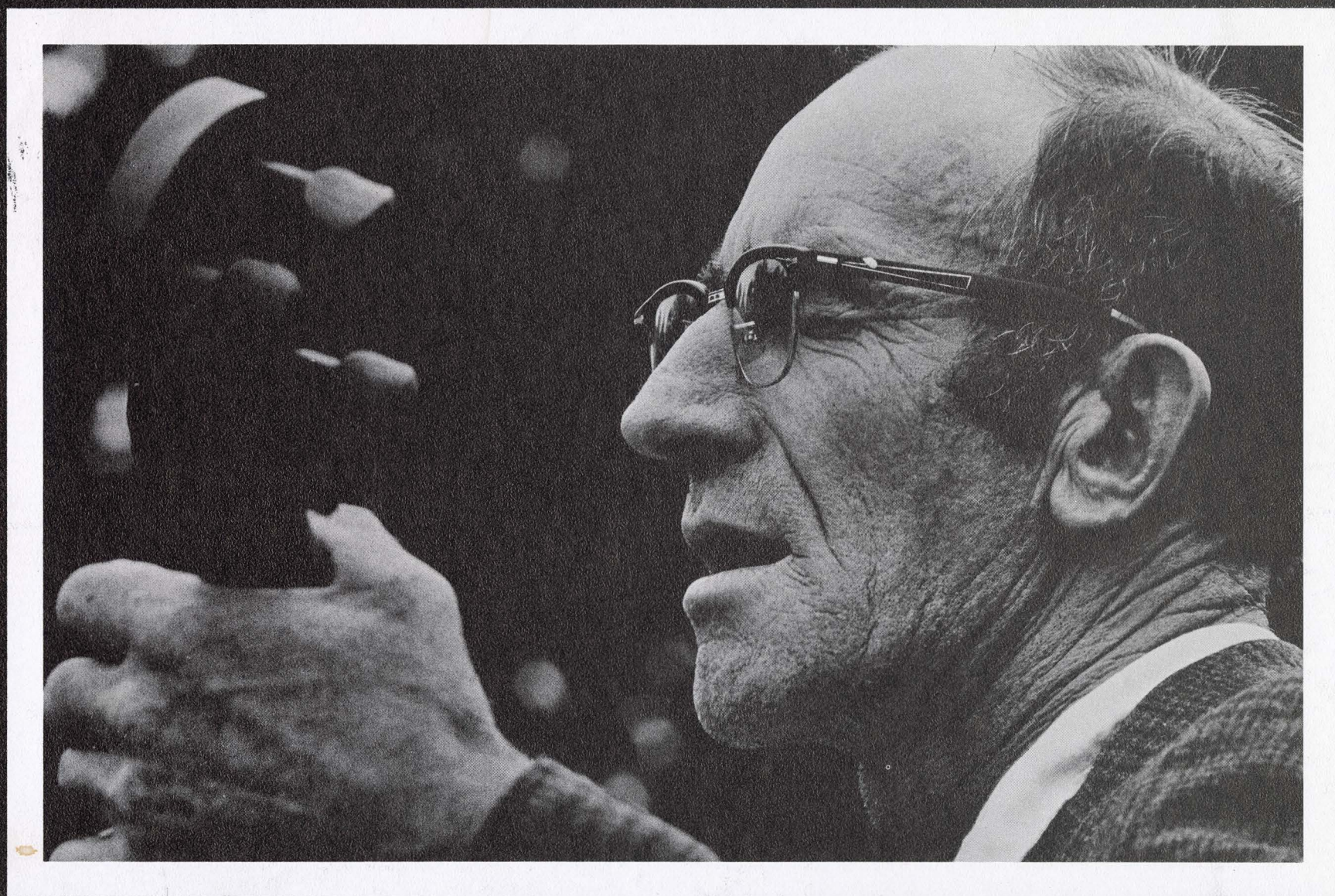


FSA-36

FRANK PROFFITT

— Memorial Album —



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

FRANK PROFFITT

"Memorial Album"

Recorded by Sandy Paton

When Frank Proffitt died, in November of 1965, America lost one of her truly great traditional artists. This album has been produced from the last tapes made of the North Carolina singer, and is offered as our own personal tribute to the memory of a fine man and a very dear friend.

