"Sonny Terry's New Sound"

With Brownie McGhee & J.C. Burris

The Jawharp in Blues & Folk Music
Sonny Terry's New Sound

SIDE I
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Band 2: BEAUTIFUL CITY Sonny Terry, vocal & jawharp, Brownie McGhee, guitar; J. C. Burris, bones
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SONNY TERRY'S NEW SOUND

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THE JAWHARP IN BLUES AND FOLK MUSIC

Notes by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

One of the most unique sets of the many to which Sonny Terry has contributed in the Folkways catalog, this is not only the first in which he plays the jawharp but is the first album to explore the range of this instrument in blues and American folk music. It represents a fresh approach to the blues-folk repertoire, and a happy one, not only on the jawharp but on harmonica, in his songs and in the flaring tonalities of his falsetto voice.

It is altogether appropriate that Sonny, whose recorded performances have so often shown us folk music in the making, should be the one to introduce an instrument that, though it has been crossing the line between folk and art music for centuries, has a history in our own country that is intriguing but sparsely documented. Even before being edged out of hillbilly and jug-band recordings by the kazoo, its status as a genuine musical instrument was not widely accepted. (This was nothing, new woodcuts in a compilation by a German priest in 1511 classified it as "musica irregularis"—along with the hunts horn, the cowbell and the scraped pot.) It was stocked by the Puritans—being a popular item in trade with the Indians—and, along with the fiddle, furnished music for their interminable wrestling matches with the devil. It belonged with the bones in minstrels and in the South gave the best to many a barrelhead breakdown. Along with African drums, the jawharp at times supplanted music for Congo Square dances (New Orleans) in the last century. In one of its rare appearances outside folk music, Charles E. Ives employed it in scoring Washington's Birthday, in "Holidays" (1914).

Though it may have anticipated the ways of swans in some areas, as in bringing the drone to Scotland before the bagpipe, the jawharp, if not exactly an ugly duckling, was an instrument of limited capacities—producing one note and, through resonance, the harmonics of it. Though there are differences in materials of construction, such as the use of bamboo in the Orient and that of a metal strip in the West (see Note following text), both the general shape and musical properties of the instrument have survived with little change. And though some fancy virtuoso stuff was produced, using instruments of differing pitch, in the early part of the 19th century, and there were whole bands of them at one time in Yorkshire and elsewhere in England, the jawharp did not, like other folk instruments, serve as the prototype for a member of the orchestral family.

Moe Asch had recorded interesting examples of the jawharp, particularly from the Far East, and was eager, as he told Brownie McGhee, to record an American example. Brownie thought a bit and then said, "Sonny could play it."

That has an air of luck, of coincidence but—like other things that have happened in Sonny's life—was far from being so. It was natural, first of all, that Moe should broach the subject to Brownie who, like Sonny, had grown up with country music.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee  photo by Dave Gahr

J. C. Burris  photo by Dave Gahr

In addition, a memory nudged him—of Frederic Ramsey's excellent introduction to Sonny Terry's 1952 album (FA 2035)—to a musical gadget Sonny had remembered being called a "Bruce harp". Which was, of course, a jawharp. But it was only mentioned as a background detail. Sonny did not play the jawharp in that or the subsequent albums, though he did much else to endear our folk music (and himself) to listeners throughout the world.

And where did this jawharp come from, that Sonny remembered? Most probably from a factory in Birmingham, England, that was for years virtually the sole supplier of jawharps to the United States. (The import figure was at one time about 100,000 a year, with the United States begging for more.) It would be amusing to conjecture that "Bruce harp" might be a bona fide name rather than, as is more likely, a transatlantic mispronunciation especially since the jawharp first inserted itself into dictionaries and history books in our part of the world by way of Scotland—when the memory of the first kings was still green. On one occasion, presiding at a witchcraft trial, James of Scotland
(later, James I of England) "caused one of the accused to play before him on this instrument a tune which she admitted having played for dancing at a Witches' Sabbath." (Oxford).

Making no brief for nomenclature, however apt, it will not escape the reader that the role of the instrument, in the eyes of the Scottish king, was a curtain-raiser to the part it was destined to play in early American life. From the Bay Colony to the Carolinas the clergy inveighed against dancing and the making of music with the devil's instruments -- and from the volume of invective one must suppose the struggle to have been a protracted one.

