

STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31093

SMOKEY JOE MILLER  
and his  
GEORGIA PALS  
Newman Young and Lawrence Humphries  
*Sings*  
OLD AMERICAN HEART THROBS

Recorded in Campton, Georgia, September 1982 at Miller's Music House by Joe Miller



LAWRENCE HUMPHRIES, NEWMAN YOUNG, JOE MILLER PHOTO BY SHEA ICHTER

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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MUSIC LP

SMOKEY JOE MILLER  
and his GEORGIA PALS  
Newman Young  
and Lawrence Humphries

Sings

OLD AMERICAN HEART THROBS

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- Band 2 The Homestead on the Farm
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31093

## SMOKEY JOE MILLER and his GEORGIA PALS

Newman Young and Lawrence Humphries

## OLD AMERICAN HEART THROBS

## SMOKEY JOE MILLER

Joe Miller was born on March 22nd, 1918, the only child of sharecropper parents, on a cotton farm, six miles north of Monroe, Georgia.

At an early age, he began playing the harmonica, and a fiddle, his mother made from a Gourd. At the age of twelve, his grandfather bought him a guitar, and being born almost blind, he had plenty time to spend with it.

In 1936, he began playing with the late Charlie Bowman, at the old Erlanger Theater in Atlanta, broadcasting from WGST. His next work was with Chester Anderson and Kentucky Evelyn at WMAZ, Macon, Ga., and with these same two, at WDOD in Chattanooga Tennessee at the Old Market Street Playhouse.

Joe also played with the late Gid Tanner, and Riley Puckett, two of the famous "Skillet Lickers," recording stars of Columbia, Victor, and Decca Records. It was from the admiration of Puckett's type of guitar playing, that Joe patterned his own style, where much of Puckett's influence can be heard.

Joe's last professional work was done with Fisher Hendley at WIS, Columbia, S C, with the Rythem Aristocrats, where they played two Broadcast Daily. This concluded his work, until 1979, when he teamed up with the late Gordon Tanner, and "Uncle" John Patterson to record an album which was released in May 1982 by FOLKWAYS entitled DOWN YONDER # FTS 31089, in which, Joe introduced a new run on the guitar that is gaining him a lot of prestige as a musician. Joe plays by note and is a music teacher of over twenty years.

He is a minister of the Gospel with 26 years of radio ministry to his credit. His chief desire in music is, to cut an all sacred album for God. For further information, please see notes contained in Folkways Album DOWN YONDER FTS 31089.

## LAWRENCE HUMPHRIES

Lawrence Humphries was born on September 22nd, 1918 to sharecroppers in Walton County, near Loganville Georgia. His father was a gospel singer, and his mother was an organist.

At age 15, he began learning to play the guitar, and was encouraged by two friends who were musicians. His first radio work was from station WGAU, Athens Ga., with Joe Miller, whose band was called *The Dixie Pals*, and this was back in the 1930's.

Since another band has assumed this name, and has become well known, we changed our name to *The Georgia Pals*. Lawrence has worked with the Rainbows, of Decatur Georgia as well as several other bands. He has played the Georgia Mountain Fair at Hiawassee, and many benefit shows, nursing homes, and senior citizens groups.

Lawrence and Joe Miller have enjoyed a warm Freindship for over 45 years, singing and playing the old songs that has become a part of their heritage.

He entered the Armed Service in 1943, and returned from the European Theater in 1946. In 1940 he married Miss Jessie Irene Wood of Rockdale County, near Conyers Georgia, and they're still happily married. He is a fine Christian gentleman, a good singer and guitar player.

## NEWMAN YOUNG

Newman Young was born August 26, 1940 near Rydal Georgia to parents who were farmers.

He first began to play the guitar at the age of five from the chords his father taught him. Then he started playing the fiddle, and his taught him some of the old time fiddle tunes that he played as a boy.

But Newman fell in love with the mandolin after ordering a fifteen dollar mandolin from a mail order house. Although he had never owned a mandolin before, he advanced enough to play with several bands on personal appearances, and radio shows at WRGA in Rome, Ga. and WBHF in Cartersville, Ga.

