SOUTHERN JOURNEY
Sheep, Sheep
Don'tcha Know
The Road

Southern Music,
Sacred and Sinful
Volume 6

THE ALAN LOMAX COLLECTION
Don'tcha know the road
by the playin' of the song?

Don'tcha know the road
by the singin' of the song?

This expanded edition of Alan Lomax's original long-playing record explores the boundaries of "sacred" and "sinful" musical expression in the Southern communities that Lomax visited in 1959-60. The "sacred" music in this collection—hymns, spirituals, and gospel quartets—emerges from the South's unique history as a place where evangelical religions have flourished, and where the good-evil split has long been crystal clear to many. According to an age-old Protestant tradition, Lomax wrote, "the Lord fixed a deep gulf between the things of the spirit and the things of the flesh. As one preacher averred, 'When the Lord fixes something like that, he fixes it!'

Rural isolation, deprivation, and the hardships of frontier life bred a need for the consolations that could be supplied by an evangelical religion, which held out the promise in the hereafter of all the good that was elusive in the here-and-now. There were also, of course, the unceasing efforts of the mainstream Protestant denominations. The requirements of making communal music have cultivated a tradition of vibrant communal singing, as in the Old Regular Baptists' moving performance of a lined-out hymn ("Guide Me O Thou Great Jehovah," track 16) and the Sea Islands' worship community's uplifting call-and-response spiritual ("Sheep, Sheep Don'tcha Know the Road," track 1).

The grass-roots religious movements of the rural South fostered generations of folk composers and performers adept in adding life and vibrancy to New Testament imagery, as in the Bright Light Quartet's "The Prayer Wheel" (track 15) and Estil Ball's original composition "Tribulations" (track 11).

The old dichotomy between the sacred and sinful, rooted in the Reformation, in Calvinist doctrines, and in the conformism demanded by the early Protestant communities in the New World, persists in the Southern culture to this day. It might be described as an all-out war against evil and a striving for perfection on the one hand, and an abandonment to "wicked ways" on the other, and is present in different manifestations among both whites and blacks. Sacred and sinful represent two opposite and separate ways of life. Those who seek fellowship at church halls, picnics and outings are on the side of heaven; those who congregate at the bars and jukebox to dance, drink or use drugs are believed by many to be headed in another direction. Observers of Southern culture have long appreciated the irony that not far from the old country church, stood the backwoods still; or, that among those who worship on Sunday morning are those who revelled Saturday night. These contradictions have not escaped the attention of folk

1 Alan Lomax, liner notes to Southern Journey 5: Deep South: Sacred and Sinful (Prestige International Int 25808). Other unsourced Lomax quotations in these notes are taken from the original liner and song notes for this album.
poets, as witnessed by songs concerning drink
(‘Juice of the Forbidden Fruit,’ track 2; ‘Drunken
Hiccups,’ track 3) and songs lampooning religious
pieties (‘Corn Dodgers,’ track 9). And it is possible
that the anonymous genius who named a fiddle
tune ‘The Devil’s Dream’ (track 3) was playfully
teasing those who believed that secular music, and
certainly the fiddle, belonged to the devil’s realm.
In ‘You Done Tol’ Everybody’ (track 6) the narrator
scolds the heavens for his misfortunes, and con-
cludes with the wistful and perhaps ironic observa-
tion that ‘have been so many people strollin’ way
from home, Lord, Lord.’ ‘Sacred and sinful,’
Lomax tells us, are ‘two sides of the same music-
culture coin.’

1. SHEEP, SHEEP, DON'TCHA KNOW
THE ROAD
performed by Bessie Jones, leader; John Davis,
Pete Davis, Henry Morrison, and Willis Proctor,
voicings and handclapping. Recorded April 11, 1960
in Frederica, St. Simons Island, Georgia.