Sonny first heard the "Bruce harp" that you "hit with your finger" when his father played it to take the kinks out after coming in from work. Sonny was a small boy then; he had his eyesight and, along with it, the curiosity that never left him, not even when his sight began to fail. "He played Shortnin' Bread, pieces like that," Sonny told Frederick Ramsey -- "put his harp down and I'd grab the thing and mess with it, an' he holier at me an' I steal it an' play an hour, you know." And though the harmonica was to become a part of himself (a second voice and the voice a second instrument) with which he made a world of his own -- sitting on a stoop, listening to the fox chase and the lonesome train -- the jawharp remained almost as familiar and through the years he'd turn to it to relax himself.

Those who have seen Sonny Terry in action with harmonica can appreciate the impact of the little instrument and the big sound, for he conveys something of the same appearance with the jawharp, jow muscles brought into play as his hands cupped around the frame and his finger twanging with the fervor of a country brass band. There is the sound of the dance in the snap of his rhythm, reminding one of a story Sonny tells of an unidentified blues singer DeFord Bailey who used to work the streets of cities such as Durham and Raleigh -- as did Sonny himself -- in the company of a small boy said to be his son. "It was a little act he had, he played a harp, an' this boy danced."

The Fox Chase on jawharp has a special fascination -- one wonders if he can turn the trick and he does, and it isn't a trick at all but an extremely moving performance, as is when he does it on harmonica. But to many listeners -- in this imaginative album of a harvest of new blues -- the blues on jawharp will have an even more profound and lasting appeal. With each performance new facets are brought to life that testify to the mobility and creative strength of Afro-American music.

With this instrument, the playing of which in the hands of others is often little more than a stunt, he charges into tunes, making use of the droop-like quality obtainable, and discovering technical twists the presence of which one would not expect. The versatility of his style calls to mind some of the many names for this instrument -- Mouth harp; German harp. This too, is improvisation in the blues-jazz media -- and basic improvisation - the fresh approach to instrumental style. On the jawharp, as on harmonica, Sonny gives shape and color to sound, gives a bright beat to the dance and takes us into the dark and wailing heart of the blues.

There is a sound that Sonny Terry brought to Carnegie Hall that no one who was present at the "Spirituals To Swing" concerts in the late 1930's is likely ever to forget. It made an art of angular and was at its best at the recognition that it seemed impossible the artist could sustain the mood. Yet it was kept within bounds, it was art, not emotion, and this quality has distinguished Sonny's best performances throughout the years, though the sound of this new album displays a warmth and happy exuberance that -- since it sets the mood of an entire album -- makes it unlike any other he has produced. This, too, is Sonny Terry's new sound. Even the blues convey a good feeling, perhaps because, as the best blues so often do, they give the listener a sense of fulfillment.

Brownie McGhee's guitar talent has matured into one that, at its best, radiates assurance. It has ease, economy, and reflects a sense of proportion -- and this without loss of imaginativeness and freedom to experiment, qualities that have long since stamped him as one of the most vibrant and alive blues guitar styles. Though the playing throughout the set is uninhibited on all instruments, with exciting displays of rough tonalities, actual fluffs are very few and the musical quality is at least as good as anything Sonny and Brownie have ever done, perhaps better. It is as though they have listened to everything from rhythm-and-blues to jazz for what was meaningful to them -- those who know their previous sets will appreciate this -- and brought it back to the blues. It is a triumph for Sonny Terry and his friends, J.C. and the bones included.

THE JAWHARP

According to Curt Sachs, a prototype of the jawharp has been found among Neolithic excavations. An ancient Chinese instrument described by him somewhat resembles the tongue of a troll. It is carved out of a flat piece of iron, the tongue is wide at the root and pointed at the end, cut loose from the frame by two slits. In the Pacific area, the tongue, or vibrating strip, is often of bamboo, as is the frame, and the whole type the tongue is set in motion by a jerking string. Yet another (Far East) could be struck percussively. Reference works find the jawharp native to virtually all continents with the exception of Africa and the Americas. Apropos of the latter, it is said to be the national instrument of one section of Colombia (S.A.) but whether as a native or imported instrument was not specified (and time did not allow a further check). Melville J. Herskovits, who heads the Program of African Studies at Northwestern University, not only considered the matter in relation to current data but spoke about it to Alan P. Merriam "who confirmed my feeling that there is no record of the jawharp in Africa, that perhaps the nearest thing to it is the musical bow."

