

VOLUME TWO

Recorded, Produced & Annotated by ART ROSENBAUM

ETHNIC FOLKWAYS RECORDS FE 34162



# Folk Visions & Voices

TRADITIONAL MUSIC & SONG IN NORTHERN GEORGIA

Black Frolic Songs, Work Songs & Blues

String Band Music, Banjo Tunes & Songs



Joe Rakestraw, Athens, 1980



Mabel Cawthorn of Carnesville, at Festival of Georgia Folklife, Atlanta, 1983

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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### VOLUME II, SIDE I

#### BLACK FROLIC SONGS, WORK SONGS, AND BLUES

- Band 1 GARFIELD  
J.C. "Jake" Stagers, vocal and narration, and banjo.
- Band 2 SALLY ANN  
J.C. "Jake" Stagers, vocal and banjo.
- Band 3 OLD JOHN HENRY DIED ON THE MOUNTAIN  
Henry Grady Terrell, vocal.
- Band 4 LONG—LEGGED LULA'S BACK IN TOWN  
Cliff Sheats, vocal and piano.
- Band 5 RAILROAD BILL (Laws 113)  
Willie Hill, vocal and guitar.
- Band 6 GOOD OLD BIRMINGHAM  
Willie Hill, vocal and guitar.
- Band 7 LOW-DOWN BLUES  
Neal Pattmen, vocal and (mouth) harp.
- Band 8 MARKET STREET BLUES  
Joe Rakestraw, vocal and guitar.
- Band 9 LEAVIN' HERE, DON'T KNOW WHERE I'M GOIN'  
Joe Rakestraw, vocal and fiddle; Art Rosenbaum, guitar.

### VOLUME II, SIDE II

#### STRING BAND MUSIC, BANJO TUNES AND SONGS

- Band 1 PRETTIEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE COUNTY-O  
Gordon Tanner, vocal and fiddle; Smoky Joe Miller,  
guitar; Uncle John Patterson, banjo.
- Band 2 STAGOLEE WAS A BULLY (Laws 115)  
Uncle John Patterson, vocal and banjo.
- Band 3 SHOOT THAT TURKEY BUZZARD  
Joe Chancey, vocal and guitar; Chesley Chancey, vocal  
and banjo, Ralph Chancey, mandolin.
- Band 4 MULBERRY GAP  
Chesley Chancey, banjo.
- Band 5 I WISH I WAS A MOLE IN THE GROUND  
Chesley Chancey, vocal and banjo; Joe Chancey, vocal  
and guitar; Ralph Chancey, mandolin; Don Chancey, bass  
violin; Gene Wiggins and Art Rosenbaum, fiddles.
- Band 6 FIVE HUNDRED MILES  
George Childers, vocal and banjo; Bobby Childers, guitar.
- Band 7 GOIN' DOWN THIS ROAD FEELIN' BAD  
George Childers, vocal and banjo.
- Band 8 THE DYING GIRL  
Mabel Cawthorn, vocal and banjo.
- Band 9 DAWSONVILLE JAIL  
Ray Knight, vocal and guitar; Ed Teague, banjo;  
Art Rosenbaum, fiddle.
- Band 10 SALLY GOODIN  
Ray Knight, vocal and spoons; Ed Teague, banjo.
- Band 11 FIVE TO MY FIVE  
Rev. Howard Finster, vocal and banjo.
- Band 12 SOME HAVE FATHERS OVER YONDER  
Rev. Howard Finster, vocal and banjo.

Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum

This record is a companion to FOLK VISIONS AND VOICES:  
TRADITIONAL MUSIC AND SONG IN NORTH GEORGIA, Athens:  
The University of Georgia Press, 1983.

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Black Frolic songs, Work Songs & Blues  
String Band Music, Banjo Tunes & Songs

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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### INTRODUCTION

North Georgia runs from the Tallulah Gorge and Chattooga River country on the South Carolina border across the Blue Ridge Mountains south of the North Carolina line, over to the long ridges of Lookout Mountain angling up toward Tennessee, then down through the piney woods and textile mill towns of the Piedmont into the northern edge of the old cotton belt plantation country extending east and west from Atlanta. In this area rural people of English and African descent and mountain folk of Scotch-Irish and German stock have nurtured and developed a variety of folk music styles, emblematic of Southern traditions and well-springs of later American musical forms. Some, like the spirited Piedmont fiddle band music and the raggy Piedmont blues, are distinctive styles that became popular beyond the region through early "hill-billy" and "race" commercial records in the twenties and thirties. Other traditions, like unaccompanied mountain ballad singing, banjo breakdowns and songs, black early spirituals and their secular counterparts in frolic and work songs, are more widespread through the South, though Georgians give them a distinctive flavor.

We have been seeking out and recording performers of these older styles since 1977 and have found singers and musicians with retentive memories and authentic and authoritative performing styles. They learned their music at a time when family, church, and neighborhood were the chief sources of musical expression and entertainment, just before or during the time when radio and recordings were beginning to draw upon, proliferate, and transform these local traditions. Of the many hundreds of musical examples we recorded, over eighty were published in our book *Folk Visions and Voices: Traditional Music and Song in North Georgia* (field col-

lecting, text, drawings and paintings by Art Rosenbaum; photographs by margo Newmark Rosenbaum; musical transcriptions by Béla Foltin, Jr.; foreword by Pete Seeger. Athens: University of Georgia Press, 1983.) This work emphasizes the lives and experiences of the most interesting informants we recorded and interviewed and presents drawings, paintings, and photographs from the exhibition which was the initial mode of presenting the material.

The present two-volume LP anthology draws all its material from the book. In most cases the example on the record was also the source for the text and tune transcription in the book, although in some cases an alternate take was used; and in a few instances pieces were re-recorded expressly for these records when a better performance was desired. The recordings were made on a Pioneer RT-1050 stereo deck in homes and churches across north Georgia, and the informality of the situations, heard at times through laughter, incidental comments, background noises, should contribute to rather than detract from the spirit and persuasiveness of the performances. These records can serve as companions to the book *Folk Visions and Voices*, along with our other Folkways LP, *Down Yonder--Old Time String Band Music from Georgia*, with Gordon Tanner, Smoky Joe Miller, and Uncle John Patterson (FTS 31089), which includes much of the musical material from the chapter on Gordon Tanner and his family and friends who have carried on the tradition of Gordon's father, Gid, and his famous Skillet Lickers string band.

