Annotations and Texts

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The articles, books, and records cited in abbreviated form in the following notes are listed in full in the bibliography at the end of the booklet. My intention is not to give exhaustive citations, but to provide information which sets the songs and tunes in a comparative and historical context. The transcriptions of song texts given here are complete in so far as this LP is concerned, but various technical or editorial considerations have occasionally forced the omission of some parts of the original recordings.

OPPOSITE:

First home of the Archive of Folk Song. Robert W. Gordon is shown here in the southwest attic of the Library of Congress building, ca. 1930. From left to right: storage of manuscripts and recorded wax cylinders, early microphone on floor stand, magnetic wire recorder on table at left rear, rotary converter ("telephone" with dial) to change the Library's DC current to AC for recording, dictaphone cylinder recording machine (Gordon operating) and, on the floor, a variety of cylinder machines and other paraphernalia. Photo from the Harris and Ewing albums in the Prints and Photographs Division of the Library of Congress.

SIDE A

BAND A1

The first two selections are sea shanties from Gordon's California collection. They were almost certainly recorded in the San Francisco Bay Area, probably in Oakland, in the early twenties. The singer appears to have been a veteran of sailing ships, for he begins the first song with appropriate instructions to the short-haul crew. Notice how he emphasizes the words *haul, down,* which are signals for the crew to pull together. Hugill speculates that this song, "sung at both capstan and pumps" (p. 161), is of West Indian or southern United States origin. Aside from its use as a shanty, it has stylistic and historical connections with the minstrel stage. Doerflinger (p. 350) dates it from an 1887 songster, *Delaney's Song Book No. 3,* where the words are credited to Edward Harrigan. Sheet music copyrighted in 1887 by William A. Pond & Co., New York, also credits the words to Harrigan, gives the score to Dave Braham, and adds the information "As sung in Edward Harrigan's drama, "Pete" (in *Harrigan and Braham's Popular Songs As Sung by Harrigan and Hart, Volume 2,* New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co., 1892, pp. 51-52). It was recorded by latter-day minstrel showman and Grand Ole Opry pioneer Uncle Dave Macon (NLCR, pp. 226-28). The reference to "Yankee John" in this version may reflect contact with the shanty "Yankee John, Stormalong" (Hugill, p. 80). The combination of sea shanty and blackface minstrelsy reflected in this song no doubt appealed to Gordon, who was keenly interested in the interplay between nineteenth-century black and white, folk and popular, musics.

HAUL THE WOODPILE DOWN
Gordon cyl. 50, ms. Cal. 104B
Anon
Bay Area, California
Early 1920s

SPOKEN:
Cast her up! Sweat up that weather main brace.
Fetch on there, boys, look to it, come on,
shake a leg, all together now.

SUNG:
Yankee John with his sea boots on,
Haul the woodpile down.
Yankee John with his sea boots on,
Haul the woodpile down.
Way down in Florida,
Way down in Florida,
Way down in Florida,
Haul the woodpile down.

"Roll The Old Chariot Along" has direct connections with black folk music of the nineteenth century, appearing in most of the standard collections of spirituals (Dett, pp. 192-93; Fenner and Rathbun, pp. 106-7; Johnson, pp. 110-11). Sandburg published a variant (pp. 196-97), and it has also been noted by collectors of shanties, including Hugill (pp. 150-51) and Doerflinger (pp. 49-50, 357). A version of this was sent to Gordon by an *Adventure* reader (3758), and he collected another text in California (Cal. 243). There were many black sailors on the crews of nineteenth-century vessels. They brought with them traditions of work songs, and their songs, religious and secular, were usually rhythmic and thus suited for many kinds of gang labor needed on the big sailing ships. Gordon devoted a chapter in *Folk-Songs of America* to "Negro Work Songs From Georgia" (pp. 13-19).

ROLL THE OLD CHARIOT ALONG
Gordon cyl. 50, ms. Cal. 104A
Anon
Bay Area, California
Early 1920s

Roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll roll the old chariot along
And we'll all hang on behind.

If the devil's in the way,
We'll roll it over him.
If the devil's in the way,
Why we'll roll it over him,
If the devil's in the way,
We'll roll it over him.
And we'll all hang on behind.

BAND A2

Based on an event of September 27, 1903, "The Wreck of the Old 97" is today one of the most popular American ballads (see Laws, pp. 213-14), but when Gordon first encountered it in 1923, as a text fragment sent to *Adventure*, it was unfamiliar to him. In January 1924 he published a composite text based on three versions sent to him by readers. The same month, Henry Whitter's phonograph recording was issued, which led to the song's national popularity when it was copied later that year by Vernon Dalhart. When Gordon began his Harvard-sponsored recording trip in the fall of 1925, one of his first ventures into the field led him after the composers of the song. This recording of Fred Lewey and those of C. W. Noell, who also claimed a hand in the composition of the song, were the results.

The complicated and fascinating story of Gordon's subsequent role in the copyright litigation concerning the song has been told by Norm Cohen (Cohen B). Gordon played an important role in tracing the history of the song, and he continued to collect versions of it after this recording was made. The index to his manuscript collection at the Library of Congress includes some ten additional variants.

By the time Gordon came to the song its history was no longer easy to unravel. A number of singers had their own versions, and at least three songmakers had produced songs on the subject, which had mixed in different forms. Eventually one of the songmakers, David Graves George, sued RCA Victor for royalties on their recording of Dalhart. The trial lasted from 1929 to 1933. Gordon, as a defense witness, used the recording given here, along with other information, to help Victor build the case that Lewey and C. W. Noell, who had sung their song about the wreck together in the years immediately after its composition, had at least as much claim for composing the song as George. Here as in other areas of his research, Gordon treated his folksong collecting as a scientific endeavor; he was seeking evidence to help solve a problem.

Lewey's performance is noteworthy not only because of his claim for it as the original of this now famous song, but also because of the way it tells the story. Of special interest to folklorists is the line, "He said he'd pull his train on time into Spencer or he'd jerk it right square into hell." This expresses a common occupational belief. For example, in the lumberwoods there are stories and songs about a man who swears to finish his job or eat his supper in hell. This detail is not present in later variants of the song, but may represent oral traditions concerning the wreck.

OLD NINETY SEVEN

Gordon cyl. A6, ms. NC4
Fred Lewey
Concord, N.C.
Oct. 15, 1925

One bright Sunday evening I stood on a mountain
Just watching the smoke from below.
It was springing from a long slender smokestack
Way down on the Southern road.

It was Ninety Seven, the fastest train
That the South has ever seen;
But she run too fast on that fatal Sunday evening,
And the death list numbered fourteen.

CHORUS:
Did she ever pull in? No she never pulled in,
Though at one forty-five she was due;
For hours and hours has the switchman been watching
For the fast mail that never came through.

The engineer was a fast, brave driver
On that fatal Sunday eve,
And his fireman leaned far out at Lynchburg
Waiting for the signal to leave.

When he got aboard, well, he threw back his throttle,
And although his air was bad
People all said when he passed Franklin Junction
That you couldn't see the men in the cab.

Did he ever pull in? No he never pulled in,
Though at one forty-five he was due;
For hours and hours has the switchman been watching
For the fast mail that never came through.

There's a mighty bad road from Lynchburg to Danville,
And although he knew this well
He said he'd pull his train on time into Spencer
Or he'd jerk it right square into hell.

When he hit the grade from Lima to Danville
His whistle began to scream;
He was found when she wrecked with his hand on the throttle
Where he'd scalded to death from the steam.

Did he ever pull in? No he never pulled in,
Though at one forty-five he was due;
For hours and hours has the switchman been watching
For the fast mail that never came through.

BAND A3

In his *New York Times* articles, reprinted in 1938 by the WPA as *Folk-Songs of America*, Gordon referred to the recordings he made in North Carolina during the fall and winter of 1925 as "The Asheville Collection." This reflected his appreciation for the interest and support shown his recording project by the Chamber of Commerce and various private citizens of Asheville. One of the most helpful among this latter group was the young lawyer Bascom Lamar Lunsford. Lunsford already was known for his large collection of mountain songs. Frank C. Brown of Duke University had recorded him on cylinders in 1922 (Jones, p. 7), and when Gordon met him, Lunsford had just made his first commercial records. Gordon published a version of "Cindy" in *Adventure* for Jan. 30, 1926 (pp. 191-92). There he mentioned that another Lunsford song was available on Okeh phonograph record 40155, thus showing his gratitude to Lunsford by publicizing his record. Several years later, when Lunsford recorded again for Brunswick, that company publicized Gordon's work with him through a blurb in their "Brunswick Record Edition of American Folksongs," which stated that Lunsford had the "largest collection of Southern Mountaineer Songs in the World" and that "Hundreds of them were recorded for Harvard University for their Historic value" (Green, pp. 73-78). During the twenties folklorists and the record companies often shared informants, but rarely was either aware of the other. This is probably the only instance in which each publicized the activities of the other.

Gordon had published a text of "The Old Gray Mare" in *Adventure* for March 20, 1925, (p. 192) and had received another text from a reader shortly after that (Gordon MSS 911). He was no doubt pleased to find the same song in the repertoire of Lunsford. Lunsford and Stringfield (pp. 36-37) later published it in their 1931 folio, and Lunsford recorded it again in 1935 for the Library's Archive of Folk Song (AFS 1787 A1). The song has been encountered by several other collectors in the South: E. C. Perrow (p. 123), Frank C. Brown (III, p. 217), and Leonard Roberts (pp. 190-91), whose text is very similar to Lunsford's. The line "I took it home and put in the *ooze*" refers to the pasty mixture of hardwood ash and water in which the green hide is soaked to remove the hair (*Foxfire*, pp. 57-58).

