

January 6, 1939
Lula Wright (Negro)
Green's Plantation, Rural route
Tuskegee, Ala.
Widow farmer

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
Jan. 10, 1939.

A Day With Lula Wright

I set out to spend the day away out in the country on Green's plantation. It was a lovely day in January. The sun was shining warm and nothing seemed more inviting than to spend a day with some of the country folks.

There lives out on Green's plantation quite a few interesting persons but really "Miss Lou", (Lula Wright) is the central character in this community. The ladies gather up to her house to hear the latest news and happenings. When they have a member sick in the family they set out to "Miss Lou" for advice, They bring her their family troubles, their "trials and tribulations". On Fridays and Saturdays the men and boys of the community come to her house for her son to cut their hair and shave their beards.

~~Across~~ across the fields from the highway, I enjoyed looking at the sloping hills thick with pine saplings, every now and then a sturdy bare oak, sweet gum, or black gum. The fields near the house were thick with broom sage (this they all use for brooms). I noticed a pine pole square pen built by piling pole upon pole until it was about four feet high. In this pen were four large banks of sweet potatoes. The potatoes are banked by piling them up on pine straw, then laying straw all over them. Boards are stacked around them in tepee shape. Some use corn stalks or pine bark. More straw is piled on and then dirt piled up on all this. Just beyond this pen is a little "smoke house" built for the purpose of storing foods and to cure the meat by smoking process. My attention shifted

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to the old dilapidated house in which "Miss Lou" lived. It is a large, old barn looking house. The few windows to it are wooden resembling doors. The house leans forward and reminds you of an old man bent with age. As I neared the steps I noticed on the right of the house a barn and lot. In and around were several healthy looking chickens, three pigs a black dog and two spotted puppies. A gray mule grazed lazily ~~not~~ far from the lot. A little calf was sleeping in the sun just beyond the large pile of wood and kindling.

In the yard not far from the steps stood an huge china berry tree, the largest I have ever seen. This tree is not so tall but it will measure almost four feet in diameter. The most of its roots seem to be above the soil. There is another tall and slender china berry tree to the left near the gate. To the left is a large pecan tree. Here and there in the yard are beds of flowers.

As I started up the steps, I had to look close for a safe place to put my feet. I called "hello Miss Lou!" "Come rite on in effen yo can git in, well suh! Come in an sit down by de fiyah!" All the while she was busy moving things back out the way and making the fire burn. "I brought you something", I informed her as I handed her a paper bag. "Much erblice ter yo." She grinned as she took it, joyfully, looking into it. She burst into a laugh as she remarked, "Now aint de Lawd good? Now aint he good? George Washington smoking tobakker, jes whut I likes. De Lawd gwinter bless yo honey," she assured me. She then introduced me to the other ladies who were sitting there. "Dis yeah's my baby daughter, she married 'n' lives rite cross de road there. Dis yeah's my sister, she lives a pretty good piece frum heah. She com ter see me terday". After she finished telling me about her sister and daughter she said, "Lawd chile pull off yer coat 'n' hat an make yerself at home. Skuse my manners. I aint had real good sense,

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since I cum frum dat funeral yestiddy. O twas a lovely meeting, but it she wuz sad. Jodie Gibson wuz her name, poor critter. She done groanin in dis lan. She had a hard time, her husband treated her so bad. Her folks tuk on so hard. De church wuz jes packed. ^(Key) Reben Ford he had to stop praying de folks de wuz carrin on so! She put another piece of wood on the fire as she said, "I like a good fiyer, an den hit has ter be a good fiyer in heah dis ol shack so open. Dis jes aint no house now, it uster be but hit aint good as a hose barn now. Us begs Miss Green to fix hit but she jes wont do hit. She wont fix nary house on de place, on dis plantation. She got plenty money but she wont give us a nail ter fix nothin." I looked up as directed and there were rotten boards over head ready to fall it seemed. She carried me across the hall into a large room to show me how rotten and open it was. 'he floor was still damp from rain two days before. Cracks large enough to see the sky through were in the roof of this room. I said to her, "It is a wonder the government allow people to live in such dilapidated houses. Why don't you move?" "Well," she said, "I jes lak dis place. I hate ter leave. I axed Miss Green ter tear dis house down 'n' jes buil me a little two room and kitchen house but she wont do hit. Ifen she dont do sumpin, we gwinter have ter leave cause dis house bout ter fall in on us." We returned back to the room where we were sitting.

Nearly everything in her house is antique. In the room where we sat were two large wooden beds, one of those olden time dressers with three drawers and a dim ~~glass~~ mirror. There was a machine and several chairs which had been rebottomed with plaited shucks. On the mantle I noticed several pill boxes, several liniment bottles, a large bottle of castor oil and several salve boxes. At one end was an old oil lamp without a chimney. From this mantle hung a scalloped ^{blue} oil cloth. Down by the open fire place sat an old iron skillet with legs that they used to parch peanuts. All around on the ^{dirty} planks of the walls hung hats and pieces of clothing.

A rusty horse shoe hung downward over the door. Old coats were stretched over the wooden windows to help keep some of the cold wind out.

"Heah dat dawg howlin?" yes, I replied, "Dats a sine o death sho es yo bone in dis world. Some people don't believe in *Sines*, but I does!" Her sister said, "We had a dawg once, member sister Lou? When dat dawg howled some one sho died. Dats de truf. Yas suah". Her sister ^{Lou} interrupted, "Yas suah, las nite my hands etched an I rubbed dem ter gether and see dis mawnin I gits de smoking terbakker. Same as money aint hit? Yas suah I bleives in my sines!"

"Have you lived in this community all your life? I asked her.

"Noam I aint", she replied. I wuz bone ¹⁸⁶⁸ in Cotton Valley, not fur over the way in dis county, Macon County. Yas'm". She kept on as she ^{leaned} forward slightly in her chair, folding her arms in her lap, gazing straight in the fire. "My ma an pa had leben chillen. Seben boys and four girls. Ums de oldes girl". Her sister sat there witnessing her every statment. That was about all she could do for Miss Lou always did the talking when she had company. "Did all of your sisters and brothers get chance to go to school?" I asked. "Yas mam, evry one ov us went ter skule ^{captin} Laura an she died fore she wuz oler nuff ter go. Yas mam I loved my gwin ter skule an I had good teachers too. I went ter skule til I wuz in de fith grade. I coulder went on but all dem whut wuz in my class de married an I jes stopped cause dey all stopped but I coulder went on two more years. We allus had ter stop an go ter field bout March an dats reason we didn't git no fuden de fith grade. I sho laked skule".

"I bet your dad fed you all too". I said. "Fed us", she repeated. I say dat man fed his younguns. My dad 'ud buy barls ov sugar, flour, sacks ov rice an things lak dat. He kilt plenty meat. Chile de hardes time I evah seed wuz since I been married". She looked at me and smiled as she assured me that she had never really suffered for food. She reminded me however that she has

had to turn in close places to keep things going. She got up, went over to a little pocket hanging on the wall and pulled out her pipe. She laughed hearty as she held it up and said, "Dis is my satisfaction". She came back, sat down and continued her conversation. "Yas suah, we wore good clothes. Homespun, osenbug, das whut all de chillun wore den. De wuz good close. We allus went ter Sunday skule an my ma an pa dey had fambly prayer evry mawnin an on Sunday evry one had ter git on dere knees. Her sister witnessed this fact, rose and said: "Skuse me lady, I sho is glad I met yo, hope ter meet yo agin. Sorry I got ter go but I must go now!" Her sister Lou asked *me* to excuse her and she went to the steps with her sister and there they chatted a few minutes. She returned shortly, seated herself near the fire and began to tell me more about herself. "I bin married, les see! She began counting her fingers. "Les see, I married in 1886, yeah I married Jasper Sanford in 1886. We had leben (11) chillun, I wuz jes as good a woman as my ma wuz. She had seben boys 'n' fo girls. I had seben girls and fo boys. Eight ov my chilluns livin. I got three dead!"

