajara Pinta La Aguilas Lullabies

Ramona Ramirez sang an Indian song, and Maria Robriquez a love song.

Atanacio Hernandez, a farmer of the community, sang the tragic history of Nicero Leon and assisted in singing a boy-and-girl sentimental song

The concluding song was in English, a patriotic song, Children of America

2607? J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO.

The songs on this record were sung by Miss Manuela Longoria at her home in Brownsville Texas on April 24, 1939. Miss Longoria was educated in the public schools of Brownsville, the College of Arts and Industries at Kingsville, Texas, and the University of Texas. She is principal of Blalack School, public school for Mexican children, three miles from the city..

Library of Congress

Most of her songs she learned from her father, a Confederate soldier who served along the border. Her grandfather joined the Union army

A 1. La Rancherito. . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas.-April 24, 1939 Comment: "I was youngest of nine children in the family and my father's favorite. When he would come home on his big handsome horse from one of his five ranches, he would begin to sing this song way down the road as a signal to me to meet him. Then we would dance together to the snappy music. My mother thought it was silly." Tomando copas de tinto y cerveza, paso la horas de mi vida aqui; Mejor quisiera aquel sabrozo apollo, Como en el rancho dando yo naci. Aqui toditos usan tacon alto Cosas que siempre me chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquella hermosa bota Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui toditos usan sombrero chiquito De tan chiquito parece capi (e?) Mejor quisiera grande y con barboquejo Como en el rancho de yo naci. Aqui se pasean en las banquetas Dandose vueltas por aqui y alli Mejor quisiera andar lazando vacas Como en el rancho de yo naci. Aqui so baila con bonitas musicas Cosas que nunca me han gustado a mi Mejor quisiera violin y tanbora Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui meriendan con ricas somitas En pan que siempre me a chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquellas azaderas Como en el rancho donde yo naci.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO.

The songs on this record were sung by Miss Manuela Longoria at her home in Brownsville Texas on April 24, 1939. Miss Longoria was educated in the public schools of Brownsville, the College of Arts and Industries at Kingsville, Texas, and the University of Texas. She is principal of Black School, public school for Mexican children, three miles from the city.. Most of her songs she learned from her father, a Confederate soldier who served along the border. Her grandfather joined the Union army

A 1. La Rancherita. . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas.-April 24, 1939
Comments: "I was youngest of nine children in the family and my father's favorite. When

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he would come home on his big handsome horse from one of his five ranches, he would begin to sing this song way down the road as a signal to me to meet him. Then we would dance together to the snappy music. My mother thought it was silly." yes A rancher compares city life with country life- -This song taught to Mexican children to sing in charro parade. Tomando copas de tinto y cerveza Paso la horas de mi vida aqui; Mejor quisiera aquel sabrozo apdillo, Como en el rancho dando yo naci. Aqui toditos usan tacon alto Cosas que siempre me chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquella hermosa bota Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui toditos usan sombrero chiquito De tan chiquito parece capi (e?) Mejor quisiera grande y con barboquejo Como en el rancho de yo naci. Aqui se pasean en las banquetas Dandose vueltas por aqui y alli Mejor quisiera andar lazando vacas Como en el rancho de yo naci. Aqui se baila con bonitas musicas Cosas que nunca me han gustado a mi Mejor quisiera violin y tanbora Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui meriendan con ricas semitas En pan que siempre me a chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquellas azaderas Como en el rancho donde yo naci.

A 2. La Chinaca. . . a Civil War song. . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas. Apr. 24, 1939 See general comment on A 1 sheet. Learned from her father who served along the border in the Confederate army. Crisostomo Longoria Por hay viene la chinaca Toda vestida de gris Preguntandole a los mochos Donde esta su Emperatriz. Si vien puebla se perdio No fue falta de valor Fue por falta de elementos Para la Confederacion. Miss Longoria says that she has never been able to find the six other stanzas of this long narrative. Fifty men contributed to the composition of this song, which they sang as a sort of signal that the Northern forces were near. Her father's name was Crisostomo Longoria. He died about four years ago.

A 3 La Culebra.. (The 1800 Storm in Leon)..by Manuela Longoria Latter part spoiled..Recorded again as B 1

A 4 Play-party song, learned from her grandmother. ..by Manuela Longoria Al corre y corre - a ring game Al corre y corre, Ven junto a mi Dame el abrazo Que te pedi. Ven, ven joven

Library of Congress

querida, ven, ven aqui a las flores, Ven, ven a mis amores, Ven, ven hacerme feliz Al corre y corre, Ven junto a mi Dame el vesito Que te pedi. Ven, ven, etc.

B 1. La Culebra by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas. April 24, 1939 Comment: Story of great storm in Leon about 1800. Perhaps two or three stanzas missing. Learned from her father. Un dia por la manana . . . Una culebra cayo Ano de mil ochocientos . . . Dies y ocho de julio Se ha hundido El Leon . . . Ano de mil ocho cientos Dies y ocho de julio . . . Se ha hundido El Leon Otro dia por la manana. . . Toda la orilla del rio Toda la gente desnuda. . . Los ninos chiquitos Temblando de frio Toda la gente desnuda Los ninos chiquitos Temblando de frio.

B2 (over)

B 2. El Sentimiento Love song . . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas. Apr. 24, 1939 Learned from her father. Si tienes algun sentimiento, Ve me diciendo, yo sobre cual es Yo te quisiera ver contenta Como te miraba la primeva ves Si crees que yo ya no vuelvo Por que ya me voy Quedate con Dios- Mi vida no llores, No llores mi vida Que haces pedazos mi corazon. Has un recuerdo mi bien De tu amante si Por que no puedo olvidarte Jamas a ti Por que soy fiel y constante Mi vida no llores No llores por mi.

B 3. La Pajara Pinta Game song..by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas, April 3, 1939 Learned from her father. Estaba la pajara pinta Para en su verde limon Con sus alas vuia las ojas. . . Con su pico ,picaba la flor. Ay, Dios. Ay, Dios cuando vere mi amor.

B 4. Las Aguilas de San Miguel Game Song . . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas April 24, 1939 (Played like London Bridge) Hay! vienen las Aguilas de San Miguel Cargados de pan y miel A lo maduro Que se voltee Jose de burro Ay! Ay! Ay!

A 2. La Chinaca . . . a Civil War song. . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas. Apr. 24, 1939 See general comment on A 1 sheet. Learned from her father who served along the border in the Confederate army. Crisostomo Longoria Por hay viene la chinaca Toda

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vestida de gri Preguntandole a los mochos Donde esta su Emperatriz. Si vien puebla se perdio No fue falta de valor Fue por falta de elementos Para la Confederacion. Miss Longoria says that she has never been able to find the six other stanzas of this long narrative. Fifty men contributed to the composition of this song, which they sang as a sort of signal th t the Northern forces were near. Her father's name was Crisostomo Longoria. He died about four years ago.

A 3. La Culebra . . . (The 1800 Storm in Leon.). . . by Manuela Longoria

B 2. El Sentineto . . . Love song. . . by Manuela Longoria, Brownsville, Texas. Apr.24, 1939 Learned from her father. Si tienos algun sentimiento, Ve me diciendo,yo cobro curl es Yo te quisiera ver contenti Como te miraba la primova ves Si croes que yo ya no vuelvo Por que ya me voy Quedate con Dios- Mi vid no llores, No llores mi vida Que haces podazos mi corazon. Has un rocuerto mi bien De tu amante si Por que no puedo olvidarte Jamas a ti Por que soy fiel y constante Mi vida no llores No llores por mi.

A1 Apr. 24, 1939 Learned from father, Cristomo Longoria soldier in cofederate army died about 1934.

La Rancherita Tomando copas de tintó y cerveza Paso la horas de mi vida aqui; Mejor quisiera aquel sabrozo apollo, Como en el rancho dando yo naci. Aqui toditos usan tacon alto Cosas que siempr me chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquella hermosa bota Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui toditos usan sombrero chiquito De tan chiquito parece capí Mejor quisiera grande y con barboquejo Como en el rancho donde yo naci. Aqui se pasean en las banquetas Dandose vueltas por aqui y alli Mejor quisiera handar lazando vacas Como en el rancho de yo naci. Aqui se baila con bonitas musicas Cosas que nunca me han gustado a mi Mejor quisiera violin y tanbora Como en el rancho donde yo naci.

Aqui meriendan con ricas semitas En pan que siempre me a chocado a mi Mejor quisiera aquellas azaderas Como en el rancho donde yo naci.

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A2 La Chinaca. - - "Civil War" Por hay viene la chinaca Toda vestida de griz Preguntandole a los mochos Donde esta su Emperatriz. Si bien puebla se perdio No fuß falta de valor Fuß por falta de elementos Para la Confederacion.

A3 & B1 Storm (bad incomplete)

La Culebra Un dia por la mañana Una culebra cayó Año de mil ochocientos Dies y ocho de julio Se ha hundido El Leon Año de mil ocho cientos Dies y ocho de julio Se ha hundido El Leon Otro dia por la mañana Toda la orilla del rió Toda la gente desnuda Los niños chiquitos Temblando de frio Toda la gente desnuda Los ninos chiquitos Temblando de frio.

B.A4. Al corre y corre Al corre y corre Ven junto a mi Dame el abrazo Que te pedi Ven, ven jóven querida aqui a las flores a mis amores hacerme feliz Al corre y corre Ven junto a mi Dame el vesito Que te pidi- - Ven ven etc. Naranja dulce

Children in ring Child in center Sing - - first one embraces center. 2nd kisses one in center Sung by all children

2613 lullaby B1 Sra. Santa Ana. Señora Santa Ana, Por que llora el niño, Por una manzana; Que se le a perdido. Vamos a la huerta Cortaremos dos Una para el niño Y otra para Dios. Arriba del cielo Hay una ventana Por donde se asoma Señora Santa Ana. Arriba del cielo Hay un abujerito Por donde se asoma El nino chiquito Ramoña R. Sofia H. Ramona Maria R.

B2 El Sentimiento, Si tienes algun sentimißnto, Ve me diciendo, yo sobrß cual es Yo te quisiera ver contenta Como te miraba la primeva ves Si crees que yo ya no vuelvo Por que ya me voy Quedate con Dios- Mi vida no llores, No llores mi vida Que haces pedazos mi corazón. Has un recuerdo mi bien De tu amante si Por que no puedo olvidarte Jamas a ti Por que soy fiel y constante Mi vida no llores No llores por mi.

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J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. 21,22,23

2613

These three records were made in Blalack School, a school for Mexican children, three miles from Brownsville, Texas. Miss Manuela Longoria is principal. The children speak only English in school, but Miss Longoria invited the children to sing game songs, lullabies and other children's songs in Spanish. She herself added songs to the list recorded at her home. The father of two of her pupils came from his farm work to sing a "bad man" ballad.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Brownsville, Texas

April 25- -<29,1939

Jose Suarez ("Blind Jose")

Jose Suarez was introduced to John A. Lomax by J.K.Wells. J. K. Wells is the son of Jim Wells, who for many years was very influential politically and socially in "the Valley". There is a Jim Wells County in Texas, and Jim Wells was for many years "boss" of the Spanish-speaking people along the border. His son, J.K.Wells, is a successful lawyer and businessman in Brownsville, himself a friend to Mexicans in need. Blind Jose recorded his songs in the Wells home.

Jose became blind at the age of ten months and makes his living singing and playing his guitar on the streets, at dances and in drinking halls. He goes everywhere about the city with the aid of a cane. He has a wide repertoire of Mexican and Spanish songs and tunes; in fact he says he does not know how many he can sing, since new ones pop into his head every day that he has not thought of for years. He keeps up with the popular songs, but he

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likes best the old local and occasional ballads,- about exciting events that have happened in the border country. Mr. Wells comments at this point:

"Whenever, in the old days, anything exciting happened, a poet made verses about it and distributed the composition as a broadside. Musicians made up the air or tune for the verses. Prisoners leaving on boats would make u make up verse accounts of their experiences,- accounts of their crimes, etc., and sell them on the streets or from the boat."

See also comments on songs as listed, for special circumstances from which each song arose.

Mr. Wells could not be so rude as to ask Jose his age. Instead, he asked in Spanish: "Jose, when did you cut your eye-teeth?" To this Jose replied, "Forty-three years ago."

JAL '39 Recording Trip -Brownsville, Texas-Jose Suarez-April 26, 1939

Below is an example of a ballad in broadside form, as described by J. K. Wells of Brownsville, Texas as being the usual form for dis-t ibution of Mexican border ballads. See note on Texts of border songs sung by Jose Suarez

LA VIDA.

Esta vida es un misterio, Una ilusión vaporosa, Una vereda escabrosa Que conduce al Cementerio.

¿Quß significa vivir En este mundo engañoso, Que de nada sirve el gozo Cuando es preciso morir? En la nada va a concluir Tomándolo bien de serio, Que aunque sea un gran imperio Viene a quedar en la nada. . . Hablando en verdad sagrada, **Esta vida es un misterio.**

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Si acaso hay un "más allá," No lo veremos, por cierto, Porque ya después de muerto De nada nos servirá. Es posible que lo habrá, Según mi creencia dudosa, Y si de algo allá se/ goza, Ir allá a gozar conviene, Porque aquí, solo se tiene **Una ilusión vaporosa.**

Y si el destino es morir, ¿Qué vale el haber nacido? Desde luego está perdido Todo nuestro porvenir. Se ve que todo es sufrir, Que esta vida es muy penosa Aunque a la vista es preciosa Nos encanta el batallar Y por fin, va uno a encontrar **Una vereda escabrosa.**

Todo está así decretado Por la mano del Creador: Hay que sufrir con rigor Lo que ya está sentenciado. Cada quien ve por su lado Y resiste al intemperio; Es duro, penoso y serio, Hay que verlo con despecho: Es un camino derecho **Que conduce al Cementerio. Por Prudencio Hinojosa. Brownsville, :-:Texas Diciembre de 1929.**

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Suarez#1

A1. Train Robberyung nand played by Jose Suarezin the home, of J.K.Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 J.K.Wells is the son of Jim Wells who for many years was very influential politically and socially in "the Valley" of Texas.

Jose Suarez became blind at the age of ten months and makes his living playing and singing on the streets and drinking halls. He goes everywhere about the city with the aid of his cane.. As he listened to the play-back of his records he went through the motions of playing the song and rocked back and forth with the rhythm. He has no idea how many songs and ballads he can sing. Train Robbery . . . 14 stanzas (a few threads of the disc are spoiled) Annoncement by J.K.Wells The story of a robbery between Brownsville and Point Isabel, Texas, of the Rio Grande RailRoad. Modqueda was the hero. This song also called The Nineteenth of January,as the hold-up occurred on Jan.19, 1892 1892.

B Bandit Trouble on the Rio Grande Border 1915 . . . sung and played by Jose Suarez, blind Mexican street singer, at the home of J.K.Wells, Brownsville,Texas April 26, 1939 Mr. Wells comments: The raid was incited by the Germans. Many Mexicans were killed.

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"In the old days, whenever anything exciting happened, a poet made verses about it and distributed the composition as a broadside. Musicians made up their own tunes for the verses. Prisoners leaving on boats would make up a verse account of their experiences, accounts of crimes, etc., and sell them on the streets or from the boat."

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Suarez #2

A 1. Cotton Picking. (Song of vagrant Mexican cotton pickers) by Jose Suarez Spanish with guitar . . . Sung in the home of J.K.Wells Brownsville, Tex. April 26, 1939 Mr. Wells comments: "Prior to 1904, the date of the first railroad in this part of the country, there was a general exodus of Mexicans picking cotton from Brownsville to Mississippi and beyond. They moved north as cotton matured, then walked back. Due to the boll weevil cotton prices were low and therefore so were cotton-picking wages. After the railroad came in, the contract system was introduced, -that is, contractors loaded their groups onto the trains, -and trooping by foot ceased." This song of, five stanzas of which are here recorded, was probably made or started in Gonzales, so Jose thinks. It opens with the father's advice to his young son.. Later: "When money was good, I bought chickens, cows, horses, etc., but at forty cents a hundred, I am very poor, and I walk the streets of Laredo like a deaf mule." Jose Suarez is a blind street singer, who makes his way about Brownsville unaided except for his cane. He is a skillful guitar picker and has a wide repertoire of all kinds of Mexican and Spanish songs.

A 2. and A. 3. Announcements by J.K.Wells, son of the late Jim Wells, who was the famous political, financial and social baron of "The Valley" for many years.

B. Battle of Matamoras..(in Spanish). . . by Jose Suarez, blind street singer. Sung at the home of J.K.Wells in Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 Comment: 16 stanzas about Panco Villa's troubles around Matamoras, a Mexican village across the river from Brownsville, 118 men were wounded. "Ballad written by Vidal Cantu Garcia, who moved from B. to

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Houston." See remarks about Suarez and Mr. Wells A 1. and record immediately prior to this one.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. 2647 Suarez #3

A 1.(I was) Born Blind sung and played (guitar) by Jose Suarez in the home of J.K.Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 For information about this blind street singer and Mr. Wells, see comments on the two records immediately preceding. Suarez became blind "at the age of ten months, while still in the cradle". Mr. Wells could not be so rude as to ask the Mexican his age; in response to his question, "When were your eye-teeth born?", Jose replied, "Fort-three years ago".

A 2. Born Blind-infull. Notice: A few bad threads before song begins.

A. 3. Brownsville Raid . . . concluding stanzas of song by Jose Suarez which is recorded as A2 A on the next succeeding disc, which see for comments.

B.

B. The Rangers sung and played by Jose Suarez in the home of J.K.Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 For information about Suarez and Mr. Wells see comments on two records immediately preceding. Suarez is a blind street singer. This ballad, according to Suarez, was composed by Benino Sandoval. A noted bandit, Carlo Guillen, had been lynched. At the request of the bandit's mother, Gov. Gov. Culberson sent rangers to investigate the lynching.

2647 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Suarez #4

A. 1. La Risa..(The Laugh)..sung and played by Jose Suarez, blind street singer, in the home of J.K.Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 For information about Suarez and

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Mr. Wells see the three records immediately preceding this one. This song tells narrates the adventures of THE LAUGH.

A 2. Brownsville Raid by Negro troops sugn and played by Jose Suarez, blind street singer, in the home of J. K. Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939 For information about Suarez and Mr. Wells see preceding records. This ballad tells the story of the raid of Brownsville by Negro troops stationed at Ft. Brown nearby. Incidents took place in 1906. N.B.: Concluding stanzas are recorded as A 3 on the immediately preceding record.

B 1. The Drunkard celebrates Holy Week . . . sung and played by Jose Suarez, blind street singer, at the home of J. K. Wells, Brownsville, Texas, Apr. 26, 1939 For information about Suarez and Mr. Wells, see preceding records. This ballad relates the experiences of a drunkard on each day of Holy Week For instance: on Monday he started to confession, met a friend, got drunk. Considered sacrilegious by devout churchmen.

B 2. Drinking Song-(Mescal). . . sung and played by Jose Suarez, blind street singer, in the home of J.K.Wells, Brownsville, Texas, April 26, 1939. For information about Suarez and Mr. Wells, see prededing records. Suarez says that the words we e written by a rancher near San Benito, Texas. "I feel a flame inside me, and I know I need a drink of mescal".

JAL '39 Recording Trip Brownsville, Texas pg. 2

April 25-29, 1939

Mrs. Henry Krausse

Mrs. Henry Krausse, introduced to Mr. Lomax by Judge Hobart Debenport, prominent Texas lawyer with a keen interest in the Texas State Historical Society. Mrs. Krausse is wife of the vice-consul of the United States in Matamoros. She belongs to the prominent Brownsville family Crixell, being daughter of Officer Crixell who was shot down in the 1912

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feud between Texas Rangers and Brownsville officials. She sang into the microphone four lines of a ballad about this feud that was written by a Brownsville citizen.

Mrs. Krausse's maid, a Mexican girl, sang in Spanish *El Remolino* (the whirlwind), which she says she learned in Matamoras. She sang another, also Spanish, whose title she did not know. We set it down as *The Disappointed Lover*, since she says it was composed by a lover, sung to a girl who jilted him. The singer of these two songs is Dolores Reyes (Reyes)

Tito Crixell, cousin of Mrs. Krausse, and Henry Delgado with guitar sang two popular Mexican serenade (morning) songs.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO.

This record was made in the home of Henry Krausse, Brownsville, Texas April 28, 1939
Mr. Krausse is vice-consul for the U.S. in Matamoras, Mexico

A 1. Feud between Texas Rangers and Brownsville officials in 1912 Four lines sung by Mrs. Henry Krausse, who says it is a long ballad composed by a Brownsville citizen. Mrs. Krausse is the daughter of Officer Crixell who was shot down in the feud on Washington St.

A 2 *El Remolino* ..(The whirlwind) . . . sung by Dolores Reyes, Mexican maid in the home of Mrs. Henry Krausse, Brownsville, Texas Learned in Matamoras, Mexico April 28, 1939
Text was given in her writing. Mrs. Krausse says many words misspelled.

A 3. *The Disappointed Lover* . . . sung by Dolores Reyes in home of Mrs. Henry Krausse, Brownsville, Texas, April 28, 1939 No Text supplied -Composed by lover to girl who jilted him.

B 1. *Las Mananitas* . . . (The Dawn). . . sung by Tito Crixell, cousin of Mrs. Henry Krausse, in her home in Brownsville, Texas, April 28, 1939 With guitars. Very old greeting song or

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morning serenade in Old Mexico "T is is the song of dawn that Old King David used to sing. And now we come to sing it to you." . . . Guitar accompaniment.

B 2.A1 Pie de tu ventral . . . A serenade by Henry Delgado, in the home of Mrs. Henry Krausse Brownsville, Texas, April 28, 1939

Section 7: Falfurrias and Sarita, Texas; April 28-30

2619 2620 JAL '39 Recording Trip Falfurrias, Texas Lake N. Porter

April 29, 30, 1939

Mrs Edward Lasater of Falfurrias told us about the fiddler, Mr. Lake N. Porter, a champion in his earlier days. He was born in Mississippi, and is (in 1939) 85 years old. He is a charter member of the Texas Old Trail Drivers Association. He went up the trail three or four times, often sawing his fiddle as he rode along. For a long time he discontinued playing the fiddle and singing, but he has taken it up again recently, and now "he doesn't do anything else all day long", so his wife reports. The couple celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary last December (1938). They live in a comfortable cottage with their own garden and chickens. Their daughter lives across the street and a son, who holds a responsible position with a power company in the East, flies down to see them occasionally. This son has recently written to thank Mr. Lomax, for giving his parents so much pleasure by recording the fiddle tunes and to enquire whether he might get copies of the records. Mr. and Mrs. Porter were very much pleased to be "invited out" to a public restaurant for dinner. Mr. Porter was for fifteen years sheriff in Goliad County, Texas and in the county where he now lives, during some exciting days of that country. He lived in McMullen County when he was a cowboy and trail-driver. Black Jack Grove is his favorite fiddle tune.

During their days of work around Falfurrias Mr. and Mrs. Lomax were guests at the ranch of Mrs. Ed Lasater, of which her son Tom Lasater is manager. Her son Edward, county

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attorney, was at that time living on the ranch. Mrs. Lasater and Mr. Lomax had been friends on the campus of the University of Texas when Mrs. Lasater (Mary Miller) was student.

2619 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Porter #1

A 1. Drunkard's Lament. . . Fiddle tune with verses ..played and sung by Lake N. Porter in his home in Falfurrias, Texas. April 29, 1939 Tune: Rye Whiskey Mr. Porter, 85 years old, born in Miss., is a charter member of the Texas Old Trail Drivers Association.. He went up the trail three or four times, often sawing his fiddle as he rode along. For a long time he discontinued playing the fiddle and singing but has taken it up again recently and now "he doesn't do anything else all day long", so his wife reports The couple celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary last December. Mr. Porter was fifteen years sheriff, in Goliad Co., and in the county where he now lives. He lived in Mc Mullen Co. when he was a cowboy and trail-driver. Text not complete nevermore roam, I wish I was married and livin' at home. As a boy I was reared in a beautiful home, But the taste of red liquor caused me to roam; But now I'm an outcast and destined to roam Because of red liquor I've ruined my home. I've traveled the country from Texas to Maine; I've drunk old red liquor and sometimes champagne. And now I'm an outcast and destined to roam, But I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry, If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die. I'll play my old fiddle and rosin my bow, And I'll make myself welcome whenever I go. My parents they begged me from whiskey to abstain, But the taste of red liquor with me did remain. And now I'm an outcast and destined to roam, Because of red liquor I've ruined my home. Coe all ye young men, take warning from me, Be a modest user of whiskey. For overindulgence will cause you to roam, Too much of red liquor will ruin your home.

A 2. Announcement

B 1. Lady in the center and three hands round..Fiddle tune with dance calls Played and called by Lake N. Porter, Falfurrias, Texas, Apr. 29, 1939 See note above on A 1.

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B 2. Black Jack Grove fiddled by Lake N. Porter, in his home at Falfurrias, Texas, Apr. 26, 1939 Mr. Porter's favorite fiddle tune. For information about Mr. Porter, see note above on A 1.

2620 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Porter #2

A 1. Old Cacklin' Hen..fiddle tune..played by Lake N. Porter, in his home, Falfurrias, Texas April 29, 1939 For information about this 85 years old charter member of the Old Texas Trail Drivers Association, see note to A 1 of preceding record.

A 2. The Lost Girl . . . breakdown, fiddled by Lake N. Porter, in his home Falfurrias, Texas April 29, 1939 See note above.

B 1. Billy in the Low Ground-fiddle breakdown. . . played by Lake N. Porter, in his home, Falfurrias, Texas April 29, 1939 With hollers. See note on preceding record A 1.

B 2. Sally Goodun . . . fiddle tune..played by Lake N. Porter, in his home, Falfurrias, Texas April 29, 1939 85 years old. Charter member Trail Drivers Assn. Fiddled up the trail three or four times.

2614 2616 2621, 2622 JAL '39 Recording Trip Falfurrias, and-Kingsville, Texas April 28-30, 1939 Frank Goodwyn

Miss Frances Alexander, professor of English at the College of Arts and Industries at Kingsville, Texas, first told us about Frank Goodwyn. He was at that time a student of the college interested in the study of English literature, in music and how to write English compositions. We were told that Mr. Goodwyn was surprised to learn that music had a notation by which it could be written down. He lost no time in setting down on paper some of the tales that he had heard all his life; for he was brought up on the King Ranch, where his father was once a foreman and where Frank himself had learned the arts of the cowboy. there he had learned the many tales current among the Vaqueros and the

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English-speaking cowhands, and he had also picked up their traditional and local ballads and dance tunes. He learned to play the fiddle and the guitar with enough skill to give himself, his family and friends some pleasure and amusement. He is a distant cousin of J. Frank Dobie and through his friends of the College faculty and through Mr. Dobie Frank's written versions of Mexican Border tales came to the attention of the Texas Folk Lore Society, in whose publications Mr. Goodwyn's tales and song texts appear. In 1940 Mr. Goodwyn is instructor in English and graduate student at the C and I College.

At the time the Lomaxes met him, Mr. Goodwyn was married and was teaching in the La Gloria School, a rural school in a Mexican community, near Falfurrias, Texas. There we found him and arranged a meeting.

Many of his songs Mr. Goodwyn learned from his mother and from Blind Eddie, fiddler, who used to hang around Mr. Goodwyn's uncle's country store. Many tunes he learned from cowboys, but often he had to get full texts later from books, such as the Lomax:Cowboy Songs. One night he played for two hours in our tourist camp room, mostly American cowboy songs and "funny" songs that he had learned from his m mother. We found that he knew a great many "concert hall" and other popular songs that had been printed for sheet music sale. The next day, being Saturday, he took us to Sarita, Texas on the edge of the great Kennedy Ranch. We were searching especially for a certain Mexican feud ballad which a blind store-keeper in Sarita knew. Mr. Goodwyn had formerly taught school there and knew all the boys. Mr. Lopez, proprietor was not in; but other musicians were around, and so we set up the machine on a store-counter. Manuel Salinas consented to second Mr. Goodwyn with the guitar, and they played Chinese Breakdown.

This was the usual bare, dusty, poorly equipped general merchandise Mexican store. One glance around took in a few cotton dresses, bandanas, belts, dried oranges, boxes of salt, sheet-iron stove, a dozen Irish potatoes, a few cans of milk, tobacco, an old phonograph, bottles of patent medicine with faded labels, a pair of rlk horns, a dusty violin.

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After a while Mr. Lopez, blind poet and musician, came in. He acknowledged that he knew the ballad, "Don Benefacio e Don Coy", but he refused to sing it into the microphone on the grounds that it was unworthy literature, and he would not degrade himself by going on record with it. He was perfectly willing to declame or sing his own compositions.

He refused even to repeat or to write out the words of such a lowly ballad, but finally Mr. Goodwyn, taking him aside, persuaded Mr. Lopez to whisper the words to him, and in trying to recall the words in spots he hummed the tune two or three times. This was sufficient for Mr. Goodwyn's quick ear and retentive memory; from this humming he caught the tune, practiced the song with his guitar over night, and sang the ballad into the microphone the next day.

The ballad gives the story of a feud between two bad gunmen, one of whom lived in a camp a few miles below Falfurrias. In the fight in 1900 both men were killed.

Another interesting vaquerim ballad, The Purple Bull, Mr. Goodwyn learned from Manuel Hernandez of La Changa cow camp. It is the story, perhaps embroidered, of Manuel's own adventure with a real bull, composed by Nigel La Luna. The words and melody are published in a volume of Southwestern Lore: Folk Lore on the King Ranch.

The Wet Back, another Mexican Ballad of the Border, was sung and played at Sarita by Omero Lopez and Manuel Salinas. The text is not complete, as the boys could not remember all of it. The wet-back is a Mexican who has come across the Rio Grande River into the United States without required credentials. This ballad tells of some of his trials. Allegedly he is called Wet-back because he leaves the wet Rio Grande behind him as he faces the dry streams of Texas.

Comment from Lomax note-book on Sarita trip: "75 miles travel, 2 hours talk, 1 folk song with a possible lead to another."

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Since the Spring of 1940 the Frank Goodwyns have added a young vaquero to their household, nicknamed "Poncho".

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Goodwyn #1

A 1. The Purple Bull (in Spanish). . . played and sung by Frank Goodwyn in tourist camp, Falfurrias, Texas, April 28, 1939 Frank Goodwyn: son of former foreman on the King Ranch, was himself a cowboy. Now teaching La Gloria School near Falfurrias, and is student (senior) of College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville, Texas. Learned many songs from mother and from Blind Eddie, fiddler, who used to hang around Mr. Goodwyn's uncle's country store. 1940: Instructor in A & I College, Kingsville, Texas. The Purple Bull Mr. Goodwyn learned from Manuel Hernandez of La Changa cow camp. It is the story, perhaps embroidered, of Manuel Pasos's adventure with a real bull. Composed by Nigel La Luna. Story and Text in Southwestern Lore: Folk Lore on the King Ranch Also music of tune (melody) A 1. includes some conversation by Mr. Goodwyn

B The Purple Bull -repeated..See above. concluding stanzas on next succeeding record A 1. Learned at Norias

2614 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Goodwyn #2

A 1. The Purple Bull ..(in Spanish) ..by Frank Goodwyn, Tourist Camp, Falfurrias, Texas April 28, 1939 Concluding stanzas-to B side of preceding record. For information about Frank Goodwyn, see note to A 1 of preceding record. For Text see Southwestern Lore: Folklore on the King Ranch

A 2. The Kicking Mule . . . sung and played (guitar) by Frank Goodwyn, Falfurrias, Texas April 28, 1939 Learned from Blind Eddie in Goliad Co. Text on separate sheet, enclosed with record

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A 3. The Dying Cowboy . . . sung and played by Frank Goodwyn, Falfurrias, Texas, Apr. 28, 1939 Learned from cowboys at Norias on King Ranch. Text as in Lomex:Cowboy Songs

B 1. Jolly Irishman . . . played and sung by Frank Goodwyn, Falfurrias, Texas, Apr. 28, 1939 Learned from mother, who had it from Blind Eddie Text on separate sheet, enclosed with record

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. GOODWYN#3

A 1. Don Bonefacio e Don Coy . . . Me ican fe ud ballad..sung and played by Frank Goodwyn, Tourist Camp, Falfurrias, April 30, 1939 For information about Mr. Goodwyn, see two preceding records and their notes. Mr. Goodwyn had been familiar with this ballad for many years but could not recall the tune and full text. On April 29 he guided Mr. Lomax to Sarita, Texas on the Kenedy Ranch. Theyset up the recoeding machine in a little grocery store whose proprietor, M. Lopex, was known to know the ballad. Sonn Mr. Lopex, blind "poet" and musician, came in, acknowledged that he knew the ballad, but refused to sing it into the microphone on the ground that it was unworthy literature, and he would not degrade himself to make go on record with it. He was perfectly willing to declame or sing his own compositions. He refused to repeat or write the words, but finally whispered the words to Mr. Goodwyn, hand in trying to recall the words in spots, hummed over the tune two or three times. From this humming, Mr. Goodwyn caught the tunes, practiced the song over night and sang the ballad into the microphone the next day. The ballad gives the story of a feud between two bad gunmen, one of whom lived in a camp a few miles below Falfurrias, Texas. In the fight both men were killed. 1900 Text Ano 1900 la pecha la que les doy SEE MY. GOODWYN'S MS. ENCLOSED. with record

A 2. La Grand Partida . . . sung and played by Frank Goodwyn, Falfurrias, Texas, April 30, 1939 For information about Mr. Goodwyn, see previous records and notes. Thissong tells

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about the experiences of a bunch of men taking cattle from the border to Kansas. Text in ms. enclosed with record

bB The Dying Cowboy . . . sung and played by Frank Goodwyn, Falfurrias, Texas April 30, 1939 Learned from King Ranch cowboys at Norias, Texas Text similar to Lomex:Cowboy Songs

2616 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Goodwyn #4

A 1. Zebra Dun..Cowboy Song . . . played and sung by Frank Goodwyn, at Tourist Camp Falfurrias, Texas, April 28, 1939 For information about Mr. Goodwyn, see notes on preceding records Learned from cowboys at Norias, on King Ranch, of which Mr. Goodwyn's father was one of the foremen. Text in Loamx: Cowboy Songs

B 1. That Gol Darned Wheel . . . played and sung by Frank Goodwyn, place and date as above. Learned from father and mother. Text in Lomax: Cowboy Songs

2622 J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Goodwyn #5

A 1. Trail to Mexico . . . cowboy song . . . sung and played by Frank Goodwyn, Tourist Camp Falfurrias, Texas, April 30, 1939 For information about Mr. Goodwyn, see preceding records. This song learned from cowboys at Norias on King Ranch Text similar to Lomax: Cowbo Songs

B 1. Old Dan Tucker..fiddle tune and verses..sung and played by Frank Goodwyn same place and date as A1. See note. Text incomplete Old Dan Tucker was a nice old man . . . Washed his face in the fryin' pan Combed his hair with a wagon wheel. . . Old Dan Tucker clumb a tree . . . Thought his master he would see, Limb did break and he did fall . . . Never saw his Lord at all. (Girls in a ring inside a ring of boys) All moves around singing and at "Fly, Tucker, fly", boys seize partner opposite and dance) Old Dan Tucker he got drunk . . . Fell in the fire. . . Fly, Tucker, fly

Library of Congress

B 2. Old Chisholm Trail . . . cowboy song. . . sung and played by Frank Goodwyn See notes on preceding records. Text-some stanzas different from usual version.

B 3. Rye Whiskey . . . fiddle tune with verses. . . Sung and played by Frank Goodwyn See above.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Goodwyn #6

A 1. Chinese Breakdown . . . played by Frank Goodwyn, fiddle and Manuel Salinas, guitar Lopez's Cash Store, Sarita, Texas, Kenedy Ranch Kenedy Co. Recorded in bare, dusty, poorly equipped general merchandise Mexican Store. One glance around detected a few cotton dresses, bandanas, belts, dried oranges, boxes of salt, sheet iron stove, a dozen Irish potatoes, canned milk, tobacco, old phonograph, bottles of medicine with faded labels, elk horns, dusty violin.

A 2. The Wet-Back . . . Mexican border ballad-Sung and played by Omero Lopez and Manuel Salinas. Sarita, Texas, Kenedy Co. Lopez Store April 29, 1939 Ballad not complete. The Wet-Back is a Mexican who has come across the Rio Grande into the U.S. without required credentials. This ballad tells of some of his trials. Allegedly called Wet-Back because he leaves the wet Rio Grande behind him as he faces the dry streams of Texas.

B 1. Maria . . . Mexican love song. . . sung and played by Omero Lopez and Manuel Salinas same place and date as A 1&2.

Comment from Lomax note-book: 75 miles travel, 2 hours talk, 1 folk song-maybe. Trip to Sarita conducted by Frank Goodwyn, resulted in getting words and tune for feud song (see previous record, Don Bonafacio e Don Coy), which poet-musician-storekeeper M. Lopez refused to sing or speak into the microphone.

Section 8: Kingsville, Texas; May 1-2

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JAL '39 Recording Trip

Kingsville, Texas

Acevedo, Wilson, Moye, Salazar

May 1,2,1939

Miss Olga Acevedo and Mr. Ruby Wilson were introduced by Professor J.A. Rickard, Professor of History in the College of Arts and Industries, and founder of the Tennessee Folk Lore Society. The singers are students of the college and their recordings were made under the grandstand of the college stadium. Miss Acevedo learned most of her songs from her mother.

Mr. Wilson comes from the Piney woods of East Texas near his home in Douglas, Texas. He has sung and played these songs and games all his life.