THE OLD GRAY MARE

Gordon cyl. A19, ms. NC19
Bascom Lamar Lunsford
Asheville, North Carolina
Oct. 19, 1925

Oh, once I had an old gray mare,
Once I had an old gray mare,
Once I had an old gray mare,
And I hitched her in and I thought I'd plow.

CHORUS:
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

I hitched her in and I thought I'd plow,
Hitched her in and I thought I'd plow,
Hitched her in and I thought I'd plow,
She swore by golly she didn't know how.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

Down the meadow I followed her track,
Down the meadow I followed her track,
Down the meadow I followed her track,
Found her in the mud hole flat on her back.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

I took a notion I was so stout,
I took a notion I was so stout,
I took a notion I was so stout,
Took her by the tail and I snaked her out.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

I took a notion, it wa'n't no sin,
I took a notion, and it wa'n't no sin,
I took a notion, and it wa'n't no sin,
Took out my knife and I ripped her skin.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

I took it home, I put in the ooze,
Took it home, and I put in the ooze,
Took it home, and I put in the ooze,
Saved it to make my winter shoes.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

Took it out and I put it in a log,
Took it out and I put it in a log,
Took it out and I put it in a log,
Some old fool come snaked it off.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

My old gray mare is dead and gone,
My old gray mare is dead and gone,
My old gray mare is dead and gone,
The darned old rip was-a hard on corn.

Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more,
Not a-gonna work for a nickel any more.

SPOKEN BY BASCOM LAMAR LUNSFORD: *Bascom Lamar Lunsford, who just sung the foregoing, learned it from Curtis Miles at Alexander, Buncombe County, North Carolina, near the home of Governor Zeb Banks, about Nineteen hundred.*

This is Lunsford's only recording of "Hesitation Blues"; he recorded relatively few blues during his career. In the September 23, 1926, issue of *Adventure*, Gordon wrote, "I am still much interested in early 'blues' and 'rags' and in those curious combinations made up partly of genuine folk material and partly of vaudeville or stage songs" (p. 189). This song surely fits his description of a "curious combination."

Although W. C. Handy (p. 94) copyrighted a "Hesitation Blues" in 1923 (he also recorded it), only the chorus bore much relation to the familiar song performed by Lunsford here. And versions of that song had already been collected by Frank C. Brown (III, p. 564) and Newman I. White (pp. 391, 325, 339, 398). White suggested that the song came from a "Hesitation Waltz" which was popular about 1914. Whatever the origin of the song, it was well known by the twenties. Handy did with this song as he did with a number of others — used it as a basis for his own more sophisticated composition. Other sophisticated performers included the song in their repertoires. Vaudeville comedian Al Bernard made two recordings of it during the twenties, and it was recorded in 1925 by Art Gillham, "The Whispering Pianist." In 1930 another white singer from North Carolina, Charlie Poole, recorded a version of the song under the title "If The River Was Whiskey." And there have been a number of other recordings and collections of the song since then. Gordon collected a version in California (Cal. 292A & B), received one from an *Adventure* reader (2120), and recorded another in North Carolina (A116, NC173).

Each of Lunsford's stanzas is a floating verse which has appeared in other songs, generally blues. The formula "I ain't no ——— nor no ———'s son" was collected by White (p. 398) and Scarborough (B, pp. 276-77) in various forms, and appears in Poole's recording. Bluesman Bo Carter constructed an entire song, "All Around Man," using this form.

The second verse is most commonly found with the ballad "The Boll Weevil" (see Laws, p. 255), which dates from the early twentieth century and was collected widely in the South during the twenties and thirties.

The final verse is likewise a floater, but has turned up in recent years as a verse in the song "Big Ball's In Town" (NLCR, pp. 216-17) as recorded by North Carolinian J.E. Mainer and such groups as the Mountain Ramblers. The significance of the reference to "Coolidge meat skin at fifty cents a pound" is obscure, but it is interesting that Georgia singer Fiddlin' John Carson also used "Hesitation Blues" for two political compositions: "Tom Watson Special" for the 1924 Georgia gubernatorial campaign and "Georgia's Three-Dollar Tag" for Eugene Talmadge's 1932 campaign for the same post.

HESITATION BLUES

Gordon cyl. A41, ms. NC60
Bascom Lamar Lunsford
Asheville, North Carolina
October 19, 1925

Now I'm no teacher nor no teacher's son
But I can teach you how 'til my papa comes.
So say boys, how long must I have to wait?
Can I get her now or must I hesitate?

Talk about the boll weevil flyin' up in the air,
Wherever he lights, he leaves his family there.
Oh say boys, how long must I have to wait?
Can I get her now or must I hesitate?

Workin' on the railroad, sleepin' on the ground,
Eatin' Coolidge meat skin at fifty cents a pound.
Oh say boys, how much longer must I have to wait?
Can I get her now or must I hesitate?

"Not A-Gonna Lay My Religion Down" probably came to Lunsford directly or indirectly from Afro-American traditions. In a spoken announcement, not reproduced on this LP, Lunsford remarks only that he learned it from a "Mrs. Graniver at Marion." In tune, stanza form, and text it resembles a number of spirituals. See, for example, the songs "Hell and Heaven" published by the Lomaxes (pp. 588-91), and "I've Been Buked and I've Been Scorned" recorded in 1917 or 1918 by the Tuskegee Institute Singers. Lunsford made another recording of this song in 1935 for the Archive of Folk Song (AFS 1830 B1).

NOT A-GONNA LAY MY RELIGION DOWN

Gordon cyl. A13, ms. NC13
Bascom Lamar Lunsford
Asheville, North Carolina
October 19, 1925

Ain't but one thing grieves my mind,
Ain't but one thing grieves my mind,
Ain't but one thing 'at grieves my mind,
Judgement day am a tryin' time.

CHORUS:
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down.

My poor mother's dead and gone,
My poor mother is dead and gone,
My poor mother is dead and gone,
Left me here to follow on.

Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down.

I've been tempted and I've been tried,
I've been tempted and I've been tried,
I've been tempted and I've been tried,
Been to the river and I been baptised.

Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down,
Not a-gonna lay my religion down.

God made me a living soul,
God made me a living soul,
God made me a living soul,
Trained me [?] to sing while the ages roll.

BAND A4

Like Lunsford, James G. and Nancy Weaver Stikeleather were residents of Asheville who shared Gordon's interest in folksong. Gordon left no notes about the Stikeleathers, but in 1930 when Dorothy Scarborough was collecting the songs that were to appear in *A Song Catcher in Southern Mountains,* she was introduced to

> *Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Stikeleather, prominent in musical circles in Asheville, who were delightfully cooperative in my quest. They knew folk songs, mountain ballads, traditional folk songs, and Negro songs, and knew well how to sing them, so that the Dictaphone and I enjoyed some memorable sessions in their home. Mr. Stikeleather knew many songs he had learned from the Negroes employed by his family in his childhood — some that I had not heard elsewhere — which will appear in the book of Negro folk song which I hope to bring out soon. He had a remarkable recitative called "A Nigger Baptizing" as well as other gems.* (Scarborough A, p. 73)

Jim Stikeleather (1872-1948) had an uncle who owned a livery stable; here Jim learned some songs from black singers. "Brother Jonah" he heard at "an old Negro camp meeting in Iredell County," to the east of Asheville in Piedmont, North Carolina, "some fifteen or twenty years ago" (1905-10). It is interesting that many of the collectors working in North Carolina in this period recorded "Negro songs" from whites who had learned them, as Stikeleather did, from association with blacks. Not only Gordon but Lunsford, Frank C. Brown, and Newman Ivey White followed this pattern. In fact, most of the American song scholars at this time tended to collect from educated folksong enthusiasts who sought out the traditional singers of their own neighborhoods and learned songs in order to perform them. Perhaps some day a historian of folklore studies will investigate this phenomenon.

Within six months of hearing J. D. Stikeleather's "Brother Jonah," Gordon had recorded another version of the sermon-spiritual from a black singer on the Georgia coast, J. A. S. Spencer, who titled his performance "Ninevah Land" (A561-2, GA343-4). Another of Gordon's Georgia coast informants, Henry Shaw, recorded a version under the title "The Bell Done Rung" for Lydia Parrish during the 1930s (pp. 164-65). The text she prints is shorter than the one given here; she explains that "it has been practically impossible to take down Henry's song as he sings it. When he recites it, he gives an entirely different version. If I ask the meaning of a line, he has to begin all over again — and we never get very far." One surmises that the sermon portion of the text was improvised. Another and somewhat longer version of the song, from Georgia Sea Island singer John Davis, was collected in 1959-60 by Alan Lomax.

Several spiritual collections print versions under the title "Humble Yo' Self De Bell Done Ring" — Johnson (pp. 183-89), Marsh (p. 301) — or other titles: Dett (pp. 12-13), Work (p. 50). These versions retain the chorus heard here, but the verses do not carry the Jonah story. A version printed by Fenner (p. 87) presents the same chorus and has a chanted, sermon-like set of verses which do not, however, deal with the Jonah story.

