

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3842

SPIRITUALS AND SHOUTS
CHILDREN'S GAME SONGS

RECORDED BY GUY CARAWAN
JOHNS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA

FOLKWAYS FS 3842

SIDE A
TALKING 'BOUT A GOOD TIME (BENJ. BLIGEN &
MOVING HALL STAR SINGERS) (1:10)
THAT'S ALL RIGHT (LAURA RIVERS) (2:33)
JESUS KNOWS ALL ABOUT MY TROUBLES
(MOVING STAR HALL) (3:15)
TALK (ESAU JENKINS) (1:27)
LAY DOWN BODY (BERTHA SMITH & MOVING
STAR HALL) (3:35)
I'M GONNA SIT AT THE WELCOME TABLE &
PRAYER (ALICE WINE) (5:54)
BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG (MARY PINCKNEY)
(3:02)

SIDE B
DOWN ON ME (MARY PINCKNEY & MOVING STAR
HALL SINGERS) (3:00)
REBORN AGAIN (BENJ. BLIGEN & MOVING STAR
HALL SINGERS) (2:46)
ROW MICHAEL ROW (JANE HUNTER & MOVING
STAR HALL SINGERS) (1:41)
JOHNNY CUCKOO (JANE HUNTER) (1:12)
OLD LADY COME FROM BOOSTER (JANE HUNTER
& MARY PINCKNEY) (1:00)
SHOO TURKEY (JANE HUNTER, CHILDREN &
GRANDCHILDREN) (1:19)
MR. POSTMAN DIE (JANE HUNTER, CHILDREN
& GRANDCHILDREN) (1:00)
WATER MY FLOWERS (JANE HUNTER) (1:15)
THE RABBIT AND THE PARTRIDGE (JANE
HUNTER) (1:07)
JACK AND MARY AND THE DEVIL (JANE
HUNTER) (6:42)

RETURN TO ALBERT
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
CENTER FOR FOLKLORE
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
**BEEN
IN
THE
STORM
SO
LONG**

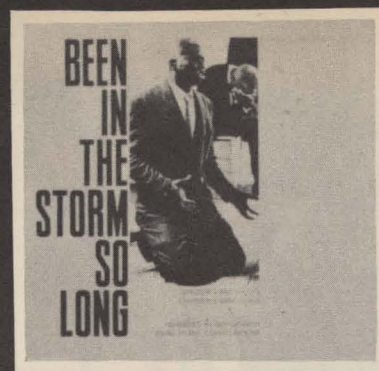
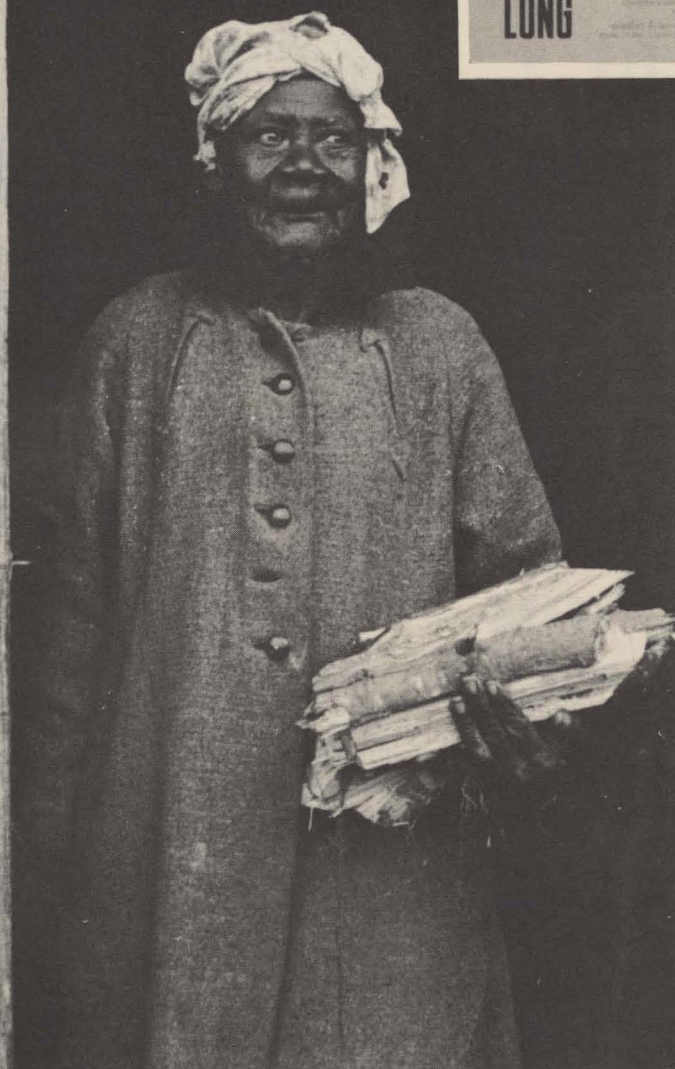
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JOHNS ISLAND, SOUTH CAROLINA/RECORD BY GUY CARAWAN/PHOTOS BY ROBERT YELLIN

