

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5457

# The Songs and Stories of AUNT MOLLY JACKSON

Stories told by Aunt Molly Jackson / Songs sung by John Greenway



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

THE SONGS AND STORIES OF AUNT MOLLY JACKSON / FOLKWAYS FH 5457

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## AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE

BY  
JOHN GREENWAY

Of the hundreds of recordings she made for the Library of Congress and private collectors during the last 30 years, this was to have been Aunt Molly Jackson's big record. Though she had been for some time completely unable to sing, we planned to have her introduce each of the songs with summary chapters of a spoken autobiography that would have been at once a brief summing-up of the life of one of the most valiant and effective champions of the coal miners and a chronicle of the bad years in the American mines before the Roosevelt administration, the Wagner Labor Relations Act, and the United Mine Workers gave the coal miners the rights and dignity she and hundreds of others had fought for. But the weekend before we were to tape the record, on September 1, 1960, Aunt Molly Jackson died.

For 75 of her 80 years one force drove Aunt Molly Jackson: justice for the working man. When she was five years old she walked picket lines with her father, who combined coal mining with preaching and union organizing; and in her last letter to me written a few weeks before her death, she said, "I have all most lost my voice I can not sing eney more I got so week that I could hardly walk a cross the floor and all I am Able to do is to compose songs that will teach the laboring class right from rong." Between these extremes of impotency--the one due to her youth, the other to her age--Aunt Molly carried on the fight of the miners with sometimes frightening savagery, yet she was capable of an equally great tenderness (contrast her story of one bloody battle before "Hard Times in Colman's Mines" with her "Dreadful Memories").

Aunt Molly's family was old in America. For seven generations the Robinsons and the Garlands worked the land of Clay County, Kentucky, with the self-reliance and resourcefulness of virile pioneer stock. Then the coal mines were opened, and along with the other small farmers, her people became in almost a literal sense industrial slaves. Aunt Molly was justified in saying that "I believe I have had more trouble than any other poor woman who has ever been born." Her brother, husband, and son were killed in the mines; her father and another brother were blinded in mine accidents; her mother died when Molly was six years old of tuberculosis; and her sister's child died of starvation.



Violence was the man's part in those dreadful days when Mary Magdalene Garland came quickly of age in the coal-blackened and blood-reddened Kentucky hills, but even a young girl could not escape the elemental savagery of people in a continuous war. She went to jail first at the age of ten, was married at 14, and while still in her teens became a nurse whose job too often was to make as easy as she could the death of children taken by poverty's diseases. She learned early the truth that Ma Joad in *The Grapes of Wrath* never learned: that the fight was so desperate that only completely unselfish union would win it--a mother could not even favor her own children. Ma Joad told the hungry children of the Hooverville that they could share what was left of the stew only after her "famby" had eaten; but Aunt Molly told her own little son to "go and fare as the rest fares."

When Aunt Molly was run out of Kentucky in 1931 she went to New York and learned from more sophisticated people the universality of the truths she had discovered in her own experiences, and these became the themes of her best songs. At the age of four she wrote a song containing the lines

If you love your neighbor, he will love you;  
Do unto others what you want them to do to  
you.

This was the first of many songs in which she expressed her ideas of social and economic equality. She had an irrepressible talent to compose; even her letters fall into an easy, unconscious rhyming (note, for example, the lines quoted in the second paragraph of this Introduction)--and with her phenomenal knowledge of the traditional folksong of the mountain people, songs came from her as easily as speech.

These are a few of those songs by which she exhorted the less perceptive miners to action, recounted the hardships they all suffered, dramatized her own part in the struggle, and more rarely, expressed the little fun there was in the life of a true girl of constant sorrow.

The quotations in the prefaces to the songs in this pamphlet are from Aunt Molly's many letters to me or from transcriptions of taped interviews. On assembling the material for this record I found to my great shock and dismay that some of my tapes had unaccountably been erased, but through the



selfless magnanimity of Archie Green who placed at my disposal the interviews he and his companions (Barry Olivier, Peter Tamony, Billy Faier, Bob Pinson, and Page Stegner) recorded not long before Aunt Molly's death, this star-crossed record became a reality.

For more on the life and work of Aunt Molly Jackson, see my book *American Folksongs of Protest* (Philadelphia, University of Pennsylvania Press, 1953; paperback edition, A.S. Barnes and Company, Inc., 1960), pp. 252-275.

