INTRODUCTION

In Calvin township, a Negro community in southwestern Michigan, I met James Douglas Suggs and recorded 170 of his tales in 1952 and 1953. These have been published in my Negro Folktales in Michigan (Cambridge, Mass., 1956) and Negro Tales from Pine Bluff, Arkansas and Calvin, Michigan (Bloomington, Ind., 1958). Suggs was then sixty-five, a Mississippi-born wanderer who had lived in thirty-nine states. He was not only a fertile and gifted raconteur but also a singer of secular and religious traditional songs (see the comments in American Folklore, Chicago, 1959, pp. 190-91). The tape recordings of these twenty-two songs, from which the following texts and tunes are drawn, are on deposit in the Archives of Traditional Music at Indiana University.

As a folksinger Suggs demonstrates some of the same qualities that rendered him a remarkable narrator. There is the wide range of repertoire, which in his prose narratives covered animal, ghost, Old Marster and jocular stories, and in his songs extended from the worldly to the religious. Likewise he displays a variety of moods and styles, conveying a mournful, solemn air in the gospel hymns and a lively, rollicking spirit in the minstrel numbers. His recollection of detail again is evident, as he remembers individual singers like red-headed Al Barney in New Orleans from whom he had learned church songs over a quarter of a century before, and events like his mother's 'sanctifying' at which mourners sang the whole night long. Suggs claims to have known Rosie of Beale Street who composed the 'Memphis Blues' and Casey Jone's fireman. In choirs, at wakes, in tent shows, in honky-tonks, in the Army Suggs picked up the songs that permeated Southern Negro life. No hard and fast divisions
J. D. Suggs talking to the collector
separated his narratives from his ballads and lyrics; he chanted rhymes within his stories to make cante-fables, and he would sometimes in prose retell the plot of his song texts, as he did for 'The Preacher and the Grizzly Bear'. Essentially he was the performer, whether talking or singing, and his intonational effects, imitating the preacher's exhortation and the sinner's wail, bridged the gap between speech and song.

The songs of Suggs raise the question of how often a noteworthy carrier of one form of tradition may be talented in other forms which get overlooked. One of Cecil Sharp's best ballad singers, Jane Gentry, first revealed the cache of English märchen in the southern Appalachians to sociologist Isabel Gordon Carter in 1923; Sharp had never inquired from Mrs. Gentry, while he was recording sixty-four of her ballads, if she knew any stories. In his splendid collection, 'Folktales and Legends from the New Jersey Pines', Herbert Halpert constructed a doctoral dissertation from tales of the Jackson whites from whom he had previously obtained bushels of songs. After graduate study at Indiana University he conceived the idea of revisiting them to inquire after prose traditions. In such a volume as Überlieferung und Personlichkeit assembled by Gottfried Henssen and presenting the complete repertoire of märchen, sagen, songs and dance tunes of the farmhand Egbert Gerrits, we see the rewards of the multiple approach. In my own case I only asked Suggs after some months if he still knew the songs he had sung in his father's choir in Mississippi or while traveling around the country with a minister [minstrel] show. When his mind stirred to recollection, I bought him a guitar and he began singing and playing with his customary verve.

Nearly two-thirds of Suggs' song repertoire falls under the broad division of social or secular pieces. These again are divisible: half a dozen humorous recitations derive from minstrel shows (e.g. 'Wasn't That a Traveling Man' and 'The Preacher and the Grizzly Bear'), two are American ballads of Negro origin ('The Boll Weevil' and 'Casey Jones'), one a blues ('Memphis Blues') and one a Negro prison song ('Yonder Comes Rosie'). World War One, during which Suggs served in France, left in his memory 'When Uncle Sam Calls Your Man' and 'Once I Had a Sweetheart', here for the first time noted from a Negro singer.

Eight songs are described by Suggs as 'Christian' or 'church' songs. These are more difficult to identify and three of the eight remain without comparisons. Of the group, I recorded a still unpublished variant
text of 'You Better Mind in Calvin, from Mrs. E. L. Smith who, like Suggs had come up to Michigan from Mississippi. Carl Sandburg included a version of 'There's a Man Going 'Round Taking Names' in The American Songbag in 1927, while 'If My Mother Don't Go, It Won't Hinder Me' has made its way into the Folksong Revival.

This breadth of repertoire, extending from ballads of nationwide circulation to hitherto unreported spirituals, gives a special interest to the songs of Suggs.

Richard M. Dorson

1. 'Wasn't That a Travelin' Man?'


IU ATM Archives Tape Library (ATL) No. 3169.3

Dorson: Mr. Suggs, will you sing the song that you were singing the other night so well. The song that goes, 'Wasn't That a Traveling Man?' Remember that one?

Suggs: I remember that one well. That was a pretty fast man, too.

Dorson: Sure was.

Suggs: And so it went something like this - in the way the song began.

\[=86\] CHORUS

Wasn't that a travelin' man? He was known for miles a-round. Well he wouldn't give up - An' he
would'n't give up, Not until that police shot him down.

1. This Coon caught the Titanic
   He went a-sailing over the ocean blue
   He spied the iceberg com'in', Over deck this nigger flew—
   The women 'n men begin to holler
   Sayin', 'Wasn't he actin' a fool?' But when the Titanic went down He's shoot-in craps in Liverpool! Now wasn't that a

   ... travelin' man?
   He was known for miles around,
   And he wouldn't give up, and he wouldn't give up,
   Not until that police shot him down.

2. Well, they sent this coon after a pail of water.
   He had to go two miles and a quarter.
   He stumbled and fell, an' broke his pail.
   He went three miles and a quarter,
   Got another pitcher,
CHORUS

An' caught the wa-ter 'fore it hit the groun'. Now,

... wasn't that a travelin' man,
He was known for miles around,
And he wouldn't give up, and he wouldn't give up,
Not until that police shot him down.

3. Well, the detectives and all got right at him
And he sailed way up in the air.
When the police looked up and seen him,

An' they shot him through the head—. An' he

come, tum-blin' down—.

Everybody said he was dead.
They put him in this coffin
And sent for his mother.
When she came an' they opened the lid,

Repeat

Chorus

This Ne-gro had dis-ap-peared—. Now ...