The struggle to stay on the right path remains a
widespread theme in Southern religious practice.
Here, the pastoral New Testament image of believ-
ers as sheep comes to life in a vibrant call-and-
response spiritual. Lomax has commented, “In
ture African style the path for the sheep into the
fold of the church is laid out in images of sound —
the playing (improvising and syncopating) of
the song, the chanting of prayers, the sound of
rhythmically marching or dancing feet, the clapped
polyrhythms.”

Bessie Jones, who often sang lead with the Sea
Island Singers, was a remarkable repository of
African-American folk music. As Mrs. Jones her-
self remarked, she had had the good fortune of
having known and learned from all four of her
grandparents. She inherited much of her repertory,
including the present spiritual, from grandparents
born into slavery in the 1840s. A version entitled
‘De Ol’ Sheep Done Know De Road’ (‘De Young
Lam’s Mus’ Fin’ De Way’) was published in James
Weldon Johnson’s Second Book of American Negro
Spirituals (New York: Viking Press, 1940 [1926]).
Lomax believes the present performance to be the
first recording of this spiritual.

Chorus:
Sheep, sheep, don’tcha know the road
Yes, my Lord, I know the road.
(2x)

And say,
“There ain’t none for you.”
2. THE JUICE OF THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT
performed by Neil Morris, vocals and guitar.
Recorded October 6, 1959, in Timbo, Arkansas.

In this song, the Bible’s famous words on temptation and evil are a springboard for humorous reflections on the universal appeal of intoxicating drink. Lomax commented that this song “belongs to the class of somewhat ribald drinking songs once popular among the independent liberated wits in the West.” H. M. Belden reports that a Missouri version of this song was collected from the oral tradition in 1906, but that it may have originated on the stage.3

Chorus
Way back in old times, long years before the war, When the apple tree Eve did climb, She threw down the core that made her feel sore, For Adam, her husband to chew.

Chorus
And ever since then all manner of men: The blind, the lame, and the mute, The bankers and clerks, politicians and Turks Drank the juice of that forbidden fruit.

Chorus
When the leader has time, from his chair he will climb.


And the others will all follow suit. Walk up to the bar, not for a cigar, But the juice of the forbidden fruit.

Chorus
There was Charles and Bob Ford, drank it out of a gun’s hole In order just to ruin. Frank James, out on bail, drank it out of a pail, The juice of that forbidden fruit.

Chorus
I’ve a girl, Sarah Ann, she’ll take down her can, Whenever we have a dispute. And when we make up, together we’ll sup The juice of that forbidden fruit.

Chorus
3. DEVIL’S DREAM
performed by Hobart Smith, fiddle.
Recorded April 28, 1960 in Williamsburg, Virginia.

In Southern communities, many pious folk believe that instrumental music belongs to the realm of the Devil. Perhaps no instrument conjures more powerful images of hellfire than the fiddle in the hands of a master. In Folk Songs of North America, Lomax reports the folk belief that “To be a master fiddler…you had to meet the Devil at midnight at the crossroads or in the graveyard and enter into a contract with him.”4 Hobart Smith, one of America’s greatest virtuosos of the instrument, performs this display piece with characteristic gusto.

4 You got dimples in your Jaws performed by Willie Jones, vocals and guitar; Roland Hayes, drums; Forrest City Joe B. Pugh, harmonica. Recorded October 1, 1959 in Hughes, Arkansas.

Lomax remembered recording this driving performance of downhome rhythm and blues in “the wilds of the Arkansas bottom, where the Mississippi blues singers used to go when things got too hot in the East. Here, on one memorable night in a gambling dive, surrounded by gun-toting and hard-headed women, I recorded the hectic and city-influenced blues style of the deep South of today.”

You got dimples in your jaws (5x) You’re my baby, got my eyes on you.

I see you every day (5x) You’re my baby, got my eyes on you.
You got dimples in your jaws (5x)
You're my baby, got my eyes on you.

I see you every day (5x)
You're my baby, got my eyes on you.

