



BLUES WITH BIG BILL BROONZY · SONNY TERRY · BROWNIE MCGHEE

IN A WFMT CHICAGO PRESENTATION: STUDS TERKEL INTERVIEWER

SI-FP-FW87-D c -0420\$
Broonzy, Terry, McGhee
Blues with Broonzy, Terry, McGhee

BLUES WITH
BIG BILL BROONZY
SONNY TERRY
BROWNIE MCGHEE

*IN A WFMT CHICAGO
PRESENTATION:
STUDS TERKEL INTERVIEWER*

KEYS TO THE HIGHWAY

RED RIVER BLUES

CROW JANE BLUES

WILLIE MAE

DAISY

LOUISE

SHUFFLE RAG

BLUES

BEAUTIFUL CITY

I'M GONNA TELL GOD HOW YOU TREAT ME

SINNER MAN

THE SAINTS GO MARCHIN' IN

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 3817

W F M T -CHICAGO- PRESENTS

THE BLUES

WITH STUDS TERKEL INTERVIEWING

big bill broonzy

sonny terry

brownie mcghee

This was Big Bill's idea.

Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee were in Chicago with "Cat On The Hot Tin Roof." Bill's good friends, two blues artists among the few he considered authentic. "Let's get 'em up to the studio and do a program of blues as three different guys see it."

(It was the summer of 1957. Bill had just returned from a European tour with a bad feeling in his lungs. He had a hunch that time was running out. "That's why I come home so fast. I got that feeling." On these occasions, he spoke of life-values, true and false; of basic rights and wrongs as he saw them; of simple truths; of the one project he wanted to finish - the recording of as many blues as possible. With as many interpretations).

It was an early July morning, somewhere between midnight and 2:00 A.M. We assembled at the studios of WFMT, the Dupont Award winning station, whose facilities were always available to Bill.

His objective was immediately apparent: to reveal the uniqueness of each man's blues as a reflection of the uniqueness of each man's life. "No two human beings has the blues the same way. Blues is a natural fact. It's something a fellow lives. If you don't live it, you don't have it." (How did Charlie Parker say it? "Music is your own experience, your thoughts, your wisdom. If you don't live it, it won't come out in your horn.")

As the session's conferencier, Bill suggested that Brownie and Sonny speak their minds. Brownie threw us for a moment when he said, "I never had the blues." Later, came his moment of wistful elucidation: "I never had the blues - blues always had me. The blues was in the cradle with me. Rockin'. My cradle rocked without anybody rockin' it." (Nothing abstract here. The blues in many devilish guises. As it rocked Brownie's cradle, so did it find itself in Leadbelly's breakfast bread. So did it hang around everybody's bed. Nor were humans its only quarry. Didn't it chase the rabbit, chase him about a mile?)

To Sonny, the blues "is when I don't have the money, nothin' to eat, walkin' the streets. You gotta have the blues."

Bill made a deep-felt point. Lack of communication between humans - an aching source of the blues. Implicit in so many of the songs, it became specific as he spoke. "You don't have to be without everything to have the blues. I've had as high as two and three hundred dollars in my pocket and was in a place I couldn't get food, couldn't get nothin' to eat. Because I didn't know how to ask for it. I was in a neighborhood that was in France. The people didn't understand me and I didn't understand them. So I couldn't tell 'em what I wanted and I couldn't get it."

On another occasion (Folkways 3586), Bill made the same point; a bitter point were he a lesser man. Explaining why young club patrons have so often walked out on his songs: "When I sing of my mule bein' dead, they don't know. They never had no mule die on 'em. Like people in Europe tellin' us about the bomb fallin' on 'em and destroyin' their homes. What do we know about a bomb? No bomb ever fell on us." (Were Bill less philosophical, less forgiving, he might have sermonized: lack of a common experience need not cause lack of communication between artist and audience. The fault here lay not with the artist; rather with the "cult of impersonality", with the cool malaise of our day).

Throughout the session, there were salty interjections by Bill; there was a buoyant good humor, an easy byplay among the three. The man was determined to use up his allotted quota of laughter.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE PROGRAM:

It was recorded in WFMT's studios in the LaSalle-Wacker Building in Chicago from 12:30 to 2 a.m. on May 7, 1957. Brownie and Sonny had completed their appearance that evening in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof". They met their friend, Big Bill, at the station and were joined by Studs Terkel - actor, folk music and jazz authority, and conductor of the weekly Studs Terkel "Almanac" (at 9 p.m. Wednesdays) on WFMT.

The four participants sat informally around one studio microphone and exchanged views and songs ...with emphasis on the blues.