For comments on individual songs see notes under each song.

The family of Mr. William Moye also was introduced by Professor Rickard. Mr. Moye invited us to set up our machine in his home, where his wife and children recorded some Mexican Border play party and other children's songs. Mr. Moye is a missionary to Mexicans, in charge of the Baptist Mexican Mission at Kingsville. He also teaches at night in the U.S. Citizenship Training Corps. Mrs. Moye was born in Torreon, Mexico, daughter of a well-known physician, Dr. S.N. Taffinder. Her mother was Carolina Gonzolasp-Farino, from whom Mrs. Moye learned most of her songs. The Moye children are Jimmie, Margaret and Willie.

Later comment: In the Fall of 1940 we found that Mr. Moye was recovering from "a stroke", able to meet his night classes in Citizenship.

Library of Congress

Senora Isabella Salazar was introduced by Mr. Octavio Perez, teacher in the Stephen F. Austin Grammar School, Kingsville. Mr. Perez himself is making a collection of Mexican play-party and children's songs, and Mrs. Salazar is his "find".

Mrs. Salazar knows a wide variety of songs, most of the old ones learned from her mother, now nearly ninety years old. Mrs. Salazar has a boarding house for Mexican girls attending the A and I College. She does not speak English. Some of the game songs she learned at school.

May 1, 1939 Kingsville, Texas These songs on this record were sung by Miss Olga Acevedo, a Junior in the Texas College of Arts and Industries Side A. Song 2. Lairon, Lairon, Lairito Learned it from her mother, she from her mother, etc.

Side A Song 1 May 1, 1939 Olga Acevedo, Student Kingsville, Texas Sang Two Babes in the Woods Learned song from My dears, do you know how a long time ago Were stolen away on a Two poor little babes whose names I don't know And left in the woods as I heard people say. And when it was night how sad was their plight The sun it went down and the moon gave no light. They sobbed and they cried sighed and they bitterly cried And the poor little things they lay down & died. And when they were dead, the robins so red Brought strawberry leaves & over them spread, Poor babes in the woods - - And don' you remember the babes 2. Spanish lullaby.

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO. 36

Kingsville #1

#2623

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A 1. Two Babes in the Woods - -in English. . . by Olga Acevedo, Kingsville, Texas May 1, 1939, under stadium of A & I College Miss Acevedo is a junior student in College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville. She was introduced to Mr. Lomax by Prof. J.A. Rickard, Prof. of History, who is responsible for the founding of the Tenn.Folk Lore Society. Song learned from singer's moth rwho leareened it from her mother, etc. My dears, do you know how a long time ago Two poor little babes whose names I don't know Were stolen away on a bright summer day And left in the woods, so I've heard people say. (repeat*) And when it was night, how sad was their plight, The sun it went down and the moon gave no light. They sobbed and they sighed and they bitterly cried, And the poor little things, they lay down and died. (repeat) And when they were dead, the robins so red Brought strawberry leaves and over them spread, And all the day long, they sang them this song: Poor babes in the woods, poor babes in the woods! And don' you remember the babes in the woods.?

A 2. Lairon, lairon, lairito . . . lullaby in Spanish..by Olga Acevedo,Kingsville, Texas See note above Sung to her by her mother

B 1. Naranja dulce limon partido . . . ring game song . . . by Olga Acevedo, Kingsville May 1, 1939 See note on A 1. Learned it at home and at school, but no longer played at school. Game much like Ring arounda Rosey

B 2. Senora Santa Anna . . . Mexican lullaby. . . by Olga Acevedo place and time as above Lullaby widely sung by Mexicans in South Texas

B 3. Hebritas,Hebritas de oro-Game song..by Olga Acevedo see above The last part of the song may be sung to different words provided the last words of the last two lines rhyme.

2626

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Library of Congress

Kingsville #2

A 1. Macalililion . . . game song in Spanish..by Olga Acevedo,Kingsville, Texas,May 1, 1939 under stadium of A & I Colle Mi s Acevedo is a junior in the college, learned most of her songs from her mother. This song is sung in a game played like "Red Rover".

A 2. Bandelero..sung and played on guitars by Valdemar Acuna,Leonaldo Hernandez from near Riviera,Texas. Live in the country. 16 yrs. old Introduced by W.A. Moyer. Recorded under stadium of A & I College Kingsville,Texas, May 1,1939 Learned from a farmer boy.

B. These East Texas play-party tunes and verses were sung by Ruby Wilson,a tall, red-headed student,junior in the Colle of Arts and Industries. Learned in Piney Woods of East Texas near home,Douglas, Texas. Recorded. . . Under Stadium of College,Kingsville, Texas,May 1, 1939 Singer introduced by Prof. J.A.Rickard, History Dept. Text of words in ms. enclosed

2626

B 1. Ceily

B 2. Arous er

B 3. Sugar Lump

B 4. Old Dan Tucker

2625 2626

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Kingsville #3 2625,

The Play-party and game songs on this record were sung by Mr. Ruby Wilson who learned them in the Piney Woods of East Texas near his home,Douglas,Texas. He w as

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introduced by Prof. J.A.Rickard of the College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville, of which Mr. Wilson is a junior student. Songs recorded under stadium of college, Kingsville, Texas, May 1, 1939 Texts of songs in ms. enclosed.

A 1. The Miller

A 2. and A3-Four in the middle (Green coffee grows on white oak trees)

A 4. Turn to my Lou.Loola-la-loo (Lead 'em up and down)

B 1. Form a figure eight..(Chase the goose)

B 2. Gents go center ..("Or ladies either one")

B 3. Irish Trot..(All hands up in the Irish Trot)

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

KINGSVILLE #1

A 2. Lai on,Lairon,Lairito . . . sung by Olga Acevedo, student College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville,Texas,May 1, 1939 See note on A 1. Un dia una pastora Lairon,lairon,lairito Una dia una pastora Mato a su michito El micke la miraba Lairon,lai on,lairito El miche la miraba Con ajas muy bonitas Me voya confesar Lairon,lairon,lairito Me voy a confesar Con ol padre Francisco Yo le confieso padre Lairon,lairon,lairita Yo le confiezo padre Que yo mate al machito De penitencia sufro Lairon,llairon,lairito De penitencia sufro Que yo mate al michito

(a lullaby)

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B 3. B 1. Naranja dulce, limon partido Miss Acevedo comments: "Although this ballad has the words of a serenader's song, it is used extensively as a children's play song. Groups of children sing and act it. Each one claps his hands while singing the first stanza, puts his arm around the person to his right while singing the second stanza, turns his back to his partner while singing the third, faces front for the fourth and fifth, and bows for the sixth. During this time the clapping of hands may be kept up." Recorder's note: This same play song was recorded from Miss Manuella Longoria of Brownsville, Texas, and by Mrs. Wm. A. Moyer of Kingsville, and by Mr. and Mrs. G. Lopez of Sugarland Naranja dulce, limon partido; Dame un abrazo que yo te partido. Si fueran falsos mis juramentos En algun tiempo te olvidere Toca tu marcha mi pecho llora Adios senora, yoya ya me voy An orange sweet and a lemon I bring thee One fond embrace now I beg you give me If all my wooing were not so true, love I would by now have forgotten you, love I play this tune from a heart that's sighing Farewell, my lady, I now am going- Olga Acevedo

B 2. Senora Santa Anna Senora Santa Anna Parque llora el niño Par una manzana Que se le ha perdido Duerme mi niño Duerme pronto Porque niene el niño (?) Y le da un sustito

B 3. Hebritas, Habritas de Oro..game song Hebritas, hebritas de oro Que se me niene quebrando Que dice el rey y la reina Que cuantos hijas tendreis Que tenga las que tuviere Que nada la imparta al rey Vuelva, vuelva caballero No sea tan descortes Que de las hijas que yo tengo Nacaja la mos mujer (spoken): Esta me gusta por linda y hermosa Parce una rosa acabada de nacer (sung): No me la siente en el suelo Sientemela en un cojín/ Que as hija le un gachupin

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #2

Library of Congress

A 1. Macalilililion..Spanish game song..by Olga Acevedo, Kingsville,Texas,May 1,1939
Miss Acevedo is a junior in the state College of Arts and Industries of Texas She learned most of her songs from her mother. This song is sung in a game played like Red Rover.
Buenas dias su senoria..Macalilililion Que queria su senoria " Yo queria su-senerieuna se sus"hijas . . . Macalilililion A cual de ellas quiere Ud (?) " Yo queria a Fanchito" Pues quo oficio le pandremos " Le pandremos la tortillera " Pues haremos la fiesta todas Todas, todas en general Pues haremos la fiesta todas Todas, todas en general

26251. Miller Boy There was an old miller who by the mill Every time the mill turned it turned to its will. Hand upon the hopper & the on the sack Everytime the mill turns Graf boys graf (Back) Turn right back. Four In the middle Green coffee grows on white oak trees The river flows with brandy ose Go choose the one to roam with you As sweet as striped candy ose 1Four in the middle and you cant get about Four in the middle and you Can't get about, Four in middle. Swing your partner around you 2.Six in the middle and time half out 3.Eight in the middle and swing, 4.Ten in the middle and two goes out.

26252. Turn-to-my-lou la 1.Lead em up and down lou la lou la "*****" "*****" Lou-la -Lula-my darling 2.Break and swing lou la lou la Lou la lula my darling 3.Cat's in the Butter mil lou la lou la 4.Chicken in the bread tray lou la lou la 5.Aint she painted lou la lou la 6.Aint he got a big foot lou la lou la 7.Bet they marry lou la lou la. Form figure 8. 1.Form figure 8 run a couple on the right. Run a couple on the right run a couple on the right - form a figure 8 run a couple on the right and chase the goose around. 2.Round and round, and round and round - round and round, and round and round. Chase the goose around.

3. Dan Tucker Old Dan Tucker was down in town swinging those ladies round and round First to the right and then to the left Then to the one that he loved best. Get out of the way for old Dan Tucker Come too late to get his supper Supper is over, and Breakfast cooking Left old Daniel standing and looking, Get out of the way for Old Dan Tucker Come too late to get his supper. Ceily 1.Ring up 4 Ceily I thought I heard them say. Ring up 4 Cely I though I heard them say 2.Right hand across Cely I though I heard them say Right hand

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across Cely I thought I heard them say 3.Left hand back Cely- - 4.Break and swing Cely-
- 5.All night long Cely- - 6.Never get tired Cely- - 7.Never get drunk Cely- - 8.Moon shine
bright Cely- - 9.Your time is out Cely.

4. Sugar Lump All around this ring we go, all around my sugar lump, Some body's rocking
my sugar lump, somebody's rocking my sugar lump O turn cinamon turn. 2.That blue eyed
girl is my sugar lump- - That blue eyed girl is my sugar lump- - O turn cinamon turn. 3.I
wouldn't take a dollar for my sugar lump- - 4.Its worth five cents to my sugar lump- - 5.I
wouldn't give a nickle for my sugar lump. Arouser 2&4 arouser, arouser, arouser, 2&4
arouser, to get some lager beer. Never mind the old folks, the old folks, the old folk Never
mind the old folks The young ones they don't mind. Rail Road steam boat, River and canal
along came a Jilly and he stoll my gall. Oh she's gone; gone, gone, oh she's gone, gone,
gone and I bid by my last farewell. 4&6 arouser- - 6&8 arouser- - 8&10 arouser- -

26255. Irish Trot 1.All hands up in the Irish Trot "*****" "*****" A way down below. 2.Turn
right back in the Irish Trot. "*****" "*****" A way down below. 3.Right & Left in the Irish Trot.
"*****" "*****" A way down below. 4.Double LL swing in - - 5.All run away in the Irish Trot.

Gents Go Center Oh gents go center & form a ring. Go once around before u swing Oh
pass your partner and then u may call. Swing on corner and prominade all. Promenade all
and on you go. "*****" Back to center as a formal ring.

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #4

The songs on this record were sung in the home of Rev., and Mrs. Wm.A.Moye, 305 N.
7,Kingsville,Texas Mr. Moye is a missionary to Mexicans, in charge of Baptist Mexican

Library of Congress

Mission. he teaches at night in the U.S. Citizenship Training Corps. Mrs. Moye was born in Torreon, Mexico, daughter of a well-known physician, Dr. Taffinder. Dr. Sn Taffinder & Carolina Gonzales-Farino The Moyes have three children, Jimmie, Margaret and Willie Mrs. Moye says that she learned her songs from her mother. Text of ms. enclosed.

A 1. Senora Santa Anna . . . Mexican lullaby . . . by Mrs Carmen Taffinder Moye (Mrs.W.A.Moye) sung in her home,Kingsville,Texas,May 1,1939 This lullany is popular with Mexicans of South Texas.

A 2. (The Ducks)..Los Patitos . . . Children's song . . . by Mrs. Moye,assisted by her children, Jimmie and Margaret Moye.

B 1. El Venadito (The Deer) by Mrs. Moye A love song

B 2. Naranj Dulce.. (Sweet Orange)..game song palyed and sung by Mrs Moye and her children and two neighbor childremn. A ring game.

B 3. A la Viborn de la Mar..(Snake of the sea)..game song..by Mrs. Moye and children A game played like London Bridge with a tug-o'-war.

J.A.L.

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #5

Songs A 1,2,3 and B 1. were sung by Mrs. Carmen Taffinder Moye (Mrs. W.A.) in the Moye home ,Kingsville ,Texas on May 2,1939. See note on preceding record. Mrs. Moye learned these ongs before the age of six from her mother and grandmother.

A 1. To amo in secreto..(I love you in secret)..

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A 2. En el fondo del mar (In the bottom of the sea) or P or Pearl, Violet and a drop of dew.
(Sung twice)

B 1. Maria, Maria..Mexican Vaquero song. . . (repeated)

J.A.L. TEMPORARY NO. 40 Kingsville #5

2627

Songs A 1,2,3 and B 1. were sung by Mrs. Carmen Taffinder Moyer (Mrs. W.A.) in the Moyer home ,Kingsville ,Texas on May 2,1939. See note on preceding record. Mrs. Moyer learned these songs before the age of six from her mother and grandmother.

A 1. To amo in secreto..(I love you in secret)..

A 2. En el fondo del mar (In the bottom of the sea) or P or Pearl,Violet and a drop of dew.
(Sung twice)

B 1. Maria,Maria..Mexican Vaquero song . . . (repeated)

2. Hush little baby (Lullaby). Bernice Haynes-Womens Camp, Cummins State Farm, Ark.
3.

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #6

This record was made in the home of Rev. Wm.A.Moyer in charge of the Baptist Mexican Mission, and on the staff of the U.S. Citizenship Training Corps. Kingsville,Texas, May 2,1939 For further information about the Moyer family,see note on preceding record.

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A 1. Folk Imitations: "Springtime in the Rockies" sung by Olivia Ortegon as if by child of three years; also crying as if by month old baby. Miss Ortegon is fifteen years old, a grammar school pupil.

Senora Isabe la Salazar sang the following songs of this record. She knows a wide variety and a large number of songs, most of the old ones learned from her mother, now nearly ninety years of age. Mrs. Salazar has a rooming-house for Mexican girls attending the college in Kingsville. She was introduced to Mr. Lomax by Mr. Octavio Perez, teacher in the Stephen F. Austin Grammar Achool (for Mexican children) Mr. Perez is himself making a collection of Mexican play-party s and child en songs, and Mrs. Salazar is his "find". These songs were sung in the home of W.A. Moye, Kingsville, Tex. Mrs. S.does not speak English,. May 2, 1939

A 2. The Little Cripple . . . a ballad used to sing children to sleep

A 3. Your squash is burning.. "A negro song" for children.

A 4. My little Cat..(Mi gatito)..child's song

B 1. Ten little puppies..Child en's song similar to "Tenlittle Injuns"

B 2. Same as B 1,-sung louder.

B 3. Little Brown.Duck. . . Child's song. Mrs. Salazar s ys hat she learned some of her songs in Monterey.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Kingsville #7

Songs on this record sung in Spanish by Mrs. Isabel Salazar, Kingsville, Texas in the home of W.A.Moye,May 2,1939 For interesting information about Mrs. Salazar, see notes on preceding record.

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A 1. My little doll dressed in blue

A 2. Two and two are four (counting song)

A 3. Little sheep, have you any wool

A 4. The Dancing Negro..play party song, danced and sung.

B 1. The Dancing Negro-s me as A 4.

B 2. The Baby Game..game song

B 3. Senora Santa Anna- -lullaby-(Go to sleep)

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO. 39 41

Kingsville #6

#2630

This record was made in the home of Rev. Wm. A. Moyer in charge of the Baptist Mexican Mission, and on the staff of the U.S. Citizenship Training Corps. Kingsville, Texas, May 2, 1939 For further information about the Moyer family, see note on preceding record.

A 1. Folk Imitations: "Springtime in the Rockies" sung by Olivia Ortegón as if by child of three years; also crying as if by month old baby. Miss Ortegón is fifteen years old, a grammar school pupil.

Senora Isabella Salazar sang the following songs of this record. She knows a wide variety and a large number of songs, most of the old ones learned from her mother, now nearly ninety years of age. Mrs. Salazar has a rooming-house for Mexican girls attending the

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college in Kingsville. She was introduced to Mr. Lomax by Mr. Octavio Perez, teacher in the Stephen F. Austin Grammar Achool (for Mexican children) Mr. Perez is himself making a collection of Mexican play-party s and child en songs, and Mrs. Salazar is his "find". These songs were sung in the home of W.A.Moye, Kingsville, Tex. Mrs. S. does not speak English,. May 2, 1939

A 2. The Little Cripple . . . a ballad used to sing children to sleep

A 3. Your squash is burning.. "A negro song" for children.

A 4. My little Cat..(Mi gatito)..child's song

B 1. Ten little puppies..Children's song similar to "Tenlittle Injuns"

B 2. Same as B 1,-sung louder.

B 3. Little Brown.Duck Child's song. Mrs. Salazar says that she learned some of her songs in Monterey.

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #8

The songs on the A side of this record and also B 1 and B 2 were sung by Mrs. Isabel Salazar, Kingsville, Texas, in the home of W.A. Moye, May 2, 1939 For information about Mrs. Salazar, see note on two preceding records. Mr. Moye calls these children's songs "coritos".

A 1. Tapami..(Cover me up) . . . a Sandman's song

A 2. I'm a little Indian Mexican. . . (a little girl selling her w res in the market-place)

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A 3. While waiting for Daddy.. "Here comes a little out with five little rats and one little tick".

A 4. Little Star . . . This is a well-known concert song, but was recorded at the urgent request of Mrs. Salazar.

B 1. The Parrot. . .

B 2. Little Dwarf . . . (The little dwarfs are mad because somebody punched their mother)

B 3. Children's songs in English sung by Mrs. Shirley Lomax Mansell of Lubbock, Texas Recorded in the home of Oscar Callaway, Comanche Co., Texas, May 7, 1939 Songs were learned from her mother, who had them from her mother, who brought them from Virginia.

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO.

Kingsville #9

A 1. Mother Love..popular song among border Mexicans..sung and played by Francisco Leal and Agapito Salinas, Kingsville, Texas May 2, 1939 In the home of W.A. Moye, introduced by Mr. Moye

Section 9: Pipe Creek, Bandera and Medina, Texas; May 3-7

J. A. L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Bandera-Medina May 3-5

On arriving at Bandera Mr. Lomax conferred with J. Marvin Hunter, editor of Frontier Times and proprietor and director of the Frontier Times Museum. At his suggestion the following were visited and interviewed: Elmo Newcomer, fiddler and dance caller C. W. Saathoff, fiddler J. O. Evans, guitarist Chas. Eckhart, horn-blower and hog-caller Mrs. Fletcher Layton, Medina, in charge of Am. Music Week for Bandera Co.

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On the evening of May 3 Elmo Newcomer recorded fiddle tunes and words in his home on the San Antonio-Bandera road, near Pipe Creek. He has the reputation of being the best dance caller in the county; the next night, while his wife attended a Pipe Creek school trustees meeting he and the children came to the Lomax tourist cabin, where C. W. Saathoff, fiddler, and J. O. Evans, guitarist, played for his calls, using the tune WAGNER. For fuller account of Mr. Newcomer and family, see notes to his recordings. His Rye Whiskey, known in some parts as Drunken Hiccups, is famous in the "Hill Country" of Texas. His son, Bill Newcomer, later sent additional dance calls used by his father.

On the afternoon of May 4 Mr. Saathoff and Mr. Evans recorded their rendition of the Fox and Hounds, with Charles Eckhardt blowing the horn and calling the dogs; using an old-fashioned cow-horn which he had polished himself and had used on his ranch for many years. He recorded other ranch calls made with this horn. These men are all Hill Country" ranchmen (sheep). Mr. Eckhardt is a skilful tanner, leather-tooler, hunter, fisherman. When he visited the Lomaxes' cabin he was wearing his "new" buckskin shirt, which he had shot, dressed, treated and sewed himself, and which he had been wearing five years. He has a complete Indian outfit which he made by the same process. At Bandera County celebrations he assists the director, Mr. Hunter, by exhibiting his treasures and shooting arrows and otherwise "playin' Injun".

On May 5 Mr Lomax called on Mrs. Fletcher Layton at her home near Medina in Bandera. Mrs. Layton is chairman of the National Music Week celebration in Bandera Co. She assisted Mr. Lomax in interviewing singers. At the home of Beal D. Taylor recordings were made by Mr. Taylor, E. A. Briggs and Mr. and Mrs. Braley See notes on records, and texts.

J. A. L. '39 TEMPORARY #01 Bandera #1, Pipe Creek, Tex.

The fiddle tunes and breakdowns on this record were played and sung by Elmo Newcomer, in his ranch home on the San Antonio-Bandera Road, near Pipe Creek, Texas, Bandera Co. May 3, 1939 Mr. Newcomer was introduced to Mr. Lomax by J.

Library of Congress

Marvin Hunter, editor of Frontier Times and Director of the Frontier Times Museum in Bandera, Texas. Mr. Newcomer and his family of wife and four children live in a very old two-room house, where Mr. Newcomer lived from the age of two, and where his mother died when he was four. He has "always" played these tunes and is a favorite caller at dances. His Rys Whiskey with antics is a general favorite at fiddle contests. Mrs. Newcomer is a member of the school trustees of Pipe Creek.

His greeting to Mr. Lomax was "Shake, boy. I've heard about you all my life. Me an' a neighbor boy was both left to live alone with our fathers. We read in a paper when we was about fourteen years old, that you was sellin' a book of cowboy songs. So we scraped our savings together an' sent 'em to you an' sure 'nough here come the book. Here, Clyde, Bring me that cowboy song book. Can you reach it? (It's put away up high where the baby can't reach get to it). We read it and sung from it so much and loaned it out so much that it's might nigh tore up." There was the book of cowboy songs, no two pages hanging together, but apparently all there between the covers, one of the 1910 edition. Attached: Elmo Newcomer's letters (dated Nov. & Dec, 1911) ordering book, found in Lomax file.

A 1. Cotton Eye Joe Elmo Newcomer, Pipe Creek, Texas fiddled and sung file. Hold my fiddle and hold my bow, And knock the devil outa Cotton Eye Joe Ooh- -ooh-oo-oo-oo etc. I'd a got married twenty years ago Had it not been for Cotton Eye Joe I'd a got married six or seven years ago, Had it not been for that little word No. Some folks say that a nigger won't steal, But I found three in my cornfield. One had a bushel and one had a peck, And one had a roas'n ear around his neck, Rawhide fiddle and cornstalk bow, Look out over there for Cotton Eye Joe. How in the world do he old folks know That I like sugar in my coffee, oh. Long-tailed buck an' a short-tailed doe, But I take sugar in my coffee, oh.

A 2. Mabel . . . Schottische fiddle tune with words . . . Elmo Newcomer Love it is an awful thing, beauty is a blossom; And if you want your finger bit, just stick it et a possum. Glory

Library of Congress

to the meetin' house, and glory to the steeple (stable?) Glory to the little that they call Mabel.

B Turkey in the Straw fiddle by Elmo Newcomer, banjo-Bill Newcomer. Went out to milk an' didn't know how, I milked a goat instead of a cow. Saw a turkey settin' in a pile o' straw, winkin' at his mother-in-law I went out to milk an' didn't know how, I milked a goat instid of a cow. Picked up a rock an' whaked him on the jaw, And he kicked up a tune called Turkey in the Straw.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Bandera and Medina Elmo Newcomer Copy of letters of J. E. (Elmo) Newcomer to John A. Lomax, ordering Cowboy Songs, referred to in notes on Elmo Newcomer's recordings.

Pipe Creek, Texas Nov. 11, 1911. Mr. John A. Lomax, Extension Department of the University of Tex. Dear Sir:- I am writeing to find out if you still have the book called the Cowboy songs- -an Appreciation; and if pleas write me and till me what the price is and how to send for it. Awaiting your reply I am Very truely yours J. E. Newcomer Pipe Creek Bandera Co. Texas

Pipe Creek Tex Dec 1911 My Dear Sir:- Please find inclose a Post Office money order for \$1.64 one dollar and sixty four cents. For your book cowboy Songs and Appreciation. Please send it by return mail Very truely yours J. E. Newcomer Pipe Creek Bandera Co. Tex. John A. Lomax (Written across bottom in JAL's writing: Mail Dec. 19, 1911)

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO Bandera #2, Pipe Creek.

The songs and fiddle tunes on this record were made by Elmo Newcomer in his ranch home near Pipe Creek, Bandera, Co., Texas, May 3, 1939 For information about Mr. Newcomer see notes on preceding record.

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A 1. Blue-eyed Suzy fiddle tune with words. Sometimes drunk, som times woozy, sometimes dance with my blue-eyed Suzy Love my wife, love my baby, and I love them flapjacks floatin' in gravy. All I want to make me happy is two little boys to call me Pappy. One named Dick, the other named Davy, Come to your Daddy, you pore little baby.

A 2. Unfortunate Puppy . . . fiddle tune with couplets. Why can't a white man dance like a nigger, Oh, just because he can't cut a figger. Doggone a ryestraw, doggone a riddle, oh, Doggone a little boy playin' on a fiddle, oh.

B Rye Whiskey with "capers"with creasand hicooughs. Most of Mr. Newcomer's words are the usual ones. The following couplets are less frequently seen: Rye Whiskey, you vilyan, you've been my downfall You've kicked me an' cuffed me, but I love you for all. Rye Whiskey, Rye Whiskey, I wish you no harm, Wish I had a bottle as long as my arm. Oh they say I drink whiskey, but I spend my money well, And them that don't like it can go-you know where. Beafstea k when I'm hungry, liquor when I'm dry, A purty girl ken I'm lonesome, an' heaven when I die.

Additional words DANCE CALLS OF ELMO NEWCOMER *Pipe Creek, Bandera Co., Texas contributed by his son, Bill Newcomer-May 8, 1939

(First figure) Pardners to their places Like mules to their traces Put your hands in your pockets Turn your backs to the wall Take a chew of tobacco And balance all Swing your pardners Corners all Now your pardners And promenade the hall First couple out to the couple on the right, and round up four. Elbow hug and Chinese swing Sandhill twist and a double swing On to the next and the next couple follow (Note: repeat clear around till the last couple has couple has finished) Balance all Swing your corner and swing it with a with a smile Granb your honey and go hog wild

(Second Figure) Everybody dance as pretty as you can Swing your corner with your right hand Pardner with your wrong Grant right and wrong all night long Watch your pardner,

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watch her close When you meet her double the dose Hang your dogs and kill your cats
And double the dose with ruff on rats Lawd, Lawd, aint we got fun Dance up boys and dont
be slow All these girls are rarin' to go All you gals who dont wear socks Shake your hips
and rattle your hocks Meet your hon'y and promenade home

(Third Figure) Balance all Swing on the corner like swingin' on a gate. Now your honey
and pull your freight First couple out the couple on the right Lady around the Lady and
gents so low Lady around the gent and the gent dont go Swing with your right and and
now your wrong Docy ladied all night long Onto the next,-chase the possum, chase the
squirrel Chase that pretty girl around the world Ladies docy Gents cut a shine Swing
your sweetheart and I'll swing mine On to the next and the next couple follow Chase the
possum, chase the skunk Chase that pretty girl around the chunk Ladies docey and gents
go gee Swing that pretty girl and then swing me (And so on until the last couple has gone
around) Everybody dance Swing your pardner and promenade the hall for the last time.

J.A.L. '39 Temporary No. Bandera

Temp. No. 48- Elmo Newcomer: Eph caught a rabbit-fiddle with words Saathoff and
Evans: Fox and Hounds fiddle and guitar

No. 49- Wagner: played by Saathoff and Evans A & B Dance calls by Elmo Newcomer

No. 50 A-Sam Bass- sung by A. E. A. Briggs, Medina, Texas . . . May 5, 1939 Cowboy's
Lament,"""

B- Frail Wildwood Flower.. sentimental song by Beal D. Taylor, Medina, Texas Billy Boy-
sung by Loretta Taylor daughter, aged 10 and Mrs. Mr. Braley, aged 74

51 51. Mr. Braley: Rov ing Gambler Mr and Mrs. Braley: Evening Grace-white hymn-tune-
long meter

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(B. side has children's songs sung by Mrs. Shirley Lomax Mansell)

58- A Farm Calls-(some with cow horn)-by Charles eckhardt, Bandera, Texas, May 4, 1939 Fox and Hounds-fiddle by Saathoff and Evans, Bandera """"

B side-recordings from Goree State Farm

59 A 1. Texas Ranger- -by E.A. Briggs Beal D. Taylor, Medina, Texas

(A 2 Cummins Farm recording)

B 1. Texas Ranger- -by Beal D. Taylor, Medina, Texas..May 5, 1939

2..Announcement (Cummins Farm sons)

60 A 1. The Old Woman A 2. Jesse James-both sung by E. A. Briggs, Medina, Texas. 5-5-39

B 1. When the work's all done (cowboy song)-B. D. Taylor, " " "

(Cummins Farm recordings-B 2)

Above Medina recordings were made in the home of Beal D. Taylor near Medina. Singers were introduced by J. Marvin Hunter of Bandera and Mrs. Fletcher Layton of Medina. E. A. Briggs and Beal D. Taylor know many western and sentimental songs. Mr. Taylor has an interesting scrap-book of words of old songs and other poems that have appealed to him. Mr. and Mrs. Braley sing hymns in long meter style. Mr. Braley is a carpenter by trade. He is Mrs. Braley's second husband. Mrs. Braley was left a widow with six daughters. She took in laundry, raised chickens, drove carried mail horseback, farmed and gardened to make a living for her family, all with the handicap of having only one leg. Mr. Briggs was a cowboy, now a rancher and farmer.

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Section 10: Comanche County, Texas; May 7-9

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Comanche (and Lubbock) Texas

May 1939

Mrs. Shirley Lomax Mansell (Mrs. C. C. Mansell) of Lubbock, Texas, made recordings in the home of Judge and Mrs. Oscar Callaway, at the Callaway Ranch, Comanche Co., Texas, of children's songs and lullabies which she learned in her childhood from the singing of her mother, Mrs. Bess Brown Lomax. Mrs. Lomax learned many of these songs from her mother who came to Texas from Virginia. Mrs. Mansell sings these songs to her own two little girls. She is the daughter of John A. Lomax, who made the recordings.

Mrs. Mansell's songs are scattered over several different discs.: 2590, 2591, 2631, 2633, 2636, 2638, 2642, 3796, 3800

Titles: All the pretty little horses Go tell Aunt Nancy Little kitty (once there was a-) (Long time ago) There was a piggy (Tale of a little pig) Old woman and the little pig I love little willie Billy Boy I hardly think I will Paper of pins Crows in the garden No, sir, no sir (?)

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES

Shirley Lomax Mansell, who writes the following note, not only speaks for herself here, but for practically every other Southern girl who has ever been rocked to sleep or who has ever sung to her own babies. For "All the Pretty Little Horses" can be found in the repertoire of every southern family, Negro and white; it is the classic of southern lullabies. It is sung in a thousand different ways by as many singers; the "pretty little horses" may be "blacks and bays" or "dapples and greys" but, whatever their color, they have carried

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almost every southern child off to sleep at one time or another. Here is what Shirley says about the way the song was sung in our family:

All the Pretty Little Horses is a family song. There is not a time when I do not remember it. I am sure it was Grandmother Brown's song; from our mother it now belongs to her four children. Grandmother did not often sing anything but hymns, and those mostly on Sunday afternoons when she rocked back and forth in her little straight, cane-bottomed rocker, alone in her room. Grandmother did not believe that on Sunday people should do anything but attend Sunday School, then church, then read the Bible until time to go to evening services. Her disapproval of our Sunday afternoon walks, when the children from all the neighborhood gathered to explore the woods, or "walk through to the Dam", caused her to shut herself into her room and rock and sing, and I am sure, pray for forgiveness for us all. Her lips would shut into a thin line, and her eyes fill with tears.

But Grandmother Brown loved babies, and she sang to us all, and rocked us, hours and hours, in that same little chair. All the Pretty Little Horses is a wonderful lullaby. The phrases can be changed, a line or two of hums can be put in at will instead of the words, at will, and the baby drifts off into sleep, floating with the little horses the song blends with the squeak of the rocker and the pat of the foot on the rug. The horrible verse about the "bees and the butterflies" was not sung in our house, and should never be used- -what baby could sleep with such a pitiful and ghastly picture stamped into his dreamy little soul? I still sing it to my girls when they are ill, but they always request that that verse not be sung. And I don't blame them."

Dorothy Scarborough in her book On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs says that this is one of the lullabies Negro Mammies sang to their little white charges.

ALL THE PRETTY LITTLE HORSES Hushaby, Don't you cry, Go to sleepy, little baby,
When you wake, You shall have All the pretty little horses- - Blacks and bays, Dapples
and grays, Coach and six-a little horses. Hushaby, Don't you cry, Go to sleepy, little

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baby. Hushaby, Don't you cry, Go to sleepy, little baby. Way down yonder In de medder There's a po' lil lambie; De bees an' de butterflies Peckin' out its eyes, De po' lil thing cried, "Mammy:" Hushaby, Don't you cry, Go to sleepy, little baby.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Austin, Texas

May 9, 1939

No recordings were made in Austin. The machine was tested by an electrician and radio man.

Alex Moore, cowboy singer, and members of the Gant Family, mountain ballad singers, could not be found.

Mrs. Clark, matron of a boys' dormitory at the Texas School for the Blind, was not at home when we called. She talked with Mr. Lomax by telephone and promised to send him the titles and texts of some folk songs handed down in her family. Her name was suggested to us by her brother, Professor Bass, of the Texas College of Arts and Industries, Kingsville, Texas.

From the School for the Blind we drove on to Taylor, Texas in search of "Clear Rock".

Section 11: Taylor, Texas; May 10

JAS'39 Recording trip Taylor, Texas.

Mose Platt ("Clear Rock") May, 1939.

About "fust dark" of a May evening Mr. Lomax stopped his car on the outskirts of Taylor, Texas and enquired of some Negroes, who were sitting on their cabin stoop, whether they knew "Clear Rock," a singin' Negro who had been released recently from the state

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penitentiary. They did not know "Clear Rock," but Mr. Lomax's description fitted a fellow called "Wyandotte" (pronounced "Winedot") who usually hung around a barber shop on the other side of the railroad. An eat-shop Negro confirmed the belief that Clear Rock and Winedot were one and the same Negro, namely Mose Platt. Now Clear Rock on earlier recording trips had been one of the most fruitful sources of Negro stories and songs, especially work-songs and other secular songs. And so the search was on: on the promise of a dime a boy conducted us to Clear Rock's home, only to hear from neighbors that Clear Rock and his wife had been seen going up the tracks towards town just ten minutes ago; twenty-five cents was to be the reward for bringing him to our hotel. No word had come by breakfast time, and so Mr. Lomax started out afoot in search. When he returned to the hotel two hours later, there he found Clear Rock, sitting on the running board of the Lomax automobile; with him was his two-hundred-fifty pound wife, his "seventeen wife," as he told Mrs. Lomax later. They had been waiting at the car from six o'clock. The wife, looming too large for our small hotel room, was dismissed with breakfast money.

Clear Rock himself was ready and willing to do anything the "boss" asked, except to stop talking. To unwind him somewhat, Mr. Lomax let him record some stories first. The two had met previously at Central State Farm, wherein John A. and Alan Lomax made some recordings. But Mr. Lomax wished to re-record some of the Negro's best songs with the improved machine. At first Clear Rock was slow at entering into the spirit of the old work-songs, "disremembering" the words of some of them, because perhaps of two circumstances: Clear Rock was now "The Reverend Mose Platt," devoted to hymns and spirituals, and what secular songs he indulged in were mostly modern jazz, sung for the entertainment of his white friends. But Mr. Lomax's cajoling words and a substantial contribution to the next Sabbath's collection helped Clear Rock to overcome his handicaps, and he was off. For four hours he told stories and sang and preached and prayed.

Clear Rock's "off the record" stories are rich in themselves. He is on relief, but occasionally gets an extra tip for services around the county Court House and the Post Office. He

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complains that "relief hardly dont give us nothin' to eat except grape-fruit." And his pastorate does not pay much, though he has added four women to his board of deacons "to take keer o' de money, 'cause de mens mought take de collections and lose 'em all at playin' craps." He claims to be well and strong physically; "de doctor health man says I aint got a sickness nowhere; he says my whole body is as clean as de pa'm o' your hand." Asked about his release from the penitentiary, he explained: "One day some o' my white friends in Taylor heard dat Miss Ferguson (Gov. Miriam Ferguson) was goin' to be down at Central a-visitin; and they sont a car down there wid a letter signed by thirty thousand peoples; they was de names o' all de promnent layers an' officers an' all the other whichocrats around Taylor, and Miss Ferguson let me go free."

