

VOLUME ONE

Recorded, Produced & Annotated by ART ROSENBAUM

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Folk Visions & Voices

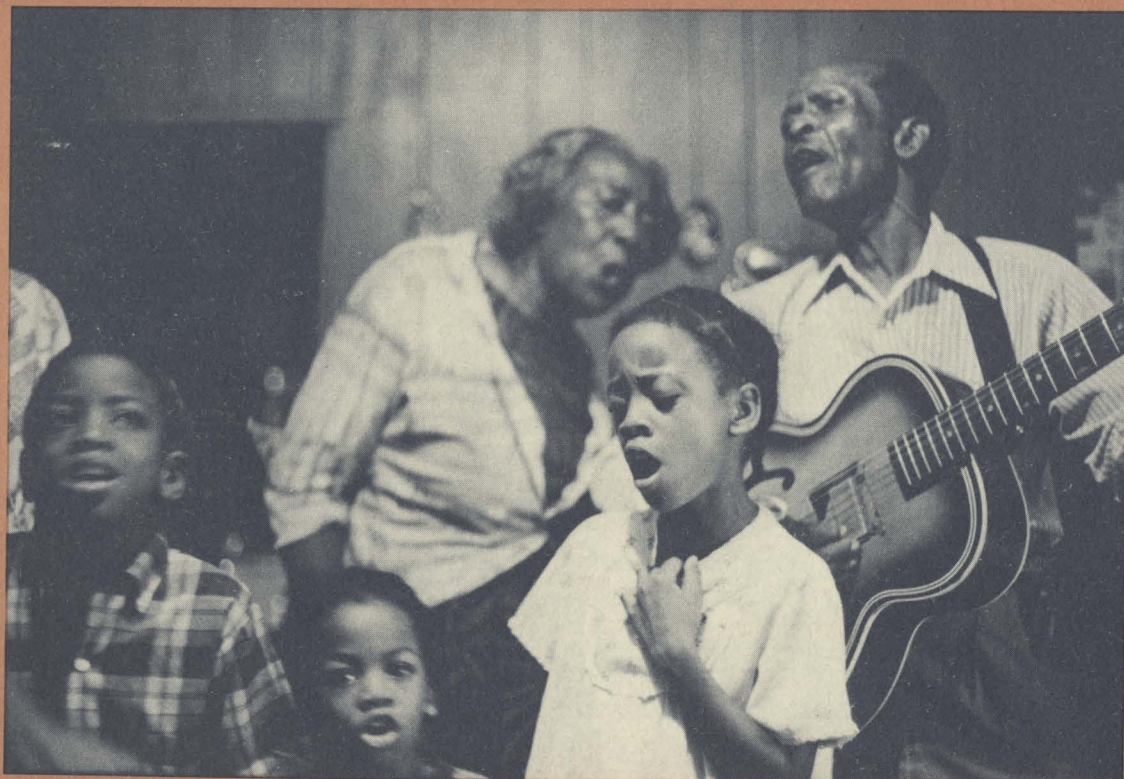
TRADITIONAL MUSIC & SONG IN NORTHERN GEORGIA

Early Mountain Songs, Ballads & Tunes

Black Religious Singing



The Eller Family: Lawrence, Paralee, Leatha, Berthie, Upper Hightower, 1980



Mavis Moon, Doc and Lucy Barnes, and Kenny, Little Lucy and Jackie Gilmore, Athens, 1977

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

EARLY MOUNTAIN SONGS, BALLADS, AND TUNES

EARLY MOUNTAIN SONGS, BALLADS, AND TUNES

- VOLUME I, SIDE II

BLACK RELIGIOUS SINGING

- Recorded, produced and annotated by Art Rosenbaum

Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum

This record is a companion to FOLK VISIONS AND VOICES:
TRADITIONAL MUSIC AND SONG IN NORTH GEORGIA, Athens:
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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INTRODUCTION

North Georgia runs from the Tallulah Gorge and Chattooga River country on the South Carolina border across the Blue Ridge Mountains south of the North Carolina line, over to the long ridges of Lookout Mountain angling up toward Tennessee, then down through the piney woods and textile mill towns of the Piedmont into the northern edge of the old cotton belt plantation country extending east and west from Atlanta. In this area rural people of English and African descent and mountain folk of Scotch-Irish and German stock have nurtured and developed a variety of folk music styles, emblematic of Southern traditions and well-springs of later American musical forms. Some, like the spirited Piedmont fiddle band music and the raggy Piedmont blues, are distinctive styles that became popular beyond the region through early "hill-billy" and "race" commercial records in the twenties and thirties. Other traditions, like unaccompanied mountain ballad singing, banjo breakdowns and songs, black early spirituals and their secular counterparts in frolic and work songs, are more widespread through the South, though Georgians give them a distinctive flavor.