You got great big legs (5x)
You're my baby, got my eyes on you.

5. DRUNKEN HICCUPS
performed by Hobart Smith, fiddle.
Recorded August 24, 1959 in Bluefield, Virginia.

The fiddle's "hiccups" pizzicato returns us to the theme of drink. Also known as "Rye Whiskey," "Jack o' Diamonds" and "The Moonshiner's Song," "Drunken Hiccups" offers a vivid glimpse of the debauched life of the drunkard and gambler. Lomax commented, "In Scotland and Ireland there are many songs in praise of whiskey. In America, the temperance songs outnumber hymns to Bacchus. Our best-known piece about whiskey asserts an unyielding loyalty to the bottle but ruefully admits its evils."5

Jack of diamonds, jack of diamonds,
I know you of old.
You robbed my old pockets
Of silver and gold.

Chorus:
Hiccup! O Lordy, how bad do I feel.
Hiccup! O Lordy, how bad do I feel.
You robbed my old pockets,
You picked my old purse.
You made my old clothes
Look worse and worse.

Chorus:
I'll drink and I'll gamble,
My money's my own.
It's nobody's business
How much I do owe.

6. YOU DONE TOL' EVERYBODY
performed by Fred McDowell, vocals and guitar.
Recorded September 25, 1959 in or around Como, Panola County, Mississippi.

The narrator of this blues complains of a variety of ills, including gossip, deceit, abandonment, and the sinful life. The last line "Have been so many people strolling away from home" reminds us how far we are, in the universe of the blues, from the good road referred to in the spiritual opening this collection.

His encounter with Mississippi bluesman Fred McDowell was for Alan Lomax one of the high points of his 1959 Southern field recording adventure. "In him," Lomax wrote, "the great tradition of the blues runs pure and deep and no note in one of his performances lacks a touch of great and gentle melancholy."

Lord, you done tol' everybody in your neighborhood (2x)
You was a dirty mistreater, Lord,
you didn't mean me no good.

I wouldn't hate it so bad, baby,
but you broke my diamond ring. (3x)

Lord, I'm goin' to the sergeant,
I'm gonna call that chief of police. (2x)
Lord, my baby done quit me,
I can't see no peace. (2x)

I looked down the road, baby,
just as far as I could see. (2x)
Lord, a gang of women,
they was following right after me.

6 Cecil Sharp, English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, ed. by Maude Karpeles (London: Oxford University Press, 1932), pp. 244-258.


7. THE HOUSE CARPENTER (Child No. 243)
performed by Almeda Riddle, vocals. Recorded early October, 1959 in Heber Springs, Arkansas.

The "House Carpenter" is a variant of "James Harris," or "The Daemon Lover" (Child No. 243), a ballad widely known in the Anglo-American folk repertory. It can be traced as far back as the 17th century in England, where it appears in the Pepys broadside collections. Ozarks folk singer Almeda Riddle's version, with some local adaptations, resembles several of Cecil Sharp's finds in North Carolina in 1916 and 1918.6 Riddle had an enormous love of old ballads, and developed her own masterly style of unaccompanied ballad singing. Here she demonstrates remarkable control of pitch and effective use of vibrato, tremolo, glissando, and vocal breaks. In her oral biography, Riddle recalls hearing this song from her father, who often sang to her at bedtime. Appalled by the image of a
They'll go to see the girl
and they'll tell her
that they
love her,

And the next thing you know they're lookin' for another.

mother abandoning her infant, Riddle remembered her "great satisfaction out of the thought that she got her just desserts" by drowning. Appropriate to Riddle's perspective, this song about temptation followed leads the adulterous couple to the black hills of Hell.

"Well met, well met, my own true love."
"Well met, well met," quoth he,
"Now I could have been married to a King's daughter fair,
and would have but for love of thee,
I would have, but remembered thee."

