

And brokers who break everything
The dark of night was swiftly fading
Close to the dawn of day
Why would I want him just to lose him again

I'll Fly Away

The hard life of the mountains inspired not only songs of sorrow and hardship, but also of celebration and escapism. From the midwestern United States comes a song that has become integral to Appalachian music: I'll Fly Away. Written in the 1920s, it is no wonder such an optimistic take on death was so readily adopted by the weary people of Appalachia.

Some glad morning when this life is o'er, I'll fly away;
To a home on God's celestial shore, I'll fly away

I'll fly away, Oh Glory
I'll fly away; (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by,
I'll fly away

When the shadows of this life have gone, I'll fly away;
Like a bird from prison bars has flown, I'll fly away

Oh how glad and happy when we meet, I'll fly away;
No more cold, iron shackles on my feet, I'll fly away

Just a few more weary days and then, I'll fly away;
To a land where joy shall never end, I'll fly away.



School of Music

presents

CAPSTONE LECTURE/RECITAL

“Appalachia in Song”

Amanda June Brawner

Michael Alcorn, tenor
Steve Coleman, baritone, piano
Rachel Mercer, mezzo-soprano, violin
Megan Otte, soprano
Caleb Stone, baritone, guitar, twelve-string guitar
Eileen Moremen, advisor

Saturday, May 9, 2009
6:30 pm
Music Building Recital Hall

Seventy-second Concert of the 2008-2009 season

**Kennesaw State University
School of Music**

CAPSTONE LECTURE/RECITAL

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PROGRAM

Down to the River to Pray	Traditional Spiritual Early 19th Century
The Ballad of Barbara Allen	Traditional English Ballad 17th Century
Sourwood Mountain	Traditional American Folk 19th Century
Guide Me, Jehovah from the Smithsonian Folkways recording "Beautiful Beyond", 2004	Walker Calhoun (b. 1918)
Wade in the Water Medley Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child I Wanna' Die Easy	Traditional African- American Spirituals Arr. Ysaye Barnwell (b. 1946)
Didn't Leave Nobody But the Baby	Traditional African Lullaby Additional Verses by Gillian Welch (b. 1967)
Poor Wayfaring Stranger	Traditional American Folk 19th Century

Well we build a dozen a day, no foolin'
Just to pass the time away
And when you get near it,
you're bound to feel the spirit of Atlanta, G-A

Now do we play ball? You bet your bones
Did you ever take a look at our Bobby Jones

We're gonna take all the land
From the ocean to the sea
Annex New York and New Jersey
We're gonna move the Statue of Liberty
Down to Atlanta, G-A

Man it's the greatest place
That you ever saw
Where Woodrow Wilson's son-in-law
And--to win the war, down in Atlanta, G-A, Yes sir!

The Scarlet Tide

Media often makes use of traditional Appalachian song as well as contemporary songs inspired by the music of Appalachia to underscore film. The Scarlet Tide speaks of an actual event that devastated much of Appalachia: The American Civil War. Written long after the war by a native of the United Kingdom, the song is nevertheless a chilling reminder of the hardships faced by both the soldiers and the families who stayed behind. In the harmonies and melody of contemporary Appalachian songs, whether written in the mountains or abroad, the British Isles seem to not yet have lost their influence in Appalachia.

Well I recall his parting words,
"Must I accept his fate
Or take myself far from this place?"
I thought I heard a black bell toll
A little bird did sing,
"Man has no choice
When he wants every thing"

We'll rise above the scarlet tide
That trickles down through the mountain
And separates the widow from the bride

Man goes beyond his own decision
Gets caught up in the mechanism
Of swindlers who act like kings

I am not a little sparrow
I am just the broken dream
Of a cold false-hearted lover
And his evil cunning scheme

All ye maidens fair and tender
Never trust the hearts of men
They will crush you like a sparrow
Leaving you to never mend

Little sparrow, little sparrow
Oh the sorrow never ends

Atlanta, G-A

This sound clip was recorded in the beginnings of radio: a new tool in the early twentieth century that connected Appalachia to the outside world. In the recording, Green B. Adair can be heard singing homage to the “big city” of Atlanta, which is idealized and praised by the Appalachian native and radio pioneer, who is also the ancestor of the presenter of this program.