Dorson: Well, that was certainly mighty fine, Mr. Suggs.
Suggs: That was a ____ he was a real travelin' man. (unintelligible)
Dorson: Where did you -- where did you learn that song?
Suggs: Well, I learnt that one in the southern part of Mississippi
near Florida.
Dorson: Oh.
Suggs: Pensacola.
Dorson: I see. You don't know who made that up?
Suggs: No. I didn't. Well, it came from New Orleans. It's a
minister [minstrel] show, where they teach them old ministers-
colored ministers. Well, you goes there, well, and they
trains you up. And then you go out on the road.
Dorson: Oh, I see.
Suggs: In the tents, you know. And that's where they write these songs and everybody practices them up on the piano - whatever the instrument they going to use. So there's where that came from - from New Orleans.

2. 'The Boll Weevil'


IU ATM ATL No. 3169. 4

Dorson: Then there was another song that you were singing me the other night, about the boll weevil.
Suggs: Oh, --.
Dorson: How does that one go?
Suggs: That's one -- that's a pretty good song. You know a boll weevil works on cotton. You know. And sometime it get so bad - the boll weevils do - the people can't raise no cotton at all. It grows up a big stalk, but he punctures the boll before it opens - get up big enough to open. Well, it rots and falls off. And so, that song goes something like this.

1. First time I seen a boll wee-vil-

He's on his walk-in' cane -. Say-in', 'I'm goin' a-way this sum-mer But I'll be

Refrain

back a-gain next-spring.' The boll wee-vil
2. You can take a boll weevil And throw him in the air—. When you see him next fall He'll have his fam'ly— there. The boll weevil got a home—.

3. The farmer went to the merchant To get some meat an’ meal.*

He told him, 'Go 'way, farmer you got boll weevils in your field—. The boll weevil got a home—.

*These lines were changed to make the meaning clear. The informant's actual words were:
The merchant went to the farmer
To get some meat an' meal.
4. You can take a boll weevil,
    Put him 'tween two blocks of ice.
    Let him stay twenty-four hours,
    He'll come out and say, 'I was livin' a sporty life.'

\begin{verse}
REFRAIN
\end{verse}

The boll weevil got a home.

Dorson: Well, that's mighty nice.

3. 'The Preacher and the Grizzly Bear'


IU ATM ATL No. 3169.10

Dorson: You were just telling me about this song, about the preacher and the grizzly bear.

Suggs: Oh, yeah. Well, the preacher, you know, he - he wouldn't want to say that he was goin' to huntin' on Sunday, you know. Well, he'd say, well, it was against his religion. But anyway, he'd taken his gun along. And in the song he says - - it went something like this:

1. This preacher went out one Sunday morning,
    I suppose 'twas against his religion,
    But anyway, he'd taken his gun along.
    He killed himself some two-three quails
    And a couple of molly hares.
2. But on his way, returning home, 
    He met a great big grizzly bear. 
    This preacher he got a little excited, 
    Up the 'simmon tree he clamb, 
    The bear then decided he'd wait till he come down, 
    The preacher he got a little excited 
    And he crawled out on the limb, 
    Then he cast his eyes unto the Lord in the skies 
    These the words he said to him: 

    'Oooh, Lord, you heard brother Jonah, whiles in the 
    belly of the whale, 
    You heard brother Daniel while he's in the lion's den, 
    Now Lord, Lord, if you don't help me 
    Don't help that grizzly bear.'

3. Well, he got a little more excited and he crawled 
    out on a limb, 
    And the limb it broke, 
    You might have seen the preacher gettin' his razor, 
    Just before he hit the ground. 
    He begin to cut right and left, 
    But the bear hugged him a little too tight, 
    Then he cast his eyes unto the Lord in the skies, 
    These are the words he said to him: 

    'Oooh, Lord, you heard brother Daniel, whiles in the 
    lion's den 
    And you heard brother Jonah whiles in the belly of 
    the whale, 
    You heard the three Hebrew children while they was 
    in the fiery furnace. 
    Now Lord, Lord, if you don't help me, 
    Put a muzzle on that grizzly bear.'

    The bear done open his mouth up and he says, 'Now you 
    ain't put a muzzle on -- you ain't. No, he didn't. [Laugh] 
    Well at first when he's up in the tree, you know, he thought 
    about it, told the Lord, 'Now if you don't help me, don't help 
    the grizzly bear.' And the less like he talked, you know, he 
    could - if he didn't talk - Lord didn't help either one of them, 
    he had a chance to win.

    Well, he got a little excited, he just walked a little further 
    out until the limb broke. And the preacher had a razor in his
pocket. He got his razor and commenced cutting, 'fore he hit the ground. And when he hit it, he missed the bear, and the bear grabbed him and commenced squeezin' him up. Then he kind - he looked up to the Lord, he said:

'Lord, Lord, you heard brother Jonah, whilst in the belly of the whale. You heard the three Hebrew children whilst in the fiery furnace. And you heard brother Daniel, whilst in the belly of the whale [sic]. Now Lord, Lord, if you don't help me Put on a muzzle on that grizzly bear.'

Well, he'd a-been helping him just the same. (Laughs)

Dorson: That's right. You learned that one down at New Orleans, too.
Suggs: That's right.
Dorson: But you didn't learn it from any printed word.
Suggs: No. That was a - from a ministry. You know, where I was telling you about. That was a place that they trains them up, the colored ministers. They don't come this far up. But they come up far as Memphis, and far as St. Louis. Nothin' but real colored ministers too. Well they learn 'em all kinds of sleight of hand, you know, and vanquilling, and magicking. Well, where I heard that sung at.
Dorson: Oh, I see.

4. 'Won't We Have a High Old Time?'

Although this song (in the form Suggs performs it) does not seem to have been collected previously, it shares theme (in the chorus) and one stanza (3) with the well-known minstrel song, 'Raise a Ruckus Tonight'. See Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson (Negro Workaday Songs [Chapel Hill, 1926], pp. 173-75), Newman I. White (American Negro Folk-Songs [Cambridge, 1928], p. 180), and John and Alan Lomax (American Ballads and Folk Songs [New York, 1934], pp. 253-54) for variants of 'Raise a Ruckus Tonight'. The Library of Congress Check-list of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July, 1940 (Washington, D.C., 1942), Vol. II, p. 330, lists variants from Texas, Louisiana, Georgia, and Virginia. Among the phonograph recordings of 'Raise a Ruckus' are: Jesse Fuller, Jesse Fuller, Good Time Jazz GTJ-12031; and The Moble Strugglers, Ameri-

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Dorson: Mr. Suggs! Will you please sing us a song that you sang the last time I was visiting you. It's called 'Won't We Have a High Old Time.'