BROTHER JONAH

Gordon cyl. A100, ms. NC145
James G. Stikeleather
Asheville, North Carolina
November 11, 1925

Brother Jonah trying to go on board;
The ship went toddelin' down the shore.
The captain on deck got troubled in his mind,
And he searched that ship from the bottom to the top.
He found brother Jonah right fast asleep;
"A-wake up here you sleepy man;
You've gone contrary to de Lord's command."
He took brother Jonah and he cast him overboard;
Along come a whale and swallowed him whole.
The whale made out for the Ninevah land
And cast Brother Jonah out on dry sand.
Up grow the gourdy vine over the crown;
Along come an earthy worm and cut him down,
Along come an earthy worm and cut him down,
And there left a cross on Jonah's crown.

CHORUS:
Lead it humble, humble,
Humble says [?], the bell's done rung,
God, the glory, and the honor,
Praise my Jesus;
God, the glory, and honor,
Praise the Lamb, praise the Lamb.

SPOKEN BY J. D. STIKELEATHER:
This song was heard at an old Negro camp meeting in Iredell County some fifteen or twenty years ago and is sung here tonight for the Harvard records by J. D. Stikeleather of Asheville, North Carolina, November eleventh, Nineteen twenty-five.

Mrs. Stikeleather (1877-1945) was a formally trained musician. Notice how she ends the song by rising to a final note consistent with art music convention. Both she and Mr. Stikeleather sang in local choirs — according to their family, that is where they met. Also according to family reports, she often sang informally around the house.

Scarborough published two songs from the Stikeleathers; one was "Georgie-O." In addition, the song was notated when Mrs. Stikeleather was interviewed by Susannah Wetmore and Marshall Bartholomew in September 1924, a year before Gordon arrived in Asheville.

Like the collectors who preceded and followed him in recording Mrs. Stikeleather's "Georgie," Gordon recognized the uniqueness of the song. It has both an unusual tune and a text which gives evidence of long circulation in oral tradition, with its heavy use of repetition and its simplification in comparison to more recent, broadside-derived versions. "Georgie" is a version of Child ballad 209 "Geordie." Coffin classified this text as belonging to "Group D" of those collected in North America, noting that this was the only group which did not come directly or indirectly from British broadsides. Presumably, it derived from Scots oral tradition. This conclusion about the traditional nature of the text is reinforced by Bronson's classification of Mrs. Stikeleather's melody with his "Group A" of tunes for the ballad (III, pp. 268, 272-73). Hers is the only American instance of what is otherwise a group of Scots tunes.

Gordon collected other versions of Child 209 from an *Adventure* correspondent (333) and a North Carolina informant (A176, NC260).

GEORGIE

Gordon cyl. A101, Item NC146
Nancy Weaver Stikeleather
Asheville, North Carolina
November 11, 1925

"Come bridle me up my milk-white steed,
The brown he ain't so able-o,
While I ride down to Charlotte Town
To plead for the life of my Georgie-o."

When I got in sight of Charlotte Town
The gentlemen were so plenty-o,
And the table was set, and supper was got,
And the gentlemen were so merry-o.

Come bridle me up my milk-white steed,
The brown he ain't so able-o,
While I ride down to Gallows Hill
To plead for the life of my Georgie-o.

When I got in sight of Gallows Hill
The gentlemen were so plenty-o,
And the gallows all 'round my Georgie's neck,
And the rings of gold were so yellow-o.

Then spoke that noble girl,
She spoke most brief and sorry too,
"I will lay you down ten thousand pounds,
If you'll spare the life of my Georgie-o."

A-then spoke the noble judge,
He spoke most brief and sorry, too,
"For to honor you both and for the money-o,
I'll spare the life of your Georgie-o."

BAND A5

Nowhere is Gordon's breadth of interest in folk music traditions more evident than in his recording of fiddle music. His twenty-seven tunes from six fiddlers in North Carolina represent one of the earliest field recordings of traditional fiddling. Although he wrote about fiddle *songs* he did not discuss fiddle music itself except to refer to its use as traditional dance music. John W. Dillon provided him with the largest number of tunes, twelve, and the three selected here demonstrate his ability.

"Isaac Meddler" is a tune which has appeared under a number of different titles. See Jabbour (pp. 21-22) for a history of the tune, known to the Hammons family of West Virginia as "Camp Chase." As a strathspey, it appears in Scots tradition under the name "Marquis of Huntley's Farewell." It has been recorded a number of times in the South as "George Booker" (Krassen, p. 84). Perhaps Dillon's title, like that of the Hammons family, had a local name legend attached to it.

ISAAC MEDDLER

Gordon cyl. A48, Item NC77
John W. Dillon
Asheville, North Carolina
October 22, 1925

SPOKEN: *That was "Isaac Meddler."*

Dillon's second tune, "Mississippi Sawyer," is widely known in both the United States and Canada under that title. An early version appeared in Knauff (1839), a publication with Virginia associations, under the title "Love from the Heart." Modern sets with the standard title have been published by Ford (p. 32), Thede (p. 117), Christeson (p. 63), and Messer (p. 10). Ford prints a tradition which ties the name to a fiddling sawmill owner who lived near the confluence of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers (p. 183), but Durfee and Jabbour suggest a more likely origin in the early use of the term "Mississippi sawyer" to describe an uprooted tree, which, pushed underwater by the current of the Mississippi river, was a hazard to shipping. Christeson mentions that one fiddler he collected the tune from thought it "descended from 'The Downfall of Paris,'" printed as early as 1830 in Boston. It was recorded under this title by Pegram and Parham. Other recordings include those of Tanner, Messer, Summers, and Smith.

MISSISSIPPI SAWYER

Gordon cyl. A48, Item NC78
John W. Dillon
Asheville, North Carolina
October 22, 1925

SPOKEN:
"Mississippi Sawyer" played by John W. Dillon, Asheville, October twenty-second, Nineteen twenty-five.

"Sally Goodin" is one of the best-known southern fiddle tunes. Over fifty versions of it are listed in the Archive of Folk Song's indexes. One of Frank C. Brown's informants said that it was "played by fifers in the Confederate Army" (III, p. 126), which may explain its wide distribution from Virginia to Texas as well as its rarity (until recently) elsewhere in North America. In a chapter on "Fiddle Songs," Gordon discusses the non-narrative floating verses which accompanied dance songs. "Sally Goodin" is one such song. Ford prints a dance call (p. 209) and a number of verses (pp. 419-20). Brown and Randolph (III, pp. 350-51) indicate that the song was used for play parties.

Ford gives a version of the tune in regular tuning (p. 64) and another in "discord" (p. 129), an EAEA tuning used here by Dillon. Thede gives a number of tune versions as well as words (pp. 32-33). Other published versions include those of Lowinger (p. 13), Maloy (p. 6), Cambiaire (p. 98), Bush (p. 18), and Jameson (p. 15).

The tune has been widely recorded, and the earliest and probably most significant recording is Robertson's 1923 version. Other important recordings include those of Grayson and Whitter, McMichen, Monroe, Puckett, Riley, Smith (who uses a tuning similar to Dillon's), and Stoneman. The tune is also known as a banjo tune in North Carolina, where the recording of Earl Scruggs has been influential.

SALLY GOODIN

Gordon cyl. A49, Item NC79
John W. Dillon
Asheville, North Carolina
October 22, 1925

SPOKEN:
That was "Sally Goodin."

BAND A6

This version of "Old Granny Hare" was performed by Professor W. E. Bird of Cullowhee State Normal School at Cullowhee, Jackson County, North Carolina, in the mountains to the southwest of Asheville. Gordon's interest in the song had a number of dimensions. Like the fiddle tunes he recorded, it was an example of a "fiddle song" which went with dance music. Versions appear in Ford (pp. 30, 193-94), Lomaxes (pp. 283-84), and the NLCR (pp. 124-25). Gordon recorded a performance of the song by Lunsford (A104, NC154). An early commercial recording of the song was made by the Powers family of Virginia. Brown (III, pp. 211-13) prints a number of versions under the title "Old Molly Hare," and the editors indicate that the earliest collected versions came from Afro-American singers. Many of Brown's North Carolina texts combine the song with another Afro-American folksong, "Mr. Rabbit," which suggests that originally the song may have been concerned with the familiar "Brer Rabbit" trickster figure from Negro folktales.

Another facet of this particular version, which no doubt added to its interest for Gordon, was that it combined the verses and tune of "Old Granny/Molly Hare" with the chorus and one verse of another, probably older song, "The Old Sow." Although he did not comment on this connection in his writings, Gordon did print a cowboy version, "The Old Cow," in his article on "Cowboy Songs" (Gordon, pp. 105-6). Brown (III, p. 218) collected this song separately in North Carolina. Randolph, who collected versions in the Ozarks (III, pp. 149-50), notes early versions of the song under the title "The Red Herring," published by Newell as a game song (B, p. 238) and by Sharp in a version from Somerset. Sharp (B, pp. 283-86), believed it had magical or ritualistic origins. But, typically, American versions substitute a comical refrain: "The old sow died with the measles in the spring." In any event, this text appears to be unique in its combination of this song with the "Old Molly/Granny Hare" song, representing a fascinating mixture of British, African, and American traditions.

OLD GRANNY HARE

Gordon cyl. A71, Item NC108
W. E. Bird
Cullowhee, North Carolina
October 28, 1925

Old Granny Hare, a-what you doin' there?
Runnin' through the cotton patch as hard as
I can tear.

CHORUS:
Wheat bread or corn bread or any such a thing,
The old sow died with the measles in the spring.

Old Granny Hare, a-what yer doin' there?
Sittin' in the corner a smokin' a cigar.

