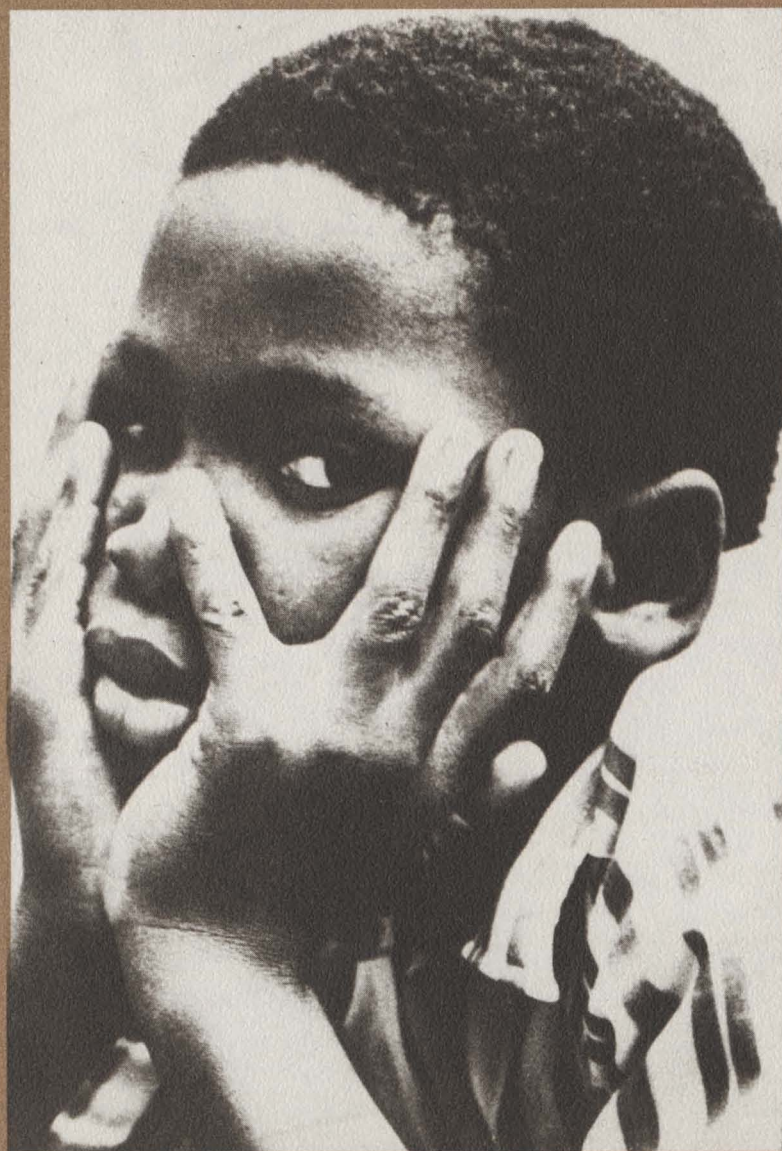


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3840

# John's Island, South Carolina: Its People & Songs

A DOCUMENTARY RECORDED ON LOCATION BY HENRIETTA YURCHENCO

Assisted by Peter Gold & Students of City College of New York



SIDE I

- Band 1. Old Lady Come From Booster
- Band 2. Cherie
- Band 3. Mama Lama
- Band 4. Who Are The Greatest?
- Band 5. a. Dr. Knickerbocker  
b. Tic-Tac
- Band 6. Mr. Postman Died
- Band 7. a. Miss Mary Mack  
b. I Want To Go To Mexico
- Band 8. Shake It If You Can  
Bands 1 - 8 Hunter children
- Band 9. Have You Ever Been Mistreated?  
Sung and played on guitar by Joe Hunter during the party at Janey Hunter's house.
- Band 10. That's All Right - Sung by Mable Hillery and John Hunter at the Hunter party.
- Band 11. Motherless Child - Sung by Joe, John and Janey Hunter and Mable Hillery.

SIDE II

- Band 1. He Rose From The Dead  
Congregation of the Wesley Methodist Church.
- Band 2. Easter Morning Sermon (1970)  
Rev. Willis Goodwin, pastor of Wesley Methodist Church.
- Band 3. Jesus Knows All About My Troubles  
Congregation of the Wesley Methodist Church.
- Band 4. Give Me That Old Time Religion  
Congregation of the Wesley Methodist Church.