The smiles left her face as she began thinking of her children who have passed on. She began, as she sat up straight, folded her arms across her bosom, "My oldest son got killed. He wuz gamblin, he wuz a gambler jes lak his dad. He got shot ter death in Cincinnati durin de war. He cum ter his daddy's funeral in 1918. I sez, 'son don't go bak an leave me yo dad don gone leff me yo sta heah wid me.' He sez, 'I can't stay'. I sez, "Well if yo go yo ain't comin bak. Jes look lak I had ter sa dat ter him." In a pleading manner she reached her arms out as she continued". I begged him soso hard not ter go bak. My ma she beg him too. She sez, "Son I feel lak I aint gwinter see yo no mo'. She nuff in three weeks my chile wuz shot down, an wuz buried three weeks fo I knowed anything bout it. Lucile, she died in 1927. Fo chile, she jes staid sick, complainin wid her side an stomak all de time. She staid sick rite round three years, den she died.

She had jes reached twenty-one when she died. My baby Effie, she died wid de whooping cough when she wuz six monthes ole. Well, dems gone on ter glory an I got ter git dare. Dey done worrin in dis ole hard worl. De lef me heah to worry. I'll meet dem some day. Yas das three I got done lef me." That is sad to think about," I said, "but you still have quite a few children to cheer you". "Yas mam, but de all married but two boys an jes one ov dem is here, Jasper, dats my baby boy, he name fer his dad. Den I got two gran sons heah wid me. Dem three boys dey help me wid my farm evry yeah." Gazing into the fire, "Miss Lou⁴ seemed quite amused on a different subject, for she burst into a roar of laughter and before I could ask her what she was laughing about, she began: "I wuz thinkin bout my second husban, Eddie Wright, das his name. My fust husband wuz a gambler. My second pick wuz a no count preacher. I quit dat thing in one yeah. Every time he sees me he ask me to lets go bak. If I ~~lose~~ my mind I mite go bak, but if I keeps my mine I never will". I joined her in her laughter this time. She put another piece of wood on the fire and lit her pipe and leaned back in her chair as if she never was happier in her life. She continued about her second husband. "Ums doin well an ums gwinter let well enuf do. Yo see Wright jes didn't know how ter provide fer no fambly, dats all tis ter hit. I allus bleve in havin plenty ter eat. I wuz raised dater way. Now, yo see Wright, he had three chillen 'n' I had ⁽⁸⁾ate, dat wuz lebben. Thirteen wid me an him. Wright would go ter town an buy a 12 lb. sack ov flour jes as big as anything and yo know dat wuzent no mo dan nuff fer one good meal fer aller us. I sez ter him one day yo let your daughter cook fer you an I cook fer my chilluns. Dat didn't do any good fer I had ter always be givin dem sumpin fer ter cook cause he wouldn't hav nuthin. Honey; she said, "My chillen sez one day ter me, 'Maw us gwin ter leave heah cause we aint gwinter lake care ov dat lazy no count man yo done up an married.' I didn't want my chillen ter do dat. I leff dat man an me an my chillen we move heah. I treats him nice when

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evah I sees him. He jes wouldn't do, dats all tis ter hit an we jes didn't wanter tak kere ov him an his three chillen. Me an my chillen we do de bes we kin fer each odder."

The whistle blew for twelve o'clock and "Miss Lou" jumped to her feet, in surprise that it was so late. She exclaimed: "Lawd is it twelve an I done set heah an aint seen erbout de lady no dinner?" "Please," I said, "do not think of dinner for me. I always have my dinner at four and never care for dinner so early." She made me feel quite welcome to anything she had and assured me that it was a pleasure to her to feed company at her house. She said, "Thats reson I wurk so hard so I allus have plenty fer myself and others too". Then she began to tell me about her community club. "Evry yeah, fer erbout thirteen years I been havin a little community club. We has twelve members an each ov dese members pay a little er long till August. By dis time de each must have four dollars. At Chrismus time de each must be done paid in five dollars. Den we takes dis money an buy rashuns in August and at Chrismus. We gits heap mo by buyin in bulks lak dat. We git lard, flour, an sugar. We go ter A&P, he treats us nice. See dats a good way ter do. Wurk tergether an we all has plenty all de yeah near bout hit." "My thats swell", I said. "Yasm I ast de Lawd ter help me an make er way 'n' he'll sho answer prayer. Me and my granddaughter wuz both members so dis Crismus we had ten dollars. I got thirty-two pounds lard, forty pounds sugar, and six twenty-four pound sacks of flour and den we had some lef fer ter git flavor, soap an little things lak dat. Come on," She said, standing up. "Come on go in de smoke house an let me sho you what I got". She continued to talk as we walked slowly out the room in the hall on out the door. "We got our seketary, presudent an tresure. We allus sing an pray in our club an jes have a good time. When we gits reddy ter by we gits us a wagon, go ter town an buy our things". When we were out into the yard I noticed several chickens. "I believe you have some nice chickens here." "Yas'm I got bout eighteen hens. Aterwhile de all gwinter be layin". By this

time we had reached the smoke house. She unlocked the door and stepped in. "See", she said, "I got my meat packed down heah in salt in dese here boxes. I kilt two hogs 'N' I got a can ov lard an three gallons over. See in heah," She was raisin a lid from a large wooden box. "See dis is whut I got from our little club". There was her sugar and flour all packed so secure from rats. Then she called my attention to severall sacks of peanuts, ten or more sacks of ~~peas~~ purple hull, rice peas and speckle peas. On a shelf was a large pan of cracklins, several jars of canned fruit. "My, but you have plenty food in here", I said. "Yas'm, I haster turn cause I gwinter feed my chillen an den I laks ter have plenty ter vide wid others, yo know das whut de Lawd wants us ter do.

I tries ter git dat welfare ter give my boy some wurk ter do but dey wont do hit. I jes made three bales ov cotton las year. Yo see one bale goes fer rent. One bale fer fertilizer an money ter run de farm. Den das one bale to git clothes, sumpin ter eat an I got all three of dese boys heah. No dey wont give my boy a lick ov wurk ter do. But Lou gwinter make hit. God gwinter help Lou cause she trusses Him. Dem welfare folks de give me nothin but eye water fer to cry. Looks lak dey down on me but thank God you can't keep a goodeman down. I sent all my chillen ter skule till dey jes wanted to quit". We were now on our way back to the house. "Pretty soon", she said, I'll be milkin all three ov my cows an dat helps out whole lot. One thing I aint got no syrup dis yeah, but das alrite too cause I take sugar an make my syrup. I jes dare yo take de Lawd wid yo, he sho make er way outer no way.

