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Terry, Burris and McGhee
On the Road

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SONNY TERRY J. C. BURRIS STICKS MCGHEE

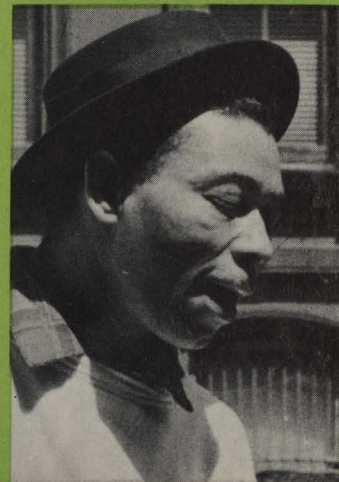
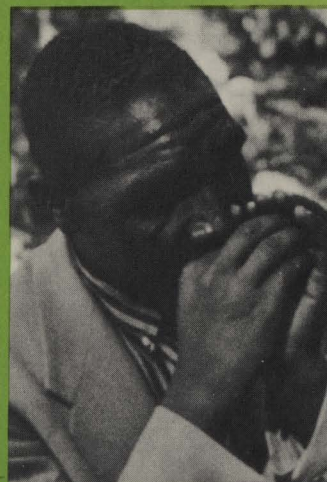
ON THE ROAD

harmonica, bones and guitar

Wail On
Better Let it Go
Poor Man and Good Man Blues
Body Slaps
Bones Solo
Wine Blues

My Baby's Leaving
Easy Rider
Whooping and Hollering Blues
Jail House Blues
I've Been a Long, Long Ways
Boys in My Room
Keep on Dogging Me
Pete's Jump

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2369



ON THE ROAD

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Descriptive notes are inside pocket

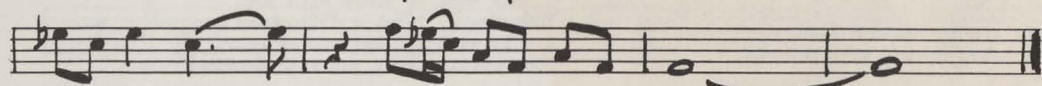
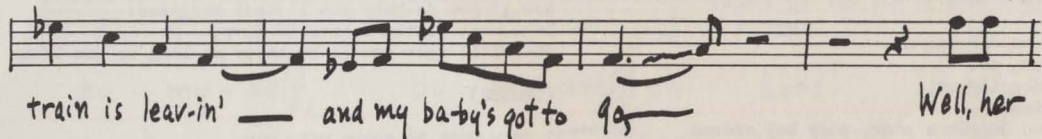
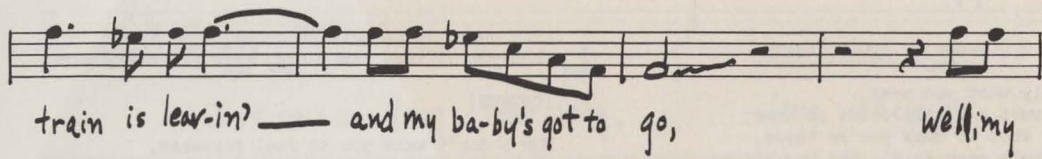
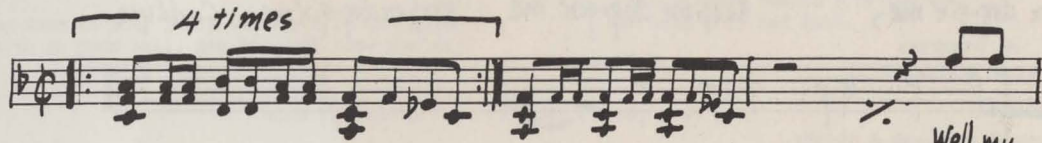
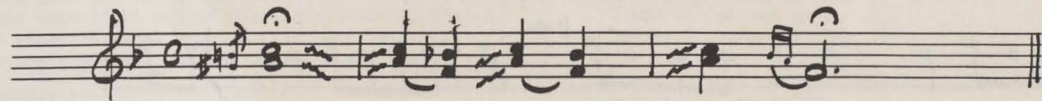
Rosenhouse

ON THE ROAD

Sonny Terry · J. C. Burris · 'Sticks' McGhee

SIDE I, Band 1: MY BABY LEAVING

Words & Music by
Sonny Terry



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Well, that train is leaving, and my baby gotta go,
Well, that train is leaving, and my baby gotta go,
Well, her mother is sick, and her daddy's very low.