We have been seeking out and recording performers of these older styles since 1977 and have found singers and musicians with retentive memories and authentic and authoritative performing styles. They learned their music at a time when family, church, and neighborhood were the chief sources of musical expression and entertainment, just before or during the time when radio and recordings were beginning to draw upon, proliferate, and transform these local traditions. Of the many hundreds of musical examples we recorded, over eighty were published in our book Folk Visions and Voices: Traditional Music and Song in North Georgia (field col-

lecting, text, drawings and paintings by Art Rosenbaum; photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum; musical transcriptions by Béla Foltin, Jr.; foreword by Pete Seeger. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1983.) This work emphasizes the lives and experiences of the most interesting informants we recorded and interviewed and presents drawings, paintings, and photographs from the exhibition which was the initial mode of presenting the material.

The present two-volume LP anthology draws all its material from the book. In most cases the example on the record was also the source for the text and tune transcription in the book, although in some cases an alternate take was used; and in a few instances pieces were re-recorded expressly for this record when a better performance was desired. The recordings were made on a Pioneer RT-1050 stereo deck in homes and churches across north Georgia, and the informality of the situations, heard at times through laughter, incidental comments, background noises, should contribute to rather than detract from the spirit and persuasiveness of the performances. These records can serve as companions to the book Folk Visions and Voices, along with our other Folkways LP, Down Yonder--Old Time String Band Music from Georgia, with Gordon Tanner, Smoky Joe Miller, and Uncle John Patterson (FTS 31089), which includes much of the musical material from the chapter on Gordon Tanner and his family and friends who have carried on the tradition of Gordon's father, Gid, and his famous Skillet Lickers string band.

Through their long history Afro-American and Anglo-American, and sacred and secular folk music traditions have coexisted and at times influenced each other in north Georgia. In this spirit we have paired the older white mountain ballad and lyric song traditions with black religious singing on Volume I; and black "worldly" music like blues, work songs, and pre-blues frolic tunes with white banjo tunes and string band music on Volume II. These two discs, along with Down Yonder, will present the powerful and varied folk music of north Georgia as it has been carried into the last decades of the twentieth century. Our appreciation goes to the talented and dedicated folk musicians of the area who welcomed us into their homes, churches, and social gatherings, and who shared with

us, and now with you, the listener, these treasured traditions.



Vaughn Eller, Lawrence Eller, Ross Brown, Upper Hightower, 1979.



Vaughn Eller playing the "song bow," Upper Hightower, 1977.



Brown's Chapel Choir: Lily Mae Davis, Viola Watkins, Otha Cooper, Imogene Riggins, Beatrice Robinson.

VOLUME I, SIDE I

EARLY MOUNTAIN SONGS, BALLADS, AND TUNES

SIDE I, Band 1 I'M GOIN' TO GEORGIA

The Eller family: Berthie Rogers, vocal and piano; Paralee McCloud, vocal; Lawrence Eller, vocal; Leatha Eller, vocal. Upper Hightower, Towns County, August 21, 1980.

The Ellers are an old-time mountain family of German origin. One branch, which has lived in the Upper Hightower section of the Towns County Blue Ridge since migrating there from Buncombe County, North Carolina before the Civil War, has a rich and varied folk music heritage. This woman's lament is traditional in the Eller family and is related to other mountain folk-lyrics like "On Top of Old Smoky" and "I'm Sad and I'm Lonely." There is some variation in the text and performance style within the family: we had recorded earlier Lawrence Eller's quicker rendition to banjo, with guitar and fiddle (Flyright LP 546). At the present session Lawrence joined his octogenarian mother, Leatha, his sister, Paralee, and Leatha's sister Berthie, who had come over with Paralee from neighboring Rabun County. Their performance here is closer to the family's way of singing gospel songs in harmony to the piano. See Brown, *North Carolina Folklore*, Durham: Duke University Press, 1952, Vol. II, p. 527; Cecil Sharp, *English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians*, London: Oxford University Press, 1928, Vol. II, p. 14. See FVV (*Folk Visions and Voices*), p. 8. This song was recorded commercially by Riley Puckett and others.

1. I'm goin' to Georgi', I'm goin' to roam,
I'm goin' to Georgi', I'll make it my home.
2. I once loved a young man and I loved him for
my life,
He ofttimes did promise for to make me
his wife.
3. Well he fulfilled his promise, and he
made me his wife,
You can see what I come to by being his wife.
4. My baby is cryin', a-cryin' for bread;
My husband is a-gamblin', Lord, I wish
I was dead.
5. Come all you young ladies, take warning by
me,
Never place your affections on a green
growing tree.

6. They'll hug you, they'll kiss you,
they'll tell you more lies
Than the cross-ties on the railroad or
the stars in the skies.
7. A thief he will rob you and take what
you have,
But a false-hearted lover will lead you
to the grave.
8. Your grave will decay you and turn you
to dust,
Not a-one out of ten thousand that a
poor girl can trust.
9. Repeat 1.
10. Goin' to build me a little cabin on
the mountain so high,
Where the wild beasts and the snowbirds
can hear my sad cry.
11. Repeat 1.

