TRADITIONAL BLUES

volume one

sung by

BROWNIE McGHEE

by Charles Edward Smith

Shortly after flying into New York from the Coast early in December, 1959, Brownie McGhee rehearsed and appeared in a television show, bought extra sets of guitar strings, said good-bye to his wife and children and boarded a plane for India. In an American Folk Singers Unit under the auspices of the State Department, he and Sonny Terry made their first concert appearance there in mid-December. In the weeks that followed, Brownie's voice and guitar and Sonny's voice and harmonica were heard in Bombay, New Delhi, Katmandu (Nepal), Calcutta and Madras.

Brownie sang songs from the Tennessee hills and stanzas of traditional blues transcribed from old records and published by Joachim Ernst Berendt in Munich in 1957. When Joachim gave a copy of his book to Brownie in Dortmund, Germany, in 1958--the occasion was a stop on one of his European concert tours--it brought back memories of the past. Brownie had heard some of these blues from his father. In some instances the same verses had been sung to different melodies than those documented by Mr. Berendt. Brownie had heard some of the blues from phonograph records, still others had become part of his growing repertoire in towns and cities of the South when--to quote the phrase that gives the title to one of them--he was "on the Cholly".

Brownie can sing many types of songs--he is still an entertainer, as he was when, in Tennessee, he sang everything from "jookin'" songs to spirituals--but he is at his best in singing traditional blues and playing an authentic blues guitar. Both aspects of his art reflect a style acquired over a period of many years. There is nothing flashy about him; glibness is foreign to his nature. In performance his manner is unafected so that the emotional surge inherent in all great blues singing has a surprising impact. A further quality in his singing is that his interpretations of blues--as must have been the case at the beginning of the blues--have an affinity to ballads and work songs which lends to them a freshness and vigour seldom found in what one might call store-bought samples.

The technique of blues is, of course, a continually creative process. It involves re-arrangement of lyrics--sometimes with only a one-word change in a stanza, often with such a radical re-arrangement as to constitute an entirely new presentation (e.g. Brownie's Careless Love, an unusually effective use of iteration--and undoubtedly the most accurate and musically attractive Betty And Dupree on record, both in "Blues By Brownie McGhee" in Folkways FA 2030). Though Brownie does not talk of it in this way, he is always aware of the lyric and his treatment of a lyric, like that of all good blues singers, shows a sensitivity to meaning, metaphor and sound.

The blues are a challenge to the singer or instrumentalist in manipulation of tone and timbre (Black Snake Moan) and sometimes tempo, as in the extraordinary treatment of Long Gone.

In an early period of this century, before the juke box, the disc jockey and jet planes, blues differed from country to city, from the hill country of Tennessee to the cotton and cane fields of the Southwest. With the oil boom, blues singers and bluegrass piano players--the latter known simply as blues pianists then--followed the riggers and drillers into the oilfields of Oklahoma and Texas. Seeds of a great jazz renaissance out of Kansas City were sown by these folk artists.

From the Eastern seaboard to west of the Mississippi the nondescript roadside honky-tonks called "juke houses" or "jook joints" nurtured an odd mixture of folk, hillbilly and popular music. In many of these places the blues, which in one way or another came to grips with reality, were dominant. Much of the South, particularly impoverished areas of town or country, had yet to be put through the meat-grinder of mass-media. Blues differed from place to place and from singer to singer, yet differences between them were less remarkable than their homogeneity.

"The Cholly" is said to have been the nickname of a railroad line. Be that as it may, "on the Cholly," as Brownie and many another singer knew it, meant being on the bum, kicked around. Long before the 1920's, when recordings helped their spread, blues traveled as fast as the voice could carry and as fast as the midnight freight. Pallet On The Floor was probably employed as a blues theme as early in the mountain country to the east as it was in the barrel-houses of New Orleans. Having singers, lead singers with work gangs and singers with tent shows such as Brownie worked with in his youth--all helped to spread the blues and swapped lines and musical ideas like kids swap marbles--and sometimes as grudgingly.

The Cholly Blues, that Brownie presents in four-line stanzas, reflects the variety of influences that helped to shape the blues. The wailing lines with which it opens recall old hollers. The four-line stanza form and sometimes the imagery (e.g. "silver spade" and "golden chain") recall English balladry. The lines

"This here graveyard is a lonely place,
Six feet in the ground with dirt in your face."

relates to the humorous Spider Crawl and, finally, the guitar "preaches".