Suggs: Oh, yeah. That was a good one. Back in that slave time, you know, in the days before slavery time, the old Marster says, 'Now, when I die,' says, 'I'm gonna set you free!' So all of the servants, they was getting glad, you know, that the — that when old Master, old Mistress died, says, 'You know, we'll be set free.' So, one night they was all out and they was beginning to have 'em a party. Begin to sing!

1. Won't we have a high* old time
   Won't those darkies shine!
   We'll come out tonight.
   With our pistols in our sleeves,
   We'll have a high old time.

2. Won't we have a high old time!
   Won't those darkies shine!
   We'll come out tonight
   With our pistols in our sleeves,
   We'll have a high old time.

3. Well she lived so long till her head got bald,
   We'll have a high old time,
   Well, she got out of notion of dyin' at all
   We'll have a high old time.

4. Now, won't we have a high old time,
   I know those darkies won't shine.
   We'll come out tonight
   With our pistols in our sleeves,
   We won't have no high old time.

   They changed the subject and said they wouldn't have no high old time then after she got to live so old that her head got bald. They changed the subject. Says, 'Now we won't have no high old times. Got no notion of dying at all.'

Dorson: (Laughter)

*Throughout the song Suggs inserts an r between 'high' and 'old'.

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5. 'You Shall Be Free (Oh Mourner)'


Suggs' first stanza is a good example of the 'floating' stanzas; White, for instance, collected it not only with 'You Shall Be Free' but also as an independent song (pp. 370-72). Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson (Negro Workaday Songs [Chapel Hill, 1926], p. 174) include this stanza in a version of 'Raise a Ruckus Tonight' (see the headnote to 'Won't We Have a High Old Time').

IU ATM ATL No. 3170.4

Dorson: Now, there was another one along the same line, 'You Shall Be Free', when they were celebrating the idea of becoming free after slavery times.

Suggs: That's it! That's the fact - 'Now, won't we have a high old time, won't the darkies shine'.

Dorson: Oh! I see.

Suggs: That was it.

Dorson: That's the same one.

Suggs: That's the same one. I know the one you were speaking about.

'Some Folks Say a Preacher Wouldn't Steal.'

'Some Folks Says a Preacher Wouldn't Steal' (Suggs' variant of 'You Shall Be Free')

Suggs: You know, that's a good one, too.

Dorson: Uh-hum. How does that go?

Suggs: 1. Some folks says a preacher won't steal,

I caught three in my corn fiel',

One had a bushel, the other'n had a peck,

The other'n had the corn fiel' straddlin' his neck.
Gettin' homily [hominy?], you shall be free
Gonna get some meal, you shall be free,
When the good Lord set you free.

2. This coon went out one morning,
   He had his eye on the trigger, eye on the hog.
   Gun went boom, the hog fell bip,
   The white man running with all his might.
   The coon was a-runin' just to keep out of sight,
   Coon looked back, says, 'White man, you ain't run none yet.'

3. I'm gonna have pork chops, you shall be free,
   Have backbone, you shall be free.
   We're gonna have chittlin', shall be free,
   When the good Lord sets you free.

4. If you wanta go to Heaven, tell you what you better do.
   Grease your feet with hog-eye lard,
   You can slip right over in the promised land.

   Goin' to heaven, now. Shall be free,
   Havin' a good time, you shall be free
   When the good Lord sets you free.

Dorson: That's the one I had in mind.
Suggs: That's right! That's the one you had in your mind.
Dorson: That's a dandy.
Suggs: That's great.

6. 'Midnight Special (Yonder Comes Rosie)'

   Usually known as 'The Midnight Special', this Texas prison song
   has had an interesting history in print and on record since the 1920's.
   Mack McCormick gives a detailed history of the song in 'A Who's Who
   of The Midnight Special' (Caravan, XIX [Jan., 1960], 11-21) but does
   not furnish specific citations for his references. The most important
   of these are as follows: John Lomax, Jr., John A. Lomax, Jr. Sings,
   Folkways FG 3508; Sodarisa Miller, 'Midnight Special', Paramount
   12306; Sam Collins, 'Midnight Special Blues', Gennett 6307; Carl
   John A. and Alan Lomax, American Ballads and Folk Songs (New York,
   1934), pp. 71-5; John A. and Alan Lomax, Negro Folk Songs as Sung
   by Lead Belly (New York, 1936), pp. 221-23; B. A. Botkin, A Treasury

In general, these items can be placed in two categories. The first encompasses the Library of Congress and Leadbelly recordings and most of the published items, which derive from the Lomax collection. Leadbelly's performances served as the model for a flood of 'folksong revival' and 'popular' recordings which began in the 1940. The second category includes the commercial 'race' recordings of Miller (1925) and Collins (1927). Possibly deriving from these or directly from oral tradition are at least three 'hillbilly' recordings: Watts and Wilson (ca. 1929, a localized North Carolina version), Delmore Brothers (ca. 1945) and Wilma Lee and Stoney Cooper (ca. 1959). McCormick notes that the song is still in southern Negro prison tradition. The 'Midnight Special' has thus spread from Negro prison tradition to general Negro tradition (as with Suggs), and found its way into four commercial music traditions ('race', 'hillbilly', 'folk', and 'popular')—a striking example of 'popular song' in every meaning of that term.

IU ATM ATL No. 3170.5

Dorson: Now, you were just singing a little earlier, this one called 'Here Comes Rosie'.

Suggs: Oh, well, once a fellow, you know - they caught him in a crap game, you know. And had him in jail. So that night they was — morning 'fore day — was looking out. He was talking. He looked up the road a-piece and he spied Rosie. He commenced singin' and talkin' to them.

1. Well, yonder com Ro-osie-ie-
How in the world you know?
I know her by the stockings
And the dress she wore.  
Umbrella on her shoulder,  
Piece of paper in her hand,  
Walking up to the jailer  
Saying, 'I wants my man.'

Now, let the midnight special  
Shine the light on me.  
Let the midnight special  
Shine the ever light on me.

2. God knows I love Rosie,  
Tell the world I do.  
Comin' long some day, she  
Gonna love me too.

Let the midnight special  
Shine the light on me,  
Let the midnight special  
Shine the ever light on me.

Dorson: Very, very nice.