SIDE ONE, Band 2 THE LITTLE SHIP

("The Golden Vanity", Child, No. 286)
Sung by Paralee McCloud, Upper Hightower,
Towns County, August 21, 1980.

This is one of the classic British ballads sung in the southern mountains, and Mrs. McCloud learned her version from her father, Grady Eller, who "single-noted" it on the organ, that is, played the melody in unison with his singing. The use of the first person in the fourth verse lends special immediacy to this text. There is an interesting Kentucky performance to banjo by Justus Begley on Library of Congress recording L7. See FVV, p. 10, also Francis Child, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, Reprint, New York: Dover, 1965, Vol. V, pp. 136-142; H. M. Belden, *Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folklore Society*, Columbia: University of Missouri Press, p. 97 Brown, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 191; Vance Randolph, *Ozark Folk Songs*, Columbia, University of Missouri Press, 1946-50, p. 195; Almeda Riddle, *A Singer and Her Songs*, Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1970, p. 143

1. There was a little ship went sailing
o'er the sea,
And the name of the ship was the Merry
Golden Ship,
As she sailed on the lonesome low-and-low,
As she sailed on the lonesome sea.

2. Hadn't been on board but about three weeks,
Till he came in sight of the Revatrakalee,
As they sailed, etc.
3. Says, "I have money and plenty to eat,
And I have a loving daughter I will
give unto thee,
If you sink 'em in the lonesome low-
and-low,
If you sink 'em in the lonesome sea."
4. Had a little tool all for the use,
And I bored nine holes in the old hull
at once,
And I sunk 'er..." etc.
5. (not sung on this cut)
["Captain, oh captain, take me on
board,
For if you don't you have falsified
your word,
For I'm sinking..." etc.]
6. If it wasn't for the love I had for
your men
I would do unto you as you [I] done
unto them,
I would sink you in the low and lonesome
low,
I would sink you in the lonesome sea.
7. There was a little ship went sailing
o'er the sea,
And the name of the ship was the
Merry Golden Ship,
But they sunk 'em in the lonesome
salt water sea,
And they sunk 'er in the lonesome sea.

SIDE I, Band 3 CINDY IN THE SUMMERTIME

Sung by Lawrence Eller, with mouth bow
by Vaughn Eller. Hiwassee, Towns County,
December, 1977.

A wooden bow with a single string, plucked and held against the cheek and head for resonance, is a widespread primitive instrument. It was probably brought to the South by slaves from Africa and occurs through the Appalachians and Ozarks. Vaughn Eller learned to make and play the "song bow" as a boy from his father, Grady Eller, and he would play it across the creek from his house for the pleasure of his family in the quiet of evening. He makes the instrument from a locust tree branch and sounds it with the handle of a pocket knife. Only recently has his brother, Lawrence, started singing to the bow. For a discussion of the Appalachian mouth bow by George Reynolds and Boyd Queen, see *Foxfire*, Garden City, N.Y.:

Doubleday, 1972-83, Vol. VI., pp. 84-92. This piece is a well-known mountain frolic tune. For another performance by the Ellers, see Flyright LP 546. See also Brown, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 527, and FVV, pp. 12-13.

1. Cindy in the summertime, Cindy in the
fall,
Don't get Cindy all the time, won't
have Cindy 't all.

Chorus:
Get along home, get along home,
Get along home, Cindy, fare you well!

2. Y'ought to see my Cindy, she lives
away down South,
She's so sweet the honey bees all
swarm around her mouth. (Chorus)
3. Wish I had a needle as fine as
it could sew,
I'd sew that gal to my coat-tail
and down the road I'd go. (Chorus)
4. Went up on the mountain, give my horn
a blow,
Hollered back to Cindy, oh yander
she go. (Chorus)



Maude Thacker recording her ballads, Tate, 1980.



Doc and Lucy Barnes, Athens, 1980.

SIDE I, Band 4 SNOWBIRD

Ross Brown, fiddle; Howard Cunningham, guitar.
Atlanta, Fulton County, September 25, 1983.

Left-handed fiddler Ross Brown was born in Towns County in 1909 and is a long-time musical friend of the Ellers. He learned this archaic tune, which he describes as "weird", from Uncle Joe Swanson, a blind fiddler who stayed with the Brown family periodically when Ross was a boy. The tune is sometimes called "Snowbird in the Ashbank", and Georgia banjo picker Uncle John Patterson plays a syncopated an unusual version of the tune by this name on Arhoolie 5018. Ross is accompanied here by his brother-in-law Howard Cunningham, a fine fiddler and musical director of the famous Mountain Music Fair in Hiawassee.

SIDE I, Band 5 DON'T GO RIDIN' DOWN THAT OLD TEXAS TRAIL Lawrence Eller, vocal and 5-string banjo; Vaughn Eller, guitar; Ross Brown, fiddle. Hiawassee, Towns County, May 8, 1978.