SPIRITUALS & SHOUTS, CHILDREN'S GAME SONGS, AND FOLKTALES

FS 3842

Side I:

1. Talking 'Bout a Good Time
2. That's All Right
3. Jesus Knows All About My Troubles
4. Talk
5. Lay Down Body
6. I'm Gonna Sit at the Welcome Table & Prayer
7. Been in the Storm So Long

Side II:

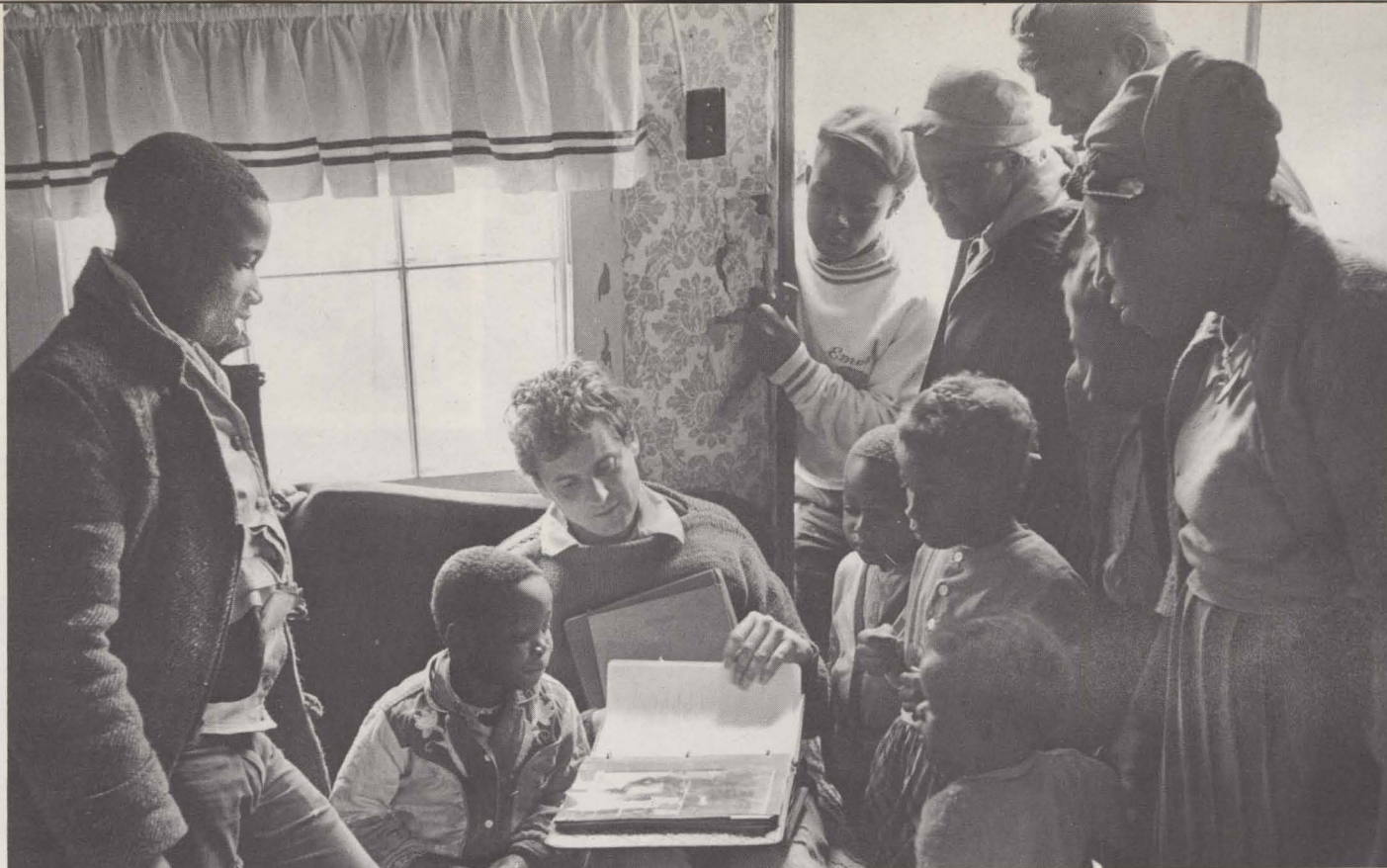
1. Down on Me
2. Reborn Again
3. Row, Michael, Row
4. Johnny Cuckoo
5. Old Lady Come from Booster
6. Shoo Turkey
7. Mr. Postman Die
8. Water My Flowers
9. The Rabbit and the Partridge
10. Jack and Mary and the Devil