In a very real sense, Frank was instrumental in the founding of Folk-Legacy. Our first album was made from tapes which I recorded of his singing at his home near Reese, North Carolina, in the winter of 1961. Frank's artistry, shaped by his profound respect for the tradition he inherited, so impressed us that we decided to release the recordings ourselves, rather than offer them to others who would be less personally involved. It was this decision which led to the formation of this company.

But Frank Proffitt was a great deal more than just an artist to us. Over the years during which we knew him, his gentle wisdom, his wry humor, and his deep sense of the value of each individual's share of the human spirit led us to admire and love him. He soon became our close and treasured friend.

When Frank visited us in Vermont after his appearance at the Newport Folk Festival in 1963, we managed to find time to wander together across our part of the Green Mountains. It was an experience that I shall always remember. Frank's keen eyes constantly probed the underbrush, singling out and identifying various herbs which he knew from his own section of the Blue Ridge Mountains. He described the medicinal values of each and the manner in which his people used to prepare them for use. Frank was mountain born and bred, and his knowledge of woods lore stands unequalled among mountain men I have been privileged to know. He had very little formal education, but his was an inquisitive mind and he never stopped learning from his surroundings. I am convinced that much of his wisdom came directly from the mountains he loved so well. His quiet dignity and strength seemed to reflect qualities one finds in those brooding hills, while his quick laughter could be likened to a stream tumbling brightly through the darkness of the somber forest. A friend of mine once described Frank's voice as "hickory-smoked," and as I listen again to these tapes it occurs to me that his nature could well be described as closely resembling the hickory itself: springy-tough, resilient, with a seasoned strength hard-tempered by the elements. That's how one should think of a man like Frank, for he was inseparably a part of the heavily timbered mountains from which he came to share his music with us all.

Frank is now buried in a small cemetery a short distance down the valley from the home he built with his own hands for his family. His grave is marked by a stone upon which is carved two lines from a song he recorded for his first Folk-Legacy album:

*Going across the mountain,
Oh, fare you well.*

Yet I suspect that his final message to those who loved him can be found in one of the songs recorded here:

*Come on, brothers, and let's go home;
I'm going where my troubles will be over.*

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
December, 1968

SIDE 1:

Poor Man (Proffitt)
Lord Lovel
Shull's Mills (Proffitt)
Poor Soldier (Proffitt)
Blackberry Wine (Proffitt)
Satan, Your Kingdom Must
Come Down
Will the Circle Be Unbroken

SIDE 2:

I'm a Long Time Travelling
Here Below
Got No Sugar Baby Now
Man of Constant Sorrow
Little Birdie
Single Girl
Everybody's Got to be Tried
Oh, Lord, What a Morning
Little White Robe
Shake Hands With Mother Again

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THE SONGS

Side I, Band 1. POOR MAN (Proffitt)

"Ralph Heath, district chief of the United States Geological Survey at Raleigh, N. C., said that the ground-water levels and streamflows in many parts of the state were at record low levels, and that North Carolina had experienced its worst drought since 1932." (*The New York Times*, November 12, 1968)

Events of particular importance have long been chronicled by makers of folk songs, whether they dealt with personal plights of unrequited love or such impersonal tragedies as major engagements in war. The great drought of 1932 was such an event for Frank Proffitt. Times were hard enough during the depression for all the mountain people, even when weather conditions were ideal for the growing of crops. Frank told me that this was a "true song", written from bitter personal experience at the time of the 1932 drought, which, in his valley, was followed, ironically, by a sudden storm. What meager growth of corn, cabbage, and potatoes that had managed to survive the drought was washed down the valley by the ensuing flood. It seemed as though all of the elements were working against the mountain people who, having no money at all during what are still referred to as "Hoover Times", were dependent upon what food they could raise for their very survival.

Frank uses one of his home-made dulcimers to accompany this bitter outcry against a relentlessly hostile fate.

I worked all the wintertime,
I worked through the Spring;
I planted my corn and 'taters
Then it wouldn't rain.
There('s) not a thing for a poor man
In this world.