Knowing of that ingenious device common to many parts of Africa, the Zanzu, frequently referred to incorrectly, as the thumb piano, one might wonder at the absence of the jawharp. Harold Courlander, whose knowledge of things Afro-American is impressive and whose conclusions are often stimulating -- his most recent book is "The Drum And The Hoe" (U. of Cal. Press) -- makes this interesting comment in a letter: "As for the jawharp, there is no tradition for it in Africa. Like the harmonica, it was picked up by U.S. Negroes from
Europeans. Since the marimba is alleged by some scholars to have come to Africa from S.E. Asia, one might wonder why some forms of the jawharp -- even a simple bamboo variant -- didn't get to a large part of Africa. But the musical bow held in the mouth -- the 'mouth bow' -- so common in Africa, could do everything that a jawharp could do. The oral cavity was used in the same way, with a taut string instead of a piece of metal or bamboo providing the tone.

The European jawharp consists of a small iron frame in which a single strip of metal vibrates. (Though we needn't go into it here, in 1816 a man named Scheibler -- source is Grove's -- produced an instrument called the auro, with 10 vibrating tongues, a real mouthful!) To return to the common jewharp -- which is sold in many music stores: "This frame" (Oxford) "is held between the teeth and the strip of steel then twanged by the fingers." It is "capable of producing only one note, but the harmonics of this note become available by resonance, through various shapings of the cavity of the mouth; some people have learnt to tap tunes with a pencil on their teeth and the general principle ... is the same." Curt Sachs makes this even clearer when he states, "The oral cavity, and its position, furnishes one of the harmonics, just as it does when producing the various vowels of our language. Thus, little melodies can be obtained." (Finding that last line irresistible, we gave the vowels a fast work-out. This reminded us that Yankee Doodle could be "played" without an instrument, by merely "clucking" the tongue in various positions. The general principle seems to be the same, but -- in this instance -- the less said about the little melody obtained, the better.)

Why it should have been called Jew's Harp, Trump, or Tromp in 16th century Scotland is not known. It has been assumed that Jew's Harp is a corruption of Jaw's Harp -- in which case Scottish and ancient Chinese (Sachs' spelling: Ku ch'in - Jaws' harp) would more or less agree as to meaning.

One course reverses the order and suggests that Jaw's harp is a corruption of Jew's harp. Trump or tromp has been connected up with the idea that, like the natural trumpet, it could produce the natural harmonic scale. Harp might be attributed both to harp-like effects and to the fact that in design some types bear a resemblance to the Greek lyre (in miniature, of course).

Quite as intriguing as the fact that it was used in 16th (or 17th) century Scotland to blow up a Witches' Sabbath, is the fact that it has been employed in religious decoration -- as in a sculpture in the minstrels' gallery, Exeter Cathedral, 14th century (source: Oxford). An idea of how long it's been a boon to the lusty life and the dance may be gained from a study of the work of Breughel and other Flemish painters and engravers.

Of various French terms for it, one of the most descriptive is "trompe de Laiquais" which may be freely, if outrageously, translated as "poor man's trumpet." An extremely plausible notion is included in Grove's, that Jew's Trump was a corruption of Jeedotroup (Dutch: Child's trumpet). From North Ukrainian (apparently a geographical location) -- site of an ancient English kingdom that extended from the Humber to the Firth of Forth, comes a term that, metaphorically if not etymologically, makes a weird kind of sense, e.g. "He swapped his fiddle for a jewjaw."

I did not come across any specific article relating to the jawharp in America. Such comments as used were drawn from: (Puritans) -- Max Seavell's "Seeds of Liberty" (Knopf); (Congo Square) -- Marshall W. Steinm's "The Story of Jazz" (Oxford); and a few less specific references. I should also like to acknowledge helpful comments from people in the fields of music and anthropology. Main reference works referred to were Percy Schole's "Oxford Companion To Music"; Grove's Dictionary of Music (Vol. IV); Curt Sachs' "The History of Musical Instruments" (Norton).

Notes On Performances

As the introduction suggests, I find this album of immense musical interest not only in what Sonny does on the jawharp harmonica and with his voice but in Brownie's contribution and that of J.C., and in the amazing things that happen to sound when all three get going, whether in the strongly percussive combination of the jawharp, guitar and bones or the thick harmonic texture of two harmonicas and guitar. And of course Sonny's falsetto whoops and hollers in the context of this happy hoe-down are a complete delight. Listening to Sonny "respond" to his voice on the jawharp reminded me of an observation as to this phase of blues that some listeners may have missed, since it appeared in Gramophone Record, an English publication. It was by Ernest Bormann and was quoted in his review of "Blues by Brownie McGhee" (Fa 2030): "I have believed for many years that the solo blues, with its peculiar rhythm and chord structure, can only be explained as a contraction of a lost duct form, an African call-and-response pattern based on the relationship between a lead singer and a choir..." - (7/1/56). It might be added that call-and-response patterns have also been a feature of Afro-American work songs which strongly influenced country blues.