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INTRODUCTION

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG

The people you hear on this record live on Johns Island -- one of the sea islands just off the coast of South Carolina. The record was made to accompany a book about these people -- a folk-life study of a southern rural Negro community. Ain't You Got a Right to the Tree of Life? is available from the Simon & Schuster Publishing Co.

The oldest forms of Negro folk life still alive today in the United States are to be found in the sea islands. These low flat islands, covered with swampy marshes, rich farm land, and forests of live oaks draped with Spanish moss, have only had bridges and causeways built to them from the mainland since about 1930. Some of them are still only accessible by boat. Because of their relative isolation from the cross-currents of modern life, the sea islands have preserved many aspects of the old slave culture, including the Gullah dialect, the old spirituals and style of singing them, their own folk version of Christianity and "praise house" form of worship, folk tales and beliefs.

Most of these people are very poor and have large families. They work primarily as domestics and field hands. Some of them have to go into the nearest city, Charleston, for work since there is little opportunity to make a living on the island. Though there is a very low level of literacy among the older generation there is a rich oral tradition of folk expression.

Central to this tradition is Moving Star Hall. This is the gathering place for the older people. Here each person expresses himself in sermon, song, testimony and prayer. Moving Star Hall is also an organization for visiting the sick and burying the dead. The small clapboard building has been up since 1917 but the praise house form of worship and the burial society go back much further in time.

A small group of singers from Moving Star Hall have now travelled to northern folk festivals and concert halls.

I first went to Johns Island in 1959 to work with an adult literacy program and to record some of the music. I returned each winter and finally moved into the Negro community around Moving Star Hall with my wife and son and stayed for two years. During those years we gathered on tape many hours of life experience, songs, tales, children's games, much wisdom and wit. This record is only a small sample. I would suggest that anyone really interested in the area get the book, Ain't You Got a Right to the Tree of Life. There is also an earlier record from Johns Island: Sea Island Folk Festival, Folkways No. FS 3841.

Guy Carawan
Furnace Dock Road
Peekskill, New York

(Thanks to Simon & Schuster for permission to reprint text used in the book and photographs taken by Robert Yellin.)

EXCERPTS FROM
THE BOOK-

"AIN'T YOU GOT A RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE"

SIMON & SCHUSTER

■ We Been Climbing on the Rough Side of the Mountain:

"From the time I have sense enough to recollect in this world, we have trouble and crosses, ups and downs. We been climbing on the rough side of the mountain. Climbing up, falling back, grabbin' bottom.

Way back yonder, in 1893, we had to work for something to eat. Work on the white folks' farm, move from place to place, eat with stick for spoon. Get oshter, fish, crab, and 'tato. Get corn meal, carry 'em to the mill and grind 'em and eat corn meal. Sweet potato. All that just to bring us this far. And I say thank God that I live to see light come into the world. Wise man from all part of the world come into this world. The world is lifting up more and more.

My old parents didn't see these things--automobile, airplane. We come from rowboat time. Had to row from home to town and back. Sometime I have to stay a whole day; have to wait on the tide, all that to row. And God spare us live to see this day.

We used to drive with ox and cart, haul wood with old oxen, plow with oxen. All that. Today no oxen. Nothing but car and truck and bus and trailer and all kind of thing like that.

Old days you couldn't eat nothing but 'tato and peas and corn and corn flour and crab and all like them. Well these days it's Christmas every day now. Anything you want now you get 'em. In them days back if one somebody kill a hog in the community, you think it was Christmas by the hog only. But now, eat hog meat any day you want. Go from store to store to get the thing you want. It's Christmas every day now for we. Light come into the world. Them times we had to buy, and money was so little, you can't see your way to buy but what you need for live. Had to make out 'til we leave the white folks' place and then start to come up. It's a blessing we see the day. Everybody lifting up. God put a way to your brains to catch on to these things, that you may have bread to

carry you 'til He ready for you. The world is comin' up and is wise and wise and wise until we all can get some bread from God. Man ain't able to give 'em, God put 'em into that man that he can share around to the next brother."