Lawrence Eller was born in 1916 and his brother Vaughn in 1918, and in an environment of family singing and neighborhood square dances they were inspired to take up music-making at an early age. Lawrence learned to pick a home-made banjo at eight or nine, and Vaughn learned to play guitar on a mail-order instrument at about ten. Soon the boys were singing and playing together, and often walked the twelve miles to the county seat of Hiawassee on court day to play for the people who came out to hear them under the big oak trees when court recessed at noon. They learned this song, distantly related to "Roll On, Buddy, Roll On" from Glynn Ledford, a singer, banjo picker, and spoons player who sometimes joined them at these sessions. This cut first appeared on Flyright LP 546, Goin' to Georgia--Mountain Music with the Eller Brothers and Ross Brown, and is used with permission. FVV, p. 15.

1. Oh the nights they are gettin' mighty long.
Oh the nights they are gettin' mighty long.
Oh the nights are gettin' long, and
I'm singin' you this song,
Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

Chorus:
Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail,
Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.
Oh my darling, stay at home, don't go
out all alone,
Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

2. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
you this song,
Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.
(Chorus)

SIDE I, Band 6 WHAT YOU GONNA NAME THAT PRETTY BABY? Sung by Leatha Eller with piano, Upper Hightower, Towns County, May 6, 1978.

Leatha Eller was in her eighties when she recorded this original piece which she put together "a few Christmases ago," in her cabin on Hightower Creek. She learned ballads and lyric songs as a child, but her father also schooled her in shape note hymn singing, writing the notes with charcoal sticks on the hearth. She played the organ, but couldn't pedal the instrument after breaking her hip in the fifties. Having survived her husband and daughter Paralee, she retains a sharp mind and lively spirit, and composes poems on the theme of youth and old age as well as songs. FVV pp. 16-17.

1. What you gonna name that pretty baby?
Gonna call it Jesus of Nazaree.
Borned in a stall, laid him in a manger,
Cattle all lowing, and the birds all
singing,

Chorus:
Go shout it loud on each high mountain,
Go tell it abroad on land and sea,
That Jesus is born, so the bright star
told us,
Jesus, Lamb of Calvary.
2. Joseph and Mary went on a long journey,
Till they came to the Bethlehem stall.
There Jesus was born to the Virgin Mary,
The King of kings, and Lord of all.
(Chorus)
3. Angels rejoicing in the heavens above,
And the wise men brought their gifts of love,
The star in the East was the guiding light,
To show the good shepherds to the Baby
that night.
(Chorus)

Written by Leatha Eller. © 1983, Leatha Eller.

SIDE I, Band 7 THE FAMOUS WEDDING
Sung by Maude Thacker, Tate, Pickens
County. September 10, 1983.

In her eighties when she recorded this song, Maude Thacker is the most prolific singer of the older songs and ballads we have met in north Georgia. Her repertoire of Child ballads,

lyric songs, war songs, comic pieces, and religious songs was acquired almost entirely from her father, Eli Fields, before 1920. She grew up in a log house at the foot of Hendrick Mountain in Pickens County and learned to plow and hew cross ties as a girl. She also helped her father make moonshine whiskey and brandy, and learned her songs from him when they would go squirrel hunting: "He didn't have to sing a song to me but twice, till I knowed it." See FVV for some of her more unusual ballads, like "The Battle of the Boyne." This song, despite the similarity of its title to "The Fatal Wedding", is a different and less frequently encountered piece. Cecil Sharp collected it in Rabun County, Georgia as "Awful Wedding" in 1917 (See Sharp, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 83.) This is a cryptic and ironic love song with a lilting British melody. FVV p. 59.

1. The weepin' willow is a very fine flower,
It does blossom ever' year;
Young men and girls love and spend many
hours,
Often do their ruin bring.
2. Last night I was at a famous wedding
Where the female proved unkind.
The liquor was bought and the supper
prepared,
And every one led a sing-a-song.
3. The very first song was my own true
lover,
This is the song that he sings to
his bride:
'I'm crossed in my mind and I'm
changed in my notion,
'Cause that I didn't get my own
true love.
4. My true love she sits at the head of
the table,
And everyone remembered well.
To bear it any longer she was not able,
Down at her true love's feet she fell.
5. "Oh where shall I go, where shall I
tarry
To forget my own true love?"
Right down by her graveside oh there
will retire,
Mourning like some lonesome dove.

SIDE I, Band 8 ONCE I HAD AN OLD GREY MARE
Sung by Maude Thacker, Tate, Pickens County,
August 23, 1980.