Through their long history Afro-American and Anglo-American, and sacred and secular folk music traditions have coexisted and at times influenced each other in north Georgia. In this spirit we have paired the older white mountain ballad and lyric song traditions with black religious singing on Volume I; and black "worldly" music

like blues, work songs, and pre-blues frolic tunes with white banjo tunes and string band music on Volume II. These two discs, along with *Down Yonder*, will present the powerful and varied folk music of north Georgia as it has been carried into the last decades of the twentieth century. Our appreciation goes to the talented and dedicated folk musicians of the area who welcomed us into their homes, churches, and social gatherings, and who shared with us, and now with you, the listener, these treasured traditions.

### VOLUME II, SIDE I

BLACK FROLIC SONGS, WORK SONGS,  
AND BLUES

#### SIDE I, Band 1 GARFIELD

Sung and narrated by J.C. "Jake"  
Staggers with 5-string banjo; Toc-  
coa, Stephens County, July 25, 1981.

Jake Staggers is the only black banjo-picker we have recorded in Georgia. He was born in 1899 in Oconee County, South Carolina, though he has spent the last fifty years across the Tugaloo River in Toccoa, Georgia. At ten he began to learn the banjo from his older brother, Hansell, a friend named Jesse Godine, and Garnett Spencer, a white man. He acquired a rich repertoire of railroad songs, pre-blues frolic pieces, and spirituals, and a solid drop-thumb frailing style on the banjo that made him a sought-after musician for black and white dances, and gatherings where "black and white get on the flo" at one time and dance." He is proud that in those days he "couldn't be beat", and even in the 1980's his playing and singing vividly exemplifies the black contribution of the African-derived banjo and the songs associated with it, to American music. This song is a cante-fable, or spoken narrative interspersed with sung elements; Jake learned it from his brother, Hansell, who learned it as a railroad worker. The white North Carolina collector-performer Bascom Lamar Lunsford sang and recited this piece, also to banjo accompaniment (Library of Congress

recording AFS L29, *Songs and Ballads of American History and the Assassination of Presidents*); Lunsford's version associates the story with President Garfield's assassination by Charles Guiteau, seen as a small-town street attack. The sung melodies in Staggers's and Lunsford's versions are similar, and point to a black origin of the piece. For a related fragment, see "My Frien' Garfield" in Mellingier Edward Henry, *Folk-Songs from the Southern Highlands*, New York: J.J. Augustin, 1938, p. 439. Staggers's version varies considerably from performance to performance; see his April 18, 1981 performance in *Folk Visions and Voices*, pp. 80-81. He incorporates into the present recording a fragment of a favorite spiritual of his, "How Long the Train Been Gone?" (FVV, pp. 84-85).

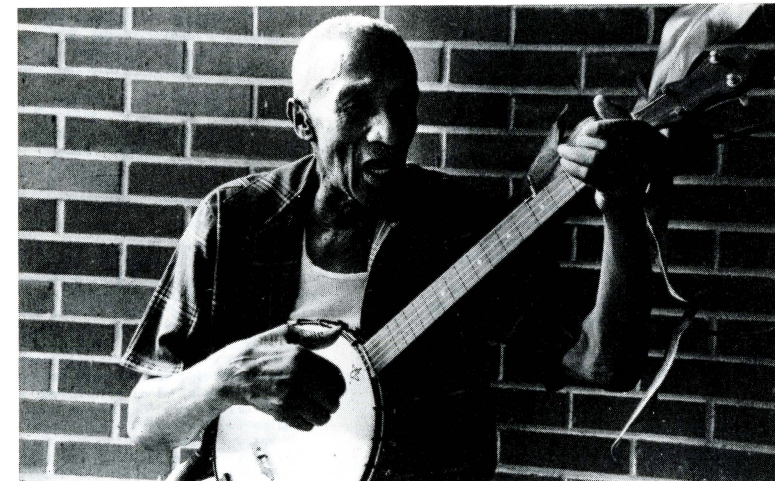
Sung:  
Oh Garfield', kill a man, kill a  
man, kill a man.

Spoken:  
Little Garfield' smokin' one hundred  
dollar cigar, y'know, Big Garfield'  
smokin' two hundred dollar cigar, went  
down the road one mornin', y'know,  
soon. Little Garfield' went to walkin'  
down the road, an' Big Garfield' got up  
this mornin', knocked at the do', his  
wife gettin' breakfas'. Goin' down the  
road a little further, met Little Gar-  
field'. Big Garfield' tol' Little Gar-  
field', says, my cigar smokes better 'n  
yours. Little Garfield' tol' him, no,  
no. Big Garfield' turn aroun' to Little  
Garfield', an' shot him.

Sung:  
Shot him in the side, shot him in the  
side.

Spoken:  
Big Garfield' turned around to his wife,  
y'know,

Sung:  
Don' let my lovin' wife know, don't  
let my lovin' wife know, Lord,  
Don' let my lovin' wofe know.



Jake Staggers, Toccoa, 1981.

Oh Garfiel', oh, Garfiel', kill a man.

Spoken:  
Turned around an' said:

Sung:  
How long the train been gone?  
How long the train been gone?  
How long the train been gone?

Spoken:  
Big Garfiel' turned aroun' to his wife and said:

Sung:  
Oh, mamma, oh, Lordy me!  
Oh, mamma, what I'm gonna do?  
Big Garfiel'--

Spoken:  
Walked off, looked back, an' say:

Sung:  
Ah, you better come an' go with me,  
Better come an' go with me,  
Ah, better come an' go with me.

Killed a man, shot 'im in the side,  
shot 'im in the side.

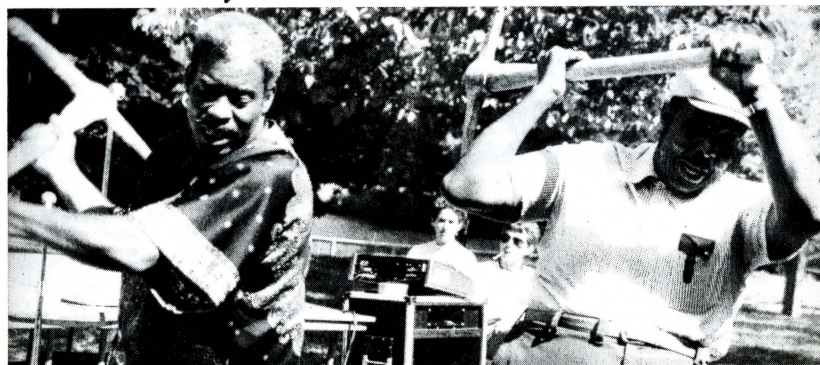
Oh, mamma, what I'm gonna do?  
Oh, mamma, what I'm gonna do?

