

Charley Patton

"Screamin' And Hollerin' The Blues"

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Jackson on a high hill, mama, Natchez just below
Jackson on a high hill, mama, Natchez just below
(spoken ...1)

I ever get back home, I won't be back no more

Oh, my mama's gettin' old, her head is turnin' gray
My mama's getting old, her head is turnin' gray
Don't you know it'll break her heart, know, my livin' this-
a way?

Ever woke up in the mornin', jinx all around your bed?
Ever woke up in the mornin', jinx all around your bed?
(spoken: Children, I know how it is, baby)
Turned my face to the wall and I didn't have a word to
say

No use a-hollerin', no use a-screamin' and cryin'
No use a-hollerin', no use a-screamin' and cryin'
For you know you got a home, mama, long as I got
mine

Hey, Lord have mercy on my wicked soul
Oh, Lord have mercy on my wicked soul
(spoken: You know I wouldn't mistreat you!)
I wouldn't mistreat you, baby, for my weight in gold

Oh, goin' away, baby, don't you wanna go?
I'm goin' away, mama, don't you wanna go?
(spoken: I know you wanna go, baby!)
Take God to tell when I'll be back here anymore

Note 1: this unintelligible vocal part is probably a disclaimer, since it is Vicksburg that blues singers conventionally (and correctly) situate on the high hill.

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