©1973 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.  
701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

RETURN TO ARCHIVE  
CENTER FOR FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS  
AND CULTURAL STUDIES  
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

# John's Island, South Carolina: Its People & Songs

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER PHOTO BY DAVID LEWISTON

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3840

# JOHN'S ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA: ITS PEOPLE AND SONGS

## INTRODUCTION

John's Island is one of a chain of Sea Islands extending from North Carolina to Georgia. Flat, marshy and wooded, with large trees almost hidden in long Spanish moss, once a haven for runaway slaves, it is home for about 3,000 blacks who work on the island's plantations and in nearby Charleston. Until the 1930's, when bridges and causeways were built, John's Island was relatively isolated from the mainland. Even today there is no hospital or police or fire department, and except for the main highway, few secondary roads.

Many John's Islanders live in clapboard houses without sanitary facilities. Some houses hug the highway, but most are scattered through the marshy, grassy terrain. The new Wesley Methodist Church, a few schools and other service and private buildings are testimony to the recent changes taking place, but dire poverty still blights the island.

In the spring of 1970 I took my class in American Folk Music at City College in New York to John's Island for a short field trip. We were housed in modest quarters in the Progressive Club building, a community facility which included a gym, and a grocery store. My students talked with many people, went to church with them, visited their homes and played with the children. On John's Island they came to understand the importance and the meaning of music in a folk community, as they heard it performed in its natural surroundings.

Of particular interest were the role of the church in community life and the changes that have occurred since the early 1960's at the beginning of the civil rights' struggle. In many discussions with the young and dynamic minister of Wesley Methodist Church, Rev. Willis Goodwin, and chief layman and director of the John's Island Credit Union, Esau Jenkins, and others, students were able to understand the vital role of the Church both past and present, as it serves both spiritual needs and as a center for social action.

One of the pleasantest aspects of the trip was getting to know the Hunter Family. Mrs. Jane Hunter has thirteen children, fifty-four grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Like most of the black people on John's Island, they are money poor but rich in spirit. They opened their doors and hearts to us, fed us, sang their songs. The children swarmed over us, played the games and told the stories Janey had taught them from her own great store of traditional folklore.

This recording is a sampling of material heard on John's Island. It is not only a musical document but a social document as well. Included are hymns sung by the Wesley Church congregation, and Rev. Goodwin's Easter Sunday

sermon held traditionally at dawn. Besides church music there are spirituals, blues and the singing games which we heard, - and in some cases learned - in the Hunter household. The record notes include the Easter sermon, music lyrics, directions for the game songs, as well as highlights of a round-table discussion on current problems held during our stay on the island.

I wish to thank Mable Hillery, of the Georgia Sea Island Singers, who accompanied us on the trip, Janey Hunter and her wonderful family, Rev. Willis Goodwin, Esau Jenkins, and the people of John's Island. Special thanks to my students - and especially John Helak - for their help in every phase of the work. And final thanks to the Friends of Old Time Music for lending me their Nagra tape recorder!

Henrietta Yurchenco

## ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION

### Participants:

R.G. - Reverend Goodwin  
E.J. - Esau Jenkins  
R.G.B. - Reverend Goodwin's brother  
Students

R.G. - In black society the preacher has to play many roles. To the older people in the congregation, he is only a spiritual leader. Just read the Bible, pray, bury the dead. But the younger generation wants him to be a reformer, to demonstrate with them. In my Easter sermon I brought in something the older ones want me to say, but I was talking more of the revolution: that you mustn't be lazy, you must move the stone of laziness, because—let's face it, a lot of blacks are still waiting for this mule and twenty acres of land. But they're not going to get it, unless they take it.

Student: Which is primary, the religious aspect or the revolution?

R.G. - I think both. You just cannot tell a man, "Go to heaven and get your long white robe and everything gonna be all right." He wants to get some steak on the table down here. He wants a Cadillac, he wants a big house. He wants to live comfortably here. So this is all part of religion.

R.G.B. - Jesus was one of the greatest organizers, and Paul was a great organizer. Moses, Martin Luther King, Malcolm X, also. They were organizing the people to one positive direction. The old folks who want to get to heaven, got to go down that road. The younger generation looks for better food, clothing, shelter, so we are organizing them in that way.