When Clear Rock first returned to Taylor after his release he solicited contributions from his white friends, presenting the following plea; evidently dictated by him.

"We certifies that we knows Mose Platt and that he has been up to this time a good hardly working man. He is sick and his wife is sick, he is unemployed and aint got no job, and not able to demand no job whatever and his doctor is Mr. Doaks and Doaks, and the judge of Williamson County, which he is worked for is Mr. Judge Burnap and his boss lawyer Mr. Lawhon and also Captain Boss Mr. Booth of the bank, also Mr. Richards and Judge Davis, also Mr. Challenger, also Mr. Connolly, also Mr. Speegle, also Mr. M. B. Connolly, also Mr. Howard Bland, also Mr. Prewitts, in fact all Prewitts, also Mr. Lloyd Payne, also Mr. Hewitt, the drugstore man also Mr. Brunner the postmaster, also Mr. Lawyer Fox, also Mr. Wolford, the lawyer, also Mr. Judge Black, and so he has been sociable with his fellowman, this Mose Platt and also trustworthy. Also Mr. Judge Governor Allred, and also Governor Ferguson. We wish you would hereby contribute to him and we thank you very much, also Mr. Judge Roach.

John A. Lomax '39 Recording Trip Taylor, Texas March 8, 1939.

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We certifies that we knows Mose Platt and that he has been up to this time a good hardly working man. He is sick and his wife is sick, he is unemployed and ain't got no job, and not able to demand no job whatever, and his doctor is Mr. Doak and Doaks, and the judge of Williamson County, which he is worked for is Mr. Judge Burnap, and his boss lawyer Mr. Lawhon, and also Captain boss Mr. Booth of the bank, also Mr. Richards and Judge Davis, also Mr. Challenger, also Mr. Connolly, also Mr. Speegle, also Mr. M. B. Connolly, also Mr. Howard Bland, also Mr. Prewitts, in fact all Prewitts, also Mr. Lloyd Payne, also Mr. Hewitt, the drug storeman, also Mr. Brunner the postmaster, also Mr. lawyer Fox, also Mr. Wofford, the lawyer, also Mr. Judge Black, and so he has been sociable with his fellowman, this Mose Platt, and also trustworthy. Also Mr. Judge Governor Allred, and also Governor Ferguson and also Mrs. Ferguson. We hereby wish you would contribute to him, and we thank you very much, also Mr. Judge Roach.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Taylor, Texas

May 10, 1939

Mose Platt ("Clear Rock") Clear Rock's songs are scattered over the following discs: 2643, 2644, 2645, 3801, 3802, 3805

Titles: Go down ole Hannah Pick a bale No mo' cane on de Brazis Jesus bosom is yo' pillow Wild Geese Long John Bad Management (story) Cat Story Ghost Story Old Rattler

J.A.L. '39 2643, 3805 TEMPORARY NOS. 53 & 54

Taylor, Texas- -May 10, 1939 May 10, 1939

53 A records four of Clear Rock's stories, poorly told

B Old Rattler sung by Clear Rock in a hotel room in Taylor, Texas

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54 A. 1. Go down, Ole Hannah Well, go down, ole Hannah, Hannah don't be slow I'm goin' git dat ole mean Cap'n le 'less he help me on my row Well if I beat you to Big Muddy, an' happen to cross de line L'll be sel'len seen an' mighty hard to find I'm goin' stop dat big ole nigger fum walkin' de floor . . . Well, you better not be monkeyin' wid my Blood Red Rose "" Well, I'm goin' down de river. place where you never go I'm goin' down de river, down on dat bottom, you know Well, if you're lookin' for bright heaven, you better stop an' try " " " Well, I got a good captin, got a squabblin' boss, It's might near wo rryin' my pore self away Well, well, blow, blow Well, while I'm gettin' dis tree down, don't come here no more.

A 2.

A 2. Pick a bale..by "Clear Rock", Mose Platt Usual text, with this additional: (See: American Ballads and Folk Songs) Oh, will I, will I pick a bale o' cotton Nigger fum Shiloh pick a bale a day

B 1. No more cane on de Brazos ..sung by Mose Platt, "Clear Rock" Taint no mo' cane on de Barzed (Brazos), ho-ho-ho Dey done ground it all up in molasses" Load up de carry (?) and break all down Come on, bullies, let's make another round Dead man caint move, done put away Down by. . . Nigger jumped i de Brazos an' he's bound to drown He left de elad row right off de ground You ought to been here in nineteen four Seen a dead man at evey turn row You ought to been here in nineteen ten Drivin de women like dey drive de men

B 2. Black Betty-a tree-cutting song. Clear Rock says "Black Betty was a old nigger woman right outa Goree" (state farm for women) Oh Black Betty-bam-ba-lam Oh, Black Betty-bam-ba-lam

(OVER)

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Black Betty's in de bottom, bam-ba-lam jez' hewin' on de timber" Black Betty had a baby,
" The thing went crazy Jes' drinkin' river water Jes' jumpin' to a number Jes' hewin' in de
bottom

Wild Geese - Taylor May 10, 1939. 2644 Lord, Lord, Lord - Well, Wild Geese flyin' all over:
Oh Lawdy, it's goin' be cold. It's bound to be cold. Oh, Lordy, Lordy, Blow, blow I'm goin'
to the nation, man where you can't go Well the wild geese flyin' all over Oh. Sargeant,
it's goin to be cold. Well I'm never comin' in this bottom Man, down here, no more Well,
come here somebody, oh Lawdy man, come help this row Gettin' be cold weather, freezin'
weather you know Well, I woke up this mornin' oh Sargeant an' it looked like rain Well
along dat curve Spied a gravel train Well, Some of em come here crippled, Oh Lawdy, don'
come here soon If they hear 'bout hard labor being every man's doom Oh Lawdy, Lord,
Lord, Lord, hard labor this doom, Don' come here no more. I'm goin' stop that bully nigger
Cap'n from walking de floor I'm goin' stop that old nigger I'm goin' stop keep him off o' my
the row.

Over/ Wild Geese flyin' over Lawdy goin to be cold " time to be flyin all over Better not be
my and my Wild Blood Red Rose If I went down to de Brazos, hopin to cross de line I'll
be seein' - - man, mighty hard to find Long John Well Oh I blieve to my soul, Oh Captin
it's judgment day Well, I " I&ll worry, man, my poor self away . Well, come here some
old body, Oh Captin, want you to tell me so - Well, I want you to send me somebody,
Cap'n, to help me on my row Well, some come here crippled, Oh Lawd, while others
somecome here lame Well, some come here walkin in de boss man's name Well I got a
mighty good old Captin, O and a squabblin boss. Well it might mean run all the niggers all
clean off. Well if I beat you to do nation, happen to cross de line I'll be be mighty hard to
find. "sellon" (seldom) seen If I live to be next month, I'll be fifty-one which I suppose is fine
My wife says I'm seventy-one.

Old Rattler - Clear Rock. 2645 Oh, oh, Rattler, Here Rattler, here. I think I heard a horn
blow goin' cross de country where you can't go. I heard old horn blow - If I trip dis time, I

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won't trip no more Goin' 'cross de bottom where de nigger can't go. Here Rattler, etc Dog barking. Oh come on nigger let&s mark it here If - - Brush is big enough for you an me Believe to my soul he's hard to find Rattler's hard to find' Goin' off de place & I'll leave de plantation, I'll leave today If I do go I'm gone to stay. Run dat nigger away from de dam If I trip dis time, neednt trip

Run dat bully right dat tree I'm goin down to the other place Old rattler goin give him a Keep you up in de tree all day Then I heard dat horn blow - Run him right my away from dat.

Hotel Blazilmar 2645

Fireproof

Steam Heat

Large Combination

Sample Rooms

Ceiling Fans

Sanidown Mattresses

Popular Rates

Taylor, Texas

Think I hear It's the blowin' of de horn Heard old Rattler comin' along aah - - Bark - Dey put dat nigger right up a tree Run so free he dodgin' from me Master say he blowed his horn Nigger is gone.

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Rattler-May 10, Taylor, Old Rattler - Clear Rock Mose Here, Rattler, here Rattle, here " oh
Blieve to my soul that's a nigger gone Went jest down thru the corn Think I heard a horn
blow Tryin to figure which way to go. I'm He's gone where de good niggers go I heard the
horn blow I think I heard " " I heard de " " - aah. Rattler here's a beef bone You can't eat it
you can leave it alone You can't count What is de matter with de nigger today Everyone is
a runnin' away Rattler here's a beef-bone

Section 12: Huntsville, Texas and vicinity; May 11-14

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Bryan and College Station, Texas

May 10,11,1939

As we drove through Texas we were on the lookout for rural and village Negro schools, where we might record game songs. These are nearly all short-term schools and they had closed for the summer. The Dean of the Prairie View College, state college for Negroes, had referred us to the county supervisor of Negro schools with headquarters at Bryan, Texas. We stopped at Bryan to confer with her. She conducted us to a rural school still in session, with only seven pupils in attendance that day, the school being scheduled to close the next day with a community gathering. The pupils played and sang "Little Sallie Walker" and "Seed tick's a-bitin' me", but most of their games were copies of the white children's. We did not set up our machine.

We spent the night at "Aggieland", an inn maintained by the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College (Texas Aggies). Our machine needed adjustment, for which we called on an Aggie instructor, William Owens, who has had much experience with recording machine while collecting folk materials in the South with a machine furnished by the University of Iowa, in which institution he is pursuing graduate. Mr. Owens is also an

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enthusiastic member of the Texas Folk Lore Society. He corrected the trouble, with the aid of a college student who was specializing in radio engineering.

From College Station we drove to Huntsville.

Huntsville, Texas,

May 11-14, 1939

May 12 - J.A.L. visited State Penitentiary to arrange for recordings. Conferences with director of broadcast program, "Thirty minutes behind the Wa Walls".. Several visits to "Walls" but very little recording. Assisted by Wm. Longino of th Sam Houston Teachers College faculty. Inmates recorded the following:

2646 2649 3804A 2603

Temporary No. 55 B 1. Ride on King Jesus

2. Field Holler-Roosevelt Hudson

61 A Long Freight Train Blues

B 1. Great Day

2. When the gates swing open

3. Cat and Dog Fight

62 A 1 Inspiration

2 Tom and Jerry

3804: Brazos Bottom Blues R.L.Lewis

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Mrs. Wm. Longino Grace recorded several songs which she learned in her childhood. Her parents and their large group of children delighted in gathering at night and on Sunday afternoon to sing. They also sang at their family chores. One brother became a cowboy and on his trips home he brought them the songs of the range and trail. She sang the following:

2647 No. 47 Roly Poly The Filly I like to live in the country

2649 62 A 3. Little bunch of roses B 1. Green grass growing all around 2. Be sure you're right No, sir, no sir, no

Goree State Farm, for women, is a few miles out from Huntsville. There J.A.L. recorded on May 14:

2639 58 Bl. Cap'n don't 'low no truckin'

2. It's a blessing just to call his precious name (spiritual)

(3997) 2650 63 A 1. Desert Blues-Hattie Ellis

2. Mournin' Song..group, My Lord, What a Mournin'

B 1. I ain't got nobody-Hattie Ellis

2648 64 B 1. This little light o' mine..Group 1

2. Shine on. . . -McMurray LSpirituals

1

Hattie Ellis is a blues singer who is very popular on the radio program sent out from the Texas State Penitentiary. She claims to have composed "Desert Blues". The Captain Heath told us that in one week Hattie received 3,000 "fan" letters. She is in for thirty years

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for killing a man. Another Dallas, Texas Negro girl who "come visitin' in Arkansas and got took up for somethin' I didn't do", told us that Hattie wouldn't have got such a long term if she hadn't sassed the judge when he brought her boot-legging activities into the murder case. Hattie's singing is fast becoming "throaty" as she strives to imitate the professional "blues" singers.

Later-Fall 1940: Officials of the Old Fiddlers Contest, held annually at Athens, Texas, announced that Hattie Ellis would not keep her engagement to sing with the group of musicians from the State Penitentiary, because she had recently been paroled and was back at home in Dallas.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Huntsville, Texas

May 11-14, 1939

State Penitentiary and Goree Farm-additional notes:

Text of This little light o'mine, led by on, sung by Doris MaMurray, Negro convict. Learned from grandmother in Waco, Texas Her arms are covered with scars. This little light o' mine, I'm goin' let it shine (repeat) Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine. Evrywhere I go I'm goin' let it shine (repeat) Let it shine, etc. In my neighbor's home, etc. This little light, etc.

Shine On -Learned from grandmother in Waco-Doris McMurray Shine on me-e-e, shine on me-e-e Let yo' light from yo' light-house Shine on me. (Refrainr repeated) Where is mother, oh, where is mother, etc. There is trouble on the deep blue sea, Where is mother, oh, where is mother? etc. Where is father, etc. Shine on me-oh-oh, Shine on me-e-e Let yo' light from yo' light-house shine on me.

Cap'n don' low no truckin' - -Group from Goree Farm: Hattie Ellis, Lavena Austin, Mozelle Stewart, Ella May Fitzpatrick, Gene Raymond, Jimmie Lee Hart, Doris McMurray. Cap'n

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don' 'low no truckin' 'em down in here (repeat) Well, we don' care what de Cap'n don't 'low, We're goin' truck 'em down anyhow. Cap'n don' 'low no Charlestonin' in here, etc. no Suzy-quein' no fish-tailin', etc.

It's a blessing just to call his precious name: spiritual by group One stanza of text: Makes no diff' rence where I am I'm not ashamed, If it's mornin', noon or night I can serve him, serve him right, It's a blessing just to call my Saviour's name.

JAL Recording Trip '39 Huntsville and Goree Farm cont'd-

Text (partial) of My Lord, what a mournin', sung by group of Negro girls, Goree State Farm My Lord, what a mournin' (repeat) When the stars begins to fall You can hear a sinner mourn (repeat) When the stars begins to fall.

I ain't got nobody (partial text): adapted from old popular song and recorded by Hattie Ellis as a blues. I ain't got nobody and there's nobody cares for me 'Cause I am sad and lonely - Won't somebody come on and take a chance with me I sing sweet songs all the time Won't you come be a pal o' mine 'Cause I ain't got nobody and there's nobody cares for me. ? It's mighty hard to love some one and that some one not love you, ? Once I had a lovin' man, the sweetest man in town, ? But now he's gone and left me, he has thrown me down.

Desert Blues -sung by Hattie Ellis, claimed to have been composed by her popular on the radio program: "Thirty Minutes Behind the Walls" (Text probably incomplete) Crossin' the desert, on my way back home again (repeat) Well, I'm ragged and I'm dirty, Lord; I'm even cold in hand. ("got no money") Well, well, my baby's gone, people, and all night long I've cried (r) Out of everything I do, I jes' can't be satisfied. Ooh-hoo, Baby, wonder where can my baby be (repeat) I wonder (?) if he'll stay away or if he'll come back to me. I'm goin' walk, I'm goin' rise until I reach that deep blue sea () Then I'm goin' throw 'way my

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troubles, O Lord, and all my misery. Ooh-hoo, Goodbye, you may never see me no more (repeat) But if you see my Baby, Lord, jus tell him I had to go.

Both of these Blues, sung by Hattie Ellis, were accompanied by Jack Ramsey with guitar. Ramsey is a white convict from the "Walls".

2647 A3 a baby's game? Roly boly I rollie boolie, I rollie, boolie An dere I trumpe de horn I drang him down to de waters edge an dere I tuck him in and dere I tuck him in and dere I tuck him in Mrs. Grace Lungino Huntsville, Tex., April, 1939

2647 B2 I like to live in the country Well, I likes for live in de country An I likes for to dwell on a farm An I likes for to wander where de green grass grows For de outdoor life has a charm I likes for to wander in de garden Down by de ole haystack Where de pretty lil chickens go Cick Kack, Cackle and de pretty lil ducks go quack quack quack Quack, quack, de pretty little ducks An a Cick, Kack Cackle in de mawning. De rooster crows an every body knows Dat dere'll be eggs for you breakfast In de mawning. Mrs. Grace Lungino, Huntsville, Texas, May, 1939

2649 A3 Little bunch of roses Darling, we must part forever Hold me closer to your heart. At the dawning of the morning You and I will have to part. Take this little bunch of roses That you gave me years ago I have kissed them and caressed them But I'll never kiss them more. When the shades of night are falling on this dark and lonely lea and the whippewill is singing Won't you then remember me. Mrs. Grace Lungino, Huntsville, Texas, May 1939

Be Sure You are Right 2649 B2 Some will tell you tis all right. While others say tis wrong Now listen to what I have to say My motto is my song. Be sure you're right, then go ahead Don't mind what people say You have a row that you must hoe So hoe it your best way. Mrs. Grace Lungino, Huntsville, Texas, May, 1939

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2591 B1 No, sir, no Tell me one thing, tell me truly Tell me why you scorn me so Tell me why when I ask a question You always answer no. No sir, no sir, no sir, no No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir. My father was a Spanish merchant and before he went to sea He told me to be sure and say no. To all you asked of me. No sir, no sir, no sir, no No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir If we should walk into the garden and pluck flowers white as snow. If I should ask you if you loved me Would you then say no. No sir, no sir, no sir, no No sir, no sir, no sir, no sir.

Mrs. Grace Lungino Huntsville, Texas, May, 1939

Section 13: Merryville, Louisiana and vicinity; May 15-19

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La. Rev. J. R. Gipson

May 15, 1939

Reverend J. R. Gipson, "Blind Gipson", was introduced by H. R. Weaver. He is a well-known Negro Baptist evangelist who supplements his sermons with the singing of "jazzed" spirituals, playing his own accompaniment on the piano. His loud chords topped by loud, husky singing, made an interesting combination, but one difficult to record. Some spirituals he sang without piano accompaniment. His wife and two neighbor children came with him to the Weaver home, where the recordings were made. They assisted him with some of the spirituals, and the children sang two game songs. Though Rev. Gipson makes his home in Louisiana he is pastor of the Antioch Baptist Church at Buna, Texas.

It's cool down here at the River Jordan: (Chorus): It's cool down here at the River Jordan (Jordan) Oh, it's cool down here at the River Jordan, It's cool down here at the River Jordan But my Lord says come on anyhow. Well I went down in the valley And I did not go to stay But my soul got happy in Jesus And I sure did stay all day (?) I would not be

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a sinner And I tell you the reason why, I fear my Lord might call on me And I wouldn't be ready to die.

Old Ship o' Zion It is that old, old, old Ship o' Zion (3 times) Git on board, ah board, ah board, git on board. She is movin' very slowly, etc My old mother is waitin' for me, etc. I'm so glad I got my ticket, etc.

JAL '39m Recording Trip Merryville, La.

I'm lookin' for that man that don't know Jesus (Chorus): I'm lookin' for that man, that man, that don't know Jesus (3 times) I want him to sign his name. Well, I would not be a sinner I'll tell you the reason why, I'm 'feared the Lord might call on me And I wouldn't be ready to die. I wouldn't be a gambler, etc. (same as 1st stanza) I would not be a drunkard, I'll tell you the reason why; Some sudden pain might strike-a my heart And I wouldn't be ready to die.

Christ is coming on the cloud Cho: Christ is coming, Christ is coming on the cloud (repeat) Oh, spread the tidings round wherever man is found, Christ is comin', Christ is comin' on the cloud. Oh, they tell me every knee must bow, (repeat) Oh, spread the tidings round wherever man if found, etc. Oh, they tell me every tongue shall confess, etc Oh, they tell me every eye shall behold (Be oped?), etc.

Do, Lord, remember me (or, When my blood runs chilly and cold) (Assisted by his wife) Chorus: Do, Lord, do, Lord, do remember me (3 times) Do, Lord, remember me. When my blood runs chiller (chilly) and cold, do remember, mec (3) Do, Lord remember me. I've got a home in Beulah Land, outshine de sun (3 times) Way beyond de sky. Oh, de shoes that my God give me, outshine de sun Way bey ond de sky. Oh, de robe that my God give me outshine de sun, etc. Ef you don't wear no crosses, you can't wear no crown, etc. Oh, de crown that my God give me outshine de sun (3 times) etc.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La.

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Fisher children,-Geraldine and Wilford Jerome- -May 15, 1939

These neighbor children of Rev. Gipson sang two ring game songs:

Green old tree, O rocky row - - ring game Green old tree, O rocky row (repeat) Hug and kiss her 'fore she go, Don't give her a chance, O yes, I know. Note: The schoolmates of the Fisher children later sang this song, but gave as the last line: Don't give a chance for her to go.

LittleSallie Walker (a favorite game song among Southern Negroes) Little Sallie Walker, sittin' in a saucer A-cryin' out her eyes over half a glass o' water. Rise, Sallie, rise, wipe yo' weepin' eyes, Put yo' hands on yo' hips, Let yo' backbone slip, Shake it to the East, shake it to the West, Shake it to the one that you love the best.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton and Wiergate, Texas

May 15-19, 1939

Alan Lomax had urged us to go back to see Henry Truvillion and get all he had this time. We found that an order impossible to fill, so versatile is he and so varied his experiences. It was Henry Truvillion, then, and Mr. H. R. Weaver of Merryville, La., across the Texas line, that took us to East Texas.

We made Newton our headquarters for sleeping. We found Henry Truvillion's farm home on the main highway between Newton and Burkeville, closer to Burkeville though Newton, R. F. D., is his postoffice.

A few miles our from Newton we saw a neat white schoolhouse with Negro children playing in the yard. Several little girls were singing a ring game. We stopped and watched, looked up the principal and asked to interview the children about songs. The principal quickly understood our mission and soon had the entire school assembled in the largest of

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three classrooms. of this Liberty High School. The children responded well and sang and recorded for about an hour.

List of Liberty High School (Negro) songs. Mail address: Newton, Texas

Old Speckled Lady- Leaders: Bessie Helen Hunter, Doris Henson, Allene Simmons, group of girls

Julie Leader: Willie Mae Jones, assisted by boys and girls

Suzann Leaders: Bessie H. Hunter, Leroy McBride, Sevilla Holm Holmes

A-tisket, a-tasket- " Ella McBrise with group of girls

Billy Boy Bessie Hunter, Fred Hunter

Lullaby-Sweet Babe of Mine: Margie Mattox

I got to go to Judgment (Spiritual) led by Hattie McGuire

The sun didn't shine on beyanders mountain-(spiritual)-Quartet of girls

Hard Times: Rowena Knight, Mary Anne Knight, Thelma Hawthorne, Jerusha Hawthorne

Lost my han'kerchief

JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton, Texas

May 16, 1939

Liberty High School-Song Texts

Old Speckled-(incomplete) Old Speckled Lady-Too-de-loo Fresh from the kitchen-too-de-loo With a panful of biscuits-too-de-loo

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Julie- -(Text written out by singers-) Hey, Julie, hey, Julie what the matter now All night long through summer day Julie run away the other day Reckon where I found her way down yonder A crowd of buzzar around her Some had a knife, others had a gun Last time I seen her Julie broke and run I went to the river, I couldn't get across I steaped on a aliagator and thought it was a log. I went to the river bob (hop?0 the sue (?)) Breakfast on the table doodle-do-do.

Suzann- - Oh Rose (Suzann) you stole my pardner (Suzann) G oin' git me another (Suzann) jes' like that other (Suzann) You Dixie devil (Suzann) you got a foot (Suzann) Jes' like a shevil* (Suzann) *Shevil-shovel

A-tisket, a-tasket- (a drop-the-handkerchief game) A-tisket, a-tasket, a green and yellow basket I wrote a letter to my love and on the way I dropped it; I dropped it, I dropped it, yes, on my way I dropped it, Sure one of you have picked it up and put it in your pocket. It's you,- it's you,- it's you, it's you- (Chase begins)

Billy Boy-sung by Be sie and Fred Hunter, sister and brother, who learned this from their mother. Text varies little from the usual versions except for the addition of the following, which gives some local flavor to the song.

Can she wash a white shirt? etc. Yes, she can wash a white shirt without leavin' a speck o' dirt.

Sweet Babe of Mine-Lullaby: Mr. Lomax offered a quarter to any pupil who would sing a lullaby that he would record. Finally a tall awkward girl whispered that she knew a lullaby. She wouldn't sing before the crowd, but consented to go into the coat-closet where she sang the following: Lullaby, lullaby, sweet babe of mine Hushaby, hushaby, eat ways be thine She must have need the quarter badly, for she was covered with confusion. She could not explain what "eat ways be thine"

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JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton, Texas Liberty High School - cont'd. May 16, 1939

Texts of songs-

I got to go to Judgment I got to go to judgment to stand my trial (repeat) I can't stay, (4 times)

The sun didn't shine The sun didn't shine on be-yonders mountain Oh, the sun etc. When my Lord was dyin' on the cross Oh, Pilot's wife she had a dream 'Bout an innocent man she'd never seen Bring me a bowl and let me wash my hand I won't be guilty 'bout an innocent man.

Hard Times Hard times, hard times got ev'ybody strugglin'; Not only got you, got me, O Lord Got de rich de rich, got de pore Got de high and low an' I don't know what to do You can read your Bible, better not read too slow It saw in de Bible things you need to know You read the Revelation, chapter six and ten You can find it in de Bible all about God and men.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton, Texas Liberty High School- further notes- -

May 16, 1939

Faculty- Principal- S. D. Ramsey, who lives next door at teacherage.

Teachers: C. W. Simm ons Lida Bennett R. Coleman Hattie McGuire

Julie : Notes on. Children arrange themselves in two lines. Clap as they sing. At Julie skip to meet partners and swing them.

Old Speckled Lady Old Speckled Lady-Shoo-lay- Fresh (Jes') from de kitchen-Shoo-lay Handful o' biscuits-Shoo-lay And thimble too-Shoo-lay Old Miss Simmons, jes' take my place. (Jes' take my place-change partners)

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Lost my handkerchief- a drop-the-handkerchief game Lost my han'kerchief yestiddy I found it today, I found it today All muddied up and I dashed it away, Dishma, dashma, dishma, dashma, dishma, dashma (Begin running)

JAL '39 Recording Trip Wiergate, Texas Wiergate High School (Negro)

May 16, 1939

Wiergate is the headquarters of the Wier Lumber Company, which employs many Negro workmen. While we were waiting to see some the Wier officials, we drove over to "the quarters", or Negro settlement; on the school grounds we saw a group of small girls circling around and singing. We could not catch the words. Recess was soon over. As the children were marching in, Mrs. Lomax asked one of the girls what they were playing. "Seed-tick", she replied. With the permission of the principal and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Mack, an assembly was called. The same group of little girls sang and played Seed-tick into the microphone. This was followed by others in rapid succession before the buses came to take the children to their home:

Here comes Uncle Jesse (Shake it:)-a ring game Oattie Brails Ford, leader All around the green apple tree- -Group Ring around a rosey Seed tick Lost my hankerchief yestiday London Bridge (tug o' war)-revised version Little gal, little gal-chanted duet

Texts:

Uncle Jesse: Here comes Uncle Jesse a-ridin' thoo the field And with his horse an' buggy and buckles on his heel O come on, gal, shake it, shake it Come on gal, shake it, shake it. If you want a feller, I tell you what you do, Jes' git some salt an' pepper an' put it in yo' shoe. O come on, gal, etc. Ring game with "gal" in center; circle marches or skips around, stopping at "come on"; and "gal" in center proceeds to "shake it".

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P. S. Frank Gallaway, a ten-years old, told us he knew a lullaby that his grandmother taught him. He gave us the text, but we had to wait till 1940 to get the tune from him: Go to sleep, got to sleep, go to sleepy, little baby When you wake up, give you patter-cake, and roast you a sweet-pertater See dem cows upon dat hill? Belongs to di, little baby Etc.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Wiergat, Texas Wiergate High School

Texts:

All round the green apple tree All round the green apple tree Where the grass grows so sweet (Miss Margaret) please turn back your back He wrote you a letter to turn back your back So all round the green apple tree Where the grass grows so sweet Miss Gracie Lee, etc.

Ring around a Rosey Ring around a Rosey, pocketful o' posies Light bread, sweet bread, squat! Guess who she told me, tralalalala Mr. Red was her lover, tralalalala If you love him, hug him! If you hate him, stomp!

Seed tick Seed tick's a-bitin' me ("it" in center) Don't care, can't git outa here (players in ring) My mamma callin' me Don't care, etc. Bumble bee's a-stangin' me etc. (Player in center tries to break through ring. When he breaks through, he is chased)

Lo st my han'kerchief - - a drop-the-handkerchief game. I lost my han'kerchief yestiddy I found it today An' it's all full o'mud All full o' muddy water An' I th'owed it away, I th'owed it away.

London Bridge Open the gates as high as the sky Let Saint George's horses pass by This is the hatchet, chop (?) her over the head, Chip, chop, cho! (victim held) Break her neck and send her away Send her away, send her away Break her neck and send her away So early in the mornin'. Victim has chosen side, takes place- When all players have taken sides, tug o' war follows

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Little gal, little gal - Chanted with response. A duet Little gal, little gal-Yes ma'am, Want to go with me?- Yes, ma'am To Tennessee?-Yes, ma'am, Get a piece o' pie- Yes, ma'am Did mamma whup you? Yes, Ma'am What she whup you about? Cow got on de crossin' an' laid down an' died

(over)

Did de buzzard come? Yes, ma'am How did he come? (Together) To-de-flock- to-de-flu, to-de-flock to-de-flu To-de-flock-flu (Both players imitate flapping of wings)

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La.

May 16-19, 1939

Herman R. Weaver

Mrs. Alan Lomax had told us that her uncle Herman Weaver knew many old songs and that he also knew all the old Negroes in that part of the country, having been a representative for many years of lumber companies that had flourished there at the height of their prosperity. We therefore presented ourselves to Mr. Weaver, who offered us the hospitality of his home and helped us in every possible way to find singers. We used his home as our "studio". Mr. Weaver himself recorded two songs: one of special interest is the ox-driving song which he had heard his father sing. He could not recall all the stanzas for the recording, but later he sent into the Library of Congress the full text as it appears in Our Singing Country (John A. and Alan Lomax).

Ox-Driving Song: for text see: Our Singing Country

We go to church in early morn - (Text incomplete)-Learned from father. We go to church in early morn When birds are singing in the trees All day we work in de cotton Oh, - - But our hearts are warm with gospel songs (?) Hear dem bells, Oh, don't you hear dem gospel

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bells Dey's ringin' ou de glory of de Lamb. All day we work in de cotton Oh, see dem chariots comin' dis way I know dey's comin' fer me. The land I'm gwine to see.

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JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton, Texas

Henry Truvillion R#1, Newton, Texas- -May 16, 18, 1939

"Yessir, I knows you", said Henry Truvillion as he greeted Mr. Lomax on the porch of his East Texas farmhouse. "You come here once with your son. Yessir, I got your letter, but I didn't see no use to answer, 'cause everything's changed now; I done took to preachin'. I don't sing none o' them songs like you want no more."

"Don't you work at Wiergate any more?" "Oh, yessir, I works on a week days and I preaches on Sundays, first an' third Sundays." "And you quit singing those pretty work songs and calls?" "Oh, no, sir, they's part o' my business. I has to call de track an' all dat to git de work done. But them others, them old-fashioned plantation melods, I done had a complete change an' I don't sing dat kind no more. Us sings spirituals now, an' church hymns,- short meter, yessir, common meter an' long meter, mostly long meter."

It was late afternoon, almost dusk, "fust dark". Henry was exhausted. He and his family had just returned from the funeral of his wife's sister-in-law, her brother's wife who had left a tiny baby girl for the Truvillions to "tend". There had been sleepless nights of sitting up, with the sick woman and then with her lifeless body, and everybody was exhausted further by the long exciting funeral service.

And so Mr. Lomax did not press Henry Truvillion to promise him "worl'ly" songs, but let him relax in the cool of the front porch and ramble quietly from snatches of spirituals to comment and miniature sermon.

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"'When de roll be's called in Heaven', dat's one o' my favorites," he began. "Dat's come a long way down in our family. Dat's one o' old Colonel Steppin's (Stephen?), my great grandfather on my mother's side. He used to sing it, and also my grandfather independent back in Mississippi. Did you ever hear it? It goes 'When de roll be's called in de Heaven I'll answer to my name'.

You see, God's got a sec'etary dat keeps a list de way folks has got to go. I don't care how far down de (the) list my name is. In fact, I ain't homesick yet, an' he can jes' skip my name when he comes to it."

There was no writing down the words of the song without dispelling his mood and only a phrase here and there was caught:

"'Well, he set so high and he was so low'", and Henry commented, "He knows what he gwine do 'fore he starts." Two other spirituals he sang before we left, Ride on, Mighty Rider, and Shout on, Israelites. These songs he promised to try to sing into our microphone if we would return some evening later in the week after he had caught up with sleep and farm-work.

Henry informed Mr. Lomax that he had not spelled his name correctly on the recent letter. "It's Truvillion, not Trevillion. My father and mother couldn't read or write and they didn't know how to spell their name, but I looked it up in some kind o' dictionary and found it spelled T-r-u-v-i-double l-i-o-n,- maybe a French name, somebody told me. But I reckon I ain't no sure 'nough Frenchman, ha! ha!"

Henry Truvillion is foreman of a work gang for Wier Lumber Company, whose headquarters are at Wiergate, Texas. He was born in Mississippi where some of his family still live. He has been twice married. His only living child by his first wife is a man grown who lives in

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Mississippi. His present wife, a young woman who calls him "Mr. Henry", and five children, from eleven years down to one in 1939, help make his home on his farm on the highway between Newton and Burkeville, Texas, some eight miles from his work which he reaches in his substantial-looking green Ford car. Henry thinks that East Texas lumber may play out some day, and so he has "bought a little place to work and lay something by." He has a neat white house of four rooms, comfortably furnished, and he and the children cultivate vegetable garden, flowers in the front yard and an orchard. Cotton, corn and peanuts are his best crops. He keeps a good cow and raises pigs and chickens. His mules look well-fed.

And now, to supplement his regular Wier job and his farm, he has taken to preaching. Some Sundays he gets as much as seven dollars from the collection plate. When we bade him goodbye at the end of the week he requested us to send him a "Breeze-case, to carry my Bible in to church and to Conference". His wife, Oneal, is a faithful helpmeet in the church as well as at home. She is better educated than "Mr. Henry", and she and the children, as they get old enough to go to school, are fast ridding Henry's vocabulary of many of his most picturesque phrases and pronunciations. The children's names are: Jim Henry, Ruby Lee, Garfield, Dora Ruth and Modistine.

One evening later in the week we returned and set up our machine with batteries in the Truvillion living-room. We tried to persuade Henry to go with us to our hotel in Newton, where we could hitch on to electricity, but he refused. He said frankly that he was afraid, - afraid that such a visit to a white people's hotel might cause trouble for him after we were gone.

Henry gave us his spirituals very readily. We found that his

wife served as a second line of defense for his conscience in the matter of singing "worl'ly songs". But after she heard the spirituals played back, she made no objections to Henry's recording his everyday work songs. Then she could see no harm in his singing the

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inoffensive children's songs, especially when he took Ruby Lee into his lap to help with "Mary had a red dress." Hadn't he sung her to sleep with it many a night? "From then on out" Henry relaxed and let his mind slip back, "way back yander", to his childhood days in Mississippi on through his varied experiences of work and amusement, prompted now and then by a discreetly quiet but leading question from Mr. Lomax. Some of his explanations and comments which we tried to record are as interesting as the songs. There had been some battery trouble, calling for a trip to Wiergate for a mechanic, and midnight overtook us with Henry still recalling fresh songs and fresh stories.

In his early childhood Henry follows the plow, cut and hauled wood, chopped and picked cotton. But for forty years, since he was thirteen, he has worked mainly on the railroad. The first railroad that he worked for "regular" was "the I.C. mainline". His first boss on the I.C. was W.L. Renfrew; "For I-couldn't-hardly count-the-years, I stayed bent down with a white man over me." He has done all kinds of railroad work in his time, and he can tell them off on his fingers: "first, gradin' in the levee camp, now called gradin' camp; then up an' down the river on a cotton boat, cuttin' willow an' makin' mats for holes in the levee an' placin' 'em. Made a dollar a day cuttin' willow, a mean, tedjous job." After that he did "river world, a little too killin'", he said. Then some work around town. "Spent twelve years, 'bout, wid de shevil (shovel)". When he quit the mainline, he "went on the Northfield Lumber Company."

For the past twenty-four years, he estimated, "or a little wusser", he has worked in East Texas and Western Louisiana. He has worked for the Wier Lumber Company nineteen years, "track-layin', steel-layin', (spikin'), track-linin' (straightenin')". He became lead-spiker and later boss. He and his gang spend most of their time building temporary track for timber-cutting gangs and timber-hauling trains.

Henry Truvillion's mind is stored with facts about his experiences, his work- and play-mates, his bosses, from which he draws the many details of fact and incident that come out in his songs. For a half hour at a time he can reel off names and characteristics of

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bosses, engineers and other railroad and company officials of present and past decades. He did not make it clear just when he helped load cotton on river-boats, but details of the work show up in his songs that only a roustabout would know.

Texts of his songs and calls, as well as his recorded conversation, are very scrappy and incomplete; first, because the vocabulary of gang work songs is foreign to the uninitiated, and, again, because Henry's amazing performance fascinated his listeners and made them forget the mundane task of writing down words.

Like many another Southern Negro Henry claimed to have "Made up" John Henry. "You made it up yourself?" questioned Mr. Lomax. "Well, no, sir, not 'xactly by myself. Some other boys help me put it together."