Sit down", she said as we walked back into the room. "I aint tole yo bout my sellin candy. Um sellin candy fer a compny. Yo see". She showed me a card with several places to punch and a box of bars of candy. "Punch one". She asked me. I punched one and a ~~nickle~~ ^{with 5¢ on it} came out. I gave her the nickle and told her to keep the candy and sell it. "Aint dat luck", she smiled, "thank yo mam". She went to an old trunk opened it, got out several pretty pieces

of cloth and a pretty spread. "Dis is whut I got sellin candy, dese four pieces. Der is four yards in each ov dese pieces. See", pointing to two dresses already made and hanging on the door, "I done made two, de ready ter wear. I has ter do all lak dat ter keep a goin. My chillen de tries ter make me sit down but I can't sit down. I jes got ter keep agoin."

Her daughter, who lives just across the road came in just here and said, "Ma they are havin a party down the road. I think I'll go! Before she had finished, her mother was sighing, umph, umph, I jes don't lak dem parties. Mos ov de youngsters cut up so dese days. Dey gits ter drinking an fightin. Honey, ma wish yo didn't want ter go, cause I be worried tillyo come bak." "Well I guess I wont go!" She assured her mother that she didn't want to cause her no worry, and she went out. Her mother gave a sigh of relief. "Its so mucher trubble gwin on, I hates ter see um go to dese froliks. When I wuz a girl de boys didn't cut up lak de do now. We would play nice games. I kin member how I uster love ter play "Stealin Partners!"

We would all git in a ring. Each one hav his partner and one odd one would be in de ring, den we'd sing:

Rosie, Lady Rosie.
O..o..o Rosie
Rosie Lady Rosie.

I got a house ter put yo in,
Rosie Lady Rosie.
I got a house ter put yo in,
Rosie, Lady Rosie.

All us would be pattin our hands and pattin ou feet. O we had a good time", She laughed. "Den we uster have "cake walks"; de give a cake ter de one whut walks de straitest. I uster ter git all dem cakes. O man I could strut straight". She got up and walked across the floor to show me how she uster strut. "I can't strut lak dat now, I got rumatism in dese ol joints now." She laughed. "But you do get about fine", I said to her. "Yas'm I been had good health, skusin I uster have the toothache 'n' I done had all ov dem took

out now. De uster give me so much trouble dat I wont let um put no more in my head, dey might hurt." She laughed at herself for this. "I nevah had a doctor in my life. Wid all my babies I jes had a midwife but she wuz good ez a doctor. She gid me a quart of whiskey wid evry one ov my chillen. Jes make a tardy fer me and let me drink it till I had had a quart. Yas'm dats whut she'd do. Den she would make me sta in de house for a whole month. Dats resun we ol folks so much mo count dan our chillen cause we tuk kere ov ourselves.

When my chillen wuz comin up I didn't have no docter neither. I jes give dem tea an home remedies. When all my chillen de had de whoopin cough, I would git sum one ter kill me a crow. I take dat crow, boil him down wid salt. I take dat likker and give it to dem whut got de whoopin cough an hit sho help dem. Den when de had de measles, I made dem go in de henhouse back wards an come out forward, den I gie dem shuck and ginger tea an I nevah had a minutes trubble wid nary one.

I member one time I jes had chills an chills and jes couldn't git well. "e tole me to steal jes as much sugar cane as I could ^(eat) hole. I did this and do you know I didn't have another chill. Yas suah, take de lawd wid yo an use yo head an yo boun ter git erlong."

"Miss Lou" wore an odd but pretty little blue cap with ^h wite stripes. She wore a blue print dress with small white flowers in it and a blue and white check apron with a bibb and a thick red sweater. Her high top shoes had thick soles and she wore thick ribbed shockings. She weighs one hundred and sixty five pounds and is about four and one-half feet high. Despite the fact that she has no teeth in her mouth, her face is full and round and there beams an everlasting friendly smile.

"So glad yo came ter see ole Lula, I loves company, wait a minute." She went out and soon returned with a paper bag. "Heah yo plant dese little rice peas in your garden. De taste jes lak english peas. Den when yo be eatin dem

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yo think ov me. You wouldn't eat no dinner wid me yo jes got ter have sumpin
so I give yo dese peas. Don't you throw dem away neither, yo plant dem so
yo kin see how good de is when de green. Yo come back ter see me agin.

Today Mrs. Anna Belle Avant is the teacher. She is a community worker, rather than a "check expectant." She is gentle, understanding, quite neat in appearance and enthusiastic about her work. Despite the poor salary, as is the case of most southern Negro public school teachers, she works in a manner indicating a love for her task. She displays the Christ spirit in that she not only helps the children, whom she is paid to teach, but the people of the community.

Instead of a rugged yard, a smooth graded lawn with neatly arranged shrubbery surrounds the building, which is being repaired to make it more comfortable. (This is being done with money raised through special efforts of the teacher). Inside ~~because~~ the seasonal decorations-autumn leaves, winter berries, ^{the} spring blossoms make the windows gay. There are so many things of interest that it is not surprising to see the little clean, black faces look so bright and hopeful. On the walls are many pictures. One section includes famous Negroes, such as Dr. Carver, Booker T. Washington, R. R. Moton, Roland Hayes, F. D. Patterson, and Joe Louis. In another section are posters showing the foods of the South. One is a nature study. There is a health corner of hints by means of posters. Another group contains pictures of farm animals. All of these are attractively arranged. On the blackboard is a calendar containing interesting dates of the month. A poster hangs just over the teacher's desk with a clock and this motto: "To Be On Time Is A Good Rule." A lovely photo of Horace Mann, Father of Public school education hangs in a conspicuous place. Many other pictures adorn the walls. A sand table with a winter scene stands near the teacher's desk. Some

A SCHOOL TEACHER.

Communities do not always have teachers who possess a vision. Many times they have teachers who are salary expectants and that alone. When a community has such a worker imposed upon it, it suffers greatly.

"Where there is no vision the people perish."

Thousands of Negro children in the back woods of the deep South are groping in darkness, and wishing and waiting for the light. They feel that poverty is their certain doom unless one brings to them the light of intelligence. They have not that something within to impel them to seek the light that they need. These poorly clad, often half-fed pathetic children, pushed into isolation, even by their own race because of untidiness and ignorance, do wish for the light.

When a teacher with a vision goes into a rural community for work among the Negro, it is a pleasure to watch that community grow; to watch the little lives being shaped for the great responsibility awaiting them when they grow up.

There is a little community known as Solomon's Chapel, about five miles from Tuskegee, on the Montgomery Highway, that has grown rapidly since 1936 when a woman with a vision consented to teach and help its people. She knew the condition of the people and the community.

Two years ago the building had nothing to attract a second glance. Inside were cold, barren walls. A group of dirty, half-clad children wiped their soiled hands and cleaned their nostrils with their wearing apparel. In their dull faces shone no hope for tomorrow.

little chairs made from orange crates attract ~~your~~ attention. These are used around the work table for beginners. The window panes are clean and clear. No bits of paper are on this teacher's floor. The children have been taught pride in a clean, beautiful school. They have been taught personal pride and cleanliness also, for each child brings his towel and handkerchief daily.

The success of this teacher lies in the fact that she has reached the entire community and secured co-operation. The parents know and appreciate her program. They gladly share their meager earnings to help make their children's school house a place of comfort and beauty. They enjoy the parent-teacher meetings because these help with their problems. They eagerly tell the vision, "our teacher has helped us make our homes better and has done so much for our children."

Blessed is the rural county that has a teacher with a vision and an urge to help the county as a whole.