7. 'Once I Had a Sweetheart'

Six variants of this song have been collected; Suggs' is the first performance by a Negro. See Arthur Palmer Hudson, 'Ballads and Songs from Mississippi', Journal of American Folklore, XXXIX (1926), p. 150; Mellinger E. Henry, Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands (New York, 1938), pp. 270-71; and Vance Randolph, Ozark Folksongs, Vol. IV (Columbia, Mo., 1950), pp. 310-13 (four variants). A commercial recording entitled 'Soldier's Sweetheart' was made by influential hillbilly artist Jimmie Rodgers around 1930 (Bluebird B-33-0513). Randolph and John Greenway ('Jimmie Rodgers — A Folksong Catalyst', Journal of American Folklore LXX[1957], 231-34) question the attribution of authorship to Rodgers; Suggs' description of the song's popularity in 1917 seems to strengthen their case.

Dorson: And then I liked also that pretty song you were singing that comes out of World War One: 'Once I Had a Sweetheart'.

Suggs: Yes.
Dorson: That's a nice one.
Suggs: Well, that was a - now a man he was courtin' a girl, you know, and so - - he was a nice fellow and she really loved him. And so when she come she compose this song. She said,

1. Oncet I had a sweetheart,
   Someone I craved to see,
   And he often come to see me,
   When the evening sun was low.
   His hair was dark and curly
   His eyes were lovin' blue,
   And when he come to say good-by
   My heart did overflow.

2. He taken his finger-ring
   And he placed it on my hand,
   Saying, 'Remember me little darling,
   When I'm in no-man's land.'
   The first letter I got from him,
   He said he was doing well,
   Next one was writ by his captain
   Saying, 'The one you love so well is dead.'

I gotta - you gotta - -

Dorson: Well, let's start over on that one then, Mr. Suggs, since you felt a little hoarse and now you've had a cough drop. So shall we just take it from the beginning?
Suggs: Yes, yes, Mr. Dorson. I believe that would be the best. I'll try it over again, you know - the hoarseness. You know I got to coughin' and I couldn't sing so good.
Dorson: Okay, 'Oncet I Had a Sweetheart'. That's it?
Suggs: 'Oncet I - -' that's right. 'Oncet I Had a Sweetheart'.

3. Oncet I had a sweetheart,
   He often come to see me
   When the evening sun was low.
   His eyes were - hair was dark and curly
   His eyes were lovin' blue,
   And when he come to say good-by,
   My heart did overflow.

4. He'd taken his finger-ring
   And he placed it on my hand,
Sayin' 'Remember me, little darling,
When I'm in no-man's land.'

They've taken him away
To the Germany war
And when he come to say good-by,
My heart did overflow.

5. First letter I got from him
He said he was doing fine,
Next one I got was writ by his captain
Saying, 'The one you love so well is dead.'

Dorson: Oh, that was really swell.
Suggs: Yes, sir. That's a nice one. That was a World War One song they used to sing - - the latest song that. It was a popular song in '17. Everybody's singing that song.

8. 'When Uncle Sam Calls Your Man'

Dorson: There was another one from World War One you were telling me about: 'When Uncle Sam Calls Your Man'.
Suggs: Oh, yes sir. That's one. It went like this:

When Uncle Sam call out your man
Don't cry and cry because he can't, simply can't refuse.
Don't hold him back, it will make him sad,
Please don't, oh don't hold him back.

It was really a short one.

9. 'Memphis Blues' (Variant I)

In Negro Workaday Songs (Chapel Hill, 1926), Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson print two stanzas of this song under the title 'I Can't Keep From Crying (pp. 40-1)', and note that it is a 'version of a phonograph song, 'Death Letter Blues'. ' The first recording was made in July, 1924, by the popular blues singer, Ida Cox, and released by Paramount records (12220 [1854-3]), a company catering to the Negro 'race record' market. Another blues singer, Clara Smith, recorded it again in October, 1924, for Columbia (14049-D [140108-1]). The song
was evidently quite popular and has been recorded commercially and collected by folklorists a number of times. See the Library of Congress Checklist of Recorded Songs in the English Language in the Archive of American Folk Song to July, 1940 (Washington, D.C., 1942), Vol. I, p. 74, for two performances by Huddie ('Leadbelly') Ledbetter.

Not all the verses of Suggs' two variants belong to the 'Death Letter Blues'. The 'T for Texas' stanza is most often associated with hillbilly singer Jimmie Rodgers' 'Blue Yodel Number One', and is printed by John Greenway in 'Jimmie Rodgers — A Folksong Catalyst', Journal of American Folklore, LXX (1957), pp. 231-34.

Dorson: Well, Mr. Suggs, you say you're going to do the 'Memphis Blues' now.  
Suggs: 'Memphis Blues', that's correct. 'Memphis Blues'.  
Dorson: Yes.  
Suggs:

1. Got a letter from the Hot Springs,  
   How you reckon it read?  
   Got a letter from the Hot Springs,  
   How you reckon it read?  
   Come at once, your sure-enough baby's dead.

2. I caught that Frisco,  
   She was fairly flyin',  
   I caught the Frisco,  
   She was fairly flyin',  
   On my way to see that Lovin' girl of mine.

3. Ten thousand people  
   On the burying ground  
   Ten thousand people  
   On the burying ground,  
   And I never felt sorry  
   Till they laid her down.

4. And you oughta been there too,  
   Every prayer I prayed,  
   And you oughta been there too,  
   Every prayer I prayed,  
   Just take me to the devil  
   Let my brown skin stay.
5. That preacher made those people
Fill up my baby's grave,
Preacher made those people
Fill up my baby's grave,
And I never liked the preacher
To this very day,
Because he made those people
Fill my baby's grave.

6. Well, the big Kate Adam [ got]
Ways just like an old man,
Well, that big Kate Adam got
Ways just like an old man,
She'll steal your baby
Every time she lands.

7. T stands for Texas,
T for Tennessee,
T stands for Texas,
T for Tennessee,
T stands for a woman
Takin' over me.

8. And I wish to the Lord
I had my poor heart in my hand,
And I wish to the Lord
I had my poor heart in my hand.
I can show you women
Just like you treat your man.