E.J. - You know what the old folks want, so you say the thing you know they can go along with. In order for the young people to respond, you say the thing that makes them respect you. Then both groups will work with you. If you're gonna run up and down that pulpit and hum like the old folks want you to, saying "Oh, you'll get to heaven and heaven is a beautiful place," and all that stuff you been hearing all these years, that's fine for old folks, but it's not fine for the young folks.

R.G. - People can be so poor, they can fall into a state of hopelessness, and this is the type of people we deal with, showing them that there is a beam of hope somewhere, for instance, - a person who has never had running water in his house; you see, we have kids on this island who have never been to school. And a person who has come up this

way could say, "There is no need for me to better my condition."

Student: Has any attempt been made to organize the migrant workers' camp we saw here?

E.J. - We feel we cannot do too much with those who are already migrants. Those older people are already satisfied and don't look forward to anything. If you told them the truth, nothing would come of it. They're not thinking about revolution. To them this is the white man's world.

We try to do it with the children. We have schools for them and teach them that migrant is a terrible thing. It hurts you. It keeps you from being a person, a somebody. It makes you live like the lower part of the animal. So if we get it into the children not to become a migrant, then we know we are changing their life. Some of the women have been working for \$15 and \$20 a week, with 6 or 7 children, and the husband working on the farm for \$25 or \$30 a week—just existing with that. When people keep on doing the same thing over and over again, it's easy to criticize them. Then you have to say, 'Well, I gotta help the individual,' not criticize him if he don't have spunk to do certain things for himself. He's satisfied and complacent, but not forever, - and he does need your help.

Student: Is it dangerous to try to organize the migrant workers?

R.G. - Definitely, definitely. Anytime a Christian goes out into the dark, he's going to bump into things. When you organize migrants, you gonna stumble into the big farmer, you gonna stumble into the big landowner who is collecting \$12 or \$15 a week for a 10 x 10 room. Anytime a person, especially a black man, assumes leadership in the south or anywhere, his head is on the chopping block. Many times Mr.

Jenkins' life has been threatened. Anytime any one of us assumes leadership we can expect him to be killed just like King.

Student: Are white churches concerned with religious as well as secular life, like black churches today?

R.G. - Well, I'll speak to you very frankly. No, I see no change in the white church.

The wealthiest institution next to the federal government is the church. The church owns more money and perpetuates more poverty than any institution I have ever seen. But the church rather puts money in fine organs,

fine choirs, fine pews, and everything else. So there is no change—whatsoever.

Right here we have a white church that had a fire a couple of years ago. They've rebuilt it and don't owe any money on it, and one of the windows of the church cost about \$2,000,000.

One window! Just to show Christ through this window and say, "My, how beautiful!" This was the thing that Jesus was protesting against. To hell with these stones! This is not the church!

Student: I feel the church is a reflection of the community and it's the community at fault, not the church.

R.G. - Anytime that you find a church that is afraid to speak out, well, so is the community. For instance, one of the greatest segregationists in the world is George Wallace, and he is a member of our church, the United Methodist Church. But what kind of sermon can George Wallace's pastor preach? If he preaches the kind I preach, then the next mornin' he'll have to find another job. - You see, the freest man in the church is the black preacher. I don't have to go out of my pulpit!

Student: What is a true Christian?

R.G. - We read the Bible and quote the Bible back and forth, but that don't make you a Christian. In Africa, the Africans had all the land. The white missionaries came over with their Bible. Now what happened? The Africans got the Bible and the white missionaries got the land.

E.J. - People misjudge Christianity because some person did wrong. We are the ones who mess it up. Some people took the church and made a racket of it, but we cannot blame the church—you blame the individual doing that act. The church, for example, started our colleges and schools. The underground railroad originally started through the church. The church has to come back and start again to help the people in the community. We got away from the old gospel, the old sayings, the old traditions. The Jew kept that heritage, but the black church got away from it in trying to be like the big white church.

Student: When you run the programs do you have pressure from the outside?

R.G. - We run into bribery. A man tries to bribe you to take it easy, - here is your bacon and a little grits and be quiet. But

you have to be nailed to something, - like Jesus Christ, he was nailed to conviction, to the truth. He could have easily come down from off the cross and saved himself.

