Folk Visions & Voices
TRADITIONAL MUSIC & SONG IN NORTHERN GEORGIA
Early Mountain Songs, Ballads & Tunes
Black Religious Singing

The Ettar Family, Lawrence, Paralee, Leahie, Bertha, Upper Hightower, 1960

Mavis Moon, Doc and Lucy Baines, and Kenny, Little Lucy and Jackie Clemine, Athens, 1977
VOLUME I, SIDE I
EARLY MOUNTAIN SONGS, BALLADS, AND TUNES
Band 1 I'M GOING' TO GEORGIA
Berthie Rogers, vocal and piano; Paralee McCloud, vocal; Lawrence Eller, vocal; Leatha Eller, vocal.
Band 2 THE LITTLE SHIP (The Golden Vanity, Child, No. 286)
Paralee McCloud, vocal.
Band 3 CINDY IN THE SUMMERTIME
Lawrence Eller, vocal; Vaughn Eller, mouth bow.
Band 4 SNOWBIRD
Ross Brown, fiddle; Howard Cunningham, guitar.
Band 5 DON'T GO RIDIN' DOWN THAT OLD TEXAS TRAIL
Lawrence Eller, vocal and banjo; Vaughn Eller, guitar; Ross Brown, fiddle.
Band 6 WHAT YOU GONNA NAME THAT PRETTY BABY?
Leatha Eller, vocal and piano.
Band 7 THE FAMOUS WEDDING
Maude Thacker, vocal.
Band 8 ONCE I HAD AN OLD GREY MARE
Maude Thacker, vocal.
Band 9 AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNING IN SPRING
W. Guy Bruce, vocal and banjo.
Band 10 THE LILY OF THE WEST (Laws P29)
W. Guy Bruce, vocal.
Band 11 SHOUT, LULU
W. Guy Bruce, vocal and banjo.

VOLUME I, SIDE II
BLACK RELIGIOUS SINGING
Band 1 WALK WITH ME
Brady "Doc" Barnes, vocal and guitar; Lucy Barnes, vocal.
Band 2 DEAD AND GONE
Brady "Doc" Barnes, vocal and guitar.
Band 3 MY NUMBER WILL BE CHANGED
Gospel Chorus, Greater Macedonia Baptist Church of Athens, Naomi Bradford, leader.
Band 4 SOON, ONE MORNIN'
Reverend Willie Gresham and congregation, vocals, Greater Macedonia Baptist Church of Athens.
Band 5 BROTHER, YOU OUGHT I'VE BEEN THERE
Rev. Nathaniel Mitchell, vocal; Sister Fleeta Mitchell, vocal and piano; Brady "Doc" Barnes, vocal and guitar; Lucy Barnes, vocal.
Band 6 I DON'T KNOW HOW WE MADE IT OVER
Brown's Chapel Choir, Imogene Riggins, lead; and Bea Robinson, Viola Watkins, Lily Mae Davis, and Otha Cooper.
Band 7 NO ROOM AT THE HOTEL
Otha Cooper, vocal.
Band 8 WELCOME HOME
Brown's Chapel Choir, Imogene Riggins, lead; and Bea Robinson, Viola Watkins, Lily Mae Davis, and Otha Cooper.

Recorded, produced and annotated by Art Rosenbaum
Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum
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Folk Visions & Voices
TRADITIONAL MUSIC & SONG
IN NORTHERN GEORGIA
Early Mountain Songs, Ballads & Tunes
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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 collecting, 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.


Brown's Chapel Choir: Lily Mae Davis, Viola Watkins, Otha Cooper, Imogene Ruggens, Beatrice Robinson.
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 High Tower, 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 Segley 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. 135-142; H. N. Selden, 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, 1954-50, p. 195; Alfred 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 Revatrukalee,
   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 sink 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 'er in the lonesome sea salt water sea,
   And they sunk 'er in the lonesome sea.

SIDE ONE, Band 3: CINDY IN THE SUMMERTIME
Sung by Lawrence Eller, with mouth bow by Vaughn Eller, Muscogee, 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 throughout 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 Firefly, Garden City, N.Y.; Doubleday, 1972-83, Vol VI., pp. 84-92. This piece is a well-known mountain fiddle tune. For another performance by the Ellers, see FLYRGT 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 swarmed around her mouth. (Chorus)
3. Wish I had a needle as fine as it could sew,
   I'd sew that gai 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 yonder she go. (Chorus)

Maude Thacker recording her ballads, Tate, 1980.

Doc and Lucy Barnes, Athens, 1980.
LEFT-HANDED Fiddler Ross Brown was born in Towns County in 1909 and is a mountain music with the Eller Brothers and Ross Lawrence Eller was born in 1916 and his environment of family singing and neighborhood singing and playing together, and often walked square dances they were inspired to take up instrument after breaking her hip in the fall. Vaughn Eller learned to play guitar on a mail-order instrument at about ten. Brown, fiddle. Hiawassee, Towns County, September 25, 1983.

SIDE 1, Band 4

SNOBBIRD
Koss 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-term 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 1, Band 5


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, Ruddy, Roll On", in the music of a singer, banjo picker, and spoons player who sometimes joined them at these sessions. This cut first appeared on Flyright LP 546, "Motif 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,
   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, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   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
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

3. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

4. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

5. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

6. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

7. Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh my darling, you done me wrong,
   Oh you done me wrong, I'm singing
   A song for you this time.