Well, I watched that train, til it went around the
ben,
Well, I watched that train, til it went around the
ben,
Well, I say I would never, see my baby's face again.

Well, that old dirty fireman, and that cruel
engineer,
Well, that old dirty fireman, and that cruel
engineer,
Well, that old dirty conductor, waved that train
from here.

Everytime I hear that whistle, Lord, I just can't
help from crying,
Everytime I hear that whistle, Lord, I just can't
help from crying,
Well, that old dirty train, got that little gal I
call mine.

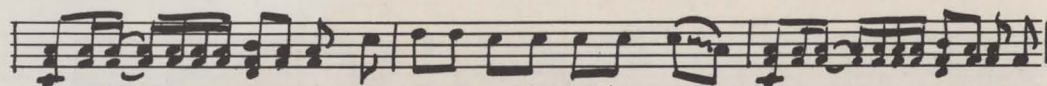
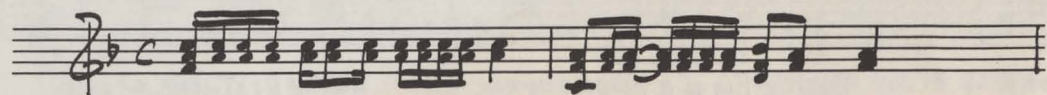
(Old train going way around the bend, you know.
Old whistle blows lonesome way back at you like
this, you know.)

Yes, I could holler, just like a mountain jack,
Lord, if I could holler, just like a mountain jack,
I'd go way up on that mountain, call my loving
baby back.

I'll call her back, I'll call her back, I'll call
her back.

SIDE I, Band 2: YOU KEEP ON DOGGING ME

Words & Music by
Sonny Terry



Dar-ling, I on-ly want you near,

There's



no sweet-er lit-tle voice to hear.

Babe, - I on-ly want to

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know you there. Those eyes won't seem to all the way stare.

Could you keep on doggin' me,

Keep on doggin' me, Keep on doggin' me, Keep on doggin' me, Could you

Keep on doggin' this old boy a-round. — COPYRIGHT © 1959 by Stormking Music Co., N.Y.C.

SIDE I, Band 2: WHOOPING AND HOLLERING

Darlin, I only want you near,
Your soft, sweet a little voice to hear;
Babe, I only want to know you're there,
Those eyes won't seem to all the way stare.

Oh, you keep on dogging me,
Keep on dogging me.
You keep on dogging me,
Keep on dogging me,
Just a keep on doggin a poor, poor boy around.

Never do I want you to feel so blue,
Cause you know baby, that I will be true;

Only want you to have my heart,
Then you'll know its yours, each and every part.

(CHORUS)

Now I don't want you to feel forsaken,
Now if you do baby you'll feel mistaken;
Take what little I have to give,
Then I'll know you'll be happy as long as you live.

(CHORUS)

I only want to share with you,
Your fears, joys, and troubles too;
I only want to feel you're near,
Then softly tempt you with my fingertip.

SIDE I, Band 3: JAIL HOUSE BLUES

Words & Music by
Sticks McGhee

Slow blues

Now the Pearl-y Gates have o-pen for me at

last, Be more careful in the fu-ture than I have been³ in the

past. Know the life of a racket-eer! Know the life of a

crook, Know the life of a no-good wo-man, hine the light from a

pole. Till I got you, — God nev-er doubt a frien², —

— Well, now I'm free at last, Won't nev-er let them take me a-quin. —

Now the prison gate have opened, for me at last,
 Be more careful in the future, than I have been
 in the past,
 Know the life of a racketeer, know the life of a
 crook,
 Know the life of a no-good woman, like a title's
 open book,
 Now the jail house got me, put down here without
 a friend.
 Well now I'm free at last, won't never let them
 take me again.