The entire tape was broadcast the following evening on Studs's program.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE STATION:

WFMT, Chicago's Fine Arts Station, broadcasts at least six and often more hours of folk music each week; including a wide selection of recordings on its weekly "Midnight Special" (Saturday nights from 10 to 12), live interviews and performances by folk artists (on such programs as Studs Terkel's Almanac), and folk song concerts given in the Chicago area.

WFMT has the major role in Chicago in the promotion of folk music concerts. Announcements over the station, and listings in the Fine Arts Calendar (a section listing the city's cultural activities in WFMT's monthly magazine, the WFMT FINE ARTS GUIDE), describe folk music events.

WFMT was one of two radio or television stations in the United States to receive the Alfred I. duPont Award for 1956 for "meritorious service to the American people." It was the first FM station so honored.

After the introductory "Keys To The Highway", each sang a cradle blues, the earliest he remembered. There followed women blues...women in and out of reach. Bill's "Willie Mae." Brownie's "Daisy."

I was callin' her but she wouldn't answer when I called...

"She was with me, that's why", chortled Bill. Sonny sang of "Louise", who "made me walk from Chicago, yeah, to the Gulf of Mexico."

Sonny impishly questioned Bill's authorship of that one. Bill seriously acknowledged his friend's query. So many others had sung "Louise." Was it really his? Came the simple reply: "Sure I wrote it. But if a fellow do better with it, I give it to him." (Certainly there were many such beneficiaries, Memphis Slim, Jazz Gillum, Lil Green, Memphis Minnie, Sonny himself. Did not John Hammond attribute Basie's smash hit "Every Day I Got The Blues" to Bill?)

Now Bill let his guitar do the talking as Sonny and Brownie murmured appreciatively and joined in. Came the idea of improvising a blues on the spot, lyrics and all. Each of the three took a whack at a verse, singing out his own thoughts; individual differences, tribal similarities; one song, one story...

Sonny: "well, I started walkin', Lord, till my feet got soakin' wet...."

Bill: "I feel like a broken wagon, Lord, with a broken wheel...."

Brownie: "well, some people thinks I'm happy, but they sure don't know my mind..."

Bill: "goodbye, baby, this is my last goodbye to you...."

Thoughts turned to spirituals. Again, Bill took the lead. "Blues is a steal from spirituals." His friends agreed. As they sang these ancestral songs, they seemed closer to one another than ever. Sonny began the sequence with "Beautiful City." He had learned it from his mother. ... "twelve gates to the city, hallelu...."

Brownie had something he wanted to say; about the subsurface meaning of so many of the spirituals. Its double-talk aspects. "When you wanted to say something you couldn't come up and say it to the bosses or caretaker. Only way we could talk to them was through song. We couldn't walk up and tell them what we were plannin'. 'I'm gonna tell God how you treat me'...they didn't mean just that. As long as it had references to God, it was okay. But it really meant... the way you treatin' me, I'll get even with you."

"I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days...."

Bill remembered one... "about ten or twelve of us used to sing this one." It was the first time I had ever heard him sing "Hush, Somebody's Callin' You." It was a most stirring spiritual, chilling and soaring at the same time. Not even the loftiest of Mahalia Jackson's old Apollos moved me as much as this. Old Testament justice, poetically inexorable, was being meted out to all the phonies who through all of mankind's two-timing history had taken all the Bill Broonzy's.... "oh, you sinner man, oh, you liar man, oh, you hypocrite, oh, you thievin' men, oh, you gamblin' man...somebody's callin' you and it sound like the voice of the Lord." And by the same token, a good man was being called; no saint by a long shot. A flesh and blood man of frailties as well as strengths; rare in that he recognized devils and saints in all of us, including himself.

At 4:30 in the morning, August 15, 1958, Big Bill Broonzy died. It thundered, rained and there was lightning in Chicago that morning. Bill was just passing through one more storm.

Dr. Stanley Rigler of Billings Hospital, who attended Bill during his last days, wrote a hurried letter the following day. "Although I wasn't privileged to call him my friend, I became truly fond of him - especially during these last few months. Though his body was ravaged by disease, his mind heavy with pain, he somehow retained a spirit which made the task of those ministering to him doubly wonderful and at the same time the more awesome. I have wondered what set him apart from other sick men. I suppose it was his calm acceptance of the inevitable, his ability to rise above the unhappy moment with the faith that tomorrow must be brighter."

This session was especially satisfying to Bill in that he spent it in the company of friends.

TEXT OF THE RECORD

SIDE I, Band 1:

STUDS: Two guitars and a harmonica. One guitar belonged to Big Bill Broonzy, the other to Brownie McGhee, the harmonica to Sonny Terry. Let's hear them play for a minute there, and sing.