Mr. Joe Daes

■ Now the World Is Nothing But White People:

"When I were growing up, I must have seen one white man in my life. And I was so scared of that white man I never see his face. You might see but two white man in the whole Johns Island then. But now the Island is full of white people. There so many white people it seem like they always one now. Before then you wouldn't see no white people there in six or seven months. But now, the world is nothing but white people. White people!

The Bible says you must love your fellow mans, 'gardless of what color you are, you must love em. Ain't no need for I love my color, hate you. Cause God don't please with it. Cause we all is God's children. We must love one another. Cause He don't care for ugly, and very little care for pretty. Cause we know all is His children, see?

The church doesn't do a thing for you no more than preach a sermon. That's all the preacher do for you. But you got to live a life living right here. The way you walk and the way you talk, the way your action -- there's your sermon right there. You preaching your sermon before you die.

The way you treat people, that's your heaven right there. Now if you born dumb, you just dumb. If you're a mean person all your life, you're just a mean person; people can't say good for you. If you're a good person all your life, that's all people will say is he's a good person. Got to first have heaven here before you have Heaven. If you have speck in your heart, you can not get in God's kingdom. I never been up there yet, but I feel about it."

Mrs. Alice Wine

SIDE

I



SIDE I - 1

Benjamin Bligen & 4 Moving Star Hall Singers:
spiritual done in "shouting style"*

TALKING 'BOUT A GOOD TIME

Good time, a good time,
We going have a time,
Good time, a good time,
We going have a time.

Singing for a good time,
We going have a time...

Oh, good time a good time,
We going have a time....

Talking 'bout a good time,
We going have a time....

Good time, a good time,
We going have a time.....

* shouting style: As the spirit mounts, everyone rises and at a point about half-way through they break into a wild combination of complex foot-stomping and hand-clapping rhythms. Most of the songs climax in this manner.





SIDE I - 2

Laura Rivers: spiritual

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 up in the kingdom
That's all right.

Mind my mother how you're walking along
Your feet may slip, and your soul may lost,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

That's all right....

Hush little baby, don't you cry,
You know your mother been born to die,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

That's all right....

Tell my neighbor, but
That's all right, that's all right,
That's all right, it going be all right,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

Jacob ladder so long and tall
You ain't got faith, you'll sure to fall,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

Tell my mother, but
That's all right, that's all right,
It going be all right, it going be all right,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

Watch my mother how you're walking along
Your feet might slip and your soul may lost,
Since my soul got a seat up in the kingdom
That's all right.

That's all right....

SIDE I - 3

Moving Star Hall: hymn done in "shouting style"

JESUS KNOWS ALL ABOUT MY TROUBLES

Jesus guides us 'til the day is done,
Can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
No not one, no not one.

But, Jesus knows all about my troubles,
He will guide us 'til the day is done,
Can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
(Oh) no not one, (oh) no not one.

Tell my children, but
Jesus knows all about my troubles....

I can't tell you, but
Jesus knows all about my troubles....

Tell your brother there, that
Jesus knows all about my troubles...
(Oh) he will guide us 'til the day is done,
(Well) I can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
(Oh) no not one, (oh) no not one.
Oh yes

I can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
No not one, no not one.
I'll keep shouting, but you
Can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
No not one, no not one.
Trying to get over, but you
Can't find no friend like the lonely Jesus,
No not one, no not one.

ESAU JENKINS:

This is Esau Jenkins talking, who have known these people for years, have known the tribulation, have known the ups and downs. Every December, on the 24th, they have what we call a Christmas watch night meeting here in the Moving Star Hall. They know the tune, they're ready to shout. They're giving praise to the great Supreme Being who have stood by them in the past days from slavery up to this present. Right here tonight they will be singing from twelve o'clock until Christmas morning.

Just to hear these songs remind us of our hardship. Those songs are the ones that made them happy, made them go through those hard days -- the days when they didn't have a place to live of their own, didn't have a piece of land of their own, and were living on a plantation.

These people are hard-pressed people, and they are optimistic enough to believe that there are better days a coming. When they get into these religious shouts, they feel so happy 'til that's all they can do but shout. The motions go into the hands and into the feet and they start clapping, and you can't keep them sitting -- not when they start clapping, brother. They feel so happy 'til they got to shout. People sixty years and seventy years old clap and shout and jump all over the floor without falling down.

Bertha Smith & Moving Star Hall: spiritual done in "shouting style"

LAY DOWN BODY

Lay down body,
Lay down a little while,
Lay down body,
Lay down a little while.

Oh my body now,
Lay down a little while,
Oh body,
Lay down a little while.

Lay down in the graveyard,
Lay down a little while,
Lay down in the graveyard,
Lay down a little while.
Just keep a rolling,
Lay down a little while....

