

[[“I Just Steal Away and Pray” by Maddox Brothers and Rose]]

Every time I do a deed I shouldn't do,  
every time I say a word I shouldn't say,  
let me tell you what I do and it brings a blessing, too,  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away and pray,  
and I ask the blessed Lord to lead the way.  
I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

Oftentimes I'm made to bow my head in shame  
at some evil thought or deed along life's way,  
but I never am ashamed of the Savior's blessed name,  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away and pray,  
and I ask the blessed Lord to lead the way.  
I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

Christ the Savior always hears and answers prayers,  
and He gives me many blessings every day.  
When I fail to do my best,  
and I fail to pass the test,  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away and pray,  
and I ask the blessed Lord to lead the way.  
I just steal away and pray.  
I just steal away pray.  
I just steal away somewhere and pray.

[[“Jelly, Jelly” by Josh White]]

Hello, baby, I had to call you on the phone.  
I said hello, baby, I had to call you on the phone.  
You know I feel so lonesome, Josh wants his baby home.  
It's a-downright rotten, low-down dirty shame.  
It's a-downright rotten, low-down dirty shame.  
You mistreat me, baby. God knows I'm not to blame.

Well it's jelly, jelly, jelly, jelly stays on my mind.  
Hey Lordy, mama.

Great God Almighty.  
Jelly, jelly, jelly, jelly stays on my mind.  
Jelly roll killed my mammy; snapped my pappy stone-blind.

I got 19 women. Live in my neighborhood.  
I ain't lyin'. Great God Almighty.  
19 women livin' in my neighborhood.  
18 are fools; other gal just ain't no doggone good.  
But she makes me holla, "ho baby, hoo, baby, hoo-ooo."  
Make me holla, "ahhh-ow, baby, hoo, baby, ooo-ooo."  
I love you, baby, what more can a poor man do?

[[“Rosetta” by Bob Wills and his Texas Playboys]]

Rosetta, my Rosetta, in my heart there's, there's no one but you.  
Just a-you, sweetheart.  
You told me that you love me.  
Never leave me for somebody new.

Don't ever leave me; don't break my heart.  
You made my whole life a dream. I pray you make it come true.  
God bless you, honey.  
Rosetta, my Rosetta, please say I'm just the one, dear, for you.

[[“Good Gracious Gracie!” by Light Crust Doughboys]]

Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
Look what you've done to me.  
Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
I'm going crazy, can't you see?  
Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
Please let me make you mine.  
One little kiss would change all of this.  
Good gracious, oh Gracie be mine.

Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
Look what you've done to me.  
Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
I'm going crazy, can't you see?  
Good gracious, good gracious, good gracious, Gracie.  
Please let me make you mine.  
One little kiss would change all of this.  
Good gracious, oh Gracie be mine.

[[“Go! Go! Go!” by The Treniers]]

If you ever go to a session or dance  
and you want the sax man to prance.  
When the band starts swingin',  
get the crowd to join in singin'.

Go, go, go, turn him on, man.  
Go, go, go, make him blow, man.  
Go, go, go with the beat, man.  
Go, go, go, watch him go, man.  
Go, go, go, that's a swinging phrase.  
No!

Clap your hands and jump and shout.  
The band will really knock you out.  
If you want to keep them swingin',  
don't ever stop your singin'.  
Go, go, go.  
Go, go, go.  
Go, go, go.  
Go, go, go.  
Go, go, go, that's a swinging phrase.

Go, go, go.  
Go, go.  
Bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap-bap.  
Go!

[[“The House of Blue Lights” by Freddie Slack, featuring Ella Mae Morse with Don Raye]]

Don Raye: Well whatcha say, baby? You look ready as Mr. Freddie this black. How 'bout you and me goin' spinnin' at the track?

Ella Mae Morse: What's that, homie? If you think I'm going dancin' on a dime, your clock is tickin' on the wrong time.

Don Raye: Well, what's your pleasure, treasure? You call the plays, I'll dig the ways.

Ella Mae Morse: Hey daddy-o, I'm not so crude as to drop my mood on a square from way back. I'm in there and have to dig life with father, and I mean Father Slack.