I stood on the hillside,
I looked at the sky.
"Lord," I said,
"What makes you let it get so dry?"
There('s) not a thing for a poor man
In this world.

I got down on my knees,
For rain I thought I'd pray.
Along came a great big flood,
Washed everything away.
There('s) not a thing for a poor man
In this world.

Hush up, Honey,
Now, don't you cry;
Things are gonna get better
By and by.
There ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world.
(Lord, have mercy.)

I worked all that Summer,
I worked all that Fall;
Lord, I spent my Christmas
In a pair of overalls.
There ain't a thing for a poor man
In this world.

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Side I, Band 2. LORD LEVEL (Child 75)

Widely circulated in America on broadsides and in the popular songsters, this ballad has been recovered frequently from current tradition. Most versions seem indebted to print, however, and Child's "H" text, which was taken from a mid-nineteenth century English broadside, may well be the source from which many of our American texts have derived. The popularity of the ballad may be deduced from the fact that Child had in his possession, but chose not to print, a burlesqued version. Parodies are based, more often than not, on extremely well-known originals.

Professor Child seems almost apologetic about this ballad in his introduction to the nine texts he prints. He states, in a footnote, "It can scarcely be too often repeated that such ballads as this were meant only to be sung, not at all to be recited. As has been well remarked of a corresponding Norwegian ballad, 'Lord Lovel' is especially one of those which, for their due effect, require the support of a melody..." (Francis James Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Vol. II, reprinted by The Folklore Press, New York, 1957).

Frank liked this ballad, not so much for itself, as for the memories it brought him of his father, from whom he learned it. His father accompanied it with the banjo, as Frank does here, and used it to illustrate his belief that the proper accompaniment for a ballad was one which "let the story come out." Frank pointed out that he knew of two distinct types of banjo-picking in the mountains: banjo tunes, and accompaniments. In the first type, the banjo takes the lead, with the voice lending occasional support; in the second type, the voice, which is telling the story, is the important element, and the banjo must remain subdued in its strictly supportive role.

Lord Lovel he stood by his castle door,
He was a-combing his milk-white steed,
And along came Lady Nancy Bell,
A-wishing her lover good speed,
She was a-wishing her lover good speed.

"Oh, where are you going, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"Oh, where are you going?" said she.
"I'm a-going, dear Lady Nancy Bell,
Strange countries for to see,
Strange countries for to see."

"When will you be back, Lord Lovel?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she.
"In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy,
I'll return to my Lady Nancy."

He hadn't been gone but a year at the most,
Strange countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts come deep in his mind.
Lady Nancy he would see,
Lady Nancy he would see.

So he mounted up to his milk-white steed
And he rode to London's fair town.
He heard St. Blarney's bells ring out
And people was a-mourning around,
People was a-mourning around.

"Is anyone dead?" Lord Lovel he said,
"Is anyone dead?" said he.
"Some call her Lady Nancy Bell,
Some call her Lady Nancy,
Some call her Lady Nancy."

He had the grave opened forthwith,
The pall a-falling down,
And then he kissed her cold, cold lips,
While tears come a-trickling down, down down,
Tears come a-trickling down.

Now, they buried her in the old church yard,
Lord Lovel they buried beside her,
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of Lord Lovel's a brier,
Out of Lord Lovel's a brier.

They grewed and they grewed to the old church yard;
They couldn't grow any higher.
And there they tied in a true love's knot,
The rose around the brier,
The rose around the brier.

Side I, Band 3. SHULL'S MILLS

Shull's Mills is a small community about ten miles south of Frank's home. For a time during the 30's, Frank worked in a sawmill there. Apparently it was a fairly good-sized operation, for the song indicates that it had a company owned commissary where the men were required to purchase their necessary provisions and, frequently, their tools as well. Since wages were generally low, and costs relatively high, the men would run up large bills which were deducted from their wages each payday, leaving them in debt to the company, more often than not. In this way, the company managed to give them no choice but to continue working until the account was squared. The bitter note of the song's fifth verse is similar to that found in many songs that have come out of the coal mining towns of the Appalachian Mountain region.

Frank, along with some of his fellow timber workers, put this song together one evening after a long day in the mill. Later, he learned a longer and, to my mind, less direct text from a man he met in Boone, North Carolina, but this is the text he most often sang.