BIG BILL, I've got the key, key to the highway,
SONNY, Yes, Bill's not got far to go;
BROWNIE: I'm gonna leave, leave here running,
Because walkin's most too slow.

I'm going down, to the river,
Yes, I'm gonna take my rocking chair;
I'm gonna have blues and troubles,
I'm gonna rock on away from there.

I'm going down to the border,
Yeah, baby where I'm better known,
Cause you haven't done nothin' here
little girl,
But drive a good man from his home.
(Play it Brownie...) (Take it once,
Sonny) (Take one, Mr. Broonz)

Now give me one, old kiss baby,
Yes, just before I go;
Cause when I leave this time, my little
girl,
I declare, Bill won't be back no more.

Now when the moon, peeps over the mountain,
Now, you know I'll be on my way;
I'm gonna walk, walk this old highway,
Babe, until the break of day.

So long, good bye,
Yes, I hate to say goodbye;
I'm gonna walk, walk this old highway,
Babe, until the day I die.

STUDS: Keys of the Highway. It's about 12:40 in the morning. This would be Tuesday morning, about the right time for the blues. Well, Bill, what would you say the blues is.

SIDE I, Band 2:

BIG BILL: For a fact, I'll tell you the truth, Studs, it's a natural thing that no two human beings have the blues the same way. So, to me, I think it would be a good idea to ask Brownie what he think about the blues, and then Sonny Terry, and then me. I can tell you now what I think about it. Blues, is a natural fact, is something that a, a fellow lives. If you don't live it, you don't have it.

STUDS: "If you don't live it, you don't have it.."
That's what Charlie Parker said about jazz. You gotta live it. Brownie, what's the blues to you?

BROWNIE: Well, the blues to me, if I live it I feel it, I sing it, and I try to play it. But, really, I've never had the blues.

STUDS: You've never had the blues?

BROWNIE: Never had them.

STUDS: You mean, you've never felt low?

BROWNIE: Well, if that's what you call the blues, I've got 'em now. (Laughs)

STUDS: Sonny Terry, what's blues to you?

SONNY: Oh, I'll tell you the truth, Studs, I'll tell you what I...I feel the blues, when I don't have no money, nothin' to eat, walkin' the street, Uh, that's how the blues, I mean, anything that has to do...

STUDS: When the blues suddenly, actually happens to you, and it comes out in a song you sing or the music you play that's pretty much the idea.

BIG BILL: Well, frankly, I think, I think that the blues is the kind of a thing that you don't have to be without everything to have the blues, it's thing, because I've had as high as two and three hundred dollars in my pocket and was in a place where I couldn't get food, and couldn't get nothing to eat, it's true, because I didn't know how to ask for it. I was in a neighborhood that was in France, and the people didn't understand me, and I didn't understand them. So I couldn't tell them what I wanted, and I didn't get it. But the lacking of money ...I had the money. I just couldn't get what I wanted. That was the main thing. And the same with a lot of people in the South. -- Lot of people in Mississippi, Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee, Kentucky, in those places, they sing the blues and they feel it. But if you go down there they're living a darn sight better than a lot of Negro's in Chicago and New York today. They got their own homes. They live the way they want to live. They,

they got plenty of food, and everything. I betcha they got the money. But I drove down there in big Cadillacs, and when I rode in the thing, there was five Cadillacs parked side of mine, and they didn't come from Chicago, neither.

STUDS: So, you mean, it doesn't matter where you live or how much money you can still have the blues.

BIG BILL: Yes, because they actually singing about the actual life of them, the same as me. I learnt how to sing and play the blues from my uncle who was a slave. And til today I know from what he's told me that they really, they really did punish, they suffered, the life they had to live, and the way they had to work, and the pay that they draw. You know, cause it wouldn't enough for them to halfway live, off of their salaries. They had to just live the best they could. So therefore, that's where the blues actually come from. From those things. People singing about the conditions of life.

STUDS: Bill, you yourself originally came from a place in Mississippi...

BILL: Yeah, I was born in Scotts, Mississippi.

STUDS: ...and then Arkansas. And Brownie, you came from:

BROWNIE: Tennessee, Knoxville, Tennessee.

STUDS: Tennessee, and Sonny, you came from...

SONNY: Durham, North Carolina.

BROWNIE: But, when I said I never had the blues, the blues has always had me. They've always had me. The blues was in the cradle with me, rocking. I've never had the blues, the blues had me. My cradle would rock without anybody rockin'.

STUDS: What about that blues that rocks you? That cradle blues? The earliest one you remember.

SIDE I, Band 3: RED RIVER BLUES

BROWNIE: Well, the earliest one I remember, the first blues I ever heard, you understand, they called it..The Red River Blues, some called it, well it wasn't me... The Brownie blues was a thing and I just heard it. When I first heard it it was called the Brownie Blues. Now we play everything behind that same riff...