Born November 30, 1914, in Knoxville, Tennessee, Brownie McGhee (Walter Brown McGhee) learned the blues from his father, George McGhee, a man who could sing verse after verse of a blues until his throat was hoarse. "He was a worker," said Brownie. "He never was a musician but all I know he taught me. His hands were like a steam shovel, all hard, but when he took the guitar in those hands, music came out."
Samuel B. Charters, in the first authoritative study of "The Country Blues" (Rinehart) describes the background of Brownie's blues in these words: "He grew up with music. His father was a fine country guitar player and singer, and his uncle, John Evans, played the fiddle. The two entertained at country parties or dances, singing blues or ballad songs, or just playing breakdowns. Brownie has called the style of playing 'jookin', a stumping, swinging kind of dance music that makes people stand out under the trees and dance until their faces shine with sweat and the party is shouting and clapping encouragement... There were quitting parties, old-fashioned husking parties, or just good time get-togethers, and the music was traded from white to colored so much that it's hard to tell who made up any particular song."

Charters notes that in the hill country "there is little of the country Negro life that is found in the teeming 'black belt' of the cotton country to the South." And again: "Brownie was not from a part of the country where blues singing was a natural expression... Since blues are even more cultural than geographical this last statement has a certain dubiety which no doubt occurred to Mr. Charters. Yet its implications, so far as they are valid, are intriguing. Blues, in this definition—if we interpret it correctly—has, among other characteristics, a relatively large proportion of Negroes in the over-all population. Moreover, such areas as he indicates boast of strong, continuous traditions in Afro-American work songs.

Though (as in blues) various devices and techniques common to more formally organized songs are employed (e.g., call-and-response styles) the key to form in work songs is utter function. Such songs are geared rhythmically and musically to the work being done. In work songs, as Harold Courlander has observed (quoted in notes for "Folk Music, U.S.A." Folkways FE 4530), "The (West) African elements are generally discerned more clearly than in any other forms." A similar view is expressed by Ernest Bormann in The Roots Of Jazz ("Jazz" Rinehart): "They are similar to African songs in tune and intonation; rhythmically they differ only in so far as the rhythm of the work itself was different from that of African agriculture."

West African music has been a potent source of inspiration and influence on music of this hemisphere for close to three hundred years, it freedom from scores and written conventions helping to preserve its intrinsic qualities. In the songs of roustabouts and levee workers and the shanties of "chequered creeds" mangling clippers out of Baltimore, such elements survived and were assimilated into spirituals and popular songs. Shannon, a windless chantey, became Shenandoah. Other examples from these sources are Swing Low (spiritual), Swanee River and Camptown Races (popular songs)--all cited by Mr. Bormann.

"On the plantations, meanwhile," he writes in The Roots Of Jazz, "there survived the old dobeded songs of the Dahomey, which gave rise to such varied forms as the calypso of Trinidad, the corvée songs of Haiti and the corn songs of America. In the cotton belt, such songs as Pick A Bale Of Cotton and Round The Corn, Sally, first noted in 'Slave Songs Of The United States,' preserved the African custom of bands of singers following the men as they worked in the fields, clapping their hands in rhythm to the song and inciting the workers to greater labor."

The hollers, unaccompanied snatches of song by men working alone, are a close link between work songs in general and blues. They often represent an adaptation of West African singing styles. Marshall W. Stearns ("The Story of Jazz" Oxford U. Press) came across identical melodic phrases in an Afro-Cuban place by Chano Pozo and a holler by Lead Belly. The hollers were a natural source for blues. "Most of our blues were originals," Brownie once said; "they came from hollers." Hollers and tunes from work songs were assimilated into blues—and this was a common practice in the South when Brownie was growing up. But the blues by then was already an established form.

Sterling A. Brown ("Jan Session" Putnam's) describes the holler as "a rudimentary blues, musically intoned, a scrap of melody sometimes with a few words added." It utilized typically African vocal devices such as sliding tonalities, falsetto and freely manipulated rhythms. Returning from field or woods, a lone worker might announce his homecoming with just such a holler, building the wailing tones rhythmically into a song that would be identified with him. In some performances, such as Lead Belly's "Go Down Old Hannah," the raw emotion and harsh timbre of the holler became great art.