Wheat bread or corn bread or any such a thing,
The old sow died with the measles in the spring.

The old sow's leg or the old sow's tail,
I'll make as good a hammer as ever drove a nail.

Wheat bread or corn bread or any such a thing,
The old sow died with the measles in the spring.

BAND A7

Gordon recorded "Single Girl" by Julius Sutton (d. 1947) of Dillsboro, near Cullowhee in Jackson County, on the same day that he recorded the previous song. The song has been collected in a number of parts of the South; both Brown (III, pp. 54-56) and Belden (p. 437-39) report versions and give references to other published collections of the song. Gordon's *Adventure* correspondents sent him four versions of the song in manuscript (2744, 2779[2], 3237), and he recorded another version from a North Carolina singer on cylinder (A93, NC137). Kentucky singer Cousin Emmy made a commercial recording of it in the mid-forties. Sutton's version is textually and melodically similar to most of the other versions of the song, and is distinguished by his fine performance in classic mountain style.

SINGLE GIRL
Gordon cyl. A79, Item NC117
Julius Sutton
Dillsboro, North Carolina
October 28, 1925

Come all you young ladies, let me tell you right,
Oh, I'd never marry, I'd live a single life.

CHORUS:
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

When I was single my shoes they did squeak,
But now I am married my shoes they go leak.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

When I was single I dressed very fine,
But now I am married I go ragged all the time.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

There's dishes to wash and spring to go to;
There's no one to help me, I have it all to do.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

When I was single I dressed like a lady,
But now I am married I go ragged all the time.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

When I was single I dressed very fine,
But now I am married I go ragged all the time.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

Yonder he comes with a bottle in his hand,
Wishing I was dead and he had another dram.

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

One thing I do hate and one I do dread,
To hear my little children crying for bread.

One says to Papa, "I want a piece of bread,"
The other'n says to Mama, "I wanta go to bed."

O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl,
O-o-oh, I wish I was a single girl again.

SPOKEN:
Sung by Julius Sutton, Dillsboro [?], North Carolina, October the twenty-eighth, Nineteen hundred and twenty-five.

BAND A8

Gordon printed another text of "Prisoner's Song" in *Adventure* for January 1, 1927, with the following introduction:

> *The third song most of you will recognize. A few months ago I read that the "author" had recently died in Texas. I don't believe it! Or should I be more frank and say — I know better! At any rate, send me all the knowledge you have as to the age of the song, the places where it has been sung, and when — the men reputed to have written it or* any part *of it. The story is a mighty interesting one. I have most of the facts already, but I want a mass of backing up from you, such a mass that no one can ever question my facts when I bring them out. And some day, in the not far distant future, I* will *bring them out for all you to read.*

Gordon is referring here to Guy Massey, who coauthored the popular "Prisoner's Song" — a million seller in Vernon Dalhart's 1925 recording and on the same record with "The Wreck of the Old 97." The words of Dalhart's "Prisoner's Song" were provided by his cousin Guy Massey and the tune by New York orchestra leader and Victor employee Nat Shilkret (Hayden, pp. 101-3). Massey's text was based on several earlier songs, including the English folksong "Here's Adieu To All Judges and Juries" (see Sharp, A, pp. 226-28), and the nineteenth-century English broadside "Meet Me By the Moonlight" (Wilgus, pp. 97-98).

Gordon's query produced a number of versions of the Dalhart song as well as a few copies (2375, 2384) of the present song, which Belden and Hudson, in their notes to "Seven Long Years" as collected by Frank C. Brown, call "quite distinct from 'The Prisoner's Song'" and related songs (III, pp. 416-17). What makes it distinctive is the chorus and tune of the song. Although the origins of the song are obscure, Brown collected several versions in North Carolina and cites other southern versions. Others were collected in Nova Scotia by MacKenzie (p. 303) and Creighton (p. 309). While Belden and Hudson strove to disassociate this song from the "Prisoner's Song/Meet Me In the Moonlight" cycle, Gordon's impulse was to fit it into the larger pattern; for he viewed himself as a scientific detective, on the trail of folksong origins. This can be seen in his introduction to the readers of *Adventure* for this song. Wherever possible he approached his collecting with a problem in mind and sought to obtain multiple variants of songs which would help him solve the problem.

PRISONER'S SONG
Gordon cyl. A119-20, Item NC176
Ernest Helton, with banjo accompaniment
Biltmore, North Carolina
November 20, 1925

Well, it's hard to be locked up in prison
'way from your friends and your home,
With the cold iron bars all around you
And a pillow that is made out of stone.

CHORUS:
Lone and sad, sad and lone,
Sitting in my cell all alone;
Thinking of the days that's gone by me,
Of the days when I knew I had a home.

[False start]

Lone and sad, sad and lone,
Sitting in my cell all alone;
Thinking of the days that's gone by me,
Of the days when I knew I had a home.

Seven long years I been in prison,
Seven long years yesterday,
For knocking a man down in the alley
And taking his gold watch and chain.

*CHORUS

I once had a father and a mother,
I wonder if they ever think of me;
I once had a sister and a brother
Dwelled in a [?] cottage by the sea.

*CHORUS

I am going to a new jail tomorrow,
I'm leaving the ones that I love.
I'm leaving my friends and relations,
And oh how lonely my home.

*CHORUS

* NOTE: The last three choruses have been omitted from this LP because of technical difficulties in copying the original cylinder.

BAND A9

Let's Go To Bury" is not a common spiritual, although Gordon collected it from three other singers in Georgia (A371, GA139; A212, GA6; A391, GA158). Gordon printed a version — perhaps this one, although the name of the singer is not given and the final verse as printed differs from the one given here — from "The Asheville Collection" in his article on "Negro Spirituals

from Georgia" (pp. 24-25). He commented upon the repetition in the song, which he thought appropriate for a "burying song." Sandburg (p. 473) printed the final two verses of the song as given here, and said of it: "This negro spiritual to be heard on the coast of Georgia is from a series of negro spirituals recorded on phonograph cylinders for the extensive collection of R. W. Gordon." Gordon later spoke of Sandburg's haphazard methods of collecting, which may account for Sandburg's attributing this text, recorded in North Carolina, to Gordon's Georgia collection. On the other hand, Gordon himself does not seem to have used the verses of this recording completely for his own "North Carolina" text as printed in *Folk Songs of America*.

Although the line "Way over in the new burying ground" appears here, this song should not be confused with the more familiar black gospel song of that title. Gellert did collect a version of this "Let's Go to Bury" (pp. 46-47) during the thirties.

LET'S GO TO BURY

Gordon cyl. A183, ms. NC272
Rev. A. G. Holly
Brickton, North Carolina
December 14, 1925

CHORUS:

Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

I have a father way over yonder,
I have a father way over yonder,
I have a father way over yonder,
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

The hammer keeps a ringin' on somebody's coffin,
The hammer keeps a ringin' on somebody's coffin,
Hammer keeps a ringin' on somebody's coffin,
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Somebody's dyin' way over yonder,
Somebody's dyin' way over yonder,
Somebody's dyin' way over yonder,
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Come on, come on, let's go to buryin',
Way over in the new buryin' ground.

SPOKEN BY REVEREND A. G. HOLLY:
That [?] by Reverend A. G. Holly, Brickton, North Carolina, December the fourteenth, Nineteen twenty-five.

SIDE B

BAND B1

Darien, Georgia, the childhood home of Mrs. Gordon, was Gordon's "field station" for over two years, 1926-28. Located on the coast of Georgia, this town was ideally situated for the study of Afro-American folksong. The Carolina and Georgia sea coast blacks spoke a dialect (Gullah) thought to represent the earliest mixing of English with African languages. Gordon hoped to find folksong evidence of similar mixture. This led him to spirituals, of which he collected a substantial number. "Deep Down In My Heart" was performed by one of his best Darien informants, W. M. (Billy) Givens. Gordon later recorded a variant of this song from the white singer Betty Bush Winger (Record 8A), who is discussed below.

DEEP DOWN IN MY HEART

Gordon cyl. A279, Item GA69
W. M. (Billy) Givens
Darien, Georgia
March 19, 1926

Lord, you know I love everybody,
Deep down in my heart.
Lord, you know I love everybody,
Deep down in my heart.
Lord, you know I love everybody,
Deep down in my heart.
Amen, Amen, Amen.
Lord, you know I love my preacher, etc.
Lord, you know I love my deacon, etc.
Lord, you know I love my brother, etc.
Lord, you know I love my Savior, etc.
Lord, you know I love everybody, etc.

SPOKEN:
W. M. Givens, Darien [?], Georgia, March the nineteenth, Nineteen twenty-six.

In his article on "Negro Spirituals from Georgia," Gordon describes the context in which these songs were performed. He urges the reader to "Go, on a Tuesday evening, to the smallest wooden church in a country district, and slip quietly into the last of the rough-hewn wooden benches" (p. 20). He describes the preparations of the sexton, the gathering of the congregation and the preacher's first hymn, lined out "just as he heard the white preacher do it seventy years ago. . . . It is not a spiritual, but an old hymn of the camp-meeting type." A deacon is called upon for the first or "mourner's" prayer, and Gordon describes the congregation's response, which leads up to the first spiritual:

The older women are swaying back and forth, and one of them is tapping nervously with her foot. When finally in the course of his prayer he mentions something that calls to mind the words of an old spiritual, this same woman who is tapping begins, probably quite unconsciously, to croon it almost under her breath. The spark catches, others near her join in, and the crooning becomes an audible undertone — "Jesus, Jesus, is my ond-ly friend, Jesus, Jesus, is my ond-ly friend, Jesus, Jesus is my ond-ly friend, Jesus, Jesus, is my ond-ly friend; King Jesus is my ond-ly friend." Louder and louder it grows as more and more join in till it seems actually to compete with the prayer. The deacon pauses a second, ceases abruptly his chanting, and drops into prose for a concluding line or so. And as he ceases the spiritual bursts forth free of all restraint: (here Gordon gives two stanzas of "Jesus Is My Only Friend," p. 21).