   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

   Chorus:
   Don't go ridin' down that old Texas trail.

SIDEx 1, Band 6


Leatha Eller was in her eighties when she recorded this original piece which she put together "a few Christmases ago," in her cabin on Hiawassee 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 Nazareth.
   Borned in a stall, laid him in a manger,
   Cattle all howling, and the birds all singing.

   Chorus:
   Gonna call it Jesus of Nazareth.
   Borned in a stall, laid him in a manger,
   Cattle all howling, and the birds all singing.

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)

4. "What you gonna name that pretty baby?
   I'm crossed in my mind and I'm changed in my notion,
   'Cause I didn't get my own true love.

   (Chorus)

5. My true love she sits at the head of the table,
   And everyone remembered well.
   To hear it any longer she was not able,
   Down at her true love's feet she fell.

   (Chorus)

6. "Oh where shall I go, where shall I tarry
   To forget my own true love?"
   Right down the road; some graveside oh there will retire,
   Mourning like some lonesome dove.

SIDEx 1, 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 how 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 knew 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 different and less frequently encountered piece. Cecil Sharp collected it in Habun County, Georgia as "Massful Wedding" in 1917 (See Sharp, op. cit., Vol. II, p. 83.) This is a cryptic and ironic love song with a liltting British melody. FVV, p. 59.

1. The weepin' willow is a very fine flower,
   It does blossom every 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.

   (Chorus)

3. Where the female proved unkind.
   The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

4. The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

5. The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

6. The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

7. The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

8. The liquor was bought and the supper prepared,
   And every one led a sing-a-song.

   (Chorus)

SIDEx 1, Band 8

COME TO MAMA 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 Screamerville, 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

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 took 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!

SIDEx 1, Band 9

AS I WALKED OUT ONE MORNIN' Sung by W. Guy Bruce with 5-string banjo. Trion, Chattooga County, September 9, 1983.
his verve and style at tale-telling and singing were ever much sharper. He started out to train on the banjo, but switched to the thumb and finger up-picking style more common in the Georgia mountains. Like the 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. As she sat under the crown of the king, "Praise God, I'll get married on Sunday."

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.

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


1. Oh it's I'm just down from Illinois some miles away, or 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 law 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.

6. 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:
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)
VOLUME I  SIDE II  
BLACK RELIGIOUS SINGING

SIDE II, Band 1  WALK WITH ME
Song 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 no '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 as a boy, from a former slave named Joe Peel. He has worked at picking cotton, and played for the maintenance of the faith. This spiritual, which the Barneses learned from Deacon Olsby of Athens, is a prayer in song. The singer, as Doc puts it, is "askin' God for what he want through-out the song." FFV, p. 33.

1. Walk with me, Lord, walk with me.
Walk with me, yes, Lord, walk with me. Whilst I'm on this, this old 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 old 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
Song by Brady "Doc" Barnes, with guitar. Athens, Clarke County, August 16, 1983.

Doc learned this old spiritual from his grandparents, both of whom were born in slavery. Lucy 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-Shooting" 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, 1970. P. 45. "Shouting" refers to the West African practice of moving in a fervid dance-like manner to singing and percussive rhythm. FFV, p. 34.

1. My po' mother, she died a-shooting, 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-shooting, she died a-shooting, All the friends I had, dead and gone.
(Chorus)

4. Repeat 2

SIDE II, Band 3  MY NUMBER WILL BE CHANGED
Song by the Gospel Chorus, Greater Macedonia Baptist Church, Athens, Clarke County, December 3, 1977.

Naimi Bradford, a woman with snow-white hair, a compelling presence, and a voice that could soar like a swallow, was in her nineties which 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. FFV, pp. 35-39.

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 your breast."

SIDE II, Band 4  SOON, ONE MORNING
Song 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 to services when he officiated; the congregation knew it well and joined in on the repeated phrases. This was sung with no interruption after the preceding song. FFV, 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 Lord, 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 Lord, 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 Lord, 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 Lord, 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 Lord, 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 my Lord, oh my Lordy, what shall I do?

7. Repeat 1
Spoken: Amen

SIDE II, Band 5 BROTHER, YOU OUGHT'VE BEEN HERE

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 regular 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 combination of their style with the Barneses more country approach is effective, as in this catchy jubilee.

Chorus:
Lord, you know them, 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 vain.
Chorus:  
In vain, Lord, you know they was a Virgin girl,  
She was a Virgin girl, she was a Virgin girl.
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 came, now it was Grace that brought me safe this far,  
Grace will lead me home.
(Chorus)

 Similarly, mother, brother, etc.

SIDE II, Band 6 I DON'T KNOW HOW OR DARE I'M OVER
Brown's Chapel Choir, Athens, Clarke County, January 19, 1980.

6. Lord, you know them, 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

Song 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.

1. There was a no room, no room, they had no room,  
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-vanderin' 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, they 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-child,  
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 waifer 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

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."

1. Leader: Welcome home,  
Group: Welcome home,  
Leader: Welcome home,  
Group: 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,  
Swayin', 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'

4. Repeat 1

Recorded, produced, and annotated by Art Rosenbaum
Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum
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Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum
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