This comical song seems to have been well

known in north Georgia; we recorded a good version from the Chancey Brothers in Gilmer County. Maude's version has a particularly well developed story line. This purely southern song was recorded commercially by Kentuckian Buell Kazee in the 1920s, and Norman Blake based his recent recording on this. See Brown, op. cit., Vol. III, p. 217; Edward Mellinger Henry, Folk Songs from the Southern Highlands, New York: J.J. Augustin, 1938, p. 410; Sharp, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 326. FVV, p. 71.

1. Once I had an old grey mare (three
times)
Saddled her up and I rode her there.
2. When I got there she was very tired,
(three times)
She lay down in the old church yard.
3. When the preacher begin to pray,
(three times)
The old mare shouted in a weepin' way.
4. She taken a notion to be baptized,
(three times)
You ought to've seen that river rise.
5. When the preacher led her in,
(three times)
The preacher shouted and the old mare
grinned.
6. When the preacher led her out,
(three times)
You ought to've seen that old mare shout.
7. She lived a Christian ever since,
(three times)
She never has broke the old cross fence.
8. She said she'd live a Christian life,
(three times)
She'll make some old horse a good old wife!

SIDE I, Band 9 AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING IN SPRING Sung by W. Guy Bruce with 5-string banjo. Trion, Chattooga County, September 9, 1983.

W. Guy Bruce was born in 1895 in the Chattooga County Community of Screamersville, now renamed Welcome Hill, where he still resides. As a boy he learned the banjo tunes, songs, and folk tales current in his community as a relief from the hard farm work he had to do. In

his teens he took up the trade of watch and clock repairing, and to this day he maintains a small shop in his home. He is a man of small stature (his father, Will Bruce, was at five feet five inches "about two inches taller than me") and strongly expressed opinions, and it is hard to believe that his verve and style at tale-telling and singing were ever much sharper. He "started out to frail" on the banjo, but switched to the thumb and finger up-picking style more common in the Georgia mountains. Like the Eller Brothers and Ross Brown, he has been bringing his music to folk festival audiences in recent years. Guy learned this lyric song of British origin from George Brown, one of men from whom he learned banjo as a boy, who also taught him this unusual 6/8 time banjo setting, a rhythm rarely attempted on the instrument in this century. See Brown, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 436, for a North Carolina text without tune; and Sharp, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 189, for a Tennessee version. Guy's performance of April 25, 1981 is transcribed with banjo tablature in FVV, pp. 136-37.

1. As I walked out one morning in Spring,
I spied a fair damsel so sweetly she sing
As she sat under the crown of the king,
"Praise God, I'll get married on Sunday."
2. On Saturday night she went into town
All dressed in green ribbon and a new-fangled gown,
Inviting all of the ladies around to come to her wedding on Sunday.

SIDE I, Band 10 THE LILY OF THE WEST
(Laws P29) Sung by W. Guy Bruce, Trion, Chattooga County, September 9, 1983.

This first-person narrative from the British broadside tradition gained some currency in nineteenth century America through such songsters as Uncle Sam's Army Songster (Indianapolis, n.p., 1862.) Guy sings it in a fine parlando rubato ballad-delivery style. He learned it early in the century from George Brown. See G. Malcom Laws, American Balladry from British Broad-sides, Philadelphia: American Folklore Society, 1957, p. 263; Belden, op. cit., p. 132; Sharp, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 199; and Randolph, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 76. Guy's recording of April 25, 1981, is in FVV, p. 135.

1. Oh it's I'm just down from Illinois
some pleasure for to find,
A handsome girl from Arkansas, most
suitable to my mind,
Her cheeks was red as roses, her eyes
did pierce my breast,
They called her handsome Mary, the
Lily of the West.
2. I courted this fair damsel, her love
I thought I'd gain.
Too soon, too soon she slighted me,
which caused me grief and pain.
She deprived me of my liberty and
stole away my rest;
I was betrayed by Mary the Lily of
the West.
3. I walked out one morning about a mile
in yonders grove,
I spied a man of low degree conversing
with my love,
He sang to her so handsomely as she lay
on his breast,
He sang to handsome Mary the Lily of
the West.
4. I shouldered up my rifle, my dagger in
my hand,
I quickly rushed upon him and bravely
made him stand.
I cast like a desperado, my dagger
pierced his breast.
All this was caused by Mary the Lily
of the West.
5. Oh it's now that I'm convicted and
sentenced I will be,
If ever again in this wide world I'll
gain my liberty,
I'll travel this wide world over, I'll
travel to the West,
And there I'll murder Mary the Lily
of the West.

SIDE I, Band 11 SHOUT, LULU

Sung by W. Guy Bruce with 5-string banjo.
Trion, Chattooga County, September 9, 1983.