On this island we have started all kinds of programs. We have a child development center. We have a school for the illiterate. We will eventually have a school for the mentally retarded. When you are nailed to conviction, you got to break with outside pressure. But if I didn't have outside pressures, I think I might not do anything. I fight better when I have pressure.

Student: In Charleston, we saw toilets with doors that said white women and black women and white men and black men. Is there segregation in this area?

R.G. - To a very small degree, but still there. Last year Mr. Jenkins was turned out of his own Methodist Church, a white church.

E.J. - I heard about this so-called Methodist Church and I wanted to test it. So I went there one Sunday morning with some students from Wesley Church. I happen to be the chairman of the Christian Social Concern which concerns itself with everything that goes on in the church. When I got to this church, I was met at the door by two officials saying to me, "Sorry, but we can't let you in." I asked why, and they said, "well our board hasn't decided yet to have Negroes attend our services." I said, "but these young people want to meet with some of your young people. We have lost our brotherhood, so we want to find it and deal with each other." They said, "We're so sorry, we just can't!" So I stood there, and a white lady was standing on the steps, and the white lady turned back too.

Student: How can you let this happen?

R.G.- This is the power structure! To give another illustration: We had three white kids last year. They had a bad wreck on the interstate and the hospital just looked into the directory and called a minister. When I went to the hospital, they had these kids whose parents were unconscious. The nurse said, "Oh, I'm so embarrassed, I didn't know that you were Negro." These kids needed attention, so I tried to find a home for them.

My wife was going away for a vacation at this time, but we cancelled it because I couldn't find a person to keep these kids. I brought them to my house and we washed them up and got them some clothes. I kept them for a month and all this time the parents didn't know they were in this world. I had to walk

up and down the floor every night with one of them, they played with my kids, and I began to love them. When these people finally came to, we found out they were from Miami--The man was a member of the K.K.K. We asked their lawyer, "If this was vice-versa, would you have done the same thing?" He said, "No I wouldn't!"

E.J. - And those children, - there was a girl and two boys. They were in the bath tub along with Goodwin's two boys without ever thinking of discrimination and segregation, perhaps because they were poor white country children and used to being around blacks. "Isn't it strange that these children aren't cryin', and not thinking about their mother and father in a hospital, and here with black children and being happy?"

Student: They hadn't learned hate yet. Hate's learned.

E.J. I hope, when they go through their adolescence, they will remember being in a bath tub with black children.

R.G. - Later, my boy's jaw was swollen. My wife is a speech therapist on the island, and she called a dentist and made an appointment. We packed all the kids into the car and drove to his office.

It was a white dentist, and the receptionist looked at my wife and son and said, "What's your name?" "My name is Goodwin." She said, "Well, I have a Mrs. Goodwin here but there must be some mistake. It must be some other Mrs. Goodwin." My wife said, "I am the person who called you." She went to talk to the dentist. The excuse was that "we don't have the facilities for that kind of work." In other words, "we don't drill black kids' teeth." This is an incident my boy will never get over. Here he was, hurting, and he had to leave that dentist. My wife told the receptionist, "look here. You see those white kids in my car? - They are sleeping right in my bed. I bathe them. We're their only parents in this world."

This is why I say black people are lovers because this kind of thing would really make you hate. This is the kind of thing that caused Rap Brown. This is the kind of thing that caused Pantherism.

Student: How has life changed for the people in this area since the desegregation movement in the sixties?

E.J. - Now, we have more friends of respect since integration started. Before we had artificial friends. "Do as I say and you are my friend." But now the people, those who know their rights, talk back to them. Plus the fact that where boys and girls, white and black, go to school together, they learn to respect each other's ability more than they did before.

R.G. - I don't see too much change. I see a great battle before us. The so-called Negro, I say Negro instead of black, - has a fine home, and can go to the Holiday Inn or the Sheraton or the Waldorf. He has a little bit of money, thinks that the revolution is all over and everything is all right. But the revolution hasn't started. After ten years we are back at the same place. People are still living in these old dilapidated houses.

E.J. - I disagree with you. Back in the forties and fifties, Negroes were lynched--one-and-a-half a day. And you couldn't dare say anything. This is one incident we are talking about now. Recently I got on TV and criticized a grand jury. I couldn't have done that twenty or fifteen years ago. I'd have been killed before I even got off that TV! Today Negroes are not taking it like they used to.