SIDE I, Band 2 SALLY ANN

Sung by J.C. "Jake" Staggers with 5-string banjo; Toccoa, Stephens County, July 25, 1981.

Though this song is clearly of black origin, it has in large part moved into the white repertoire, where it is performed as a banjo piece in the old-time and bluegrass modes, and as a fiddle or string-band piece. The only recent black performance is that of Lacey Phillips of Caldwell County, North Carolina, who plays it drop-thumb style on banjo, without singing (Physical Records 12-001). White performances are numerous, a few being Wade Ward (Virginia, Folkways FA 2363); Tommy Jarrell (Virginia, County LP 748); Junie Scruggs (North Carolina, Folkways FA 2314), a prototype of the well-known Earl Scruggs banjo instrumental version). We have recorded versions in Georgia from Lawrence Eller, Ray Knight, and W. Guy Bruce. For a transcription of this performance, see FVV, p. 82.

1. I got a sugar foot down the road,  
(four times).



Doug Quimby and Henry Grady Terrell demonstrating work songs, Festival of Georgia Folklife, 1983.

2. Down the road, darlin', down the road (four times).
3. Sift the meal and save the bran, (three times)  
Goi ' to the weddin' with Sally Ann.
4. I'm gonna marry Sally Ann (four times).
5. Repeat 4.
6. Repeat 3.
7. Sal got a meatskin laid away, (three times)  
Grease John's wooden leg every day.

SIDE I, Band 3 OLD JOHN HENRY DIED ON THE MOUNTAIN

Sung by Henry Grady Terrell; Athens, Clarke County, July 3, 1981.

Henry Terrell, or "Big Boy" as he is affectionately called by Doc Barnes, with whom he has sung gospel music for years, has dedicated his talent and his rich baritone voice to the service of his faith. He sings in three church choirs, and readers of Folk Visions and Voices know him as Mr. HGT, as he preferred not to attach his name to the "other kind of singing" he had done when he was cutting highways as a teenager in the thirties with pick and shovel, "way back when you were-- beatin' a dog with a 'simmon tree! The world was on fire, then. They put that fire out, on them jobs!" He is one of the few singers of the old work songs we have heard in Georgia, and by far the best; we are pleased that he overcame his reservations about performing them by demonstrating them with pick-ax in Atlanta's Piedmont Park at the 1983 Georgia Folklife Festival; and by using his name here. The present song was learned from an older man who had been on the chain gang, and describes a man who was "scoutin'", or escaping, from the gang. It is part of a family of work songs that refer to the work-hero John Henry, but are distinct from the John Henry ballad (See Guy B. Johnson, John Henry: Tracking Down a Negro Legend. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 1929. pp. 71-83; Louis W. Chappell, John Henry: A Folk-Lore Study. Port Washington, N.Y.: Kennikat Press, 1933. pp. 97-103). For Neal Pattman's version of the ballad, see FVV, pp. 188-89. Henry Terrell explained that songs like this would make

"the day go faster," make the picking "go easier and get more willingness." He added that they had another function, to "fool the man," that is, make the boss accept the measured cadence of the work done to singing, and not try to force the workers to go faster, as he would have had they not been singing. He also would spin the blades of the pick above his head between strokes to entertain the captain and take time for another breath. Henry Terrell could not sing this properly without a pick in hand, and recorded this in Doc Barnes's back yard, to the accompaniment of the pick and Doc's excited dog. See FVV, pp. 122-23.

1. [I'm gonna ring whah! this ol' hammer whah!  
I'm gonna ring whah! this ol' hammer whah!  
And then go home whah! oh, pardner whah!  
And then go home whah!]
2. Ol' John Henry whah! died on the mountain whah!  
Ol' John Henry whah! died on the mountain whah!  
He was a-whuppin' steel whah! oh, pardner whah!  
He was a-whuppin' steel whah!
3. Ain' gonna tell nobody whah! my right name whah!  
Gonna tell nobody whah! my right name whah!  
My name is Sam whah! and I don't give a umh whah!  
Oh, pardner whah! and I don't give a --- whah!
4. Anybody ask you whah! was I runnin' whah!  
Anybody ask you whah! was I runnin' whah!  
Now tell 'em no whah! tell 'em I's flyin' whah!  
Oh, pardner whah! tell 'em I's flyin' whah!
5. I run 'cross the whah! Blue Ridge Mountain whah!  
I run 'cross the whah! Blue Ridge Mountain whah!  
'N when the sun went down whah! oh, captain whah!  
'N when the sun went down whah!

SIDE I, Band 4 LONG-LEGGED LULA'S BACK IN TOWN

Sung by Cliff Sheats with piano, Athens, Clarke County, September 23, 1979.

Cliff Sheats, a construction worker, has lived all his life in and around Athens, and is proud of having helped build many of the buildings on the University of Georgia campus there. He says his start in music came when he learned "Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling" on the piano at the age of five, and subsequently he learned a number of blues, popular songs, and spirituals. He would play at house parties and at Charlie Williams's barbeque restaurant, often with his brother, the late Fred Sheats, who was locally famous for his dogs that would dance to his blues guitar picking on Broad Street in Athens. Cliff is passing his musical ability on to his children: his daughter, Judy, is in her twenties a fine blues pianist. Cliff learned this piece, derived from the popular song "Lulu's Back in Town", from his brother; as he says, "I got a little taste of it, I kep' on till I added a little mo' to it." FVV, p. 193.

Oh Lula, oh Lula,  
Oh Lula, oh Lula,  
You know, long-legged Lula thought she's back in town.

Oh Lula had a fallin' out,  
It was all about another man's wife,  
Oh, Lula, Lula,  
Lula, my baby's back in town.

Oh Lula, Lula, tell me, Lula,  
Please tell me Lula, where you stayed last night.

One leg up, one leg down,  
One leg almost touchin' the ground,  
I'm talkin' about Lula,  
I'm talkin' about you, Lula,  
You know, where you stayed last night.

Tell me Lula, tell me Lula,  
Tell me, Lula, honey where you stayed last night.

Shake it east, shake it wes',  
When I saw Lula, you shake it bes',  
Oh, Lula, oh Lula,  
Tell me, pretty Lula, where you stayed las' night.

Oh Lula, Lula, nice and clean,  
But ol' Lula was pretty mean,  
Oh Lula, oh Lula,  
Now tell me, oh Lula, oh!

She could shake it eas', shake it wes',  
Down South, Lula shake it bes',  
Oh Lula, you know Lula,  
You know, Lula was a sweet ol' thing.