Guy says that this was played by all the banjo pickers back "whenever I was a sprout... in my banjer pickin'"; when you could tune the banjo in the "Shout Luler" key, gCGCD, and "Shady Grove" key, fFGCD, and "Green-back" key, gCGBD, you were a banjo picker. His chief source, however, was a man named Lurk Ragland. Guy performs it with an exuberance that recalls Uncle Dave Macon. His is the most exciting rendition I have recorded

in Georgia, and I have recorded several, as it is much more current in tradition than its absence from printed collections would suggest. In Georgia I have collected it from Lawrence Eller, Uncle John Patterson, Mabel Cawthorn, the Chancey Brothers, and Jake Staggers. The Ellers' performance can be heard on Flyright LP 546; see also Rufus Crisp's Kentucky version on Folkways FA 2341. Guy includes some verses from the lullabye "Hush Little Baby" in his version; these crop up in another banjo song, Ernest Stoneman's "Say, Darling, Say" (Folkways FA 2315.) Guy explains that "bumzeray" in the last stanza means "the old billy goat's mean," though Dr. Gene Wiggins suggests that it may derive from Henry J. Sayers' 1891 popular song, "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," recorded in the 1920s by north Georgian Land Norris as "Bum Delay" (Okeh 45058.) FVV, pp. 140-41.

1. When I get sick and had to go to bed,
Send for little Lulu to hold my head.

Chorus:
Shout, Lulu, shout, shout!
Shout little Lulu, shout, shout!
2. Shout, little Lulu, sing and pray,
You gonna die some rainy day.
(Chorus)
3. Shout, little Lulu, shout your best,
Granny's got her head in a hornet's nest.
(Chorus)
4. How many nickels will it take
To see little Lulu's body shake?
Two little nickels and a dime
To see little Lulu shake and shine.
(Chorus)
5. Shout, little Lulu, shout your best,
Your old granny's gone to rest.
(Chorus)
6. Hush, little Lulu, don't you cry,
Daddy will see you by and by.
(Chorus)
7. Hush, little Lulu and don't say a word,
Daddy will buy you a mockin' bird.
If that mockin' bird don't sing,
Daddy will buy you a diamond ring.
(Chorus)

8. If that diamond ring turns brass,
Daddy will buy you a lookin' glass.
If that lookin' glass gets broke,
Daddy will buy you a billy goat.
(Chorus)
9. If that billy goat runs away,
Whoopee, and bumzeray!
(Chorus)



W. Guy Bruce, Trion, 1980.



Sister Naomi Bradford and Mavis Moon,
Athens, 1977.



Rev. Willie Gresham, Greater Macedonia Baptist
Church, Athens, 1977.

VOLUME I SIDE II

BLACK RELIGIOUS SINGING

SIDE II, Band 1 WALK WITH ME

Sung by Brady "Doc" Barnes, with guitar, and Lucy Barnes. Athens, Clarke County, August 16, 1983.

Doc and Lucy Barnes' small house in Athens has been called "Holy Ghost Headquarters"--Doc explains that "I have mo' singin' there than they do at lots of different churches." He and Lucy have a repertoire of several hundred spirituals and gospel songs, and on the days when other singers do not come by they sing them for themselves, sometimes until late at night. Lucy was trained in singing sacred music by her father, "Singing" Charlie Jackson of Washington, Georgia. Doc, born in Arnoldsville near Athens in 1908, learned slavery-days spirituals from his grand- and great-grandparents; but he started out with worldly music, playing frolic tunes and blues on the organ, and later on the piano; he did not devote himself to sacred music until he had been married to Lucy for several years, though he had been a member of a gospel quintet. He learned to make and play the quills, or pan-pipes, as a boy, from a former slave named Joe Peelin. He has worked at picking cotton, and driving a truck for a textile mill; in his retirement he devotes his voice and musical talent to the service of his faith. This spiritual, which the Barneses learned from Deacon Olsby of Macison, Georgia, is a prayer in song. The singer, as Doc puts it, is "askin' God for what he want through-out the song." FVV, p. 33.

1. Walk with me, Lord, walk with me,
Walk with me, yes, Lord, walk with me.
Whilst I'm on this, this ol' tedious
journey,
Walk with me, Lord, walk with me.
2. I'm your child, Lord, I'm your child,
I'm your child, yes, I'm your child.
Whilst I'm on this, this ol' tedious
journey,
I'm your child, yes, I'm your child.
3. Hold my hand, Lord, yes, hold my hand,
Hold my hand, Lord, yes, hold my hand,
Whilst I'm on this, this old tedious
journey,
Hold my hand, Lord, yes, hold my hand.

4. Teach me to sing, Lord, teach me to sing,
Teach me to sing, Lord, yes, teach me
to sing,
Whilst I'm on, Lord, this old tedious
journey,
Teach me to sing, Lord, teach me to sing.

SIDE II, Band 2 DEAD AND GONE

Sung by Brady "Doc" Barnes, with guitar.
Athens, Clarke County, August 16, 1983.