Going back to Shull's Mills,
I'm gonna get me some biscuits brown,
For the girls 'way over on Beaver Dam,
They keep the dampers down.

I'm long and I'm tall,
Lord, I'm skinny and I'm mean,
But when the women see me coming,
You can hear 'em holler and scream.

My old double-bit
It's filed good and keen;
It's the choppingest axe
That ever I have seen.

Got to keep that skidway
Filled up all the time;
We've got to keep that train a-running
Or you can't make a dime.

I'm going by that commissary,
Only way to get my pay.
I won't have a nickel
When it comes payday.

The girls at Skull's Mills
Got loving on their minds,
But the girls 'way over on Beaver Dam
Wants money all the time.

I'm going to leave here Monday,
Make them big trees fall;
I'm going where I can hear
Old Whiting's log train squall,
Yes, I'm going where I can hear
Old Whiting's log train squall.

Side I, Band 4. POOR SOLDIER

This is one of the Civil War songs Frank learned from his aunt, Nancy Prather, who must have been a gold mine of ballads and traditional lyrics. She lived with Frank's family during the last several years of her life, and Frank made a conscious effort to learn as many of her songs as he could. He was very aware of the importance of the old songs and ballads as a part of his mountain heritage and tried, quite deliberately, to help preserve them.

Those who are familiar with Frank's first Folk-Legacy album will remember that his was one of the families that was divided by the war. His grandfather fought for the Union with the 13th Tennessee cavalry unit, while his great uncle soldiered with the Confederacy. Songs from both sides of the conflict came into Frank's repertoire from his father, from an uncle, and from Nancy Prather. Antagonisms developed during the war were still strong as Frank was growing up, and he had to fight his way

through grade school as a "damn-yankee." Perhaps these strong emotions contributed to Frank's great interest in the history of the Civil War. He told many stories of his family's experiences during those painful times, and read as much as he could on the subject. His sympathies were always with the Union, of course, and he once remarked to me, "The war's been over for nearly a hundred years, but I'm still a Republican."

*All out in the snow they are tonight,
Far away from kin and home.
God help the ones who fight for the right,
And them who are done gone on.*

*Poor soldier, hungry and cold,
Poor soldier, hungry and cold.*

*It's well I recollect when he bid me farewell,
He went with head held high,
Away to fight for the stars and stripes,
Perhaps away to die.*

*Poor soldier, hungry and cold,
Poor soldier, hungry and cold.*

*I know not where he is tonight;
God alone only knows.
Keep him safe and sound from all harm;
Protect him from all foes.*

*Poor soldier, hungry and cold,
Poor soldier, hungry and cold.*

Side I, Band 5. BLACKBERRY WINE (Proffitt)

Frank wrote this song after meeting a man in Mountain City, Tennessee, who related this sad tale to him in explanation of his need for a handout. Now, blackberry wine seems a harmless enough concoction, especially in an area where one still walks softly into stranger's back yards because of the ubiquitous moonshine stills, and the understandable desire on the part of their owners for anonymity. Nevertheless, Frank seems to have believed the story, enough, at least, to have made a song out of it. His sympathy was with the winemaker, obviously, rather than with the hypocritical churchgoers who could not find it in their Christian hearts to forgive the miscreant his comparatively minor crime.

*Come all you young fellows and a story I'll tell
Of how the law caught me and put me in jail,
Then on to the chain-gang to serve out my time,
Just 'cause I'd been making blackberry wine.*

(Chorus:) Blackberry wine, boys, was the cause of it all,
Oh, my Lord,
Making blackberry wine was my downfall.
They caught me on the mountain, on the Tennessee line;
They took me to the chain-gang for making blackberry
wine.

Now, when I was a young feller, I felt, oh, so gay;
I went to the parties, to dances and plays.
I thought I could have me a lot better time,
So, I got out and I made some blackberry wine.

I courted a little girl with hair golden brown;
I used to go see her when the sun was going down.
We'd take us a walk on the Tennessee line;
I'd sip me a sup of blackberry wine.