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12/21/38

L.H.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
Nov. 22, 1938

1435 words

At Father's Baker Home

On this bright November day the fields were bare, the leaves were all adorned in their autumn colors. Despite the barren fields, there were lovely flowers in Father and Mother Baker's clean and well kept yard. There were marigolds, batchelor buttons and winter pinks. The cotton had been planted right up to the small yard and around the house were several chickens of different kinds and one turkey gobbler and two turkey hens. These fowl seemed so happy and gay. Noticing the cotton so very near the house I asked, "To whom does this cotton patch belong?". Mother Baker replied proudly, "Its ours,,me and Baker's, Yes dis is ours". Father Baker interrupted, "I kin pik bout twenty-five pounds a day, too, can't pick mor'n' dat caus my back gits so tired". He placed a hand on small part of his back as he continued with a look akin to regret, "I aint what I use to be, an yo know my feet keep cold winter and summer, I dunno why". By this time we had reached the rickety steps. Mother Baker said in a sweet and kind voice, "Go right in our shack, taint much but yo welcome, so glad yo cum." After I had gone up the steps which had two or three holes worn in them, she came up bending down using her hands to help herself. She was dressed in a pretty neat print dress, her hair was neatly done and she looked so pretty and clean. She gets about fine to be eighty-three years old.

As she and I sat on the clean porch, worn with age, talking and watching the turkeys strut among the beautiful flowers which adorned the yard, Father Baker who had gone into the house, came out presently with a good, juicy baked sweet potato. Smiling and bowing he offered me the potato, saying, "We aint got any dinner fit ter offer yo, but here's a good ol yeller yam, if yo likes 'em". I can not recall ever feeling more grateful or having seen more generous hospitality than was expressed in the offering of ^{that} ~~this~~ sweet potato. I

accepted it gratefully and this pleased them so much. They both seemed satisfied that they had ministered to one who appreciated it.

Mother Baker began talking about Tuskegee Institute which gives them satisfaction almost equal to that they get from their religion. Mother Baker began by saying, "I've been goin ter dat skule fer over fifty years, I jes lov it an all dem teachers up dar". Then she folded her hands in her lap and shook her little head", "Lawd I loved Booker T.. I hated ter see 'm go." As a look of remorse played into her countenance she continued, "I 'member once he wuz talkin in de chapel an it wuz crowded plum full," Then she unfolded her hands and folded them across her chest. "Lawd I hates ter tawk er bout it. He wuz tellin us how we otter ter live and lov one nuther and ^{love} entrus in each udder". She gestured with palms downward to help her explain the great emotion that she felt and swaying her frail body she continued, "I wanted ter cry so bad, but I wuz shame ter cry dar in de chapel, so I took my hanchuf and crammed in my mouf. I put my head in my lap. I done fust one thing an ernuther. Iwuz jes bout ter holler!" She was silent for a while. I studied the wrinkled and lovely face. I could see in it deep sorrow for this friend that had meant so much to her. When she began again tears were now shining in the dim eyes, and trembling in her voice she said", I wanted to hug Booker T. Washington in his coffin, I patted his face, I rubbed it. I jes didn't want ter give ^{me up} 'sup". I saw that she was suffering with grief now, so I attempted to get her mind of Mr. Washington.

I asked her, "Mother Baker do you remember when You were a little girl?" Her face beamed, "Yes, chile, I wuz a little girl in slavery time but I didn't have no hard time lak most Niggers. My folks belonged ter old man James Greese and moster Greese didn't 'low no body ter beat his niggers", she continued as she looked at me with assurance, "an he didn't 'low white folks pullin his little nigger chilluns years lak de res did. Why, he niver hit er one ov us a lick.

'At Father Baker's Home

And the good thing bout it all, he 'lowed de mothers all ter keep da chillun t'gether. He would'nt sell chillun from de mas and pas." She folded her small care-worn arms across her breast and gave a deep sigh and continued, "When Mos Greese got sick, he sent fer all his Niggers an tole dem 'meet me in heben'."

Father Baker interrupted here by saying, 'twertin (it wasn't) dat way wid me". He composed himself in the old armchair as he continued. "My mother died when I wuz jus two weeks old and da wuz er woman what nursed me til I could eat an git erbout. Den I wuz 'lowed ter stay in de white folks house and help roun de place, hunt turkey nesses. Old Ben Mott wuz his name. De wuz right kin ter me. Dey give me one quilt fer ter sleep on and one ter kiver wid. But Old moster had a son-in-law name Tony and o' my stars he hated Niggers". Father Baker narrowed his eyes and seemed to look square into the past, as he said, "You know dey just give little boys a shirt, no pants and many times dey would twist my shirt over my head and beat me fer nothin. When bos Tony cum fer ter live wid Mos Ben I had ter git out. He 'lowed he didn't want no Nigger ter live in de same house wid him. So den I had ter go down ter de quarter to live wher de o other Niggers lived. I had ter go fum hous ter hous an' beg um ter let 'lil Henry' cum in. And honey do yo know", he remarked as a sad look came into his dim eyes, "Some ov dem would holler at me fo I cud git ter de steps, 'doncha cum in here. no room in heyar fer yo'den it would be almos dark 'n' I had nowheres to stay!" I interrupted here by saying, "You can well appreciate a home of your own, can't you?" Here a smile played over his face as he said", yas chile, das reason ol Baker worked so hard when he young. Wurking to git all my chillen a home. I got eight an all eight ov dem got ~~eighty~~ ^{twenty} acres ov land." As he continued he leaned back in his chair with feeling of security. "President Roosevelt he fine man he belives in giving a man a chance. I blieves dat de Congress should be de fines and greatest church in de world, Yas sir honest, upright, looking down on de poor wid a eye ov pity jes lak Roosevelt try ter get dem ter do.

At Father Baker's Home.

Yas sir de President he wants us ter even be able ter read, us old folks. Way back younder in slavery de paderole would git a Nigger fer trying ter learn ter read." Paderole? I asked, what was that? he burst into a roar of laughter as he began to explain, "Chile de paderoles wuz ter git bad Niggers from gittin worse and ter keep dem from running away. Dey wuz unmerciful white folks. Sontimes de tie you on a log and whip til de blood jes run down. He laughed again and continued. "We use ter sing a song bout dem." He raised a hand in remonstratation as he began:

1. Please, ol moster dont whip me!
Whip dat Nigger behin de tree.

Cho. O, run Nigger run paderole ketch-u
O, run Nigger run jes fore day.

2. I run, I run ~~bes~~ I run my bes
I run right close ter dat hones nes.

Chorus

3. Paderole run, de run da bes
Da run right in dat hornes nes.

Chorus

My car came at this time but how I hated to leave! Father and Mother Baker are so entertaining. She said to Father Baker "Give her some ourn ^{sugar} cane. She got good teeth. Chew it, chile, and thank Gawd the paderole won't getcha.

11/23/38

Information from students
Slang and phrases from their
localities.

SS Macon Co

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
Jan. 14, 1939.

Stories

Once a little Jew and Negro child fell to arguing about who killed Jesus.

The little Negro child said: "you Jews killed Jesus".

The little Jew child said: "We did no such a ting".

"You did, you did," argued the little Negro, "my mammy says so and futher mo de bible says so an I knows yo Jews killed him"

The little Jew had a hard time getting a word in, but finnaly she managed to put in: "We did no sich a ting cause ye Niggers worried him to death".

2. Long, long ago some people were in the garden of Eden. They were as happy as happy could be. The Lord called to them and some of them were frightened. It scared them white and behold some of them were white and some were still unfrightened and brown. Thats why we have black and white.

3.