JAL '39 Henry Truvillion List of songs recorded in 1939, May 15-18

Spirituals

I'll answer to my name (When the roll bes called in Heaven)

The Mighty Rider

Shout on, Israelites

I'm goin' lay down my life for my Lord

Work Songs

Track-lining

Tie-tamping

Steamboat-loading

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Pick Song (Gravel picking)

Cornfield Song- (When you go to Memphis)

Good morning, young lady (railroad song)

Cotton picking (and hauling)

Hero or Bad Man

Riley Miller

Children's and Play Party Songs

Mary was a red bird

Shortnin' Bread

Come on, girls, and let's go a-huntin'

Walk down, Sugar Tree

Other songs

Good morning, young lady (marry a railroad man)

Crawfish song (some o' these mornin's)

Who been here s ince I been gone (coenfield song?)

JAL '39 Recording Trip Newton, Texas Henry Truvillion- - Fragments of Texts

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Ride on, Mighty Rider Ride on, Mighty Rider, you got de reins in yo' hands (repeat) See,-
Ride on over de mountain top Well-a, ride on over 'bout de dancin' hall See, ride on down
'bout de gamblin' shack

Shout on, Israelites Shout on, Israelites, like shoutin' in Heaven This day, shoutin' in
Heaven (repeat) Well Moses led dem Children, on down by de Red Sea, When de children
cried Moses, did you bring us here to die? Old Moses led dem children Well, den de angel
come shoutin' on de water Yander (?) dem children go. One bright December mornin'
'Twas 'bout de twenty-fifth day When Christ my Saviour was born Dey wrop him up in
swaddlin' clothes Done born, Israelites shoutin' in Heaven, done born I know were de
twenty-fifth day On the holy Christmas morn Dis day, Israelites shoutin' in Heaven, dis day.
Well, we was marchin' round dat wicked town walls come down Well, don't you be like
Pharoah's daughter Wouldn't bow to Israel

I'm goin' lay down my life for my Lord For my Lord, Lord, I'm goin' lay down my life for my
Lord. Satan is mad an' I'm glad,-Cause he missed dat soul dat he/thought he had. I'm
goin'., etc. Satan is like a snake in de grass He's always in some Christian's path. Satan,
where is de liar's shoes, An' if you don't mind, he's goin' put 'em on you.

JAL '39 Henry Truvillion-Texts-fragments

Steamboat Loading- Roustabout. come here 'fore dawn Show me what shoulder you want
it on Wake up sleepin' (?) and tell your dream Make you 'quainted wid two blue seams*
*of the bagging Got a pretty little girl in New Orleans And she lives on Perdita Street
Midnight was my cry, 'fore day was my creep I left my home in Eighty-four Ain't never
been the re no mo' Poor roustabout don't have no home Makes his livin' on his shoulder
bone. Natchez up the Bayou done broke down Got her head for Memphis when she's
New Orleans Bound Theshe's loaded down Hold her head in the middle o' the stream and
the rousters hold her down. Oh, I know my sweetie goin' open the door As soon as she
hears the Natchez roar Arrove?) Oh-oh-oh-oh- My mother told me when I was a child Son,

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hard labor kill you after a while Oh, up an' down Big Muddy with my sack upon my back
I'm goin' make it to my shanty, ain't comin' back I'm sech an old man ? Ain't goin' up the
Mississippi no mo'?

Tie-tamping January, February, March, April an' May runall dem farmers away (?) June,
July, August, dem long hot summer days Raise yo' tampers above yo' knees? O Tamp 'em
up solid an' keep yo' Cap'n pleased Oh, tamp 'em up solid an' hold dat midnight mail O
Mattie, Mattie, what yo' husband name Ain't got no husband, got a solid railroad man.

JAL '39 Henry Truvillion- Text fragments

Pick Song- in the gravel pit Cap'n I knew (huh!) pick I guide you (huh!) In de groun', inde
groun' Cap'n a-squallin' an' dead heads a-fallin' All roun' me (huh!) all 'roun' me (huh!)
Boys, I b'lieve I'll go (huh!) back to de shanty (huh!) An' lay down (huh!), an' lay down
(huh!) If he ask you what's de matter (repeat) You don't know, buddy, you don't know.
Because he got a gun, because he got a gun Lord, I'm goin' buy me a left-hand wheeler
B'lieve I'll go back to North Alabama That's my home, that's my home Take this hammer to
the cool Captin And tell him I'm goin' back to my cool-water home That's my home, that's
my home. An' if he ask you what's de matter Tell him I got too warm, got too warm.

Field Song- Who been here Who been here since I been gone Great big nigger with his
derby on Who been here since I been gone Pretty little girl with a red dress on Up this
morn in' All right if you call dat gone (repeat) Some o' these mornin's I'll be gone Talkin'
'bout women on de I.C.-, boys, I've got one that's dressed in gold.

Come on, girls, and let's go to huntin- - children's song "Dat's back yander!" laughed Henry
when he heard this song of his childhood played back to him. Come on, girls, and let 's go
to huntin' (repeat) Dog in the woods an' he done see somepin " Your dog bark he don't see
nothin' My dog bark an' he done treed somepin Raccoon up a gumstump, 'possum in a

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holler Rabbit give a back-back, stole a half a dollar Woods is wet, roads is muddy, I'm so drunk dat I can't stand studdy

JAL '39 Henry Truvillion- Text fragments

Cornfield Song- Have you ever been to Memphis? When you go to Memphis, don't stay long * 'Gen you do your shopping, git on de road back home (* Gen- against- just-as-soon-as) When you go to Memphis, don't hang around, * Put you in de work-huse, give you 'leven an' twenty-nine. (*"'Leven months an' twenty-nine days is what dey used to give you for dead-headin' through Memphis") Have you ever-oh- in yo' life Took a bad woman for yo' wife (underlined phrase three times) Oh, my daddy-oh- settin' in de grass 'Long come a elephant an' made him laugh Me an' my pardner an' two or three mo' Jumped in de river an' stopped de boat. Have you ever-oh-in yo' life Went to Memph is an' stayed all night? Boys, have you ever-oh- in yo' life Went to New Orleans an' stayed all night?: Long-hai red Ada an' curly-haired Rose, Prettiest two women in de worl' I knows. Jes' keep a-griemin' an' jes' keep a-cryin' Makes me think 'bout the 'leven-twenty-nine.* *(See note above)

Mary was a red bird- a song for children. Henry took his little girl Ruby Lee, into his knee to help him sing this song. He made this remark: "This was sung in slavery times, 1845, by my great grandfather, Colonel Steppin (?) on down through my grandfather and mother, on down to Henry Truvillion and Ruby Lee Truvillion. Mary wore her red dress, red dress, red dress Mary wore her red dress all day long. Mary wore her red hat, etc., red shoes, etc., gloves, coat Where'd you git you' dress fum, dress fum, dress fum? Where'd you git you' dress fum, all day long? Got it fum de dry goods etc. Where'd you git yo' shoes fum, etc. Got 'em fum de dry goods, etc. Where'd you git yo' hat fum, etc. Got it fum de hat sto', etc Mary had a red cake, red cake, etc., Where'd you git yo' butter fum, etc. flour, etc. Got it fum de grocy etc. ("If the baby don't go to sleep, you can jes' keep on through, all the inqreements of the cake"). The climax comes in the stanza: Mary was a red bird also continue: Mary had a little lamb etc.

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JAL '39 Henry Truvillion- Texts-fragments

Crawfish Ponda Some o' dese mornin's Some o' dese mornin's won't be long Git up in de mornin' wid a basket on my arm ?????????? On my way to be crawfish pond. When I leave de crawfish pond(baby) (repeat) All dem crawfish will be gone Ef I live to see dis fall, honey (repeat) Goin' take a trip on de Cannon Ball. Ef I live to see dis fall, Lindy (repeat) Ain't got to pick no cotton at all,-Honey.

Cotton Picking (and hauling) Song Boys, de wagon's comin' down To haul de cotton home Come, cotton, come I'm pickin' it by de pound. Took old Billy up to de rack An' beat him 'cross de head till de Cap'n got back. Led old Billy to de water trough; He wouldn't drink an' he wouldn't back off. I couldn't pick cotton, I wouldn't pull (?) hay (?) I wouldn't do nothin' dat old Marster would say.

Good morning, young lady: "A railroad song, 'bout marryin' a railroad man. It broke out in de country an' made de girls turn back on de country boys." Good mornin', young lady, come give me yo' hand - - marry a railroad man. Young lady, when you marry, marry a railroad man, Every day will be Sunday with a dollar in yo' hand. < hsep>Young lady, when you marry, don't marry no farmin' man, Every day will be Monday, with a hoe handle in yo' hand Young lady, don't you know me- - She took me in the parlor and cooled me wid her fan, Run back an' told her sister, I'm crazy 'bout a railroad man.

JAL '39 Henry Truvillion- Texts- fragments

Walk down, sugar tree- a playparty song Walk down, walk down, walk down Miss Ollie, winding chain (?) Swing all, swing yo' love, All night long, sugar tree, All night long, candy, Swing yo' lover, sugar tree, etc. Swing yo' darlin',-pardner,-Julie, etc. Kiss yo' lover, etc. Up an' down, sugar tree, All night long, candy Up an' down, sugar tree, up an' down, candy Dan (don?) Blue Sugar sweet, child, so are you.

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Track-linin'- calls. A few phrases Ev'y man like one man Ev'y bar talkin' de same language. tuckalucka, tuckalucka An' if you wanta have a good time on the L an' N, G it de Thirty-nine. Somebody ain't got no hold, I'm goin' talk 'bout him directly. Somebody-oooh, boys,- ain't got no hold, Goin' call yo' name directly. Jack Rabbit had a habit, In de garden pickin' cabbage. OOh, bys, somebody ain't got no hold, An' I'll put my han' on him d'rectly.

Riley Miller (Bad Man or Hero?): Henry says that Riley Miller was not really a bad man or a bully. Men liked him pretty well, some even loved him. They wanted to make up a song about him to remember him by. This was the result. It seems to follow the "Cap'n was a bully" pattern".) Text is very fragmentary, difficult to catch.

Mr. Riley Miller was a bully, goin' through de land It was up in Rudolph (?) loisiana, and de boys called his hand. Mr. Riley Miller was a bully in those past days, In Rudolph, Loisiana you'll find Mr. Miller's grave. Mr. Riley Miller was a bully with a pistol in his hand, But old Dillwin Decker called his hand. Mr. Riley Miller was a bully, didn't bar no man, When he - Mr. Riley Miller was a hookin' cow But the Windrow (?) brothers broke his plow. If you don't b'lieve Mr. Riley Miller is dead, Come, look what a hole's in Mr. Riley Miller's head. Mr. Riley Miller is gone, Mr. Miller was a good man I sure did love, him, but, oh now he's gone home somewhere.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La.

New Zion Baptist Church, near De Ridder, La. (P.O. Knight, La.)-May 17 Mr. Weaver arranged with the deacons for a special prayer-meeting service with a view to recording some of their favorite spirituals. New Zion Baptist Chusrch is about thirteen miles from Merryville, off the highway to De Ridder. It was a jet-black night. When we arrived at the church house, Mr. Weaver's family accompanying us, we were received in silence by the congregation, a group of about forty persons, gathered in a small building dimly lighted by a lantern and one kerosene lamp. With the help of flashlights, car lights and the strong arms of some Negro youths. we set up the machinery, including two heavy batteries and a

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convertor. During a half hour's delay, due to machine trouble, the crowd waited patiently; all heaved a highly audible sigh of relief, along with the Lomaxes, when the combination of machinery gave forth a satisfactory purr..

The outstanding song of the evening was Sylvester Johnson's Samson, the revised text of which is quoted on separate sheet. For complete text see: Our Singing Country-(John A. and Alan Lomax and Ruth Crawford Seeger).

Why don't you shout like you know you bound for Glory? sung by 4 men (not an organized quartet) Why don't you shout like you know you're bound for Glory (3times) Got to lay down and die some day. Why don't you sing like you know you bound for Glory (3 times) Got to lay down and die some day. Why don't you shout,-talk,-cry-,preach-etc.,

Ring them ding, dong bells, sung by for young girls, probably "book" song Gonna ring them ding, dong bells of Heaven Gonna ring them ding, dong bells of Heaven's door I used to have a mother who used to walk and talk with me But now she's gone to Heaven to ring them ding, dong beels of Hea / Heaven's door I used to have a sister, etc

J. A. L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. MERRYVILLE For full text of Samson, see Our Singing Country

Samson spiritual sung by Sylvester Johnson, leader New Zion Baptist Church (Negro) near Merryville, La. May 17, 1939 Introduced by H.R. Weaver New Zion Baptist Church is about thirteen miles from Merryville, La., off the highway to De Ridder. When we arrived, Mr. Weaver's family accompanying us, we were received in silence by the congregation, a group of about forty, gathered in a small building dimly lighted by a lantern and one kerosene lamp. During a half hour's delay due to machine trouble the crowd waited patiently; all heaved a sigh of relief along with the recorder when the machine gave forth a satisfact purr from the batteries.

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Sylvester Johnson sang. Deli Samson, the words coming too fast for writing. He afterwards sent in a copy of the text which is typed below in his own spelling. His copy, however, runs the lines together in prose form. Sylvester's sung version has some additional words-including some stanzas about a lion.

Deridder, La. Star R 1 5-23-39

Samson. . . Deliahe was a women fine and fair Very pleasent looking with cold black hair
Deliahe she gained old Samson mind When he saw the women and she look so fine
Weather he went to Timothy I cant tell But the daughters of Timothy pleased him well He
replied to Father go and see Can you get the beautiful women for me (Course to be sung
now): He said if I had my way/, I would tare the building down He cried O Lord, O Lord
If I had my way I would tare the building down Samson burned up a field of corn They
looked for him but he was gone So many thousand had form a plot Was not many days
before he was caught They bond him with rope and while walking along He looked on the
ground and saw a old jaw-bone He moved his arms the rope popped like threads When
he got through killing three thousand were dead Yas, he said, if I had my way, I would
tare building down He said O Lord, O Lord, if I had my way, I would tare he building do
Samson father replied to him Cant you find a wife among our kined Boy, dont you know it
grieve your Mother's mind To see you marry a women of Philistines? Yas, he said if I had
my way, I would tare the building down He cried O Lord, O Lord, he said If I had my way I
would tare the building down.

The writer adds the following personal note to Mr. Lomax: See Over

Sir now Mr John I beg you please excuse the sheets of paper they was not any tablets at
the little store where I trades but I hope you can understand this poor writing I did all a poor
negro could do so now one request I ask of you would you pleas the old negro something
remember you and the night you was with us I have not a good Bible its old and frail so I

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asking you to please send the old Negro one good night Sylvester Johnson (The Bible was sent at once, and a "Thankyou" note received in due time.)

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La.

May 17

Carry me, Good Lord- - Text incomplete, sung by Rufus Spencer(?) Carry me, Good Lordy, bury (bear-y?) me Oh, yes, coming the day I arrive 'At's comin' the day I arrive, O Lordy on the day I arrive. I'm so glad I got my religion in time In the sound of the trumpet you may look for me Comin' the day I arrive. Oh, my mother, my mother,-don't grieve after me Cause (Course?) you know- -I was born to die Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I'm so glad I got my religion in time In the sound of the trumpet you may looke for me Lord, comin' 'the day I arrive. Mother, Mother, don't grieve after me Cause you know I was born to die In the sound of the trumpet you may look for me Comin' the day I arrive. Oh father, father, don't etc. Sister, sister, etc.

Home in the Rock-sung by. There was some question as to whether the singer said "Laz' rus pulled his eye" (poor as I). Everybody listened for the phrase when the song was played back. There was a moment of silence, then a man venture "Dat machine sho' bear witness to yo' position. Hit's got him jes' like he said hit!" I got a home in dat Rock, don't you see (repeat) I got a home in dat Rock jes' beyond de mountain top I got a home in dat Rock, don't you see. Old La'zus pulled his eye (poor as I), don't you see Whenhe's dy in' a home on high Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, don't you see All those prophets dead an' gone, etc. What dat yonder looks so black, Must be de children turnin' back God showed Noah by de rainbow sign, No more water but fire next time, etc.

Bound for the Promised Land (lined hymn)-usual text except for interjection "So glad!" and "When I can read my title clear No mention in the skies."

JAL '39 Recording Trip 2652 Merryville, La. Merryville High School, Negro

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May 18, 1939

Professor N. J. Cross, principal of the Negro high school, introduced to Mr. Lomax by H.R. Weaver, assembled his pupils in a large upstairs auditorium. Other teachers were: Georgia Gross, Ivery Lee, Herma Gilbert.. Volunteer singers were mostly boys and girls twelve to fourteen years old They probably could have given us more but lunch time interfered.

Green old tree, O rocky row- - Ring game sung by a group Green old tree, O rocky row (repeat) Hug and kiss her before she go, Don't give a chance for her to go.

Di-de-oh - playparty song with partners. "handed down in Merryville" Oh Miss Viola- di-de-oh When you goin' marry?-di-de-od When you marry- -di-de-oh Write me a letter-di-de-oh Seal dat letter- di-de-oh With that letter-di-de-oh (Break up and swing partners) Goin' to the house, pull of yo' (My?) shoes Goin' bless the Lord and Glory Due.

Ding-ding - - a chant-Text incomplete I know you owe me,- ding-ding, fifteen dollars-dong ding Rattle like silver,- ding-ding,- in yo' pocket,-ding ding I heard it rattling,- ding-ding, silver in glory-ding-ding May be money,- ding-ding,- I don't know,-ding-ding Outside ?????????

Old Speckled Lady- ring game- text incomplete Old speckled, Julie, jes' from de kitchen, Julie Panful o' biscuits, Julie, old thimble and - -, Julie Oh Miss Jewl Lee, take my place (And game starts again)

Come on, Willie - in-and-out-the-window ring game Come on, Willie, sometime Come skippin' through the window, sometime Don't miss my window, sometime (other motions may be played to this tune) Goin' wind de ball, sometime, goin' wind it tight, sometime, Goin' loose de ball, sometime, goin' loose it loose, sometime, Goin' bounce de ball, sometime, goin' bounce it nowsometime

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La. Merryville High School (Negro)

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May 18, 1939

Molly Coddle - "funny song"- by group of girls Oh, Molly, Molly, you need not get spunky
To be kicked in the eye by a wicked old donkey Wicked old donkey lived down by the mill
He ate and he ate till he kicked up his heels He kicked up his heels when the cattle (?) ran
dry Kicked the old molly-coddle ight in the eye Text incomplete.

Ti-yi-ya-ho - "funny song" Geraldine and Wilford Jerome Fisher Ti-yi-ya-ho, ti-yi-yippy,
yippy-ya ??? Buster in the country eatin' collard greens, Miss Georgia in the city eatin' cold
ice-cream Well, it's ti-yi-ya-ho, etc. Had an old mule, his name was Jane Took her to the
trough to get a - -? Wouldn't drink water an' wouldn't back off Ti-yi-ya-ya-ho, Ti-yi-yippy,
yippy ya (repeat) (Text incomplete and imperfect)

Old Ship o' Zion sung by Gently Young Bennett, a Negro woman past middle age to
whom Mr. Lomax had promised a quarter if she would come to the schoolhouse to make
a recording. Text about the usuals This is the old ship o' Zion (3 times) Git on board (3
times) It have landed many a thous and, etc It have landed my old mother, etc. It have
landed my old father, etc. Ain't no danger in dis water, etc.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Merryville, La. Will Lee- "John the Baptist"

May 18, 1939

Mr. Weaver brought Will Lee into Merryville from his farm home near Rose Pine, La. Will
Lee is old and worn and toothless, formerly a successful preacher, hence his nickname
"John the Baptist". In his phrases and quaint manner of singing he is as primitive as Uncle
Rich Brown of Alabama. When he heard his first song played back to him, he looked
doubtful and mystified at first, then pleased, and he exclaimed: "I called dat:" Later: "Dat
machine got better voice than me. Lost all my teef outa my mouf." When his prayer was
played back to him he commented: "It act jes' like me." Two of his phrases are especially
interesting: "Land of purple day", equally as desirable to in prospect as "land of perfect

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day"; and, from his prayer, "yo' handmade servant", perhaps for "your handmaiden and servant(?)"

Prodigal Son, or I believe I'll go back home- Text incomplete I b'lieve I'll go back home (repeat) Eat like a hired hand Oh, in the foreign land, way in de forest land I kep' eatin', eatin' o' de hus' o' swine Once lost, now I'm found I b'lieve etc. In my father's house are many children My son once lost, now found Go kill dat fatted calf Go git a diamond ring on yo' finger He was lost but now was found. I b'lieve I'll go back home.

Bye and Bye or Land o' Purple Day - Text incomplete Bye an' bye, Lord, when de mornin' come All dem saints gwine to gather home (?) We will tell the story how we overcome We will understand it better, bye an' bye. In dat land o' purple day We will roll de stone away We will understand it better bye an' bye. Bye an' bye, Lord, when de mornin' come, etc.

Prayer- No text. "Do you pray in public?" "Yessir, I can pray at any time." Excerpt: "Lord, we come before you dis ev'ning as a empty pitcher before de founting."

Merryville, La. Sarah Whitman

May 18

Mrs. Whitman was a member of a WPA sewing group with headquarters in the same building with Mr. Weaver's office. She recorded this Fox Hunting song at her noon recess. She heard her father and grandfather sing it:

Fox- Hunting Song Come, all you jolly hunters who wish to hunt a fox Who wish to hunt Boll Riner amongst the hills and rocks, With a high tan-tiffie and a tooting o roogle-doodle-die-o Through the woods we go, my boys, through the woods we go. When we come to find her we chased her all around With a high tan tiffie and a roogle doodle doodle Through the woods we go, my boys, through the woods we go. We chased the fox around

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and a round And the hounds went Rah Rah BowBow With a tan tan diffie and a roogle die-
o doodle Through the woods we go,

Little Gal ()-sung by Mrs. Whitman. No text at hand.

Section 14: Cummins State Farm, near Varner, Arkansas; May 20-21

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Varner, Arkansas

Cummins State Farm

May 20-21, 1939

Superintendent Reed of the Cummins State Farm was busy receiving new inmates, - white men who crawled out of the "bus" under guard just as we drove up to the office. Mr. Lomax's conference with the office was only long enough to explain his mission, and present his letter of introduction from the Governor of Texas, get permission to proceed and get necessary information about the location of camps and the names of some of the captains. Captain Acklin, who, it seems was in general charge of the Negro farm workers, offered us a bed for the night and breakfast. We went at once to Camp #6, where Mr. Lomax had previously found some songs. There we found Captain Allen in charge, who came riding up from his inspection of the fields and recognized Mr. Lomax at once. Cap'n Allen had formerly been in charge of a camp near Little Rock where Mr. Lomax had recorded previously. It was he whose wife complained that she was kept busy repairing the right armhole of his shirts, which tore loose when he flogged the boys in the field when they slackened work. On this occasion Captain Allen seemed glad to see somebody from Texas and his family also seemed glad of a diversion. After a bountiful supper we, the Lomaxes, the Allens and some guests adjourned to the Negro barracks. By the aid of kerosene lamps and flash-lights we set up the machine. Through the bars, Mr Lomax

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explained to the boys the purpose of his trip and what kind of songs he wished to record. He asked for volunteers. After several rejections, big fellow timidly offered a children's song, which proved good enough to start on anyway: Mary Mack. This Mary Mack proved to be entirely different from other Mary Macks, at least after "buttons up and down her back.", and even there she had only "three or four" instead of 24.

JAL '39 Recording Trip Cummins State Farm

At any rate "Mary Mack" had opened the bars of the barracks for Willie Williams, and we saw that he was doing his best to think up other songs that might delay his recommitment to the barracks. "Yes, he knew other songs, but couldn't git 'em together just then." Mr. Lomax appealed to the other boys, "What have you boys heard him sing? Help him out here." "Sing Jody Grand, Garmouth", one of the boys called. He grinned, nodded his head opened his "garmouth" and sang: "Oh-oh, dey calls me Jody Grand",-a first-class mule-driving song which Garmouth uses in the field, though it was-perhaps originated on the levee. Garmouth said he was brought up on a farm, has a wife and one child, was given three years and seven months for shooting a boy.

After the songs of Willie "Garmouth" Williams were played back with the announcement of his name, other boys crowded up to the bars to offer their songs.. Blues were particularly popular, "sorrow songs", as one of the boys called them,- Milk Cow Blues, Corn Field Blues, Osceola Blues, Levee Cap Hollers,, even Po' Laz'us and Boll Weevil, and & spirituals The Captain had been generous in letting us stay past nine o'clock. It was Saturday night and the boys could catch up with their sleep the next day, but the kerosene lamps were burning low and we were packing up to go when a big fellow, one of the quartet who had sung a lined hymn, offered to sing John Henry hesitatingly "I don't reckon you'd want John Henry, would you? I guess you already got that."/Mr. Lomax asked for a sample of his version; this head-rider, Arthur Bell, had sung only threelines: Well, every Monday morning when the blue birds begin to sing, You can hear those hammers a mile or more You can hear John Henry's hammer ring- when Mr. Lomax called excitedly, "Wait

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there! Get you a hammer ready, and start back at the beginning." Obediently and quietly, Arthur picked up a "billy", which as a "trusty" head-rider he was allowed to use in the field, tried it out on the barrack bars, nodded, and at Mr. Lomax's "Ready", started in agains"

"Every Monday Morning when the blue birds began to sing"-and on through an interesting version of John Henry, which appears in full in Our Singing Country. The closing stanza sings:

"They taken him to Washington and they buried him in the sand
People from the East and people from the West
Come to see that steel-driving man. Some say he come from
England, some say he come from Spain, But I say he wann't nothin'
but a Louisiana Nigger Just a leader of a steel-driving gang.

Just a week or so after we made these recordings a storm blew down the barracks of Camp #6 5. We read in a newspaper that two of the boys who tried to get away in the darkness were overtaken by the hounds and were shot when they refused to surrender. Others were captured. We hadn't the heart to enquire whether Arthur Bell and "Garmouth", the are among the dead or the missing, or are still singing their JohnrHenry and shouting their "Git up, Red" and "Gee, Bill" in the fields.

JAL '39

Cummins State Farm, Camp #6 5

Texts of songs -incomplete.

Mary Mack Mary Macksung by Willie Williams "Garmouth" Mary Mack, dressed in black
Three or four buttons up an' down her back
Tip-hi-toe, high an' low, Give her a kick an'
away she go. Mamma said pick dat cotton,
Papa said de bolls all rotten; I love coffee,
I love tea, I love de pretty boys an' de boys love me.
See dat elephant jump de fence,
Jumped so high he hit de sky, Didn't come back till de Fo'th o' July.

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Joe de Grinder- Jody of World War II the man who got your woman while you were in the army.

Jody Grand (Grant? Griner?)-Field Song. Mule-driving by "Garmouth" Oh-oh, dey calls me Jody Grand, Oh-Oh Oh, baby, now man Roll on a few days longer, man, an' I'm goin' home, Baby-Git up, Red. Oh-oh-dey calls me Jody Grand Baby I aint no- -neither no beggar Jes' a pore boy, jes' a long way from home Babe, I have nowhere to go, I have no where to go, Man, Oh-oh-oh, my babe she quit me, quit me for some other boy (?) Oh,, I might (don't?) want she gone An' I hope she come back soon Oh-oh-oh, I ask my nex' do' neighbor Say where my woman gone Law, don't nobody know my woman, either know her name.

Milk Cow Blues sung by Clarence Green As I waked up dis mornin', looked out de door I knew my Mamma's milk-cow, baby, by the way she low. If you see my Mamma's milk-cow, I say, ple-ease drive her home, We don't have no milk an' butter, please, my cow done gone. Ef you don't quit yo' sinnin', quit yo' low-down ways. You can preach out de Bible, you can preach out de hymn-book Better you fall down on yo' knees an' ask de Good Lord help you, Cause you goin' need my help some day. I saw the woman I was lovin', she was lovin' some one else, I know you didn't want me, baby, when you lay down cross my bed, Drinkin' yo' moonshine whiskey, ooh, talkin' all outa yo' head.

JAL '39

Cummins State Farm, Camp #6 5

Cornfield Blues- "a sorrow song to make yo' heart feel sorry" sung by Abraham Powell I'm gwine , some day I'll be free, You go tell my uncle to be here I don't want to be buried in old- - I started to write a letter but I lied my pencil down My soul struck sorrow and the tears come rollin' down I got one long summer to wake up I'm tired o' eatin' breakfast by de lantern light. You go tell my uncle to get my mother word I don't want to be buried- -

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Dey calle me Long Chain Charley but dat ain't my name I got one long summer to wake up soon I'm tired o' eatin' my breakfast by de light o' de moon My heart struck sorrow and de tears come rollin' down I started to write a letter but I lied it down My heart struck sorrow an' de tears come rollin' down.

Milk Cow Blues- -sung by Abraham Powell, learned fro graphophone but modifie I know my milkcow Ef you see my milkcow, baby, Plee-ase drive her home to me Put a ticket on that heifer a And ship her COD Say, she ain't no high yellar She's just a little oldblack She's got dat sweet milk an' butter Dat stuff I sure do lack ??? I'm comin 'in yo' back yard, Mamma, hee-ee, one more time tonight If you don't sicc yo' puppies on me, baby, don' let yo' bulldog bie bite You pull down yo' window, baby, pull down yo' window blind So yo' next do' neighbor won't hear you when you whine.

Osceola Blues Sung by Walter JR. Jones "Snow" Well, that town of Osceola, well, well It's the meanest old town I knw (repeat) Boys if you ain't never been there, I neg you not to go Well that town of Osceola it don't mean a po' man no good Well, well, it don't mean a po' man no good Boy, they think you 61 Highway and they a V-8 Ford Well, that town o' Osceola, I got it down on my list Well, well, boys, you listen to my song 'Case I tell you how I got it fixed Mr. C. B. Wood, he's mighty hard; Mr. Herman Spicer he got me barred Mr. Walter Love He's a ache an' pain An' when he arrests you, boys, it's a dirty shame. The night I stayed in Osceola, I got a-reachin' for my shoes, Oh, baby, baby, baby, what can a po' man do?

JAL '39

Cummins State Farm, Camp #6 5

Levee Camp Hollers by Willie Henry Washington- -Text incomplete and mixed Oh-oh-oh, ef yo' house catch afire, Oh- ain't no water round, Th'ow yo' trunk out de windo' and let her burn on down. Samson burned up a field o' corn When I make one more round, Captin, you can't get 'em to go 'long neither the walkin' boss You can't always tell, Captin, when

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yo' boys goin' lay off I've been workin' for Mr. Charley, worked for Mr. Blair, I wouldn't leave you, brother, for to go nowhere-Hojim! Oh, don't see no fire but I'm burnin' down Oh-oh-oh, you can always tell, Captin, when yo' lady don't want you 'round. I'm goin' leave my lady, give her another chance, You can't always tell, baby, when she don't want you 'round

Po' Laz'us sung by Charles Thomas, "Texas" Usual text, but closes with these three stanzas: Laz'us' sister, well, she coma a-scremin' an' a-hollerin' Said, my brother dead, Lord, Lordy, my brother dead. Lazuus' mother, she never stopped her sewin' She hung her head an' cried, O Lord, hung her head an' cried. An' a great big engine standin' at the L and N crossin' Headin' North, Oh Lord, headin' North.

Boll Weevil sung by Irwin Lowry and "Garmouth" Usual text with the addition of the following: Boll weevil taken a circle way 'round de moon Says, Mr. Farmer, I'll be back to see you the Twenty-fifth o' June. Says, I'll be back to see you, Mr. Farmer, the twenty-fifth o' June.

Jesus my God I know his name- spiritual, sung by quartet Willie Henry Washington (leader), Arthur Bell, Robert Lee Robertson Abraham Powell-Lined off first and then "Played on" Jesus my God I know his name His name is all my trust He will not put my soul ashame Or let my hope be lost.

John Henry sung by Arthur Bell- - for text see: Our Singing Country

Down in Alabama- Blues sung by Arthur Bell Down in Alabama, down in Alabama, Oh Lordy, I was borned and raised, Acted a fool and come to memphis, O Lordy, got put in jail Is you ever been to Nashville, O Lordy, Nashville pen? If you don't be careful, O Lordy, you goin' back again. O wasn't I lucky, O Lordy, when I got my time? My buddy got a hunderd, O Lordy, I got ninety nine. Now come Corina, O Lordy, tryin to git me free. She asked the Judge, O Lordy, let my man be.

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Down in Alabam, cont'd The Judge said Go 'way, girl, your man in the world (?) She lef' away cryin', O Lordy, 'bout her man. I'm goin back to Memphis, O Lordy, goin' do my time ?? Did you hear 'bout Buddy Rogers,)h, got a hunderd years?

John Saw dat Number -spiritual sung by Robert Lee Robertson, leader Henry McKain, Willie Henry Washington, Abraham Powell John he saw dat number, no man could number He was walkin' up, talkin' up, comin' up before God. My mother was in dat number, no m n could number, She was walkin' up, etc. My father, etc. King Jesus, etc.

JAL '39 Recording Trip

Varner, Ark.

Cummins State Farm, Camp #1

May 21, 1939

After we had packed up our machinery in the barracks of Camp #6, we drove to the home of Captain Acklin, about four or five miles away. There we spent the night. After breakfast the next morning, Sunday, we talked to Captain Miller who had charge of the Negro barracks of Camp #1 nearby. Trusties sat on guard with guns ready in case of a break. Other trusties helped get the men together. One trusty took our car to the farm garage to repair a tire. The convicts were very poorly dressed; in fact, proceedings had to wait until some of the men could get on more clothes when they saw a woman in the car. The Captain said that some of them had better clothes; "but", said he, " Sunday is the day when the trusties in charge of clothing go around among the groups and pass out cleaner or better garments to those who appear to need them most. Some of the fellows try to look their worst. No, they don't have stripes or any other kind of uniform." Later Superintendent Reed boasted about the large balance that he had built up for the state prison system. We heard no complaint from the boys about food, and we made no comment to Supt. Reed, but we thought privately that some of that surplus might well be used for soap and

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for clothes to replace the rags that the boys were wearing that Sunday morning. The boys seemed fond of their immediate supervisor, Captain Miller, and requested that we let him have a six-inch record of their songs of his choosing. The sons of Capt. Acklin and of Capt. Miller were interested spectators.

"Father", a big fellow who had been on the farm for several, a favorite among the boys, helped line up the singers, a bunch of whom claimed to know Rock Island Line. After several experiments with shovels and picks in an effort to get the right sound effects, a group finally recorded Rock Island Line in the mess hall where the machine was set up. For text and list of singers see later pages.

Laroy Martin, a cripple, volunteered to sing Crawdad, with a small group of assistants. When Mr. Lomax asked for game songs or children's songs, Virgil Lamb offered Long-tailed Rat, amid great guffaws of his fellows. Then Willie Johnson tried to recall a version of the Ram of Darby, though he called his version Didn't he Ramble? which he used to hear his grandfather sing. Willie, known as "Little Life" because of his sluggish movements, could not "get together" many of the stanzas. Three or four field hollers and other work songs were recorded and a quartet led by Joe Green sang some spirituals arranged by C. W. Smith, a "Reverend", who when he saw that I was writing down the names of the singers whispered to me privately: "If you goin' write down our names, write mine down' Nathaniel Hawkins! That other name, 'C. W. Smith' is jes' my hideous while I'm servin' my time out here." The quartet gave an interesting performance with the bass running up and down the whole scale with a line while the rest "worked it over" more slowly and in greater detail. The only Bad Man Ballad was offered by Willie Rayford.

John A. Lomax '39 Recording Trip

Cummins State Farm, Arkansas

Nathaniel Hawkins

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I tries to stay out of bad company You no I tries to save my name. But some how in the other the people bukes me just the same. (Corris) I dont do nobody nothing, Jesus, But thay hates me just the same: I dont do nobody nothing Jesus But they hats me just the same. Its among the christen family thay that cause my hart to pain the sinnes he dont no nothing about me and he dont carri my name. yonder jound stand Sister lizer and jound stand Sister Jone thay cant hold a holy conversation without thay bucking my name. I dont do nobody nothing Jesus and I cant tell why it is But some how in the other thay makes me shead thoes Brining tears. Just let them keep on talking this is all I have to say I am going to put my trust in Jesus He will give me rest some day. By Rev. Nathaniel Hawkins.

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Cummins State Farm, Camp #1 Texts

Rock Island Line, sung by C. A. Story, Joe Battle (leader), Willie Johnson, John Denny, George Jones, Joe Green Text as usual with the following couplet inserted: Oh, we got engineers and firemen too, Oh, we got pullman porterd? and brakemen too.

Joe Green's laugh, special recording was made of Joe's hearty laugh.

Crawdads sung by group, led by Leroy Martin What you goin do when de lake gons dry, Honey (2) Lawdy, (3) babe Gonna sit on de bank an' watch de crawdads die, Honey, Oh, Babe, Oh * What did the he-duck say to the drake, etc(*hen-duck?) Ain't no crawdad in that lake Sell my crawdads three for a dime, etc. Would sell more but they ain't none o' mine.

I don't do nobody nothin', a sort of cross between a spiritual and a blues. Sung by a quartet led by C. W. Smith, called "Preacher". He it was who said that name was just his "hideous" in Arkansas, his real name being Nathaniel Hawkins. I don't do nobody nothin', Jesus But they hates me just the same (repeat these two lines,) as refrain Oh, well, well, it's among that Christian family They (that?) cause my heart to pain The sinner he don't

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know nothin' 'bout me He don't carry my name; Oh, well, I tries to stay outa bad company, You knows I try to save my name; But somehow or other, O Lord, they' bukes me jes' the same. Oh, well, yonder stands Sister Liza and yonder stands Sister Jane, Weel they can't hold all they conversation, 'thout they 'bukin' my name.