Student: Have the minds of the whites changed?

E.J. - No, but something will make them change. He might not want to change, but he better change.

R.G. - I think, Brother Jenkins, you and I agree in one way, and disagree in another, because you have lived longer. My grandfather was lynched, so I heard. When I say things have not changed, they haven't changed like I want to see them change!

E.J. - Neither one of us can say things changed like we wanted. I am optimistic enough to believe that as long as we fight for it, it will change more to our favor day after day.

R.G. - Now we have had a token change. The white man in the south is worried about inter-marriage. I had a question asked of me at the Lutheran League of Church Women, all white, - "Reverend, don't you want a pure black race?"

And I said, "No, man, you have messed up my race for so long, you have been jumping over the back fence for so long now!" The change I want to see is a real honest-to-goodness change. You are doing me a favor by letting me come to the Holiday Inn, by letting me get on television, ... this is no favor, this is my right. And if you don't give me this right, I'm going to take it.

I also see the coming together of all forces, blacks, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, and middle-class whites who are just dissatisfied.

I am not going to defend the church, and some statements that I've made are very critical of the church, but I would be part of no other institution. I'm going to stay in the church. It's a great organization, because beyond all the turmoils of life, there is a God somewhere. God will have the final answer. God is right, God is truth, God is love.

#### THE HUNTER HOUSEHOLD

After the long, sleepless train ride from New York to John's Island, we went to a welcoming party at Janey Hunter's house. It was a festive night, marked by blues and spiritual singing, hand-clapping and dancing. It was also our introduction to the people of the island and the beginning of our friendship with them.

On the way to Janey's, the cars turned from the main road to a path that few of us saw. The grass had grown tall out of the mud bottom, and the way was obscured by Spanish moss hanging from trees. Near Janey's, it was too muddy for the cars, so we went the last yards on foot.

Two short steps brought us to the porch, supported by rotting timbers. The house was small and weather-beaten. We entered a cozy living room, neatly arranged with old, upholstered furniture. To the right was an attractive bedroom, the bed covered with a bright spread, and on the pillow was a beautifully dressed doll. Beyond the living room was the kitchen, and to the right the dining room, where a delicious buffet supper had been laid out for us, and where the teenagers had their record player and records. This was where they did their dancing. Near the kitchen was a small room with chairs and a TV set at one end, and an old pot-bellied stove at the other.

We discovered Janey's grandchildren. After a few minutes together, an objective study became a love affair for all. Every afternoon from then on was spent with the children, who taught us the songs and games they were growing up with.

Janey's children and the other teenagers we met were not much different from the teenagers you would find anywhere today. Their favorite stars are James Brown and Aretha Franklin, and their tastes tended to be like those of their urban counterparts. However, they had not forgotten their heritage or rural surroundings; as soon as Mable Hillery and Janey started singing and clapping their own brand of music, the teenagers joined in.

The singing and guitar playing had started out slowly because of our fatigue and our awkwardness. We were northern white college students in a poor black section of the south, and we were so self-conscious that we were very deliberate in our actions and speech. We didn't know what to do or what was expected of us. But the atmosphere of genuine warmth and friendliness helped us relax. When Mable, Janey and the Hunter boys started singing and clapping the rhythms of the spirituals, we joined right in with them. The music was so compelling, it set off a time bomb of energy within every one of us in that house, energy that most of us didn't know we had. By the time the party ended with "May The Circle Be Unbroken," we were charged with an enthusiasm for the people which was to grow with each subsequent meeting.

John Helak

#### Side I Band 1 - Old Lady Come From Booster

A line game. The players stand with their feet slightly apart. Throughout the game, both feet tap out the following pattern: Left, right, left, right, right, moving slightly to the right on the last tap. The last tap then becomes the first tap of the second pattern, thus, line 5 has the right, left, right, left, left, moving slightly to the left on the last tap. Continue the foot patterns to the rhythm of the song until the end. Place hands on the different parts of the body mentioned in the song.