Beginning in 1974, he played at various bluegrass festivals throughout North Georgia with shows at the Marriott and Regency Hotels, and joined Smokey Joe Miller in 1981. He is also a songwriter.

Newman is married to the former Bobbie McClellan and they make their home in Monroe, Georgia.

Smokey Joe Miller  
Monroe, GA October 4th, 1982

## SIDE 1

The Sweetest Gift A Mother's Smile

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

The Sweetest Gift A Mother's Smile

1. One day a Mother came to a Prison  
To see an erring, but precious Son  
She told the Warden how much She loved Him  
It did not matter what He had done

Chorus

She did not bring Him Parole or Pardon  
----- bring to Him ----- Pardon Free

She brought no Silver -----No pomp or Style  
Silver or Gold -----None to see

It was a Halo ---Sent down from Heaven  
Halo Bright-----Heaven's Light

The Sweetest Gift, a Mother's Smile.

2. Her Boy had drifted far from the Fireside,  
Tho' She had pleaded with Him each night,  
Yet, not a word did She ever utter,  
That told the Heartaches, Her Smile was bright

3. She left a Smile, Son, You can remember  
She's gone to Heaven, From Heartaches, free  
The Bars around you could never change Her  
You were Her Baby, and ere will be.

## PICTURES FROM LIFE'S OTHER SIDE

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. In this World's mighty Gallery of Pictures  
Are the scenes that are painted from Life  
They are Scenes of much grief and compassion  
They are Pictures of Love and of strife  
The Pictures of Youth and It's Beauty  
Old age and the Blushing Young Bride  
All hang on the Wall, but the saddest of all  
Are the Pictures from Life's other side

CHORUS

'Tis a Picture from Life's other side  
Of some one who fell by the way  
A Life has gone out with the Tide  
That might have been happy some day  
Some Mother is waiting at Home  
For the Ships that come in with the Tide  
She's waiting to hear from a Loved one so Dear  
'Tis a Picture from Life's other side

2. The first was the scene of a Gambler  
Who had lost all His Money at Play  
Draw His dead Mother's Ring from His finger  
That She wore on Her glad Wedding Day  
Tho His last Earthly Treasure, He stakes it  
And bows that His shame He might hide  
They lifted His Head, but the Gambler was dead  
'Tis a Picture from Life's other side

3. The next was a scene of two Brothers  
Whose Pathway in Life, apart led  
One of them was in luxury Living  
While the other one begged for His Bread  
One dark night they met on the Highway  
"Your Money, or Life" the Thief Cried  
He then with His Knife, took His own Brother's Life  
'Tis a Picture from Life's other Side

4. The next was a scene by the River  
Of a Heart broken Mother and Babe  
'Neath the Harbor lights standing and shivering  
Just an outcast whom no one would Save  
And yet, She was once a true Woman  
Was somebody's Darling and Pride  
God help Her, She leaps, and there's no one to weep  
'Tis a Picture from Life's other Side

THE HOMESTEAD ON THE FARM

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. Well, I wonder how the Old Folks are at Home  
I wonder if they miss Me while I Roam  
I wonder if they Pray for the Boy who went away  
And left His Dear Old Parents all alone

CHORUS

You could hear the Cattle lowing in the Lane  
You could see the Bluegrass where I use to roam  
You could almost hear them Cry as they Kissed their Boy Goodbye  
I wonder how the old Folks are at Home

2. Just a Village and a Homestead on the Farm  
And a Mother's Love to shield you from all harm  
A Mother's Love so true, and A Sweetheart brave and true  
A Village and a Homestead on the Farm

DON'T LET TEARDROPS BRING YOU HOME

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. Don't let teardrops bring you Home  
Don't wait 'Till Mother is gone  
For, if you do, You'll always regret  
That you stayed away too long

CHORUS

Don't wait 'Till you get the Message  
Saying, Mother has gone to meet God  
Oh' don't let it be, like it happened to me  
Go back while you can to see Mom

2. Just think of the Joy, you would see in Her eyes  
If you should walk through the door  
Go back while you can and say "Mom I Love You"  
As I did when I played on the floor

THE OLD COUNTRY CHURCH

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. There's a place dear to me, where I'm longing to be  
With my Friends at the Old Country Church  
There, with Mother we went, and our Sundays were spent  
With our Friends at the old Country Church

CHORUS

Precious Years -----Of Memory-----  
Precious Years Sweet Memory

Oh what Joy  
Joy, great joy

They bring to me -----How I long -----  
They bring to me How I long

Once more to be -----  
Once more to be

With my Friends at the Old Country Church.

