The Fingerpicking Blues of Mississippi John Hurt

Taught by John Sebastian and Happy Traum
90 Minutes
Music and tab enclosed

No traditional musician is better loved than Mississippi John Hurt. He has influenced innumerable musicians through the years, and four decades after his death, his songs and instrumentals continue to be played throughout the world by novice guitarists and professionals alike.

This lesson is filled with the songs, licks, sounds, and techniques that make Mississippi John Hurt’s music so popular. John Sebastian and Happy Traum, whose friendship goes back to the sixties, had the privilege of knowing John Hurt and hearing him play first hand. With their enthusiasm and love of his music, they take apart eleven of his classic songs, bringing fresh insights into the picking styles of this treasured artist.


BONUS: Reminiscences and anecdotes with Sam Hood, owner of the Gaslight Café, the Greenwich Village coffee house that was "home" to John Hurt when he played in New York City in the ’60s.

Visit our website or call us for a free catalog listing hundreds of lessons on DVD, video, and CD

Homespun Tapes, Box 340
Woodstock, NY 12498
845-246-2550 or 1-800-33-TAPES
www.homespun.com

© 2004 Homespun Tapes, Ltd.
John Sebastian and Happy Traum photo: Catherine Sebastian
John Hurt photo: Dick Waterman

DVD-SEB-MJ21

U.S. $29.95
ISBN 1-932948-21-5

HOMESPUN

HOMESPUN
Spike Driver's Blues

Take this hammer and carry it to the captain, Tell him I'm gone, tell him I'm gone, tell him I'm gone
Take this hammer and carry it to the captain, Tell him I'm gone, just tell him I'm gone, I'm sure is gone.

This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but it won't kill me, but it won't kill me
This is the hammer that killed John Henry, but it won't kill me, but it won't kill me, ain't gonna kill me.

It a long ways from East Colorado, honey to my home, honey to my home, honey to my home
It a long ways to East Colorado, honey to my home, honey to my home, that where I'm going.

John Henry he left his hammer, layin' side the road, layin' side the road, layin' side the road
John Henry he left his hammer, all over in red, all over in red, that's why I'm gone.

John Henry was a steel driving man, but he went down, but he went down, but he went down
John Henry was a steel driving man, but he went down, but he went down, that's why I'm gone.
Got The Blues, Can't Be Satisfied

Got the blues, can't be satisfied
Got the blues, can't be satisfied
Keep the blues, I'll catch that train and ride

Whiskey straight will drive the blues away
Whiskey straight will drive the blues away
That be the case, I wants a quart today

Bought my gal a great big diamond ring
Bought my gal a great big diamond ring
Come right back home and caught her shakin’ that thing

I said, “Babe what makes you act this-a-way?”
I said, “Baby why did you act this-a-way?”
Says I won’t miss a thing she gives away

Took my gun and I broke the barrel down
Took my gun and broke the barrel down
Put my baby six feet under the ground

I cut that joker so long deep and wide
Cut that joker so long deep and wide
Yet got the blues and I still ain’t satisfied
Coffee Blues

(spoken: This is the “Coffee Blues”; I likes a certain brand - Maxwell’s House - it’s good till the last drop, just like it says on the can. I used to have a girl cookin’ a good Maxwell House. She moved away. Some said to Memphis and some said to Leland, but I found her. I wanted her to cook me some good Maxwell’s House. You understand, if I can get me just a spoonful of Maxwell’s House, do me much good as two or three cups this other coffee)

I’ve got to go to Memphis, bring her back to Leland I wanna see my baby ‘bout a lovin’ spoonful, my lovin’ spoonful Well, I’m just got to have my lovin’

(spoken: I found her)

Good mornin’, baby, how you do this mornin’? Well, please, ma’am, just a lovin’ spoon, just a lovin’ spoonful I declare, I got to have my lovin’ spoonful

My baby packed her suitcase and she went away I couldn’t let her stay for my lovin’, my lovin’ spoonful Well, I’m just got to have my lovin’

Good mornin’, baby, how you do this mornin’? Well, please, ma’am, just a lovin’ spoon, just a lovin’ spoonful I declare, I got to have my lovin’ spoonful

Well, the preacher in the pulpit, jumpin’ up and down He laid his bible down for his lovin’ (spoken: Ain’t Maxwell House all right?) Well, I’m just got to have my lovin’
Monday Morning Blues

John Hurt's Way

Happy's Version

A

E7

A

E7

A
**Monday Morning Blues**

I woke up this morning (2x)
Woke up this morning with the Monday Morning Blues.