I'm happy, I feel so fine
Got my ticket on that southern line
I'll soon be eating the peaches
Right off the tree

Where the sweet, sweet sugar cane grows
And the good ol' moonshine flows
When you get near it, you're bound to feel
the spirit of Atlanta, G-A

Atlanta, Atlanta
Now according to the associated press
Everything down here is a mess down in
Atlanta, Atlanta
Now we never worry about a drought,
We'll sprinkle Coca-Cola all over the south
And oh boy how you smack your mouth
Down in Atlanta, G-A!

Say, hospitality, man – they sure were good to me,
Yes sir!
Everything's kickin', everybody's gay,
Just struttin' up and down our big wide way

Little Sparrow
(Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens)

Traditional English Ballad
17th Century

Atlanta, G-A
from original WGST vinyl recording

Green B. Adair (1887-1968)
1920s 78rpm

The Scarlet Tide

Elvis Costello (b. 1954)
© 2003 Sony Music Inc.

I'll Fly Away

Albert Brumley (1905-1977)
Composed 1929

This lecture/recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree
Bachelor of Arts in Music.
Ms. Brawner studies voice with Eileen Moremen.

Down In the River to Pray

Down In the River to Pray includes a traditional African-American spiritual melody also found in similar songs such as “O Brothers, Let's Go Down”, “Down In the Valley to Pray”, and “Good Old Way”. It is also found in hymnals throughout the mid-nineteenth century, notably in the 1867 publication *Slave Songs*. William E. Barton's 1899 *Old Plantation Hymns with Historical and Descriptive Notes* includes a transcription of the melody; this reference also notes that the music itself is especially descriptive in that the lyric “down” is always sung on a descending line, and the word pray “falls as it were on its knees to the dominant below and is held for four beats”.

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

Chorus:

O sisters let's go down,
Let's go down, come on down,
O sisters let's go down,
Down in the river to pray.

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

Chorus

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

Chorus

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way!

Chorus

Yet beauteous fields lie just before me
Where God's redeemed their vigils keep

I'm going there to see my mother
She said she'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

Little Sparrow

This contemporary arrangement harkens back several centuries ago to an English/Scottish folk song originally called *Come All Ye Fair and Tender Maidens*. The language of the song itself is evidence of a European past. This rendition is a contemporary arrangement with timeless text. Europe in the seventeenth century would have been an ideal setting for such a feminist outcry as the lyrics of this song.

Little sparrow, little sparrow
Precious fragile little thing
Little sparrow, little sparrow
Flies so high and feels no pain

All ye maidens heed my warning
Never trust the hearts of men
They will crush you like a sparrow
Leaving you to never mend
They will vow to always love you
Swear no love but yours will do
Then they'll leave you for another
Break your little heart in two

Little sparrow, little sparrow
Precious fragile little thing
Little sparrow, little sparrow
Flies so high and feels no pain

If I were a little sparrow
O'er these mountains I would fly
I would find him, I would find him
Look into his lying eyes

I would flutter all around him
On my little sparrow wings
I would ask him, I would ask him
Why he let me love in vain

Go to sleep you little baby
Your momma's gone away and your daddy's gone to stay
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

Go to sleep you little baby
Everybody's gone in the cotton and the corn
Didn't leave nobody but the baby

You're a sweet little baby
Honey in the rock and the sugar don't stop
Gonna bring a bottle to the baby

Don't you weep pretty baby
She's long gone with the red shoes on
Gonna meet another lovin baby

Go to sleep you little baby
You and me and the devil makes three
Don't need no other lovin baby

Go to sleep you little baby
Come and lay your bones on the alabaster stones
And be my ever lovin baby

Poor Wayfaring Stranger

The Melungeon people of Appalachia may be one of the least-known ethnic groups in the region. Resulting from immigration of gypsies, Turks, and other eastern European peoples who settled among African-Americans and Native-Americans, this population is often affiliated with the song Poor Wayfaring Stranger because of their plight in a country that does not readily recognize their heritage. The mandolin is featured as an example of an Appalachian instrument influenced by those found in eastern Europe.

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
There's no sickness, toil, or danger
In that bright world to which I go

I'm going there to see my father
He said he'd meet me when I come
I'm only going over Jordan
I'm only going over home

I know dark clouds will gather round me
I know my way is rough and steep

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the starry crown
Good Lord, show me the way !