"Now if you could have married
a King's daughter fair,
I'm sure you're much to blame,
For I am now married to a house carpenter,
And I think he's a fine young man,
And I proudly wear his name."

"Now if you leave your house carpenter
And will come and go with me,
I'll take you where the grass grows green
On the banks of the sweet Willie,
And pleasure we will see."

"And if I leave my house carpenter
And go along with thee,
What have you to maintain me on
To keep me from poverty —

To keep me from poverty?"

"Well, seven ships on the ocean sail,
And the eight one brought me in,
A hundred and ten big bigger men
Will come at your command —
They'll come at your command."

Now, she picked up her sweet little baby
And kisses gave it three.
Said "Stay at home with father, my darling,
And keep him company,
And try to remember me."

Then she dressed herself in a scarlet dress,
Most beautiful to be seen,
And she wrapped herself in a purple cloak,
And she looked like a gypsy queen.
O she looked like a gypsy queen.

Now they hadn't been sailing but about two weeks,
I'm sure it was not three,
When this lady began to weep,
And she wept most bitterly,
O she wept most piteously.

"Now, why do you weep, my own true love?
Is it for more gold or store?
Or is it for this house carpenter,
We left on England's shore,
That you'll never see anymore?"
"Cursed be your gold and silver;
Thrice cursed be your store.
I'm weeping for my own little boy,
I left on England's shore,
Will I see it anymore?"

"Cheer up, cheer up, my own true love,
Cheer up, cheer up," said he.
"For as I live, you will not return,
I will keep you here with me,
And land you'll never see."

Now they sailed on about three weeks,
I'm sure it was not four,
When the bottom of the ship sprung a leak
And the ocean in did pour.
And the flames began to rear.

"O cursed be a sailor's life,
Thrice cursed all men of the sea,
One has taken me from my house carpenter,
And now he's drowning me,
Or else he is burning me."

"What are these hills, my love," she said,
"They look as white as snow."
"These are the hills of heaven, my love,
Where your little baby will go,
But you and I will not know.
Heaven will never know."

"And what are these other hills," she said,
"They look as black as night."
"Those are the hills of Hell," he said,
"Where you and I'll unite,
Where you and I'll unite."

8. STRAIGHTEN 'EM
performed by the Bright Light Quartet, vocals and guitar. Recorded May 5, 1960 in Weems, Virginia. Previously unreleased.

Chorus:
Well, we've got liars in our church,
in our home, in our town (etc.)
Chorus
Well, we've got singers in our church,
in our home, in our town (etc.)
Chorus
Well, we've got deacons in our church,
in our home, in our town (etc.)
Chorus

9. CORN DOGERS

In the cocky, debunking style long familiar in American letters, politics, and popular culture, "Corn Dodgers" takes relish in shooting down established professions and categories, including religious denominations, to which four of its verses are devoted. The song was apparently popular in the Ozarks, and one entry also appears in a collection of North Carolina folklore. A master of Ozarks wit and song, Neil Morris's satirical barbs at religion undoubtedly rankled some of his listeners. Morris was the father of Jimmie Driftwood (James Morris), himself an influential Ozarks singer and folklorist.

Chorus:
And it's all a-doggin', it's a long corn dodger,
And it's all a-doggin'—
That's the way with the world.

Then, the lawyer he's a dodger,
He's a long corn dodger,
And the lawyer he's a dodger,
And he's a dodger too.
He'll plead your case and wish you well.