Body to the graveyard,
Lay down a little while....
Lay down body,
Lay down a little while,
Oh body,
Lay down a little while.
Oh this body body now,
Lay down a little while,
Oh body,
Lay down a little while.

Ain't you had a hard time....
Last December....
Ain't you got somebody gone....
O body now....
Oh my body....
Just keep a rolling....
Body to the graveyard....
Took my body....
March on behind me....
Body, ain't you tired....
Lay down body....
Body to the graveyard....
Lay down body....
Body, body....
Lay down body,
Lay down a little while,
Oh body,
Lay down a little while.

SIDE I - 6

Alice Wine: spiritual & prayer

I'M GONNA SIT AT THE WELCOME TABLE

I'm going to climb up Jacob ladder,
In the morning, but I
I'm going to climb up Jacob ladder some of
these day

Lordy, I'm
Going to climb up Jacob ladder,
I'm going to climb up Jacob ladder some of
these day.

I'm going to pull God telegram wire,
In the morning
I'm going to pull God telegram wire some of
these day

Lordy
I'm going to pull 'em 'til I get me a answer,
I'm going to pull 'em 'til I get me a answer
Some of these day.





SIDE I - 6 (continued)

PRAYER

Our Father
Who art in Heaven
Hallowed be thy name.
Thy kingdom is come, please Father
Will you let thy holy will be done
On this earth, Jesus,
As you had finish in your Heaven.
Deliver me, my Father
From all things
Like sin and evil,
For thine is your kingdom,
The kingdom shall be everlasting glory
Again and again, my Father.
Here is me, a poor, weak sinner bowed.
No lower can I bow, Oh Father,
No louder can I call, if you please.
I bow 'cause I need Thee
Every hour I need Thee our Father,
Bow, not because I know your name, our Father,
Not because I hear others say,
But I bow, Jesus,
'Cause I weak, and thou are so strong,
And your strenklin' (strengthening) hand
Shall hold the weak
'Cause you promised to rise the poor when they
fall,

Now, now Father
I'm one of your own hand-maiden,
Precious, are your blood our Father
If you only so please, our Father,
Will you come, and ride like you never ride
before.

This evening, my Father
Thank you for my last night laying down,
My early rise, our Father,
All day long, our Father,
This hour of the evening, our Father.
You tell me must seek and I shall find,
Knock and the door shall open
Ask and it shall be given.
This evening, my Father,
You know all about me if you only so please,
Why we in this low land of sorrow, our Father,
Hide us from wicked man and tempting devil.
Look at the traveller, our Father,
Oh sustain me right now, our Father,
Now some mother son
And then some father daughter
Oh God, if you only so please, our Father,
You know when us right,
And then you know when us wrong, our Father.
Oh, oh Father,
You say we wanted to be, our Father

And it shall agree, our Father,
Shall mingle in your name, our Father.
You promised, Father,
To heal the sin-sick soul.
Oh, oh Father,
You hear me days past and gone
And then I know you hear me right now, our
Father.
Help him Father,
That call on a poor weak sinner like me,
Oh Father, take the handcuff off his hand
Take the shackle off his feet
Oh, the bridle out his tongue, our Father.
See clear to speak, if you only so please.
Now, now Father,
Fox in the forest got hole,
The bird in the air got nest,
Poor sinner man got no place to lay their weary
head, our Father,
Some days, some days, my Father,
The valley so wide
I can't go around,
So deep Jesus,
I can't go in,
So high Father,
I can't climb up, our Father,
But you know all things, Father,
Is planted in your hand, our Father.
Now, now Father,
Look at the jail-house,
Some sick on a bed of affliction,
Some want to come, and cannot come, our Father,
Some want prayer, Father,
Don't know the way, our Father,
Please, oh please, our Father,
You promised in your own written word, our
Father,
Promise to raise the sick,
You promised to give the blind their sight,
You promised to make the dumb speak, our
Father
Now, oh now Father,
Not because I know your name
Not because I hear others say,
But you know all power is trust in your hand, our
Father.
Now, now Father,
When we, when we done toil and topple, our
Father,
Run from one side to the other,
Give up right for satisfaction, our Father,
Point me a home somewhere, as Job declare,
Where the wicked cease from troubling me
And my weary soul shall be at rest. . . Amen.

SIDE I - 7

Mary Pinckney (& her mother, Jane Hunter,
humming in the background): spiritual

BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG

I been in the storm so long
You know I been in the storm so long,
Singing, Oh Lord, give me more time to pray
I been in the storm so long.

This is a needy time,
Singing, this is a needy time
Singing, Oh Lord, give me more time to pray
I been in the storm so long.