SIDE I, Band 1: SHOUTIN' BROAD
Sonny, jawharp; Brownie, guitar.

As he plays with twanging tonalities and drum-like resonance, Sonny's jawharp brings together country dance and blue-tinged song. This used to be sung at "pound parties" in the South, community affairs to which each would bring a pound of "vittles" (except, possibly, musicians and children).

SIDE I, Band 2: BEAUTIFUL CITY
Sonny, vocal and jawharp; Brownie, guitar; J.C. bones.

There is a lift in tempo as they swing into a revival mood -- recalling what Sonny once referred to as a "shoutin' and jumpin'" service; he does a preaching vocal.

Um, what a beautiful city, mmm, what a beautiful city
God knows, what a beautiful city, Twelve gates to the city hallelu-amen.

There's three gates in the east,
There's three gates in the west,
Three gates in the north,
Three gates in the south,
Which makes twelve gates to the city, hallelu-amen.
SIDE I, Band 3: WHOOP AND HOLLER
Sonny, voice and harmonica; Brownie, guitar; J.C. Burris, bones.

A harmonica blues with falsetto whoops and hollers; one of the happiest. Brownie's guitar substitutes for bass, walks, replies to harmonica; the bones are as much at home as doing a breakdown in minstrels.

SIDE I, Band 4: MY BABY'S GONE
Sonny, vocal and jawharp; Brownie, guitar; J.C. bones.

This version is well worth inclusion, especially for the jawharp "response" passages on a wailing blues and the imaginativeness with which Sonny exploits the resources of this instrument, at one point "worrying" the tone as he might on harmonica.

My baby gone, won't be back no more, My baby gone, won't be back no more, What hurt me so bad, she gone with Mr. so and so. She left this morning, the clock was striking four, She left this morning, the clock was striking four, Yes when the little girl walked out, the blues come walking in my door.

I looked down, down the road just as far as I could see, Yes the man had my woman Lord and the blues shore had me.

Yes, where there ain't no loving, you know there ain't no getting along Everything I told that little hard headed woman, she said, Sonny, you know that's wrong.

Everything I say to the woman, yes, you holler that's wrong, Oh, Lord, Lordy lord.

SIDE I, Band 5: DIRTY MISTREATER
Sonny, vocal and harmonica; J.C., harmonica; Brownie, guitar.

"Jukin' joint" type of blues, exuberantly sung and played to a thumping, fast-moving rhythm.

I work up this morning about the break of day, My baby done gone, I didn't know what to say, She's a dirty mistreater, don't you know, She's a dirty mistreater, don't you know, Well, she's a dirty mistreater, don't mean a man no good.

Well, I love you baby, ain't going to tell no lie, The day you quit me, that's the day you die, You's a dirty mistreater, don't you know, You's a dirty mistreater, don't you know, You's a dirty mistreater, tell the world it is.

I give you my money, bought you fine lot of clothes, If I find you bust you in your nose, You's a dirty mistreater, don't you know You's a dirty mistreater, ya don't mean a man no good.

Well I told you baby, long time ago, You're going to reap just what you sowed.

SIDE II, Band 1: SKIP TO MY LOU
Sonny, jawharp; Brownie, guitar; J.C. bones.

This gay little play party tune takes the listener right into the swing-your-partners mood of a country dance (which was also the purpose of play parties). Listen to the back-talk of Brownie's guitar to Sonny's jawharp, and the shards of sound in the interplay of instruments.
Flies in the buttermilk, shoo shoo shoo,
Flies in the buttermilk, shoo fly shoo,
Flies in the buttermilk, shoo fly shoo,
Skip to my Lou my darling.

Little red wagon, painted blue
Skip to my Lou my darling.

SIDE II, Band 2: CROW JANE
Sonny, voice and harmonica; Brownie, guitar; J.C.
bones.

A whole family of blues has grown from this since
Big Joe Williams built it up from a song his grand-
father sang in Mississippi. A bright-tempo blues,
vigorously sung and played.

Crow Jane, Crow Jane, don't hold your head so high,
You realize baby you got to lay down and die.

You see me coming, baby, put your man out doors,
Well, ain't no stranger, old Sonny been here before.