BIG BILL: How come it have to be named by you and you wasn't born.

BROWNIE: Well, it wasn't me. Maybe that's where I got the name from.

Which-a-way, which-a-way, does that blood red river run,
which-a-way, which-a-way, does that blood red river run,
Runs from my back window, straight to the rising sun.

Had the blues from my childhood, they're gonna follow me until I die,
Had the blues from my childhood, they're gonna follow me til I die,
I've had the blues so bad, til I couldn't do nothin' but cry.

STUDS: It's just a blues. And it had you.

BROWNIE: That's right. Blues had me.

SIDE I, Band 4: CROW JANE BLUES

STUDS: Well, Sonny. Sanders Terry.

SONNY: That's right.

STUDS: What was your cradle blues? What's the earliest one you remember?

SONNY: Well, I have three or four of them here. Oh, I can play one to let you hear, "Crow Jane Blues".

Crow Jane, Crow Jane, don't hold your head so high,
You realize baby, you gonna lay down and die.

I done told you Baby, And I ain't gonna tell you no more,
If I tell you again, I'm gonna bear my old forty-four.

I feel like snapping, my pistol in your face,
Some lonely grave will be your resting place.

I love you Crow Jane, and I ain't gonna tell no lie,
It's the day you quit me, that's the day you die.

STUDS: Crow Jane did all that. Where'd you learn to play the harmonica that way, Sonny?

SONNY: Oh, I learned..my father, he used to play the harmonica, you know. So he used to come in from work with his harmonica and all. I was a little kid, about seven, eight, nine years old.

STUDS: This was in North Carolina?

SONNY: Uh, huh. My father, you know, like I hold the harmonica in my hand like that, he could hold it in his mouth and just play it.

STUDS: Without his hands?

SONNY: Without putting his hands on it.

STUDS: He'd play the harmonica without hands?

SONNY: Uh-huh.

STUDS: He just had that feeling...

SONNY: So he didn't, you know, he just done it around home. He didn't do it for... professionally.

SIDE I, Band 5: WILLIE MAY

STUDS: Well, Bill, you just came from England. What would you say the trend is there.. any particular kind of blues they like the best, that you sang in England.

BIG BILL: Well, the main thing about it is, if you, if you...if you get up and explain what you gonna play the people will sit quietly and listen to what so ever you sing. And, then they'll take it from there. And it's no country I've been in in my life that people don't have the blues. 'Course they have it a different way. They have it through wars, and through the different destructions and things that we don't have here. And therefore, they don't have the same way---have the blues the same way that I do. So I'm singing it the way that I have it, and therefore it never happened to them

over there, and then when I explain it before I start to sing it, then they know what I mean. It's trouble. I'm singing about the trouble I had and then they feel it.

STUDS: Is there any particular blues that you've found is very popular there, of all the songs that you have?

BIG BILL: Well, I've, yes, I've got one that I do play over there for them they all like and they understands it because I'm singing about woman trouble, and I think every man born ever had woman trouble.

STUDS: Doesn't matter what language he speaks.

BIG BILL: I got a girl named Willie May, and she lives in the low, low lands
I got a gal named Willie May, and she lives in the low, low lands,
Lord the way I got that woman, I declare I stole her from a man.

All my life, baby you know I've had to roam,
All my life, Willie May, you know I've had to roam,
Lord, just on the count of, me breaking up one poor man's home.

Willie May, Willie May,
Willie May, don't you hear Bill calling you
Lord, if I don't get my Willie May, there's no other woman will do.

When I get to thinking about Willie May, cold chill creeps up and down my spine,
When I get to thinking about Willie May, cold chills creeps up and down my spine,
Sometimes I wisht I was dead, Willie May, you know I'm afraid of dying.

I'm going to leave here, Baby and I'm going on down the line,
I'm going to leave here, Willie May, and I'm going on down the line,
You know I don't do nothing here, Willie May, but grieving and crying.

You know I don't, don't do nothing here, Willie May, but grieve and cry.

Willie May.

STUDS: Willie May. Well on the subject of women, since they've been, I guess, the basis of most of the blues, you know, so let's sort of wander around, and..Brownie...

SIDE I, Band 6: DAISY

BROWNIE: Yeah, I think the first woman blues I ever did wasn't about the woman...was Daisy. I met her, and I was calling her too, but she wouldn't answer me when I called her.

BIG BILL: She was with me, that's why.

BROWNIE: I'll try to think of her now, Daisy, it's been a long time ago.

I got me, a little woman, she's every day the same,
Reason I love that woman, because Daisy is her name.