I am a motherless child
Singing, I am a motherless child,
Singing, Oh Lord, give me more time to pray,
I been in the storm so long.

Lord, I need you now
Lord, I need you now,
Singing, Oh Lord, give me more time to pray,
I been in the storm so long.

I been in the storm so long,
Singing I been in the storm so long
Singing, Oh Lord, give me more time to pray,
I been in the storm so long.



SIDE
II

SIDE II - 1

Mary Pinckney & three Moving Star Hall Singers:
spiritual

DOWN ON ME

Down on me, Lord, down on me
Oh well my Lord
It seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me. (2x)

I wonder what Satan is growling about
Chained in Hell and he can't get out,
It seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.

Mind my mother how you walk on the cross
Your feet may slip and your soul may lost
Seem like everybody... (etc.)

Well, Jacob ladder so long and tall
If you ain't got God you surely fall,
Seem like everybody... (etc.)

Well, Satan mad and I so glad
Miss that soul he thought he had,
Seem like everybody... (etc.)

Down on me, Lord, down on me
Oh well my Lord
Seem like everybody in this whole wide world
Is down on me.



SIDE II - 2

Benjamin Bligen & three Moving Star Hall Singers:
spiritual done in "shouting style"

REBORN, REBORN AGAIN

Reborn, reborn again -- can't get to Heaven 'less
you reborn again. That's the word Christ tell Nico-
demus which is in the 1st chapter St. John gospel.
Nicodemus had wanted to know how can a man be
born when he is old. Can he enter the second time
into his mother's womb and be born? Christ said
no, except a man be born off the water and off the
spirit, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.

Benjamin Bligen

Reborn, reborn again
Oh, reborn again,
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again
Oh, reborn again.

Reborn children, you reborn again
Oh, reborn again,
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again
Oh, reborn again.

Just let me tell you the natural fact
Oh, reborn again,
Can't get to Heaven, ain't comin' back
Oh, reborn again.

Yes, Jacob ladder long and tall
You ain't got God you will surely fall.

Yes, reborn warriors, reborn again
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again.
(2x)

Oh, everybody got to reborn again
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again.

Mississippi got to reborn again
Oh, reborn again,
Can't get to Heaven 'less you reborn again,
Oh, reborn again.

SIDE II - 3

Jane Hunter and three Moving Star Hall Singers:
spiritual which also used to be used as a rowing
song

ROW, MICHAEL, ROW

Row, Michael, row,
Hallelujah,
Row, Michael, row,
Hallelujah.

Oh, row the boat ashore
Hallelujah,
Row the boat ashore,
Hallelujah.

Oh, see how we do row...(etc.)

Oh, row the boat ashore....

Can't you row, Michael, row....

Jump in the jolly boat....

Oh row the boat ashore....

Row, Michael, row....

Row the boat ashore....

Row, Michael, row,
Hallelujah,
Row, Michael, row,
Hallelujah.



SIDE II - 4

Jane Hunter:

JOHNNY CUCKOO

This is a children's song that our mothers taught us when we was growing up. In the afternoon we finish our work then we go in the yard and play ring plays. And the sound is like this:

Here's one Johnny Cuckoo on a rainy day my
darling,
Is one Johnny Cuckoo on a bright starry night.

Please tell me where you come from on a rainy
day my darling,
Please tell me where you come from on a bright
starry night.

I come for my baby on a rainy day my darling,
I come for my baby on a bright starry night.

Oh, you look too black and dirty, dirty, dirty,
You look too black and dirty
Chuck 'em in the coffee pot.

This is a game. When you clap, then the kids do a
dance you call a Charleston by it.

SIDE II - 5

Jane Hunter & her daughter, Mary Pinckney:
children's play song

OLD LADY COME FROM BOOSTER

Old lady come from Booster
He had two hen and a rooster,
The rooster died, the old lady cried,
He couldn't get egg like he use-ta.

Oh Ma, you look so,
Oh Pa, you look so.
Who been here since I were gone?
Two little boy with the blue cap on.
Hang 'em on a hick'ry stick,
Ranky tanky done my shoe,
The Buffalo Boy gonna buy it back.

Painy in me hip,
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me knee
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me leg,
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me elbow
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me shoulder
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me neck
Ranky tanky,
Painy in me head
Ranky tanky,
Down in me hair
Ranky tanky.

Old lady come from Booster,
He couldn't tell the news like he use-ta.

Every part of your body you names it. And when
you're playing it, then you put your hands -- you
say painy in your foot, you put your hand on your
foot; painy in your leg, you put your hand on your
leg; painy in my knee, you put your hand on your
knee and right on up to the end. The end your hair.