Had a girl one time, wouldn't work or steal,
 Broad came right out of Mississippi cotton fields,
 She wouldn't steal,
 But she'd get you busted, wouldn't get you out.

(CHORUS)

Come down to your jail, think you're all rich,
 Not to go your bail, see how much time you're
 gonna get.

When the judge sentence you, mighty near a smile,
 Know you'll be gone, for a long, long while.

(CHORUS)

After you're up the river, bout a month or more,
 You receive a letter, from that gal youse know,
 Bout three feet wide, nine pages long,
 Whole lot of talking, bout what's going on.

(CHORUS)

The letter said, daddy, the things I hear,
 Have gotten mighty tight,
 I had to rob two guys,
 Before I could eat last night.

Meant to send you some money,
 Felt a mild surprise,
 I had already sealed your letter,
 One love more had died.

(CHORUS)

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SIDE I, Band 4: I'VE BEEN A LONG, LONG WAYS

Words & Music by Sonny Terry, J.C.
 Burris, Sticks McGhee

I've been a long, long way, long, long way,
 by my-self, by my-self, oh Lord!
 My-ba-by she done left me — caught that train and gone.

I've been a long, long ways, long long ways,
 By myself, by myself so long,
 My baby she's done left me, cause that train is gone.

Well, I know I can go, know I can go,
 Just as far, just as far as I can see,
 Well, that man has my woman, blues sure has poor me.

When I go to the table, I'm too tired to eat,
 That little woman, has caused my heart to weep,
 I've been a long, long ways, long ways by myself,
 That woman told she can't love, packed her clothes
 and left.

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SIDE I, Band 5: EASY RIDER

Words & Music Adapted
 and Arranged by Sonny Terry

Medium tempo

Eas - y rid-er, how, what you've gone
 done? — Eas-y rid-er, now, what you've gone
 done? — Made me love you,
 Now your man A-sing-in'



Easy rider, now what you done done,
 Easy rider, now what you done done,
 Made me love you, now your man done come,
 I'm singing hey, hey, hey, hey.

If you catch me stealing, please don't tell on me,
 Catch me stealing, please don't tell on me,
 Stealing for my rider, back to my used to be.
 Singing hey, etc.

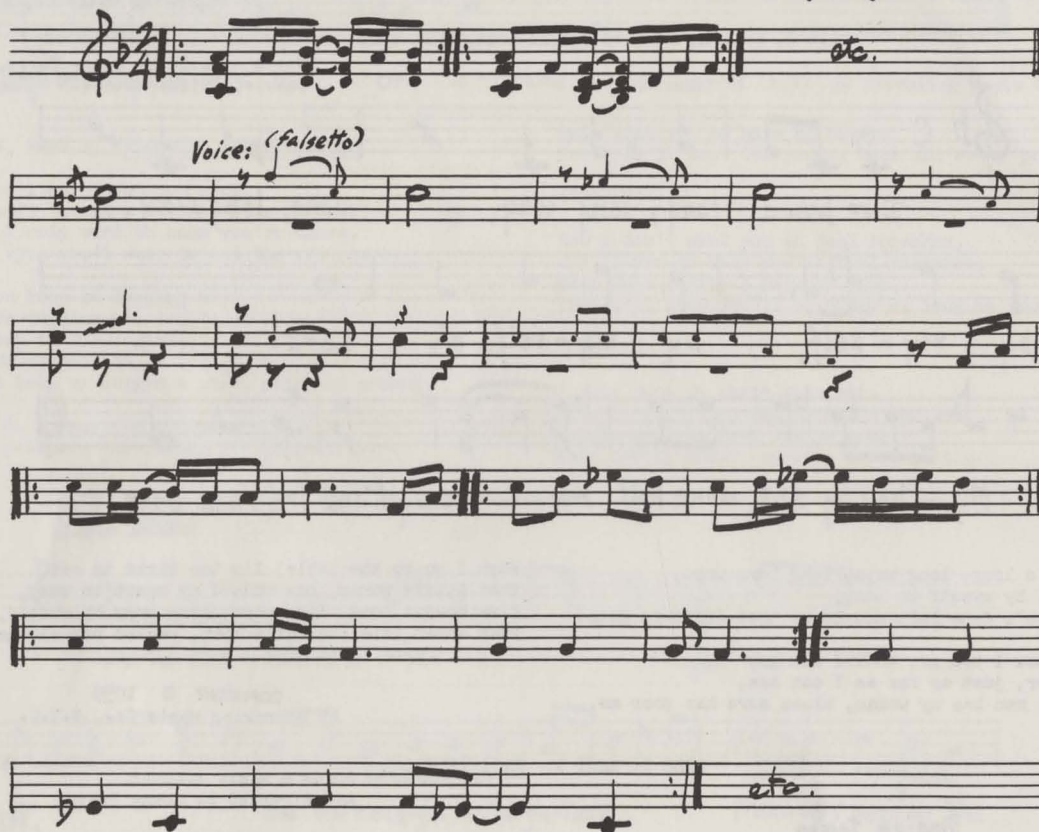
If I was a catfish, swimming in the deep blue sea,
 If I was a catfish, swimming in the deep blue sea,
 I have all them pretty women, diving in there
 after me,
 Singing, hey, etc.

