

# ROLL IN MY SWEET BABY'S ARMS

*Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms*, a standard in bluegrass music, is a traditional song made up of fragments of older songs. The fourth verse, below, was collected as early as 1914 and is found in some versions of *The Prisoner's Song*. Buster Carter and Preston Young first recorded *Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms* in 1931 for Columbia. Their copyright was not renewed, so in 1959, the song lapsed back into the public

domain. The most brilliant recording of it was done in 1951 by Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs, and the Foggy Mountain Boys in Tampa, Florida. They credited Charlie Monroe with the copyright, but on reissues of the same recording, William York was given composer credit. Even with these tangled legal questions, it is still a good song.

Vigorously

Traditional

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line is marked 'A' and 'E'. The second line is marked 'A', 'D', 'E', and 'A'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

1. Ain't gon - na work on the rail - road, \_\_\_\_\_ Ain't gon - na work on the farm, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Chorus: Roll in my sweet ba - by's arms \_\_\_\_\_ Roll in my sweet ba - by's arms \_\_\_\_\_

Lay a - round the shack 'til the mail - train comes back And I'll roll in my sweet ba - by's arms. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Lay a - round the shack 'til the mail - train comes back And I'll roll in my sweet ba - by's arms. \_\_\_\_\_

2. Can't see what's the matter with my own true love  
 She done quit writing to me;  
 She must think I don't love her like I used to  
 Ain't that a foolish idea. *Chorus:*
3. Mama's a ginger cake baker,  
 Sister can weave and can spin,  
 Dad's got an interest in that old cotton mill,  
 Just to watch that old money roll in. *Chorus:*
4. They tell me your parents do not like me,  
 They have drove me away from your door;  
 If I had my time to do over  
 I would never go there any more. *Chorus:*
5. Now where were you last Friday night  
 While I was locked up in jail?  
 Walking the streets with another man,  
 Wouldn't even go my bail. *Chorus:*

# LONESOME ROAD BLUES

The town of Fries is a tiny mill town located on the New River in the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia. There lived Henry Whitter, who fancied himself a singer, guitarist, and harmonica player. In March of 1923, Whitter journeyed uninvited to New York to make records. Somehow, he managed to persuade the Okeh record company to record

*Lonesome Road Blues* and *The Wreck of the Southern Old '97*. The songs were not released, however, until January of 1924, when the success of Fiddlin' John Carson's *Little Log Cabin in the Lane* convinced Okeh record producer Ralph Peer of the commercial potential of hillbilly records.

Wide open

Traditional

Musical notation for the first two lines of the song. The first line is marked 'G' and 'C'. The second line is marked 'C', 'G', 'D', and 'G'. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4.

1. I'm go - in' down the road feel - in' bad \_\_\_\_\_ I'm go - in' down the road feel - in' bad \_\_\_\_\_ I'm  
 go - in' down the road feel - in' bad Lord, \_\_\_\_\_ Lord, And I ain't a - gon - na be treat - ed this a - way. \_\_\_\_\_

1. I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad  
 I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad  
 I'm goin' down the road feelin' bad Lord, Lord  
 And I ain't gonna be treated this a-way.
2. I'm way down in jail on my knees. . .
3. Oh they feed me on cornbread and peas. . .
4. Oh I'm goin' where the climate suits my clothes. . .
5. Oh I'm goin' if I never come back. . .