Doc learned this old spiritual from his grandmothers, both of whom were born in slavery, 'Nervy Barnes and Hannah Collins; he later added the bottleneck or knife-style guitar setting. The melody is similar to that of the well-known spiritual, "Every Time I Feel the Spirit." Charles Perdue found a text titled "My Mother Died A-Shouting" in the WPA Georgia manuscripts (Don't Let the Devil Out-Talk You, University of Georgia Libraries, unpublished ms.) and Harold Courlander gives a version called "Dear and Gone", Negro Songs from Alabama, New York: Oak Publications, 1950, p. 45. "Shouting" refers to the West African practice of moving in a fervid dance-like manner to singing and percussive rhythm. FVV, p. 34.

1. My po' mother, she died a-shouting,
And all the friends I had, dead and gone.

Chorus:
Dead and gone, Lord, dead and gone, Lord,
All the friends I had, dead and gone.
2. She gone on to glory, she gone on to glory,
All the friends I had, dead and gone.
(Chorus)
3. She died a-shouting, she died a-shouting,
All the friends I had, dead and gone.
(Chorus)
4. Repeat 2

SIDE II, Band 3 MY NUMBER WILL BE CHANGED

Sung by the Gospel Chorus, Greater Macedonia Baptist Church, Naomi Bradford, leader; Athens, Clarke County, December 3, 1977.

Naomi Bradford, a woman with snow-white hair, a compelling presence, and a voice that could soar like a swallow, was in her nineties when she led the Gospel Chorus (a group now headed by Doc Barnes) in this song at a church service. Doc Barnes says he taught her this song, but it is likely that Sister Bradford combined his version

with one she had known. Sister Bradford died in 1981, and her loving family and friends believe that the promise of this song, of a human transcending the trials of the world, has been fulfilled. FVV, pp. 36-39.

Don't you know my number will be changed,
it will be changed,
You know my number will be changed, it
will be changed.
Soon as my feet strike Zion, I'm gonna
lay down my heavy burden,
I'm gonna put on my robe in glory,
I'm gonna shout, sing, and tell the
story,
My number will be changed, my number
will be changed.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest,
Lay down, you weary wanderer,
your head upon my breast."

SIDE II, Band 4 SOON, ONE MORNIN'

Sung by Reverend Willie Gresham and congregation, Greater Macedonia Baptist Church, Athens, Clarke County. December 3, 1977.

This is one of the finest of the old spirituals, with its intimate personification of death and its affirmation of the singer's spirit and faith. Reverend Gresham learned it from his father and inevitably sang it at services when he officiated; the congre-

gation knew it well and joined in on the repeated phrases. This was sung with no interruption after the preceding song. FVV, pp 40-42.

1. Hush and listen, somebody's callin' my
name,
Yes, hush and listen, somebody callin'
my name, sound like Jesus, now,
Hush and listen, there is somebody
callin' my name, now,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall
I do?
2. You know that I'm, I'm so glad, church,
that I got my religion in time,
Hallelujah, I'm so glad, church, that
I got my religion in time,
thank you, Jesus,
I'm so glad I got my religion in time,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall
I do?
3. I've got my ticket, and I know I have
a right to ride--you ought to
say that, church--
I've got my ticket, and I know I
have a right to ride, hallelujah,
I've got my ticket, and I know I
have a right to ride,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall
I do?
4. I died one time, and I ain't gonna die
no more, hallelujah,
I died one time, and I ain't gonna die
no more, thank you, Jesus,
I died one time and I ain't gonna die
no more, now,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall
I do?
5. Oh soon, one mornin', old man Death
came in my room,
Soon, oh soon one mornin', old man
Death came in my room,
Yes, soon, soon one mornin', old man
Death came in my room,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall
I do?

Spoken and sung:

It's good to know this, that when the
Christ was hung on the cross, and when
they buried Him in Joseph's new tomb,
when He rose up Sunday mornin', looked
back at the grave, took the victory
from the grave, took the sting out of
death. If you been born again, you can
tell death these words:

6. Oh, Death, you can't do me no harm!
Oh, Death, oh you can't do me no harm,
hallelujah,
Oh, Death, you can't do me no harm,
Oh my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall I do?

7. Repeat 1

Spoken:
Amen!

SIDE II, Band 5 BROTHER, YOU OUGHT T'VE

BEEN THERE Sung by Reverend Nathaniel Mitchell and Sister Fleeta Mitchell with piano, and Brady "Doc" Barnes with guitar, and Lucy Barnes. Athens, Clarke County, September 29, 1979.

Nathaniel and Fleeta Mitchell, long-time friends and singing partners of the Barneses, were both born blind, Nate in 1910 in Wilkes County, and Fleeta in Laurens County in 1913. In their childhoods they had to do hard farm work despite their handicaps, and both learned secular music, Nate playing blues on the harp (harmonica) and Fleeta playing blues on piano and singing around Warrenton, Georgia. They met at the Georgia School for the Blind at Macon where one of their schoolmates was Blind Willie McTell, destined to become a renowned blues recording artist. Nate became a minister and soon Fleeta followed him in eschewing worldly music. The Mitchells have some formal musical training:

Fleeta can read music in Braille, and Nate has trained his rich baritone voice in the manner of the Fisk Jubilee singers. The combination of their style with the Barneses more country approach is effective, as in this catchy jubilee. FVV, pp. 46-47.