(Chorus)

They held court one morning; my trial did begin.
I vainly looked around me for the face of a friend.
The judge he told me, "You've done a bad crime."
So, he sent me to the chain-gang for making blackberry wine.

Now them there rock piles they was piled up so high,
And I swore to my Lord I surely would die.
I hammered in that hot sun, serving my time,
Just 'cause I'd been making blackberry wine.

I come back home, then, to the church I did go.
The way people done me, it hurt my heart so.
I could hear 'em a-whispering, "He went and done time.
He's the one they sent off for making blackberry wine.

(Chorus)

I'm a-getting old now, my hair's turning grey.
It won't be too long till I'll be on my way.
They'll bury me on the mountain in a coffin of pine;
They'll say, "He's quit making that blackberry wine."

(Chorus)

Side I, Band 6. SATAN, YOUR KINGDOM MUST COME DOWN

As a young boy, Frank used to go with his family to visit the small church maintained by the Negro people who lived in a tiny mountain community only a couple of miles from his home. Their singing of the old hymns especially appealed to him, and he remembered many of the songs they sang. Frank once took me to hear the singing at the church, and we spent a wonderful

evening in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Moore, leading members of the congregation, singing and recording a number of favorite sacred songs. However, it turned out that most of the older hymns had long since been forgotten, having been replaced by more modern gospel songs. In fact, Frank remembered more of the older numbers than did the people from whom he had learned them originally. As he always did with traditional material, Frank performs it here as he first heard it.

Well, well, well, well, well.
Now, God's got a kingdom, (3X)
But the devil's got a kingdom, too
I'm a-gonna tear down that devil's kingdom, (3X)
Let me tell you, brother, what I'm gonna do.

I'm a-gonna pray till I tear that kingdom down,
Kingdom down,
I'm a-gonna pray till I tear that kingdom down.
For I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Satan, your kingdom must come down,
Must come down."

I'll shout till I tear that kingdom down,
Kingdom down,
I'll shout till I tear that kingdom down.
For I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Satan, your kingdom must come down,
Must come down."

I'm a-gonna sing till I tear that kingdom down,
Kingdom down,
I'm a-gonna sing till I tear that kingdom down.
For I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Satan, your kingdom must come down,
Must come down."

Side I, Band 7. WILL THE CIRCLE ME UNBROKEN

After Frank died, I realized in retrospect that he had chosen to sing more songs of this type than was usual for him in what proved to be his last recording session. We knew only then that he had been aware of his illness for some time, and that his knowledge of its seriousness led him to dwell upon thoughts of death, and of the possibility of a life after death. Although he was not a regular churchgoer, Frank was a deeply religious man, and he sang the songs of his faith with great conviction.

I was a-standing by my window,
It was a cold and cloudy day,
When I saw a hearse come rolling
Just to carry my mother away.

*Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.*

*Now, I said to the undertaker,
"Undertaker, please drive slow,
For the body you are hauling,
Lord, I hate to see her go."*

*Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.*

*I come back home, my home was lonely
Since my mother she had gone.
All my brothers, sisters crying,
What a home so sad and lone.*

*Will the circle be unbroken,
By and by, Lord, by and by?
There's a better home a-waiting
In the sky, Lord, in the sky.*

Side II, Band 1. I'M A LONG TIME TRAVELLING HERE BELOW

Life in the southern mountains has never been easy, and during the past few decades of rapidly changing patterns in the American economy it has become increasingly difficult. The cost of basic commodities, which cannot be produced on the family subsistence farm, has increased in keeping with the general affluence of the country, while the cash available to such farm dwellers has remained painfully meager. Frank usually managed to pick up some additional income by hiring out as a part-time carpenter, but the demand for such skills was not great in his area, and the jobs were few and much too far between. Construction jobs on county and state roads paid better than most work in the region, but, as Frank wryly pointed out, those jobs were "reserved for the good Democrats."