Dorson: Where'd you learn that, Mr. Suggs?
Suggs: Huh?
Dorson: Where did you learn that song? That blues?
Suggs: I learned that in Memphis. When I was a brakeman out of
Memphis.
Dorson: Oh! You learned the Memphis blues right in Memphis.
Suggs: In Memphis. That's right. I broke out of there twenty years.
With I. of C.
Dorson: Do you remember who sang it to you first? Or where you
first heard it?
Suggs: Where it was I first . . .
Dorson: Where did you first hear it?
Suggs: In Memphis.
Dorson: Yeah. Who sang it, you know?
Suggs: Oh! A girl named Rosie.
Dorson: Oh!
Suggs: That's who. Rosie. She had a piano - that was the old first Memphis blues came out. Was on Beale Street, you know - there everybody's talking about Beale Street.
Dorson: Oh, yeah. Beale Street.
Suggs: Well, that was the business part of town for the colored people.
Dorson: Oh, I see.
Suggs: And they had a big metropolitan down there. And that's where all the colored would hang out on Beale.
Dorson: Do you know who composed or made up the Memphis Blues?
Suggs: Why, she made it up.
Dorson: She did!
Suggs: She did. That's right.
Dorson: And you knew the girl yourself.
Suggs: I knew the girl myself.

10. 'Casey Jones'

Listed as G 1 in the 'Ballads of Tragedies and Disasters' category of G. Malcolm Laws' Native American Balladry (revised edition, Philadelphia, 1964), pp. 212-13, this ballad was composed by a Negro. Like many Negro folksongs, it has entered white tradition. See Fred J. Lee, Casey Jones, Epic of the American Railroad (Kingsport, Tenn., 1939), for the story of the train wreck which is described in the ballad. Suggs' details are accurate; although the wreck occurred in 1900, his mention of 1903 seems to refer to the date he began work with Jones' fireman.

IU ATM ATL No. 3170. 9

Dorson: Well, you also know the song about Casey Jones.
Suggs: Sure, I know the song about Casey.
Dorson: Do you want to sing that?
Suggs: Sure, I'll sing that one first.
Dorson: Good.
Suggs: (clears throat)

1. Casey, Casey, well I cain't see how
You gonna make it in your times of now.
He looked at his watch, he mumbled and he said,
'I'm gonna make it or we'll all be dead.'

Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin.
Casey Jones, with his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin
Taking his farewell trip unto the promised land.
2. Casey Casey, cain't see how
    You gonna make it in the times of now.
    All I want's little water and coal
    We'll be by there when we see the drivers roll.

        Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
        Casey Jones, orders in his hand,
        Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
        Took his farewell trip unto the promised land.

3. Casey told his fireman, 'Look and see,
    See the train a-comin' round the curve,'
    Casey said, 'Fireman, better make your jump.
    Or you're due yonder in the promised land.'

        Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
        Casey Jones, orders in his hand,
        Casey Jones, mounted to the cabin,
        Taking his farewell trip unto the promised land.

Dorson: You say you actually knew Casey Jones.
Suggs: I knew him personally.
Dorson: Where did you know him from?
Suggs: That was when I was working out of - I was in Memphis.
        Memphis. Yes, sir.
Dorson: Oh, I see. And his fireman became your engineer?
Suggs: Engineer, that's correct.
Dorson: When was that?
Suggs: That was in nineteen hundred and three. That's just before
    the World's Fair that was in Chicago. In St. Louis. You know
    that the first World's Fair was in St. Louis in nineteen hundred
    and three.
Dorson: Do you remember when Casey Jones had his accident?
Suggs: His accident? I've braken through there many a days. It was
    at Vaughns: VAUGHNS. Vaughns, Mississippi.
Dorson: And the song was written just right after - -
Suggs: Right after he was - -
Dorson: And that's when you learned it?
Suggs: That's when I learned it. Right after then. That's correct.

11. 'I Don't Know Just How Long I'll Be Here'

    IU ATM ATL No. 3170.10

Dorson: You were going to do a Christian song now.
Suggs: A Christian song.
Dorson: You learned from your sister.
Suggs: From my sister.
Dorson: She was sanctified?
Suggs: She was sanctified.
Dorson: And they don't use any instruments?
Suggs: They used some instruments, but she always liked to slap-bang, you know, when she sang. And I just like to sing the way she used to sing.
Dorson: Hm-hm. Go ahead.
Suggs:

*Suggs slaps his knees in accompaniment throughout this song.*
Church, I don't know, and I can't say just how long I'll be here. Death is calling ev'ry day, he won't let nobody stay. I don't know just how long I'll be here.

4. I don't know how long I'll be here. I don't know just how long I'll be here. Death is calling ev'ry day, he have taken my mother away, and I don't know just how long I'll be here.

Well, that's the song she always liked to sing. And the night that they buried her, they sang that song. I goes to her burial. I was in St. Louis then and they buried her in Little Rock. And I goes down there to it. Oh, they had a time that night. They started about six o'clock and they went on all night. I stayed up till twelve o'clock and so one of the members they carried me to the home — first time I'd been out there. And so I goes to bed, and when I goes back six o'clock — eight o'clock — eight o'clock the next morning, there was just as many crowd, they's singin' — all night long.

Dorson: Do they eat and drink at the funeral?
Suggs: No eat and drink there.
Dorson: Just sing without any refreshments?
Suggs: That's right. Don't have nothin' to eat at all.
Dorson: Is there a preacher or minister to lead them? Or were they just singing on their own?
Suggs: Just all of them just sang along, as they all sing in the choir. I just wish that you could go to sanctified. You would get a big kick out of it.
Dorson: Well, I certainly hope to some time.
Suggs: Yes, sir.

12. 'There's a Man Going 'Round Taking Names'

IU ATM ATL No. 3170.11

Dorson: How about that one you just were singing now? About taking names? 'There's a Man Going 'Round Taking Names'. That's a church song, isn't it?

Suggs: A church song. That's right, Mr. Dorson.

There's a man goin' round takin' names,
There's a man goin' round takin' names.
He's goin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
Friday, Saturday, till Sunday come again,
Takin' names.

1. If I was you I'd tell my Jesus to take my name,
   If I's you I'd tell Jesus to take my name.
   Tell him Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
   Friday, Saturday, till Sunday come again,
   Takin' names.

2. Well my mother told Jesus every morning to take her name,
   My mother told Jesus every morning to take her name,
   She told him Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
   Friday, Saturday, till Sunday come again,
   Takin' names.

3. Well Marthy told Jesus early one morning to take her name,
   And she told Jesus early one morning to take her name.
   She told him Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
   Friday, Saturday, till Sunday come again.
   To write my name.

   And there's a man goin' round takin' names,
   There's a man goin' round takin' names.
   Takin' Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,
   Friday, Saturday, till Sunday come again,
   Takin' names.