Bessie Shaw and her husband Henry were the persons in the service Gordon described, and it was Bessie Shaw whose singing he transcribed in his article. Gordon's comment at the end of this recording indicates his awareness of the way in which the song was performed in context at the church meeting. As mentioned in the note to "Brother Jonah," Henry Shaw was an important informant not only for Gordon but also for Lydia Parrish. As in Asheville, the outside collector relied upon local contacts, in this case the Shaws, for guidance and collectanea. Gordon recorded two other performances of this song (A308, GA97; A408, GA178) and an additional manuscript text (GA388) — all from Georgia, and Ballanta-(Taylor) also published a version from St. Helena Island (pp. 6-7).

JESUS IS MY ONLY FRIEND

Gordon cyl. A341, Item GA120
Bessie Shaw
Oakhill, Georgia
April 10, 1926

**Oh go back doctor you done come too late,*
Go back doctor you done come too late,
Go back doctor you done come too late,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

**If you ain't got Jesus you ain't got no friend,*
Ain't got Jesus, you ain't got no friend,
Ain't got Jesus, you ain't got no friend,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

**Conscience, conscience, conscience [?] taught me to pray,*
Conscience, conscience, conscience taught me to pray,
Conscience, conscience, conscience taught me to pray,

Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

**If you ain't got Jesus, you ain't got no friend,*
Ain't got Jesus, you ain't got no friend,
Ain't got Jesus, you ain't got no friend,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

**When friends and relations turn their backs on you,*
Friends and relations turn their backs on you,
When friends and relations turn their backs on you,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

**Lord when my wrong becomes a public hall,*
When my wrong becomes a public hall,
When my wrong becomes a public hall,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

When my face becomes a looking glass,
Lord, when my face becomes a looking glass,
When my face becomes a looking glass,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,
Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,
Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,
Lord, Jesus is my only friend.

SPOKEN BY BESSIE SHAW:
Sung by Bessie Shaw, Oakhill, Georgia, April the tenth, Nineteen twenty-six.

SPOKEN BY R. W. GORDON:
The last verse should also appear in this song as the first verse.

* Not reproduced on this LP due to the poor audio quality on this portion of the original recording.

Although the story of the prodigal has been the subject of a number of songs, this one is apparently known only in the Georgia coast region. Gordon collected another version of it from Henry Shaw (A328, GA113).

GLORY TO GOD, MY SON'S COME HOME

Gordon cyl. A401, Item GA171
J. D. Purdy
Place not given — near Darien
Date not given — ca. 1926

The young prodigal son
Boy said to father one day,
"Hey father, give me the portion for me."
Father begin to divide,
Oh Mother she did cry,
Cryin', "Glory to God, my son come home."

CHORUS:
Oh, glory to God, my son come home,
done come home,
Oh, glory to God, my son come home, come home,
Well he done come home from sinnin' and crying,
He done come home from freezin' and fryin',
Crying glory to God, my son come home.

A young prodigal son
Way off in the distant land,
As longs as he had money
He had plenty of friends,
But soon as his money was gone,
I declare he had no home,
Crying "Glory to God, my son come home."

Oh, glory to God, my son come home,
done come home,
Oh, glory to God, my son come home, come home,
Well he done come from sinnin' and crying,
He done come from freezin' and fryin',
Crying glory to God, my son come home.

BAND B2

Fieldwork in Georgia gave Gordon an opportunity to do problem-oriented research in an area of folksong which, during the twenties, was the focus of extensive debate. Just as he sought evidence to establish the history of ballads like "Old 97" and lyric songs like "The Prisoner's Song," he also sought the origin and development of spirituals.

The debate about spirituals, which began after the Civil War, arose from the question of whether they were of black or white origin and, depending upon one's point of view, whether they had been altered by one group or the other. Gordon spoke to the question twice; once in his article "Negro Chants," in *Folk-Songs of America* and again in "The Negro Spiritual," his contribution to the 1931 book *The Carolina Low-Country* (Smythe, pp. 191-222). In both articles he used as his principal piece of evidence Mary Mann's first song on this record.

Gordon believed that "a monotonous sing song chant its rhythm sometimes closely imitating that of a drum" (Gordon, p. 34) represented the Negro's earliest attempt at religious song composition in English. These, which had as their structural unit the single line or, at most, the couplet, and in which the chorus was used irregularly (perhaps only when the singer was attempting to remember more verses), were "prior to regular adoption of white models." When such songs were sung in a group, the refrain was carried on in a nearly continuous way, providing a "basing" over which the lead soared.

Mary C. Mann's "Ol' Man Satan/Drive Ol' Satan Away" was evidence, Gordon believed, of "the earliest text of a negro spiritual that has ever been published." He explained:

> *This song was a favorite with Amelia, a slave brought to this country prior to 1800 from the Island of Madagascar. She taught it to her grand-daughter, Violet, and she in turn taught it to her granddaughter, Mary, from whom I obtained it. Amelia was one of a number of slaves captured by the British in the War of 1812 and taken to Nassau, in the Bahama Islands, whence she never returned. She must, therefore, have sung the song prior to this time. The evidence rests entirely upon tradition, but the scrupulous accuracy of my informant in many other statements made to me—statements that I have been able to check in historical documents—leads me to place great trust in her account* (p. 39).

He then printed the text. In his 1931 essay he called this an example of a pre-stanzaic Negro spiritual which "proceeded in surges rather than in stanzas" (Smythe, p. 215). Gordon collected several songs in Georgia which parallel these texts (GA401, GA447).

The song as given here represents the usable portions of the two cylinders on which Gordon recorded it. Therefore this recording varies at several points from the texts as published by Gordon. In particular, the last six verses are omitted.

OL' MAN SATAN/DRIVE OL' SATAN AWAY

Gordon cyl. A347-8, Item GA124
Mary C. Mann
Darien, Georgia
April 12, 1926

Oh, old man Satan
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
Oh, old man Satan
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
Set you'self in de corner
Glory hallelujah
Rub your face with ashes
Glory hallelujah
You call yourself a Jesus
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
I know you by your red eye
Glory hallelujah
I know you by your cow horn
Glory hallelujah
Or, old man Satan
Glory hallelujah
You cheat me once already
Glory hallelujah
You cheat my oldest father
Glory hallelujah
You cheat my oldest mother
Glory hallelujah
You cheat even Adam
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
I think I ought to know you
Glory hallelujah
Come, my brother Johnny,
Glory hallelujah
Come help me drive old Satan
Glory halle—

Drive him out the back door, hallelujah
Drive old Satan away, my Lord
Drive old Satan, hallelujah
Drive old Satan away

Far as he will go, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away,
Drive him out the back door, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away.

Drive him out the grog shop, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away, my Lord
Drive him to the woodside, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away.

I think I ought to know him, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away,
Cheat my oldest mother, hallelujah,
Drive old Satan away.

Mary Mann's second song is, in her words, a "boat song." Such songs are familiar in the Georgia Sea Islands. In "Negro Work Songs From Georgia," Gordon described the rowing songs which he collected. He found them "very close to spirituals—some of them are spirituals slightly made over." He described the long boats —cypress dug-outs—and their crews of six to eight manning long sweeps, and then the songs as they were sung:

> *The leader always sang the verses, usually in tenor voice, and the other rowers chanted the refrain in lower key. There was no pause, the lines overlapping each other with curious effectiveness. Though I print the songs in stanzaic form, the stanzas were not apparent in the singing* (Gordon, p. 17).

This song, like Mann's first, shares the non-stanzaic construction noted by Gordon for rowing songs. The contrast between strophic construction found in European folksong and the litany form found in Africa supports Gordon's argument that these songs in Mann's repertoire represent an early stage in the progress from African to Afro-American folksong traditions. Gordon collected several other rowing songs from Mann; he also collected another version of "Finger Ring" from a Darien informant (A285, GA75). Mann's statement at the end refers to Mrs. (Roberta Paul) Gordon, whom Mann had known since childhood.

FINGER RING

Gordon cyl. A345, Item GA122
Mary C. Mann
Darien, Georgia
April 12, 1926

I lost mama's finger ring, finger ring, the finger ring,
I lost mama finger ring, finger ring, the finger ring,
I lost my mama finger ring, finger ring,
the finger ring.
I lost my mama finger ring, finger ring,
the finger ring.

I know how, I know how to row the boat,
I know how, I know how to row the boat,
I know how to row the boat, I can row the boat
just so, finger ring, the finger ring.
I can row the boat just so, finger ring,
the finger ring.

I can row, I can row the Bumble Bee,
I can how, I know how to row the Bee,
I know how to row the Bee, Bumble Bee,
the Bumble Bee.

I know how to row the Bee, the Bumble Bee,
the Bumble Bee.
I know how to row the boat, the Bumble Bee,
the Bumble Bee.
I know how to row the boat, the Bumble Bee,
the Bumble Bee.