Don Raye: Well, baby, your play gives my wig a solid flip. You snap the whip, I'll make the trip.

Ella Mae Morse: Well, lace up your boots and we'll broom on down  
to a knocked-out shack on the edge of town.  
There's an eight-beat combo that just won't quit.  
Keep walkin' 'til you see a blue light lit.  
Fall in there and we'll see some sights  
at the House of Blue Lights.

There's fryers and broilers and Detroit barbecue ribs.  
But the treat of the treats is when they serve you those fine eight beats.  
You want to spend the rest of your brights,  
down at the House,  
the House of Blue Lights.

*[Scatting]*

Ey, we'll have a time and we'll cut some rug,  
while we dig those tunes like they should be dug.  
It's a real homecomin' for all those cats,  
just trilly down a path of welcome mats.  
Fall in there and we'll see some sights,  
at the House,  
the House of Blue Lights.

*[Scatting]*

[[“Jim Dandy” by LaVerne Baker and the Gliders]]

Ah-oo. Ah-oo. Ah-oo.

Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Jim Dandy to the rescue.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue.  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go, Jim Dandy!

Jim Dandy on a mountaintop.  
Thirty thousand feet to drop.  
Spied a lady on a runaway horse.  
Uh-huh, that's right, of course.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go, Jim Dandy!

Jim Dandy met a girl named Sue.  
She was feeling kind of blue.  
Jim Dandy, he's the kind of guy,  
never liked to see a little girl cry.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go, Jim Dandy!

Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Jim Dandy to the rescue.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue.  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go!

Jim Dandy in a submarine.  
Got a message from a mermaid queen.  
She was hanging from a fishing line.  
Jim Dandy didn't waste no time.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go, Jim Dandy!

Jim Dandy wanted to go to Maine.  
Got a ticket on a DC plane.  
Jim Dandy didn't need no suit.  
He was hip and ready to boot.  
Jim Dandy to the rescue!  
Go, Jim Dandy!  
Go, Jim Dandy!

Go, go, go, Jim Dandy.  
Go, go go, Jim Dandy.  
Go, go, go, Jim Dandy.  
Go on, Jim Dandy.  
Jim Dandy's gone.  
Aww, yes Dandy.

[[“That Glory Bound Train” by Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys]]

Come and listen, won't you, brother?  
Have you heard or don't you know?  
There's a train that's bound for Glory, will you ride it when it goes?

Has your ticket yet been purchased for that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride, that Glory-bound train?  
Will you ride that train to Glory, by-and-bye?

Have you made all preparations?  
Reservations all complete?  
When you hear the whistle blowing, will you be there at your seat?

Has your ticket yet purchased for that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Will you ride that train to Glory, by-and-by?

Oh, the headlight will be gleaming.  
Jesus is the engineer.  
Will you ride His train to Glory or will He leave you here?

Has your ticket yet purchased for that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?

Will you ride that train to Glory, by-and-by?

When these golden bells start ringing,  
ringing on the golden cord,  
will you have your ticket ready when you hear that "All aboard"?

Has your ticket yet purchased for that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Will you ride that train to Glory, by-and-by?

When you hear it in the distance,  
hear its mighty drivers roll,  
just a little while to tarry then we'll walk the streets of gold.

Has your ticket yet purchased for that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Oh, will you ride that Glory-bound train?  
Will you ride that train in Glory, by-and-by?

[[“Rock of Ages” by Lester McFarland and Robert A. Gardner]]

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.  
Let me hide myself in Thee.  
Let the water and the blood,  
from Thy wounded side which flowed,  
be of sin the double cure,  
save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow?  
Could my zeal no languor know?  
Thee for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save and Thou alone.  
In my hand no prize I bring.  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,  
when mine eyes shall close in death,  
when I rise to worlds unknown,  
and behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of Age, cleft for me.  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

[[“He Will Set Your Fields on Fire” by Maddox Brothers and Rose]]

There's a call, let it ring,  
for the ones who sing  
to those that are gone astray,  
saying come ye, men,  
and your load of sin

there at the altar lay.  
You don't seem to heed  
and the chain of greed,  
your conscience never tire.  
Be assured my friend  
if you still offend,  
He will set your fields on fire.