Well, you know, I love Daisy, love her with all my heart,
Gonna lose my mind, thinking someday that we'll have to part.

Daisy, Daisy, don't you hear me call your name,
I ain't calling you so loud, but, I'm calling you so nice and plain.

I went to see, Daisy one morning, and her doorbell would not ring,
Started to walk in the streets, I'm calling my baby's name.

Daisy, oh Daisy, Daisy, oh Daisy.
What in the world, baby? What in the world are you trying to do?
Trying to mistreat me, Daisy, true as this boy wants to be to you.

Daisy, Daisy, Daisy, oh, Daisy,
Don't you hear me? hear me calling your name.
I ain't calling you so loud, but I'm calling you so nice and plain.

Daisy, Daisy, Daisy, oh Daisy, well I ain't gonna call you no more.
Well, the next time I call you baby, I'm gonna scream and break down that door.

STUDS: Sonny, here Big Bill and Brownie have been singing a woman's blues. Have you got one in that general category?

SIDE I, Band 7: LOUISE

SONNY: I'll tell you one I got. Bill, Bill wrote this song. Louise.

STUDS: Louise?

SONNY: Yeah. Okay.

Oh, Louise, you the sweetest girl I know,
Oh, Louise, honey you're the sweetest girl I know,
Well, you made me walk from Chicago, to the gulf of Mexico.

Louise, you got ways, like a rolling stone,
When she leave a man, he had to grieve and moan,

Oh, Louise honey why don't you hurry home.
Well, you know I ain't had no loving, Lord since Louise been gone.

Got me a gal they call Lola, she treated me nice and kind,
I don't care what she do, Louise on my mind.
Louise ain't so good looking, and her hair is not red,
But she cook my breakfast, and brought it to the bed, I said:

Oh, Louise, honey why don't you
Well I ain't had no loving, Lord, since Louise been gone.

STUDS: Louise.

SONNY: Did you write it, Bill?

BILL: Well, I'll tell you the main thing about that thing, yes, I did write it, I'm the first one recorded it.

SONNY: Well, so many people claimed it, but you the, you're the headliner.

BILL: It ain't just that one only, that originally I did start, but if a fellow do better with it, I give it to him.

SIDE I, Band 8: SHUFFLE RAG (BIG BILL BROONZY)

SIDE II, Band 1: THE BLUES

BILL: Brownie, you want to start on in that key that I can sing. And you sing one verse, and then do you want to take the next one Sonny, and then me the last one, or me the next one and you the last one.

SONNY: Now, what, uh, what is this gonna be, now?

BILL: Just a blues, just put some verses... you make it up as you go along.

BROWNIE: One more, once...

BROWNIE: Well, I looked down the road, just as far as I could see,
Well, I looked down the road, just as far as I could see,
Well, you know, the blues had my woman,
well, that sho worry me.
(Well, I was low)

Well, here I am in Chicago, and I'm doing fairly well,
Here I am in Chicago, seem like I'm doing fairly well,
Well, when I leave this city, ain't no one going to tell.
(Well, I got it now)
Well, I started a'walking, till my feet got soaking wet,
I started a'walking down the road, Lord till my feet got soaking wet,
Well, I ain't trying little girl called Louise,
Lord Sonny quit walking ahead.

Well, my momma told me, Lord, when I was a little child,
Oh, my momma told me, Lord when I was a child.
Well, she said Sonny Terry, you too big a devil, to be so foolish and wild.

(Watch out, Big Bill)

BILL: I ain't gonna tell nobody, baby, bout that way I feel,
Yeah, I ain't gonna tell nobody, bout the way I feel,
Yes, I feel like a broken wagon, Lord with a broken wheel.

Sometime I don't know, just where I'm gonna wind up at,
Yes, sometime I don't know, baby where I'm going to wind up at,
Yes, I got a two dollar bill baby, and I'm wearing it right here in my hat.

You don't believe I'm singing, Big Bill, just look at the hole I'm in,
If you don't believe I'm singing, Bill just look for the hole I'm in,
Well, if you don't believe I love the woman I got,
Look what a dog-gone fool I've been.

Well, some people thinks I'm happy, but they shore don't know my mind,
Well, you may think I'm happy, but you shore don't know my mind.
Just because you see a smile on my face,
my heart could be beating on the time.

(Sonny boy,

SONNY: Why she say she don't love me, Big Bill,
you know this ain't no getting along,
Why say no loving, oh, you know this ain't no getting along,
Everything you can do, Big Bill, she will say you're wrong.

Well, I told you baby, ain't gonna tell you no more,
I done told you, woman, Lord I ain't gonna tell you no more,
Babe, you know you're gonna reap, hey, just what you sew.