Blues are also a personal, rather than a group, expression and in their genesis undoubtedly relate to the story-telling songs of West Africa as well as to ballads from the British Isles. Bormann, in the essay previously mentioned, writes with penetrating insight of these complex and slowly evolving relationships. In the same compilation ("Jazz") Paul Oliver observes that the blues, while intensely personal, are "curiously objective, often brutally realistic."

Country music in the South was never a completely isolated phenomenon. The Southern Negro Minstrels, in particular, were a link between the countryside and the music of such cities as St. Louis, Memphis, Atlanta and New Orleans. In the minstrels and later on records, Gertrude "Ma" Rainey established the blues as the most distinctive secular songs of the Negro people. The so-called "Coon shouter" of minstrels was a predecessor of the blues shouter. Though influenced by both, Ma Rainey was neither. She began to sing blues not many years after the turn of the century and in time these became the climax of each performance.

Because of jazz research more is known about early blues of New Orleans than any other city though we do know—if only from Jelly Roll Morton's colorful memoirs and W.C. Handy's autobiography—that they thrived in urban centers throughout the South and were related, all along the way, to the country blues. Many of the blues Brownie's father heard when he was a boy were at that time sung and played in cities. Countless "jelly roll" blues, with their broad and lusty humor, were being booted around the country long before Ford Morton was billed in vaudeville (1914) as "Original New Orleans Jelly Roll." Lonnie Johnson, whose version influenced Brownie's, had three or four songs on this theme. An example of imagery that may have first appeared in work songs is the realistic, and sometimes metaphorical, reference to the bloodhounds first used to track runaway slaves and later used to recapture escapees from chain gangs. There is oftentimes grim humor in such verses. In one of several examples in Oden and Johnson's "Negro Workday Songs" (U. of N.C. Press) the prisoner has been treed by hounds.
"Come git me, boss, come take me down,
Anything's better 'n de chain gang houn'!"

Quite possibly there is a relationship between such titles as "Bloodhound On My Track" and Robert Johnson's symbol for a malevolent destiny, "Hellhound On My Trail".

Brownie gets a twisted kick out of a twisted world, presses a note, warps it:

"Daddy ain't too old to shift those gears...
(Po' Day Creep), changes a word here and there, using a traditional melody but not precisely that of Ida Cox, who made it famous. He knows Blind Lemon Jefferson's Black Snake Moan but sings the melody in his own way, explaining that Lemon had an unusual vocal range which he used uniquely, and adds: "I sang Lemon's tune but to my own chord progressions."

Voice and guitar wall and mom and one almost begrudges it when Brownie works with other accompanying instruments in performances (except Sonny, of course) -- so close in rapport have the voice and the second voice, the guitar, become.

Brownie uses a strong, powerful, tone-in-the-wood guitar and achieves with it an unusual depth of style. His use of repeated chords and phrases is most effective. On Pinetop's Blues he employs the whanging bent tones that were equally important with chords and counter-melodies in the development of blues guitar. His single-string passages are deceptive simple in impact, lacking the blasting metallic sounds associated with so much rhythm and blues in this electronic age.

Many a blues singer has his own Good Morning Blues and when you've heard a good man (or woman) drive the blues down, how silly those little girls, I vaudeville artists do with their innate interpretation of "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" When a blues singer sings the blues he can mean it any old way, with the sun shining on his guitar strings or the clouds pouring misery down on him like rain.

"The more I hear it the more I appreciate it. I get up in the morning and I say, 'Good Morning, Blues.' My wife asks me, 'Who you talking to?'"

From The Cholly Blues to "I hate to hear that freight train blow whoo-oo" and, finally, Long Gone, there is an interesting variety of traditional blues in Volume I, and the same may be said of Volume II in this series. Few singers can approach Brownie in creating the style of performance that must have obtained at a time when blues form was in the process of becoming traditional. In Long Gone there are elements reminiscent of work songs, dance songs and spirituals. Brownie, in his spirited performance, welds these so that the use of call-and-response lines and the dynamic use of tempo build up to one song. Says Brownie: "I want to make music the way I know it is real."

Backwater Blues, as sung by Brownie, is closer to Lonnie Johnson's than to Bessie Smith's version. All three are extremely moving interpretations of this story of the devastation of a flood, a blues that is also great folk poetry. "I'm close to Lonnie Johnson here," Brownie said. "His phrasing on guitar impressed me a lot -- his fill-ins, his passing notes to the next chord."