Easy rider, now what you done done,
 Make me love you baby, now your man come home,
 Make me love you, now your man done come,
 Singing hey, etc.

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SIDE I, Band 6 JUMP FOR TWO HARMONICAS AND BONES

Music by J. C. Burris
 and Sonny Terry



SIDE I, Band 7 BONES BLUES

Music by
 J. C. Burris
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SIDE II, Band 1 PETE'S JUMP
 (Dedicated to Pete Seeger)

Music by Sonny Terry, J.C. Burris,
 Sticks McGhee



Fast

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I'll tell y'all about this song. Sticks McGhee on the guitar. My nephew J.C. Burris on the harmonica. We all gotta do this thing awhile, now. You know. ...I hear you, Sticks. Give 'em a little of that boogie, how you do it down there.

SIDE II, Band 2

DRINK OF WINE, MOP MOP

Words & Music by
Sticks McGhee

Down in New Or - leans where ev - 'ry - thing's fine,
Drink - in' that mess is their de - light,

All of them cats a - danc - in', drink - in' that wine, Drink - in' that mess is
When they get drunk start fight - in' all night, Knock - in' on win - dows and
their de - light. When I gets drunk start sing - in' all night. I drink a
tear - in' down doors, Drink - in' half gal - lons and call - in' for more,

wine, spoo - dee - oo - dee, drink a wine, Wine, spoo - dee - oo - dee, drink a

Wine, Wine, spoo-dee-oo-dee, drink a wine,
 1. Pass that bot-tle to me. — 112. Pass that bot-tle to me. — Hoy! Hoy! Hoy!
 mop, mop, mop, El-der-ber-ry, mop, mop, mop. Port or Sher-ry;
 mop, mop, mop. Black-ber-ry; mop, mop, mop, Sweet - Lu - cy;
 mop, mop, mop, Oh, boy! Pass that bot-tle to me. —

Down in New OrL, well, everything's fine, all them
 cats a drinking that wine,
 Drinking that mess is their delight, when they get
 drunk start singing all night.

A drink of wine, spo-de-o-de, drink of wine (mop, mop)
 A drink of wine, spo-de-o-de, drink of wine (mop, mop)
 A drink of wine, spo-de-o-de, drink of wine (mop mop)
 Pass that bottle to me.

Drinking that mess is their delight, when they get
 drunk start fighting all night,
 Knocking down windows and tearing down doors,
 drinking half-gallons and calling for more.

CHORUS:

(mop, mop, mop) Elderberry, (mop, mop, mop) Port,
 Sherry
 (mop, mop, mop) Blackberry, (mop, mop, mop) Sweet
 Lucy,
 (mop, mop, mop) Oh, boy, pass that bottle to me.

If you want to get along in New Orleans town,
 Buy some wine and pass it all around;
 Their ages run up to forty nine,
 All of those cats they love sweet wine.

(CHORUS)

Let's drink that mess . . . Pass that mess to Sonny.
 Drink awhile. That's what I'm talking about. Pass
 that bottle over here, Rip.

(Repeat last verse.)