Long-tailed Rat - ring game song, by Virgil Lamb Long-tailed rat an' short-tailed mouse, Aint very fer to de white folks house Little piece o' lean, a little piece o' fat White folks grumble whrn you eat all o' that.

Didn't he ramble? sung by Willie Johnson "Little Life" learned from grandfather Text fragmentary Sheep upon the hillside traveling very slow I put my dog on top o' him and finally made him go. Well, didn't he ramble, etc. Wool upon dat back rech down to de groun'; De devil stole a of it to make his wife a gown. Wool upon the sheepses back rech to-wards de moon Man went up in Ginuary (January) an' he never come back till June

JAL '39 Cummins State Farm, Camp#1 -Texts cont'd.

Field Hollers- Yonder comes dat ole evil Sergeant by Frank Brown Yon comes dat ole evil Sergeant, gonna number us all Ev'y day dat I roll, pardner, sick enough to die Go 'way, Sergeant, an' leave me 'lone I'm gonna do better from dis day. I'm gonna roll so studdy an' roll so long Boys, I'm gonna write to dat ole Gov'ner and tell him cut-a my time (Look out, Oh Sir)- The way I'm feelin' gonna lose my mind.

Field Hollers- I got twenty-one summers by Jose Smith I got a wife an' baby waitin' fer me Tell her I got twenty-one summers, I won't never go free (Note: in practicing before recording he gave: "she can't depend on me") I got twenty-one summersmost too long Got me rollin' down an' I can't go home. Spoken: (I'm gone, man; which way, boys? Down through there) I got twenty-one summers, I won't ever go free Spoken: (Where? right down there on that- -) I got a woman in Louisiana lookin' out for me.

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Field Hollers- Cap'n keep on hollerin' by Lonnie Stegall "Stick Horse" Oh, Oh, Captin keep on hollerin', Hurry Goin' take my time Spoken: (Godamighty, yonder he comes? Where? Right there.) Captin say, Hurry, Boss say, Run; Got two or three notions can't do nary one. Oh, if you see Vandella, tell her this for me, Got a long holdover and never go free. Spoken: (Old Two-spotrgone away from here now. We got to go, pardner) Jes' rock the baby, rock him on yo' knee, Ev'y time he cries, Good Godamighty, won't you think o' me Don't nobody has trouble like a convict-man Trouble when I lays down, trouble when I rise, Oh pardner.

Field Holler- by Roosevelt Hudson "Giant" Text very incom plete Hip (?) up, joe Green, I'm waitin' on you Oh Lordy- - Oh, Lordy, at night I try to take my rest I take a notion to travel out West If I had it I would eat it raw Wouldn't have to cook it, I take it all so.

Field Holler and blues- by Eugene Shelton- Text ffragmentary -Stole good business Hannah, Hannah, won't you open this do' I got you some mo' dresses- - Stick 'em up- - I stole dat jewels, silks an' satin Standin' hollerin' cryin' Let go I stole good business 'cause I got to work for you. If I hada knowed like I do, I would not been here a-workin' for yo Because you believe in workin' Boys, I'm sorry that I done wrong I stole that rooster 'cause he's away from home 'Cause he stole, good business

JAL '39 Cummins State Farm, Camp #1- Texts cont'd

Field Hollers- The way I'm lookin' is the way I'm goin' by R. C. Haines Text very fragmentary

I said, the way I'm lookin', boys, is the way I'm goin' Boys, I got a few more days, boys (repeat) I done wore (Work?) down my time away (There's de Cap'n. Where? There on a iron-grey horse mare) There's de Captin on a iron-grey mare The ways I'm lookin' is de way I'm goin'. My mind don't lead me, boys, the way I'm goin' (The re. Where's de Cap'n-

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Look out, Shaw, dat truck - -up there I used to weigh two hunderd, boys, down to skin an' bones She used to be my woman, look who's got her now.

Makes a long time man feel bad-Prison Blues- sung by It makes a long-time man feel bad (repeat twice) It's de worst old feelin' that I ever had My mother she won't write to me She won't write no letter, she won't send no word It makes a long-time man feel bad, Jes' workin' my way back home. Alberta she won't write to me She won't write nor neither send me word That makes a long-time man feel bad Lord I had a fine gal one time Workin' my way back home Most sho'ly my mother must be dead. She won't write menno letter, she won't send me no word Lord, it makes a long-time man feel bad. Well, I had five gals at one time, I wrote till I wrote myself down.

Rattle, section- group led by "Father" Howard Rattle, rattle, section Oh, rattle, rattle, crew Oh, the Captin gettin' rattly rattly, You know I goin' rat some too.

Work song- Went up on the mountain, by group Went up on the mountain, Oh Lordy, Lord Looked at the risin' sun, hey, hey, hey She was makin' her way back, O Lordy, Lord, to Western Arizone, hey, hey, hey Oh, well, the streets so muddy, it's still pourin' down rain My easy rider tryin' to quit me, I love her jes' the same. Oh, well, I telephon ed to Heaven, see were my rider there, She got three gold teeth and long balck curly hair. Well, hit ain't yo' prospect, hit ain't yo' teeth an' ways, Hit's jes' the way you treat yo' daddy, just a wife for a day, hey hey Just a while befo the break o' day, hey, hey

JAL '39 Cummins State Farm, Camp #1-Texts cont'd

Bad Man Ballad- - Wille Payford- Cf. Mississippi Bad Man Ballad, recorded in 1933. Late last night when I was on my round, I overtook a woman an' I knocked her down. I knocked her down and I went to bed With my gun under my po' head. Begin to think what I had done, Shot the po' woman an' away I run. Made a good run but I run too slow, Overtaken me in Jericho I was standin' on a corner, readin' a bill, Up come a man from Thompson Hill, Say, young man, ain't yo' name Lee Brown, Ain't you the guy that shot the po' woman

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down? Oh yes, Oh yes, my name is Lee, If you have a warrant, please read it to me. When I was arrested I was dressed in black Put me on the train and they brought me back Kansas City Southern and the Concord rail? Bound me over in the Paris jail,? I had no one to go my bail.? See the old judge when he moved around See the old judge when he picked up his pen, Forty-four years in the lonesome pen That's forty-four years that I got to spend. Say, young man, take my advice, Don't you ne ver take a po' woman's life.

Lord, don't turn your child away- hymn, sung by Jubilee Quartet: Joe Green, leader, George Jones, bass, Chester Williams, Leroy Martin Rev. "Preacher' Nathaniel Hawkins assisted in arranging. Lord, don't turn your child away Lord don't drive me away Because I'm meek and lowdown in my heart (Lord, I'm sorry in my heart) Father, I stretch my hand to Thee No other help I know And if Thou withdraw Thyself from me O whither shall I go? Lord, don't turn, etc. Sometimes I stand with folded arms And tears come stream ing down, But this is how I get my conscience free, My knee-bones smote the ground. Now, Lord, don't turn yo' child away, etc.

JAL '39

Cummins State Farm- Negro Women's Camp

May 21, 1939

After lunch in the home of Captain Miller, where the cook and waiter, as in other captains' homes, wre trusties, we returned to Camp #1 to finish up our recording. Midafternoon we packed up to move on; finding Supt. Reed at home, we received his permission to interview the Negro women who were housed in the rear of the superintendent's residence under the supervision of Mrs. Reed. The girls who were interested or curious gathered into a large room which serves as a sewing room and a laundry. At first nobody knew anything. Then Mr. Lomax told them about the girls of Goree Farm in Texas. One of these Arkansas girls, who "lived in Texas but got into trouble in Arkansas for something didn' do', knew Hattie Ellis and her singing. Then the girls began to "tell on' each other. There were

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volunteers, too. There was not much time, for the girls had to be in their dormitory when the five o'clock bell rang, and the recorders had to hunt up lodging for the night. Some of the songs offered, we felt sure, came from the radio or from the phonograph, but in most cases these girls had changed them and improvised them to suit their own fancy and to make them their own.

Greyhound Blues sung by Lilly May Marshall Ah, cme dat ole Greyhound reelin' an' rockin' across de road Ah, my baby's at de station, I hate to see dat Greyhound go. But as sho', baby, as mornin' I'll want to see you Some day I'll have money- - Well, you used to be sugar, habe, but you ain't sweet no mo' Did my baby stop by here, yes, he kept on by my do' Well, I rolled an' tumbled, Babe, I cried the whole night long When I woke this mornin' I didn't know right from wrong.

Way out on the mountains - sung by Text incomplete Oh, the shepherds dead and buried (repeat) Way out on the mountains Wonder where those shepherds gone Oh, the shepherds laid my mother dead Away out on the mountains, Wonder where, etc. Can't you hear those wolves a-howlin' etc. The shepherds laid my mother dead, etc. Can't you see the lightnin' flashin', etc.;-hear the thunder roll

JAL '39 Cummins State Farm-Negro Women's Camp- Texts cont'd

Goin' away to leave you -Blues sung by Lilly May Mars hall Goin' away to leave you, I won't be back no more (repeat) When I come back, baby, be so long, so long. Late last night, baby, everything was still (repeat) Oh, I thought about my baby, tried to sneak down the hill Oh, baby, baby, b'lieve I'm goin lose my mind Oh, you can't fool me, ain't no need o' tryin' Goin' 'way to leave you, baby, etc. Oh, I goin 8 pack my suitcase and move back to the wood; I want more lovin' so the man I love don't do em no good. Oh well, Oh well, Oh well, oh well, My mamma told me before I left her do', Any time, my child, leavin' an' won't be back no mo'.

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Levee Camp Blues- sung by Frances Anderson I ain't goin' worry 'bout you no more, ain't goin' worry 'bout you Go 'way, devil, an' leave me alone I'm goin' do better from this day on-oh-ha-a-ha What you goin' do, babe, hen the lake goes dry? Goin' stay on the bank an' watch the crawdads die. Way down in the evenin' (?) Go 'way, devil, and Leave me 'lone, I'm goin' do better from this day on.

Black Mare- "funny song", sung by Angie May Williams I got a real black mare, Oh, how dat horse do run, Oh, well she travel all night long but I can't see how it can be done. I started to ride in the evening and I rode that horse till late Oh, well, she traveled all night an' she never gave 'way I bought her one gold tooth, I put a ring on her hand, Said, Boss, that may seem funny, ues, but that stuff is here I put streamlined shoes on her feet, I finger-waved her hair, Oh well, boys, that may seem funny, but that gal's she's sweet.

Hush, little baby- a "pat-the-baby" song, sung by Hush, little baby, don't you cry Mamma's goin' give you a diamond ring If dat diamond ring don't fit Mamma's goin' whip yo' diddle-de-dit (spanks the baby gently) Hush, little baby, don't you cry, Mamma's goin' buy you a mockin'-bird If dat mockin' bird don't sing, Mamma's goin' whip yo' bom-bom-bing- (spanks the baby gently)

Sun gone down- Blues sung by Willie Outlaw Sun gone down, I ain't seen my baby today Here comes my baby, wonder what he goin' to say Here comes my baby, he looks like he drunk again When he gets sober, goin' ask him where he been. Get yo' clothes, baby, 'cause you can't live here no more Got me 'nother man an' you have to go. Byebye, baby, Oh, I hates to leave you but I ain't goin' even cry.

JAL '39 Recording trip

Cummins State Farm, Arkansas- May, 1939.

We consider that we had rather a lucky escape from the Cummins State Farm in Arkansas; the night after we left a storm blew one of the stockades down, such as the

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ones in which we set up our machine to work. We are not sure whether it one of the three in which we worked. Twelve convicts escaped in the confusion and two, at latest account that we saw in the papers, were killed in trying to escape. We made some pretty good records, but even in the past two years the death rate of old songs has risen. Two or three 'blues' that we recorded from Negro girls at Cummins are better than those of the farfamed Hattie of the Texas 'Thirty Minutes behind the Walls' program. At Parchman we found the superintendent harrassed by personal and political problems, so that we did not tarry very long after working with two camps. Fortunately for us, rain kept the boys out of the fields so that we were able to do our work by day instead of at night.

- -Letter of R.T.L. to family

Section 15: State Farm, Camp #9, near Arkansas City, Arkansas; May 22

JAL '39 Arkansas City, Arkansas State Farm, Camp #9

May 22, 1939

We left the headquarters of the Arkansas state farm as soon as the women convicts had been ca led to their dormitory and we had told Supt. Reed goodbye. He gave us directions for finding a new camp, Number 9, out from Arkansas City. We bought some supper at the nearby town of Varner, but we could find no place to sleep. We followed the rough and winding highway to McGehee, Arkansas, where we found a comfortable hotel. Early next morning we started out for Camp #9. At Arkansas City we stopped for further directions. This formerly prosperous town is all bu but dead now. Newly made red-clay roads led to Camp #9 and we were thankful that it had not rained recently. Captain Burt Clayton, in charge of the camp and his wife were very gracious, inviting us to dinner and extending the noon rest period so that the boys might sing for Mr. Lomax. This camp was at that time only three months old; it was surprising how much land had been cleared and what good crops were on the way. The men were betterdressed than the men at Camp #1. They gathered under the large trees in the dormitory yard and sang and joked. One of the

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boys busied himself making a list of nicknames in which this camp especially seemed to abound. At a penny per nickname he earned a considerable tip. The boys were willing but no significant songs were contributed.

A partial list of nicknames current at Camp #9: Sawmill, Big Windy, Railhead, Longbones, Little Man, Black Rider, Helena, Cool Goose (fromcrap game), Hop-an'-bow (crippled), Scasehound ("dat's his nitname"), Tang (cross-eyed, "Look Easttryin' to see West), Step-in-de-mouth (Mule stepped in hsi mouth and made it "that way"), Scabow (scabow de cotton means get along wid it right fast"), Colorado Red, Salty Dog, Garmouth, Dad, Blue, Wild Mna, Chicken, Slack Britches, Cheatem, Rooster. "Mattie" is their "pet name for an automatic"

JAL '39 Arkansas State Farm, Camp #9, near Arkansas City- - Texts very incomplete

Got a home in yonder city- spiritual led by "Helena" - Text fragments My God got a home up in yonder city Where dey 'low no sinner men My God Knows I'm- - Travelin' through this barber land (barbarous) He have a home- - Don't you walk untrary (contrary) to God's commandments He will see you with a constant- -eye, He will save you when you come to die God knows I'm a pillum (pilgrim) an' a stranger Don't you walk untrary to God's commandments Yes, Thou art a Father who live in Heaven Hollowed be Th Holy City My old mother got a home, etc.; my sister, brother, etc. Some Christian woman pray for me God knows I'm a pillum an' a stranger Travelin' through this barber land Don't you walk untrary to God's commandments He will save you when you come to die He will you constant eye He holds you at the Union Station

Time has made a change- spiritual by group led by "Helena" Time has made a change (4 times) Since I been born Songs we used to sing we don't sing no more Time has made a change, etc. Prayer we used to pray, etc.

Red Rosey Blues- sung by Hosea Smith "Blue". Learned at Parchman Miss. Pen. I crawled all over the on my hands and knees Oh, Red Rosey, Rosey, Red Rosey Already

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sleepy but I won't lay down Oh Rosey, Lord, gal (repeat) Stick to de promise, Rosey, you made me, saya Wasn't goin' marry till I got free Go 'head marry, don't wait on me Lifetime sentence an' I never goin' free Well O Lord, I wonder will I ever get back home, get back home O Rosey, Lord, gal, O Rosey, Lord, gal. Do you b'lieve dat de Devil dead? (repeat) Lay down an' die an' don't you never pray Two or three minutes jes' before you dead You start de Devil 'round dee head o' yo' bed Well, I wonder if I ever get back home.

JAL '39 State Farm, near Arkansas City, Camp #9- Texts cont'd

I'm standing on the rock-pile- sung by Thos. "Rooster" Monroe, who learned in from the Florida Chain Gang; he has served sentences also in Georgia, Alabama and Oklahoma. I'm a-standin' on de rock pile wid de heavy ball an' chain I'm a beatin' on de rock pile wid de hammer in my hand If I hadn't been shckled down, I'd a-caught the southbound train I'm a workin' on de railroad wid a heavy ball an' chain If I hadn't been shackled down I'd a caught a Georgia mule.

Ole Laz'us - sung by Henry Dobey Text as usual except for following variations: Oh, if I had my mattie (automatic), I'd be a desperado, I'd be a robberttoo. High Sheriff was a ranchman, he was a desperado Deputy was a bad man, pulled dat forty-five mattie, was a robber too Laz'us was a ranchman (?) etc.

Got to lay down- spiritual sung by group, led by Charles Clark and Henry Wesley My mother got to lay down, lay down in some cold watery grave, Lay down an' die some day. God knows you got to lay down, etc. My sister got to lay down, etc., I got to lay down, etc.

Ella Green- sung by Alf "Dad" Valentine- same as Alabama Bound? Ella Green's in town My sister and them caught her singin' Alabama Bound Don't you leave her here, don't you leave her here If you miss de trsin an' de steamboat She's got a mule to ride, she's got a mule to ride If she miss.etcshe got a mule to ride Ella Green's in town, turnin' round an' round.

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Going to ramble- sung by Lewis Grigsby My mind don't change, I'm goin' down in Old Louisiana (Hurry Gov') Oh, it may be de devil (repeat), I don't know who I'm goin' down in de bottom but I won't stay long. To be a desperado when I leave from here Goin' down in old Louisiana where I was raided an' born (gone?) I go a hundered, my buddy got de chair. I'm goin' 'way, Captin, ain't you(?) Goin' to ramble I'm g in' down in old Louisiana and I won't stay long, Longtime Liver goin' be my name.

Boll Weevil- sung by "Chicken Dad". Usual text with this variation: Boll weevil, how did you grow so strong? I been through yo' cotton, 'way back-side in (o') yo' corn.

JAL '39 State Farm, Camp #9 -Texts cont'd

I used to have a great big woman- sung by "Cheatem" I used to have a great big woman She ain't nothin' but skin an' bones The first time I win a hundred dollars To Hot Springs she's goin' (repeat) Dat's my woman, doctor, I want you to get her well If you don't get my easy Doney well, doctor I'm gonna raise some hell.

I'm goin to Newport I'm goin' to Newport to see old Ca'line Die (?) She's a fortune-teller an' never told a lie. I got up this mornin', went through the hall I peeped over the transom, saw another jack in yo' stall. I wish to Gos I had my baby back I'm goin' away, babe, an' it won't be long She pack my suitcase, sot my trunk outdoors I got up this mornin' feelin' so bad I went down to the river, wring my hands an' cry She didn't say nothin' but she waved her hand goodbye(?)

I went to Kneeland(?) I went to kneeland (?), thought I was lost I went to right hand the corner, old walkin' Boss O Captin, O Captin, don't you know my name Sayshe, Some old rascal stole your diamond ring(?) O Lord, I wonder when I ever get back home, Lordy, I lef' my home nineteen an' fo', says, I don't know if I'm dead or no. O Lord, I wonder what got de amtter at my home, lordy., at my home, If I'd a-knowed I'se gonna get so long Blue

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Ridge Mountains woulda been my home. Jump in de bushes, make me break my leg,
Lord, I wonder will lever get back home.

I got up in the mornin -Levee Camp Blues-sung by I git up in the mornin' feelin' like I did today I'm gonna pack my suitcase, Captin, an' make my long gitaway. Tell me whichaway, Sergeant, the Red River run Oh, Lord, to New York City and Louisiana Line, Louisiana line I'm goin' down to the river before the sunshine's gone(?) Oh. I used to work for Mr. Chamby, worked fo Mr. Rhine, I wouldn't leave Mr. Clayton to go nowhere. I got up this mornin' with my bad habits on Got a letter from New York City that my best girl gone B'lieve I got to go back to Louisiana I wish I was a desperado I'm one here rollin' I know my bad woman don't think o' me My buddy got a hunderd summers an' I got ninety-nine I started down jes' to beat her with a forty-five mattie in my hand.

Section 16: State Farms, Parchman, Mississippi; May 23-25

2675 2678 2681 2676 2679 2677 2680 3557 JAL '39

Parchman, Miss. - State Farms, Camps #10 and #1. May 23, 24, 1939

We left Camp #9 of the Arkansas state farm about 2 o'clock and spent the night at Greenville, Mississippi, across the Mississippi River. It wasma stormy night; much damage was done by the wind and rain, but the next morning we had clear weather for our drive to Parchman. Mr. Lomax had made his first recording visit to Parchman in 1933. We could not see the Superintendent when we first arrived, but his assistant gave permission for us to visit Camp #10. Rain had set in and the boys could not work. We set up the machine in the wide hall of the barracks, that separates the white dormitory from the Negroes.. (A high barbed wire fence surrounds the barracks.) Singers were not plentiful or enthusiastic, but we recorded a few tunes before the rain subsided enough for the boys to chop wood and do other light jobs around the barracks. In the evening we tried again with fair results. We discovered that one barrier was the idea that we were there to make money out of the boys without "divvying-up". This they were told by one of the boys who had made some

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commercial records. After Mr. Lomax made it clear to them the purpose of the recording and the use to which their songs would serve, they were more generous, and helpful.

The next day, Sunday, after lunch we visited Camp #1. Several of the there remembered Mr. Lomax, among them Big Charlie Butler the gateman. They were all more willing, but they had very few interesting songs of which we did not already have more interesting versions. Monday morning we kept an engagement at the women's camp, but the women were at their laundry work and we made no recordings.. After bidding Parchman officials goodbye, we set out for Livingston, Alabama. While working at Parchman, we made our headquarters at a small hotel in Drew, a few miles down the highway.

JAL '39

Parchman, -Mississippi State Farms

Camp #10 -The light in the barracks hallway, where the recordings were mad made, was very poor; texts, therefore, are fragmentary. The words of such songs are difficult to catch as they are sung, and there was no opportunity to consult the singers later.

Early in the morning- an ax-cutting song, by a group of boys, who imitated the sounds of their work. Early in the mornin', Janie, oh, when I rise I have a worry, oh, in my right side Ain't no indat land Raise 'em right,-oh, drop 'em down Oh, drop 'em down. You, won't be worried when de sun goes down, Already sleepin', but can't lay down.

Dollar Mamie - Hoeing song, by Judge (Bootmouth) Tucker and Alex (Neighborhood) Williams No text

It makes a long-time man feel bad by Johnny Smith and group. It makes a longtime man feel bad When he can't get a letter from home Alberta, what have I done when I can't get a letter I ain't killed nobody, I ain't robbed no train Alberta, what have I done? Makes a

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longtime man feel bad If you cry about a nickel, you will die about a dime Alberta, what have I done? Etc.

Eaton Clan, a feud ballad, Birmingham Jail, and Lighthouse Blues were sung by Roger ("Burndown") Garrett (Garnett?)

"Burndown" gets his nickname from the charge on which he was convicted. According to his and Sergeant Connor's story, he was working for a white man who ordered him to lay kindling and spread oil around an outhouse which was insured for \$250.00. Neighbors discovered the fire from the smoke. Burndown and his employer set to work to help put out the fire. Burndown was convicted of arson; his white employer's trial was postponed on an insanity plea. Burndown said he knew he oughtn't to do it, but he thought he had to obey his boss.

Po' Boy and Sick 'em dogs on were sung and played by Washington (Barrel House White, with guitar. Barrel Houses were his hangout inthe "free world". Barrel House has made some commercial records.

Yon' comes the sergeant - a field holler by Alexander (Neighborhood) Williams.

Ain't that Berta and Have you ever been to Nashville? are work songs sung by a group: Norman (Blue Steel) Smith, John Henry Jackson, Alexander (Neighborhood) Williams. Judge (Bootmouth) Tucker.

Be so glad when de sun goes down- field song by John Henry Jackson and Norman Smith.

J.A.L. '39 Parchman Camp 10 Camp #10

THAT PRETTY LITTLE GAL OF OLE BLACK JOE'S -not recorded

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Words contributed by Sergeant Connor, one of the white wardens of Camp 10, State Farm at Parchman, Miss. He would not sing, claiming that he had no voice for singing; "music quick, like Turkey in the Straw, or more like The Little Brown Jug". "Reproduced from memory as I remember it sang by old ex-slaves during the Eighties". J. T. Connor, Parchman, Miss.

Bi-u Bi yo all shall see That pretty little gal beside o' me I went to see 'er at hite folks house
Saw a long-tail rat eating bowl o'souse Hit 'im wid a stick, killed Sim dead I broke dat
blame-rat's blame old head Went to de circus de show to see Carried dat gal long side
o'me Ole Black Joe was at de circus gate Brown eyes big as a pewter plate It made him
mad, as mad could be To see dat gal beside o'me We go back home by new-cut road Dar
we met wid Yankee and toad Ever time dat toad would jump Dat Yankee got behine a
stump Bi an' bi yo, all shall see Ole Joe's gal beside o'me I carried dat gal back to white
folks house We ate what's left of de bowl o' souse Kissed dat lil gal and fixed to go But
dar at de gate stood ole Black Joe In he hnads was a grubbin' hoe I turned to a side,
jumped de fence An' I've not seen ole or dat gal since I wish I had a thousand nickles an'
so' hunderd dimes, I'd give 'em all frsely if dat gal was mine Bi an' Bi yo, all shall see Ole
Joe's gal beside o'me

"An old slave song, commonly heard just after Civil War.

2676 2680 3557 2681 JAL'39

Parchman Mississippi- State Farm, Camp #1

Roxie sung by group of convicts with ax-cutting -Text incomplete Roxy in Greenville but
she got my mind My own pardner tryin' to roll my time Well, y u better come git me 'fore dey
carry me home Oh, Roxy, Roxy leave me 'lone Well, if I call you Annie Would come to see
but you want a man too bad 'bout de good time

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Early in the morning-sung by Hollis (Fat Head) Washington Explaining his request for practice times "I ain't ready to holler till I gits dat voice out." Text incomplete Early in de mornin'-oh-oh- when I Oh, marchin' to de table I find de same ole thing. I'm goin' jump in de bushes, make 'em Oh, I'm goin' see Willie if you kill me dead. Yonder comes Serge ant, Lordy, they're comin' after me, I told Alberta for to cable me. Well. Arkansas City gonna be her train Ain't got no home, ain't got no home but a murderer's home.

Got a woman on the Bayou - sung by Ross (Po' Chance) Williams-field holler I got a woman up on de Bayou She's restin' on my mind I can't keep from dreamin', I can't keep from cryin' I done died worryin' Oh, she wouldn't 'low me to die, she won't telephone Oh, I got a woman up de Bayou, she hollerin' an' cryin'. Oh, she workin' (makin' ?) Oh, better come an' git me- - I got a woman on de Bayou, she hollerin' an' cryin' Oh, I love dat baby Oh, take her down in She don't love you, she don't love you If I had my money an' my forty-five big enough to die Oh, anyway, time I start, turn me 'round Oh, anyway, time I start, I drop on down

JAL '39 Parchman, Miss. State Farm- Camp #1 -Texts cont'd May 1939

If she don't come on de big boat sung by W.D. (Alabama) Stewart-Field Holler Text incomplete Hey, baby, I'm lookin' for a woman called Kathleen, If she don't come on de big boat, she better not come I'm goin' find dat baby an' cut her nappin' (?) I want you to look at You done packed up yo suitcase an' gone Hey, well, O Cap'n, you mighty mean to be so green I'm goin' an' die. If I call dat baby, she don't come Oh, Lord have mercy, dat won't help her none Stayed in de Delta bottom one day too long.

Diamond Joe-field holler-by "Big Charlie" Butler- Texts of two recordings combined. Refrain:Diamond Joe, come an' git-a me;Diamond Joe, come an' git-a me, Diamond Joe come an' git-a me, Diamond Joe. Ain't goin' work in de country, (nor) neither on Forest's farm lom gonna stay till Maybelle comes, an' she gonna call-a me home. Went up on de ('Blieve I'll go onde) mountin to give my horn a blow, Thought I heard Miss Maybelle say,

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Yonder comes-a my beau Diamond Joe, where'd you find him, etc. De woman I'm lovin' took de train an' gone (Oh, my heart is lovin') I jes' can't help it, Cap'n, can't stand it long, I can't be contented, pardner, my doney done gone.

It's better to be born lucky- holler-sung by "Big" Charlie Butler-Text incomplete Oh, wasn't I lucky when I got my time Babe, I didn't git a hundred, got-a ninety-nine Ninety-nine years ain't no time at all Oh, there's many a rollin' Captain dat('s got more. I,- wasn't I lucky when I got ninety-nine?

Borned again- field holler- by Charlie Butler - Text incomplete They said I would be borned agin I look for my baby on de first down train I git thinkin' 'bout her- - Oh, Lordy, trouble in mind, oh-oh, Lordy, trouble in mind Jes' a-thinkin' 'bout her, trouble in mind can't keep from cryin'.

Big Leg Rosey- sung by Frank (Gulfport) Mixon -Text very fragmentary Oh, Rosey, hey, hey, Oh, Rosey, Big-leg Rosey She's got so I got Alabama Rosey gal, I seen yo' name (repeat) Way down de river where de boat don't land If dat aint a long time, I'd like to know,

JAL '39 Parchman, Miss.Camp #1 - Texts cont'd

Rosey-work song-by group of convicts- Text very incomplete Oh, Rosey, Oh, gal, Lord, I wonder will I ever git back home Better come carry me home Lie down, devil(?), day long, leave me 'lone Stuck his finger in Crawfish backed back Berta Dollar Mamie told 'em, Dollar a yard, dollar a yard Didn't say nothin' Big-leg Rosey, gal, seen yo' man (repeat) Way down de river where de boat don't land Boat won't round Cower Lake (?) Golden Gate I'm goin' home on de mornin' train You don't see me 'gain, goin' hear me sing(?)

Everybody's down on me- sung and played by Black Eagle (9 cornet), Angie Byrd (fiddle), Ross (Po'Chance) Williams, Snowball (bass viol)

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Stewball- sung by Ollie (Thirty Cents) Giles, W. D. (Alabama) Stewart Ross (Po' Chance) Williams, Leroy (Burnt Billy) Russell (Text not complete) Stewball he was a race-horse an' they painted him red, Jes' because he win dat fortune jes' before he fell daed Fell dead, man, fell dead. Well, ole Stewball, he was climbin' dat high hill Dat ole Jockey looked behind him can' he spied Wild Bill Hello, mister had a million ,gad a master apid An dut ole Stewball eat dat blackman (?)

Mollie's gone mister an' marster, I am riskin' my life I'm goin' miss this great fortune you an' yo' wife Down Stewball, Mollie's gone They're a eat Don't you wish you was there You could-a win you a million dollars on dat ole gray mare Dat was a great day in old Atlanta D on't you wish you was there You could-a win you a thousand diamonds on that diamond gray mare. Dat ole racetrackso dusty when wind so high Yo' eye, man, yo' eye.

Section 17: Livingston, Alabama and vicinity; May 26-30

JAL '39

Livingston, Ala.

May 25-30, 1939

This was our second visit to Livingston, Alabama. Hard as we had worked ourselves and Mrs. Tartt on our previous visit, we realized that we had barely scratched the surface, so far as recording the songs of the region was concerned, though Mrs. Tartt had reams of Texts written down. Mrs. Ruby Pickens Tartt was again our chief assistant, guide and ramrod. In the few days that we were working around Livingston she drove her car nearly two hundred miles, looking up singers, and bringing them to the microphone, from far and near, over hill, over dale, through mud and stream. She has the confidence of the community including the Negroes whom she has never refused help, and this was an opportunity for them to show her their appreciation. Doc Reed and Vera Hall, cousins who have sung together for many years, are her most dependables. They are good

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singers of the old style spirituals, are perfect in "seconding"- "following after" they call it,- and they know many songs. Not having book-learning they store in the back of their heads innumerable tunes and stanzas. Vera Hall is especially quick to "catch up" a new tune. And if they do not understand completely the text, they are ingenious in supplying substitutes, either from other spirituals or from their own feelings of the moment. These two, however, unlike old Uncle Rich Brown, do not substitute jargon; their texts mean something, if not always what the original words meant.

We missed some of the singers who had recorded for us before. Some had moved away; Richard Amerson, the unextinguishable, was in Mississippi working in strawberry beds; Blind Jesse had "gone to his reward",-wherever he is we hope he is allowed a new "macordium" to replace his old wheezy one. Somehow a golden harp would hardly give the right background for Blind Jesse's favorite songs. Uncle Rich Brown could not be reached, out in the clay hills.

But Mrs. Tartt's new "finds", the McDonalds, Jeff Horton and the Sims Tartt group from Boys, together with our old acquaintances who were available, kept us busy for the six days.

JAS '39 Recording trip

From letter of R.T.L. to family

Livingston, Ala. - May, 1939.

Our objective in Alabama was Livingston, where we found our singers of spirituals still going strong and where our friend Mrs. Tartt, though just recovering from a siege of streptococci-throat, had rallied some new "songsters" with new songs or new versions. This time we recorded a gratifying number of play-party songs and lullabies. We could not reach the Negro church to which we started, but found another closer in, where we found the preacher holding forth on Moses. I don't know how long he had been preaching, but

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after about fifteen minutes he said, "I can't fool around with Moses all day, I must pass on to Jesus." About two-thirty he stopped, and then we set up our machine and caught some "mournin" songs." Next day we got a dandy record from Aunt Florida, who after singin' spirituals started on a "reel", but, breaking off in the middle, began to explain how she could not go on in sech sin. "I told de Lord that I wouldn't sin no more. Course de Lord he know I gwine sin some mo', I jes' couldn't hep sinning a little, but He know too I aint 'bleeged to sin by singin' no reels. See dem clouds? Dey's jes' a-gatherin' this minute to send fo'th de Lord's light'nin' an' strike me down. An' Miss Ruby (Mrs. Tartt) you done sin agin de Lord, too, for 'suadin' me into singin' dis reel". In reality it was no more than a ring-game song. The machine was going and as a result we have a dandy introduction to a chapter on Negro secular songs.

JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

Doc Reed and Vera Hall Texts

May 26-30, 1939

Job, Job for full text see: Our Singing Country

John done saw that number-for full text see: Our Singign Country

One morning soon sung by Doc Reed, Vera Hall and Albert Allison One morning soon, one mornin' soon, one mornin' soo I heard de angels singin' Singin' good news, etc Down on my knees, etc All 'round my room, etc. Jes' befo' day, etc.

Jesus the man I long to know- lined hymn, Doc Reed and Vera Hall Jesus the man I long to know Pray, tell me where he dwell Go down search among de flowers Perhaps you find him there Oh, if I see him how will I know him? He has a wounded side.

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When I can read my title clear-long meter hymn, -lined. Usual text Variation: When I can read my title clear, no mention in the sky.

Poosinner, fare you well - a baptizing song Take po' mourners by de hand, (3 times) Po' sinner, fare you well Gwine down to de waters, etc. A starry crown I'm bound to wear Long white robe I am bound to wear Dem golden slippers, etc. A gold waistband, etc. Gwine down to de waters Hosiana fan(?) I'm bound to fan (?)

He that believe have an everlastin' home- Text incomplete Chorus: He that believe have an everlasting home He that believe on the Father an' the son, have an everlastin' home. Listen, no other help I know- Sometimes up an' sometimes down I'm sometimes almost level with the ground. I here by give myself away This is all that I can do.

JAL '39 Livingston, Ala. Doc Reed and Vera Hall- Texts cont'

Jesus blood done made me whole- "mournin' song" Jesus' blood done made me whole I jes' touched de hem o' his garment God knows His blood done made me whole I was a mourner jes' like you I jes' touched de hem o' His garment God knows His blood done made me whole I was sick, Lord, couldn't get well One Tuesday evenin' made me whole, etc. I was a gambler jes' like you One Wednesday evenin' made me whole, etc.

Motherless child sees a hard time Motherless child sees a hard time Mother is dead, mother is dead Father ain't goin' be yo' friend Talk 'bout you on every hand Father won't treat you like yo' mother did Talk 'bout you on every hand Sister won't treat you like yo' mother did, etc.

Climbing up the hill o' Mount Zionee Lord, I'm climbin' up de hill o' Mount Zionee, my Lord, With de Glory in-a my soul. Prayin' at de hills o' Mount Zionee, etc. Mournin' Cryin' Groanin' Shoutin' Prayin' Lord, I'm climbin' up de hills o' Mount Zionee, my Lord, Wid de

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Glory in-a my soul. O dat red, Oh dat purple, dat blue, dat white, dat green O Lord, I'm climbin' up de hills o' Mount Ziponee Wid de Glory in-a my soul.

Home in the Rock- sung by Vera Hall I got a home in that rock, don't you see, don't you see I got a home in that rock, don't you see? 'Way up 'tween Heaven an' earth Thought I heard my Saviour say, I got a home in the rock, don't you see. King Jesus is that solid rock, don't you see, etc.

JAL '39

Livingston, Ala.

Doc Reed and Vera Hall

Jesus blood done made me whole- "mournin' song"

May 25-29

Down on Me, sung by Vera Hall Down on me, down on me Look like everybody in the whole round world Down on me. If I could, I surely would Stand on the rock where Moses stood Oh, Mary, Marthy, Luke an' John All God's prophets is dead an' gone. When I get to Heaven, goin' talk an' tell How I shunned the gates of Hell. When I get to Heaven goin' jump an' shout Nobody there to turn me out. Go down, angel, in the North, All God's children goin' be lost. Go down, angel, in the South, All God's angels goin' jump an' shout.