Crow Jane, Crow Jane, what makes your big head so high?
You realize baby you got to lay down and die.

Well I love you Crow Jane, and I ain't gonna tell no lie,
Well, the day you quit me, that's the day you die.

Oh, tell me Crow Jane, what is this you got on your mind,
You keep me worried, wringing my hands, and crying.

Look a here, Crow Jane, you ain't treating old Sonny right,
You go out every morning, don't come back till night.

Crow Jane, Crow Jane, why hold your head so high,
You realize baby you got to lay down and die.

You got to lay down and die, etc.

SIDE II, Band 3: BLUES FROM EVERYWHERE
Brownie, vocal and guitar; Sonny, jawharp; J.C.
bones.

Singing with simplicity and mellow warmth, Brownie
establishes the mood of the blues in its first line:

"Well, the blues from everywhere, follows me everywhere I go....."

There are train sounds on harmonica and Sonny takes
the jawharp into the heart of the blues.

Well, the blues from everywhere, follows me everywhere I go,
Well, the blues from everywhere, follows me everywhere I go,
Forty eight states, where I go I don't know.

Well, here comes the blues, please open up your door,
I ain't no stranger, I been here before;
Oh, blues, make me feel so good sometimes.

Well the blues is my happiness, well the blues is on my mind.

Did you ever hear the blues, on a battered old guitar?
Did you ever hear the blues, over yonder Lord so far?
Did you ever hear the blues, on a Saturday night?
Worried about some girl, that didn't even treat you right.

Oh, blues, why don't you leave me alone?
Well the blues got me sorrow, wandering, wandering away from home.

My daddy use to tell me, long, long time ago, son you scattered grass seeds, everywhere you go,
But you know one thing, you're going to reap what you sow.

Oh, blues, why don't you leave me alone?
Well, the blues got me to wandering, and rambling away from home.

When blues gets on your mind, make you walk that old
Highway down,
When blues gets on your mind, make you walk that old
Highway down,
Well, then you keep on walking, well then, your friends
they can't be found.

SIDE II, Band 4: FOX CHASE
Sonny, jawharp and falsetto vocal; Brownie, guitar;
J.C., bones.

"Dog run the fox and I used to listen to that barkin'--
catch a whole lot of ideas." In that way, more
than from listening to older virtuosos, Sonny created
his own Fox Chase, an extraordinary achievement
combining uncanny mimicry and superb art. This is
the first time his Fox Chase, or, for that matter, any
Fox Chase, has been recorded on jawharp.

SIDE II, Band 5: HARMONICA BLUES
Sonny, harmonica; J.C., harmonica; Brownie, guitar.

Two harmonicas blow a slow blues, with a fine solo
by Sonny. Brownie plays relaxed accompaniment,
has a single-string solo, and employs treble chords
against harmonic background. Often, as here,
Sonny and Brownie are in rapport with each other's
solos.

SIDE II, Band 6: BOTTLE UP AND GO
Sonny, vocal and harmonica; J.C. harmonica; Brownie,
guitar.

Sonny, in virile voice, sings verses with a gustatory
savor, to a spanning good rhythm all the way, and,
on guitar, yet another example of the good taste
displayed by Brownie throughout this album, e.g., his
use of a three-note motif behind Sonny's vocal.

According to the late Bill Broonzy, this had some
mean old verses when Tommy McClennan used to sing it.
This listener, and no doubt many others, heard it
first when Huddie Ledbetter (Lead Belly) sang it, or
when Sonny, Huddie and Brownie sang it together as
they did, enthusiastically and often.

Well, my momma killed a chicken, she thought it was
a duck,
She put him on the table with his legs sticking up.
He had to bottle it up and go, he had to bottle it
up and go,
Well, he couldn't stay here, I swear he had to
bottle it up and go.

Well, I told my baby, the week before last,
She just a little too fast.
She had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well, a nickel is a nickel, a dime a dime,
I don't want no woman if she ain't mine.
She had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well I had a little girl, she lives up stairs,
She trying to make a living by putting on airs,
She had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well, I told my baby, a long time ago,
What she doing she's going to reap what she sow.
She had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well an old Brownie, playing seven up,
Well Brownie win the money but he's scared to pick it
up.
He had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well, me and J.C. playing seven up,
Old J.C. won the money, but he's scared to pick it
up.
He had to bottle it up and go, etc.

Well, I had a little girl, she lives upstairs,
She tried to make a living by putting on airs.
She had to bottle it up and go, etc.