#### SIDE I, Band 1: I AM A UNION WOMAN

This is perhaps Aunt Molly's most famous song. The tune, originally that of a Baptist hymn which Aunt Molly in her most introspective moments could be persuaded to sing, is known to many as that used for a later miners' composition, "Which Side Are You On?" Aunt Molly's song has an immediacy that the other song lacks. She said, "When I was organizing the miners around Bell and Harlan counties in 19 and 31 I sang this song. I used it in my organizational work; I always sang this song before giving my speech." N. M. U.: National Miners Union.

I am a union woman, as brave as I can be;  
I do not like the bosses, and the bosses don't like me.

#### CHORUS:

Join the N. M. U.; come join the N. M. U.

I was raised in old Kentucky, in Kentucky borned  
and bred,  
And when I joined the union, they called me a  
Rooshian Red.

When my husband asked the boss for a job these  
is the words he said:  
"Bill Jackson, I can't work you, sir, your wife's  
a Rooshian Red."

This is the worst time on earth that I have ever saw,  
To get shot down by gun thugs and framed up by the  
law.

But we are many thousand strong and I am glad to  
say,  
We are getting stronger and stronger every day.

If you want to join a union as strong as one can be,  
Join the dear old N. M. U. and come along with me.

The bosses ride fine horses while we walk in the  
mud;

Their banner is a dollar sign while ours is striped  
with blood.

#### SIDE I, Band 2: POOR MINER'S FAREWELL

"I composed this song one day while I was walking along thinking of how soon a coal miner is forgotten after he is dead. The day I composed this song I never will forget; it was about three weeks after my own dear brother was killed. I found my brother's three oldest children out on the street. They told me they had been over to a store to try to get some food. They said 'We are out of money, and we have been all over town trying to get some groceries on time, but everyone has turned us down.' Then my brother's little blue-eyed boy looked up at me so sweet and said to me, 'Aunt Molly, will you get us some food to eat?' So I walked along back home that evening, feeling so

sad, and thinking of my brother's dear children left without a dad. So I composed this song."

They leave their dear wives and little ones, too,  
To earn them a living as miners all do;  
Poor hard-working miners, their troubles are great.  
So often while mining they meet their sad fate.

#### CHORUS:

Only a miner killed under the ground,  
Only a miner and one more is found;  
Killed by some accident, there's no one can tell  
Your mining's all over, poor miner, farewell.

Poor orphaned children, thrown out on the street  
Ragged and hungry, with nothing to eat;  
Their mothers are jobless and their fathers are  
dead,  
Poor fatherless children, left crying for bread.

When I'm in Kentucky so often I meet  
Poor coal miners' children out on the street;  
"How are you doing?" to them I said;  
"We're hungry, Aunt Molly, we're begging for  
bread."

#### SIDE I, Band 3: THE DISHONEST MILLER

Until his displacement by the used-car dealer, the miller with the golden thumb was from Virgil's time at least the symbol of industrial cheating; as such he was a favorite folksong character of Aunt Molly Jackson, whose mind was never very far from the socio-economic struggle. This unique version of Aunt Molly's is one of the best variants of this old song ever collected in this country or England; the alliterative line "Tell me the toll you intend for to take" could (except for the fourth syllable initial rime) have been translated directly from Anglo-Saxon.

There was an old man and he lived on a hill  
And in his possession he had a mill;  
That little mill was all he had  
To leave his sons when he was dead,  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

He called up his oldest son;  
"Son, son, I'm almost gone;  
I'll will you my mill a living to make,  
Tell me the toll you intend to take,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"Dad, you know my name is Jake,  
Out of a bushel a peck I'll take,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"If that's the way you aim to do  
I will not will my mill to you,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

He called up his middle son:  
"Son, son, I'm almost gone.  
I'll will you my mill a living to make  
If you tell me the toll you intend for to take,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"Dad, you know my name is Jeff,  
Out of a bushel I'll take the half,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"If that's the way you aim to do,  
I will not will my mill to you,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

Then he called up his youngest son:  
"Son, son, I'm almost gone;



I'll will you my mill a living to make,  
Tell me the toll you intend for to take,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"Dad, you know my name is Jack,  
I'll take the whole thing, including the sack,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"If that's the way you aim to do,  
I will will my mill to you,"  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

"Hallelu!" the old woman cried,  
And the old man throwed back his ears and he died,  
Sing rat fol diddle i day.