Once an old man was visiting and had planned to remain for dinner. He saw that the old lady had a chicken for dinner so he was just thinking what a swell dinner he was going to have that day. The lady had to cook on the fireplace. He watched her as she went about cooking. She had a cold and her nose was dropping every now and then. She said to him, "I must make this chicken stew good for you are staying for dinner!" He replied, "Well its accordin to how de drop fall". He was thinking that every minute a drop from her nose might fall in the stew and if it did he would not stay, but if the drops fell the other way, he would stay.

4. An old Negro was passing a white lady's house who had a little dog named, Did-He-Bite-You. As the Negro passed, the little dog ran out barking. The lady called: "Didhebiteyou" The Negro replied, "Noam". The dog kept on barking.

2

The lady kept on calling, "Did he bite you?" The man said, "Noam, he didn't bite me". The dog kept running and barking. The lady kept calling, "Did he bite you! Come here sir!" The man turned around and said emphatically, "Miss I been tellin yo all de time dat de dawg didn't bite me." She said, "I was just calling my dog, that is his name."

5. A peddler was advancing in a yard when a large dog started to ^{wag} his tail, growling and switching his tail all at the same time. The lady was standing in the door. She made no attempt to call the dog back. The peddler asked, "Lady will your dog bite?" "No, don't you see him switching his tail?" she asked. "Yas'm but he is growlin at one end and switching at the other end and I don't know which end to believe."

6 An old lady (Negro) had been working for an old white man a long time. He would often make her angry about something and she would always get even with him. One morning, he had cussed at her and this made her so angry. She said to him, "I'll get yo fer dat." He was leaving that morning and he knew that she would be alright as usual when she cooled off. He asked her to bring his case out to the car. This she did. As he seated himself and was being made comfortable he said to her, "Well you didn't get me this time". She laughed as she remarked, "Humph, I spit in your ol coffee". He fell out.

7. It is quite characteristic for most Negroes to tell their ills in hope of finding some cure. One day a poor old man had the itch so bad. It was what they called the "Seven' Year's Itch". He was telling another man about how raw he was from this itch. The other man began at once to tell him something to relieve him. He told him to get some Japanese liniment and annoint himself all over. This the poor old man did. In a second the poor old man was seen running through the woods nude, crying, "Jap, jap".

8. It was in a little country church. The preacher was up telling his congregation about a certain commentator that he had. He said, "Some of these things are sickening. People are not careful about interpreting the bible. This Commentater that I have makes me sick and I am going to get rid of it!" One of his members heard him ^{and} had never heard of this word, commentater before. The old man thought he was talking about common potatoes.

The next day out of sympathy for his dear pastor, he was found early knocking at his door. The pastor came to the door, smiling and said, "come in brother." The old man replied, "I ain't got time ter cum in, pastor. I heard yo talkin bout dem common taters made yo sick so I brung yo som ov my 'yeller yams'. De aint none ov dem common taters".

9. There was a deacon in a country church that always prided himself of knowing the scriptures. One day he found some little boys in the yard playing marbles. One of the little boys was a member of the church. This deacon would not have this little backslide^r disobey the holy bible. He called a meeting. The pastor asked him what evidence did he have that playing marbles was wrong. Indignantly he replied, "Well I declair, rite heah in de bible hit tells yo ter marble not!" (marvel not, ye must be born again is what he had reference to).

10. There lived in a rural community an old man ~~that~~ who thought he knew everything and the ignorant people of the community thought he knew lots more than he did. One day a youngster came to him and said, "I have been reading the bible and often I find words I just dont know what they mean. I was readin about Rabbi, what does that mean?" The old man said, "Why, dont yo know whut dat means? See sometimes a mule git ter a place he dont wanter pass an he jes rares by".

Ruby Pickens Tartt
Livingston, Alabama

A NEGRO SERMON

Bred'ren my sermon fer you alle today is gwiner be in de form uv a speech by figgers. I hopes some uv you knows what dat means en kin follow me.

Truth en Lie started out fer ter travel. Dey stopped ter drink at de river ob Jordan. Truth want thinkin' no harm 'bout no body, but Lie, he shoved him, en he fell in de river en he drowned.

Den, ole Lie he stole Truth's boots, en meetin' a cullud pussen who wuz rootin' 'round whar he didn' have no business, he entered into him en sot up his habitation, en ^{de} ~~far~~ he been ever since!

Yes ~~ser~~, Lie done dwelt 'mongst de cullud folks ever since en hits my business fer ter pint out dese very tricks uv de devil so is you kin mend your ways en dislodge him. Lie is done sowed his seed 'mongst de cullud folks - en I axes you ef hit ain' a fact dat de produce sho de correspond wid de seed? Hit do. I ain' ~~axin'~~ ^{gonna} get pussenal en call no names here, but 'tain't no need ter set dare en look so pious caze de Lord know who you is, en I does too.

Now I will tech on Noah en de cullud race. I is heered preachers say Noah wuz de 'casion ob us bein' black. In dis wise. One uv his chillun wuz mighty sassy jes lack a heap uv you gals settin' right here today, en so ¹Noah ketched up wid some uv her caperin's en he cussed her 'til she turned black in de face. But I doan 'pend much on dat, caze hit ain' in no Bible. But den ^edare ain' much in de holy writ 'bout us cullud folks nohow. En dat shows me us is a nation

^a
'culior ter our notions.

De Postle says ter de Pistle, "Know dy sef," en I 'terpets dat to mean, "Be ye seekers uv de knowledge how you'se comically made in de flesh; en when de Lord say ag'in, "Show dy sef," He must uv had in ¹mond de cullud folks case we is always in rags en we ain' half kivered up!

I is also heered 'em say dat de devil made a man outer clay too but ever ³thing he teched, turn black, en he tried ter wash him white in Jordan but when he got ter de river hit had turn black, so he shoved him in de wet sand, en he fell on his hand. En dat's how come dey say de pa'm uv his hands en de soles uv his feets is most white.

Den de devil got mad en hits him on de nose so hard dat he mashed hit flat en hits been flat ever since. Den he sort uv got sorry for de po' nigger so he patted him on de head, but his hand wuz so hot dat hit kinked his hair, but I ain' seed none uv dat in de Bible neither.

But I is read 'bout a nigger en I'se gwiner preach 'bout him on de 4th Sunday, so de subject next time will be Nigger Demos. All uv you come prepared ter go financial, fer I is gwine ter de 'socation en I ain' gwine ter walk! Dis sermon today is speretual, but next Sunday we is gwine ter saw off all de dead limbs uv de tree uv de church, en dem whut can't go financial is gwine ter find deyselves shoutin' out ²de're in de cold. Dis here religion I brings am free but I is de ves-hickle whut brings hit, en I ain' free, so ef you wants me ter git de devil en his tricks out uv you, you is got ter pay! I hopes dese words will help you bring forth fruit wid out insects, so in conclusion I jes quits. Amen.

Reforming De Animals

Once upon a time there wuz er gatherin' of all de animals and fowls ter talk bout ev'y body doing better.

Bro' hyena cried bout whut de buzzards did, en de wild cat sighed bout de troublesome rats en de mice. Den ole Bro' tiger said de rabbits wuz the worst of all, but ole Bro' coon say: "Friends me is all got to de better or me is all headed fer de bad place. Whut is you all got ter say bout reformin". De Tiger say: "I is fer reform I see de coons stealing corn evy night". De Buffalo say: "De Tiger has de blood uv my dead calf on his mouf". De hyena say "De buzzards is so bold I is skeered to show my sef ter find er carcoss".

En de wolf say: "Humans carrying guns en swords en I is skeered to attack em".