Ooooo, ooooh, please tell me, Lula,  
where you stayed las' night.

Me 'n Lula had a fallin' out, all about another man's wife,  
Oh Lula, oh Lula, ust tell me, Lula,  
where you stayed las' night.

SIDE I, Band 5 RAILROAD BILL (Laws 113)

Sung by Willie Hill with guitar; Athens, Clarke County, December 8, 1978.

Willie Hill, in his late seventies when he recorded this, was born near Maxeys in Oglethorpe County, where he learned guitar starting at 14 from his cousin, John Robert Everhart. He would play for country frolics at homes or a sawmill that would at times last all night. After moving into Athens in 1934 he continued playing with local musicians like George and Minor Lumpkin, who played at a place called the Rabbit Eye on the Atlanta Highway. Willie learned blues from recordings by Piedmont artists like Buddy Moss and Blind Boy Fuller, though he said he would "listen at a record, play it my way." He learned "Railroad Bill" from the older local tradition, and his fine performance, with its halting melodic line, is an important contribution to recorded versions of this blues ballad, to use D.K. Wilgus's term, despite its abbreviated text. The song was based on the exploits of a black train robber, Morris Slater, alias Railroad Bill, who eluded southern lawmen for several years before he was finally killed in Alabama in 1897. See Norm Cohen, Long Steel Rail: the Railroad in American Folk Song, Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1981, pp. 122-31, for a discussion of the song and the man, including early reports that he had supernatural powers. Georgians Gid Tanner and Riley Puckett made the first commercial recording of the song in 1924. Hobart Smith's influential finger-picking performance can be heard on Asch AA4. See also G. Malcomb Laws, Native American Balladry, Philadelphia: American Folklore

Society, 1950, p. 252; and John W. Work, American Negro Songs, New York" Howell, Soskin, 1940, p. 240. FVV, pp 194-95.

1. Railroad Bill, oughtta been killed,  
He never worked, an' he never will,  
Ridin' after Railroad Bill.  
You better let ol' Railroad Bill  
alone,  
You better let ol' Railroad Bill  
alone.
2. Wen' up on the mountain, didn't know  
my route,  
Put me in the coffee pot and blow me  
out the spout,  
Ridin' after Railroad Bill.



Cliff Sheats and family, Athens, 1983.

SIDE I, Band 6 GOOD OLD BIRMINGHAM  
Sung by Willie Hill with guitar; Athens,  
Clarke County, December 8, 1978.

This is an early blues with railroad  
imagery, sung to knife or bottleneck-  
slide style guitar accompaniment. FVV,  
pp. 198-99.

Refrain:

I'm goin' back to good ol' Birmingham.

1. I went to the depot, I looked up on '  
the bo'd, (three times)  
It's good times here but it was better  
way up the road.
2. Asked the depot agent, What train must  
I ride? (three times)  
Makes no difference, jus' so you're  
satisfied.
3. I'm goin' back to Florida where it's  
warm, (three times)  
And lay there on the green grass and  
look up at the sun.

SIDE I, Band 7 LOW-DOWN BLUES  
Sung by Neal Pattman with mouth harp,  
Winterville, Clarke County, December  
30, 1977.

Until 1983 Neal Pattman had been a highly  
visible blues musician around Athens and  
beyond: he played locally solo and with  
blues and rock bands, and at folk festi-  
vals like the Georgia Grassroots Festival  
and the Georgia Folklife Festival in At-  
lanta, and the 1980 Smithsonian Festival  
of American Folklife in Washington, D.C.  
But after forty years of playing secular  
music he was "baptized, got sanctified  
with the Holy Ghost at the Healing Temple  
Church." Thereafter he has used his voice  
and talent on the mouth harp in the service

of his faith, and we appreciate that he  
consented to our including here an example  
of the music he was known for before his  
conversion. Neal was born in Madison County  
and was given his first harp by his father,  
dressed as Santa Claus one Christmas. He  
got some pointers from a man named Oliver  
Holt and his cousin, Eddie Carew, and learned  
traditional pieces like "John Henry", "Lost  
John", and eventually added to his repertoire  
more recent urbanized blues. He lost  
an arm in a boyhood accident, but his  
mouth and one good hand can bend the notes  
of the harp is well as any player; Neal's  
skill rivals that of his idol, Blind Son-  
ny Terry. "Low-Down Blues" is in the early  
two-line format.

7. Now when I have plenty money, baby,  
I have plenty friends,  
Now my money gone, baby,  
whoa, I'm standin' all alone.

SIDE I, Band 8 MARKET STREET BLUES  
Sung by Joe Rakestraw with guitar; Athens,  
Clarke County, September 20, 1983.

Joe Rakestraw, a carpenter and resident of  
the Allenville section of Athens, was born  
in 1910 in the Jackson County Community of  
Arcade. His father was a schoolteacher  
and worked his own cotton farm, inherited  
from his slave-born father who had bought  
the farm and his freedom with his earnings  
as a bootmaker. Before World War I, Joe's  
older half-brothers played fiddle, bass violin,  
and guitar in a family string band that was  
much in demand at white as well as black  
dances in the area. After the older brothers  
returned from the war and moved north, Joe  
and his other "set" of brothers picked up  
the instruments and music from "memory...  
all the instruction we had." Joe learned  
fiddle and guitar, and an assortment of early  
blues, ragtime tunes, old-time dance pieces,  
and blues ballads. His repertoire is one  
of family and locality and he never listened  
much to records: "I learned mostly from  
listenin' to the people--what the people  
was singin' is what I learned." When we met  
him in 1978 he had not played since his  
return from World War II, but recently he  
has enjoyed practicing his store of old  
songs. Joe heard his older brother, An-  
derson, play "Market Street Blues" on  
guitar before World War I, and he learned  
it for himself in the 1920s. He agrees  
that the street referred to is probably  
Rampart Street in New Orleans. See FVV,  
p. 204, for Rakestraw's May 7, 1983 per-  
formance.

1. Went to the gipsy to get my fortune  
tol',  
Low-down gipsy stole my jelly roll.

Refrain:

I ain' gonna walk on Market Street  
no more,  
'Cause Market Street made my feet  
so sore.