If you don't from sin retire,  
He will set your fields on fire.  
You have heard Jesus call  
and He said your soul must fall.  
And my friends if you desire,  
you may join the heavenly choir,  
and rejoice with Him,  
free from every sin  
when He sets this world on fire.

You have heard His voice,  
seen the soul rejoice  
that trusted in His grace.  
You have blushed with sin  
as He knocked within  
but you still you hide your face,  
from the blessed Lord  
and His own true Word  
but still you say retire.  
Leave that downward path  
and don't knock His wrath  
or He'll set your fields on fire.

If you don't from sin retire,  
He will set your fields on fire.  
You have heard Jesus call  
and He said your soul must fall.  
And my friends if you desire,  
you may join the heavenly choir,  
and rejoice with Him,  
free from every sin,  
when He sets this world on fire.

[[“Rock the Joint” by Bill Haley with The Saddlemen]]

We gonna tear down the mailbox, rip out the floor,  
smash out the windows, and knock down the door.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock this joint tonight.

Well, six times six is 36,  
I ain't gonna hit for six more licks.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock this joint tonight.

Do the Sugar-Foot Rag, side-by-side,  
a-flyin' low and a-flyin' wide.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock this joint tonight.

Do an Old Paul Jones and a Virginia Reel,  
just to let your feet know how you feel.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock this joint tonight.

Well six times six is 36,  
I ain't gonna hit for six more licks.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock, rock this joint.  
We're gonna rock this joint tonight.

[[“Watch Dog” by Lula Reed]]

Well, I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man who hangs around peepin'  
when he ought to be home in his bed sleepin'.  
I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.

Well, I'm tired of you watchin' me, night-and-day.  
Actin' like you think I'm gonna run away.  
You never give me time to be alone,  
just like a hound dog watchin' a bone.

I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man being a watch dog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man, who runs around peepin'  
when he ought to be home in his bed sleepin'.  
I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.

Well, I can't even go and call a friend,  
without you askin' me where I've been.  
You always talkin' about something you heard,

and I don't get a chance to say a moanin' word.

I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man being a watchdog over me.  
Well, I don't want no man who hangs around peepin'  
when he ought to be home in his bed sleepin'.  
I don't want no man bein' a watchdog over me.

[[“Steel Guitar Rag” by Les Paul and his Trio]]

*[Jazz instrumental]*

[[“Lay My Head Beneath the Rose” by The Carter Family]]

Darling, clasp me to your bosom, as you did in days of yore.  
Lay your hand upon my forehead, ere I reach the golden shore.  
Life is from me fastly falling, soon I'll be in sweet repose.  
When I'm gone I ask this favor: lay my head beneath the rose.

Darling, first you said you loved me, when you gave me hand and heart.  
There were roses on your cheeks, love, as we vowed we ne'er would part.  
One more kiss for I am going, far beyond all earthly woe.  
May your life be like your cheeks, love, covered with the blossomed rose.

He has crossed the shadowed valley, where the living waters flow.  
Love has answered all his pleading, and he sleeps in sweet repose.  
'Neath a grassy mound he's resting, where the golden sunset glows.  
Love has answered all his pleading, and he sleeps in sweet repose.

[[“Without Love (There Is Nothing)” by Clyde McPhatter]]

I awakened this morning, I was filled with despair.  
All my dreams turned to ashes and gone.  
As I looked at my life, it was barren and bare.  
Without love, I've had nothing at all.

Without love, I've had nothing.  
Without love, I've had nothing at all.  
I have conquered the world, but what did I have.  
Without love, I had nothing at all.

Once I had a sweetheart who loved only me.  
There was nothing that she would not give.  
I was blind to her goodness and I could not see,  
that a heart without love cannot live.

Without love I've had nothing.  
Without love, I've had nothing at all.  
Yes, I've conquered the world, all but one thing did I have.  
Without love, I had nothing at all.