Jordan deep an' Jordan wide (Gwine home on de mornin' train)-Baptizing Song Sung by Doc Reed, Jesse Allison, Hettie Godfrey (Chorus): Jordan deep an' Jordan wide (3 times) Chill my body but not my soul I been to de pool an' been baptized Had-a been there, You'd a-shouted All my sins been taken away. All my sins been taken away (3 Times) Oh, Glory Hallelujah- all my sins been taken away I'm gwine home on de mornin' train hear me sing Sister Mary she wore three links (lengths) o' chain Every link was Jesus name All my sins,

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etc, Tallest tree in Paradise Christians call it de Tree o' Life Jordan deep and Jordan wide, etc.

JAL '39

Doc Reed and Vera Hall

Po' Child sung by Doc Reed Jes' because I'm a po' child standin' at yo' door I'm a po' child, don't drive me away Jes' because I'm motherless, etc. Jes' because I'm hungry etc.,- 'umble,- a beggar.

Samson and Delilah - sung by Doc Reed and Jesse Allison For general story followed by most versions see: Our Singing Count Doc and Jesse call the song: Samson an' Delilac

I'm so glad I got my 'ligion in time sung by Doc Reed I'm so glad I got my 'ligion in time (3 times) O my Lord, O my Lord, what shall I do to be saved? Soon one mornin' death come creepin' in de room O my Lord, O my Lord what shall I do to be saved? Death done been here, took my mother an' gone, etc. Death done been here, left me a motherless child, etc. I'm so glad I come when I was called, etc.

AFS 2682 A 1 Waitin' on you - Doc Reed, Vera Hall, Jesse Allison O Lord, I'm waitin' on you Can't do nothin' until you come Beggin' child, etc. On my knees.

2682 A 2 Death is awful- sung by Vera Hall Death is awful, death is awful, death is awful Spare me over another year. If I was a flower in my bloom Make death cut me down so soon He'll stretch yo' eyes an' stretch yo' limbs, This is the way death begins He'll fix yo' feet so you can't talk He'll lock yo' jaws so you can't talk, He'll close yo' eyes so you can't see, This very hour you must go with me O death, have mercy, Jes' spare me over another year. O young man if you wanta be wise Jes' 'pent an' b'lieve an' be baptized.

JAL '39

Library of Congress

Doc Reed and Vera Hall

Jesus goin make up my dyin' bed- Text incomplete. for other stanzas see typed pages attached. Oh, high in de mountain Jesus goin' make up my dyin' bed Jesus, I been in de valley, I'm kneelin' 'umble When you see me dyin', I don't want you to cry All I want you to do for me is to (close low) my dyin' eyes. Ah, sleepin' in Jesus, (3 times) Jesus goin' make up my dyin' bed. Well, behind de mountains Jesus goin' make up my dyin' bed Well, when you see me dyin', I don't want you to mourn for me All I wants you to do is to give dat bell a tone Jesus goin' make up my dyin' bed (O children) down on my knees, etc.

Love come twinklin' down Text incomplete Oh, seek, seek, seek an' ye shall find Knock an' it shall be opened Jes' ask an' it shall be opened Love come a-twinkelin' down. My mother, you ought to a-been there Where love come twinkelin' down. Father, etc. Sister, etc.

Amazing Grace - long meter, lined- Usual text Variation: "This grace hath brought me safely far"

J. H. Anderson Boyd, Ala. Nov. 25, 1938 R. P. T.

Jesus Gonna Make up my Dying Bed.

1

Saul was on his way to Demascus He was a wicked man Just before he reached the city They were leading him by the hand. Chorus: Chorus- - Oh dont you mind me dyin' Oh dont you mind me dyin' Oh dont you mind me dyin' Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 2 The power of God fell on old Saul Just like on You and I And just befo' he reached the city I heard him begin to cry Chorus: Chorus- - Oh I got good relegion' Oh I got good relegion' Oh I got good relegion' Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 3 In the hour of dyin' Doan want no body to cry All I want you to do for me Is jes close my dyin' eye Chorus: Then I'll be Sleepin' in Jesus Chorus: Chorus- - Then I'll be sleepin' in Jesus Then I'll be sleepin'

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in Jesus Then I'll be sleepin' in Jesus Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 4 In the hour of dyin' Doan want nobody to moan All I want you to do for me Is give dat bell de tone. Chorus: Chorus- - Then I'll be dyin' easy Then I'll be dyin' easy Then I'll be dyin' easy Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 5 In the hour of dyin' Take the pillow from under my head Jesus promised at the gates of hell He'd make up my dyin' bed. Chorus: Oh don't you be oneasy Oh don't you be oneasy Oh don't you be oneasy Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 6 In the hour of dyin' Some body will say I'm lost Just come on down to Jordan And Jesus will tell you I've crossed. Chorus: Chorus Then I'll be crossin' on over Then I'll be crossin' on over Then I'll be crossin' on over Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed. 7 When I go down to the river I'm goin' jes lac a man Unbuckle my sword from 'round my waist An' stick hit in de golden sand Chorus: Chorus Then I'll be gone on to glory Then I'll be gone on to glory Then I'll be gone on to glory Jesus gonna make up my dyin' bed.

JAL '39

Livingston, Ala.

Vera Hall- "sinful songs", "worl'ly" songs, "reels"

While Vera Hall seemed to be as devout a Christian as Doc Reed, her cousin, and sang the old spirituals with as much sincerity and feeling, yet she did not refuse to sing secular songs that she had learned from her mother, her husband,- at this time in the penitentiary,-, from Richard Amerson, and especially from UBlind Jesse" Harris. If Vera can hear a song sung through once or twice, she can sing it again herself, with per haos a variation or two of her own, always an improvement. When we were hunting Blind Jesse and his songs, Vera furnished us the best list of his old songs. We would say, "Vera, do you know (for instance) Railroad Bill?" And Vera would reply, "No, sir, I can't say dat I knows it. I used to hear Blind Jesse sing it." "How did it go, Vera?" "Le's see. I don't knows as I can put it together." But a gleam of remembrance would come into her eyes, she

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would shift her feet, throw her head back, open her mouth and throat, and out would come "Railroad Bill is a mighty bad man, I'm skeered o' Railroad Bill" and away she would go.

This time we asked her for playparty or game or other children's songs: She hesitated: "It's been a long time". Then she smiled, "We used to sing 'All hid?' May be I can put it together." Looking about her as if she thought that Mrs. Tartt's yard would be a very good place to find hiding-places, she started off? "Is it all hid?-No, no". With this song her mind had slipped back into its play groove, and Vera, at this one sitting, gave us fiv five more children's songs: Come up, Horsey; Rosey; Carrie: Little girl, yes ma'am; Candy gal; and What a pretty piece o' meat, - a "hold up the gates" game song.

JAL '39

Liv ngston, Ala.

Vera Hall Texts of Reels and Game Songs

All hid? (Is it all hid?)- a Hiding-go-seek song- Text incomplete Is it all hid? (No, no!) Is it all hid? (No, no!) Is it all hid? I went down to de devil's town, Devil knocked my daddy down. Is it all hid? Is it all hid? (No, no!), etc.

Rosey - swing game song. Text incomplete Rosey, baby, Rosey, ha! ha! Rosey. Some folks say dat a Nigger won't steal Caught three niggers in my cornfield; One had a bushel, 'nother had a peck, Baby had a roas'n ear tied around his neck. Rosey, nigger, rosey, etc. (Spoken): Steal up, ole man (change partners)

Carrie - "a reel"- learned from Blind Jesse- Text fragmentary Refrain: Carrie, Carrie, Oh, be my woman, Carrie Take my girl to de worldly fair Comb her head an' part (?) her hair Go 'way from my window, don't you hear? Chicken on de roost, looking down on you 'Spec' I'll be a rover 'fore day Go 'way etc. Rabbit on a log, ain't got no rabbit dog, Shoot it wid my dudgeon, by George.

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Little girl, yes ma 'am- a chant for two children Little girl, little girl- Yes, ma 'am Did you go to de college?*Yes, ma 'am *Livingston has a state cog college. Did you see my daughter?" Was she sweet in the face? " Was she neat in her ways (waist?) " Oh, how did you like? Oh, very well. Did de ole cow die?Yes, ma 'am. Did de buzzards fly? " Oh, how did he fly?Oh, jes' disaway, Oh, jes' disaway, Oh, jes' disaway (Both flop their arms and slap their thighs).

2688 2692 JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

Caroline Horne and family

May 28, 1939

It was Sunday and we had started out to Doc Reed's church for services. Mrs. Tartt suggested that we stop at Aunt Ca'line Horne's house off in the cotton patch a half mile or so from the road. There we found Aunt Ca'line, two daughters, Frances and Aurilla, a son, Jim (Duck), two otr three frineds of the family and a bunch of "grands". It was a giggly group, the boys given to wise-cracking. Mrs. Tartt previously had got frm from Aunt Ca'line thw words of a lullaby, but on this occasion Aunt Ca'line disclaimed all knowledge of the song. While we were talking with her, a hey heavy shower came up; we had our machine and batteries set up on the porch; the roof leaked and we had to move our apparatus about to avoid the drippings. Finally one of the daughters suggested a church song, which she and her mother sang,- I got to stand there by myself; then the two daughters recorded another spiritual, All my sins been takened away. Then Aunt Ca'line recalled the children's song and recorded "Little Red Bird in the tree. Then the son Jim, "Duck", sang a cotton song, Cotton needs plowin' and a filed holler, Say, she brought my breakfast. His friend, B.B. Powell sang, CanT make a livin' in sandy land. We had overstayed our time, the rain had let up a bit, and we packed up to leave.

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I got to stand there by myself-sung by Aunt Caroline and Frances Horne I got to stand my trial in Judgment Well, I got to stand there for myself Well, there's no one here can stand there for me Well, I got to stand there for myself I got to stand my test in Judgment I got to lay in my cold grave, Well, I got to lay there for myself, etc.

All my sins been taken away- sung by Aurilla and Frances Horne All my sins been taken away (3 times) Glory Hallelujah to my Saviour's name Sister Mary wore three links o' chain (3 times) Every link was Jesus' name All my sins been takenes away, takened away.

JAL '39 Livingston, Ala. Carolina Horne and family -texts cont'd

Little Red Bird in the tree Little red bird in the tree, in the tree, in the tree, Little red bird in the tree, sing a song for me Sing about the blue bird in the tree-top tell (repeat) Little red bird in the tree, sing a song for me Little b luedbird in the tree, etc.

Cotton need plowin' sung by Jim (Duck) Horne Tune same as Cotton need pickin Cotton need plowin' so bad Cotton need plowin' so bad, Goin' plow all over this field.

Can't make a livin in sandy land - sung by B. B. Powell (Text incomplete. Not sure this song was recorded) Ole po' mule an' po' land (man?) Can't make a livin' in sandy land I got a woman in de white folks' yard She killed chicken an' saved me de wing, She thinks I'm a-workin' an' ia ain't done a thing Rabbit on de log, ain't got no rabbit dog, I'm goin' shoot him wid my dudgeon, O Lord Chicken on my back I'm goin' make my way to my little shack.

She brought my breakfast- sung by Jim (Duck) Horne-Field Holler Say, she brought my breakfast, she didn't know my name Say, she brung my breakfast on day grey mule's hame. I got a woman, she don't like de country Say, my mamma she move back to dem piney woods, Say, she brought my breakfast.

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Livingston, Ala.

Johnson Place Baptist Church-4 miles from Livingston- May 28, 1939

After we left Aun Ca'line Horne's house we had driven about two miles when on our way up a long steep red clay hill the rain came down in earnest. Mrs. Tartt was driving her car ahead of us to show the way and to pick up Doc Reed who was to meet us at a certain cross-road. Vera, we discovered before we left town, had gone out the night before with some friends. Mrs. Tartt would not turn back, even though we passed two cars in the ditch, until at the top of another long red-clay hill where the road curved at the top, her car not only took the curve but made a complete circle and stood facing homeward. Then at last she consented to go back. It was then after twelve o'clock and by the time we could have reached Doc's church even those late-beginning and long-drawn-out services would have closed. On our way in we noticed that the Johnson Place Baptist Church was holding service, and so we stopped there. While we were trying to decide whether to unload the machine, one of the deacons came out and 'buked us for disturbing the service. And he was justified. We apologized, explained what we were considering, received enthusiastic permission to record some of the service, and unloaded and set up the machine as quietly as possible. The preacher and brethren obligingly continued the service, even repeated some of it including the offering, so that the "white friends" might rightly participate by marching up to the pulpit with their dimes and quarters.

The preacher, as we judged, had probably been preaching for an hour, when we arrived; after about twenty minutes or a half hour, he wiped his brow and said, "I can't fool along with Moses all day; I got to pass on to Jesus now", and he proceeded with a discourse based on a New Testament text. When he had finished his sermon we asked them to sing some of their

spirituals for us to record. We recorded four spirituals and two prayers with congregational "moanin".

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The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want, half prayer and half chant was spoken by Mary Tollman

Have mercy, Lord - led by Rev. Ward Have mercy, have mercy, Lord (repeat) Oh Lord Hadn't it been for Jesus, I'd-a done been gone (repeat) Have mercy, etc.

Long way to travel led by Mary Tollman Well, I jes' want to make it into the Kingdom Children, we got a long way to travel (repeat) I jes' want to make it inot the Kingdom over yonder Well, I got on my travelin' shoes, etc. Well, I know my name been changed, etc.

Nobody's fault but mine led by Simon Williams I got a Bible I can read If I fail to read it an' my soul get lost, Nobody's fault but mine. I got a Jesus I can serve, If I fail to serve him, an' my soul get lost, Nobody's fault but mine. I got a song that I can sing, If I fail to sing it, etc. I got a prayer I can pray, etc. I got a moanin' I can moan, etc.

Angels standin' in de water- led by Rev. Eason Oh, angels standin' in de water Walkin' by de light, Oh, sinner standin' in darkness An' cannot see de light. I wants my mother to go with me I wants my mother to go with me To jine de social band.

Texts of prayers by RevWard and S. L. Clark were not taken down.

2693 2699 JAL '39

Celina Lewis May 29, 1939

Mrs. Tartt brought Celina Lewis to us on Monday morning. All the records that we made in the town of Livingston were made on the spacious back "gallery" or in the flowere-bordered, grassy "lawn". Mrs. Tartt brought the singers in her own carm or took Mr. Lomax after them, and she rarely took no for answer. She has done so much for the Negroes of the community and they love and trust her to such a degree that they rarely fail her. And so Aunt Celina, even though it was Monday morning, changed her dress and came

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along. She sang three spirituals, but she was finally coaxed along into singing some reels and game songs which are her forte; not that she herself considers such songs sinful she merely thought them too insignificant to put on permanent record.

Aunt Celina is a dainty person with grey hair and small features. "I'm fifty-five years old," she said, " an' ef I live to see the fo'th Sat'day in next June, I'll be seventy." In apologizing for what she considered a poor performance, she explained, " I was a little blushed today."

Texts

Whoa, mule, can't get the saddle on * A dance song. Aunt Celina explains: "It's a sort o' dance; de young folks wouldskip an' dance, kinda waltzlike. Dey would lockoup, walk up an' down de flo', boys an' girls together. Nowadays de young folks has to dance an' hug up, you know." Whoa, mule can't git de saddle on; (repeated several times) Catch dat mule, can't git de saddle on Ride dat mule, can't git de saddle on Run dat mule, etc. Run, mule, can't git de saddle on

Stangaree-Fragment of text. Singer's words hard to catch. Learned in Alabama, near Gainesville (?) Who's been here since I been gone? If you want to know-Stangaree-what girl's been here-Stangaree Git on de road-Stangaree Who's been her e since I been gone? Hitch yo' buggy-stangaree-to de

Shortnin' bread-usual text. Includes: Bull-frog jump from de bottom o' de well Oh, by God, he's jes' from Hell Wid his mouth full o butter an' his jawbone swelled

JAL '39 Celina Lewis texts cont'd

Peep Squirrel- a game for chasing Peep squirrel Run, squirrel Skip, squirrel; kill dat squirrel; catch dat squirrel; eat dat squirrel; can't catch dat squirrel; let's cook dat squirrel; I caught dat squirrel.

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Was de blood runnin' warm - spiritual Was de blood runnin' warm in yo' veins? (repeat)
You better git religion an' try to serve de Lord, Was de blood runnin' warm in yo' veins?
(Says), don't forget yo' mother no matter where, She always willin' to lend you a helpin'
hand, She rocked you to her bosom Was de blood runnin' warm in yo' veins- (contint'd as
at first)

The Sun don't ever go down Where de sun don't ever go down You wanta see yo' mother
sometime Don't Flowers are bloomin' forever Where de sun don't ever go down. Well it
makes me cry sometime, For de flowers are bloomin' forever Where de sun don't ever go
down.

Everybody talkin' 'bout Heaven ain't goin' there- Usual text.

2695 2696 2697 JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

Jeff Horton May 29, 1939

As we were leaving Johnson Place Church Mrs. Tartt caught sight of Jeff Horton who works on the Johnson place and who knows many reels and playparty songs. When she went to interview him she found him very drunk. He has the reputation of being a hard worker during the week and a hard drinker at week ends. He could do nothing that day but promised to come into town to Mrs. Tartts's home the next day. Monday morning up strolled Jeff. "It was hard work", he asserted, "to keep my word, but I wrastled wid it an' got it to come thro." made it good With him were two friends, Ben Donner and Robert Chapman, each of whom sang a song.

Give my heart ease-version of Birmingham Jail, same tune- by Jeff Horton Darlin', if you love me, give my heart ease (repeat) Soon as my back turn, love who you please Will you, my darlin', will you, my dear, (say) If you don't love me, well, I don't keer Write me aletter,

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send it by mail (mail, mail) Back it in care of Birmingham Jail Roses need sunshine, violets need dew, Angels in Heaven know how I love you.

Ole Marse John by Jeff Horton. "From slavery times. Little ole jumped-up thing". Ole Marse John, ole Marse John De block real an' rock so I can't lay studdy. Love is a killin' thing, beauty is a blossom, If you wants to git yo' finger bit Poke it at a 'possum. Vicksburg is a pretty town, is a beauty, Want to git to Heaven quick, meet me at Chattanooga. Marse speaksto John: "John, why you so late this mornin'? Git in de stable an' lay across de barrell." ("John goin' git a lickin' 'cause he late."

Black snake bit me- Jeff Horton. Ring game. Player in center tries to break out; cries "Black snake bit me" etc. Players kepp him ij, replying, "I don't care". Other groups of children say "dog flea", seed-tick, black wasp, etc. Black snake bit me- - I don't care Bit me on my knee cap- -" An' de yaller-jac ket stung me-" Stung me on my shoulder-blade-I don't care ('Nen I shouts:) I break my neck I'm comin' out here. Answer" I don't care, you can't get outa here. "When he gits out, day clases him".

JAL '39

Jeff Horton Song Texts

Young girl fooled her mother- "Reel"- dance tune Young girl fooled her mamma Young girl fooled her mother Young girl fooled her mammy Goin' tell your mamma You been there in de bushes Jokin', girl, I'm jokin'. Young man, don't you whup me (repeat) Carry me back to Mamma Mamma in chimney corner Big enough to hold me. O Lord, Young man, don't you whup me Carry me back to Mamma, etc. Young girl fooled her Mamma, mother mamy.

Single again-not the usual "wish I was single again"-Jeff's song is rather like a field holler, or a blues, used as a work song Ha- -ha-round sing all agin Ha- -ha-round sing my pockets still jingle Ha- -ha-round I'm single agin Ha- -ha-I'm goin' take dat Southbound train Ha- -ha-I'm goin' take a train I'm goin' over to New Orleans and Texas, an' there take a ride.

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I got one po' brother an' I love him to my heart - (huh!) An' if anybody bother with him, it hurt me to my heart Dat's Mamma's baby chile,-uh-huh, Oh, yes; If anybody do bother with him, it bother (hurt?) me to my heart An' I'm goin' take a Northbound train, an' there I'll take a ride An' I'm goin' sail to New Orleans an' there I'll stay a while Goodbye, my lover, goobye (repeat) If you never no more see me in dis life Farewell, Alabama, goodbye. Ha- - ha- -sing-all again, etc.

Miss Maggie, I know it is kind - a fragment. "Learned it in de cotton-patch. Yassir, courted in de cottonpatch an' anywhere else we could get to get Oh, Miss Maggie, I know it is kind For me to set by you an' tell you my mind My mind is to marry an' never to part, 'cause, first time I saw you you wanted my heart. Go away, Johnny, an' let me alone, I Cause I am a stranger an' a long way from home I'll buy you fine dresses and buy you gold ring, I'll buy you silk slippers to cast (to cost?) on my name.

JAL '39

Jeff Horton

Rabbit on a log Rabbit on a log, ain't got no huntin' dog, Gwine shoot him wid my pistol, God knows. Rabbit on de level, but he outrunnin(?) de devil Gine git him wid my pistol, God knows. O me, de trouble I done see 'Cause nobody's business but mine,. Rabbit on de level, etc. O mamma, nobody's business but mine Chicken up dat tree, lookin' down on me, Gwine to git him 'fore dat sun go down O me, says, trouble I see, 'Cause nobody's business but mine.

Don't you leave me here-BluesText incomplete Don't you leave me here All night long, lovin' sweet babe,-um-um De rooster crowed, lobin' sweet babe, An' de hen looked 'round. She said, No, no, no, Lord, You got to run me down. I went down to de depot, I looked up on de board Number Five ain't run yet, but she's on de road. I stood on de road(?) till de

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train was gone, lovin' sweet babe, I never did miss my lovin' sweet babe till de train was gone.

We goin' to land upon this shore-spiritual Preacher standin' at de pulpit, wid de Bible in his hand Preachin' 'bout dem sinners that live over inde promised land. We're goin' land upon dis shore (3times) Dere we'll stay forevermore I don't like old Satan, ole Satan don't like me, But soemhow de other Christians dat me an' ole Satan can't as Say, when I git up in de Heaven, I want you to be there too/agree. So when I says Amen, I want you goin' say so too. Dere we'll dwell forevermore.

My gold-eyed needle-(Old speckled lady)- game song-J. Horton and Robt. Chapman
My gold-eyed needle- shoo-de-doo- and dressed-up thimble-shoo-de-doo Fly way over yonder-shoo-de-doo My gold-eyed needle etc. You, too, Misshettie You, too, Mr. Horton, etc. Take yo' pardners, etc.

JAL '39

Livingston, Ala.

Ben Donner

Born again- spiritual I know, Lord, I been born agin (repeat) I know I got religion an' born agin I tie my hames to de gospel plow Wo ldn't take nothin' for my journey now Way down yonder I come thoo, You had-a been there, you'd a-shouted too. He give me de gif' an' told me to go, Give me de horn an' told me to blow. So glad born again, so glad I been born agin, I know I got religion an' born again.

Robert Chapman

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Somebody touched me Oh-oh-oh-ah, somebody touched me (3 times) And it must have been the hand of the Lord. Down on my knees, Lord, somebody touched me, etc. Early one morning, etc. All in my room, Lord, etc.

2694 2696 2698

JAL '39

Florida Hampton May 29, 1939

We remembered Aunt Florida from a previous visit to Livingston for her Br'er Rabbit and other animal stories. She looked just right to tell such children's stories and to sing lullabies and game songs. Yes, she would sing a lullaby for us if she could get it tohetjer. She guessed we already had Rock-a-by baby in the tree-top, but she used to sing another to the babies, Go to sleep. We knew her version would give us some interesting variation:

Go to sleep- (Do, de bugger-bearcatch you)- Lullaby Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleepy, little baby Hush, little baby, don't you cry Do, de bugger-bear catch you Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleepy, little baby, Mamma run away, Daddy wouldn't stay Lef' nobody but de baby. Hush, little baby, don't you cry, Do, de bugger-bear catch you. Go to sleep, etc. Mamma an' Papa gone to de town, buy a pretty little pony, Catch a pony, saddle him up Ride all over dis pasture.

My Lord done been here- spiritual When I was a sinner, I thought I was doin' well, When I come to find out I was on my way to Hell. (Refrian): My Lord done been here, blessed my soul an' gone away My Lord done been here, chillun, blessed my soul an' gone away. When I git ot Heaven I want you to be there too When I say Amen, I want you to say so too I went down to Jordan, stopped at de idle stream(?) Soul got ankled in Jesus An' de devil couldn't do me no harm(?) Oh, some say John de Baptist was nothin' but a Jew But de Holy Bible tell us John was a preacher too.

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Give me a gourd o' drink-water: In the middle of this "reel" Aunt Florida broke into protest: "Now I got to pray dat off when I could be prayin' for somep'n else. I promised de Lord I wouldn't sin. He know I 'bleeged to sin some, but I ain't 'bleeged to sin dataway. And, Miss Ruby," turning to Mrs. Tartt, "You'se sinned too for 'suadin' me into singin' dat reel." Her text is slightly different from the usual. Roola-roola-roolover, Hand me a gourd o' drink-water. (repeat) Ole cow suppin' in de cool water, Gimme me a gourd o' drink-water Hist dose windows High(?), throw de feathers away ("to de gamblers") Ole cow shiverin' in de cool water, Gimme a gourd o' drink-water.

2700 2702 2704

JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

Sim Tartt and group from Boyd community- May 29, 1939

Mrs. Tartt had told us about the Tartt family of Negroes that lived in the Boyd, Alabama community. She had heard the group sing together with beautiful effect. Because of the rain she thought they would not be working in the field and drove the seventeen miles or more to their farm home to bring them in to sing. She was told at their house that "Sim an' them is huntin' fish". Mrs. Tartt walked through the mud down to the river, calling as she went, to locate them the sooner. Finally she heard a startled whisper, "Dat's Miss Ruby Callin'! Hear her? Reckin what she want?" Then Mrs. Tartt, "Sim, Mandy, you heard me. Where are you?" They came forth, bare-footed and thinly clad; for they really had been fish-hunting. The high water, receding, had left live fish far up on the bank. These the Negroes were spearing and catching with bare hands. But at "Miss Ruby"'s bidding, they left the river, hastily made themselves reddy and were on their way. Every foot of the long, winding, still-muddy road they sang spirituals, some of them new even to Mrs. Tartt. who

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thought that she had exhausted their repertoire. Besides spirituals they recorded a few game songs too.

Job, Job- spiritual- Text about the same as Doc Reed' and Vera Hallss; for which see: Our Singign Country

Down on me- spiritual Refrain: Down on me, down on me, Lord Look like eve'body in de whole round world is Down on me I ain't been to Heaven but I been told Streets are pearly an' de gates are gold, Look like ev'ybody, etc. When I git to Heaven, don't you know I'll shout? Won't be nobody there to turn me out. When I done travelin' here below, Warfare's over an' to Heaven I'll go.

JAL '39 Sim Tarrt and group - texts cont'd

What you gonna do when this world's on fire? Refrain: What you gonna do when this world's on fire (3 times) What you gonna do when Jesus comes? Bow right here when this world's on fire etc. Bow right here till Jesus comes. Stand right here when the world's on fire, etc. Gonna groan right here, etc.

Don't feel like I'se anyways tired- "used to he are ole folks sing it". Refrain: Lord, I doj't feel like I'se anyways tired Jes' give me dat ole Glory Hallelujah. Dere's a better day a-comin', Hallelujah! Oh, Lordy, it's comin' 'round in Glory. I hope to shout in Glory when this old world's on fire Jes' give me dat old Glory Hallelujah Can't you he ar dose angels singin', etc. Can't you hear dose mourners mournin' (moanin')

Drinkin' o' de wine- (Won't that be a time?)- Refrain: Won't dat be a mighty time, won't dat be a time? (repeat) Sech a-eatin' o' de bread, sech a drinkin' o' de wine Won't dat be a time? Oh, hold down de wind, don't let it blow, etc. Don't let dat North wind blow on me, etc. Come along, Gabriel, an' sound de trumpet, etc. Sech a eatin' o' de bread, sech a drinkin' o' de wine Won't dat be a time?

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I never heard a man speak like this man before Refrain: I never heard a man speak like dis man before (repeat) All de days of my life, every since I been born I never heard a man speak like dis man before. Dey carried him to de court house, dey tried him one by one, Dey never found no fault in Jesus, in nothin' he daid an' done. He spoke once in Jerusalem to de one he loved de best; I wouldn't not a-been here if my brother hadn't not been dead. He spoke once to Nicodemus, says he must be borned again,

JAL '39

Sims Tartt and group

Gonna walk around in Jordan, tell the news. Refrain: I'm gonna walk around in Jordan, tell the news, Lord, I'm gonna walk around in Jordan, tell the news. If my mother asks for me Tell her Death have summoned me I'm gonna walk around in Jordan, tell the news. If my father asks for me, etc. If my brother asks for me, etc.

One mornin' soon Refrain: One mornin' soon, one mornin' soon, my Lord One mornin' soon, I heard de ange ls singin' Singin' come home, etc, All in my room, etc. Singin' Good News, etc. All over my head, etc. One mornin' soon, etc.

Three gold lilies- a ring game. 2 rings moving in opposite directions. Leader sings: Three gold lilies-(Others): Sometime Gonna rule-a my teacher " Go home in a hurry " (Choose new partners at "Go home in a hurry".)

All the way round the ring go 'round-ring game All de way 'round de ring go 'round Choose dat gal on a Monday Choose dat gal wid de coal black hair Kissher an' call her Honey!

Sugar Babe-a "reel" I got a wife an' a sweetheart, too, Sugar Babe (repeat twice) My wife don't love me but my sweetheart do, Sugar Babe. Nigger an' de white man playin' seven-up, Sugar Babe (repeat) Nigger win de money, but afraid to pick it up, Sugar Babe.

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Chopping cotton I'm a choppin' cottom (3 times), Lord, Lord, Lordy Can't you chop a little faster (3 times), Lord, Lordy, Lord Can't you git in a hurry, etc. I'm a choppin' cotton, etc. Can't you finish dis cotton, etc. I'm choppin' cotton.

Go to sleep- sung but not recorded by Mandy Tartt Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleepy, little baby Mamma gone to York, Papa gone to town (York is eight miles fro Livingston, Ala) Nobod here but de baby Go to sleep, etc. When she come back, she goin' suckle little baby.

2701 2702

JAL '39

Livingston, Ala.

Ed Jones

When the gates swing open- "learned from a woman"- a composed hymn? Through this world we leep on toilin' Toilin' through de storm an' rain Watchin' an' patiently waitin' Until the Saviour comes again. Refrain: I am coming, Lord, trustin' in Thy word, Keep me from the paths of sin, hide me in they love Hide me in Thy Love, write my name above When the gates swing open let me in. Keep me fit for service, Keep me fit on every hand I've stood many a trial, Some day I'll understand. Teach me how to love my neighbor, Teach me how to treat my friend Fill me with the Holy Spirit Keep me humble to the end. Tired of this load I'm carrying Tired of this world of sin Angels in Heaven beck on My weary soul come in.

Got to stoop down and drink My mother's got to stoop down My mother's got to stoop down My mother's got to stoop down To drink and live. Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the lamb And shall I fear to own his cause, or blusn to speak his name. I lef' my home a-prayin' (3 times) On my way Everybody must stoop down, etc. My father had to

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stoop down, etc. Everybody must, etc. Well, my brother had to, etc. Well, my sister had to, etc.

My soul wants something that's new. My soul, my soul, my soul, my soul My soul wants something that's new. Am I a soldier of the cross A follower of the Lamb And shall I fear to own His cause Or blush to speak His name?

JAL '39 Ed Jones Texts cont'd

I left my home a-prayin - (on my way) I lef' my home a-prayin' I lef' my home a-prayin' I lef' my home a-prayin' On my way Get back, get hack, ye hosts of Hell I'm on my way An' let God's children take the field I'm on my way Oh, Satan's mad an' I am glad- I'm on my way He missed a soul he thought he had-I'm on my way.

Stewball- (Ain'tg in' let you humbug me)-Ed Jones sang both spirituals and "reels". Oh, mister, Oh, master, I'm riskin' my life Tryin' to win a fartune for you and your wife Ain't goin' let you humbug me (repeat) I wouldn't mind race-ridin', if it wasn't for my mind (wife?) Ole Stewball might stumble an' away go my life. Git up Stewball, Molly's gone (4 times) Ole Stewball was a red horse, ole Molly was blue, I put 'em on de race-track, Ole Molly she flew. Git up, Stewball, Molly's gone Ain't goin' let you humbug me (repeat.)

Jack, can I ride- a clapping song- Jack, can I ride, oh-ho! (4 times) Ask my Mamma for fifteen cents To see de eleplant jump de fence Jay bird settin' on a swingin' limb He winked at me an' I winked at him Picked up a stick an' hit him on de chin Good Godamighty, don't do dat agin.

Give me a gourd to drink-water - Ed says this is an "in-and-outer de winger game" (window) Reg'lar, reg'lar, roolover Give me dee gourd to drink water Ole cow shiverin' in de cold water, Gimme etc. I wants me some cold water, Gimme etc.,. I'm goin' git some cold water, etc.

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JAL '39 Ed Jones texts cont'd

Jonah -fragment Oh-oh-oh, Jonah, oh-oh-oh, Jonah, oh-oh-oh, Jonah, Jes' go down yonder to de land an' pray. If I was a sinner jes' like you Go down you er to de land and pray, Pray all night until I come thoo Go down yonder to de land an' pray Ole Satan's mad an' I am glad, Go etc. He missed a soul he thought he had, Goetc.

Drinkin' of the wine- for this song Ed Jones has two tunes. Texts about same. Drinkin' wine, drinkin' wine You ought to been there ten thousand years Drinkin' wine. Anybody ask you where am I Tell 'em I'm dead an' gone on high You ought to been there, etc. If my sister ask for me Tell her I'm gone to Gelilee If my mother, etc. If the people, etc.

Rosey, pretty girl- playparty song. There should be a group or another person than the leader to sing, "Ah, Rosey". Ed says, "I had to second myself". Refrain: Rosey, pretty girl Rosey-Ah, Rosey (repeat) You can't Rosey like me-Ah, Rosey (repeat) Up the sycamore, down the pine-Ah, Rosey, I tore my britches right behind-Ah, Rosey Steal my pardner, steal again- -Ah, Rosey.

2664? 2690 2689 2691

JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

McDonald family, Uncle Joe, Aunt Mollie (Mary), Janie and Jim

Seven miles out from Livingston, just off the Demopolis highway, we found the McDonald family in a farm home, unpainted but neat, with flowers in the yard and a vegetable garden hearby. Uncle Joe had finished his afternoon nap, had hitched his mule to the plow and was ready to start an afternoon's work. But Mrs. Tartt and his curiosity persuaded him to postpone the work. We set the machine up in the bedroom; Aunt Molly and Uncle

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Joe perched themselves in the corner on the rounded top of a hair-covered trunk. It was evidently used often for a settee, as it had a scarf on top of it and a rug in front. Jim and Janie, their children, stood behind the trunk when they helped with the songs. Aunt Molly was the principal performer. She was in good humor, although she claimed to have a cold, and she laughed gleefully, joking with Mr. Lomax and Mrs. Tartt as well as "ribbing" her husband, Uncle Joe. They had been "raised with white folks" and from them learned some of their songs. They had had the reputation of being good songsters, and probably good clowns, and were often invited by their "white folks" to entertain guests. Their repertoire is extensive, and, although Mrs. Tartt had interviewed them several times and had made a long list of their songs, they sang some that afternoon that she had never heard. They know many playparty and game songs, and in getting these we spent most of our time. We had time to record only three spirituals.

All de friend I had dead and gone- text incomplete All de frien' I had, all de frien' I had All de frien' I had is dead an' gone Gone to de graveyard, Gone to de graveyard All de frien' I had is dead an' gone My po' mother, etc. died a-shoutin', etc. Weepin' Mary, weep no longer, etc.

JAL '39 McDonald family -texts cont'd

Holy Bright Number- "We sung it after the preacher"- lined out I wants ti jine dat Holy Bright Number (repeat) For to turn some ransomed one home. (Said) numbered one hunderd an' forty-four thousand (repeat) For to turn some ransomed one home. Dat Holy Bright Number I wants to jine, etc.

Don't you grieve- When I spied dat train a-comin', Don't you grieve, An' it's loaded wid bright angels, Don't you grieve An' it's loaded wid bright angels, Don't you grieve. I'm goin' tell my mother Howdy, don't you grieve (repeat) An' it's loaded wid bright angels, don't you grieve I'm goin' tell my elder howdy, etc.

Library of Congress

Playparty, game songs, "reels", funny songs.

Little Bitty Man - a lullaby Little bitty man, Lord, Lordy (4 times) Pickin' up sand, Lord Lordy (4 times) Grain by grain, Lord Lordy (4 times)

Titty, Mamma, titty- a baby song Oh,-Titty, titty, mamma Titty, titty, mamma Titty, titty, mamma Just a little titty, please ma'am Just a little titty, please ma'am. Oh,-titty in de heel etc.

Rena, big-foot, Rena Oh Rena- -ain't seen her Big-foot Rena- -ain't seen her Long-foot Rena-ain't seen her Oh, Rena- -ain't seen her Wonder where Rena- ain't seen her Oh, Rena- - ain't seen her Dat long-legged Rena etc. Slew-footed etc Bear-toed etc. Dat one-legged Crooked-footed

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO. Tartt McDonalds - - Livingston, Ala. 2690 2689

A 1. Dog Flea. . . Sung by Mary McDonald (Negro) and family Husband Joe, Children Jim and Jane-in their home near Livingston, May 27, 1939 introduced by Mrs. Ruby Pickens Tart Comment: See SEED TICK of Wiergate, Texas, school children. Ring-game: Children in circle hold hands. Child in middle tries to break out, singin "Dog flea is a-bitin 'me" etc. Children in circle sing: "Dont care, cant git outa here." When finally the center child does break through, other children chase and catch him. Dog fleas is a bitin' me . . . Don't keer, caint git outa here Dog fleas, dog fleas Don't keer, caint git outa here One done bit me right here..Don't keer, caint git outa here Grandma is a-callin' me . . . Don't keer, caint git outa here Dog fleas is a bitin' me, etc. One done bit me right here, etc. Bumble-bee stangin' me, etc. One done stang me right here, etc., etc

A 2. Brickyard (Remember me) . . . dance tune by Mary(Aunt Molly) McDonald and family. in their home 7 miles from Livingston, Ala. May 27, 1939 I'm goin' down to de brickyard . . .