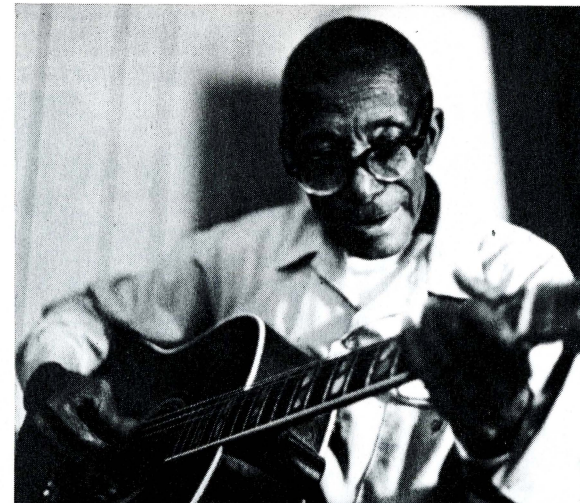
2. Sittin' here worryin', a bucket won'  
hol' my tears,  
Sittin here worryin', a bucket won'  
hol' my tears,  
Market Street, made my feet so sore.
3. Repeat 1.

SIDE I, Band 9 LEAVIN' HERE, DON'T KNOW  
WHERE I'M GOIN'

Sung by Joe Rakestraw with fiddle, guitar  
by Art Rosenbaum; Athens, Clarke County,  
September 20, 1983.

Joe's older brothers played this song be-  
fore World War I, but he feels it expressed  
their situation when they left for the North  
in the 1920s: "The biggest time of emigrating  
was from '21 till '30. People was just losin'  
out. Cotton was king, but it didn't last."  
The boll weevil hit, and "when people was ac-  
customed to making twenty bales a year, may-  
be it cut 'em down to five and six, and the  
man they was retin' from couldn't pay 'em  
anything, they was catchin' the train, or  
walkin', leavin' any way they could." This  
song is an earlier form of "Goin' Down the  
Road Feelin' Bad" (See George Childers's  
version, Side II, Band 7) and is related  
to Samantha Bumgarner's "Georgia Blues" and  
"Worried Blues," Riley Puckett's "Kansas  
City Railroad," and the Memphis Jug Band's  
"K. C. Moan;" it is however a distinct  
and excellent song. See Cohen's Long Steel  
Rail, op. cit., pp. 406-12, for a discussion  
of this group of songs. See FVV, p. 202,  
for another Rakestraw performance.

1. Leavin' here, don't know where I'm going,  
Lord I'm leavin' here, don't know where  
I'm going,  
Leaving here, don't know where I'm going.
2. Went to the depot, looked up on the bo'd,  
I went to the depot, looked up on the  
bo'd,  
Said, good times here, better on down  
the road.
3. Repeat 1



Willie Hill, Athens, 1979.

Spoken:

This gonna be low-down blues, cut deep,  
way late in the wee, wee hour of the  
night--you know what I'm talkin' about.

1. Well, I tell all you workin' men,  
please take this advice from me;  
Save yo' money, buy you some good clothes,  
let these crooked women go.
2. Yeah, they'll meet you at the beer  
garden, they will drink up yo' last  
dime,  
Say a thing about it, "Whoa, boy,  
I'll see you another time."

Spoken:

Done got y' money and gone, that's  
what they'll do you.

3. My baby blowed me awy this mornin',  
here, I didn't have nowhere to go.  
I jus' stood on the road and cried;  
Baby I didn't have no blues, baby,  
I jus' couldn't be satisfied.
4. Yeah, you know it's a lonesome feeling,  
when you by yourself;  
Sometime, make you have fun feelin',  
y'all know what I'm talkin' about.
5. Say, I'm goin' to my baby's house  
jus' one more time,  
This is what I'm gonna tell her:  
"If I can't sleep on yo' bed, mamma,  
please let me sleep on yo' floor.  
If I don' treat you no better, mamma,  
you can call me a dirty man."
6. Babe, you got to have yo' dollar,  
I'm talkin' 'bout a dollar bill;  
Say, you know my money comin', baby,  
Oh, it ain' gonna be no yell.

- Water 'round here tastes like turpentine,  
Water 'round here tastes like turpentine,  
Goin' where it tastes like cherry wine.
- Repeat 1
- Salt Lake City is not salted down,  
Oh, Salt Lake City is not salted down,  
B'lieve to my soul that is where I'm bound.

VOLUME II, SIDE II

STRING BAND MUSIC, BANJO TUNES AND SONGS

SIDE II, Band 1 PRETTIEST LITTLE GIRL IN THE COUNTY-O

Sung by Gordon Tanner with fiddle, Smoky Joe Miller, guitar, and Uncle John Patterson, 5-string banjo; Dacula, Gwinnett County, October 13, 1979.

This piece was recorded at a session of three veterans of Georgia's great age of string band music which was presented more extensively on Folkways FTS 31089, Down Yonder; background and biographies of the performers are included in the notes to that record and in FVV. Gordon Tanner born in 1916, played lead fiddle at the age of 17 at the final recording session for RCA of his father's group, Gid Tanner's Skillet Lickers; "Down Yonder" and "Back Up and Push" were two of the tunes which owe their continuing popularity to that session. Gordon worked as a foreman in a shoe factory and played part-time until his death in 1982. He was a warm and generous man and a fine singer and fiddler; his son, Phil, and grandson, Russ, are keeping the exuberant fiddle-band music going. Smoky Joe Miller, who played with all the Tanners over the years, learned guitar from Arthur Tanner, Gid's brother, and from Riley Puckett, the famous blind guitar-picker of the original Skillet Lickers. He is a retired textile worker and is an ordained minister, he continues to perform early country and sentimental songs as well as gospel numbers, in the guitar-mandolin and harmony singing style of the 1930s:

some of his work in this vein can be heard on Folkways FTS 31093, Smoky Joe Miller and His Georgia Pals, Newman Young and Lawrence Humphries, Sing Old American Heart Throbs. Uncle John Patterson was born around 1910 in Carroll County and died in 1980. He was a sharecropper and later an aircraft engineer at Lockheed and a state legislator. His unique old-time finger-style banjo picking first won him a championship in Atlanta at 14 when he beat Fiddlin' John Carson's daughter, Rosa Lee, later to be known as Moonshine Kate; it is well documented on his banjo LP, Plains Georgia Rock, Arhoolie 5018. Another performance of this tune, related to "What're We Gonna Do with the Baby-o" is transcribed in FVV, p. 111.

Prettiest little gal in the county-o,  
Mamma 'n' papa both said so.  
I can get her if I want her,  
I can get her if I want her.

SIDE II, Band 2 STAGOLEE WAS A BULLY (Laws 115)

Sung by Uncle John Patterson with 5-string banjo, James Patterson, guitar; Carrollton, Carroll County, March 25, 1978.