Dorson: Ah, thanks a lot.

13. 'You Better Mind'

'You Better Mind' has been printed by John W. Work in American Negro Songs (New York, 1940), p. 212, and Dorothy G. Bolton in Old Songs Hymnal (New York, 1929), #51. Dorson collected a variant from Mrs. E. L. Smith, also of Calvin, Michigan and also Mississippi born,
on June 3, 1952. Her performance is on deposit in the Indiana University Archives of Traditional Music (Original Tape 5" 246, side 2, item 3). Suggs and Mrs. Smith both sing the second line of the chorus 'You gotta give encounter in Judgment'; the printed variants read: 'You gotta give an account in Judgment'.

IU ATM ATL No. 3170.12

Dorson: Let's see, there was another church song, 'You Better Mind'.

'S You Better Mind'.

Suggs:

1. You better mind how you talk,
   You better know what you're talkin' about,
   You gotta give encounter [an account] in Judgment,
   You better mind.

   You better mind, you better mind
   You gotta give encounter in Judgment
   You better mind.

2. You better mind just how you sing,
   You better know what you're singin' about,
   You gotta give encounter in Judgment
   You better mind.

   Church, you better mind, church, you better mind
   Well you gotta give encounter in Judgment,
   You better mind.

3. Elder, you better mind how you preach,
   You better know what you're preachin' about,
   For you've gotta give encounter in Judgment
   You'd better mind.

   Elder you better mind, Elder you better mind,
   For you gotta give encounter in Judgment
   You'd better mind.

4. Sinner you better mind how you talk,
   You better know what you're talkin' about,
   For you've gotta give encounter in Judgment,
   You better mind.

Dorson: Thanks.
14. 'I Can See the Lightning Flashing'

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.1

Dorson: Let's see. How about now, 'I Can See the Lightning Flashing'.
Suggs: 
1. I can see the lightnin' flashing way around the mountain,
   I can see the lightnin' flashing, flashing, way around the mountain.
   Lord I wonder, Lord I wonder, where the shepherd's gone.
2. I can hear the thunder rollin', rollin', way around the mountain,
   Lord I wonder, Lord I wonder, where the shepherd's gone.
3. My mother kneeled in prayer, she prayed it way around the mountain,
   My mother kneeled in prayer, she prayed it way around the mountain.
   Lord I wonder, Lord I wonder, where the shepherd's gone.

15. 'I Can See the Clouds Arising'

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.2

Dorson: And this one, 'I Can See the Cloud Arising', is a different one?
Suggs: That's a different one.

Parlando rubato

1. I can see the clouds ris—   in' In the east I seen the cloud a—ris-in', ris— in'. In the east — it looked just like it going be warm to— day.

2. I can see the cloud risin', risin',
   In the south.
   I seen the cloud arisin', risin',
   In the south
   It looked just like it's gonna be warm today.
3. I can see a cloud arisin'.
   In the west
I seen the cloud arisin'.
In the west,
It looked just like it gonna be some rainy day.

4. I can see a cloud rising.
In the north
I seen the cloud arisin', risin'.
In the north
It looked just like it gonna be cold today.

5. Well, it's all of them clouds is gonna,
    Come together.
Well, it's all of them clouds is gonna,
    Come together.
Looked just like it's gonna be a tornado.

16. 'You've Got to Reap Just What You Sow'

A similar song, having the five-line stanza form, is printed by Dorothy G. Bolton in Old Songs Hymnal (New York, 1929), #49.

IU ATM ATL No. 3171. 3

Dorson: You got another one that's a church song, 'You've Got to Keep Just What You Saw.'
Suggs: Which one's that?
Dorson: 'You've Got to Keep Just What You Saw.'
Suggs: 'You've Got to Reap.'
Dorson: Oh, 'Reap'. Excuse me.
Suggs: 'Reap.'
Dorson: 'You've Got to Reap Just What You Sow.'
Suggs: That's right.
Dorson: Yeh.
Suggs: 1. You got to reap just what you sow,
    You got to reap just what you sow,
    You can sow it up on the mount,
    You can sow it down in the valley
    But you got to reap just what you sow.

2. Elder, you got to reap just what you sow,
    Elder, you got to reap just what you sow,
    You can sow it up on the mountain,
    Or you can sow it down in the valley,
    But you got to reap just what you sow.

3. Gambler, you got to reap just what you sow,
    Gambler, you got to reap just what you sow,
You can sow it up on the mountains,
Or you can sow it in the valley,
But you got to reap just what you sow.

4. Murderers, you got to reap just what you sow,
Murderers, you got to reap just what you sow,
You can sow it up on the mountain,
Or you can sow it down in the valley,
But you got to reap just what you sow.

Dorson: Where did you learn most of these songs, Mr. Suggs?
Suggs: Well, I didn't learn them. I just know -- Oh, I could -- you could ask me -- I don't know how -- I don't know how you can -- you'd get tired of recording all that I know. I been knowin' knowin' songs ever since I was about ten years old. Good songs. And I'm about sixty. I'll be sixty-six at the end of March. You know I'm bound to know a whole lots of them.

Dorson: You pick them up in church?
Suggs: In church and choirs. Travelin' around. Choirs and different places you know. Goin' out to hear speakin' in banquets, and all like that you know.

Dorson: And then you taught Sabbath School.
Suggs: In Sabbath School my father - he was a preacher, you know - and he'd always - I told you about him - he'd put all kinds of concerts, dialogues on to build churches, you know. And so I learned a whole lot of that from him. All of it - most of it.

Dorson: And your brother was a preacher, too.
Suggs: And he was a preacher. He's younger than I am. He's a preacher, too.

Dorson: With the songs from the guitar now, that go along with the guitar, you don't learn that in -
Suggs: No, I didn't learn them in church.

Dorson: Where did you pick them up?
Suggs: I picked them up around Memphis and New Orleans.
Dorson: Just from the boys.
Suggs: Just from the boys. That's right.

17. 'My Tongue Is Tied'

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.4

Dorson: Well, we've got thirteen songs so far. Maybe we should have one more.
Suggs: One more, yes.
Dorson: All right. Well, 'My Tongue Is Tied'. Is that the name?
Suggs: 'My Tongue Is Tied.' That's a good church song.

1. Well my tongue is tied, and I can't explain,  
The angels in the heaven gonna write my name,  
Don't you want to go to heaven, [indistinct phrase]  
See that believin' lamb.