1. Oh, brother, you ought t've been there,
Brother, you ought t've been there,
Brother, you oughtta been there,
When the love come tricklin' down.

Chorus:

Seek, see, seek, and you shall find,
Knock, knock, knock, and the do' shall be
opened,

Ask, ask, ask and it shall be given
When the love come tricklin' down.

Similarly, mother, brother, etc.

SIDE II, Band 6 I DON'T KNOW HOW WE

MADE IT OVER Brown's Chapel Choir, led by Imogene Riggins, with Bea Robinson, Viola Watkins, Lily Mae Davis, and Otha Cooper. Athens, Clarke County, January 19, 1980.

The members of Brown's Chapel, a country church in Bishop in Oconee County, are in large part descended from the slaves who worked the cotton plantations in the area, south of Athens in the Piedmont. The church's choir, a group of four women and one man, sing spirituals passed down from slavery times, and since their piano and guitar player dropped out several years ago they have gone back to the early a capella singing style as well. As Otha Cooper explained it, "after we got to going without music (instrumental accompaniment), we rearranged the songs, put a little salt and black pepper on it... sing it with a feelin', you know." That feeling and poignancy is evident in their performance of this old-time spiritual, with its image of "getting over" as a metaphor for delivery from slavery. FVV, pp 148-9.

Chorus:

Lord, you know then, I don't know,
you know, church,
I don't know just how we made it over,
Lord, thank you, Jesus, I don't know,
You know it must have been the grace of
God.

(Repeat chorus)

1. Solo:
Sometimes I feel discouraged.
Group:
Oh, yes!
Solo:
You know it seem like my work is in
in vain.
Chorus:
In vain,
Solo:
But the Holy Spirit speak to me,
revive my soul again, I said,
(Chorus)
2. Solo:
Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I already come,
Now it was Grace that brought me
safe this far,
Grace will lead me home.
(Chorus)

SIDE II, Band 7 NO ROOM AT THE HOTEL

Sung by Otha Cooper, Athens, Clarke County, March 21, 1981.

This touching retelling of Luke 2:7 is possibly a fragment of a longer religious ballad. Otha Cooper learned it from his

mother, Blanna Cooper, and says it is "an old family song." Although it does not appear in any of the collections of spirituals, it has had some currency: George Mitchell recorded a version from James Lloyd in LaGrange, Georgia, and it was sung by Vera Hall of Livingston, Alabama. FVV, pp 152-3.

1. There was-a no room, no room, they
had no room,
There was no room, no room at the hotel;
You know the time had fully come
for our Savior to be born,
There was no room, no room, they had
no room.
2. Now according to God's Word, there
was a Virgin girl,
The mother of King Jesus, she was a-
wanderin' around one night;
She was tryin' to find her a home for
our Savior to be born,
There was-a no room, no room, they
had no room.
3. Church, I know those peoples they was
wicked, and yet they did not know,
That Jesus Christ He had shed His blood
to save their sinful soul;
You know for years they thought it
was right to say when they
turned po' Mary away,
There is no room, no room, had no
room.
4. Well I know that mother she got worried,
because she had no place to go,
With the pain to be delivered of a man-
chil',
Oh she had been from do' to do', po'
Mary didn't have no place to go,
There was-a no room, no room, they
had no room.
5. You know the bellboy and the porter,
the waiter and-a the cook,
They will be there release' at the
Judgment, because they saw how
they looked.
Well they heard the manager say
when they turned po' Mary away,
There was no room, no room, they had
no room.

SIDE II, Band 8 WELCOME HOME

Sung by Brown's Chapel Choir, led by Imogene Riggins. Athens, Clarke County. January 19, 1980.

Like the better-known spiritual, "Sit Down,

Servant," this song presents a moving conversation between Jesus and the singer, one of his children, "coming home." FVV, p. 156.

1. Leader: Welcome home,
Group: Welcome home,
Leader: Welcome home,
Group: Welcome home,
I wanna hear Jesus saying
welcome home.
You been workin', yes you been toilin',
toilin' for a long, long time,
Come on home, oh, child, sit down and
rest a little while. (Repeat verse)
2. Leader: I been travelin' over hills
and over mountains,
Lord, sometimes it seems like I can't
go on.
Then I hear a sweet voice, keeps on
whisperin' to me,
Sayin', one mo', one mo' mountain,
and you'll be home.
3. Leader: Don't cry no mo',
Group: Don't cry no mo',
Leader: Don't cry no mo',
Group: Don't cry no mo',
I wanna hear Jesus say, don't
cry no mo'.
You been cryin', yes, you been cryin',
cryin' for a long, long time,
Come on home, child, sit down and
rest a little while.
4. Repeat 1

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