[[“Annie Had a Baby” by The Midnighters]]

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

Every time we start to working, she has to stop and walk the baby 'cross the floor.

She has to walk with the baby, instead of me.

Talk to the baby, instead of me.

Sing to the baby, instead of me.

Cling to the baby, instead of me.

Now I know Annie understood that's what happens when the getting' gets good.

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

No, no, no, no.

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

Every time we start to working, she has to stop and walk the baby 'cross the floor.

She has to walk with the baby, instead of me.

Talk to the baby, instead of me.

Sing to the baby, instead of me.

Cling to the baby, instead of me.

Now I know Annie understood that's what happens when the getting' gets good.

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Annie had a baby, can't work no more.

Every time we start to working, she has to stop and walk the baby 'cross the floor.

[[“The Death of Floyd Collins” by Red River Dave]]

Oh, come all you young people and listen while I tell

the fate of Floyd Collins, the lad we all know well.

His face was fair and handsome; his heart was true and brave.

His body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

How sad, how sad the story, it fills our eyes with tears.

Its memories will linger for many, many years.

A brokenhearted father who tried his boy to save,

will now weep tears of sorrow at the door of Floyd's cave.

Oh, mother don't you worry, dear father don't be sad.

I'll tell you all my troubles in an awful dream I've had.

I dreamed that I was a prisoner, my life I could not save.

I cried, “Oh must I perish here within this silent cave?”

Oh, how the news did travel. Oh, how the news did go.

It traveled through the papers and over the radio.

A rescue party gathered, his life they tried to save,

but his body now lies sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

But on that fatal morning, the sun rose in the sky.  
The workers still were busy, "We'll save him by-and-by."  
But oh, how sad the ending, his life could not be saved.  
His body then was sleeping in a lonely sandstone cave.

Young people, oh, take warning from Floyd Collins's fate,  
and get right with your maker before it is too late.  
It may not be a "Sand Cave" in which we find our tomb,  
but at the bar of judgement we too must meet our doom.

[[*"Blow Your Brains Out"* by Wynonie Harris]]

That was Oklahoma City, time marches on, they look pretty.  
Baby, time marches, marches, marches.  
Now I want you meet Tom Archer.  
Blow it, Tom Archer.

Tom Archer blows.  
Yes, I'll bet you ain't heard nothing until **you all hold** Oklahoma yet.  
He'll blow on that horn, yes now, whatcha bet?  
Oklahoma!

Well, oop bop-sh'bam, the boy's really knockin' me out.  
Yeah, zoo-bop-sh'bam, the boys are knocking me out.  
Tom Archer in Oklahoma know what a saxophone's about.  
Lord, blow your brains.  
Lord, Oklahoma, Tom Archer, you know what it's all about.  
Blow your brains out.

[[*"The Lightning Express"* by Pie Plant Pete]]

Oh, the Lightning Express from the depot so grand had started out on its way.  
All of the people who were onboard seemed to be happy and gay,  
except a little boy in a seat by himself, a-reading a letter he had.  
It was plain to be seen by the tears in his eyes that the contents of it made him sad.  
The stern old conductor do come through the car taking tickets from everyone there.  
He finally reached the side of the boy and he gruffly demanded his fare.  
"I have us no ticket," the boy then replied, "but I'll pay you back someday."  
"I'll have to put you off at the next station," he said, but he stopped when he heard the  
boy say:  
"Oh, please, Mr. Conductor, don't put me off of your train,  
for the best friend I have in this wide world is waiting for me in pain.  
Expecting to die any moment and may not live through the day.  
I wanna bid mama goodbye, sir, before our God takes her away."

A little girl in a seat close by said, "To put that boy off it's a shame."  
And taking his hand, a collection she made and soon paid his way on the train.

"I'm obliged to you, miss, for your kindness to me." "You're welcome, I'm sure, never fear."

Each time the conductor would come through the car, these words seemed to ring in his ear:

"Oh please, Mr. Conductor, don't put me off a-your train,  
for the best friend I have in this wide world is waiting for me in pain.  
Expect her to die any moment and may not live through the day.  
I wanna bid mama goodbye, sir, before our God takes her away."