Songs of this type, promising rest and tranquillity in the hereafter as a reward for patiently enduring the trials of life on earth, have long been popular in those parts of our nation where poverty is a commonplace. It is no wonder that advocates of rebellion against a system that sustained so obvious a division between the "haves" and the "have nots," men such as the I. W. W. songmaker Joe Hill, decried the concept of "pie in the sky" which induced people to accept as inevitable their miserable lot. Yet, even today, more folk sing of laying the burden down in the sweet promised land than sing of removing the burden from the shoulders

of the oppressed right here on earth. While it may not be the direct result of an evil conspiracy among members of the ruling class, as some would have it, it is certainly an observable fact that the poor have been loathe to raise their voices against their deplorable condition. Perhaps the Poor People's Campaign, begun by the late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., is the beginning of such an outcry.

George Pullen Jackson includes this song in his *Another Sheaf of White Spirituals*, Gainesville, Florida, 1952.

I'm a long time travelling here below,
I'm a long time a-travelling away from my home.
I'm a long time travelling here below,
Gonna lay this body down.

Now, when I can read my title clear
To mansions in the sky,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
I will wipe my weeping eye.

I'm a long time travelling here below,
I'm a long time a-travelling away from my home.
I'm a long time travelling here below,
Gonna lay this body down.

Let others seek a place below
Where flames devour and forever roll;
Give me a home above the sky
Where I'll always live, I'll never die.

I'm a long time travelling here below,
I'm a long time a-travelling away from my home.
I'm a long time travelling here below,
Gonna lay this body down.

(repeat)

Side II, Band 2. GOT NO SUGAR BABY NOW

Dorothy Scarborough (*A Songcatcher in the Southern Mountains* New York, 1937) publishes a text of this lyric which she relates to "The Lass of Roch Royal" (Child 76) because of the following verse:

Who'll rock the cradle,
Who'll sing the song?
Who'll call you Honey
When I'm gone?

This would seem to be stretching things more than a little in

order to register another score on the Child numerical chart. Surely the lass of the ballad was not the first, nor is she likely to be the last young lady to be left in the family way by an errant lover. The question posed in the verse quoted seems to be natural enough, considering the circumstances, and might well be asked by any who has been similarly undone. The lack of the requisite narrative element in the present song forces one to conclude that a similarity in theme is not enough, in itself, to establish a clear relationship between a lyric such as we have here and one of the classic ballads.

Clarence Ashley had a song much like this one, which he called "Honey Babe Blues", Bascom Lamar Lunsford had it as "Red Apple Juice", and Charlie Monroe recorded it as "Red Rocking Chair." I have not found the song among other singers in Frank Proffitt's immediate area, although it has been widely collected in Appalachia. Recent recordings have made it quite well-known in urban folksong circles.

Well, I've got no sugar baby now,
I've got no honey baby now.
It's all I can do; it's all I can say,
Send you to your mama next payday,
Send you to your mama next payday.

Well, I've drawn in my check,
Give her every dime I made.
What more could a poor boy do?
What more could a poor boy do?

Well, I've said all I can say,
I've done all I can do.
I'll send you to your mama next payday,
I'll send you to your mama next payday.

Well, I've got no sugar baby now,
I've got no honey baby now.
It's all I can do; it's all I can say,
Send you to your mama next payday,
Send you to your mama next payday.

Got no use for a red rocking chair;
I've got no honey baby now,
I've got no honey baby now.

I've done all I can do;
I've said all I can say.
I'll send you to your mama next payday,
I'll send you to your mama next payday.

Lord, I'm going where them chilly winds don't blow,
I'm going where them chilly winds don't blow.

I've done all I can do;
I've said all I can say.
Send you to your mama next payday,
Send you to your mama next payday.

Side II, Band 3. MAN OF CONSTANT SORROW

Here we find the sound of the white spiritual in a secular song. Most versions lack even the oblique reference to that "beautiful shore," the final resting place of the faithful in fundamentalist doctrine. Cecil Sharp collected a version of this song in Kentucky in 1918 (*English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, London, 1932) and three versions are reported from Virginia (A. K. Davis, *Folk songs of Virginia*, Durham, N. C., 1949). D. K. Wilgus has also found it recently in Kentucky. In 1936, Sarah Gunning reworked this song into her "Girl of Constant Sorrow," a cry of protest against the conditions endured by miners in the Kentucky coal camps, which may be heard on Folk-Legacy's FSA-26: SARAH OGAN GUNNING, "Girl of Constant Sorrow."