Uncle John learned this song from his mother Bessie Patterson, a champion banjo player. He had not thought of it in thirty-five years when he played it for us. He tuned his banjo in D (F#DF#AD), a tuning corres-

ponding to the open guitar "Sevastopol" tuning; a transcription, with banjo tablature, is in FVV, pp. 104-05. Fuller versions of this song of black origin tell the story of Stagolee killing Billy Lyons over a John B. Stetson hat. The white West Virginia recording artist Frank Hutchison recorded it in 1927 (reissue, Folkways FA 2951), and black guitarists Mississippi John Hurt and Furry Lewis also recorded it in the late 1920s. See Laws, op. cit., p. 240; Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson, The Negro and His Songs, Reprint Folklore Associates, Hatboro, Pennsylvania, 1963, p. 197, for a Georgia version; Roger Abrahams, Deep Down in the Jungle, Hatboro, Pa.: Folklore Associates, 1964, pp. 123-36, gives an extensive discussion of the black "bully" or Stagolee character, and several versions of the ribald toast, or rhymed narrative, celebrating his exploits.

- Stagolee was a bully, and old Bull Lyons was, too;  
Stagolee shot Bull Lyons, and shot him through and through.
- People 'round the White House wrung their hands and cried  
When they got the message that old Bull Lyons had died.



Neal Pattman at Georgia Grassroots Festival, Atlanta, 1977.

SIDE II, Band 3 SHOOT THAT TURKEY BUZZARD

Sung by Joe Chancey with guitar, and Chesley Chancey with 5-string banjo; mandolin by Ralph Chancey. Boardtown Community, Cherry Log, Gilmer County; November 11, 1978.

The Chancey Brothers grew up in the Boardtown section of mountainous Gilmer County, near other locations colorfully named Hell's Holler, the Devil's Den, and Fightin' Town. As they have told it, their younger days were spent in making, selling, and drinking a better grade of moonshine whiskey; and playing the fine mountain music of their part of the Blue Ridge. Before Chesley's death in 1980 they were bringing their music to events like the Georgia Grassroots Festival in Atlanta; more recently his brothers Joe and Ralph and nephew Don have been playing the old tunes and bluegrass pieces at a local restaurant. This tune seems to have been well-known in the north Georgia mountains. See FVV, pp. 168-69 for transcription with banjo tablature.

Shoot ol' Davy Dugger, shoot ol' Davy Dugger,  
Shoot ol' Davy Dugger, catch his wife and hug 'er.

Shoot that turkey buzzard flyin' around  
the mountain.

Old he cackle and the chickens flew,  
Rooster swore that he'd go, too.

Shoot that turkey buzzard, shoot  
that turkey buzzard,  
Shoot that turkey buzzard, flyin'  
around the mountain.

SIDE II, Band 4 MULBERRY GAP

Played by Chesley Chancey on 5-string banjo, Boardtown Community, Cherry Log, Gilmer County. October 22, 1978.

Chesley Chancey told us that a "five-string banjo is the only instrument you can entertain a crowd with by yourself... People will get bored with a fiddle, but you can take a banjer, you can dance with it, play it, you can sing with it, and you can switch right over into sacred music, and still you're in line." There were many banjo pickers in his district when Chesley was growing up, the most famous being Land Norris, who won the banjo championship of Georgia, and began making records for Okeh in the twenties; however Chesley "never did try to foller his style none." Rather, he picked up his style first from "Little" Bob Holloway, then Bob Watkins, then Felton Looper, finally refining his style on his own. He had a keen sense of melody and could pick out fiddle tunes in a two- or three-finger technique. "Mulberry Gap" is Chesley's banjo setting of a fiddle tune he learned from his uncle, Fiddlin' Ira Sisson and is played in one of the old-time mountain tunings, f0FCFD (or, transposed, g0GDE), called the "Last Chance" tuning by the late Hobart Smith of Saltville, Virginia. See transcription with banjo tablature, FVV, p. 171.

SIDE II, Band 5 I WISH I WAS A MOLE IN THE GROUND

Sung by Chesley Chancey with 5-string banjo; tenor vocal by Joe Chancey with guitar; mandolin by Ralph Chancey; bass violin by Don Chancey; fiddles by Gene Wiggins and Art Rosenbaum. Boardtown Community, Cherry Log, Gilmer County, October 22, 1978.

This song was recorded in the twenties by North Carolinian Bascom Lamar Lunsford (reissue on Folkways LP FA 2040.) Lunsford, in Thirty and One Folksongs from the Southern Mountains, New York: Carl Fischer, 1929,

pp. 10-11, wrote that this is "a fine type of indigenous American banjo song extant in the Great Smoky and Blue Ridge Mountain region... and has numerous unrelated stanzas born out of the hilarity of mountain banjo picking." The Chancey's fine version with two-part harmony, is more regular in rhythm than Lunsford's. See also Brown, North Carolina Folklore, Durham, N. C.: Duke University Press, 1952, Vol. II, p. 215. FVV, p. 167.

- Lord I wish I was a mole in the ground,  
Lord I wish I was a mole in the ground;  
A mole in the ground, turn this wide  
world around,  
Lord I wish I was a mole in the ground.
- Lord I wish I was a lizard in the  
spring,  
Lord I wish I was a lizard in the  
spring,  
'F I's a lizard in the spring, I could  
hear my darlin' sing,  
Lord I wish I was a lizard in the  
spring.
- I'll take you to your mamma next  
payday,  
I'll take you to your mamma next  
payday,  
I'll take you to the door and I'll  
kiss you no more,  
I'll take you to your mamma next  
payday.
- Repeat 1

SIDE II, Band 6 FIVE HUNDRED MILES

Sung by George Childers with 5-string banjo, guitar by Bobby Childers; Jerusalem Section, Jasper, Pickens County, August 23, 1980.

Though his father, Dave Childers, was "A-number -one" as a banjo picker, George Childers had to learn on his own; his father never showed him "one thing in the world." George learned first on a lard-tub instrument, then a better instrument he got from a preacher's wife for picking three gallons of blackberries for her. Shortly thereafter he was playing for square dances in a family string band, and as a teenager beat Tom Cat Payne in a banjo contest in Tennessee. Though he played at times with old-time greats like Gid Tanner, Clayton McMichen, and Riley Puckett,



Uncle John Patterson, Gordon Tanner, Smoky Joe Miller; Dacula, 1979.

played professionally only sporadically, working as a sawmill hand. Before his death in 1983 he had been teaching his two-finger banjo style to his son, Bobby, who here accompanies him on guitar. This song, in its many forms, has enjoyed wide currency in Georgia. We have recorded it as "Seventy-Four" from Jake Staggers, and "Count the Days I'm Gone" from the El-ler Brothers and Ross Brown (issued Fly-right LP 546), as "The Train Song" by W. Guy Bruce, and "Ruben" by Mabel Cawthorn. It was first recorded commercially by a Georgian, Fiddlin' John Carson, in 1924 (Okeh 40196, reissued on Rounder 1002), and later by Riley Puckett in 1930 (Paramount 3237). Hedy West learned "Five Hundred Miles" in north Georgia (see her recording, Vanguard 9124) and taught it to Peter, Paul and Mary who popularized it nationwide. For a complete discussion, bibliography and discography, see Cohen, op. cit., pp. 503-17. Childers called this song "Railroad Bill" at times. See FVV, p. 173.