SIDE II - 6

Jane Hunter & children and grandchildren:
children's play song

SHOO TURKEY

Annie?
Ma'am?
You's been to the wedding?
Yes Ma'am.
Did you get any cake?
Yes Ma'am.
How nice that taste?
Nice, nice.
Did you been to the wedding?
Yes Ma'am.
Did you get any wine?
Yes Ma'am.
How nice that drink?
Nice, nice.

Annie?
Ma'am?
Do you see my turkey?
Yes Ma'am.
Which side he gone?
So, so.
Will you help me catch him?
Yes Ma'am.
Get ready let's go.

Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo,
Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo,
Shoo turkey, shoo, shoo.

Annie?
Ma'am?
Did you find that turkey?
Yes Ma'am.
Let's eat him today.
Yes Ma'am.
How did it taste?
Nice, nice.

Annie?
Ma'am?
Let's we go hunting?
Yes Ma'am.
What did you find?

Rabbit!

They don't know them other turn in it. There some more turn to it. You say go hunting? What you hunting for? Just what you find. What did you find? A rabbit. Name any animal you find. And did you cook it? Yeah. How you clean it, how you clean it?

SIDE II - 7

Jane Hunter's children & grand children:
children's dance song

MR. POSTMAN DIE

Mr. Postman die.
How did he die?
He die like-a this.
He die like-a this.
Mr. Postman living.
Where he living?
He living on-a outside Tennessee.
He wear short short dress
And bald on his knee.
He going to twist this thing wherever
he go.

Hands up,
Twissy twissy, twissy twist.
Hands down,
Twissy twissy, twissy twist.
Touch the ground,
Twissy twissy, twissy twist.
Turn around,
Twissy twissy, twissy twist.

I never went to college,
I never went to school,
And yet when I boogie,
I boogie like a fool.



SIDE II - 8

Jane Hunter: children's play song

WATER MY FLOWERS

O water my flowers, blooming in the air so high,
We are young ladies, and we will surely die.

All sad is Yvonne, she is a nice young lady.
Why not she, why not she,
Turn her back and call her sweetheart name?

Mr. Juney, Mr. Juney, he's a nice young man,
He came to the door with his hat in he hand.
He ax for Miss Yvonne,
Upstairs, downstairs, sewing on a machine.
Pull off your glove and show her your ring.
Tomorrow, tomorrow is Thanksgiving.

Doctor, doctor,
Can't you tell?
What is the matter with Yvonne now?
She is sick and she going to die.
That gonna make a Mr. Juney cry.

How he like a them short'ning, short'ning,
How he like a that short'ning bread.

(Names are changed depending on who is playing the game.)

Other Folkways Recordings by Guy Carawan

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SIDE II - 9

Jane Hunter: old story

THE RABBIT AND THE PARTRIDGE

This is a story about a partridge and rabbit.
Everybody think that a rabbit have the most sense,
but one day the partridge outsensed the rabbit. So
one day the partridge went out, tell his wife that he
was going on a walk. And when he come back home
the partridge had his head under his wing. So on
the way back home he stopped at Bunny Rabbit's
and he said "Oh Rabbit," say "how you like my
head?" And all that time he had he head under his
wing.

Rabbit say, "I like it fine; where is your head?"

Say "Oh you old fool Rabbit, you ain't got no
sense." Say "I leave my head home for my wife
shave."

And the Rabbit take off and went home to his
wife, say "Old gal, I got a job for you."

She say "What is the job, Rabbit?"

Say, "Come on and chop my head off. I want you
to give me a haircut." Say, "You don't know," say,
"But Partridge leave he head home for he wife to
cut."

His wife say, "Oh Rabbit," say "No! I not sup-
posed to cut your head off. If I cut your head off
you'll die."

Say "No I won't die either, cause the Partridge
cut he head off, leave em home for he wife to shave.
I don't see why I can't cut mine off."

So oh he argue and argue until he make his wife
get the knife, and the wife chop the old bunny head
off. And then the bunny put throat yonder and die.
And then the old lady cry. And then the old lady
went to the Partridge and say, "Partridge, why you
did that?" Say "Why you take your head under your
wing and fool the bunny that you leave your head
home for your wife to shave when you know it wasn't
true?"

Partridge say, "Well you ain't no fool, it's just
no fun. And if you only keep that up, we sure will
get along." All that time he had two wife. You
hear about people marry two time? Well he didn't
have to marry two time cause he had the bunny
wife and his wife.