BILL: Goodbye, this is my last goodbye to you,
Goodbye, my baby, this is my last goodbye to you,
I don't care whether you're drunk or sober little girl,
Big Bill don't care what you do.

STUDS: Well, if, uh, someone listening right now to WMFT had never heard the blues before, he sure heard it now. This then is...now how did this come into being. Here, Bill just made a suggestion that you start singing Sonny, and Brownie you sing, and Bill would. Now how...Now, this was not-- we just got to together, met tonight-- now this was a song you'd never sung before together. How do you explain this?

SIDE II, Band 2:

BILL: Well, that's one reason I spoke while ago. One subject I made while ago that anybody can that want to sing the blues sing it the way he feel. Don't try to sing like me, don't try to sing like Brownie, don't try to sing like Son Terry. That's just to show you the three of us here, because ...Fact of the business, I know it was born in me. 'Course a lot of people, they pick it up. Well, I don't blame them. And I like it, to hear a fellow, and to see a fellow, know a guy that picked up something that's really worthwhile because it helps, it helps the guy like me that's trying to carry the blues in places where the people don't know anything about them. In fact of the business, there's a lot of guys that can get in places where I'll never get in. And I really like to see them do it. And just like we sit here now, we could sit here now and sing five thousand blues because only three of us here now. We knows it. See. When he sing it, when he starts it, then it come to me. And it comes to Sonny.

STUDS: And Brownie was singing it...

BILL: And Brownie start it...

STUDS: ..suddenly it came to Sonny's mind...

BILL: Yeah.

STUDS: Then it came to your mind.

BILL: And when he finish I got something already set up.

SONNY: That's right.

BILL: You know what I mean. And, uh, that's that's the way it goes, because you feel it. You know, from one another. Which it don't happen to all musicians, though.

SIDE II, Band 3:

BILL: You know what I think would be a good idea. It's a point that I really want to prove.

STUDS: What's that?

BILL: That, blues is a steal from spirituals. And now, I want to, if it's possible, if Brownie will do it, and Sonny will do it, I want each one of them to, to play a spiritual, any one they want to play.

(Okay, sure)

STUDS: You mean, you want to show the connection here between the spirituals and the blues. How one came from the other.

BILL: I know the spirituals was first.

(That's right, that's right)

BROWNIE: I have to agree with you. When we get to mine, I'm going to tell you about mine.

SIDE II, Band 4: BEAUTIFUL CITY

STUDS: Well, Sonny, do you want to try one?

SONNY: Yeah, I'll do one. Beautiful City.

Whoa, Lord, what a beautiful city,
Lord, what a beautiful city,
God knows,
Twelve gates to the city, hallelu, A-men.

And there's three gates in the East,
Three gates in the North,
Three gates in the South,
Three gates in the West,
Well, to make twelve gates to the city,
hallelu., A-men.

Oh, Lord,
Yeah, what a beautiful city,
God knows,
Twelve gates to the city, hallelu, A-men.

I done told you,
Yea, I mean it,
I done told you,
Which it makes twelve gates to the city,
hallelu, A-amen.

Whoa, Lord, what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city
God knows,
Twelve gates to the city, hallelu, A-men.

And they look for me in the East,
Look for me in the West,
Look for me in the North,
Look for me in the South,
I come, where in that city, hallelu, A-men.

Oh Lord,
Oh, what a beautiful city,
God know,
Twelve gates to the city, hallelu, A-men.

STUDS: Sonny. Ah, where did you first hear that?

SONNY: The Beautiful City?

STUDS: Yeah, the spiritual.

SONNY: I was a kid, bout ten or twelve years old.
My mother used to sing it in the church.

SIDE II, Band 5:

STUDS: Brownie, there's one you said you wanted to talk about.

BROWNIE: Well, I said I would talk about it. I heard so much talk about it. I didn't know what it means, to ah, running away, and when you wanted to say something you couldn't just walk up and say it. As Bill said, to the bosses, or to the caretakers, or the keepers, and I'd always hear my people sing the songs and they'd say well, that's the onliest way we can talk to them. Is through songs. We can't just walk up and, ah, tell them we are going to leave in the morning. We couldn't get away. But fortunately, though, my great grand parents lived to be a hundred and one and a hundred and seven. And I happened to see some of them, around that age. And ah, they say when we got ready to say anything, we didn't have to...we couldn't. We couldn't just walk up and tell them, ah, what we was planning, what we was thinking. When we'd sing it they would come up and listen to us. And we'd talk to them through songs.

STUDS: It was sort of a double talk.

BROWNIE: Double talk. In the spiritual I'm Gonna Sit Down at the Welcome Table One of These Days, I'm Gonna Tell God How You Treat Me One of These Days. They didn't mean, you know, that. They was just singing that as long as it had reference to God, why nobody thought anything about it.

