

Roll in My Sweet Baby's Arms

It was Buster Carter & Preston Young's June 26, 1931 recording that distilled this into a classic. The Monroe Brothers learned it from this 78 record, and recorded it on October 12, 1936. Lester Flatt learned it from Charlie Monroe when he worked for him and recorded it with Earl on October 20, 1950.





 Ain't got no work on the rail-road.
 Roll in my sweet baby's arms.



 Ain't got no work on the farm.
 Roll in my sweet baby's arms.



 Lay a-roun' my shack 'til the rail train comes back, And I'll



 roll in my sweet baby's arms.

Can't see what's a 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? (pronounced "ID")

Sometimes there's change in the ocean,
 Sometimes there's change in the sea,
 Sometimes there's change in my own true love,
 But there's never no change in me.

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.

They tell me her parents do not like me,
 They have drove me away from the door,
 If I had all my time to go over,
 I would never go back any more.

Where were you last Friday night
 When I was laying in jail?
 Walking the streets with another man,
 Wouldn't even go my bail.

I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home

For a song sleuth, it's always thrilling to track down the origins of a song that once seemed anonymous. When Bob Wiloughby and I recently found the sheet music to this song, you'd have thought we'd struck oil in the back yard! As it turns out, Herbert S. Lambert wrote the words and F.W. Vandersloot composed the music in 1909. It entered old-time music with the Carter Family's November 22, 1929 recording. Most people now think of it as a Mac Wiseman song. Here is the original music and the lyrics.



 I was-der how the old folks are at home; I



 wonder if they miss me while I roam; I was-der if they pray for the



 boy that was a-way and left his hard old par-ents all a- lone; I



 hear the cat-de low-ling in the lane, And see a-gain the fields of gold-en



 grain; I al-most hear them sigh as they look their boy "good-bye;" I



 was-der how the old folks are at home.



Mac Wiseman