2. As a small Country Boy, how my Heart beat with joy  
When I knelt in the old Country Church  
As the Saviour above, by His wonderful Love  
Saved my Soul in the old Country Church

3. How I wish that today, all the People would Pray  
As we Prayed in the old Country Church  
If they'd only Confess, Jesus surely would Bless  
As He did in the Old Country Church

4. ~~Off~~ my thoughts make me weep, for so many now sleep  
In their Graves near the old Country Church  
And some time I may rest, with the Friends I love best  
In a Grave near the old Country Church

WHAT WOULD YOU GIVE IN EXCHANGE FOR YOUR SOUL

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. Brother afar from the Saviour today  
Risking your Soul for the things that decay  
Oh' if today, God should Call you away  
What would you give in exchange for your Soul

CHORUS

What would you Give-----What would you give-----  
In exchange In exchange

What would you give in exchange for your Soul  
Oh' if today, God should Call you away  
What would you give in exchange for your Soul

You

2. Mercy is calling, won't you give heed  
For the dear Saviour still tenderly Pleads  
Risk not your Soul, it is precious indeed  
What would you give in exchange for your Soul

3. If, when you stand at the Bar by and by  
When you are weighed in the Balance on High  
You should be Sentenced forever to die  
What would you give in exchange for your Soul

Where The Soul Never Dies

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. To Canan's Land I'm on my way  
Where the Soul of Man never dies  
My darkest night will turn to Day  
Where the Soul of Man never dies

CHORUS

No Sad Farewells  
Dear Friends, there'll be no sad Farewells,

No tear dimmed eyes  
There'll be no tear dimmed eyes

Where all is love  
Where all is peace and Joy and Love

and the Soul never dies  
and the Soul Of Man never dies

2. A Rose is blooming there for me  
Where the Soul of Man never dies  
And I will spend Eternity  
Where the Soul of Man never dies

3. I'm on my way to that Fair Land  
Where the Soul of Man never dies  
Where there will be no parting hand  
And the Soul of Man Never dies

If I COULD HEAR MY MOTHER PRAY AGAIN

Joe Miller \*Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young-Vocal & Mandolin

1. How sweet and happy seem those Days of which I dream  
As memory recalls them now and then  
And with that Rapture sweet, my weary Heart would beat  
If I could hear my Mother Pray again

CHORUS

If I could hear my Mother Pray again

If I could only hear

If I could hear

If I could only hear, Her tender voice as then

So glad I'd be, 'Twould mean so much to me  
Happy I should be

If I could hear my Mother Pray again

2. She use to Pray that I, on Jesus would rely  
And always walk the shining Gospel way  
So trusting still His Love, I seek that Home above  
Where I shall meet my Mother some glad Day

3. Her work on Earth is done, Her Life Crown has been won  
And She will be at Rest with Him above  
And some glad Morning She I know will welcome me  
To that Eternal Home of Peace and Love

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR

Joe Miller-Vocal & Guitar  
Newman Young & Vocal & Mandolin

1. 'Twas on one cold Winter Night  
And the Wind blew across the Wild Moor  
As poor Mary came wandering Home with Her Child  
'Till She came to Her own Father's door  
"Father, dear Father", She Cried  
Come down and open the door  
Or the Child in my arms, it will perish and die  
By the Winds that blow across the Wild Moor
2. Oh! why did I leave this Fair spot  
Where once I was happy and free  
I am now doomed to roam, without Friends or a Home  
And no one to take pity on me  
But Her Father was Deaf to Her Cries  
Not a sound of Her voice did He hear  
Tho' the watch Dog did howl, and the Village Bells toll  
And the winds blew across the wild Moor
3. Oh! how the old Man must have felt  
When He came to the door the next Morn  
And found Mary dead but the Child still alive  
Closely clasped in it's dead Mother's Arms  
In anguish he tore His Gray hair  
While the tears, down His cheeks, they did pour  
When He saw, how that night She had perished and died  
By the winds that blew across the wild Moor
4. The old Man, with grief Pined away  
And the Child, to it's Mother went soon  
And no one, they say, has lived there to this Day  
And the Cottage, to ruin has gone  
But the Villagers point out the Spot  
Where the Willow droops over the door  
Saying, "There Mary died", Once the Gay Village Bride  
By the winds that blew across the wild Moor