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Remember me To de Ellen Yard and Seven Stars. Remember me Oh what did de red-bird say to de crow?..Remember me Hit's rainin' now an' soon will snow..Remember me Oh come, my gal, an' go with me . . . Remember me. From Baltimore to Tennessee Remember me I aint got a horse an' buggy, too..Remember me I aint got a driver to put you thu..Remember me. I'm goin' down to de brickyard . . . Remember me. De Ellen Yard and Seven Stars Remember me.

B 1. Shangaree. . . dance tune . . . by Mary McDonald anid family..7 miles from Livingston, A I went down..('Shangaree)..to my new field..(Shangaree) Black snake bit me. (Shangaree)..on my heel (Shangaree) I turned aroun'..(Shangaree).an' gave him a grin. (Shangaree) Doggone rascal..(Shangaree)..bit me agin(Shangaree) Come on, baby,.. " go wid me " To Tennessee an(' Baltimore an' Baltimore. I got a driver.. " put you thu " Dat ditchin train" was loaded down " To the groun' I jumped down Grabbed de wheel " I took de tooth-ache " in my heel Oh you nickle make a pickle Oh you dime make a shine Oh you dollar Make you holler. Chorus: Hey, hey, Shangaree..Hey, hey, Shangaree (Swing)

(B.2 over)

B 2. Glad to see you, little bird . . . play party children's song..by Mary McDonald, near Livingston, Ala.

May 27, 1939 Glad to see you, little bird Tra la la, tra la la. What did you intend to say Tra la la, la la. Give me something this cold day Tra la la, tra la la Here's your breakfast, eat away Tra la la, la la Come to see me every day Tra la la, tra la la There's your breakfast, eat away Tra la la la la Thomas say you steal your his wheat Tra la la, tra la la John complains his plums you eat Tra la la la la But I will not try to know Tra la la, tra la la What you did so long ago Tra la la la la

J.A.L. '39

TEMPORARY NO. Tartt McDonald family Livingston Ala.

Library of Congress

A 1. Old Molly Hare . . . dance song..sung by Mary (Aunt Molly) McDonald and family and the home of Mary and Joe McDonald(negro farmer near Livingston, Ala. May 27, 1939 Ole Molly Hare, what you doin' thar? Gwine thu de cotton patch as fast as I can tear. Ole Molly Hare, what you doin' thar? Sittin' in the fire-place smokin' my cigar. Ole Molly Hare, bail's mighty short. Yes, doggone it, I can tuck it outa sight. Drink my coffee, drink my tea; Walk about a nigger man, talk about me.

A 2. When I was a young girl. . . sung by Mary and Joe McDonald and their children (Then oh then) . . . a playparty song wish swinging and dancing When I was a young girl, a young girl, young girl When I was a young girl, Then, oh then (chorus) Twas a primp, primp this away, primp, prim that a way A primp, primp this a way, then oh then. (or "all for the men.") The boys come a courtin', cour in', courtin' The boys come a courtin', then, oh then Twasa ha-ha this a way, a ha-ha- that a way (or "kiss, kiss, etc, all for the me A ha-ha this a way, then, oh then Then we married, married, married Then we married, then, oh, then. Then it was oh oh this a way, oh-oh that a way, (or, ha-ha) A oh-oh this a way, then, oh then (Sometimes the McD's insert the following: "Then we quarreled etc. With a wow-wow thisaw Pretty soon we made it up It was 'my love' thisaway" Then he died, died, died, Then he died, then, oh then. Then twas a boo-hoo this a way, boo-hoo that a way A boo-hoo this a way, then, oh then.

A. 3. Satisfied- dance song by McDoanld family.. See enxt sheet

B 1. Sea Lion. . . dance song. . . by McDonald family..near Livingston, Ala. May 27, 1939 Oh Lion (sea-lion) goin tell yo' mamma (sea-lion) oh, how you do me (sea-lion) Oh lion (sea-lion) I caught a preacher (sea-lion) One had a bushel, one had a peck, one had a year about his neck.

B 2. Rosey, babyy, Rosey. . . dance song. . . by McDonald family. . . near Livingston Ala..May 27, Come on Rosey, come on baby with me I got a horse an' buggy too, I got a

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driver put you thu Rosey, baby, Rosey Right by my side You do dat now, you do dat agin,
you and promenade around. Do (over>

You do like de possum done, Put his bed in de holler stump. Forty dollar carpet on my flo',
Marry me an' I'll buy you some mo' Rosey, darlin', hurry.

B 2. G tell Aunt Dinah. . . children's song. . . by Mary McDonald (Negro) near Livingston
Ala. May 27, 1939 Go an' tell Aunt Dinah, Go an' tell Aunt Dinah Go an' tell Aunt Dinah de
old grey goose is dead Died last Friday, died Last Friday Died last Fiday with a pain in de
back o' her head She was savin', she was savin' She was savin' to make a feather bed.
Walkin' roun dat green tree, walkin' round dat green tres, Walkin' round dat green tree, the
ole grey goose is dead.

2689 2690

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. Tartt McDonalds - Livingston, Ala.

A 3. Satisfied. . . dance tune. . . sung by Mary McDonald (Negro) and family at their farm
near Livingston, Ala. May 27, 1939 Note: Leader sings "Lord, I aint" Other singers call
"satisfied" etc. REFRAIN: Lord, I aint..satisfied. How can I be..satisfied I never have
been..satisfied Some folks say..(satisfied) Preacher won't steal..(satisfied) But I found
three..(satisfied) In my cornfield..(satisfied) One had a bushel..(satisfied) One had a
peck..(satisfied) One had de cornfield..(satisfied) Around his neck..(satisfied) Ruther be
dead..(satisfied) An' buried in san'..(satisfied) Than another woman..(satisfied)..To have
my man. . . (satisfied) Way down yonder..(satisfied) By de ax an' saw..(satisfied) Bull
frog cou'tin'(or winkin' at).. (Satisfied)..His mother-in-law..(Satisfied) Mamma,mamma. . .
(Satisfy)Stole a duck..(satisfy) Give all the boys..(Satisfied) A bone to suck..(satisfied) My
ole mistess..(satisfied) She promised me..(satisfied) When she died..(satisfied) She'd set
me free..(satisfied) Added to above by Aunt Molly: Papa, papa killed a goose Set it on de
table wid both legs up Give all de boys a bone to sup

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JAL '39

Livingston, Alabama

Enoch Brown

"There's ole Enoch", Doc Reed said as he sat on Mrs. Tartt's back "gallery" ready to sing. We listened to the "hollerin'" as everybody calls it, though that is too harsh a word for such a rounded-tones. He was crossing the bridge over the Sacarnatchie that runs at the foot of Baldwin Hill. He is artist enough to know that from just there his calls will sound most effective. It is a sort of "hallo-ing", perhaps a form of yodeling, though the words are those of field songs, with always a weird lonesomeness. We could never quite get the effect into our microphone. Usually he would call "oh-oh-oo-oo, I won't be here long", with variations on that theme. Enoch is a strange person, the kind of person that we are tempted to call "a strange creature", for he seems "other-worldly", a wraith that appears suddenly out of darkness- we have never seen him in daytime in two visits- His sentences in conversation are condensed. "He come?", when expanded means "Has Mr. Lomax arrived?" If the answer is "No", Enoch turns away with a mere "Back again". His laugh, too, is not of this earth. Enoch's clothing consist mostly of rags pinned together; he does not keep himself clean; he works only when he is hungry, and not then if he has some excuse to walk up the hill to Mrs. Tartt's home about mealtime. He ought to be repulsive, but he isn't; rather, he stirs deeply the pools of tenderness in the heart. The texts of his calls are not set down. It is almost impossible to remember to set them down as he hollers.

Livingston, Ala., - 1939 The American Folk Song Archive written by Ruby Terrill Lomax for newspaper reporter.

For five days of the past week the banks of the Sucasnotchie have rung with echoes from the Old South, as tune after tune of old songs that would will soon be forgotten were sung and put on record in the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tartt by John A. Lomax, Honorary

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Curator of the Folk Song Archive of the Library of Congress. The Negro "songsters" were discovered and introduced to Mr. Lomax by Mrs. Tartt. Twenty full twelve-inch discs were filled with more than a hundred songs, many of them "new" to Mr. Lomax and probably, to musicians of America.

The Library of Congress is convinced that, as old books and manuscripts should be preserved, so old tunes should be caught from the lips of the fast disappearing "songsters" of folk songs and saved for the pleasure and the study of musicians in future days; for many influences are driving these old songs of the folk out of the minds of even the older generation of people who know them. Mr. Lomax's interest in preserving old songs reaches back many years to the nights when he listened to the cowboys as they soothed the "little dogies", bedded down for the night near his Texas home. He began to write down the words of these cowboy songs and kept many of the tunes alive in his head. Later through the influence of his Harvard professors he was given the Sheldon Travel Fellowship and started out for the West with an old-style dictaphone to gather cowboy songs and

other frontier songs and ballads. These he later included in his COWBOY SONGS, which has recently been enlarged and revised with many more tunes than the first edition gives. This first edition, so scholars claim, was the first volume of genuine American folk songs ever published and a copy of the 1910 edition is classed among the "rare" items on a collector's shelves.

For several years Mr. Lomax, as an officer of the University of Texas and later as a business executive in Dallas, Texas, was too busy with routine work to collect songs in the field. But his interest never waned and during the past six years he has criss-crossed the continent many times with his recording machine, lecturing to colleges and gathering tunes from every state in the Union except North Dakota. His first lengthy recording trip with an improved modern machine was sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation, directed through the Music Division of the Library of Congress. He and his son, Alan Lomax, visited

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every penitentiary of the South, where they found Negro folk-tunes least "contaminated" by "White" and other modern influences. Here they found also a great variety of folk tunes. In Louisiana prison farm Lead Belly sang into the microphone many of his stirring songs, accompanying them on his twelve-string guitar. He was later paroled by the Governor to accompany the Lomaxes, and his dramatic story they tell in their NEGRO FOLK SONGS AS SUNG BY LEAD BELLY.

In their travels the Lomaxes have recorded remnants and widely differing versions of old English ballads, fiddle tunes, hillbilly songs, lullabies, play party and dance tunes, work-songs as varied as the tasks they lightened, cowboy songs, field hollers, Mexican border ballads, from widely scattered ups and downs, ins and outs of the United States. But their favorite source of material is the Negro of the South, whose work songs and spirituals attract the attention of musicians everywhere they are played. Two years ago, while Mr. Lomax was supervising the gathering of folk materials for the Federal Writers Project, Mr. Lomax and his wife worked in Livingston, Alabama with Negro "Songsters" who were introduced to them by Mrs. Ruby Pickens Tartt. On that visit more than a hundred songs were recorded. The names of some of these singers are well-known in the Music Division of the Library of Congress, particularly Doc Reed and Vera Hall, whose records of spirituals are the pride of the Folk Song Archive. And the fame of these singers is not limited to the Library staff. On Christmas Day the British Broadcasting Corporation opened a series of programs which undertook to acquaint the British people with folk music of America; included in one of these programs was a spiritual sung by Vera Hall of Livingston. When Mr. Lomax records, he tells the musicians that they cannot expect returns in money for their services, that they too are making a contribution to the country: but not even Mr. Lomax foresaw that the clear-voiced singer from Livingston would be sent through the twenty-two millions radios of the British Empire.

Adopting the conviction of Mr. Lomax that Livingston, Alabama and its vicinity has the best singers of Negro spirituals in the country, the Library of Congress asked

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Mr. Lomax to include Livingston again in his itinerary with an improved machine which makes almost perfect reproductions. Once more through the help of Mrs. Tartt the songs the "songsters" were rallied and filled twenty records with beautiful spirituals, playparty songs, work-songs, lullabies. Some of the old favorites, such as "Job, Job" and "John" Saw Dat Number", were re-recorded, but a large number of "brand new" tunes were sung. Most of the recordings were made in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tartt, though for a few songs the machine with batteries was taken to the singers' homes. One set of congregational singing was recorded in the Johnson Place Baptist Church near Livingston.

Besides the COWBOY SONGS and the Lead Belly book mentioned above, Mr. Lomax is editor and compiler of the following collections: SONGS OF THE COW CAMP AND CATTLE TRAIL: and, in collaboration with Alan Lomax, of AMERICAN BALLADS AND FOLK SONGS, VOL. I. A second volume of American Ballads Our Singing Country is in preparation and will appear this fall.

Section 18: Newberry, Florida; June 1

2695 2704 2698 2705 JAL '39 Newberry, Florida Mrs. G.A. Griffin Do not lose Belongs to 1939 report

June 1, 1939

We drove up to Mrs. Griffin's door about eleven o'clock in the morning. She was just building a fire in her wood cook-stove to cook dinner. Mrs. Griffin is almost blind; she keeps one of her grandchildren to help her, and she has a boarder, -a workman who takes his lunch with him. After we had talked with her a little while and she had sung three or four songs, she invited us to dinner; there was no excusing ourselves, and we stayed. The food was coarse and poorly prepared, but Mrs. Griffin's courteous hospitality made up for any deficiencies in the quality of the food. She had chickens, all of whom she called by name, - at least the older ones, and we had her record her call to the chickens. Ever since

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Professor Morris invited Mrs. Griffin to sing her ballads to his classes in the University of Florida, Mrs. Griffin has had an ambition to hear her name mentioned on radio. She was beginning to look to her shekels, too. It seems that some of her friends or her family had suggested that the men who were getting her songs were making money from them, of which she should have a large share. She at length seemed convinced of Mr. Lomax's sincerity of purpose, and she recorded several songs that she had thought up since Mr. Lomax was there with Professor Morris. I set down here some interesting remarks that are not included in the excerpts from a letter, a copy of which is attached.

*"She kept her jewels in a girly-perchy box." - - "That song? why, I ain't thought o' that song since I used to go to the cowpen and sing." Requesting to hear her recorded song played back: "Set that off and see what hit caught." "My father was always singing songs; taught singing schools."

*"When I was a girl, somebody brought me a box, smelled like rubber, called hit a 'girly-perchy box.'"

Letter from RTL to her family Newberry, Fla. re: Mrs. G. A. Griffin June 2, 1939

Night before last we spent at Live Oak, Fla., "way down upon the Swanee River", the real Swanee. I don't have a Florida map handy, but if you follow Highway No. 41 on down you will find Newberry where we spent yesterday with Mrs. G. A. Griffin, a white singer. The Library already has seventy of her songs which John Avery and a University of Florida man* got two years ago. Mrs. Griffin is much feebler and has lost several more teeth ("I caint sing no more, fer my lips git sucked in the holes between my teeth", giving thereupon an exhibit as proof); nevertheless Mrs. Griffin added six or seven songs to her list of recordings. She must have had a repertoire of two hundred in her prime, for there is mentioned hardly an old secular song of which she did not know at least one couplet or stanza. She calls herself a Georgy Cracker. "How did you happen to leave Georgia, Mrs. Griffin?" "Well, my Ma had a sister down here she wanted to see, so her an' five o'

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us kids jes' come. We lef' Pa at home an' he come later." "How did you come?" "Walked hit. A hundred 'n' seventy eight miles, ever step of hit. Tuck us three weeks. But when we wuz bigger me an' my brother walked hit agin in seven days an' nights". She had twelve children all brought to maturity and eleven of them living now. "my children all had the same father. I haint never been that way except fer one man, an' as the Lord's my witness I haint never knowed but two men in all my life, an' them two wuz my husbands. An' I've been thowed with men in every way. I've worked in the fields with 'em, rid horse races with 'em-why I run a horse race right over thar, ridin' barback, made some money too, not bettin', but jest the prize money; an' I've built a house with my own hands, an' when I married Mr. Griffin I wuz runnin' a sawmill o' my own, an' had twelve men a workin' for me." Explaining that she was not on good terms with one of her daughters who probably could remember some of the song words that she had forgot, Mrs. Griffin said: "Will Brown, he's my daughter's husband, told me he'd kick me off the place if I ever come near his house. An' d'ye know why? Well, I told 'em plain out that Nellie, that's their daughter an' my own grandchild, too, I haint a-denyin' that, but I told 'em she wuz goin' to burn in hell fire fer breaking up another man's home. She went in an' got a man to fall in love with her, then she tuck an' divorced her own husband an' made this other man divorce his wife an' then they wuz married. Twarnt nothin' but plain adultery an' nothin' caint save her from hell, an' I told 'em so an' they don't like hit." "Anyhow my daughter caint sing any better than I can, fer she's snagged toothed too, Mrs. Griffin used to work large farm, but once had \$22000 in bank. Lost most of it in bank failure. Mrs. Griffin calls a spade a spade. She can't write, "never went to school a day in my life". This came out when she complained that she had difficulty in shopping: "I have to send my grandson here, an' he caint remember but one thing at a time; so I have to send him fer meat, an' then when he gits home with the meat, I have to send him back for beans." "Why dont you write out a list for the grocer?" Then came the explanation. But Mrs. Griffin is wise in many ways beyond "book-larnin'". Wish we could hear her husbands' side of this story.

*Prof. Alton Morris

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JAL '39

Newberry, Florida

Mrs. G.A.Griffin - Further notes on Mrs. Griffin-

June 1,1939

"My father was a fiddler. I learnt most o' my songs from him. We still got his fiddle. The children all bid for it, and I bid it in for \$92.00".

Mrs. Griffin's version of the lullaby, "Go to sleepy, little baby", concludes: "When you wake up, you shall have Some cake an' all them pretty little horses."

She tells about her reluctance to sing a certain song for Mr. Lomax and Professor Morris: "I looked over an' saw Mr. Morris a-look-in' down, an' I knowed he was thinkin' evil. An' I tried to keep from laughin' till my jaws hurt."

Her father had fifteen guns, called by name: Bull-tyre(?); Scooter-plough (made from scooter plough); Spike barrell; Holt- -; Meat-in-the-pot; Betsy, etc.

About her and her brother's trip back to Georgia when she was 15 years old, she says: "When I was 15 years old, brother an' me walked back to Georgy in seven days an' nights. Sometimes at night we stayed in people's houses; we always told 'em the truth, never lied; I told my brother to always tell the truth an' we'd be all right: jes' brother an' sister makin' our way back to Georgy. One night we come to a church, with the door open; it was empty, a space so-high where the roof come down to the walls was open, not boarded-up; don't know why; may be they didn't have 'nough plans or may be cooler that way. We pulled some benches together and I put my bundle under my arms and laid down. Now my brother found a path leadin' down to the well,-he was older and been about more and saw sech things. We went down to git some water and we had to pass a graveyard There was

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a cow that just had a calf and she was groanin' and carryin' on, an' I got scairt. An' when I was layin' on them benches I kept nearin' them noises in the graveyard an' 'bout that time I heard the awfulest Flop-flop-flop, an' I knowed it was sperits. I called my brother an' he said it wasn't no sich, go, on to sleep, -but the floppin' kep' up till I couldn't stand it no longer. Then my brother got up a-cussin' me an' said hit warn't nothin' but buzzards. They was some straw an' dry leaves outside an' he set 'em of fire an' hit blazed up an' he said they was seven buzzards an' a owl come out from that big crack, but I didn't see 'em, an' I still believe they was sperits."

When Mr. Lomax mentioned to her the ballad, The King wrote a love-letter, which she had recorded previously, she said she learned it from her father, and proceeded to relate this incident: "Once my father stood on top o' the shed and sung The king wrote a love-letter, and he sung it so loud that the neighbors three mile away said they heard him. They was a creek and I guess his voice went down the creek." She was sixteen years old the last time she heard him sing.

2704 2705

JAL '39

Mrs. G. A. Griffin -Texts-incomplete

The walls of Jericho - This is Mrs. Griffin title for a combination of The Nightingale, Rhy Whiskey, O Mollie, O Mollie. Tune: Rhye Whiskey The text runns along with little variation from Nightingale, but in about the third stanza breaks into: Take out your horses an' feed 'em some hay My horses aren't hungry an' won't eat your hay (Hiccoughs) how bad I do feel (repeat) I'll eat when I'm hungry, etc. If a limb don't fall on me, etc. My whip's in my hand, my wagon's well-greased So fare-you-well, Betsy, I'm drivin' away; But it's for you, Betsy, I've come this long way, Let me jump in the bed behind you and lie there till day. For it rains, hails an' freezes an' the moon gives no light But it's for your sake, etc. Let me

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jump, etc. Sweet river, sweet river, we know you're not dry But I never drink nothin' till I know I am dry O Molly, O Molly

* Jordon a hard road to travel - one stanza: (not recorded) Looked across the river an' my heart began to jivver, An' I wished I been a geese over there.

*also: Pull off your shirt and roll up your sleeve Jordon is a hard road to travel, I believe

Billy Boy - one stanza- (not recorded this time) She could card, she could spin, She could do most anything.

My mule and me - a funny song Text may not be accurate in spots The other day I had some cash Then I thought I'd cut a dash; I went to a man had mules to sell, I bought me one that pleased me well; Sing hi-fo-dol, sing hi-fo-day Hi-fo-diddle dol-day. I sat my mule and was right mad To think my mule served me so bad, He throwed me down, he mashed my nose, He broke my back, he dirted my clothes. I got up, I was right mad To think my mule served me so bad, I beat him, I banget him, I had him to go, Hehas shadow one mile or more. We run on till we come to the sea And then I thought both drowned to be, My mule didn't seem to be 'fraid(?) at all, He taken one sup and he swallowed it all.

My mule he kicked up and away he did fly He lodged me up all in the sky

JAL '39 Mrs. Griffin- -Texts

My mule and me - cont'd Gittin' up was easy enough But how to git down looked very tough; I saw a rainbow reachin' to the ground, I greased my pants and so slipped on down. Now I've sung my song most through And every word of hit are true Now I've sing my mule both steam an' fire (?) If you don't believe it, you can go an' inquire.

It rains and it hails- game song like London Bridge text incomplete It rains and it hails and it's cold stormy weather Oh, al ong come a farmer's daughter drinkin' o' her cider Oh, you can be the reaper and I'll be the binder I've lost my true love(r?) and where will I find her?

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Oh, I found my true lover and I told her I love her Come under, come under, my honey, my love, my hearts's I've not caught you to drown you, I've caught you to love you I love her as I love my life I'll hug her and kiss her

This is seven fox - a hunting song, learned from a Negro woman who "helped me when I was thataway" This is the seven fox we have roused from the rocks He is making for the water, we'll turn to my home So I'll leave the fox alone And rouse him early Monday morning, God knows. I put my horn to my mouth, blowed West, East, North and South, My hounds don't seem to hear me, but we'll return to my home And goin' leave the old fox alone And rouse him early Monday morning, God Knows.

Skip-to-my-Lou- not recorded; Mrs. Griffin sang this line: My sweetheart kicked me, - tumpta-ma-loola

Cambric Shirt - for full text see Thelover's bargain (?), a previous recording See next page Go tell her to make me a Cambric shirt And she shall be a true lover o' mine. Go tell her to wash Go tell her to iron Go tell him to get him an acre of land ""plant plough, "harry", thrash it against the house wall, etc.,

Ducks in the pond - text incomplete Ducks in the pond and geese fly over Gals in the bed and can't turn over Ho! Lord, the one I go for Got so drunk that he couldn't turn over. Betsy was a honey, Polly was a baby Come along, honey, and go to your daddy. Late in the evening Peter went a-fishin He laid down and the boogers come an' got him

JAL '39

Mrs. Griffin - Text

The cambric Shirt- "Learned it when a little girl and sang it more times than the hairs o' my head." Go tell her to make me a cambric shirt "Save" (sage?), rosenary and thyme Without a needle or seamster's work, And age shall be a true lover o' mine. Go tell her to wash it

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all in a dry well Save, Rosemary and thyme Where water never sprung, no rain never fell
And she shall be, etc. Go tell her to hang it all on a thorn bush Where bush never growed
since Old Adam was born Go tell her to iron it against a horse back Without lookin' down
and lettin' it get black Go tell him to get him one acre of ground Save Rosemary and thyme
lover o'mine Twixt sea-water and the sea-sound And he shall be a true lover o' mine Go
tell him to plant it in little grain corn Go tell him to plought it with a horse's (?) horn Go tell
him to reap it with a shickle o' leather Go tell him to haul it home on a peafowl's feather Go
tell him to thrash it against the house wall Without lookin' down or lettin' a grain fall When
he gits all this work done Tell him to come to me for his cambric shirt And he shall be a
true lover o' mine.

JAL '39

Mrs. Griffin - Texts (incomplete) also 992 B3

Tune: Going back to Georgia The coon he totes a ringed tail; the possum a slick 'un The
coon he eats my new gro und corn, the possu catch a chicken Oh, the higher you clamb
a cherry tree, riper are the berry The more you court that pretty little girl the sooner she'll
get married. Refrain: An' I want to go back to Georgy, I want to go back to Georgy. I would
not marry you to save my life because you are my cousin, For I can get a plenty more for
eighteen cents a dozen.

Dying Cowboy- (2695)- deviations from the usual text: Don't bury me here on the lone
prairie Where the rattlesnakes is and the wind blows free. Oh, carry me back to my
mother's home, Don't bury me now where it's all alone. Don't matter now, so I've been
told, Where the body lays, but the heart will grow cold. Oh, they carried him back to his
mother's home, They wouldn't bury him there all alone.

Calling her chickens- 2698 A3

Section 19: State Penitentiary, Raiford, Florida; June 2-5

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JAL '39

Raiford, Florida-State Penitentiary June 2-5, 1939

List of songs recorded:

2706,2707,2708,2709,2710,2711,2712,2713,2714,2715,2716,2717,2718,2556B,3554B,3556A

I heard what you said about me- -by Allen Ried I left my woman in the back door cryin'- -
by James Richardson- holler I want to moan right on that shore- Joe Brown, Paul Perkins,
James Richardson Willie Ford. John Henry- -sung by Joe Brown, guitar by Lonnie Thomas
Little Lonnie- - bu Burrus Johnson The longest day I ever lived- John Brown and group
Lost train blues- - Fred Perry, fiddle, and Glen Carver, guitar Lullaby- - sung by John
Brown The mocking bird- -by Fred perry, fiddle, and Glen Carver, guitar My time ain't
long-(Sometimes I feel like a motherless child)- by Johnnie Mae Medlock, Clifford Reid,
Annabelle Sanford, Lois Brown New Burying ground- -by Joe Brown and Group O Cap'n
caint read- -by Dawson Johnson Oh,ye prodigal son- by Joe Brown and group Oo, what
you gonna do, woman-(holler)- -Joe Brown Ole Bad Laz'us- -by Allen Reid One Saturday
night- -by Colon Reed Oh, de sun done quit shining- -by Lonnie Thomas Po' Stranger
blues- -Johnnie Mae Medlock and Lillian Hutchins Prayer- - group of men Pretty girl don't
pay me no mind-by Fred Perry, fiddle, and Glen Carver, guitar Red hot sun turning over-
Joe Brown and group Sallie Gordon (Goodin?)-Fred Perry, fiddle, and Glen Carver, guitar
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child-Clifford Reed, Johnnie Mae Medloc Julia Griffin
Steal Liza Jane-ring game- by Gussie Slater, Johnnie Mae Medlock, Ruth Hines Sissie in
de barn-Julia Griffin and group-game song Take dis hammer- group This is the way you
build a bridge-game song-Clifford Reid, Johnny Mae Medlock, Annabelle Sanford, Lois
Brown Three nights experience- -Colon Reed Keel(?) Trouble is hard- -Gussie Slater and
Clifford Reid The two soldiets- -Glenn Carver Walking in my sleep- -Fred Perry, fiddle,
and Glen Carver, guitar When I wake up in the morning-holler-Allen Reid Work don't
bother me-Colon Keel You must be born again-group of men Bad Laz'us- -Allen Reid De
Funiac blues- -Barruss Johnson Down by the Rocky Mountains- -by James Richardson

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Dupree blues- -Buena Flint (Flynn) Go tell Aunt Tabby- -Corine Jackson and Hazel Futch
He knows- -Mary Hunter, Ella Monday, Lillie Hardwick, Geneva McDonald Hikin' Jerry-
-Daws on Johnson and Allen Reid Home on the range- -James Richardson I'm gonna
roll a few days longer-(holler)-Willie Howard I feel my time aint long- - John Brown Bobby
Allen- Hule Hines Bull cow Blues-by Johnnie Mae Medlock and Lillian Hutchins, Battle Ax-
Gussie Slayter and Gussie Reed Blind Child-Colon Keel Clever Glen Carver- by Allen Reid
Total-49 titles Impossible to get all texts, even when RTL was present to try to take them
down.

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. 2706 Raiford

I want to moan right on dat shore sung by Negro quartet..Florida State Prison Exhibit
Room, Raiford, Fla. June 3, 1939 (spiritual) Joe Brown, leader James Richardson, Willie
Howard, Paul Perkins I want to moan right on dat shore I want to moan right on dat shore I
want to moan for my Jesus For my Jesus evermore My mother she died right o dat shore,
etc. I want to pray, etc. I want to build, etc. I want to stand, etc. I want to kneel, etc.

A 2. Home on the Range SUnG by James Richardson (Negro). . . Florida State Prison
Farm, Raiford June 3, 1939 "discouraging word" Usual printed text. See Lomax:COWBOY
SONGS "glory excess that of ours"

Hikin Jerry Work song,..sung by Florida State Prison Farm, Raiford June 3 Hikin Jerry,
hikin' down de main line Southern Hikin' Jerry, hikin' down de main line Southern Dead on
time, Lord, Lordy, she's dead on time. Looky yonder, hard boilin' sun turnin' over (repeat)
She won't go down, Lord, Lord, she won't go down. My little woman, she won't treat me
like she usta (repeat) She's gone away, Lord, Lord, she's gone away My ole Captin, he
done lef' dis mornin' (repeat) He won't be back, Lord, Lord, he won't be back.

I'm goine where de sun never shine..Worksong Blues..by Allen Reed..State Prison Raiford,
Fla. June 3, 1939 I heard what you said about me 2. I'm gwine where de sun never shine
(repeat) If you cry 'bout a nickle, you will die 'bout a dime Yes, I'm gwine where de sun

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never shine 1. I heard what you said about me. Yes I heard what you said about me If you cry 'bout a nickle, you will die 'bout a dime. Yes I heard what you said about me. 3. I'm goin' back in the cool m way back in the mines. Yes, I'm etc. Said if I cry 'b ut a nickle, well I'll die 'b out a dime Yes, I'm gwine where de sun never shine. 4. Captin, you ought to be ashamed. Yes, Captin, etc. You lef' yo' watch home an' you work me by yo' chain Yes, I heard what you said about me

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. 2707 Raiford

Oh, ye, Prodigal Son spiritual. . . sung by Negro uartetFlorida State Prison, Raiford June 2, 1939 Joe Brown, leader-James Richardson, Willie Howard, Paul Perkins Oh, (Go?) ye prodigal son (three times) So ye can be a servant o' de Lord. (Refrain) I b'lievedat I will go back home (repeat) An' be a servant o' de Lord (Couplet repeated) Oh,de prodigal son, he was a furaway child His mind was not to obey The he left his father's home He thought he was goin' astray His father say him comin', an' he 'met him with a smile: He threw his lovin' a ms aroun' him, cryin' 'This is my darlin' child'.

JAL '39 Texts

Raiford, Fla.-Women's Dormitory June 4, 1939

I know my time ain't long-(Sometimes I feel like a motherless child) eader-Clifford Reid Sometimes I feel like a motherless child (3 Times) I know my time ain't long. Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air (3 times) Lord, Lord, I know my time aint long. Sometimes I feel like I have no friend. etc Sometimes I feel like a motherless child.

Go tell Aunt Tabby-Corine Jackson and Hazel Futch Go tell Aunt Tabby (3 times) The old gray goose is dead The one she's been saving, to make her feather-bed She died last Friday, etc Go to sleepy baby on your feather-bed

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Bobby Allen by Queen Hines(Barbara Allen) Learned from grandparents Remember, 'member de other day When you was in tow a-drinkin' You treated all the ladies 'round An' slighted Bobby Allen. He sent his servants to the town Unto his Bobby's dwellin' Your master dear lies sick abed Sick unto his Bobby Allen Yes, I am sick an' very sick An' this is all my dwellin' I never shall see my time again If I don't get Bobby Allen Slowly, slowly she got up An' went unto his dwellin' She raised the curtain as she walked in, Young man, I think you're dyin' She wheeled around and went back home Along as she was journeyin' She looked to de East, looked to de West She saw de corpse a-comin' Oh mother, mother, fix my bed An' make it long an' narrow A young man died for me today, An' I must die for him tomorrow. Little Wille died on Saturday night An' Bobby died a-Sunday Little Willie died on Saturday night, He were buried on Easter/Monday. An' from her grave there sprung a rose An' from his grave a brier They wrapped an' tied in a true lovers' knot An' lived an' died together.

JAL '39

Raiford, Fla.-Women's Dormitory-Texts

2716 He knows-spiritual-Mary Hunter, Ella Monday, Lillie Hardwick, Geneva McDonald Refrain: He knows, He knows, He knows He knows all you do an' he hears all you say My blessed Saviour He knows. When I mon, when I moan, He knows, My blessed Saviour knows. Yes, He sees all you do, etc. When I cry, etc. Pray for me, etc.

2716 He's a battle-ax-spiritual-Gussie Slayter and Clifford Reed Refrain: He's a battle-ax in a time o' battle Shelter in a mighty storm Well, caint no man do like Jesus Not a mumblin' word did he say He jes' walked right down to Laz'us grave An' he raised him from de grave Easter night he started back home Stopped in Jerusalem, was pressin' along Spoke to de doctors all precious in gold Doctors, can you heal a dyin' soul? Well, if it had not been for Adam There would not a-been no sin Oh, Adan broke de law of God (?) Now we got a debt to pay When Mary was seekin' for religion She wasn't only twelve years old, She was

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skippin' over hills an' mountains She knocked at Abraham's door Well, A is for Almighty that is true B is for Baby like I an' you C is for Christ sent from God D is for Doctor man of all.

2718 Po' Stranger blues-Johnny Mae Medlock and Lillian Hutchins Refrain: I'm a stranger here, I just becomed in yo' town (repeat) Just because I'm a stranger the peopl want to dog me 'round 3. I would stay but nothin' there that I can do (repeat) Just hang around de corner an' sing dese po' strang r blues. 2. I wonder how some people can dog a po' stranger so Just because I'm a stranger people want to dog me 'round. 4. I'm gin' back South if I wear out ninety-nine pairs o shoes Well, I know I be welcome an' I won't have to(sing?) dese Po' Stranger Blues..

JAL '39

Raiford, Fla. Women's Dormitory-Texts

2718 Bull-cow blues-text incomplete-Johnny Mae Medlock and Lillian Hutchins Probably learned from record. If you got a good bull-cow, you'd best feed him every day I say, "" "" "" Or else there'll come along some young cow and tow yo' bull away. Now,yo' bull's in a pasture where ain't no grass I want you women outside to love me like- - Oh, baby, don't mean yo' bull no good- - Why don't you give yo' bull Oh, dat bullall night long, You wake up in de mornin', baby, you find yo' bull done gone You may be nimble but you got to die some day You might as well give me some o' yo' lovin' befo' you pass away.

2716 Trouble is hard-spiritual-Gussie Slayter and Clifford Reed Refrain: My trouble is hard, so hard (repeat) Jes' caint believe my trouble is hard Well, do n by de graveyard I'm goin' to walk Me an' Godamighty goin' have a little talk Two white horses side by side Me an' Goda mighty goin' take a ride Oh, stop,y ung man, I got somethin' to say You are sinnin', why don't you pray? Sinnin' 'gainst God, sinnin' in vain Who has power to slay us all God called Moses on de mountain-top Placed de laws in Moses' heart Placed de commandments in his mind Go, Moses, don't you leave my lamb behind A for Adam, he

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was a man He's placed in de garden at God's command Adam was father of de human race, He violated de law an' God drove him from de place. Well, Adam went a way, didn't stay long Before God sent him to save his corn He overtook Adam an' caught him by his mind De power reached him just in time Go down, angels, consume de flood, Blow out de sun, turn de moon to bloodblood Come back, angels, an' bolt de do'; Time has been won't be no mo'.

JAL '39 Raiford, Fla. Women's Dormitory Texts cont'd

2718 Dupree Blues-by Buens Flint-learned from record or radio. Text incomplete Betty told Mr. Dupree, says, I want me a diamond ring (repeat) Dupree told his little old Betty he can get most any old thing He said, Lay down, Little Betty; he said, Lay down, little Bitty Betty See what tomorrow gonna bring. Lord, it may bring sunshine an' it may bring a diamond ring. Dupree didn't want hi Betty, his little Bi ty Betty, to know that he was pore; So he grabbed his revolver an' started to de jewelry man's store. He said, Look here, Mister Jeweler man won't you show me a diamond, plea Look here, look here, "" "" ""please 'Cause my Little Bitty Betty want to give her po' heart's ease I said, six months ain't no sentence, an', baby, two years aint no time Look at po' little Betty, she's tryin' to make ninety-nine.