#### SIDE I, Band 4: THE BIRTH OF ROBIN HOOD

The Robin Hood syndrome is found universally in situations where there is sharp conflict between an oppressed class and its oppressors. Even the most unworthy criminals, like Pretty Boy Floyd, are forgiven their sins by the folk because of their success in discomfiting the common enemy. As one can hear in her comments about the life of Robin Hood on this record, the legendary English outlaw was a real person to her; in fact, she was convinced that Little John was one of her forebears in her father's family. To the folklorist, this is the most remarkable song on this record, for it shows the process of genuine folk re-creation and the vitality of the folk in revitalizing moribund songs even today. Aunt Molly learned the skeletal original of this from the one-volume Kittredge and Sargent edition of the Child ballads, where it is buried as Child 192B, "Willie and Earl Richard's Daughter." The original is a pitifully poor ballad, one of the worst of Peter Buchan's atrocities, and as such was rejected by Child and Jamieson as a genuine Robin Hood ballad. But Aunt Molly reworked it completely, and made of it one of the most beautiful ballads recovered in this country. This, incidentally, is the first time it has been recorded.

For a full analysis of Aunt Molly's changes and her other Robin Hood songs, see my article "Aunt Molly Jackson and Robin Hood--a Study in Folk Re-Creation," Journal of American Folklore, LXIX, 271 (January-March, 1956), pp. 23-38.

Robin Hood's father was the earl's own steward,  
He sprang from some small pedigree;  
His mother was Earl Huntington's daughter,  
His only child was she, she, she,  
His only child was she.

He was got in the earl's own house,  
And in a lady's tower;  
He was born in the lone green woods  
At a sad and dreadful hour.

When nine months was near at an end,  
The eighth month already gone,  
Her cheeks was always wet with tears  
When she was all alone.

"What shall I say, my love, Archibald,  
This day for you and me?  
A son asleep in the cold graveyard,  
And you may be hanged over me."

"What aileth you, my love, Clementine,  
What makes you weep and moan?"

"You know that I'm with child by you,  
And the ninth month is almost gone."

"Will you go to my mother's bower  
That stands on the mountain green?

Or will you go to the lone green woods  
Where you will not be seen?

"I will not go to your mother's bower  
That stands on the mountain green,  
But I will go to the lone green woods  
Where I will not be seen."

Then he girded his sword by his side  
And took his lady by the hand,  
And led her to the lone green woods  
Where his lady took her stand.

So slowly and sadly did this couple walk  
Till they traveled two miles or three;  
His lady was in hard labor pains  
And she lay down by a tree.

"Oh, give me a drink of your cherry wine  
To cheer my heart again;  
Go bring to me a good midwife  
To relieve me of my pain."

"I'll give you a drink of my cherry wine  
To cheer your heart again;  
And I will be your good midwife  
To relieve you of your pain."

"Go far away from me, Archibald,  
For it will never be,  
The father of my unborn child  
Will be midwife to me.

"Go take your small sword by your side,  
Your buckler and your bow,  
Go hunt around the green hillside  
Till you find me a nice fat doe.

"And I'll give birth to your child for you  
While I am all alone;  
And when you have killed me a nice young deer  
Straight back to me you'll come."

He hunted around until he found  
A nice young tender deer;  
He killed it with his bow and arrow  
And brought it back to her.

She pressed her feet against the trunk of a tree  
And pulled the grass by her side;  
She gave birth to her baby boy,  
Then she closed her eyes and died.

When Archibald came back to his love  
She sadly bowed his head,  
For lying there by the green oak tree  
His lady love was dead.

The sweet young baby his love had borne  
Right lively seemed to be;  
"Alas, alas," said young Archibald,  
"This mournful sight to see.

"Although my sweet baby is alive  
This does increase my woe;  
Just how to nurse a motherless babe  
Is more than I do know."

Then he looked east and he looked west  
To see what he could see;  
He spied Earl Huntington and twenty men  
Nearby the green oak tree.

Then Archibald he fled away  
Among the leaves so green,  
So hear could hear what might be heard  
And see what might be seen.



The Earl came rushing through the woods  
Till he came to the green oak tree;  
And there he found his daughter dead--  
"Oh God! How can this be?"