I am a man of constant sorrow;
I've been in trouble all my days.
For six long years I've been a-rambling;
I don't have no parents left me now.

I'll take a trip on the northern railroad,
Perhaps I'll die upon that train.

Oh, I'm a man of constant sorrow;
Been in trouble all my days.
I bid farewell to my native country,
The place where I was borned and raised.

Oh, I bid farewell to my loved companions,
I know I'll never see you no more.
If in this world I never more see you,
I hope we'll meet on the beautiful shore.

Oh, I'm a man of constant sorrow;
Been in trouble all my days.

Side II, Band 4. LITTLE BIRDIE

This banjo song, now well-known through the performances of Ralph Stanley, Roscoe Holcomb, Pete Steele, etc., can be heard almost anywhere in the Appalachians, but generally without Frank's verses about the misleading married woman. Most

listeners will probably tend to identify these particular lines with Leadbelly's version of "Easy Rider."

*Little birdie, little birdie,
Come and sing to me your song.
I've got a short time now to stay here
And a long time to be gone.*

*Married woman, married woman,
Just look what you've done;
You caused me for to love you,
Said your husband was dead and gone.*

*Little birdie, little birdie,
Come and sing to me your song.
I've got a short time now to stay here
And a long time to be gone.*

*Married woman, married woman,
Just look what you've done;
You caused me for to love you,
Now your husband's come home.*

*Little birdie, little birdie,
Come and sing to me your song.
I've got a short time now to stay here
And a long time to be gone.*

*I'd rather be in a lonesome holler,
Where the sun never shines,
Than for you to be some other's darling,
When you promised you'd be mine.*

*Little birdie, little birdie,
Come and sing to me your song.
I've got a short time now to stay here
And a long time to be gone.*

Side II, Band 5. SINGLE GIRL

Cecil Sharp noted a similarity between this song and a Gaelic complaint from the Isle of Skye which was published in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society* (Volume IV. Part III), but the resemblance is melodic rather than textual. In the Gaelic piece, the lads are bemoaning the fact that the gruel served to them by "the smith's daughter" is thin and meagre. Obviously, we are dealing here with a different kind of complaint. On the other hand, however, the melodic relationship is pronounced, especially in the last phrase. Compare this with the many other published versions (Belden, Brown, Lomax, Scarborough, Randolph, Richardson, etc.). For a textual comparison, at least in theme,

see the English song, "Still I Love Him", which is also known in Ireland, although our song lacks the element of forgiveness.

The Carter Family's recording of this song is, perhaps, the best known version in this country, but another fine performance that should be heard is by Roscoe Holcomb on *Mountain Music of Kentucky* (Folkways FA2317) recorded by John Cohen.

When I was single,
Marriage I did crave;
Now I am married,
I'm troubled to my grave.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

The dishes to wash,
The spring to go to,
Got nobody to help me,
I've got it all to do.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

I took in some washing;
I made a dollar or two.
My husband went and stole it;
I don't know what to do.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

Two little children
Laying in the bed,
Both of them so hungry
They can't raise up their heads.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.
Lord, I wish I was a single girl again.

Side II, Band 6. EVERYBODY'S GOT TO BE TRIED

There is little that I can say about this song, except that it is another hymn learned by Frank from his Negro neighbors, and is yet another example of the use of the threat of an impending "judgement day" as a means of behavior control.

Now, it's everybody's got to be tried, (3X)
You got to go to Judgement, you got to be tried.

Every sinner's got to be tried, (3X)
You got to go to Judgement, you got to be tried.

Now you take, every drunkard's got to be tried, (3X)
You got to go to Judgement, you got to be tried.

So, it's everybody's got to be tried, (3X)
You got to go to Judgement, you got to be tried.

Every liar's got to be tried, (3X)
You got to go to Judgement, you got to be tried.

Side II, Band 7. OH, LORD, WHAT A MORNING

George Pullen Jackson has this well-known song in his *White and Negro Spirituals* (J. J. Augustin; Locust Valley, New York. n.d. See page 154.) For another recording of the song, see OBRAV RAMSEY sings folksongs from the Three Laurels (Prestige International INT 13020).