I lost mama, I lost mama finger ring,
I lost mama, I lost my mama finger ring, finger ring,
the finger ring, finger ring, the finger ring.
I know how to row the boat, Bumble Bee,
Bumble Bee.

SPOKEN:
This is Miss Roberta Paul's, Paul's "boat song" that I have sung just now — the "Finger Ring." She like that. Sung by Mary C. Mann, Darien, Georgia, MacIntosh County, April the twelfth, Nineteen twenty-six.

BAND B3

From rowing songs to sea shanties in black song tradition is a logical step, for during the nineteenth-century black seamen and dock workers had an important effect upon shantying traditions. J. A. S. Spencer's "Blow Boys Blow" is what Gordon called a "quick time" shanty (Gordon, p. 14) with an unusual text and a familiar refrain. Doboy Sound is on the Atlantic coast of Georgia, just north of Darien.

BLOW BOYS BLOW (1)

Gordon cyl. A479, Item GA252
J. A. S. Spencer
Darien, Georgia [?]
May 11, 1926

The prettiest girl in Doboy town,
Blow, boys, blow.
Her name is Fancy Nellie Brown,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

CHORUS:
Heave her high and let her go,
Blow, boys, blow.
Heave her high and let her blow,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

The prettiest girl I ever knew,
Blow, boys, blow.
She wear the red morroca shoe,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

The prettiest girl I ever saw,
Blow, boys, blow.
She's always riding the white horse,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

The prettiest boy in Doboy town,
Blow, boys, blow.
His name is Little Johnny Brown,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

Heave her high and let her go,
Blow, boys, blow.
Heave her high and jam her low,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

It is not known where or when Gordon recorded A. Wilkins, who sang good versions of both "Blow Boys Blow" and "Haul Away" in a splendid voice. *Adventure* correspondents sent Gordon four other versions of this "Blow Boys Blow" (770, 1033, 1642, 2362). It is a well known song which has been frequently collected; see Doerflinger (pp. 25-29, 327), Hugill (pp. 224-30), and Colcord (pp. 7-8).

BLOW BOYS BLOW (2)

Gordon cyl. G100, Item Misc. 188
A. Wilkins [?]
Place and date unknown

Oh, blow, my boys, for I love to hear you,
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh blow, my boys, for I long to hear you,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Oh, a Yankee ship dropping down the river,
Blow, boys, blow;
It's a Yankee ship dropping down the river,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Now, how do you know she's a Yankee clipper?
Blow, boys, blow;
Her spars and decks they shine like silver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

Oh who do you think was the chief mate of her?
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh, Skys'l Taylor, the Frisco slugger,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

And who do you think was the chief cook of her?
Blow, boys, blow;
Oh big Black Sam, the Baltimore nigger,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

And what do you think we had for dinner?
Blow, boys, blow;
A monkey's legs and a monkey's liver,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

And what do you think we had for supper?
Blow, boys, blow;
The starboard side of an old sou'wester,
Blow, my bully boys, blow.

"Haul Away" also is a well-known shanty, with many different verses. The testimony of sailors is that this song was one to which improvisation occurred freely, and the verses which Wilkins sings here are a combination of the familiar (verse one) and the novel (verse two). See Doerflinger (pp. 4-6, 338), Hugill (pp. 358-61), and Colcord (p. 3) for further references. Gordon collected a version of this in California (Cal. 249).

HAUL AWAY

Gordon cyl. G100, Item Misc. 190
A. Wilkins [?]
Eastern U.S. [?]
1930-32 [?]

Away, haul away, a-haul away, my Rosie,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe.

I wish I was in Ireland, a diggin' turf an' taters,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe;
But now I'm in a Yankee ship, a-pullin' cleats and braces,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe.

Once I loved an Irish gal and she was double jointed,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe;
I thought she had a double chin but I was disappointed,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe.

Away, haul away, the old man he's a-growlin',
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe;
Away, haul away, our oats are growing mouldy,
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe.
Away, haul away, the bloody ship is rollin',
Away, haul away, a-haul away, Joe.

BAND B4

After finishing his performance of "The Wagon" Ben Harney (1871-1938) announced to Gordon's recording machine: "This is absolutely the first song published in ragtime; the first song ever written in ragtime. The idea was conceived by Ben Harney, in Louisville, Kentucky." The remainder of his statement was indistinct, but he continued to tell of his central role in the introduction of ragtime to the American public.

In 1924 the *New York Times* called Harney "a white man who had a fine negro shouting voice, [who] probably did more to popularize ragtime than any other person." He had heard the "new music" in Louisville, became "adept at it," and brought it to New York, where he appeared at the Weber and Fields Music Hall, introducing it in a "first-class theatre" (Berlin, p. 49). In recent years ragtime pianist Eubie Blake has asserted that Harney was actually an Afro-American who succeeded in "passing" as white.

In 1918 Harney "offered to leave the profession and forfeit one hundred dollars if anyone could submit a rag predating his own ragtime songs, the earliest being 'You've Been A Good Old Wagon But You've Done Broke Down' (1895) and 'Mister Johnson, Turn Me Loose' (1896)" (Berlin, p. 49). He was not challenged. But even at the time it was obvious that his primary claim was not for originating the form, but for bringing it to the attention of the public through his vaudeville performances. He went on to a career which included a number of innovative uses of ragtime, such as performing classical piano pieces in ragtime style. He also published the first ragtime piano primer, *The Ragtime Instructor*, in 1897 (Ewen, pp. 166-67).

Harney was forced to retire in 1923, after a heart attack, and spent his final years in poverty and declining health in Philadelphia (Blesh, pp. 225-30). It is not known when or where Gordon recorded him, but an indistinct announcement on one of the five cylinders which he made seems to place the session on September 9, 1925, about a month before Gordon's first North Carolina recordings of Lewey and Noell.

Though it is uncertain when Gordon made the recordings, there is no doubt about his interest in ragtime and in Harney, who was "evidence" for the use of black music in the context of white entertainment. Ragtime's beginnings and popularity represented a recurrent theme in American music—the assimilation of an Afro-American folk form by national popular music. Gordon was interested in other manifestations of this process—minstrel music and spirituals—and in this interest anticipated the thought and viewpoint which many later scholars took toward various forms of jazz and, most recently, rock music.

The song itself is deceptively simple; Harney's syncopated piano accompaniment is more "ragtime" than his singing, although it is hard to tell from this performance how Harney would have sounded with a piano accompaniment. The tune is similar to that of "The Crawdad Song," and almost all of the verses can be found in standard folksong collections. For instance, a single collection—Volume III of the Frank C. Brown omnibus from North Carolina—contains at least four songs which have elements of either verse or structure which parallel "The Wagon": "The Dummy Line" (p. 521), "Sugar Babe" (p. 550), and "Went Down Town" and "Standin' On The Street Doin' No Harm" (p. 562). Of course, because Harney published his text in 1895 and performed it frequently for the next thirty years, it is quite possible that at least some of the texts recorded by folksong collectors during the early decades of this century reflect the popularity of Harney's song.

THE WAGON

Gordon cyl. G24, Item Misc. 37
Ben Harney
Philadelphia, Pa. [?]
Sept. 9, 1925 [?]

Well, jumped on the dummy, didn't have no fare, this mornin',
Jumped on the dummy didn't have no fare, this mornin',
Jumped on the dummy didn't have no air,
Went around the circle didn't get no where, This mornin', this evenin'.

Standin' on the corner, wasn't doin' no harm, a-this mornin',
Standin' on the corner, wasn't doin' no harm, oh, this mornin',
Standin' on the corner, wasn't doin' no harm,
When a copper a-grabbed me by my arm A-this mornin'.

Judge asked a-me what a-had I done, this mornin',
Judge asked a-me what a-had I done, this mornin',
Judge asked me what a-had I done,
You standing on the corner just a-grabbing a gun A-this mornin'.
Judge says, "I get . . . ."

Judge and the jury they sent for me, this mornin',
Judge and the jury they said to me, this mornin',
Judge and the jury they said to me,
You killed three niggers in the first degree A-this mornin'.

Well, bye bye, my honey, if you call it gone, a-this mornin',
Bye bye my honey if you call it gone, a-this evenin',
Bye bye my honey if you call it gone,
You been a good old wagon but you done broke down This mornin', this evenin', so soon.

Well, a-lookin' for the one big hand-out a-this mornin',
Looking for the one big hand-out a-this mornin',
Looking for the one big hand-out,
That make my body so stiff and stout A-this mornin', this evenin', so soon.

BAND B5

Nellie Galt of Louisville was from a prominent local family and, like some of Gordon's informants in Asheville, was a trained singer who had developed an interest in folksong. A manuscript containing 115 of her songs, obtained about 1928, is in the Archive of Folk Song. Presumably Gordon recorded her at about the same time. Gordon said of ballads:

> *Ballads are the unquestioned aristocrats of the folk-song world. They have the most poetry, the highest literary values; they represent the culmination of a long period of growing folk technique and artistry.*
>
> *But for this very reason they are not fully representative. They are true folk-songs, but of a limited and peculiar type, with a special technique all their own. They occupy one tiny corner of an immense field. To the great body of folk-song they stand in much the same relation as does the short story to prose fiction, or the one-act play to drama.* (Gordon, p. 64)

"Milk White Steed" is a version of Child ballad #75, "Lord Lovel." This is Coffin's type A, the most common version, one which has wide distribution in North America because of its printing as a London broadside (Coffin, pp. 72-3). As Coffin and others have noted, the contrast between the tragic story and the sprightly gait of the tune have made the song a popular candidate for burlesque; certainly the repetition in the fourth line of this version lends itself to that interpretation.