When he saw her living child  
So mournfully he did grieve;  
Then he picked up his little grandson  
And wrapped him in his own shirtsleeve.

He held him closely to his heart  
And gently carried him home,  
Saying, "My daughter died when you were born  
And left to me a son."

"And if you live until I die  
My fortune yours shall be;  
And if ever I found your father in life,  
I'll hang him to a tree."

He buried his daughter in the old churchyard  
As quietly as he could;  
And he brought her son to the church next day  
And christened him Robin Hood.

#### SIDE II, Band 1: MISTER CUNDIFF, WON'T YOU TURN ME LOOSE?

"I was visiting my Granddad Garland who lived on  
a farm in Clay County. I played a Christmas joke  
on a family of children by the name of Lewis  
without meaning any harm, but I was framed up  
by some meddlesome spies, and they had me in-  
dicted for a disguise. My Granddad took me away,  
and three weeks later when I came back to Clay  
County the deputy sheriff arrested. Then I wrote  
a song which tells the true story.

"All the folks in Clay County thought the judge had  
treated me all wrong, so when they came in town  
they would come over to the jail and hear me sing  
my song. Some would give me money and some  
of them would give me big plugs of Cup Greenville  
'backer (in them days everybody's children chewed  
'backer,' as they called it). So I stayed in jail ten  
days till my kinfolks paid my \$25 fine, but I come  
out with \$38 in money and 27 plugs of Cup Green-  
ville."

The day before Christmas I had some fun,  
I went up to Bill Lewis' and made the children run,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

The very next morning Bill Lewis took out a writ,  
When I found it out the wind I sure did split,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

It was just three weeks till I came back to Clay,  
Alphus Cotton arrested me the very next day,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Then I thought my case it would be light  
For Cotton he took me before Judge Wright,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Judge Wright told me I had done wrong  
For blacking my face and putting breeches on,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

He listened to me till I told my tale  
Then he gave me ten days in Mister Cundiff's jail,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Then they put me in jail they thought I was a fool,  
They didn't even give me as much as a stool,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

But the jailer's wife she treated me kind  
Because she thought I had no mind,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Now what she thought I did not care,  
I knew I was just as smart as her,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

I meant no harm, the only thing I done  
Was to black my face and take grand-dad's gun,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

But Judge Wright tole me I had done wrong  
For blacking my face and putting breeches on,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

The jailer told me I had turned pale  
When the judge told him to put me in jail,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Though very much better I would do  
If Cundiff would furnish me some 'backer to chew,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

But I am healthy, young, and stout,  
And if I can't get any 'backer I can do without,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Mister Cundiff, open your jailhouse door,  
I won't put my grand-dad's breeches on no more,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

Now, your old hymn book lies on your shelf;  
If you want any more song, sing it yourself,  
Mister Cundiff, won't you turn me loose?

#### SIDE II, Band 2: THE DEATH OF HARRY SIMMS

"My brother Jim was the district organizer in 19  
and 31 when Harry Simms was sent to Bell County  
to help him with the miners' union. Harry Simms  
was staying at Jim's house, and when he left the  
house at 5:00 the morning he was killed, he told  
Jim, 'It's my job to lead the miners to Pineville,  
and gun thugs or no gun thugs, I'm going. If they  
pop me off, don't waste time grieving after me,  
keep right on going. We'll win.' You see, Jim  
told him that the Brush Creek coal operators had  
offered any gun thug one thousand dollars to kill  
Jim or Harry Simms. So he met this gun thug  
on the railroad track, and the thug shot him in  
the stomach. They took him and another union  
man who was with him to town, and put the other  
fellow into jail. They left Harry Simms sitting on  
a rock in front of the town hospital with a bullet  
in his stomach. He sat there on the rock an hour or  
more with his hands on his stomach, bleeding to  
death. He was sitting there because the hospital  
wouldn't take him in till somebody guaranteed to  
pay his bill. After awhile a man said he would  
pay the bill, so they took Harry in, but it was  
too late."

"The gun thug got away and hid in the caves for six  
months, and one night he started to cross the road  
and someone shot him six times with a Colt .45  
pistol all around his heart, then whoever it was shot  
him, cut off his head and throwed it on the other  
side of the road."

Come and listen to my story,  
Come and listen to my song;  
I'll tell you of a hero  
That now is dead and gone;  
I'll tell you of a young boy,  
His age it was nineteen;  
He was the bravest union man  
That ever I have seen.