Oh, Lord, what a morning,
Oh, Lord, what a morning,
When the stars begin to fall.

Come to Jesus, he will save you,
Come to Jesus, he will save you
When the stars begin to fall.

Oh, fathers, what will you do,
Oh, fathers, what will you do
When the stars begin to fall?

Oh, Lord, what a morning,
Oh, Lord, what a morning,
When the stars begin to fall.

Oh, sinner, what will you do,
Oh, sinner, what will you do
When the stars begin to fall?

You will cry for the rocks and the mountains,
You will cry for the rocks and the mountains
To hide your face from the Lord.

Oh, Lord, what a morning,
Oh, Lord, what a morning,
When the stars begin to fall.

Side II, Band 8. LITTLE WHITE ROBE

The Dorian mode, as used here, was apparently a favorite scale in Frank's section of North Carolina. At least, we find it used in a great many of the older sacred songs in that region. Perhaps the early nineteenth century hymnists found its haunting quality particularly appropriate for the solemn, mournful texts they preferred, or, perhaps, it may be a less deliberate carry-over from a still older ecclesiastical music.

For similar hymns, dating to the early camp meetings of the Appalachians, see our recording FSA-22, *The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain, Volume 1; "The Older Ballads and Sacred Songs"*.

Come on, fathers, and let's go home.
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.
Will be over, will be over,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

There's a little white robe a-waiting for me,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

Come on, mothers, and let's go home.
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.
Will be over, will be over,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

There's a little white robe a-waiting for me,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

Come on, brothers, and let's go home.
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.
Will be over, will be over,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

There's a little white robe a-waiting for me,
I'm a-going where my troubles will be over.

Side II, Band 9. SHAKE HANDS WITH MOTHER AGAIN

Family ties are very strong among mountain people, and their beliefs are generally based on a completely literal interpretation of the biblical promise. Frank once observed, after singing this song, that those who could not be reached by threats of hellfire and brimstone, those who were, as he put it, "steeped in sin and hardened in heart", would be brought "right up to the mourner's bench" at the front of the old revival meetings, tears in their eyes and ready to pledge their lives to the Lord with renewed faith, by the emotional impact of this number.

Frank Proffitt was far from the stereotyped simple man of unquestioning faith we have been led to expect to find in the remote sections of rural America, but when he sang this song, all traces of his skepticism disappeared and one could see reflected in his face the deep, abiding faith of his people. I do not mean to romanticize the experience as I knew it. Frank's doubts were directed toward the hypocrisy of so many church-goers, not toward the faith he felt they denigrated. For this reason, then, I have chosen to conclude this album with this particular hymn. No other song could be more appropriate as a memorial to Frank Proffitt.

Now, if I would be a-living when Jesus comes,
And know the day and the hour,
I'd like to be a-standing at Mother's tomb
When Jesus comes in His power.

'Twill be a wonderful, happy day,
Over there on the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Savior, say,
"Shake hands with Mother again."

Now, I'd like to say, "Mother, this is your boy
You left when you went away.
And now, my dear mother, it gives me great joy
To see you again today."

'Twill be a wonderful, happy day,
Over there on the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Savior, say,
"Shake hands with Mother again."

Well, the time will soon come when I must go
To meet my loved ones up there.
A glorious thought: when we all get there,
We never shall say goodbye.

'Twill be a wonderful, happy day,
Over there on the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Savior, say,
"Shake hands with Mother again."

Now, if I would be a living when Jesus comes,
and have the day and the hour,
I'd like to be a standing at Mother's tomb
When Jesus comes in His power.

"I'll be a wonderful happy day,
Over there in the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Jesus, say,
"These hands with Mother again."

Now, I'd like to say, "Mother, when is your day
You tell when you want to go,
And now, my dear Mother, we shall no more say
To see you again today."

"I'll be a wonderful happy day,
Over there in the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Jesus, say,
"These hands with Mother again."

Well, the time will soon come when I shall go
To meet my Jesus over yonder,
A glorious thought when we all get there,
We shall thank my God for.

"I'll be a wonderful happy day,
Over there in the golden strand,
When I can hear Jesus, my Jesus, say,
"These hands with Mother again."