Bro' wild cat say: "de Panther eatin' up all de fishes frum me.

Bro' elephant say "De cow eatin' up d'el de grass frum me."

Den Bro' deer moved all uv em stop eatin' meat, en Bro' wolf say he move dey make hit grass. But Bro Coon say lets start by killin' de snakes. lets

Den Bro Fox jump up en say; " no I rents my cave ter de snakes lets kill de worms" en all de birds stabbs chirpin' "Kill de worms en we will starve-kill de worms en we will starve.

So evy body wuz trying to keep whut wuz good fer his own sef en do way wid whut wuz good fer his neighbor. So Bro' Coon riz up en sed: "Now if evy ev you is wellin' fer ter get rid uv sompin whut you likes fer yo sef say so" and didnt no body say nothin' but evy body jes set still in in de silence. Den Bro' Coon sey: Dis here is er sinful worl' me is livin' in but when evy body find de mos(fault wid evy body else, cept his dhf hit am time ter quit en go home. De morol is ter bergin charity at your door neighbor but if you wants ter reform hit is got ter bengin right wid yo'sef in your own house.

Folk lore- Saline Lewis
Tin Cup Alley
Livingston, Ala.
R.P.T.

"De Devil en Mr. Bobtail"

De devil and Mr. Bobtail statted out ter farm. "Whut us gwinter raise"? axed de devil. "'Spose us raises corn", said Mr. Bobtail. "Dat suits me 'zactly" said de devil. "All right whut part is you gwinter claim, de top or der bottom"? axes Mr. Bobtail.

Now cotton hit grows down in de ground, but corn hit grows most on top uv de ground, so de devil said to his sef' "dat corn hit look so promisin' at de roots, I bleeves I'll take de bottom, so Mr. Bobtail he jas lauf en lauf in his sleeve, but he said "suit yo'sef Mr. Devil, suit yo'sef, you take de bottom uv de crop in I'll take whuts left, de top".

So when Mr. Bobtail gatheredde corn and had hit ground intil nice meal en the devil didnt have nothin', he got fighten mad, en he said to Mr. Bobtail, "Less farm ergin". "All right" said Mr. Bobtail, "how 'bout potatoes"? So de devil thought he'd show be right dis time, so he said to his def de vines look so fair I'll claim de top, en leve Mr. Bobtail de bottom. So Mr. Bobtail lauf en he lauf caze he knowed he gwiner enjoy dem taters dis winter. En dats de way Mr. Bobtail all time gets er head uv de devil.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
Dec. 22, 1938

*Song -
macon.*

Rosie Lady Rosie

*I've got a house to put you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie*
1

I've got a house to put you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie
I've got a house to put you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie.
Chorus

O-O Ro-sie
Rosie Lady, Rosie.
O--O Ro--sie
Rosie Lady Rosie.

2

I've got a job to make you money,
Rosie Lady Rosie
I've got a job to make you money,
Rosie Lady Rosie
Chorus

3

Got a horse 'n' buggy to ride you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie,
Got a horse 'n' buggy to ride you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie.
Chorus

4
I'll do my best to make you happy,
Rosie Lady Rosie,
I'll do my best to make you happy,
Rosie Lady Rosie.

In slavery days this was one of the popular dance songs among Negroes. They had no other music often times except vocal singing. This particular song was sung as they danced the popular dance called Stealing Partners (They clapped or slapped their hands to aid in the rhythm).

R.L.P.
Macon County
12/22/38

In a Dat Mawnin

1
O Lordy, whats my mother gonter do-o
O Lordy, whats my mother gonter do
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord
Ina dat mawnin when de Lord sez hurry.

2

O Lordy, my mothers dead an gone
O Lordy, my mothers dead an gone
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mawnin, when de Lord sez hurry.

3

O Lordy, my mother's etc.

4

O Lordy, my Sister etc.

5

O Lordy, my brother etc.

Home In Dat Rock

1

I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th earth an sky
I think I heard My Saviour cry
I got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see.

2

I've got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a ~~mother~~ ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th earth an sky
I think I heard my saviour cry
I got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see.

R. L. P.
Mason Co.
~~12-22-1938~~

Drinking of the Wine

Chorus

Drinking of the wine, the wine, ^{wines} eating of the bread
The bread the bread
I oughta been there ten thousand ye^ars
Drinking of the wine. I'm troubled lots.

1. If my sister ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years (you troubled best)
Drinking of the wine. (cho.)

2. If my brother ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine. (cho.) (I wonder where she's gone)

3. If my mother ask for me etc. (I wonder where's she gone)

4. If my father ask for me etc.

5. If my friends ask for me etc. (you wonderin best)

I wonder where's he goin
Just as soon as my foot strike
I won't be troubled no more.

I wonder where's my sister etc.

I wonder where's my brother etc.

R.L.P.
Macon County
12/22/38.

I'M Troubled Lord.

I'M troubled, Lord I'm troubled (what you troubled bout)
I'm troubled bout my so-u-l
Just as soon as my feet strike zion
I want be troubled no more. know

I wonder where's my mother (I wonder where shes gone)
I wonder where's she go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike zion
I want be troubled no more. gine ter cry.

I wonder where's my father (what you wonderin bout)
I wonder where's he go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike zion
I want be troubled no more. mother 'gine ter grieve,

I wonder where's my sister etc.

I wonder where's my brother etc. know,

Chorus

R.L.P.
Macon County
Dec. 22, 1938.

Chorus:
Babylon is a falling,
Babylon is a falling,
I'll finish the work that I have to do
In De Kingdom Lord.

Chorus
1
In de kingdum, kingdum, kingdum, Lord.
Look wa-y in de kingdum.
In de kingdum, kingdum, kingdum, Lord.
Look wa-y in de kingdum.

2
I got a mother in de hebens I know,
Look way in de kingdum
Well, I got a mother in de hebens I know.
Look way in de kingdum.

Chorus
3
When de mother'gins to die, chilluns 'gin ter cry,
Look way in de kingdum
O go long mother I'll meet you agin.
Look way in de kingdum.

Chorus
4
When de baby 'gins ter leave de mother 'gins ter grieve,
Look way in de kingdum,
O go long baby, I'll meet you agin,
Look way in de kingdum.

5
I've got a home in de hebens I know,
Look way in de kingdum,
I've got a mansion in de hebens I know.
Look way in de kingdum.

Chorus

R. L. P.
Mason County

~~12-22-198~~

Babylon is a Falling

Chorus

Babylon is a falling, falling
Babylon is a falling
I'll finish the work that I have to do

1. You go round an' I'll go through
I'll finish the work I have to do
(cho)

2. When I git to the gate
I'm going to walk straight thro'
And talk about the struggle
I went thro'.

a (cho)
3. Ol' satin so mad 'e don't know what to do
Cause I passed 'im by and made it thro'.
(cho)

When I git to heaven I ain' gonna rest
Gonna put on my shoes and strut my best.
(cho)

DRINKING I'M TROUBLED LORD

1

I'm troubled (what you troubled 'bout)
I'm troubled 'bout my so-a-l
Just as soon as my feet strike Zion
I won't be troubled no more.

I mighta been there ten thousand years
I wonder where's my mother (I wonder where she's gone)
I wonder where's she go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike Zion
I won't be troubled no more.

If my sister ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to Calvary
I mighta been there ten thousand years
I wonder where's my father (what you wonderin' 'bout)
I wonder where's he go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike Zion
I won't be troubled no more.