Gordon had five versions of this ballad from *Adventure* correspondents (423, 879, 1795, 2182,

2596), collected a version in California (Cal. 334), and received two other versions in manuscripts sent to the Archive of Folk Song (Newcomb MS. 4, p. 22; Purcell MS., p. 17).

MILK WHITE STEED

Gordon cyl. D1-1 (G96), Item Galt 3 (Misc. 164)
Nellie Galt
Louisville, Kentucky
Ca. 1928 [?]

Lord Lovel he stood at his castle door
A-stroking his milk-white steed.
The lady Nancy came riding by
All looking for Lovel was she, she, she,
All looking for Lovel was she.

"And where are you going, Lord Lovel," she cried,
"Oh where are you going," cried she.
"I'm going away for a year and a day
"Far countries for to see, see, see,
"Far countries for to see."

He'd hardly been gone a year and a day
Far countries for to see,
When languishing thoughts came into his mind
Concerning his lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
Concerning his lady Nancy.

So he rode and he rode on his milk-white steed
Till he came to London Town;
And there he heard St. Patrick's bell
And the people a-mournin' around, 'round, 'round,
And the people a-mournin' around.

"Is anyone dead?" Lord Lovel, he cried,
"Is anyone dead?" cried he.
"A noble lady's dead," the people replied,
"And they call her the Lady Nancy, -cy, -cy,
They call her the Lady Nancy."

So he ordered the grave to be opened wide,
And the shroud to be laid aside,
And there he kissed her clay cold lips
While the tears came trickling down, down, down,
While the tears came trickling down.

The Lady Nancy, she died today,
Lord Lovel he died tomorrow;
The Lady Nancy she died of true love,
Lord Lovel he died of true sor-ro-ro-row,
Lord Lovel he died of true sorrow.

And they buried him in St. Patrick's church,
And they buried her in the choir.
And out of her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out of her lover's a briar, -riar, -riar,
And out of her lover's a briar.

And they grew and they grew to the
church steeple top,
Till there they could grow no higher;
So there they entwined in a true lover's knot,
For all true lovers to admire, -ire, -ire,
For all true lovers to admire.

Nellie Galt's "Mulberry Hill" is what Gordon called a "Nursery Song." Such songs formed "the child's first conscious introduction to folk-song" and were "sung by mother, father, or nurse to amuse, to divert, or to instruct." Gordon found it "well nigh impossible" to collect examples from children, but noted that "older people can recollect them with greater precision and accuracy than songs they learned later in life." Gordon thought it difficult to assign regional provenance to these songs but stated that "in the course of many years of collecting" he had noted that some songs were "great favorites in one part of the country" and seldom heard elsewhere (Gordon, pp. 85-86).

This song, known most widely under the title "Old Grimes," he listed as one which "the New England child is likely to have heard." *Adventure* readers sent Gordon four texts of this song (1854, 2626, 3726, 3756). The song has been collected widely and has English ancestors. Belden (pp. 509-11) and Randolph (III, pp. 381-82) collected it in the Ozarks; Newell published a version from New York and indicated that it was used not only as a game but also as a shanty (A, pp. 100-101); and Fowke has collected it in Canada as a children's game (pp. 27, 149).

The phrase "Johnny Cuckoo" appears as well in a separate children's game (Jones and Hawes, pp. 71-73).

MULBERRY HILL

Gordon cyl. D1-2 (G96), Item Galt 12 (Misc. 165)
Nellie Galt
Louisville, Kentucky
Ca. 1928

Old Grumble is dead and laid in his grave,
Aha, aha, and laid in his grave.

There grew a ripe apple tree close by his head,
Aha, aha, close by his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,
Aha, aha, and ready to fall.

There came an old woman to gather them all,
Aha, aha, to gather them all.

Up jumped Old Grumble and gave her a knock,
Aha, aha, and gave her a knock.

Which made the old woman go hippety-hop,
Aha, aha, hippety-hop.

She hipped and she hopped to Mulberry Hill,
Aha, aha, to Mulberry Hill.

And there she sat down to make her will,
Aha, aha, to make her will.

The old grey mare to Johnny Cuckoo,
Aha, aha, to Johnny Cuckoo.

The bridle and saddle be laid on the shelf,
Aha, aha, to be laid on the shelf.

If you want any more you can sing it yourself,
Aha, aha, you can sing it yourself.

BAND B6

In 1931 Gordon received a letter from Betty Bush Winger of Point Pleasant, West Virginia. A native of the Ozark region of Missouri, Miss Winger had read an article Gordon had written (possibly in the *New York Times*) on Negro spirituals and sent a manuscript containing some of the songs she recalled. Like others whom Gordon recorded, she was not only an informant but also a collector who responded to Gordon's "scientific" interest in the songs. Gordon learned of Winger's songs at a time when he was experimenting with portable disc recording equipment. He convinced the Amplion Company to loan him a new disc recording machine and visited Winger in West Virginia in late 1931 or early 1932 in order to record her songs.

Miss Winger continued to correspond with Gordon, and in the mid-1940s resumed her correspondence with the Archive of Folk Song, contributing various materials until the mid-fifties. She not only collected songs, she also composed songs and wrote religious plays, some of which she sent to the archive. Such materials, though of limited interest to folksong researchers, tell us much about persons such as Winger who contributed so generously to Gordon's collections over the years. She perceived an essential connection between the collection of rare old songs which had historical value, and the creation of new compositions—songs or stories—based on these models or dealing with the same subject matter. Content and not process was the most important facet of folksong traditions for her.

"Yes Ma'am" is a children's song, perhaps a play-party song, which Winger almost certainly learned from black tradition. Gordon noted two other versions of this song in his manuscript collections (McAdams Thesis, p. 131; Newcomb MS. p. 255). The call-response form of the song is not evident in this performance as it would be in the proper context, sung by a group of children. For a children's game version which preserves the call-response form, see "Shoo Turkey" in Jones and Hawes (pp. 53-54).

YES MA'AM [BED TIME QUIZ]

Winger disc 17B2, Winger MS. II 58
Betty Bush Winger
Point Pleasant, West Virginia
Ca. 1931-32

My little boy have you been to the barn? Yes ma'am.
Did you feed my horse? Yes ma'am.
Did you give him hay? Yes ma'am.
Did you give him corn? Yes ma'am.
Well little boy don't you cry. Yes ma'am.
Did you feed my cow? Yes ma'am.

Did you feed her hay? Yes ma'am.
Did you feed her corn? Yes ma'am.
Did you feed my cat? Yes ma'am.
Did you feed her hay? Yes ma'am.
Did you feed her corn? Yes ma'am.
Well you should've give her milk. Yes ma'am.
Now go to bed. Yes ma'am.
And cry if you like. Yes ma'am.

"All God's Children Got to Humble Down" was one of the spirituals in Winger's repertoire which Gordon found of great interest. He cited her collection in his part of the 1932 *Annual Report of the Librarian of Congress* (p. 322) as an important new piece of evidence for spiritual scholarship. Presumably the non-stanzaic form appealed to his interest in the earliest spirituals, as discussed above with regard to Mary Mann.

ALL GOD'S CHILDREN GOT TO HUMBLE DOWN

Winger disc 15B1, Winger MS. (I) 12, (II) 17
Betty Bush Winger
Point Pleasant, West Virginia
Ca. 1931

All God's children got to humble down, humble down, humble down.
All God's children got to humble down, if they gwine to wear a crown.
All God's children got to humble down, got to stretch out a hand and-a humble down.
Got to stretch out a hand and-a humble down, while the blood come [?] trickling down.
Get you the blood of-a Jesus, a fallin' right down on you.
Got to humble-a down child you want-a be washed clean through.
All God's children got to humble down, humble down, humble down.
All God's children got to humble down, if they gwine to wear a crown.
Brother, sister, take off your shoe, humble down, humble down.
Honey and oil gonna fall-a fall on you, humble down, humble down.

BANDS B7 AND B8

In January 1932 a salesman from the Amplion Company came to the Library of Congress to demonstrate the company's new microphone and disc recorder. After a long spoken sales pitch (which is on the record from which this selection is taken), salesman Douglas Cooke turned the microphone over to Gordon, who sang a portion of "Charlie Snider"—which he identified as an early version of "Casey Jones"—and then whistled a tune fragment and barked twice.

ROBERT W. GORDON TESTING EQUIPMENT

Gordon disc 63A
Washington, D.C.
January 1932

SPOKEN BY R. W. GORDON:
I'm going to make a, uh, test for sustained note with a portion of one of the early versions of "Casey Jones."

SUNG:
Charlie Snyder was a good engineer,
Told the fireman never to fear,
All I wanted was the water and the coal,
Put your head out the window, watch the drivers roll.

SPOKEN:
I'm now going to test by whistling at about three feet from the microphone.

It is not surprising that Gordon sang "one of the early versions of 'Casey Jones'" for the test recording. He was gearing up for another case study. Like "The Wreck of the Old 97," a song about Casey Jones was copyrighted, and Gordon had been approached to act as an expert witness in a court case about it. Eventually the case was settled out of court, but in the meantime he had assembled his evidence.