And the next thing you know, he'll wish you...
Chorus

Well, the Methodist's a dodger,
They're a long corn dodger,
And the Methodist's a dodger,
And they're a dodger too.
They'll talk about hell and heaven on high,
And the next thing you know
They're dodgin' for the pie.
Chorus

Well, the Baptist's a dodger,
They're a long corn dodger,
And the Baptist's a dodger,
And they're a dodger too.
They'll drink their wine and their liquor too,
And they'll drink it all up
And say "There ain't none for you!"
Chorus

Well, the Camelot's a dodger,
He's a long corn dodger,
And the Camelot's a dodger,
And he's a dodger too.
He's got his religion and
He don't know where he got her,
And he'll wear the way to heaven
Is through a hole of water.
Chorus

Well, the Holiness's a dodger,
They're a long corn dodger,
And the Holiness's a dodger and
They're a dodger too.
They'll jump and roll and whoop and yell,
For everybody else is a-goin' to hell.
Chorus

Well, the young girl's a dodger,
She's a long corn dodger,
And the young girl's a dodger,
And she's a dodger too.
She'll spend every time
With the powder and the paint,
To make a boy think he's gittin' what he ain't.
Chorus

Well, the old maid's a dodger,
She's a long corn dodger,
And the old maid's a dodger,
And she's a dodger too.
She'll spend every time a primpin' and a paintin',
And if she can't catch a boy
She'll catch a fella paintin',
Chorus

Then, the boys they're a dodger,
They're a long corn dodger,
And the boys they're a dodger,
And they're a dodger too.
They'll go to see the girl,

"And what are those hills," she said
"They look as black as night," he said

"Those are the hills of Hell,"
he said

"Where you and I'll unite."
When he come, little children
...Death gonna
straighten out all you members,
when he come,
when he come.
When the fire comes down from heaven,
And the blood shall fill the sea,
I'll be carried home by Jesus,
And forever with Him be.

The beast with horns will come upon you,
One with seven, one with ten.
Men will cry unto the mountains,
They'll pray to die but cannot win.

Chorus

The mark must be upon your forehead,
These worldly goods you then can buy.
"Depart from me, I never knew you,"
You'll hear my Blessed Savior cry.

Chorus

12. NO ROOM AT THE INN/
THE LAST MONTH OF THE YEAR

performed by Vera Ward Hall, vocals.
Recorded October 10, 1959 in the vicinity of Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

In the original liner notes, Lomax recalled his first encounter with this original and moving version of the Nativity story: "When I was interviewing Vera Hall for her biography in 1945, I asked her for a Christmas song and she responded by telling me the story of the Nativity as she had told it to her Sunday School class in the country near Livingston for many years. It seems to me that this tale belongs in the first rank of Christmas stories, along with A Christmas Carol and The Gift of the Magi. The animals, and not man, take compassion on Mary and become the heroes of their story. The oxen, who, the folk say, fall on their knees at midnight on Christmas Eve, back off in corners so Jesus will have a place to be born in the hay. The moral is that we love Jesus because He had a hard time in this world, a comment that comes straight out of the wounded heart of a sensitive girl who grew up in the backwoods of Alabama forty years ago.

There was no room, no room, no room.
There was no room, no room, no room at the hotel.
And the time had fully come
For our Savior to be born;
There was no room, Lord, no room, no room.

That mother she got worried,
And she began to cry;
"Cause she was to deliver a man-child,
And the time had fully come
For our Savior to be born;
There was no room, Lord, no room, no room.

That holl-boy, potty (porter),
Matron and wait (waiter),
They saw that haintful look,
As they turned poor Mary away:
There was no room, Lord, no room, no room;
There was no room, no room in the hotel.
And the time had fully come
For our Savior to be born;
There was no room, Lord, no room in the hotel.
And the time had fully come
For our Savior to be born;
There was no room, Lord, no room, no room.

Speaks: jesus, little baby Jesus, didn't have no room,
no place in the world to be born. Everywhere Mary went — Jesus' mother Mary — for him to be born, there was no room, and nobody would let her come in. They turned her away everywhere she went. She went to the hotel. They had a big hotel there and they had plenty of room, whole lot of rooms. Joseph carried her up she walk there to the old manger place where he was sitting. He looked at her; the holl-boy, the potty (porter), the matron, the wait (waiter), his servants, was standin' there and they saw that haintful look that he had on his face and he turned poor Mary away. Said, "No room, no, No room here."