Old lady came from Booster  
She had two hens and a rooster  
The rooster died, the old lady cried  
She couldn't get eggs like she used to.  
Oh ma, you look so  
Oh pa, you look so  
Who's been here since I been gone?  
Two little boys with their blue caps on  
Hang them on the hickory stick  
Ranky tanky, button my shoes  
Buffalo boy gonna buy me a bag

Pain in my head, ranky tanky  
Pain in my shoulder, ranky tanky  
Pain in my hands, ranky tanky  
Pain in my thighs, ranky tanky  
Pain in my knees, ranky tanky  
Pain in my legs, ranky tanky  
Pain in my foot, ranky tanky  
Pain all over me, ranky tanky  
Pain all over me, ranky tanky.

#### Side I Band 2 - Cheerio

A partner dance. Two people hold each other's crossed arms and move them back and forth in a sawing pattern. At lines 3 and 4, the partners clap, jump 4 steps backward, and extend their hands to their own foreheads in a looking motion. Follow directions given from line 7 to 15. The dancers then keep their feet moving to the rhythm while their hands touch the parts of the body indicated. The hands are rolled over each other during lines 16, 17, 19 and 20, and at the end of each line the hands touch shoulders. During lines 18 to 21 the fingers are snapped according to the rhythm. In this game, some may just keep the rhythm while others do the movements.

1. This is the way we cheerio, cheerio, cheerio
2. This is the way we cheerio all night long
3. Now step back sally, sally, sally
4. I looked over yonder and what I saw
5. A big fat man from Tennessee
6. I bet ya five dollars I can beat him up
7. To the front, to the back, to the side, side, side
8. Now step back sally, sally, sally
9. I looked over yonder and what I saw
10. A big fat man from Tennessee
11. I bet ya five dollars I can beat him up.
12. To the front, to the back, to the side, side, side
13. I got a pain in my head ooh ah
14. I got a pain in my stomach ooh ah
15. I got a pain in my side ooh ah
16. Rolla rolla rolla be
17. Rolla, rolla rolla be
18. Ooh sha la la, ooh sha la la
19. Rolla, rolla, rolla be
20. Rolla, rolla, rolla be
21. Ooh sha la la, ooh sha la la.

#### Side I Band 3 - Mama Lama

This game is done as a rhythmic chant. Footwork and clapping accompany the song.

Mama lama kuma lama kumala beesta  
mama lama kuma lama kumala beesta  
Oh no no no no na beesta  
Oh no no no no na beesta  
Eny meeny jusa peeny  
Ooh ah ahmaleeny  
Otchy potchy kumma lomma x-a y-a-z  
Eny meeny jusa peeny  
Ooh ah ahmaleeny  
Otchy potchy kuma loma x-a y-a-z.

#### Side I Band 4 - Who Are The Greatest?

A circle game. The children furnish a basic rhythm by clapping hands and snapping their fingers while the person in the center has a chance to do whatever movements he wants. The game goes on until each person has had a chance to be the leader.

LEADER: Who are the greatest?  
GROUP: We are the greatest.  
LEADER: Are you sure?  
GROUP: Yeah!  
LEADER: Positive?  
GROUP: Yeah!  
LEADER: Negative?  
GROUP: Yeah!  
LEADER: All right, all right!  
ALL: Oh ah ah  
Oo ah ah  
Ooh ah ah  
Oo oo oo

#### Side I Band 5a - Dr. Knickerbocker

A partner game in which the participants fit actions to the words.

Dr. Knickerbocker Knickerbocker -  
Now let's get the rhythm of the hands.  
Now you've got the rhythm of the hands,  
Now let's get the rhythm of the feet.  
Now you've got the rhythm of the feet,  
Now let's get the rhythm of the shoulder.  
Now you've got the rhythm of the shoulder,  
Now let's get the rhythm of the eyes.  
Now you've got the rhythm of the eyes,  
Now let's get the rhythm of the ooo-ooo.  
Now you've got the rhythm of the ooo-ooo  
I said ooo!

#### Side I Band 5b - Tic-Tac

A circle game.

ALL: Tic-tac, tic-tac to wally-wally.  
Tic-tac, tic-tac to wally-wally.

Oh Miss Gloria, someone's on the phone!  
GLORIA: If it ain't Mr. J., tell him I ain't home!  
Tic-tac, tic-tac to wally-wally  
ALL: Oh Miss Poochie, someone's on the phone!  
POOCHIE: If it ain't Peter Day, tell him I ain't home!