The traditional blues, in their rough and tumble exchange from place to place and from one singer to another, are like Bessie Smith's traveling woman:

"I'm not good-looking
And I don't dress fine
But I'm a traveling woman
With a traveling mind."

Miscellaneous Notes - Volume I

The Cholly Blues (Traditional) Brownie got into the four-line stanza form without having planned it that way.

Pine Top's Blues (Pine Top Smith) Pine Top made his own record of this on white-label Vocalion in 1928. It was the other side of the historic Pine Top's Boogie Woogie.

Hangman's Blues (Jefferson-McGhee) employing the chord structure Lemon used, Brownie's melody is related to that of Careless Love.

Jelly Roll Baker (Lonnie Johnson) An old one in Brownie's repertoire, he adapted it from Lonnie Johnson's wordy and lusty. He's A Jelly Roll Baker.

Lovin' Mama Blues (Turner-Johnson-McGhee). Based partly on chord structure of the original recorded by Joe Turner (voice) and Pete Johnson (piano). Grainy guitar in bright boogie woogie tempo.

Backwater Blues (Smith-Johnson) "I'm close to Lonnie Johnson's version here." - Brownie McGhee.

Four Day Creep or 'Po' Day Creep (Ida Cox) On this B-flat blues, Brownie used a traditional melody that, as he recalled it, was related to that used by Ida Cox.

Black Snake Moan (Jefferson-McGhee) Based on Lemon's tune but with Brownie's chord progressions. Blind Lemon recorded That Black Snake Moan in 1925. In the same category as Jelly Roll Baker, though its symbolism is more obvious.

Freight Train Blues (Traditional) Trixie Smith recorded her Freight Train Blues in 1925. Inspiration for the melody used by Brownie came from Elizabeth Cotton, who was nurse to the Seeger children (now grown up and singing folksongs). An example of her guitar playing is heard in "Folk Music, U.S.A." (Folkways FS 4550).

Long Gone (Handy-McGhee) Brownie was more aware of folk versions of this tune than of published versions. His singing of it has infectious warmth and vitality. Folk song enthusiasts will recall related tunes by Sonny Terry and Huddie Ledbetter (Lead Belly).

Co-editor of "Jazzmen" and contributor to "The Jazz Makers" Mr. Smith's most recent contribution to blues-jazz literature is the chapter, New Orleans And Traditions In Jazz, in "Jazz" (Ninhardt). Among other writings that relate to this introduction to Traditional Blues are his notes for "Folk Music, U.S.A.," an album edited by Harold Courlander; "Blues By Brownie McGhee" and "The Country Blues - Big Bill Broonzy" -- all Folkways albums.

SIDE I, Band 1: CHOLLY BLUES

Poor boy, long ways from home
Don't mistreat me, please don't do me wrong. (3)

Broke and hungry, ragged and dirty too,
When I clean up, can I go home with you? (3)

Good old boy, just been treated wrong,
Freezing ground was my bed last night. (3)
Big Bell ring, little bell fairly tone, (3)
I'm lonely lonely boy, and a long long ways from home.
This here graveyard is a lonely place, (3)
Six feet in the ground with dirt in your face.
Dig my grave (bebe, honey), with a silver spade (3)
And let me down with a golden chain.
(Well I) ain't good-lookin', got no curly hair, (3)
I got the ways, Mama will take me most anywhere.
(I wonder) What makes you hold your head so high, (3)
The way you hold it that's the way you die.
Spoken: I'm sure of it, boy.
Ain't no Preacher, Ain't no Preacher's son, (2)
I can preach my sermon until the Preacher comes.
Spoken: Preach it boy.

SIDE I, Band 2: PINETOP'S BLUES
I'm going down on State Street, (2)
Just to buy me a gallon of booze.) 'Cause my best gal's done left me, left me with these Brownie Blues.
My girl's got a heart, like a rock in the deep blue sea,
Oh yeah, like a rock cast down in the sea.
She imagines she can love everybody, Lord and mistreat poor ole' me.
Now I comb her hair, even manicure her fingernails
M-m-m-m yeah, manicure her fingernails.
Everytime I get in trouble, she lets me go to jail.
I'm gonna buy, me a graveyard of my own (2)
I'm gonna bury that woman, if she don't let me alone.
I can't use no woman, (if) she can't help me to rob and steal.
Wake up early in the morning, can't even get a decent meal.
Spoken: Listen to the Blues.