2. Well my mother went to heaven Lord, she died,*  
She died Lordy, she died,  
Well my mother went to heaven, when she died  
See that believin' lamb.

3. Well my tongue is tied, I can't explain  
The angels in the heaven gonna write my name  
Don't you want to go to heaven, when you die, when you die,  
Don't you want to go to heaven, when you die?  
See that believin' lamb.

4. Well, my Elder went to heaven Lord, when he died,  
When he died, when he died,  
Well, my Elder went to heaven Lord, when he died,  
See that believin' lamb.

5. Well my tongue is tied, I can't explain,  
The angels in the heaven gonna write my name,  
Don't you want to go to heaven, in the night,  
See that believin' lamb.

Suggs: That ends the thirteenth.
Dorson: Why don't you think thirteen is unlucky, Mr. Suggs? You said you wouldn't . . .
Suggs: Because Christ was the thirteenth of the twelve disciples.  
Christ was the thirteenth. It seemed like he was the lucky man that saved all of us. So, I wish I could be the thirteenth man.  
He was the thirteenth. There was twelve disciples, and he the odd one made the thirteenth.
Dorson: I see. Well, maybe you don't think its unlucky but I'd feel better that we got fourteen songs on the tape.
Suggs: Well -- (Laughter)

(End of Tape)

*Suggs claps in place of the 'When' at the beginning of the phrase and claps throughout.
18. 'If My Mother Don't Go, It Won't Hinder Me'

A version of this song, popular today in the folksong 'revival' as 'I'm On My Way' (see Tradition TLP 1010, Odetta Sings Ballads and Blues), was recorded in 1930 by the Carter Family, a popular hill-billy group ('On My Way To Canaan's Land', Bluebird B-8167).

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.8

Dorson: I think after telling those stories about preachers, that it's only proper that we should have a couple of church songs now.

Suggs: Couple of church songs?

Dorson: We're in the mood for it.

Suggs: Okay, Professor, that's pretty good.

Dorson: How about this one called 'If My Mother Don't Go, It Won't Hinder Me'.

Suggs: That's right.

1. If my mother don't go it won't hinder me,
   If my mother don't go it won't hinder me,
   I'm on my way, I'm on my way, Lord.

2. If my deacon don't go I'm going to join the army,
   If my deacon don't go I'm going to join the army,
   Yeh, if my deacon don't go I'm going to join the army,
   I'm on my way, I'm on my way, Lord.

3. If my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   If my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   Yeh, if my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   I'm on my way, I'm on my way, Lord.

4. If my mother don't go I'm going to join the army,
   If my mother don't go I'm going to join the army,
   Yeh, if my mother don't go I'm going to join the army,
   I'm on my way, I'm on my way, Lord.

5. If my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   If my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   Yeh, if my elder don't go it won't hinder me,
   I'm on my way, I'm on my way, Lord.

Dorson: Where did you learn that, Mr. Suggs? Do you remember?

Suggs: Well, I learnt that in Missouri, Saxon, Missouri.

Dorson: From whom?

Suggs: I used to sing in a choir. See, that don't go as good, I had
to try to sing my part and the other fellow's too. If we had enough, you know, we'd make our own good music. We don't have to have no piano and nothin'. One soprano, baritone, an alto, and you makes your own music.

Dorson: What church was that? What denomination?
Suggs: A Baptist church. First Baptist Church.

19. 'What Are They Doing up in Heaven Today?'


IU ATM ATL No. 3171.9

Dorson: Is that where you heard this other one, 'What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?'
Suggs: Well, I heard a fellow sing that - he was Al Barney. That was at New Orleans.
Dorson: Oh.
Suggs: Now I can't sing it like he could. But he could sing that so he could never get to the end of it. People'd just go wild, and they just commenced screamin' and hollerin' and they'd have to set him down. I would that I could sing like he could. And he had such expression - when he sang, he look like he's lookin' right in heaven, you know. And he got red hair, and his face, professor, was as white as yours, but his hair was red as it could be and his eyes was just like the chicken in the egg. He could really sing that.
Dorson: Well, let's hear how you can sing it anyway.
Suggs: Well, I can't do so good - but I can't sing like he can. But it went something like this:

What are they doin' up in heaven today
Where sin and sorrow are all done away?
Yes, peace abides like a river, they say,
What are they doin' up there now?

1. I used to have some loving friends
Who lived and suffered in this world below,
They are dead now, and gone up to heaven,
And I wants to know
What are they doin' up there now?

What are they doin' up in heaven today
Where sin and sorrow are all done away?
Yes, peace abides, like a river they say,
What are they up there now?

Now he could really sing that.

Dorson: Well, I think you can sing it, too.
Suggs: Well, I can't sing like he could, professor.
Dorson: But you certainly remembered that well.
Suggs: That's right.
Dorson: How often did you hear him sing it? How many times?
Suggs: Oh, about twice.
Dorson: That's all?
Suggs: He just went around through the country singing.
Dorson: How long ago was that?
Suggs: Oh, that'd be about twenty-five or thirty years ago.
Dorson: And you remembered it ever since?
Suggs: I remembered it to you. I have a good rememberance. I can
think of things way back better than I can yesterday. The old-
er I get, the further I can think back, but I can't think of things
done last year quick as I can thirty or forty years ago.

20. 'Red River Side'

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.13

Dorson: There was a song, Mr. Suggs, that you use to sing all the time
in that minstrel show, called 'Red River Side'.
Suggs: 'Red River Side.' Well, professor, it went like this, you know.
You'll be pointin' and the people would - they'll always look at
you on the stage - you didn't have no particular purpose. Some
time there'd be somebody there, just like that fellow what you
was talkin' like. And it started off somethin' like,

\[ \text{Marcato} \quad \frac{j=100}{1. \text{ See that fell-a set-tin' o-ver there, Red River Side Looked like he swallowed a mule and left his} }\]
There was a whole lot to it. If I had somebody else with me I could sing all of that for you, 'Fess.

Dorson: Well, I'm sorry I can't help you out, but thanks a lot.

21. 'Memphis Blues' (Variant II)

IU ATM ATL No. 3171.14

Dorson: Mr. Suggs, we have recorded 'The Memphis Blues' once already, but maybe you would just do the words by themselves now and then pick the tune after on the guitar.

*Suggs slaps his knees with great gusto.
Suggs: Ok.
Dorson: Ok.
Suggs: That's a pretty good blues, the 'Memphis Blues'.