Chorus

As I went down in the river to pray
Studying about that good old way
And who shall wear the robe and crown
Good Lord, show me the way !

The Ballad of Barbara Allen

Also known by such variations as Bonnie Barbara Allen, Barbie Allen, Barbary Allen, and Barbriallen, this tune (Child Ballad 84) migrated to Appalachia with the Scott-Irish who traveled to the region. The story, through variations, retains many similar themes: the unrequited love of a young lad for Barbara Allen, the death of both, and the vines that grow from each grave and into a knot (a rose from his, a thorn from hers).

It was in and about the Martinmas time,
When the green leaves were a-falling,
That Sir John Graeme, in the West country,
Fell in love with Barbara Allen.

November 11

He sent his men down through the town
To the place where she was dwelling:
"O haste and come to my master dear,
Gin ye be Barbara Allen."

living
hurry up
if you are

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
To the place where he was lying,
And when she drew the curtain by'
"Young man, I think you're dying."

slowly

"O it's I'm sick, and very, very sick,
And it's a' for Barbara Allen;"
"O the better for me you shall never be,
Though your heart's blood were a spilling."

all

"O dinna ye mind, young man," she said,
remember

don't you

"When the red wine ye were filling,
That ye made the healths gae round and round,
And slighted Barbara Allen?"

drank some toasts
upset

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was with him dealing;
"Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
And be kind to Barbara Allen."

Sourwood Mountain

Sourwood Mountain is a great example of traditional Appalachian song that has traveled through oral tradition from generation to generation. While dozens of versions appear in a number of archives and folklore collections that date to the early twentieth century, a number of popular recordings by contemporary artists (Jerry Garcia, among others) keep this tune alive and ever-changing. Appalachia native Mrs. Betty Jane Dodrill sites family lore and believes that it was her ancestor William Francis (Blue Bill) Combs (1840-1924) who wrote the tune; this is quite possible as Combs was a fiddler and farmer who lived on Breezers Branch in Russell County, Virginia – not far from the mountain known as Sourwood Mountain, Virginia.

Chickens crowin' on Sourwood Mountain
So many pretty girls, I can't count 'em

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy
She won't come and I'm too lazy

Big dog bark and little one bite you
Big girl court and little one spite you

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy
She won't marry me, I'll go crazy

My true love lives at the head of the holler
She won't come and I won't bother

My true love lives o'er the river
Few more jumps and I'll be with her

Ducks in the pond, geese in the ocean
Devil's in the women if they take a notion

My true love's a blue-eyed daisy
She won't marry me I'll go crazy

Guide Me, Jehovah

In this audio clip, Walker Calhoun, North Carolina native and Cherokee musician, can be heard performing this hybrid of traditional Cherokee and Appalachian music styles in this Christian worship selection *Guide Me Jehovah*. The banjo is an instrument of African origins, creating a truly unique affect in a soundscape that could only be found in Appalachia.

Skwah thih ni:se:sti; yiho:wa
e:lato ka? jh sv':i
Tsiwanaka hli:yu ayv
Tsa hli nikiti nihi
nikohi:lv nikohi:lv
skih ste:lih ske:sti yo? ko

Guide me, Jehovah
as I travel here below;
I am very weak
You are strong
All the Time, All the Time
Always continue helping me

Wade In the Water/Motherless Child/Wanna Die Easy

This accapella arrangement (Ysaye Barnwell) of three African-American spirituals is a prime example of the African influence heard in *Didn't Leave Nobody but the Baby*. Like many African-American slave songs, the acapella nature of the piece lends itself for use by those without instruments available or during work in the fields. The Christian message in these songs is the result of European-American traditions and influences.

Wade in the water, wade in the water children
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child
A long way from home

I wanna' die easy when I die
and shout salvation when I rise
I wanna' die easy when I die

Didn't Leave Nobody but the Baby

Traditional African lullaby melodies are combined with contemporary verses in this Appalachian trio. The origins of the tale are unknown, but recordings of the song date back to those of Alan Lomax in the early twentieth century. Among artists to record this piece is Huddie Ledbetter or Leadbelly, who is arguably the most famous African-American folk singer in the history of the United States.