SIDE I, Band 3: HANGMAN'S BLUES
Hangman's rope is so tough and strong, (3)
They gonna hang me boys, 'cause I've done something wrong.
I want to tell you jury, a simple story, (3)
Hang me in the morning, cut me down at night.
Mean old hangman, when you tighten up that noose, (3)
Lord above me, I'm trembling in my shoes.
(There's) nine more days, then my mind will rest,
The Judge has sentenced me to be hanged, 'til I'm dead.
Crowd around the courtroom (friend) time is going fast,
Some no good for nothing killer, is going to breathe his last.
(Warden (please) one more time (just) let me blow my breath,
And a trifling woman, thank her for creating my death.

SIDE I, Band 4: JELLY ROLL BAKER
She said "Mr. Jelly Roll Baker now-- let me be your slave!
Gabriel blows a trumpet--I will rise from my grave."
So my good ole' jelly bean, yes, my good ole' jelly bun,
Well it done me so much good, m-m-m deep down in my soul.
She says "Can I put in a order three weeks ahead.
Well I'm your jelly roll, done my home-cooked bread."
'Cause I love good ole' jelly yes, that good ole' jelly roll.
(2)
I found that it's good for the young, yeah--the sick and the old.
Little ole' lady walked up and asked me, who taught me how to bake jelly roll,
I said, "Nobody miss--it's just a gift from my soul."
To bake a good ole' jelly roll, yes, that good ole' jelly roll,
She says "It's just like Maxwell House coffee, m-m-m does it good down in my soul."
Well, I was sentenced for murder, murder in the first degree,
Judge's wife she called up said "Let that man Brownie McGee go free!
'Cause he's a Jelly Roll Baker, well, he makes the best jelly roll in town,
He's an old man that make jelly roll, m-m-m with his damper down."
Soldier in a Hospital Ward, he was shot all full O' holes,
Nurse walked over and left a man to die, to get some good ole' jelly rolls.
She loved good ole' jelly, yes, that good ole' jelly roll.
Said "I'm gonna let that man lose his life, not to miss my good ole' jelly roll."
Well you know a lady walked all the way from Brooklyn to N.Y., that's over 100 blocks,
Lookin' for the man that bakes jelly rolls, to put jelly on the top,
I'm lookin' for that jelly roll baker, yes, the best
Lookin' for the man that make jelly roll, m-m-m

SIDE I, Band 5: LOVING MAMA BLUES
If you ever love a woman, first (you) give your soul to the Lord above. (2)
Then give your time to the devil, give you love to the girl you love.
Then you try to do, things you think is right. (2)
Then your baby's so mean, she don't seem to treat you right.
Then you hang your head, then you begin to cry,(2)
Your're in love with your woman, but your woman ain't satisfied.
Spoken: How do you know? Wont' be long.
I want to hold you baby, hold you in my arms, (2)
I've been so lonesome, till I count the days you're gone.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10, and sometimes I say 11, I want to hold you baby, hold you in my arms,
I've even been so lonesome, I count the days you're gone.
SIDE II, Band 1: BACKWATER BLUES

When it rains five days, the skies turn dark as night.

There's trouble taking place, Lord in the lowlands at night.

I woke up this morning, I couldn't even get out my door.
(2) (Well) there's enough trouble, to make a poor boy wonder where he wants to go.
(2)
(Well) they rowed a little boat, about five miles across the pond.
(2)
I picked all my things and threw them in, and they rowed me along.

When it thunders and lightnin's and the winds begin to blow

There's thousand of people, they don't have nowhere to go.
(2)
Then I went and stood upon that high old lonesome hill.
(2) (Well) Then I looked down on the place where I used to live.

Back water blues done cause me (Lord, well) to pack my things and go.

'Cause my house fell down, and I can't live there no more.
(2) Oh, oh, I can't move no more.

'Cause there ain't no place for a poor boy in the world to go.

SIDE II, Band 2: FOUR DAY CREEP

When you lose your money, please don't lose your mind.

When you lose your good girl please don't fool with mine.