1. I got a letter from the Hot Springs,
   How you reckon it read?
   I got a letter from the Hot Springs,
   How you reckon it read?
   'Twas, 'Come at once,
       Your sure-enough brown is dead.'

Parlando rubato $\frac{1}{4}=108$

2. I caught that Fris-co she was fair-ly fly-in'
   I caught that Fris-co she was fair-ly fly-in'.
   I was on my way to See that dar-lin' girl of mine.

3. Ten thousand people
   Was on that buryin' groun'.
   Ten thousand people
   Was on the buryin' groun'.
   And I never felt sorry
   Till they eased her down.

4. An' that preacher made those people
   Fill up my baby's grave.
   That preacher made those people
   Fill up my baby's grave.
   An' I never liked a preacher
   Until this very day
   Because he made those people
   Fill up my baby's grave.
5. Well, the big Kate Adam
   Got ways just like a man.
   That big Kate Adam
   Got ways just like a man.
   She’ll steal your woman
   Ev’ry time she land.

6. Babe, I’m going on the Chocktaw,
   An’ I can’t carry you;
   I’m going on the Chocktaw,
   An’ I can’t carry you;
   For there’s nothing on the Chocktaw
   That my baby can do.

7. I can do your cooking, pretty daddy,
    Wash an’ iron yo’ clothes;
    I can do your cooking,
    Wash an’ iron yo’ clothes;
    I can do your cooking,
    Wash an’ iron yo’ clothes.

8. Well, the Kate’s in the landing,
    The Lucille’s in the bin;
    Well, the Kate’s in the landing,
    The Lucille’s in the bin;
    She was loaded down with
    Nothing but Memphis men.

9. Gonna tell you women
    How you treated me,
    If you ever been mistreated
    You know about how I feel,
    If you ever been mistreated
    You know ’bout how I feel.

10. And I wished I had my
    Poor heart in my hand,
    I wished I had my
    Poor heart in my hand,
    I could show you women
    Just how you have treated this poor old man.

    That’s the ‘Memphis Blues’.   (Plays guitar)
22. 'My Old Dog Is 'bout Gone Blind'


The song has entered white tradition. In the 1930s it was in the repertoire of several 'hillbilly' groups; The Prairie Ramblers, natives of Kentucky, recorded it under the title 'Gonna Have a Feast Here Tonight' in 1935 (Conqueror 8516), and the Monroe Brothers (Bill and Charlie), also from Kentucky, recorded 'Have a Feast Here Tonight' in 1938 (Bluebird B-7508). The song has been recorded by contemporary 'bluegrass' bands: Bob Baker and the Pike County Boys, *Mountain Music, Bluegrass Style* (Folkways FA 2318) and The Louisiana Honeydrippers, *Louisiana Blue Grass* (Prestige International 13035) are two examples of performances in this style.

Dorson: How about a little rhyme to finish the tape, Mr. Suggs?
Suggs: Oh, just a little old song I'll sing right quick.

1. My old dog is 'bout gone blind,
   These old rabbits hard to find,
   Now I have to go leave this rabbit
   In the log, in the log.

2. Well I seen him, seen him, seen him,
   And I'll felt him with my hand,
   Now I have to go leave this rabbit
   In the log.

3. Have little chickens on my back,
   A hound is on my track
   And I'm gonna make it to my shack
   If I can, if I can.

Dorson: Thank you very much, Mr. Suggs.
NOTES ON THE TRANSCRIPTIONS OF SONGS BY J. D. SUGGS

Through the use of various signs not customarily found in the musical scores of composed music (and by the exercise of considerable diligence) orally transmitted melodies may be notated in almost infinite detail. For the purposes of this article, however, it seemed best to present transcriptions that would require only the usual skills of the music reader. Although the transcriptions represent the recorded melodies with reasonable accuracy, many possible refinements of pitch and rhythm have therefore not been indicated.

The following markings which may not be familiar to the reader have been utilized:

- **Parlando** or **rubato**
  - A free rhythmic style showing very little metrical organization

- **Tempo giusto**
  - A style exhibiting a reasonably clear metrical organization

- The slant line \ or /
  - A vocal glide, portamento, or glissando moving in the direction indicated. The glide usually occupies the full value of the note it follows.

- \ ( . )
  - The actual initial pitch of the song, sounding an octave lower. The arrow, when present, indicates that the pitch is as much as a quarter tone flat.

American Negro folksinging is particularly free and, at times, almost improvisatory in nature. Speech is mingled with song and the performance passes freely from one medium to the other by almost imperceptible degrees. The transcriptions of 'Wasn't That a Travelin' Man?' and 'The Boll Weevil' have been made phrase by phrase. Speech is represented by the printed text without the accompaniment of musical notation. In the phrases transcribed as speech, syllables which partake of the quality of song are underlined. In the text phrases accompanied by musical notation the syllables having more of the quality of speech than of song are indicated by rhythmic notation omitting note heads.

Metrical changes have been made when they seemed necessary to clearly define the rhythmic outline of the phrase. Silences of uneven length occurring between phrases which would require metrical changes if accurately notated have been ignored. The clapping of hands by the singer has been notated above the staff in 'Red River Side'. 'I Don't
Know Just How Long I'll Be Here' is also accompanied by hand clapping. However, the clapping is desultory and often too soft to be clearly heard. It is therefore not notated.

Several of the songs, for example, 'Memphis Blues', are cast in a mode which utilizes a degree a major second below the tonic rather than a minor second. In addition, the pitch of the third above the tonic frequently fluctuates. In many cases the actual pitch of this degree is a neutral third, approximately half way between the major and minor third. No attempt has been made to indicate these fluctuations with any degree of exactness. Either a major third, a minor third, or the raised second degree has been notated as seemed most useful. Thus, in the tonality of C, this pitch may be indicated as E natural, E flat, or D sharp.

In three songs, 'I Don't Know Just How Long I'll Be Here', 'I Can See the Clouds Arising', and 'Memphis Blues', the melody of only one stanza has been notated. This stanza is only generally representative of the remaining melodic stanzas of the song. There is much variation from stanza to stanza and, as in the second stanza of 'I Don't Know Just How Long I'll Be Here' and the fourth stanza of 'Memphis Blues', there is repetition and development of the melodic material. The first stanza of 'Memphis Blues' has neither a clear melodic organization nor a definite tonality. The singer was obviously not yet 'in the groove'. The second stanza was therefore notated.

George List
Indiana University