STUDS: But they really meant, uh, the way you're treating me.

BROWNIE: The way you're treating me, I'll get even with you one of these days. And, ah, those songs was just song that I remember, and they were talking about it, how they would talk through songs, and maybe my feeling comes out sometimes, now, when I'm creating, or writing, or dreaming, or thinking, one of those things. And that's one of my songs that I like, I'm Gonna Tell God How You Treat Me One of These Days.

I'm a'gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me one of these days; hallelujah;
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me one of these days.

Cause, I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
Oh, I'm gonna sit at the welcome table, one of these days, hallelujah;
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table,
I'm gonna sit at the welcome table one of these days.

I'm going down to the river of Jordan,
I'm going down to the river of Jordan, one of these days, hallelujah,
I'm going down to the river of Jordan,
I'm going down to the river of Jordan one of these days.

Well, I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
Lord, I'm gonna tell God how you treat me one of these days, hallelujah,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me one of these days.

I'm going home to live with Jesus,
I'm going home to live with Jesus one of these days, hallelujah;
I'm going home to live with Jesus,
I'm going to tell God how you treat me one of these days.

STUDS: Brownie, the point was made, there.

SIDE II, Band 6:

BILL: That is a fact, that, ah, you'll see, that, uh, it means the same thing when you get the blues. This is one, this is one, we used to sing, well there used to be about ten or twelve of us used to sing this a lot, when I was ill, it was long ago, I was a young man, then.

Hush, hush, somebody's calling me, now
Hush, somebody's calling me;
Hush, somebody's calling,
It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Hush, hush, somebody's calling me
Hush, somebody's calling me, now
Hush, somebody's calling me,
And it sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Oh, sinner man, somebody's calling you,
Sinner man, somebody's calling you,
Now, sinner man, somebody's calling you,
It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Oh, you hipocrits, somebody's calling you,
 Hipocrits, somebody's calling you,
 Now, hipocrits, somebody's calling you,
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Hush, hush, somebody's calling,
 Hush, somebody's calling man,
 Hush, somebody's calling,
 And it sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Oh, you liars, somebody's calling,
 Mm, liar, somebody's calling you,
 Now liar, somebody's calling
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Whoa, you thieving men, somebody's calling
 you,
 Thieving men, somebody's calling you,
 Thieving men, somebody's calling you,
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Hush, hush, somebody's calling now,
 Hush, somebody's calling, man;
 Hush, somebody's calling,
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Gambling man, somebody's calling,
 Gambling man, somebody's calling,
 Oh, gambler, somebody's calling,
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Oh, hush, hush, somebody's calling now,
 Hush, somebody's calling man,
 Hush, somebody's calling,
 It sounds like the voice of the Lord.

Hush, hush, somebody's calling,
 Hush, somebody's calling,
 Hush, hush somebody's calling,
 And it sounds like the voice of the Lord.

SIDE II, Band 7:

BROWNIE: Oh, when the saints, go marching in,
 When the saints go marching in,
 Good Lord, I want to be in that number,
 When the saints go marching in.

Oh, when the sun, refuse to shine,
 Good Lord, I want to be in that number,
 When the saints go marching in.

SONNY: Oh, when they come, to blow that horn,
 Oh, when they come to blow that horn,
 Oh, yes, I want to be in that number,
 When the saints go marching in.

Oh when the moon, goes down in blood,
 Oh, when the moon goes down in blood,
 Oh, yes, I want to be in that number,
 When the saints, go marching, marching in.
 (Take it Big Bill)

BILL: Lord I had a dear old mother,
 Now she's going on before,
 Lord I promised her I'd meet her,
 When the saints go marching in.
 (All together)

ALL: When the saints, go marching in,
 When the saints go marching in,
 Lord I want to be in that number,
 When the saints go marching in.

BILL: Oh, when the saints, go marching in,
 Oh, when the saints go marching in,
 Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number,
 When the Saints go marching in.

STUDS: Big Bill Broonzy, Brownie McGhee, Sonny
 Terry, thank you very much, for a very
 rich evening.

BROWNIE: I want to thank Bill for this glorious
 evening, in this windy city of Chicago.

SONNY: Thank you, Mr. Broonzy.

STUDS: Bill was the co-host tonight, thank you
 very much, gang.