I'm gonna buy me a bull dog to watch you while you sleep.

I'm gonna buy me a bull dog to watch my woman while she sleeps,
Women are so duggone crooked, I'm afraid she might make a four day creep.

Men I'm gonna tell you this, and I ain't gonna tell you nothing else.

Any man's a fool, think he's got one whole woman all by himself.
(2) (But) if you get a good girl, boys, don't want her taken away from you.
(2)
Well don't ever tell your man friend, what your good girl can do.

Lord, Lordy, Lordy, I'm getting on up (old) in years.
(2) But Daddy ain't too old, yes, to shift them gears.

I'm not a big fat man, but I got meat shaking on my bones.
And everytime I shake, some foolish boy is gonna lose his home.

SIDE II, Band 3: BLACK SNAKE MOAN

Black snake crawling in my room

Please won't somebody come get this black snake soon.

What in the world am I gonna do?
Well, won't somebody come and get that black snake soon.

Black snake crawling in my room.
Well, you better come here somebody Lord and get this black snake soon.

SIDE II, Band 4: FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

I hate to hear, that freight train blow "Whoa".
Everytime he blows I feel like ridin' too.
(2)
I asked the (thet old) brake men, to (please) let me ride the blinds.
He said "My good man, you know this train ain't mine.
That was a mean old fireman, and a cruel old engineer.
It was a mean old train, that took my gal away from here.

Got those freight train blues, I'm going to need to cry,
Got those freight train blues, I'm too darn mean to cry,
I'm gonna love that woman till the day she die.

There's three trains ready, but (ain't) none going my way.
But the sun's gonna shine, in my back door some day.

SIDE II, Band 5: LONG GONE

With his diamond blade
Gonna hew out the logs, help us to send this land.

He's (long gone)
He's (long John)
He's gone
Like a turkey in the corn, with his long clothes on.
He's gone, gone.
He's gone, John.
He's (Long John)
He's long gone.

If I had a listen'
What Rosie said.
I'd a been sleepin'
In Rosie's bed.
But I wouldn't listen.
I got to run
Now I've found, I'm on the run.

Well, he's long gone, long John,
He's gone
Like a turkey in the corn, with his long clothes on,
He's (gone)
He's gone, John
He's long gone

I got in jail,
With my mouth poked out.
Now I'm in the pen, and I can't get out.
Well, John made
A pair of shoes
Punies' shoes I've ever seen
Bad (heels in the front)
and (heels behind)
You (couldn't tell where)
He (boy was a price)

Well, he's long gone, etc.

Good mornin' Mary
How do you do?
Well I crossed that river
Just to see you

Well, he's long gone, etc.
COUNTRY MUSIC ON
FOLKWAYS RECORDS

OLD TIME & BLUEGRASS
by John Cohen

The more one gets involved in this music, the more one realizes the character of an old tradition at work, and the astonishing directness and simplicity in the approach of the traditional artist. An understanding of the music opens up the possibilities of all to get to the most pleasure and reward from these old songs, and from the people who sing them.

In various college campuses and cities now, folk music clubs and festivals are emerging which incorporate active research with song collecting, concert producing, and music playing. At one school, on the event of the New Lost City Ramblers concert, the folk music society increased its membership by 100, a panel discussion was held with university faculty and visiting musicians participating, a student string-band was formed, and a local Bluegrass band of country kids was "discovered" and incorporated into the general university folk song scene. In addition to this, a regular publication was started. At another place, serious discographical research is being done and a record of rare re-issues of early hill music was released. Concerts are being produced employing traditional artists; this is no longer a unique situation. The University of Chicago Folk Festival, the Berkeley Folk Festival, the Friends of Old Time Music, and the Ash Grove in Los Angeles, are all pointing the way towards an intelligent enjoyment of traditional folk music.

Within the Folkways catalog is a group of recording which present the scope and nature of the various facets of this music. Folkways has been consistent in its presentation of this music as it is traditionally and authentically performed.

FA5951 (Vol. 1) - Ballads: 27 traditional ballads performed by the Carter Family, Clarence Ashley, Bill Staines, Carolina Tar Heels, Furry Lewis, Charlie Poole with the North Carolina Ramblers, G.B. Grayson, The Masked Marvel, "Chubby" Parker, many others.

2 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm longplay records


2 12-inch 33 1/3 rpm longplay records

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