1. I'm one, now I'm two, and I'm three,  
Lord, I'm four  
I'm five hundred miles from home.
2. If this old train runs right, I'll  
be home tomorrow night,  
I'll sidetrack my engine and go  
home.
3. Repeat 1
4. My shoes they are worn and my clothes  
they are torn,  
I can't see my mamma thisaway.
5. Got on the track, hear the rails a-crack,  
Hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
6. Repeat 1
7. Poor gal's on that track, and I hear  
the rails crack,  
I hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.
8. If this old train runs right I'll be  
home by Saturday night,  
I'll sidetrack my engine and go home.

SIDE II, Band 7 GOIN' DOWN THIS ROAD  
FEELIN' BAD

Sung by George Childers with 5-string banjo,  
Jerusalem Section, Jasper, Pickens County,  
June 23, 1980.



The Chancesy: Chesley, Ralph, Don, and Joe, Cherry Log, 1979.

A somewhat later and much more widely-known cousin of Joe Rakestraw's "Leavin' Here, Don't Know Where I'm Goin'", this song is almost universally sung by southern folk singers, black and white. George said he heard it as a child. The fourth verse here evokes the black origins of the song. See Folkways FTS 31089 for a performance by Gordon Tanner, Smoky Joe Miller, and Uncle John Patterson. FVV, p. 176.

1. Goin' down this road feelin' bad, Lord, Lord,  
Now I'm goin' down this road feelin' bad,  
Oh, I'm goin' down this road feelin' bad,  
Lord,  
Now I ain't gonna be treated thisaway.
2. I'm goin' if I never do come back,  
(three times)  
Now I ain't gonna be treated thisaway.
3. They feed me on corn bread and peas,  
(three times)  
Now I ain't gonna be treated thisaway.
4. Black gal, them eyes sure do shine,  
(three times)  
And I ain't a-gonna be treated thisaway.
5. I'm goin' down this road feelin' bad,  
(three times)  
And I ain't gonna be treated thisaway.
6. I'm goin where the chilly winds don't  
blow, (three times)  
And I ain't gonna be treated thisaway.

SIDE II, Band 8 THE DYING GIRL

Sung by Mabel Cawthorn with 5-string banjo,  
Carnesville, Franklin County, February 12,  
1983.

Eighty-two when she recorded this, Mabel Cawthorn lives by herself with her dogs and cats in an old house a few miles outside of Carnesville. She grew up in a musical family in Hart County: her father, William Jeff Adams was a singer, her mother, a good dancer and (mouth) harp player, and her uncle, Albert Shaw was a champion fiddler. When she was "a little smarty toddler" she surprised her older brother, Tom, by learning to pick "Corrina, Corrina" on his banjo when he was at work. As a grown woman she sold produce from her truck, being called "the old vegetable woman", and worked in cotton mills--she says she would buck-dance between the aisles and work two machines at once. The widow of a moonshiner, she has kept her pioneer toughness and self-sufficiency, and has not let her music get rusty: she still plays banjo, harp, and piano, and delighted the crowds at



Bobby and George Childers, Jasper, 1980.

the 1983 Georgia Folklife Festival with her performance on banjo of the rare old "Tom Watson Tune." Mabel learned "The Dying Girl" as a child for a school program. It is a nineteenth century literary piece that has entered the oral tradition. H. M. Belden, Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folklore Society, Columbia: University of Missouri Press, 1940, p. 217, gives a version collected in Boone Co., Missouri, in 1906, and says the song, first published in Wehman's Ballad Prints (1885), may derive from Tennyson's "May Queen." FVV, p. 178.

1. Raise that window higher, mother,  
Air will never harm me now;  
Let the breeze blow in upon me,  
It will cool my fevered brow.
2. Soon my troubles will be over,  
Soon will still this aching heart;  
But I have a dying message  
I must give before we part.
3. Mother, there is one, you know him,  
Though I cannot call his name.  
You remember how he sought me,  
How with loving words he came.
4. Life has many weary burdens,  
Sin goes down to the deepest woe.  
Wipe the teardrops from my forehead,  
They are death drops, well you know.
5. Take this ring from off my finger  
Where he placed it years ago,  
Give it to him as I told him  
That in dying I bestow.
6. Now my grave is ready, mother,  
Now my people round me stand.  
I'll be taken to some pleasant,  
To some pleasant churchyard land.

SIDE II, Band 9 DAWSONVILLE JAIL

Sung by Ray Knight with guitar, 5-string  
banjo by Ed Teague, fiddle by Art Rosenbaum.  
Dahlonega, Lumpkin County, February 14, 1982.

In his early forties Ray Knight is one of the younger adherents to the old-time traditional music of the north Georgia hills. His early inspiration in music came from his "idol", the late L.D. Snipes, a superb fiddler, singer, and entertainer who seldom recorded but was well-known in the region through radio and theater shows,

and more unusual spontaneous appearances like the one celebrated in this song, where he "fiddled his way out of jail." According to Ray, "he's drunk in a few cases... He wrote the song "Dawsonville Jail" with Shorty Lunsford over in Dawson County about thirty odd years ago. There was the high sheriff Glen Wallace raisin' chickens on the farm." Snipes and Lunsford had been living on the farm, working for Wallace. "These boys go uptown, get too much to drink, and Toy, the chief deputy, lived at the jail, put 'em in jail. They'd get that fiddle and guitar and you never seen such a crowd in front of the jailhouse, to see their idol." Rather than use the well-worn "hard times in \_\_\_ jail" format, Snipes and Lunsford hit upon the idea of using the spiritual "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" for their tongue-in-cheek piece of mild protest and contrition. FVV, pp. 208-09.