If my brother ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to Calvary
I mighta been there ten thousand years
I wonder where's my sister (I wonder where she's gone)
I wonder where's she go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike Zion
I won't be troubled no more.

If my mother ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to Calvary
I mighta been there ten thousand years
I wonder where's my brother (I wonder where he's gone)
I wonder where's he go-n-e
Just as soon as my feet strike Zion
I won't be troubled no more.

If my father ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to Calvary
I mighta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine

2

11/5/39
I mighta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine

11/5/39

DRINKING OF THE WINE

Chorus

Drinking of the wine, the wine, wine, eating of the bread
The bread the bread
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine

1

If my sister ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to Calvary,
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine. (cho.)

2

If my brother ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to Calvary,
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine. (cho.)

3

If my mother ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to Calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine.

4

If my father ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to Calvary,
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine

5

If my friends ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to Calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine

1/5/38
S.J.

IN A DAT MAMNIN

O Lordy, what's my mother genter do-o
O Lordy, what's my mother genter do
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin when de Lord ses hurry.

2

O Lordy, my mother's dead an' gone
O Lordy, my mother's dead an' gone
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mamnin, when de Lord ses hurry.

3

O Lordy, my mother's dead an' gone
O Lordy, my mother's dead an' gone
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin when de Lord ses hurry.

4

O Lordy, my Sister's dead an' gone
O Lordy, my sister's dead an' gone
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin when de Lord ses hurry.

5

O Lordy, my brother's dead an' gone
O Lordy, my brother's dead an' gone
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord
Ina dat mamnin, O Lord

HOME IN DAT ROCK

I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th' earth an sky
I think I heard my Saviour cry
I got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see.

I've got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th' earth an' sky
I think I heard my Saviour cry
I got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see.

Missus L. Perry
Macon County
Dec. 22, 1938

ROSIE LADY ROSIE

1/5/39 Got a house to put you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie
I've got a house to put you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie.

Chorus

O-O Ro-sie
Rosie Lady Rosie.
O--O Ro--sie
Rosie Lady Rosie.

2

I've got a job to make you money,
Rosie Lady Rosie
I've got a job to make you money,
Rosie Lady Rosie

Chorus

3

Got a horse 'n buggy to ride you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie,
Got a horse 'n buggy to ride you in,
Rosie Lady Rosie.

Chorus

4

I'll do my best to make you happy,
Rosie Lady Rosie,
I'll do my best to make you happy,
Rosie Lady Rosie.

In slavery days this was one of the popular dance songs among Negroes. They had no other music oftentimes except vocal singing. This particular song was sung as they danced the popular dance called Stealing Partners (They clapped or slapped their hands to aid in the rhythm.)

1/5/39

S.J.

Rhussus L. Perry,
Macon County

BABYLON IS FALLING

Chorus

Babylon is a falling, falling
Babylon is a falling
I'll finish the work that I have to do

1

You go round an' I'll go through
I'll finish the work I have to do
(cho.)

2

When I git to the gate
I'm going to walk straight thro'
And talk about the struggle
I went thro'.
(cho.)

3

Oh! Satan so mad 'e don't know what to do
'Cause I passed 'im by and made it thro'.
(cho.)

4

When I git to heaven I ain't gonna rest
Gonna put on my shoes and strut my best.
(cho.)

1/5/39

S.J.

Thussus L. Perry,
Macon County,

IN DE KINGDOM LORD

Chorus

In de kingdom, kingdom, kingdom, Lord.
Look wa-y in de kingdom.
In de kingdom, kingdom, kingdom, Lord.
Look wa-y in de kingdom.

1

I got a mother in de hebens I know,
Look way in de kingdom
Well, I got a mother in de hebens I know.
Look way in de kingdom.

Chorus

2

When de mother 'gins to die, chilluns 'gin ter cry,
Look way in de kingdom.
O go long mother I'll meet you ag'in.
Look way in de kingdom.

Chorus

3

When de baby 'gins ter leave de mother 'gins ter grieve,
Look way in de kingdom,
O go long baby, I'll meet you ag'in,
Look way in de kingdom.

Chorus

4

I've got a home in de hebens I know,
Look way in de kingdom,
I've got a mansion in de hebens I know.
Look way in de kingdom.

Chorus

S. J.

1/5/39

STINGY.

- 1 -

You shant have none of my good ol' biscuit,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done
You shant have none of my good ol' biscuit
When my good ol' biscuit gits done.

- 2 -

You shant have none of my shortin' bread,
When my shortin' bread gits done,
When my shortin' bread gits done,
When my shortin' bread gits done
You shant have none of my shortin' bread,
When my good ol' shortin' bread gits done.

- 3 -

You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good ol' molasses bread gits done.

- 4 -

You shant have none of my good ol' chittlins,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
You shant have none of my good ol' chittlins,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done.

Note: This little "Corn song was sung in the plantations,
usually by the boys.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
~~12/1/38~~

You-

Stingy

1. You shant have none of my good ol biscuit,
When my good ol biscuit gits done,
When my good ol biskit gits done,
When my good ol biskit gits done
You shant have none of my good ol biskit
When my good ol biskit gits done.

2. You shant have non of my shortin bread,
When my shortin bread gits done,
When my shortin bread gits done
When my shortin bread gits done,
You shant have none of my shortin bread,
When my good ol shortin bread gits done.

3. You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good ol molasses bread gits done.

4. You shant have none of my good ol chittlins,
When my good ol chittlins gits done,
When my good ol chittlins gits done,
When my good ol chittlins gits done,
You shant have none of my good ol chittlins,
When my good ol chittlins gits done.

Note: This little "Corn song was sung in the plantations, usually
by the boys.

SPINGY.

- 1 -

You shant have none of my good ol' biscuit,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done,
When my good ol' biscuit gits done
You shant have none of my good ol' biscuit
When my good ol' biscuit gits done.

- 2 -

You shant have none of my shortin' bread,
When my shortin' bread gits done,
When my shortin' bread gits done,
When my shortin' bread gits done
You shant have none of my shortin' bread,
When my good ol' shortin' bread gits done.

- 3 -

You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
When my good molasses bread gits done,
You shant have none of my good molasses bread,
When my good ol' molasses bread gits done.

- 4 -

You shant have none of my good ol' chittlins,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done,
You shant have none of my good ol' chittlins,
When my good ol' chittlins gits done.

Note: This little "Corn song was sung in the plantations,
usually by the boys.

R.L.P.
Macon County
2/1/39

Nothing But Joy, JOY. JOY

1

Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

2

Always peace over there,
In my Father's house,
Always peace over there,
In my Father's house.
Always peace over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

3

Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but ~~peace~~ joy, joy, joy.

4

Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house,
Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

5

We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

R.L.P.
Macon County
2/1/39

Nothing But Joy, JOY. JOY

1

Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Always joy over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

2

Always peace over there,
In my Father's house,
Always peace over there,
In my Father's house.
Always peace over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

3

Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no war over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but ~~peace~~ joy, joy, joy.

4

Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house.
Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house,
Never no dying over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

5

We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
We'll be so happy over there,
In my Father's house.
Nothing but joy, joy, joy.

Rhuseus L. Perry

Macon County

~~11/22/22~~

Didn't My Lord Deliber Danuwel

Chorus

Didn't, Didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Dan, Dan-u-wel, Dan, Dan-u-wel
Didn't, didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Then why not deliberate me?

1. O, Jordan stream so chilly and wide,
None can't cross it but the sanctified.

Cho.