You know, I wish I'd a been there. I'd have give her my bed and I'd have get up, and sit up; if I had to sit
up on the floor. I couldn't have turned 'em away that way. I'd let her laid in my bed until Joseph, her husband Joseph — I reckon that was her husband, must have been — carried her somewhere else to their home. They wasn't ever live there always. And so they had went everywhere they knew to go. Mmm, that was bad, too. Joseph was ridin' a mule, him and Mary. He made her sometimes ride on the mule and he walk, and then he ride and she be walkin'. Poor Mary, she was sufferin' in pain. Jesus was to be born. So as nothin' else, Joseph 'cided in his mind that it was a shame to just lay down on the ground right there for Jesus to be born; he wanted to get 'em some kind of shelter. Mary and Joseph journeyed on back down to this barn where they had left the mule they was ridin'. He had a place to stay and they didn't. Those steer and those bulls was lookin' through big ol' cracks in the barn. They was lookin' at them comin' on down that way. They was lookin' at them as to say out of the eyes. "I wish they would come in here, we'll get back and let Jesus be born. They was just lookin' at her, breathin' with big ol' wishful eyes. I do believe their eyes was full of water. Old, big, mean lookin' bulls — they were better to Mary than people was. They got back, got off in corners, and made room for Mary to come in so that she could lay down and Jesus be born. He had to be born in that stable on that nasty ol' hay, trodden in by those cows and things all night. The oven got back and let little baby Jesus be borned on the hay, and they breathed their warm breath there to keep him warm. He was naked; he didn't have a thread layin' in the hay. You know what bay is, don't you, child? I can remember when I was a child, we had a very, very gentle cow. Her name was Mary, and my older sister used to on and milk her. She sit on the box and be milkin' her and I'd stand in the front of her, cold, frosty mornin', white frost, and I'd be just swingin' my hands like this, and her warm breath would keep my hands warm. I'd walk up and let her breathe down in my bosom so she could keep me warm down there. It was chilly. That's the way they did to baby Jesus. They breathed their warm breath; all ol' em breathe at once to keep him warm till his mother Mary could find something to wrap him up in. If I had been there, I sure would have give her one of my old dresses to wrap him up; anything she would have took or wanted in my house, I would have give it to her. I love Jesus. He had a hard time comin' into this world. He had to go, and be born in a poor manger, in a stable, be borned on hay. And that's the reason I love him 'cause we has a hard time, you know that yourself, we do; we have a hard time, lots of times. And I want you all to remember that Christmas is Jesus's birthday. And I want you all to remember this song, and don't ever forget it...Jesus birthday, the month that Jesus was born in. You bigger girls should remember and sing it to the little ones, hear? What month was Jesus born in? Last month of the year (2x)
Chorus:
Oh Lord, you January, February,
March, oh Lord!
You got April, May and June, Lord,
You got July, August, September,
October and November,
You got twenty-fifth day of December,
It's the last month of the year.

I'm talkin' 'bout Mary's baby,
Last month of the year.
(2x)
Chorus

He was born in a manger,
Last month in the year.
(2x)
Chorus

13. MY MOTHER DIED AND LEFT ME
performed by James Shorty, vocals and Fred McDowell, guitar. Recorded late September, 1959 in the vicinity of Como, Panola County, Mississippi.

Lomax wrote, "James Shorty, one of Fred McDowell's neighbors, was well known for his solos in local churches. His favorite songs came out of the genre of blues-influenced spirituals of a melancholy cast that became popular in the '20s and '30s with singers like Blind Willie Johnson. As far as I know, this sorrow-laden testament of the orphan boy is Shorty's own composition."

Well, to say one word for me,
O heavenly Father, stand by me.

Late one Friday evening
The sun was almost down,
I didn't have nobody on my harpin' ground.
Well now, I fell on my knees,
Talk to Jesus 'til I was pleased,
O heavenly Father, stand by me.