This case was even more complex than that of "The Wreck of the Old 97." Vaudevillians Newton and Seibert had copyrighted their version of the song about Jones in 1909. But, as with Harney's ragtime song, "The Prisoner's Song," and others that Gordon studied, the song was based on earlier folksongs. Norm Cohen's preliminary study (Cohen A) showed that the various strains of folksong about railroad accidents which coalesced around the Casey Jones theme reflect two traditions—the Anglo-American vulgar ballad and the Afro-American blues-ballad. For Gordon the confluence of these two traditions was familiar territory.

Gordon devoted several columns to Casey Jones in *Adventure*, and the indexes to his materials at the Library of Congress refer to some fifty-three texts (including one from Carl Sandburg) sent to *Adventure*, as well as some others from various sources.

This particular performance of "Casey Jones" is significant for a number of reasons. It is of the type which predates the vaudeville song. The first and third verses, commonly found as "Jay Gould's Daughter," here are about Vanderbilt; Perrow (p. 163) collected similar verses in Mississippi in 1909. "Old Bill Jones" rather than "Casey" is the engineer, and a "Cannonball/East Colorado" verse, found in a number of other blues-ballads, is included.

Also significant is that Gordon was collecting from a collector—as with so many of his other recordings. Although recorded in Charlottesville, Francis H. Abbot was from Bedford County, on the eastern side of the Blue Ridge Mountains. In 1923 he and Alfred J. Swan published *Eight Negro Songs [From Bedford Co. Virginia]*. These were songs which Abbot had collected in the county and which he sang for Swan. The collection was meant for singing; Abbot contributed a glossary and general remarks at the beginning so that singers could follow the dialect of his informants (Abbot, p. 4). Unlike Gordon, who titled his song "Casey Jones," Abbot called his song "Vanderbilt's Daughter." He noted that it was "a railroad song which exists in many versions. I give the one the colored boys sing in Bedford County" (Abbot, p. 41). He included a lengthy glossary for the song, and one verse which he did not sing for Gordon.

This came after the sixth verse:

He look at de watah, an' de watah wuz low,
look at his watch, an' de watch wuz slow,
look at de fiuhman an' shuk his head, said:
"Jim, we mout mek it, but we'll bofe be dead."
(Abbot, p. 45)

CASEY JONES

Gordon disc 73B
Francis H. Abbot
Charlottesville, Virginia
March 24, 1932

Vanderbilt's daughter said before she died,
There was two more roads that she wanted to ride.
Everybody wondered what them roads could be.
They was the East Colorado and the Santa Fe.

East Colorado is the best of all,
They got a train they call the Cannonball.
It runs so fast that the passengers can't see,
Cause bound to make connections with the Santa Fe.

Vanderbilt said that before he died,
He was goin' to fix the bumpers so the 'boes couldn't ride.
If they ride they have to ride the rods,
And trust their lives in the hands of God.

Got up one mornin', t'was a-drizzlin' rain,
Couldn't see nothin' but a C & O train.
Up in the cab was Old Bill Jones,
He been a good engineer, but he's dead and gone.

Old Bill Jones, he was a good engineer,
Says to the fireman, Jim you need-a fear.
All I want is boiler hot,
Goin' to make it to the junction by twelve o'clock.

He run a hundred miles before he stop;
There weren't but one minute in between the block.
He said he weren't runnin' at all,
He said he'd give a hundred dollars just to get the high ball.

He reversed the engine, threw the lever back,
Twenty-seven jumbos jumped the track.
He hollered to the fireman, says Jim you'd better jump,
Cause two locomotives is about to bump.

If they bump they gonna bend the rail,
If they bump they gonna bend the rail,
If they bump they gonna bend the rail.
There won't be nobody living here to tell the tale.

SPOKEN BY FRANCIS ABBOT:
Sung by Francis H. Abbot, Charlottesville, Virginia, March the twenty-fourth, Nineteen thirty-two.

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Manuscript Collections

ACQUIRED AND/OR INDEXED BY

ROBERT WINSLOW GORDON IN THE ARCHIVE OF FOLK SONG

ARTHUR MSS. See ODUM MSS.

BOYD MSS. Typescript of ca. 125 songs sent in by T. B. Boyd, Alliance, North Carolina, 1926-27. INDEXED. Typescript in archive.

DAVIDS MSS. Manuscript of thirty-three songs, written by R. M. Davids, ca. 1924. Sent in by Joanna Colcord, December 1929. INDEXED. Original and two typescript copies in archive.

FROTHINGHAM MSS. 137 letters containing queries and texts sent in to Robert Frothingham, editor of "Old Songs That Men Have Sung" column in *Adventure Magazine*, 1922-23. INDEXED. Original letters and two typescript copies of texts in archive.

GALT MSS. Ca. 115 songs, obtained from Nellie Galt, Louisville, Kentucky, ca. 1928, and corresponding in part with several cylinder recordings in the archive. Mostly INDEXED. Some of these recordings presumably in archive, but no transcriptions.

GORDON MSS. 3858 letters containing texts and requests sent in to Robert Winslow Gordon, editor of "Old Songs That Men Have Sung" column in *Adventure Magazine*, 1923-27, plus a few scattered texts dating from 1911 to 1932. INDEXED. Original letters and two typescript copies of texts (one bound) in archive.

GORDON COLLECTION: CALIFORNIA. Ca. 400 songs and groups of texts acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon while he lived in California, mostly dated 1922-23. The first part corresponds with recordings numbered 1 through 142. INDEXED. Recordings and original manuscripts in archive. Scattered typescripts numbered 1 through 130 are housed in the Randall V. Mills Memorial Archive of Northwest Folklore, University of Oregon.

GORDON COLLECTION: GA. Ca. 555 songs acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon while he resided in Darien, Georgia, mainly during the years 1926-28. The first half corresponds with recordings numbered A203 to A563. INDEXED. Recordings but no manuscript in archive.

GORDON COLLECTION: N.C. 374 texts acquired by Robert Winslow Gordon during a field trip in North Carolina, October–December 1925. Texts 1-298 correspond with recordings A1-A202. INDEXED. Recordings, two typescripts of 1-298, and one typescript of whole in archive.

HANFORD MSS. Eight texts sent in by J. H. Hanford, Cleveland, Ohio, obtained from Esther Stover, Cleveland, January 12, 1930, who had learned them from her father in Iowa City, Iowa. INDEXED. Original typescript and two typescript copies in archive.

HENRY MSS. Sixty-one typewritten texts of Southern Appalachian ballads and songs sent in by Mellinger Edward Henry, Ridgfield, New Jersey, 1928-29. Most texts and headnotes were later published in *Journal of American Folklore* and Henry's *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands* (New York, J. J. Augustin, 1938). INDEXED. Original and two typescript copies in archive.

JOHNSON MSS. Fifteen handwritten texts sent in by Guy B. Johnson, University of North Carolina, ca. 1929, written down by Walter Jordan, New York City, as learned in the South twenty years before. NOT INDEXED. Original and two typescript copies in archive.

MCADAMS THESIS. Ca. 140 Negro songs, contained in Nettie F. McAdams' *The Folk-songs of the American Negro: A Collection of Unprinted Texts Preceded by a General Survey of the Traits of the Negro Song* (University of California Master's Thesis, 1923). INDEXED. Bound photocopy in archive.

MCGINNIS MSS. Ca. 130 sea chanties and songs sent in by Joseph F. McGinnis, Brooklyn, New York, 1928-29, including music. INDEXED. Original manuscript returned 1929. Copy at University of Oregon.

MCILHENNY MSS. *Louisiana Negro Spirituals*, collection of ca. 325 pages and 125 texts and tunes compiled by E. A. McIlhenny, Avery Island, Louisiana. See McIlhenny's *Befo' de War Spirituals* (Boston, Christopher Publishing House, 1933). INDEXED. Microfilm copy in Music Division.

NEWCOMB MSS. 403 page photostat manuscript by Mary Newcomb, Louisville, Kentucky, entitled *Songs My Mother Sang*, containing 210 texts with 101 tunes, from New Hope, Kentucky, sent in 1929-30. Miss Newcomb was attempting to find a publisher for this manuscript. INDEXED. Not in archive. Copy at University of Oregon.

NEWCOMB MSS. (ADDITIONAL): 102 texts from Kentucky sent in by Mary Newcomb, 1930-31. INDEXED. One typescript copy in archive.

NEAL-BROWN CO. SONGS: *Brown County Songs and Ballads*, collected and annotated by Mabel Evangaline Neal (Indiana University Master's Thesis, 1926), 100 songs, 183 pages. INDEXED. Bound photostat copy in archive.

ODUM-ARTHUR MSS. Eighty-three typewritten texts sent in by Howard W. Odum, University of North Carolina, July 10, 1929, obtained from J. D. Arthur, Tennessee. INDEXED. Original and two typewritten copies in archive.

PHILLIPS MSS. Tablet of twenty-two hand-written texts sent in by R. W. Phillips, Akeley, Minnesota, March 22, 1924. INDEXED. Original and two typescript copies in archive.

PURCELL MSS. 108 song texts with music sent in by Miss Margaret Purcell, Greenwood, Virginia, ca. 1929. INDEXED. Not in archive.

WINGER MSS. Two collections of 50 and 75 songs respectively, obtained from Miss Betty Bush Winger, Point Pleasant, West Virginia; Negro songs from Miss Winger's home in Ozark region of Missouri. Manuscript II corresponds with ca. twenty-five recordings made by R. W. Gordon at Point Pleasant, 1931-32. INDEXED. Recordings in archive. Typescript at University of Oregon.

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