2. O, way down yonder⁷ bout jordan stream,
Angels shovin at dat charot wheel.

Cho.

3. O Satan thot he had me fas,⁷
I broke his log chain loose at las'.

Cho.

4. When I git ter heben, goin ter sing an⁷ shout,
Nobody there fer ter turn me out.

5. If you git dar fore I do,
Pray tell my Lawd I'm a'comin too.

Rhussus L. Perry,
Macon County,

DIDN'T MY LORD DELIBER DANUWEL

Chorus:

Didn't, Didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Dan, Dan-u-wel, Dan, Dan-u-wel
Didn't, didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Then why not deliber me?

1. O, Jordan stream so chilly and wide,
None can't cross it but the sanctified.

Chorus

2. O, way down yonder 'bout jordan stream,
Angels shovin' at dat charot wheel.

Chorus

3. O, Satan thot he had me fas',
I broke his log chain loose at las'.

Chorus

4. When I git ter heben, goin' 'or sing an' shout,
Nobody there for to turn me out.

Chorus

5. If you git dar'fore I do,
Pray tell my Lawd I'm a-comin' too.

Chorus

12/1/38
S.J.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
11/29/38.

Didn't My Lord Deliber Danuwel

Cho.

Didn't, Didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Dan, Dan-u-wel, Dan, Ban-u-wel
Didn't, didn't my Lawd deliber Dan-u-wel?
Then why not deliber me?

1.0, Jordan stream so chilly and wide,
None can't cross it but the sanctified.

Cho.

2.0, way down yonder bout jordan stream,
Angels shovin at dat charot wheel.

Cho.

3.0 Satan thot he had me fas,
I broke his log chain loose at las'.

Cho.

4. When I git ter heben, goin ter sing an shout,
Nobody there fer ter turn me out.

5. If you git dar fore I do,
Pray tell my Lawd I'm a'comin too.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County

~~11/29/38~~

Sit Down Servant

Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Soul so happy, Lord, can't sit down.

1

Dat aint all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me a long white robe an' a starry crown.
Go over yonder angel, get me a starry crown,
Place it on my servant's head, now, servant do sit down!

2

Cho.

Dat ain't all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me a starry crown, an a pair of wings.
Go over yonder angel, get me a pair of wings,
Put them on my servants frame, now, servant do sit down!

Cho.

3

Dat aint all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me a pair of wings, an golden shoes,
Go over yonder angel, get some golden shoes,
Place them on my servant's feet, now, servant do sit down!

Cho.

4

Dat aint all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me golden shoes, an a golden harp,
Go over yonder angel, get me a golden harp,
Give it to my servant there, now, servant do sit down!

Rhussus L. Perry

Rhussus L. Perry,
Macon County, Alabama.

SIT DOWN SERVANT

Chorus:

Sit down, servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down, servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down, servant. Can't sit down.
Soul so happy, Lord, can't sit down.

1

Dat ain't all yo' know, dat you promiss me,
Promiss me a long white robe an' a starry crown.
Go over yonder angel, get me a starry crown,
Place it on my servant's head, now, servant do sit down!
Chorus

2

Dat ain't all yo' know, dat you promiss me,
Promiss me a starry crown, an' a pair of wings.
Go over yonder angel, get me a pair of wings,
Put them on my servant's frame, now, servant do sit down!
Chorus

3

Dat ain't all yo' know, dat yo' promiss me,
Promiss me a pair of wings, an' golden shoes,
Go over yonder angel, get some golden shoes,
Place them on my servant's feet, now, servant do sit down!
Chorus

4

Dat ain't all yo' know, dat you promiss me,
Promiss me golden shoes, an' a golden harp,
Go over yonder angel, get me a golden harp,
Give it tomy servant there, now, servant do sit down!

12/1/38
s.j.

Rhussus L Perry,
Macon County
12/1/38

Gointa Kill Goliath

Chorus

We gonta kill Goliah,
We gonta kill Goliah,
We gonta kill Goliah in that mawnin.

1. Lawd gie me som water, um-hum
To wash my face, um-hum
Lawd gie me some water, um-hum
To wash my hands, um-hum.

Chorus

2. Ol Satan was a man, um-hum,
Free from sin, um-hum,
Ol Satan walked in, um-hum,
Heben doors op'n, um-hum.

Cho.

3. Ol Satan raised a row, um-hum
He got kicked out, um-hum,
Now he's a devil, um-hum
Right square on de level, um-hum.

Cho.

4. Better mind m'sister, um, hum,
How yo walk on de cross, um-hum
Foot might slip, um-hum,
Yo soul be los, um-hum.

Chorus

5. If yo git dar, um-hum
Fore I do, um-hum,
Tell my Lowd, um-hum
I'mcomin too, um, hum.

Chorus.

Rhussus L. Perry
Macon County
11/29/38

Sit Down Servant

Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Sit down servant. Can't sit down.
Soul so happy, Lord, can't sit down.

1

Dat aint all yo know, dat you promiss me,
Promiss me a long white robe an' a starry crown.
Go over yonder angel, get me a starry crown,
Place it on my servant's head, now, servant do sit down!

2

Cho.

Dat ain't all yo know, dat you promiss me,
Promiss me a starry crown, an a pair of wings.
Go over yonder angel, get me a pair of wings,
Put them on my servants frame, now, servant do sit down!

Cho.

3

Dat aint all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me a pair of wings, an golden shoes.
Go over yonder angel, get some golden shoes,
Place them on my servant's feet, now, servant do sit down!

Cho.

4

Dat aint all yo know, dat yo promiss me,
Promiss me golden shoes, an a golden harp,
Go over yonder angel, get me a golden harp,
Give it to my servant there, now, servant do sit down!

R. L. P.
Macin County
12-22-38

Babylon is a Falling

Chorus

Babylon is a falling, falling
Babylon is a falling
I'll finish the work that I have to do

1. You go round an' I'll go through
I'll finish the work I have to do
(cho)

2. When I git to the gate
I'm going to walk straight thro'
And talk about the struggle
I went thro'.
(cho)

3. Ol' satin so mad 'e don't know what to do
Cause I passed 'im by and made it thro'.
(cho)

When I git to heaven I ain' gonna rest
Gonna put on my shoes and strut my best.
(cho)

Drinking of the Wine

R. L. P.
Masson County
12-22-'38

Chorus

Drinking of the wine, the wine, eating of the bread
The bread the bread
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine.

1. If my sister ask for me
Tell her I'm gone to calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine. (cho.)

2. If my brother ask for me
Tell him I'm gone to calvary
I oughta been there ten thousand years
Drinking of the wine. (cho.)

3. If my mother ask for me etc.

4. If my father ask for me etc.

5. If my friends ask for me etc.

R.L.P.
Macon County
12/22/38

In a Dat Mawnin

O Lordy, whats my mother gonter do-o
O Lordy, whats my mother gonter do
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord
Ina dat mawnin when de Lord sez hurry.

2

O Lordy, my mothers dead an gon-e
O Lordy, my mothers dead an gone
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mawnin, O Lord,
Ina dat mawnin, when de Lord sez hurry.

3

O Lordy, my mother's etc.

4

O Lordy, my Sister etc.

5

O Lordy, my brother etc.

Home In Dat Rock

1

I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th earth an sky
I think I heard My Saviour cry
I got a home ina dat rock
Don't you see.

2

I've got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see
I've got a ~~mother~~ ^{mother} ina dat rock
Don't you see
Way beyond th earth an sky
I think I heard my saviour cry
I got a mother ina dat rock
Don't you see.