OTHER FOLKWAYS ALBUMS OF INTEREST

- FA2028 (FP28) GET ON BOARD. Favorite Negro folksongs sung by the Folkmasters — Sonny Terry, harmonica; Brownie McGhee, guitar; Coyol McMahan. Midnight Special, Pick A Bale, I'm in His Care, Mamma Blues No. 2, Man Is Nothing But A Fool, Raise a Ruckus. Text.
 1-10" 33½ rpm longplay record\$4.25
- FA2030 (FP30/2) BLUES by BROWNIE MCGHEE, with guitar. Includes: Sporting Life, Good Morning Blues, Careless Love Blues, Betty and Dupree, Move to Kansas City, Worried Mind, Pawnshop Blues, Me And Sonny. Notes by Charles Edward Smith
 1-10" 33½ rpm longplay record\$4.25
- FA2035 (F-35) SONNY TERRY HARMONICA & VOCAL SOLOS. Alcoholic Blues, Women's Blues, Lost John, Fine False, Beautiful City, Shortnin' Bread, Stomp, hollers. Notes.
 1-10" 33½ rpm longplay record\$4.25
- FA2004 (FP4) TAKE THIS HAMMER (Legacy, Vol. 1) with Lead Belly and his 12-string guitar. Memorial album. Huddle Ledbetter and accompanying artists singing Negro folksongs. Notes by Alan Lomax. Ill. by Y Cunningham. Green Corn, Yellow Gal, Big Fat Woman, Grey Goose, Laura, Pick a Bale of Cotton, Meeting at the building, God Morning Blues, You Can't Lose Me Cholly, Leaving Blues, Irene Good Night, Take This Hammer, We Shall Walk Thru the Valley, Bring Me a Li'l Water, Silvy.
 1-10" 33½ rpm longplay record\$4.25
- FA2326 BIG BILL BROONZY—COUNTRY BLUES, playing his guitar and singing: In the Evening, When Things Go Wrong, Diggin' My Potatoes, Poor Bill Blues, Trouble In 'Mind, I Wonder When I'll Be Called a Man? Louise, Frankie and Johnny, South Bound Train, Joe Turner No. 2, Hey Hey Baby, Saturday Evening Blues. Notes and song texts by Charles Edward Smith.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FA2327 BROWNIE MCGHEE (guitar), SONNY TERRY (harmonica) accompanied on drums by Gene Moore. Better Day, Confusion, Dark Road, John Henry, Make a Little Money, Old Jabo, If you Lose Your Money, Guitar Highway, Heart In Sorrow, Preachin' the Blues, Can't Help Myself, Best of Friends, Boogie Baby. Notes by Charles Edward Smith and song texts.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95

- FA2461 THE MUSIC OF NEW ORLEANS, vol. I. The Music of the Streets. The Music of Mardi Gras. A vivid sound portrait of this renowned city's music, recorded by and with notes by Samuel B. Charters. Includes a dawn to dusk sound record of "Fat Tuesday," Mardi Gras day. Also features street cries, street musicians, bands, etc.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FA2462 THE MUSIC OF NEW ORLEANS, vol. II. Music of the Eureka Brass Band. Recorded and with illustrated notes by Samuel B. Charters. Titles include: Panama, Trombonium, Just a Little While to Stay Here, Lord, Lord, Lord, Eternity, Maryland, my Maryland.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FA2463 THE MUSIC OF NEW ORLEANS, vol. III. Music of five Dance Halls. Third in the series recorded and with notes by Samuel B. Charters. Includes: Big Mamou, Road of Sunshine, Anytime, Married Man Blues, Careless Love, Shake It and Break It, Nellie Gray, Blues, Gettysburg, Jimmy's Blues, Corrina, In the Groove.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FG3585 BLIND WILLIE JOHNSON, His Story; told, annotated and documented by Samuel B. Charters, in Louisiana and Texas. Notes with illustrations by Ernest York. Recordings include: If I Had My Way, Nobody's Fault But Mine, Jesus Is Coming Soon, Mothers Children Have a Hard Time, Dark Was the Night, Match Box Blues, It's A Good Little Thing, Little Woman You're So Sweet.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FG3586 BIG BILL BROONZY, His Story; Interview with Studs Terkel. Recording includes: Early Days (Plough-Hand-Blues), C. C. Rider, Willie Mae Blues, Experiences (This Train), (Mule Ridin'-Talking Blues), Travelling (Key to the Highway) (Black, Brown and White), Joe Turner Blues No. 1. Notes by Charles E. Smith.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95
- FS3864 (FP86/4) RADIO PROGRAMME No. 4; STUDS TERKEL'S WEEKLY ALMANAC ON WFMT: FOLK SONGS AND BLUES, WITH BIG BILL BROONZY AND PETE SEEGER. Highlights of interview, discussion, and demonstration on a scheduled half-hour show that went on far over an hour on listener demand. More than 20 songs including Alberta, The Midnight Special, etc.
 1-12" 33½ rpm longplay record\$5.95