Harry Simms was a pal of mine,  
We labored side by side,  
Expecting to be shot on sight  
Or taken for a ride  
By some life-stealing gun thug  
That roams from town to town  
To shoot and kill our union men  
Where e'er they may be found.

Harry Simms and I was parted  
At five o'clock that day.  
"Be careful, my dear brother,"  
To Harry I did say.  
"Now I must do my duty,"  
Was his reply to me;  
"If I get killed by gun thugs  
Don't grieve after me."

Harry Simms was walking up the track  
That bright sunshiny day;  
He was a youth of courage,  
His steps was light and gay;  
He did not know the gun thugs  
Was hiding on the way  
To kill our brave young hero  
That bright sunshiny day.

Harry Simms was killed on Brush Creek  
In nineteen thirty-two;  
He organized the miners  
Into the N. M. U.;  
He gave his life in struggle,  
'Twas all that he could do;  
He died for the union,  
He died for me and you.

The thugs can kill our leaders  
And cause us to shed tears,  
But they cannot kill our spirit  
If they try a million years;  
We have learned our lesson  
Now we all realize  
A union struggle must go on  
Till we are organized.

#### SIDE II, Band 3: DREADFUL MEMORIES

"In 19 and 31 the Kentucky coal miners was asked to dig coal for 33 cents a ton and they had to pay the company for the carbide to make a light and coalite to shock the coal. And they had to pay for their picks and augers to be sharpened--the coal company took one dollar from each man's wages every month for having their picks and augers sharpened. And each man paid two dollars a month for a company doctor even if he did not have to call the doctor once. All we had to make a light in our shacks was kerosene lamps, and after the miners was black-listed for joining the union March 5, 1931, the company doctor refused to come to any one of the coal miner's families unless he was paid in advance. So I had to nurse all the little children till the last breath left them, and all the light I had was a string in a can lid with a little bacon grease in it. Kerosene was five cents a quart, and I could not get five cents. Thirty-seven babies died in my arms in the last three months of 1931. Their little stomachs busted open; they was mortified inside. Oh, what an awful way for a baby to die. Not a thing to give our babies to eat but the strong soap from soup beans, and that took the lining from their little stomachs, so that they bled inside and mortified, and died. And died so hard that before we got help from other states my nerves was so stirred up for four years afterward by the memory of them babies suffering and dying in my arms, and ne sitting by their little dead bodies three or four

hours before daylight in the dark to keep some hungry dog or cat from eating up their little dead bodies. Then four years later I still had such sad memories of these babies that I wrote this song."

Dreadful memories! How they linger,  
How they pain my precious soul!  
Little children, sick and hungry,  
Sick and hungry, weak and cold.

Little children, cold and hungry,  
Without any food at all to eat;  
They had no clothes to put on their bodies,  
They had no shoes to put on their feet.

#### CHORUS:

Dreadful memories! How they linger,  
How they fill my heart with pain;  
Oh, how hard I've tried to forget them,  
But I find it all in vain.

I can't forget them, little babies,  
With golden hair as soft as silk;  
Slowly dying from starvation,  
They parents could not give them milk.

I can't forget them coal miners' children  
That starved to death for want of milk;  
While the coal operators and their wives and their children  
Were all dressed in jewels and silk.

Dreadful memories! How they haunt me  
As the lonely moments fly;  
Oh, how them little babies suffered!  
I saw them starve to death and die.

#### SIDE II, Band 4: PISTOL-PACKIN' WOMAN

Aunt Molly Jackson was the original "pistol-packin' mama," and, moreover, one that carried two guns. Several of the spoken introductions to these songs hint how easy it was for even a woman to use a gun in bloody Kentucky during the years of industrial strife, and Aunt Molly used hers more often than she was willing to tell.

Now, this song I'm a-going to sing,  
It's about my cousin Bill;  
Late one Saturday evening  
He slipped off to a still.

His wife picked up her pistol  
And come to the foot of that hill,  
And the very first words we heard her say,  
"I'm a comin' to get you, Bill."

#### CHORUS:

Lay that pistol down, Ma,  
Put that pistol down;  
You pistol-packin' woman,  
Lay that pistol down.

Then old Bill begin to tremble  
And then he looked around,  
And Bill began to holler,  
"Ma, put that pistol down."

Then my cousin Molly  
Put her husband on the run,  
She chased him home to his children  
And broke up his drinkin' fun.