Side I Band 6 - Mr. Postman Died

Line or circle game. One person is the leader. Suit actions to words.

LEADER: Mr. Postman died  
GROUP: How did he die?  
LEADER: He died like this (lean back)  
GROUP: He died like this  
LEADER: Mr. Postman livin'  
GROUP: Where he livin'?  
ALL: He's livin' on the outside of Tennessee  
He wear short short dress and bald on his knee

I gotta twist this thing wherever I go  
Hands up twisty twisty twisty twist  
Hands down twisty twisty twisty twisty twist  
Touch the ground twisty twisty twisty twist  
Turn around twisty twisty twisty twist  
I never went to college  
I never went to school  
But when I do the boogie I boogie like a fool.

Side I Band 7a - Miss Mary Mack

Mary Mack Mack Mack  
All dressed in black black black  
With silver buttons buttons buttons  
All down her back back back  
She asked her mother mother mother  
For 50 cents cents cents  
To see the elephant elephant elephant  
Jump the fence fence fence  
He jumped so high high high  
He touched the sky sky sky

And he never come back back back  
Till the fourth of July ly ly  
He lied lied lied for a piece of pie pie pie.

Side I Band 7b - I Want To Go To Mexico

Group or line formation.

I want to go to Mexico more more more

There's a big policeman at the door door door  
He shakes you for a quarter and makes you pay a dollar  
See what I mean, Jelly bean  
Wash your face in a fryin' pan  
Jump in the lake - swallow a snake  
Come back home with a belly ache.

(This is followed by a repetition of Mary Mack Mack'Mack).

Side I Band 8 - Shake It If You Can

Circle game. One person in the center. Suit action to words.

We're going to Kentucky  
We're going to the fair  
I met a Señorita with flowers in her hair  
Oh shake it Señorita

Shake it if you can  
'Cause all the boys around you  
Will shake it too and follow you  
Oh rhumba to the bottom  
Rhumba to the top  
Rhumba to the bottom  
Until you make them stop  
Shake it up  
Shake it down  
Shake it all around.

Side I Band 9 - Have You Ever Been Mistreated

Sung and played on guitar by Joe Hunter during the party at Janey Hunter's house.

Got a job at the steel mill,  
Truck and slave like a slave,  
Find every Friday,  
And go straight home like a child,  
I been mistreated,  
You know what I'm talking about,  
I worked five long years for one woman,  
She had the nerve to put me out.

Finally learned my lesson,  
Long, long time ago,  
Next woman I marry,  
She got to work and bring me some dough.  
Been mistreated,  
You know what I'm talking about,  
Worked five long years for one woman,  
She had the nerve to put me out.

Have you ever been mistreated,  
And you know what I'm talking about,  
Have you ever been mistreated,  
And you know what I'm talking about,  
I've worked five long years for one woman,  
She had the nerve to put me out.

Side I Band 10 - That's All Right

Sung by Mable Hillery and John Hunter at the Hunter party.

That's all right, -

That's all right, - That's all right, -  
That's all right, - That's all right, -  
Since my soul got a seat in the kingdom, -  
That's all right, -  
That's all right, -  
That's all right, - That's all right, -  
That's all right, - That's all right, -  
Since my soul got a seat in the kingdom  
That's all right Oh-

Well now, one of these mornings, it won't be long,  
You gonna look for me and I'll be gone.  
Goin' up to heaven to sing and shout, -  
Nobody there to turn me out.  
I talk with the Father and chat with the Son,  
Tell about the world that I came from.  
Since my soul got a seat in the kingdom, -  
That's all right, -

That's all right, - That's all right, -  
That's all right, - That's all right, -  
That's all right, - That's all right, -

Since my soul got a seat in the kingdom, -  
That's all right.  
Well now, hush little baby,  
Don't you cry, -  
Know that your mother,  
Was born to die.  
Got a ladder so long and tall, -  
If you ain't got God you surely fall.  
Since my soul got a seat in the kingdom,  
That's all right,  
That's all right.

Side I Band 11 - Motherless Child

Sung by Joe, John and Janey Hunter and Mable Hillery. Janey Hunter moves from the kitchen to the living room as the song is sung.