SIDE 2

I TOLD THEM ALL ABOUT YOU

Joe Miller - Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries- Vocal with Guitars

I told the Whipporwills, told the daffidols  
just how pretty you smile  
Yes, I told them all about you  
Told all the little Birds, every single word,  
that you said was worth while  
Yes, I told them all about you

Chorus

I told the Moon and every little Star that shines above  
The way you roll your eyes, and how you Love  
Each little Honey Bee says there's going to be,  
Honeymooning for two  
Yes, I told them all about You.

JUST AN OLD CHIMNEY STACK

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

Just an old Chimney stack, by the side of the road  
Where the little Red School use to be  
And that old Chimney stack by the side of the road,  
Brings back sweet memories to me

It was there I held Her hand, and She held mine  
And the Teacher kept us in for whispering in line  
Just an old Chimney stack by the side of the road  
Where the little Red School use to be

THE OLD COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSE

By Joseph D. (Joe) Miller Published By M.M Cole Pub Co. Chicago, Ill.

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal and Guitar

1. Down to the old Country School House  
There's a long narrow winding Lane  
But The old School House has been torn away  
And the old Path is all that remains  
One Day, while I was off strolling  
Just to pass lonesome Hours away  
Two Lovers came strolling down the old Lane  
And I heard a soft Voice say

CHORUS

- On our way to the old Country School House  
We'll walk along side by side  
And some Day when we grow older  
You'll be my loving Bride  
We'll go on through Life together  
I'll love no one but you  
And we'll often stroll down this old winding Lane  
That leads to the Old Country School
2. By the Lane they planted wild Flowers  
Named one for each other Divine  
Then I heard Him whisper so soft and low "When they Bloom Dear  
You shall be mine".  
But just as the Roses were blooming  
He was called away one Day  
And no more will they stroll down this old winding Lane  
And no more will She hear Him say  
REPEAT CHORUS

THERE'S NO ONE TO WELCOME ME

By Joseph Miller

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal Guitar

1. Tonight the Moon is rising o'er a Cabin in the Hills  
But it's little rooms are vacant, there's no light to greet me still  
It was there I Vowed Sweetheart, that no one could take your place  
And Darling, I still mean it, it will always be that way  
One Year ago tonight, I came Home to find no light  
And our happy Life, no longer was to be  
For, with another you had gone, and left me all alone  
And tonight, there's no one to Welcome me
2. Tonight my Heart is yearning for the Love that once was mine  
My Youth is swiftly Fading, growing Old before my Time  
Those good old Days have come and gone and I'm so lonely now  
I'll forgive you Darling, but I can't forget some how  
Our little Cabin Home stands deserted and alone  
And you'll never know just what it meant to me  
You're no longer at the door, and I'll wander back no more  
For I know there's no one to Welcome me

THAT CITY FAIR

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

1. There is a City, Bright with Streets of pure Gold  
With Walls of Jasper and Gates of Pearl we're told  
A four square City and God's Glory gives it Light  
No pain, no sorrow there, and there is no Night  
CHORUS  
The new Jerusalem with Streets of pure Gold  
With Walls of Jasper and Gates of Pearl we are told  
A four Square City, where God's Glory gives it Light  
No pain, no sorrow there, and there is no night
2. They need no Candle, neither Light of the Sun  
The Face of God shines brightly on every one  
Three Pearly Gates stand open on either side  
With Bright Angels standing Guard, each entrance to guide
3. Nothing unclean can enter that City Fair  
Only God's chosen People can enter there  
Who, through the Blood have overcome Sin and Strife  
Whose names are written in the Lamb's Book Of Life

Somebody's Praying For You

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

1. No matter how far in this World you have roamed  
Or what Sin has caused you to do,  
There's always some one to help you along,  
For somebody's Praying for you.