2718 Steal, Miss Liza-game song-by Gussie Slayter, Johnny Mae Medlock, Ruth Hine Steal Miss Liza, steal Liza Jane That ole man aint got no wife-Steal Liza Jane Can't get a wife to save his life, steal Liza Jane Steal Miss Liza, steal Liza Jane (repeat) That ole man, etc. Can't keep a wife, etc.

2718 Sissy in de barn-game song-Julia Griffin and group Sissy in de barn, join de wedding Prettiest little couple I ever did see, Oh, bye-an'-bye put yo' arms around me Says, little sissy, won't you marry me. Oh, step back, gal, don't you come near me, All those sassy words you say Bye-an'-baye, throw yo' arms around me Pretty little sissy, won't you marry me.

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JAL '39The Superintendent's Home Florida State Prison Raiford, Florida June 2, 1939

Raiford, Fla. State Penitentiary Letter of RTL to family

Dear Jim,

Having escaped from Texas, Arkansas and Mississippi penitentiaries, we are caught again in Florida. From where I am sitting we see only beautiful lawns and trees, and would never guess that a few yards away there are many hundreds of prisoners confined. Florida has a very fine superintendent, Mr. Chapman, who believes that every man should be at work, and here even the cripples have their jobs, every man who is not in the hospital. I have not been inside yet, but I imagine it is cleaner than some of the state prisons that we have visited, not to mention the name of our, or my native state! Our host was away yesterday when we arrived, but Mr. Chapman had left word and the trustees who seem to run the house took us in charge. John Avery has gone scouting this morning and my work begins again when he spots the singers.

Later

With the help of the recreational director and band leader Mr. Lomax found some singers. We set up the machine in a room that had had been used for an exhibit of arts and crafts of convicts. We set up our machine and worked several hours with a quartet who sang, with guitar accompaniment for some of the songs. James Richardson who sang Home on the Range said he had sung it for radio on some state official occasion. Next morning as we started out, Superintendent Chapman called me back and said he did not want me to go into the men's dormitory; he did not want to take any chance of the men's trying a break with me as hostage. So much for Sunday morning and afternoon. Some of the convicts had training as electrical engineers helped with the recording. I was allowed to visit the women's ward. They had church service early after which we set up our machine

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for as many as wished to stay. The women were slow getting started and had to urge one another.

Raiford, Fla. June 5.

At my most recent writing to you, I believe, I had just been forbidden admission to the men's ward of the Mississippi prisons. On our last night there I helped with the recordings in the women's ward,-blues, bye-baby songs, spirituals etc. The girls were allowed to stay up till 1 o'clock, which added to our popularity with them. I dont know how they felt about it next morning at four o'clock. Several of the best singers had gone,-served "they time" and now in the free world, or paroled; one of the best is incapacitated, in the t. b. ward for two years; he wept when John Avery visited him, because he could not sing any more.

Section 20: Murrells Inlet, South Carolina; June 6-9

JAL '39 Murrells Inlet, South Carolina

June 6-8, 1939

Excerpt from letter of R.T.L. to family

From Raiford we went up the coast highway through Brunswick, Savannah, Charles where we spent the night, though I think we should not have stopped, had we known about the polio epidemic, the worst in S.C. for many years. For that reason we had to forego gathering little Negro children together at Murrells Inlet, as we had planned, for playparty songs, - twenty-five dollar fine for such. Tourist camps and houses were not allowed to take in children under twelve years without some kind of statement from a doctor. But we did get some good individual singers, among them our old friend Mrs. Floyd who learned to read when she received her first love-letter.

If you or any of your family travel along Route 17 between Georgetown and Myrtle Beach (through Murrells Inlet), dont fail to drive into Brookgreen Garden, which is developed

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by Huntington, one of nine gardens which he has given to various regions of the United States. His wife is the sculptor of the Diana which reposes in the Univ. of Texas library, a copy of which is in Brookgreen Garden, among nearly a thousand fine pieces of American sculpture. Our friend, Mrs. Chandler, is curator of the museum on the grounds. The best part of the whole garden is the natural beauty grand old live-oaks with silvery moss, restful and quiet and dignified. For the flower gardens Mr. Huntington has specialized in native South Carolina flowers. Our trip all the way from Texas was made, most of the way, through canyons of green woods, with various sorts of wild flowers, and magnolio trees; the last day through the Blue Ridge our road was lined with azaleas in higher spots, and mountain laurel and rhododendron in addition to the gayer-colored smaller flowers. Wild honey-suckle and roses were profuse too.

Further notes on Murrells Inlet:

We had not seen the Chandlers since January 1937. On our way to their home three miles north of the post office, we stopped at Brookgreen Gardens, eight miles south, to see Mrs. Chandler and make arrangements for recording. She did everything possible to help us in the short hours of leisure; besides her work at the Gardens, she has a family of five children to support and look after. She had already arranged for Mrs. Minnie Floyd to come sing. She tried to arrange for a trip over to the Island, where the people live in very primitive style and sing tunes that go back to slavery and earlier times. But transportation for our machine-was-and the heavy batteries needed for supplying the power was a problem that we did not so ,as only row-boats were available. Another snag: Mrs. Chandler's maid, Lilli Knox, was not well and was having family troubles; she was in a "not appreciated" mood and would not sing her spirituals for us in, as she had done previously for us in her own delightful and impressive way. And her cousi Zackie, also, refused.. We set up our machine in the center of lovely mose hung liveoak grove, in the home of Mrs. Chandler's father, where we could get electric current. Mrs. Floyd came

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and sang, as did a Negro schoolteacher Annie Holmes, who brought two or three small children with her to sing game songs.

We had been introduced to Mrs. Genevieve W. Chandler through Miss Montgomery of the WPA Writers Project. Mrs. Chandler had sent in interesting stories and texts of songs that she had gathered in her community, which is the setting of Julia Peterkin's novels about Negroes of S.C. Mrs. Chandler herself has stories printed in Scribner's and Ma'amoiselle

JAL '39

Murrells Inlet, S. C. - List of songs recorded- June 5-8, 1939

Annie Holmes: 2719B4-Bye and Bye, also 2721A1 2721A2 Do let me out in dat lady's garden 2722A3-Drive old Satan away 2729B2-Satan lost de Fadder's key 2721A3-Two little rabbits 2719B3-You got's to move

Viola Brown: 2711B3 Come through the sawmill (with Otho Brown) 2722 Jesus is my only friend 2720B2-More room there 2702B3-Pollyanna low gal (2720?) 2722B1-Rocks on every side 2720 B1-We don't have no payday here

Lois Constance Brown, Anna Bella Corin Sinda b, Otho Washington Brown 2692B2- I lost my master's barn key (see Seed tickbitin' me)

Mrs. Minnie Floyd 2719A2-If you will be my bride 2719A3-Paper o' pins 2792B1-Lord Bateman 2719B1-Old fox steppin' out 2722B2-Orphan Girl 2711B2-Ram of Darby 2711B1-Sing song Polly wont you kimeo

Hard times, boys-recorded?

J.A.L. '39 TEMPORARY NO. 2729 6/6-8 Chandler Murrells Inlet, S.C. Referent: Mrs. Genevieve Chandler 2729B (2719?)

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B 2. Satan lost my father's key. . . (Playparty song used as spiritual) Annie Holmes
Murrells Inlet, S.C., June 8, 1939 Satan lost my fadder's keys, Send 'm chilluns to find 'em
Hunt 'em, chilluns, hunt 'em, Hunt 'em till you finds 'em Satan lost my fadder's keys, Find
'em chilluns, find 'em Hunt 'em chilluns, hunt 'em, till you find 'em

2719 B 3. You gots to move Spiritual by Annie Holms..Murrells Inlet, S.C., June 8, 1939
Negro You gots to move, you gots to move When de Lord gits ready, You gots to move
You may be high, you may be low, You may be rich, you may he po' For when de Lord gits
ready, you gots to go move You gots to move. Father move, Gather move For when de
Lord gits ready, You gots to move

2719 B 4. Bye an' bys Spiritual sung by Annie Holmes, Murrells Inlet, S.C. June 8, 1939
Negro Well, bye an' bye, bye an' bye We guineto have a good time (well) bye an' bye.
Well, bye an' bye, bye an' bye We guine to have a good time bye an' bye When I gits up in
de Heaben All my work is done Arguin' with the Father, chattin' with de Son We guine to
have a good time bye an' bye.

2721 A 1. Bye an' bye Negro spiritual..sung by Annie Holmes, Murrells Inlet, S.C. June 8,
1939 Well, bye an' bye, bye an' bye;We gwine to have a good time bye an' bye Well, bye
an' bye, bye an' bye;We gwine to have a good time bye an' bye When I gits to heaven up
in the heaven, All my work is done Arguin' with de Father, chattin' with de Son, We gwine
to have a good time, bye and bye

2721 A 2. Do let me out in dat lady's garden..fragment of ing game song by Annie Holmes
Do, do let me out in dat Lady's garden (repeat) Bet you five dollars I git out o' here, in my
Lady's garden (repeat)

2721 A 3. Two little rabbits play party song used as lullaby. . . by Annie Holmes Two little
rabbits vent out to run, Up hill an' down hill, Oh such fun jump, jump, see how he they run,
" "

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JAL '39

Murrells Inlet, S.C. Texts- June 6-8, 1939

2719 Old Fox Steppin' out Sung by Mrs. Minnie Floyd Old fox steppin' out one moonlight night, Jumped on his mind feet much about right (?) Some meat, some meat for my supper here tonight Before I leave this old town-e-o Then away he marched through the farmer's gate There he spied an old blind drake, Old, drake, old drake, won't you go along with me For I'm the honest old soldier in the town-e-o. Then he sat there till the word came No If you never eat no meat till you eat this meat o' mine You'll never eat no meat in this old town-e-o Away he marched to the farmer's barn There he spied man old fool goose Old goose, old goose, would you go with me I'm the honest old soldier in the town-e-o. Old woman nickle-nackle laid in the bed She rise up the blinds(?) and she joggled out her head Old John, O John, the gray goose is gone I think I hear her holler queen-quannio Away he marched back to his den Out come the young ones, eight, nine, ten He picked up one, two, three; he threwed 'em on his shoulder And their bells went dangle-dong-down-e-o O father, O father, you must go back again For you're the luckiest old soldier in the town-e-o No, I'll be hanged if I go back again For don't you hear the threat 'nin' (huntin'?) all aroun'-e-o

2722

Jesus is my only friend- sung by Viola Brown- a spiritual When my room becomes a public hall (3 Times) Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, Jesus is my only friend When my face becomes a lookin'-glass, etc.

2722 Drive Satan away- sung by No lion can drive Satan away. Takes a Christian to drive Satan away. No hypocrite can drive, etc. Refrain: Drive Satan away, drive old Satan Drive old Satan out o' my heart Drive ols Satan away.

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JAL' 39

Murrells Inlet, South Carolina

June 5-8, 1939

2711 B3

Come through the sawmill- game song-played like London Bridge Sung by Viola and Otto Brown, school children Come through the sawmill, sawmill, sawmill Come through the sawmill all day laong (Hands pull back and forth as if sawing) Now come through, Sally, Sally, Sally Come through, Sally, all day long This is the way you build a bridge, build a bridge, build a bridge This is the way you build a bridge all day long (With motions of "building" a bridge)

2702 B3 Pollyanna low gal- a lullaby for "jouncing" rthe baby. Sung by Viola Brown
Pollyanna low gal, Sussyanna huntin' All aorund the haystack for little Baby Buntin' Polly in the barnyard, Sussy in the cellar Who's for to help us to find the little feller Mammy's goin' fishin', Daddy's gone a-huntin' For to catch a possum for little Baby Buntin'

Hard times, boys- Fragments of text. Sung by Mrs. Minnie Floyd Come on, all ye How the They'll take an old shoe to emnd' (?) an old plough In the Here is an oldselling his grain Here is the old preacher Preaching for money and not for our s oul Rides on the circuit Then if you're Here is the old doctor I'll believe He says Then if you die he's after the rest It's hard times, boys.

2719 A3 If you will be my bride- (Paper o' Pins?) sung by Mrs. Floyd Madam, I've a very fine house, it's newly rectified (?) You may have it at your command, if you will be my bridge

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Sir, - - You'll you're off a -playin' cards Madam, I've a very fine horse, whenever you want to ride orchard, paper o' pins, dress of red, dress of blue, keys of heart, keys of desk 2719 A3
Paper o' pins "sorter like"

JAL' 39

Murrells Inlet, S.C.

2711 B1

Sing Song Polly won't you Kimeo - sung by Mrs. Minnie Floyd There was a frog lived in a spring Sing song, Polly, won't you kimeo Had such a cold he could not sing Sing song, Polly, won't you kimeo Pulled him out and throwed him on the ground, etc. The frog he bounced and run around, etc. Water the ground with tobacco smoke And up the nigger's head will poke

2692 B1 Lord Bateman- sung by Mrs. Minnie Floyd In India lived a noble Lord, his riches was beyond compare He was the darling of his parents, And of their estate their only heir. He had gold and he had silver, he had a house of high degree, He could never be contented until he crossed the roaring sea He wandered East and he wandered West, he wandered till he came to the Indian shore Thay caught him there and put him in prison, And he could see the light no more. For seven long months he lay, liminated in iron bands Till he saw the brisk young lady, set him free from iron bands. The jailer had one only daughter, and she was a lady of high degree As she passed the prison door She chanced Lord Bateman for to see. She stole her father's jailer key and said Lord Bateman she'd set free She went into the prison door And opened it without delay Have you gold or have you silver, Have you a house of high degree What will you give a fair lady if from bondage she'll set you free It's not your house or your silver Or your house of high degree All I want to make me happy And all I crave is your lady Come then, let us make a bargain, For seven long years it shall stand If you won't wed no other woman, I won't wed no other

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man. She stayed with her father till the time expired The seven long years is at an end
She packed up all her rich est clothing Now I'll go and see my friend She wandered East
and she wandered West, She wandered till she came to the Indian shore She could never
be contented Until she seen her love once more. She wandered till she came to Lord
Bateman's palace She knocked so loud upon the ring There was no one to hear the fair
lady, The brisk young porter let her in.

Tell me, is this Lord Bateman's palace? or is the Lord himself within? O yes, O yes, my
pretty fair lady. Ma'am, his new bride has just entered in Tell him to send an ounce of
bread And a bottle of his wine so strong And ask him if he's forgot the lady That set him
free from his iron bands. The porter ran unto his master And bowed low upon his knee,
Arise, arise, you brisk young porter, And tell me what the matter is There stands a lady
at your gate And she does weep most bitterly, I know she is as fine a creature As I will
wish mine eyes to see. She wants you to send her an ounce of bread And a bottle of your
wine so strong And ask if you've forgot the lady That set you free from the iron band She
has more gold on her forefinger, Around her waist is a diamond strg She has more gold
upon her clothing Than your bride and all of her kin He stomped his foot upon the floor,
He broke his table in shivers three Adieu, adieu, to my new fair lady, This fair lady I'll go
and see. Then up spake his new bride's mother, she was a lady of high degree, Since you
have married my only daughter, She is none the worse by me.

Mrs. Minnie Floyd's Version, Murrells Inlet June 7, 1939 JAL '39 Recording Trip Murrells
Inlet, S.C., Mrs. Minnie Floyd Copy.

The Ram of Darby 1. As I went down to Darbuy on a market day On a market day I spied
the fattest ram, sir that ever was fed on hay. This ram was fat behind, sir! This ram was
fat before. This ram was ten rod high, sir. (I'm sure he was no more.) This ram did have
four feet, sir. And on them he did stand And every hoof he had sir It covered an acre of
land. The wool growed on this ram's neck It growed so short and thick It caused the girls
in Darby A season for to pick. The wool growed on this ram's sides It growed so long and

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thin It caused the girls in Darby A season for to spin. The wool growed on this ram's belly It growed into the ground And it was sent to Darby And sold for a thousand pound. The wool growed on this ram's back It growed into the sky The eagle built her nest in it For I heard the young ones cry. The man that butchered this ram, sir Was up to his knees in blood The man that held the basin Got washed away in the flood. The blood did run twenty-four mile, sir (I'm sure it run no more.) It turned an over-shot mill, sir That never was turned before. The man that owned this ram sir He got very rich. The man that wrote this song sir Is a lying son of a bitch. CHORUS: Father de riddle (Fol? sounded like father to me!) """" Father de riddle de ri do! """" ray! Mrs. Floyd For John A. Lomax 6/7/39 Murrells Inlet, S.C.

Polly Anna Low Gal, Susie Anna hunting all around the hay stack for Little baby bunting. Bolly in barn-yard Susie in the celler, do tasser help us to find the little fellow. Mama is gone a fishing, Papa is gone a hunting for to catch a possom for little Baby Bunting 2720

Run home children more Room de, de, run home children, more room de, de, I'm going home, more room de, de, darmore room de, da, da. O lets run home, das more room da da, And try on my robe, de more room da da, and my starry crown, das more room de de 2720

Section 21: Clemson, South Carolina and vicinity; June 9-12

JAL '39

June 9-11, 1939

Clemson, S. C; Anderson County, S. C.; Toccoa Falla, Ga.- -June 9-12, 1939

It is a good day's trip from Murrells Inlet to Clemson, South Carolina. The name on the map is Clemson College, S. C., the site of the state college by that name. We had been invited there by Ben Robertson Jr, who thought that Mr. Lomax might be interested in seeing the throngs of people who gathered to such a "singing" as is advertised to be held

Library of Congress

at Toccoa Falls, Georgia, described on the attached folder which Mr. Robertson sent us; he thought also that the Library of Congress might be interested in recording this type of religious song and its style of singing. As indicated later the size of the crowd and other physical conditions made it impossible to get a representative group. One of the two numbers sung into the microphone by the men's quartet invited to record proved to be a "joke", unintentional. The men were asked to sing one of their favorite hymns, as a second number. Because of noises the door between the singers' room and the hallway where the machine was set up had to be closed after the "ready" signal was given. When the song was played back Mr. Lomax heard to his amazement an imitation of a Negro spiritual.' And on this trip he had just recorded hundreds of genuine spirituals from Negroes themselves.

For the three days of our visit we were guests in the Robertson home, where Ben Robertson Jr. lives with his father, Ben Robertson Sr., a professor in Clemson College. Their Negro maid, Mary Lee, runs the household under the guidance of Ben Robertson Jr. The home has a very fine library and there were evidences around of Mr. Robertson's activities as a writer.

In the evening of the first day, Friday, Mr. C. F. Adams, a moving power in the "Singing Festival", called to make arrangements for our Sunday recordings. He invited us to his broadcast early Sunday morning at Anderson, S. C. Mr. Adams himself has a furniture and funeral service business with headquarters in Seneca, S. C. With his broadcast of religious music sung and played by various quartets, trios, duets, church choirs, Sunday School choirs and classes, family orchestras, he has an opportunity of advertising his principal business but also the song book business of which he is an unofficial, if not official, agent.

On Saturday Mr. Robertson gathered to his home some of his Negro friends, a quartet of working men, and a quartet of young people from the Owens family. Their songs are listed later. After the visit to Mr. Adams's broadcast Sunday morning, we stopped at the

Library of Congress

Anderson County Convict Camp, for a road gang. Our experiences there are related elsewhere. The afternoon we spent on the Toccoa Falls Singing Festival project.

For the evening Mr. Robertson had investigated Negro rural services We were told that the Little Hope Baptist congregation would have services. It looked like rain, but we started out. On the way we learned from Negroes on foot that the group was gathering at the school-house which was nearer than the church house. When we arrived some fifty people of all ages had gathered. The house was dimly lighted but we set to work as quickly as possible, since lightning was beginning to flash. Perhaps the congregation did not feel at home here, but response came slowly. Finally we did record several lined hymns and spirituals and one very pretty cradle song. By the time we had packed up ready to go, the rain was coming down in sheets. Mr. Robertson braved the storm to back the car as close to the door as possible; with the help of the deacons we loaded up and with the careful driving of Mr. Robertson we slid safely along the clay roads home. I couldn't help wondering what the "Sunday Best" of those faithful church members looked like after they had waded through the rain over the several miles that many had to travel. They are a very patient, fine-spirited people.

The next morning we bade the Robertsons and Mary goodbye and started on our way again.

JAL '39

Clemson, S. C., Anderson Co., S. C., and Toccoa Falls, Ga.-June 11 and 12, 1939
Home of Ben Robertson Sr., a professor in Clemson College, and Ben Robertson, Jr. newspaperman, Clemson, S. C. June 10, 1939

Quartet: Phil Butler, Brady Walker, Thos. Trimmer, William Gant Communion Hymn- - assisted by Mary Lee 2721A4- a lined hymn, only fragments of text caught. Oh, peace my God and save 'em all Be on earth and bring relief Ye shall and trust my word And ye

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2721B1-De Gospel Train Oh, de gospel train is comin', don't you want to go (repeat) Oh, yes, I want to go Oh, she's comin' 'round de mountain, don't you want to go? Oh, oh, yes, I want to go. Oh, she's comin' heavy loaded, etc. Oh, she's loaded with bright angels, etc. Oh, tell me who de Captin King Jesus is de Captin He fought (pronounce as "out") out many a battle, etc.

2721B2-New Buryin' Ground Refrain come on, come on, let's go to buryin' (3 times) Way over on de new buryin' gown' De hammer keep a-ringin' on somebody's coffin, etc. De preacher keep a-preachin' somebody's fun'al De hearse keep a-rollin' somebody dyin'

2723A1-Sometimes I feel like my time ain't long Sometimes I feel like, feel like (repeat) Sometimes I feel like my time ain't long. De preacher keep a-preachin' somebody's fun'al Makes me feel like my time ain't long Sometimes I pray like, pray like (repeat) Sometimes I pray like mt time ain't long Sometimes I sing like, etc.

JAL '39 Clemson, S. C.

Owens quartet, Cecil, Martha, Edward, Robert 2723B2-Bluebird-play song, by Cecil and Martha Owens-No text taken

2723B3-Goblin Man-by quartet-no text taken down

2723B4-Miller got drownded-by quartet-no text taken

2723B1-Ole Aunt Dinah ""

2723A3-Shoo robin (game song) " "

2723B2-Turkey run away " "

2724A1-Stop (step?) an' take a ride-by Owens quartet De chariot wheel keep a-movin' (3 times) Lord, I know you want to ride on de chariot wheel Oh, stop(step?) an' take a ride (3

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times) on de chariot wheel My mother took a ride, etc, My father took a ride, etc. I know I'm goin' take a ride

2724A2-You better run-Owens quartet- Refrain: You better run(3 times) to de city o' de refuge. You meet those hypocrites on de street De first thing they do is show their teeth The next thing they do they begin to lie You better let de liars pass on by. Refrains: You got to run, etc. I got a fath r in de promised land, I never want to stop, etc.

2724A3-Keep a-runnin' from de fire- by Owens quartet Refrain: Keep a runnin' (3 times) from de fire I'm on my journey home. Children, I'm almost surrounded, etc. Refrain 2: I'm a runnin', I'm a runnin' from de fireetc. Oh, sinner, you can't stand de fire, etc.

2723A2-Let me fly- by Owens quartet-not text taken down.

JAL '39 Clemson, S. C.

Little Hope School House -New Zion Church Congregation

2726A1-Go preach my gospel-sung by Deacon Harvey Williams and congregation Go preacy my gospel, saith the Lord, Let all earth my grace receive He shall save that trust my word, And he'll condemn who not believe Now make your great commission known And ye shall prove my glory true.

2726A2-My Lord, what a mourning- by Anna Cason and congregation My Lord, what a mournin' (3 times) When the stars begin to fall You hear de church blls tollin' (?), etc Look an' hear, my God's right hand, etc. When the stars begin to fall

2726A3-Your mamma's a lady- lullaby, by Anna Cason and Polly Pearson Bye, bye, baby, yo' mamma's a lady I know yo' pappy's gone down to de town To shoot a little rabbit skin To wrap the Baby Buntin' in Bye, bye, little baby, lay down. Rock de cradle, Jo Jo, rock de cradle, Susy Rock de cradle, Jo Jo, rock de cradle, Susy.

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2726B1-Rough, rocky Road-Jobie Holmes, Mandie English, Frances Cason, Polly Pearson It's a rough, rocky road, most done travelin' (2) I am bound to carry my soul to Jesus I am bound to carry my soul to de Lord. Got a mother on de road, most done travekin', etc. My father done gone, most done trave lin', etc.

2726B2-New buryin' ground-by Mary Lee, Judie Holmes, Frances Cason, Ed Pearson, Eula McDonald. Don't you hear my Lord a-callin' Way over in de buryin' groun' Come on! let's go a-buryin' Way over, etc. Hammer keep a-ringin' on somebody's coffin

JAL '39

Anders on County, S. C. Convict Camp

2725 AI-Louise-sung by Roscoe (Stud) Jackson and chain gang Text incomplete Louise, you de sweetest girl I know, Well, you made me walk from Chicago to de Gulf o' Mexico Says, de big boat's up de river She's on a bank o' sand If she don't strike high water I swear she never land. You, Louise, dat ain't no way to do You tryin' make me love you- to love you so Oh, Louise, this here will never do Oh, you tryin' to love that other man, and old tender in(?) When she start to love you, I swear she- - Say, looky here, Louise, somebody been and grindin' up de corn

2725A2-Flatfoot Blues-whistled by Clarence Chambers

2724B1-De Gospel Train-"Hambone" and chain gang De Gospel Train is comin', comin' round dat curve My mother goin' ride dat train dat's comin' round dat curve Dat train goin' shoo-shoo, shoo-shoo Dat train goin' ding-dong, ding-dong Dat whistle goin' ooh-oooh, ooh-oooh. My father goin' ride dat train, etc. My sister, etc.

2724B2-Hell down yonder-sung by Hambone and gang It's hell down yonder an' I don't want to go (3 times) It's hell down yonder an' I don't want to go down there. Dat fire hit'll burn you, an' I don't want to go, etc. My mither didn't go, an' I don't want to go, etc.

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2724B3-Ain't no heaven on de county road- "Slick" Owens and gang Text confuse. An' ef I get drunk in yo' city, ole woman An' some one fall down at yo' door Don't you run yo' hand in my pocket, ole woman An' take all my silver an' gold. 'Case I ain't been there but I been told Ain't no heaven on de county road. She'll take a stranger on her knee, and she'll tell him things that/she won't tell me. And if I get killed in Arkansas-saw-saw Won't you send my body to my moth-r-in-law

JAL '39

Anderson County, S. C. Convict Camp

2725B1-Po' Laz'us-sung by Carol Smith and gang Cap'n told de High Sheriff, Go an' bring me Laz'us, Dead or 'live, Lord, Lordy, dead or 'live. Dey found Po' Laz'us way in behind Bald Mountain Wid he head hung down, Lord, Lordy, wid he head hung down. He told ole Laz'us, come to carry you back dis mornin', Come an' go wid me, etc.,. Ole Laz'us cried out, Won't be 'rested dis mornin' By no one man, etc. He shot po Laz'us, shot him wid a mighty big number, Wid a forty-five, etc. Ole Laz'us mother, she come a-runnin' an' a-hollerin', You killed my son, etc. Mail day, I gits a letter Oh, son, come home, etc. I could't read dat ole letter for cryin' Wid a broken heart, etc. I didn't have no ready-made money, Caint go home, etc. You young minors, go on an' git yo' larnin' I got mine, etc. I got my larnin' when de rock was in de bottom, Oh, years ago, Lord, Lord, years ago.

JAL '39

Toccoa Falls, Georgia.

2727A1-I could tell you the time-sung by the Carolina Ladies Quartet Mrs. W. W. Matthews, Mrs. Jane A. Friddle from Greenville, S. C. Miss Jessie Sentell, Mrs. Maggie Timms This song is taken from a printed song book, as is also the next:

2727A2-Little Log Cabin - sung by the some ladies' quartet.

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2727B1 What a morning that will be and

2727B2-Ready when the great day comes-sung by Paul and Clarence Elliott, Horace Sumney, Floyd Christian

These two quartets were contestants in the Georgia-Carolina Singing Festival, announced of the attached folder. Ben Robertson and a young college reporter friend drove us on Sunday, first to Anderson, S. C. where C. F. Adams conducted a broadcast of church singing by selected groups. On the return from Anderson we stopped at the Anderson County Convict Camp, where we recorded the songs described on the preceding pages. After lunch we drove to Toccoa Falls, Georgia where a huge crowd had gathered from three states, about twenty thousand. It was a hot day and the building of the main session was steaming, literally. Loud speakers made the singing audible over several acres. It was a great social gathering, a veritable reunion. It was impossible to choose wisely. After listening for a long time on the outside, Mr. Lomax chose two quartets, one of women, one of men, for recordings. They were conducted to a building where the machine was set up. The records were made in the midst of much noise and confusion. The songs are not folk songs, but the records illustrate a manner- kind of religious song and a manner of singing them that are currently popular in some small town and rural districts. It is not the same as the Sacred Harp.

TOCCOA FALLS 186 Feet-High

Georgia-Carolina Singing Festival

MEETS AT TOCCOA FALLS, GEORGIA

LeTourneau Building, Route 17, 9.30 A. M.

SUNDAY, JUNE 11

Library of Congress

J. P. Coe, President Theodore Sisk, Secretary

- -PROGRAM- -

Welcome Address Dr. R. A. Forrest

Response C. F. Adams, Seneca, S. C.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE

Mr. J. D. Adams Toccoa, Ga. Mr. J. T. Acree Toccoa, Ga. Rev. J. L. Sisk Toccoa, Ga. Mr. D. C. Deal Toccoa, Ga. Mr. C. F. Adams Seneca, S. C. Rev. J. H. Crunkleton Cornelia, Ga.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

Rev. E. Kelly Barnes Toccoa, Ga. Prof. Theo Sisk Toccoa, Ga. Mr. C. F. Adams Seneca, S. C.

This meeting will be held in the LaTourneau Building, Toccoa Falls, Georgia, 2 miles Northwest of Toccoa, Ga., on Route 17, June 11th, 1939 at 10 o'clock A. M., E.S.T.

This convention will be a self-supporting convention. Everyone is requested to bring a well filled basket. A public address system will be used so that all may hear outside as well as inside the building.

Singers from a distance who are invited to take part on the program are:

The McIlvain Quartet Greenwood, S. C. The Brown Quartet Belton, S. C. The Vaughan Quartet Lawrenceburg, Tenn. The Atlanta Quartet Atlanta, Ga. The Church of God Quartet Greenville, S. C. The Sisk Quartet Gaffney, S. C. The Rangers Quartet Charlotte, N. C. The Stamps-Baxter Quartet Chattanooga, Tenn. The Wheeler Quartet Jasper, Ga. Miss Ruth Barron Toccoa, Ga.

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Also local talent and other singers will be here, Presidents of different Choirs and Conventions will be here, also these singers and presidents will be recognized.

DR. R. A. FORREST President Toccoa Falls Institute

COME!COME!COME!

Traffic will be handled in Toccoa and at Toccoa Falls by the Boy Scouts

While In Town Visit Our Sanitary Plant TOCCOA NEHI BOTTLING CO. Toccoa, Georgia

MERITA Bread and Cakes

MERCK'S DRY CLEANERS "You Are Pleased Or We Are Not" Phone 127 Toccoa, Georgia

Welcome to Toccoa A. & A. GROCERY Phone 34 Toccoa, Georgia

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DR. H.M. FELDMANN Chiropractor Toccoa, Georgia

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MO-BETTA TONIC J. B. Loggins, Agent For Sale by J.T. Acree Toccoa, Georgia

COMPLIMENTS OF TOCCOA ROLLER MILL Eat for Your Health's Sake Home Ground
Flour - Whole Wheat From Georgia Wheat - Graham Flour R. T. Bennett

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Sherard F. A. Stowe W. P. Garner W. J. Andrews

Welcome J. T. A C R E E Groceries Phone 75 CITY MARKET Paul Stephens, Manager
Phone 82 Toccoa, Georgia The Hi-Neighbor Quartet of Anderson, S. C. will be here. Also
Prof. J. H. Rubush of Shenandoah College, W. Va., will be present

Dr. J. H. Terrell R.W. McNeely Ray L. Trogdon COMPLIMENTS OF CITY OF TOCCOA We
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TOCCOA FUNERAL HOME Fred Northcutt, Manager Ambulance Service Phone 73

Clemson, S. C.

R.T.L. to her family (excerpt)

Did you read in a February Statevepost a story about the king and queen, entitled (I believe) They strive to please, an intimate account of some homely facts about their lives.

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The author, Ben Robertson, was our host at Clemson, S. C. for several days. He was once a crack AP reporter in foreign parts. He has just returned from a trip to an oil island, whose name I "disremember", off the coast of South America, a Dutch island where are American oil fields. An article about his trip will appear in July or August in the Satevepost. On a trip to Australia he stopped at Pitcairn Island; at least the boat stopped, and some of the islanders, men, came aboard his boat. He saw none of the women and was not allowed ashore. Mr. Robertson says the people are in need; he gave me a basket which was made by a grandson of one of the originals, - I know that's true, because Pitcairn is woven into the basket! What better proof could you ask? He is an interesting young fellow. I thought how much Allen J. would enjoy him. He took us about, among other places to a white singing festival at Toccoa Falls, Georgia, which lasted from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., though we played hookey part of the time. At least twenty thousand people were milling around, if not "attending". At a county road camp we saw a sight that shocked us all, - eighty Negroes tied by ankle chain to a long large common chain. The fellows were very good-natured about it, and when the singers moved, the whole group made no complaint at having to move too. When a singer would say, "This is as clost as I kin git to the mike", the other fellows would shuffle their leg-chains along the big chain until the singer could reach the mike. This was in group singing, where the mike could not be moved to one singer. The boys enjoyed the diversion and invited us back. Mr. Robertson and a young reporter who was with us did not know that such a custom existed in S. C. and they immediately made resolutions. As guests of the state, John Avery and I, of course, can make no public statement about our reactions. We came by Galax, Virginia, but could make no records because one of our principals was ill with duodenal ulcer, but the beautiful trip through the mountains was worth the additional mileage, at least to us, if not to the library budget.

1939

Clemson, South Carolina

June 27, 1939

Library of Congress

Dear Mr. Lomax: Mary found the pen in the yard and was very pleased to know that it was yours. She became a great admirer of you and Mrs. Lomax. I wish you would write our Governor - he is Burnet R. Maybank - about the Negroes. I am sending you a copy of a statement by Judge Featherstone about the Greenwood County situation - the county below Anderson. I have written to him about the Anderson gang. I have been to Philadelphia to see the Post editors about some more assignments and my father says while I was away a Mr. Piesee from near Anderson came by with a hundred year old song book, written with a goose quill pen. I don't know what it is like but when I see it I'll let you know. It was a great pleasure to have you and Mrs. Lomax here and I hope you'll come by here often. Give my regards to Alan. As ever, Ben Robertson. I am mailing the pen.

Honorable Burnet R. Maybank, Governor of South Carolina, Columbia, S. C.

My dear Governor:

Since 1934 I have spent much of my time travelling throughout the south making records of folk songs. In this work I have visited Negro convicts in all Southern penitentiaries, and in many of the road camps. In making my reports to the Library of Congress I have found so much unjust criticism and misinformation about the treatment of Negro convicts in the South that a year or so ago I wrote a news article explaining the widely misunderstood term "chain gang". In this story I stated that I had never seen convicts chained together. (As a matter of fact no instance of physical brutality in all my experiences have come under my personal notice). I can no longer make this claim.

A few Sundays ago I visited the convict road camp in Anderson County, South Carolina, near Clemson College. There I saw a hundred negroes resting in their quarters, all fastened together on a single long chain, so that when a small group agreed to sing for me, the entire bunch had to move out of the tent and stand in the open.

Library of Congress

I do not know of the special reasons that make it necessary for these men to be chained together on their rest day. I only know that I have never before seen a practice which seemed to me unnecessary and inhuman.

I am writing to you, Governor, only in the hope that, through the power of your office and the high esteem in which you are held by your people, you can have this situation corrected. I am a Texan and I was for years on the Faculty of the University of Texas, but my father, James Avery Lomax, was born and reared in Abbeville/District, South Carolina, while my mother came from Alabama. By inheritance I hold dear the righteous ideas of a Southern man.

I wish to add that I was most courteously received by the guards at the Anderson County Prison Camp, and I was touched by the cheerful acceptance of their hard fate shown by these black boys as they slowly dragged themselves about with their legs manacled to that long chain.

Sincerely and respectfully yours.

P. S. Without their permission I refer you to Ben Robertson, Jr. of Clemson, S. C. and to Professor Read Smith, South Carolina University, whom I have known somewhat intimately since we were students together at Harvard University.

Section 22: Galax, Virginia; June 13-14

JAL'39

Galax, Virginia

June 13-14, 1939

Library of Congress

From Clemson College, S.C. we made a leisurely trip to Galax, Virginia, making brief stops at Brevard, N.C. and Asheville. Road repairs through the mountains called for some detours.

We arrived at Galax, Virginia late in the afternoon of June 13 and at once communicated with Dr. W.P. Davis, the director or chairman of the Bogtrotters Band. He was ill at his country home. Mr. Lomax found Uncle Alex Dunford and Uncle Crockett Ward and invited them to dinner. After dinner we all drove out to the doctor's home. We had a pleasant visit. Realizing that we could make no recordings on this trip, we started next morning on our last day's travel on our 1939 recording trip and reached Washington in the late afternoon of June 14.

Our speedometer showed 6502 miles since we started out in Texas on March 31.