SIDE II - 10

JACK & MARY & THE DEVIL

This is a old story. Very old. Way back in the time I heard my people talk about. Slavery time. Time when the Yankee beat the Rebel. They taught us this story. They said it was a true-life story of Jack and Mary.

Jack was a very wise boy. He was the oldest; his sister was never as wise as Jack. Mary, she was old enough to keep company. So a young man come to Mary' mother' house one day, and ask Mary' mother could he keep Mary company. Mary' mother tell him "Yes, I don't mind. Do you love him?" And she said yes.

And this man had a - what do you call them - high-top buggy and horse. And Mary had a horse and Jack had a horse. Both of them have a horse. So after Mary' mother tell 'em that this young man can take 'em out, but Mary didn't know who this young man was. This young man was the Devil. He had a horse feet and he had horns head. But he had both all of 'em cover.

So Jack hurried, Mary' mother tell 'em they could go, so Jack went and say "Mama, could I go with my sister?"

She say "I don't mind if Mary don't mind."

So Mary tell Jack say "No" say "I don't want you to go with me; you is too young."

So Jack study a plan and fill his pocket with corn and Jack went on ahead and he get in a store and turn a gold ring. And all that time Mary and his boy friend get in the cart and began travelling. And when they get to the store, Mary say "Oh I love that ring."

The boy friend say "Jump out and price it."

The man say "Nine thousand dollar."

He say "Oh that just my pocket change."

So Mary had he brother on he finger. Mary had he brother on he finger and all that time he didn't know he brother turn to a ring in the store, and that's the very ring Mary have love. And Mary put he brother on he finger and didn't know. And all that time they went on travelling, until they get to this young man home. And when they get in this young man home, oh he had a beautiful home!

And then, when time for go to bed, they went to bed. He put her to bed and she ask what are they gonna have for supper. He say "Oh pull out one of them drawer and cook one of them man in there. Dead man."

And then Mary began to get worried in mind. It was down in Hell. And then Mary began to get troubled in mind and said, "Lord, when my brother had want to come with me I should have saw right and let him come."

And then Jack disappear off Mary finger and say "Oh Sister, when I was coming with you, you run me back, but how now?" And then Mary was so happy.

But then the old Devil had a rooster was a teller. And then Mary and them went to bed but Mary knew that Jack was sleeping and that old Devil fall on the floor and start for sleep, and Mary and Jack got on their horse and began to travel.

And as they began to travel the old rooster get in the Devil face and spur him.

Say: "Maussa, your miss is gone,
I hear when the bell say 'Bal-a-long.'"

Say: "How long gone?"

Say: "Long time."

Then he say "So down yonder." He tell the rooster that now. He say "Go down yonder and get my old bull, that jump fifty mile away. And get the old bull, and get on the bull back." That was the Devil.

And the rooster say:

"Jump, Bull, Jump,
Jump, Bull, Jump.
Everytime you jump, you jump
Fifty thousand mile. "

Well he made one jump, he jump right by Jack and Mary, and Jack drop one grain corn, and it turn a ocean of water. And all that time that it take for that water to dry up, Jack and the sister was far away. Then the Devil made a loud cry, say:

"Mary,
How you get over here?"

Mary say:

"I drink, My horse drink,
My brother drink,
Till I get over here. "

Old Bull say:

"You drink, I drink.
You drink, I drink.
You drink, I drink."

He drink and bust the bull' belly loose, and when he think the bull was going fifty thousand mile an hour, the bull couldn't make but five mile an hour. And old Devil take some string and tie the old bull' belly up. And all that time Jack and Mary was far away. Then he get on the old bull' back and say:

"You jump, I jump,
You jump, I jump,
You jump, I jump,
Every time you jump you jump
Fifty thousand mile. "

And right by Mary and Jack and there's another grain of corn that Mary drop. And they drop that grain of corn it turn a whole mountain 'cross and 'cross the world. Say:

"Mary,
How you get over here?"

Mary say: "I climb, My brother climb,
My horse climb,
Till I get over here. "

Bull say:

"You climb, I climb,
You climb, I climb,
Every time you climb, you slide back
down.
You climb, I climb. . . "

Now he couldn't climb. Every time the bull climb to catch Mary and Jack, he slide back down. Every time he climb he slide back down. And when he did climb the old mountain down, then Jack and they was another three mile away and he was about giving up in mind. Say:

"Mary, tell me how you
Get over here?"

Mary say:

"I root, My brother root,
My horse root, till I get over here. "

Say:

"You root, I root,
You root, I root,
You root, I root. "

Then the old Devil and old bull root beneath the pine tree. And that pine tree fall 'cross the bridge. And that's the way that story went.

(It's longer than that. I cut it short.)



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