My cousin Molly carried a pistol  
And so did Cousin Bill;  
And did he get drunk and raise old Ned  
When he went to the still!



One Sunday night old Bill got drunk  
And he fell against the wall;  
His wife called out "You drinkin' man,  
That moonshine caused it all."

I don't drink strong moonshine, boys,  
I'll tell you the reason why:  
It caused me to mistreat my woman  
It caused my children to cry.

If anybody ask you  
Who composed this song,  
Tell them it was Jesse Baker,  
A man that's dead and gone.

#### SIDE II, Band 5: HUNGRY RAGGED BLUES

"On the seventh day of May, 19 and 30, during the strike, the miners built a soup kitchen out of slabs over in a meadow. When it was finished I told all of the wives to bring everything we had from our mining shacks and put it all together, and go around and collect vegetables from the farmers to make soup as long as the farmers had anything to give. By the middle of October we was desperate; we did not see how we was going to live. For two or three days we did not have anything to make soup out of. On the 17th morning in October my sister's little girls waked me up early. She had 15 little ragged children and she was taking them around to the soup kitchen to try to get them a bowl of soup. She told me some of them children had not eat anything in two days. It was a cold rainy morning; the little children was all bare-footed, and the blood was running out of the tops of their little feet and dripping down between their little toes onto the ground. You could track them to the soup kitchen by the blood. After they had passed by I just set down by the table and began to wonder what to try to do next. Then I began to sing out my blues to express my feeling. This song comes from the heart and not just from the point of a pen."

I'm sad and weary, I got those hungry ragged blues;  
I'm sad and weary, I got those hungry ragged blues;  
Not a penny in my pocket to buy one thing I need  
to use.

I woke up this morning with the worst blues I ever  
had in my life;  
I woke up this morning with the worst blues I ever  
had in my life;  
Not a bite to cook for breakfast, poor coal miner's  
wife.

When my husband works in the coal mine he loads  
a car most every trip;  
When my husband works in the coal mine he loads  
a car most every trip;  
Then he goes to the office that evening and gets  
denied his scrip.

Just because it took all he made that day to pay his  
mine expense;  
Just because it took all he made that day to pay his  
mine expense;  
A man that'll work for coalite and carbide ain't got  
a lick of sense.

All the women in this coal camp are sitting with  
bowed-down heads;  
All the women in the coal camp are sitting with  
bowed-down heads;  
Ragged and barefooted, and their children a-crying  
for bread.

This mining town I live in is a dead and lonely place;  
This mining town I live in is a dead and lonely place;  
Where pity and starvation are pictured on every face.

Oh, don't go under that mountain with the slate  
hanging over your head;  
Don't go under that mountain with the slate hanging  
over your head;  
And work for just coalite and carbine and your  
children a-crying for bread.

Oh, listen, friends and workers, please take a  
friend's advice;  
Oh, listen, friends and workers, please take a  
friend's advice;  
Don't load no more, don't pull no more, till you get  
a living price.

#### SIDE II, Band 6: HARD TIMES IN COLMAN'S MINES

"This is a song I composed in 19 and 10 at a mining company in Bell County, Kentucky, when I was trying to get the miners to come out in strike for eight hours and better pay, and for decent homes to live in. I would sing this song and then I would make a long speech, and this way I organized that group of miners while they was in my reach. Colman was the name of the coal operator. He was working over 400 men in this way in 19 and 10. This song will tell you the awful condition the miners was in."

Come out on strike, boys, it's all you can do;  
Old Colman gets rich making slaves out of you.

CHORUS:  
It's a hard time in Colman's mines,  
A hard time we know.

Take my advice, boys, I'll tell you what to do,  
If you will stand by me, I'll see you through.

You get up in the morning, all you get to eat  
Corn bread and water gravy without any meat.

We're cold and hungry, no shoes on our feet,  
Corn bread and wild greens is all we got to eat.

The best we got to live in is small one-room shacks,  
You can throw your dogs and cats through the cracks.

When you're asked about moving, all you can say,  
"We're so poor and hungry, we can't get away."

Unite and stick together, boys, it's all that can be  
done;  
Throw down your tools, walk out in the sun.

If we all get together, one for all and all for one,  
We can put these hard times on the run.

So come out on strike, boys, it all you can do,  
Old Colman gets rich making fools out of you.