Ladies and gentlemen - I'm here to sing  
this song  
Cause I know of a mother gone -  
But I can say at this time...  
Motherless Child, hard times, -  
Mother is gone. Listen carefully - Wow -  
yeah!

Motherless Child, hard time,  
Mother is gone. Oh, yeah!  
They done run from door to door  
Lord, you got nowhere to go  
Motherless Child, hard times,  
Mother is gone - Mother is gone

Listen:

Nobody treats you like a mother do, babe.  
She is gone, yeah, oh yeah,-  
Nobody treats you like a mother do, babe.  
She is gone, oh yeah,-  
Nobody treats you like a mother do.

Some of these days are turning back on you,  
Motherless Child seen a hard time,  
Mother is gone, really gone.

Father will do the best he can,  
Mother is gone, oh yeah,  
Father will do the best he can,  
Mother is gone, oh yes,  
Father will do the best he can,  
No other friends can understand,  
Motherless child seen a hard time  
When mother is gone, oh yes.

You know, mother will stand and feel you  
head  
Oh, she is gone  
Oh, she is gone,  
Mother will stand and feel your head  
She is gone, oh yes,  
My mama stand and feel you head  
She will put you to bed  
Motherless child seen a hard time  
When mother is gone

They'll be running from door to door  
Mother is gone, oh yes,  
They'll be running from door to door  
Mother is gone, oh yes  
They'll be running from door to door,  
Doesn't have no place to go  
Motherless child seen a hard time, yeah  
Motherless oooooooh.

Side II

The Wesley Methodist Church where the  
Easter Dawn Service was held, is a simple brick  
edifice built recently by donations from the  
membership. Inside the church, two rows of  
seats face a slightly raised platform and a  
preacher's podium. In back of the preacher and  
facing the parishioners are about a dozen seats,  
for the leading laity. Toward the right is an  
ample room used to house the day-care center and  
a kitchen where food is prepared for the children  
and for after services.

Even before the service began, people were  
already singing and offering prayers and their  
laments filled the air. Slowly the church  
filled. As the dawn light filtered through  
the windows, the rain came pelting down and  
thunder reverberated throughout the room during  
the singing. During his sermon, Reverend  
Goodwin at times would dramatically raise his  
hands to the sky, seemingly calling down the  
thunder.

The hymns heard that morning were in the  
traditional style of John's Island. The people  
stood at their seats singing and tapping their  
feet to the rhythm. After several minutes,  
clapping in a regular pattern began. As the  
service progressed and Rev. Goodwin inspired  
them with his message of liberation, the singing  
and spontaneous responses grew in intensity and  
excitement.

Such vitality was in sharp contrast to  
the "new-style singing" heard later on other  
occasions, that is, singing with organ  
accompaniment from the Methodist hymnal without  
foot tapping or hand clapping.

The Easter Service was our first contact  
with John's Island as a community. We were  
swept along by its spirit, - singing, clapping  
and stamping with the others. Again, as at  
Janey's house, we felt the kind of warmth and  
acceptance we had seldom experienced.

Side II Band 1 - He Rose From The Dead

Congregation of the Wesley  
Methodist Church.

He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead  
He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead  
He rose, He rose, He rose from the dead  
And the Lord shall bear his spirit on.

Side II Band 2 - Easter Morning Sermon (1970)

Rev. Willis Goodwin, pastor  
of Wesley Methodist Church.

Side II Band 3 - Jesus Knows All About My  
Troubles

Congregation of the Wesley  
Methodist Church.

Jesus Knows all about my troubles,  
He will guide us 'til the day is done,  
Can't find no friend like the lonely  
Jesus  
No not one, no not one.

Side II Band 4 - Give Me That Old Time Religion

Congregation of the Wesley  
Methodist Church.

It was good for the Hebrew children  
It was good for the Hebrew children  
It's good enough for me.

Chorus

Give me that old time religion  
Give me that old time religion  
Give me that old time religion  
It's good enough for me.

It's good when your troubles get over  
It's good when your troubles get over  
It's good when your troubles get over  
It's good enough for me.

It's good in the time of trouble  
It's good in the time of trouble  
It's good in the time of trouble  
It's good enough for me.

It's good when the doctor gives me over  
It's good when the doctor gives me over  
It's good when the doctor gives me over  
It's good enough for me.

Henrietta Yurchenco