Chorus

Sometimes, suppose to be in company,
Then again I wants to be alone,
Worried 'bout my mother,
I once had in my home.
Yes, now I go down on my knees,
Talk to Jesus 'til I am pleased,
O heavenly Father stand by me.

Chorus

Sometimes midnight hours,
My mother walked the floor,
I remember my mother,
Yes, she'd go from door to door,
Well, then drop down on her knees,

Gal! I had you, you wouldn't do.
Get me another one, don't want you.
Long time, so bad.

15. THE PRAYER WHEEL
performed by the Bright Light Quartet, vocals and guitar. Recorded May 5, 1960 in Weems, Virginia.

As in E. C. Ball's "Tribulations," the text of this spiritual evokes vivid imagery drawn from the Books of Ezekiel and Revelation as well as Lomax wrote, "the hellfire of rural Negro ministers. In this quartet piece, however, the terror of the vision is diminished by the playful interplay between tenor lead and bullfrog bass. The Bright Light Quartet is famous among their friends for this one."

Chorus 1:
Well, don'tcha know my God called this mornin'?
Aye, Lord Jesus,
Well, my God called this mornin'
Just a little while before day.
Chorus 1 repeats

Well, I stopped and listened
How sweet the voice did sound,
Sounds the big, big bell of the angels ringin'
When that baby come down.
Well, I stopped and steadied myself,
I looked, but saw no one.
Then I looked, 'way up in heaven, Lord. 
Saw God's baby Son.

Chorus 2:
As the prayer wheel runs, started movin',
And the spirit of God sent my soul a-jumpin',
And the prayer wheel turned over,
And I moved one step into glory,
And I rose up and shouted,
"Lord God-a-mighty!"
Well, my God called me this mornin', child, 
Just a little while before day.

Chorus 1
Well, I heard the rumblin' thunder, 
Aye, Lord.
Then I saw the sinners goin' under 
Just a little while before day,
Well, I saw the zig-zag lightnin'
Aye, Lordy.
Then I heard the bell bounds barkin' 
Just a little while before day,
Well, now, stop! Let me tell you 
What my God said to me, 
"Well," He said, "if you want to make it 
to my kingdom, Lord. 
You got to get on your bended knee."

End of Verse 2
Chorus 2

10. GUIDE ME O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH
sung by members of the Mt. Olivet Old Regular 
Baptist Church, led by Iko Caudill.
Recorded September 5, 1959 in Letcher County, 
Kentucky.

This lining hymn returns to an idea presented first 
in "Sheep, Sheep, Don'tcha Know the Road," the 
need for strength and guidance in following the 
difficult path of life. The original hymn was 
composed in Welsh in 1745 by William Williams, and 
throughout the world. It remains a 
national favorite in Wales, and is sung frequently at 
public gatherings. In the lining-hymn style sung 
by this Old Regular Baptist congregation, the 
leader first sings a line of text ("lines out") and 
the congregation repeats it, keeping a very slow 
tempo. The ideal sound is not a perfectly-coordinated 
tonal and rhythmic blend, but a sea of individual 
voices, each giving a heartfelt rendition of 
the same melody and text. This results in an 
extraordinary heterophony in which the wavelike 
attack of the song is that of a guitar strumming 
with cascades of sound.

Caudill: Guide me, O thou great Jehovah. 
Pilgrim through this barren land...

Congregation: Pilgrim through this barren land.

Caudill: I am weak but Thou art mighty...
Congregation: I am weak but Thou art mighty.
Caudill: Hold me with Thy powerful hands. (etc.)
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven
Feed me till I want no more.
Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow.
With the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
Strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Feed me with the heavenly manna.
In this barren wilderness,
Be my sword and shield and banner...

Chorus 2
Chorus 1
Lord, I wished I was in heaven sittin' down.