I've got a nickel and you've got a dime,
 Let's get together and buy a little wine;
 Some buys a fifth and some buys a quart,
 But if you buy Sherry then you're doing things
 smart.

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SIDE II, Band 3: MY BABY GONE HOME

Words & Music
 by Sticks McGhee

Well, now, I woke up this morn-in', I was all a-lone,
 I got a mess-age that my ba-by gone home; got wear my knees,
 heart skipped a beat. Tell by that just what she's
 do-in' to me, I start-ed whal-in' an' sail-in' an' mov-in' down that

line. (guitar) I'm gon-na keep on whal-in' 'til I
find that gal of mine.

Sail on.
I woke up this morning, I was all alone.
I got that message that my baby gone home,
Got weak my knees, heart skipped a beat,
Tell by that what she's doing to me.

I started wailing and sailing, and moving down
that line,
I'm going to keep on wailing until I find that
gal of mine.

Well, now jumped on the Turnpike, paid my toll,
Tell by that, boy, I really got to roll,
Cars was passing on the left and right,
Tell by that I'm going to have her tonight.

(CHORUS)

Well, now, Washington I made a stop
I was tired, and the car was hot,
Got so hungry, boys, I could not eat,
Thinking how far it was to Tennessee.

(CHORUS)

Well, now, Richmond Virginia, was the next in line,
Braked to a stop to see that gal of mine,
Over the hollows, up on the hill,
I found out I had to roll some still.

(CHORUS)

Well, now, over hills and hollows, down to
Tennessee,
I found out she was waiting there for me,
I got there, my trouble didn't end,
My gal had gone, she had left with my best friend.

(CHORUS)

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SIDE II, Band 4: BLUES ALL AROUND MY BED

Words & Music by
Sonny Terry, J.C. Burris

Slow blues

Lord, - I woke up dis morn-in', What a blues all a-round my

bed. (Harmonica)

- Oh, I woke up dis morn - in', What a blues all a-round my

bed. (Harmonica) Well, you know how I had to eat my

break-fast Lord, I find the same-thing in my bed.

Lord, I woke up this morning, well, the blues all
 around my bed,
 Oh, I woke up this morning, well, the blues all
 around my bed;
 Well, you know I went to eat my breakfast, all I
 found was the same thing in my bed.
 Lord, you know she left me this morning, Lord when
 that old clock was striking four,
 Well, you know she left me this morning, Lord when
 my old clock was striking four,
 Oh, Lord, you know when a pretty woman walk out,

here come them old blues walking in my door.
 Lord, you know my momma told me, Lord when I was a
 child,
 Oh, you know my momma told me, Lord when I was a
 child,
 Well, she said Sonny Terry, you're too big a devil,
 whoa, to be so foolish and wild.
 Oh, momma, oh, momma, you don't know
 Oh, momma, oh momma you don't know.
 Well, I said if the good looking women kill me,
 momma, oh, momma let me go.

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SIDE II, Band 5: POOR MAN BUT A GOOD MAN

Words & Music by
 Sonny Terry, J.C. Burris

Medium blues

I helped you, ba-by, you can help your -
 self, now, you on your feet. Help-in' some-bod - y -
 else. I'm a poor man, - But a good man; - Been
 treat-ed wrong. (Harmonica)

I help you baby, you come help yourself.
 Now you're on your feet, loving someone else.

I'm a poor man, but a good man, been treated wrong.
 You walked off and left me, she didn't say a word,
 Weren't nothing she knowed, but something she heard.

(CHORUS)

If you don't believe in people,
 Wait around and see;
 Somebody's gonna mistreat you,
 Like you treated me.

I walked down to the station, I looked up on the
 wall,
 My money was too light, I didn't go nowhere at all.

(CHORUS)

(repeat last verse.)

I'm a poor man, but a good man, been treated wrong.
 I'm a poor man, but a good man, ain't got no home.
 I'm a poor man, but a good man, no love of my own.

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SIDE II, Bd. 6 SLAP BLUES

SIDE II, Bd. 7 HARMONICA WITH SLAPS

Music by Sonny
 Terry, J. C. Burris

Lively

Harmonica:
 Tap dance: x etc.
 3 times
 3 times
 3 times
 x x x x x x x x x x etc.

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