1. Well, I got up Sa'rday, walkin' around,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
And I heard Glen say you're a little  
too full,  
Comin' for to carry me home.
2. But I took off to town, Lord, anyhow,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Looked over Dawsonville and what did  
I see,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Glen and Toy they's comin' after me,  
Comin' for to carry me home.
3. Toy jumped out and kicked me in the  
seat and busted my whiskey,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
I asked him kindly would he turn me  
loose, he said,  
"Heck no, L.D., you gonna sleep in  
a cell,"  
Comin' for to carry me home.
4. Then along come Shorty to go my bail,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
They said, "Get in, 'cause you drunk, too,"  
Comin' for to carry me home.
5. First thing I saw when I got to jail,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Was a blame mess of peas they had the  
night before,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

6. The peas was green and the meat was fat,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Oh, my lord, I can't stand that,  
Comin' for to carry me home.
7. When we got to the jailhouse we fell to  
our knees,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
And we swore to our God we'd drink no  
more,  
Comin' for to carry me home.
8. And then on Monday here come Toy,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Said, "Glen's downstairs and he's  
lookin' for his boys,"  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
I heard the key rattle when he  
opened the door,  
Comin' for to carry me home.
9. My advice to you young me that take a  
little snort,  
Comin' for to carry me home,  
Before we take a drink we'd better  
look twice,  
Comin' for to carry me home.

Spoken:

You've heard of free labor and Prince  
Albert and workin' raisin' chickens for  
the sheriff? We 'uz it!

Sung:

Comin' for to carry me home.

Written by L. D. Snipes. © 1983, estate of L. D. Snipes.



The Crazy Mountain Boys: Roy Adams, Ed Teague, and Ray Knight, Georgia Folklife Festival, Atlanta, 1982.

SIDE II, Band 10 SALLY GOODIN

Sung by Ray Knight, with spoons; 5-string  
banjo by Ed Teague. Dahlonega, Lumpkin  
County, February 14, 1982.

Ray Knight is a skilled and enthusiastic  
spoons player and often buck-dances while  
playing the spoons. He is accompanied here  
as well as on the preceding cut by Ed Teague,  
a two-finger old-time banjo picker originally  
from Rabun County, currently of Lavonia in  
Franklin County. This song is almost uni-  
versally known as a fiddle tune in the South,  
though the verses are not sung today as fre-  
quently as in earlier times. Some typical  
couplets are given in Ira Ford, Traditional  
Music in America, 1940, Reprint ed., Hatboro,  
Pa.: Folklore Associates, 1964, p. 64 and  
419. Ray's version derives from that of  
L.D. Snipes. FWV, p. 210.

1. Had five dollars, now I've got none,  
Give it all away to see Sally Goodin.  
Hey, ho, old Sally Goodin,  
Hey, ho, old Sally Goodin.

2. Raspberry pie, blackberry puddin',  
Give it all away to kiss Sally Goodin.  
Hey, ho, old Sally Goodin,  
Hey, ho, old Sally Goodin.

SIDE II, Band 11 FIVE TO MY FIVE

Sung by Reverend Howard Finster with 5-string  
banjo, Pennville, Chattooga County, September  
9, 1983.

Howard Finster was born in Valley Head, Ala-  
bama in 1915; he has lived most of his life  
in Chattooga County, Georgia, where he was  
a preacher, evangelist, and bicycle repair-  
man. In his retirement a vision came to him  
to do "sacred art", and he created the two  
acre "Paradise Garden" and "World's First  
Folk Art Church", an environment of towers,  
houses of mirrors, junk assemblages, sculpures,  
and paintings. This garden, and the hundreds  
of paintings and other works he has exhibited  
in galleries from New York to California, have  
earned him great fame in the past several years;  
in 1983 he appeared on the Johnny Carson Show,  
and was invited to represent the U.S. at the  
1984 Venice Biennale. Yet his roots are firm-  
ly in the hardscrabble folk tradition of north  
Georgia and Alabama. He grew up singing shape  
note hymns from the Sacred Harp, and picked up  
the banjo on his own after listening to "cotton  
pickers" who would play at house dances  
after work on Saturday nights. He says  
that "when I was a boy, if you take a ban-  
jer in a church, they run y' out," but  
he had no compunctions about playing at  
home. "Some people claim they don't do



Reverend Howard Finster, 1983.

2. Nine to my five--forty-five,  
Ten to my five are fifty,  
'Leven to my five are fifty-five,  
Twelve to my five are sixty.

Repeat both verses.

SIDE II, Band 12 SOME HAVE FATHERS OVER

YONDER

Sung by Reverend Howard Finster with 5-string  
banjo, Pennville, Chattooga County, August 21,  
1980.

Howard introduces this song by saying that  
it is the first he learned and adding that  
it is "not in the book", meaning that it  
is not found in any of the shape-note or  
round-note hymnals. It is a traditional  
song of the camp-meeting type, utilizing  
repeated phrases that could be quickly picked  
up by the fervent worshippers. A minor modal  
version of this song is sung by Jean Ritchie  
of Kentucky as "I've Got a Mother Bound for  
Glory." FWV, p. 228.

1. Some have fathers over yonder,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.
2. Some bright day we'll go and see them,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.
3. Some have mothers over yonder,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.
4. Repeat 2

5. Some have brothers over yonder,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.

6. Repeat 2

7. Some have a Savior over yonder,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.

8. Some bright day we'll go and see  
Him (three times)  
Over on the other shore.

9. That bright day may be tomorrow,  
(three times)  
Over on the other shore.

Recorded, produced, and annotated by  
Art Rosenbaum

Photographs by Margo Newmark Rosenbaum

Thanks to Randy Camp of the Media Division,  
University of Georgia Library, for help in  
tape copying and preparation.

Some of the field work was funded through  
faculty research grants from the Department  
of Art, University of Georgia; and a grant  
from the Folk Arts Division, National Endow-  
ment for the Arts. Our thanks for this  
support.

Annotations adapted from Folk Visions and  
Voices: Traditional Music and Song in  
North Georgia, Athens: University of Georgia  
Press, 1983.

nothin' at home they don't do at church,  
but they're just lyin', you know." This  
song is a play-party piece that Howard  
remembers from these house dances and  
box suppers: "We'd march up and down,  
goin' under one another's hands, and all  
that." A privately issued LP of Howard's  
music, The Sound of Howard Finster, 1979,  
can be ordered from Finster, Route 2,  
Box 155, Summerville, GA 30747. FWV, p.  
230.

Spoken:

This is the multiplication table, used  
to learn 'em, five times five, two times  
five is ten, on like that, and then they  
got to singin' it in a little dance song  
they had at home parties, back in the  
old days.

1. Five to my five is twenty-five,  
Six to my five is thirty,  
Seven to my five is thirty five,  
Eight to my five are forty.