CHORUS

Praying for you, Praying for you,  
Somebody's Praying for you;  
Your past may be dark, and your Friends may be few  
But Somebody's Praying for you.

2. No matter what happens, they'll still lift their eyes,  
And all of your thoughts, never view;  
Though Loved ones forget you and Friends pass you by  
But somebody's Praying for you.
3. You find consolation in Worldly affairs  
But when it's all over you're blue,  
And then you turn back to the Mercy of God,  
For somebody's praying for you.

Mother, Queen Of My Heart

Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar  
Joe Miller-Guitar Acc.

1. I had a Home out in Texas  
Down where the Blue Bonnets grew  
I had the kindest old Mother  
How happy we were just us two  
Until one Day the Angels called Her  
That Debt we all have to pay  
She called me close to Her bedside  
These last few words to say
2. Son, don't start drinking and Gambling  
Promise you'll always go straight  
Ten Years have passed since that Parting  
That Promise, I broke I must say  
I started to Gambling for pastime  
And at last I was just like them all  
I'd bet all my Clothes and my Money  
Not Dreaming that I'd ever fall
3. One night I bet all my Money  
Nothing was left to be seen  
All that I needed to break them  
Was one Card and that was the Queen  
The Cards were Dealt all round the Table  
I took one Card on the Draw  
I drew the one that would beat them  
I turned it and here's what I saw
4. I saw my Mother's Picture  
Somehow She seemed to say  
Son, you have broken your Promise  
And I tossed the Cards away  
My winnings, I gave to a News Boy  
I knew I was wrong from the start  
And I'll never forget that Promise  
To my Mother, the Queen of my Heart

ONE MORE VALLEY

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

1. When I'm tossed on Life's Sea, and the Waves cover me  
And the dark Clouds won't let the Sunshine through  
Then a voice seems to say, "Child there'll be a brighter Day,  
Don't allow the Storm to hide sweet Heaven's view.
- CHORUS
- 'Cause you've got one more Valley, one more Hill  
And you've got one more Trial, one more Tear  
One more curve in Life's Road, one more mile left to go  
You can lay down your heavy load when you get Home
2. Don't let Satan see your tears, learn to smile through Your Fears  
Hold your Head up high and give the World a smile  
Just be Faithful all the way, 'twill be worth it all some Day  
For it all will be over after awhile

Hold Fast To The Right

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

CHORUS

Hold fast to the right, hold fast to the right  
Wherever your foot steps may roam  
Oh! Forsake not the way of Salvation, my Boy  
That you learned from your Mother at Home

1. Kneel down by the side of your Mother, my Boy  
You have only a moment, I know  
But stay until I give you this parting advice

It is all that I have to bestow

\*\*\*\*\*

2. You leave us to seek your employment, my Boy  
By the World you have yet to be tried  
But in the temptations and trials you meet,  
May your Heart to the Saviour Confide

\*\*\*\*\*

3. I gave you to God in your Cradle, my Boy  
And I've taught you the best that I knew  
And as long as His Mercies permit me to live  
I shall never cease Praying for you

\*\*\*\*\*

4. You will find, in your Satchel, a Bible my Boy  
It's the Book, of all others, the best  
It will help you to live, and prepare you to die  
And will lead to the Gates of the Bless

THE HOUSE WHERE WE WERE WED

Joe Miller-Vocal & Lead Guitar  
Lawrence Humphries-Vocal & Guitar

1. I've been to the old Farm House, my Wife,  
Where you and I were Wed  
Where the Love was born to our two Hearts  
That now lies Cold and dead  
Where a long kept Secret to you I told  
In the yellow beams of the Moon  
And we made Vows of Love's old goal  
To be broken, Oh so soon
2. The Sun went down as it use to do  
And sank in the sea of night  
The two bright Stars that we called ours  
Came slowly into sight  
But the one that was mine went under a Cloud  
Went under a Cloud alone  
And the tear that I would'nt have shed for the World  
Fell down on the old Gray Stone
3. But There'll be words can ne'er be unsaid  
And Deeds can ne'er be undone  
Except, perhaps in another World  
Where Life's once more begun  
And maybe some time in the time to come  
When a few more years are spend  
We'll Love again as we use to Love  
In the House where we were wed

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STEREO 