I couldn’t hardly find (2x)
I couldn’t hardly find my Monday Morning shoes.

Monday Morning Blues (2x)
Monday Morning Blues searched all through my bones.

Monday Morning Blues (2x)
Monday Morning Blues made me leave my home.

(Guitar first line)
Monday Morning Blues
Monday Morning Blues made me leave my home.

I’ve been laying in jail (2x)
I’ve been laying in jail six long weeks today.

In the morrow morning (2x)
In the morrow morning gonna be my trial day.

**Candy Man Blues**

Well all you ladies gather ’round
That good sweet candy man’s in town
It’s the candy man
It’s the candy man.

He likes a stick of candy just nine inch long
He sells as fast a hog can chew his corn
It’s the candy man...

All heard what sister Johnson said
She always takes a candy stick to bed.

Don’t stand close to the candy man
He’ll leave a big candy stick in your hand.

He sold some candy to sister Bad
The very next day she took all he had.

If you try his candy, good friend of mine,
You sure will want it for a long long time.

His stick candy don’t melt away
It just gets better, so the ladies say.
Richland Woman Blues
Richland Woman Blues

Gimme red lipstick and a bright purple rouge
A shingle bob haircut and a shot of good booze,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Come along young man, everything settin' right
My husband's goin' away till next Saturday night,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Now, I'm rarin' to go, got red shoes on my feet
My mind is settin' right for a Tin Lizzie seat,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

The red rooster said, "Cockle-doodle-do-do"
The Richland woman said, "Any dove will do."
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

With rosy red garters, pink hose on my feet
Turkey red bloomers, with a rumble seat,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Every Sunday mornin', church people watch me go
My wings sprouted out, and the preacher told me so,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

Dress skirt cut high, then they cut low
Don't think I'm a sport, keep on watchin' me go,
Hurry down, sweet daddy, come blowin' your horn
If you come too late, sweet mama will be gone.

My Creole Belle
My Creole Belle

My Creole Belle, I love her well,
My darlin’ baby, my Creole Belle
When the stars shine I’ll call her mine,
My darlin’ baby, my Creole Belle.

My Creole Belle, I love her well,
I love her more anyone can tell
My Creole Belle, I love her well,
My darlin’ baby, my Creole Belle.

Make Me a Pallet on Your Floor

Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me down a pallet on your floor,
Make me a pallet down soft and low,
Make me a pallet on your floor.

Up the country, where there’s cold, sleet and snow,
Up the country where there’s cold, sleet and snow,
I’m goin’ up the country where there’s cold, sleet and snow,
No tellin’ how much further I may go.

Way of sleepin’, my back and shoulders’ tired,
Way of sleepin’, my back and shoulders’ tired,
This way of sleepin’, my back and shoulders’ tired
Goin’ turn over and try it on the side.

Don’t you let my good girl catch you here,
Please don’t let my good girl catch you here,
Or she might shoot you, might cut and stab you, too,
No tellin’ what she might do.
Satisfied and Tickled Too

I'm satisfied, tickled too, old enough to marry you
I'm satisfied it's gonna bring you back,
I'm satisfied, tickled too, old enough to marry you
I'm satisfied it's gonna bring you back.

First in the country, then in the town. I'm a total shaker from my navel on down
I'm satisfied... (etc.)
I'm satisfied, tickled too, old enough to marry you
I'm satisfied... (etc.)

I pull my dress to my knees. I give my too-ga-loo to who I please
I'm satisfied, tickled too, old enough to marry you
I'm satisfied, tickled too, old enough to marry you

Stack O'Lee Blues

Police officer, how can it be?
You can't rest everybody but cruel Stack O' Lee
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O'Lee.

Billy de Lyon told Stack O'Lee, “Please don't take my life.
I got two little babies, and a darlin' lovin' wife”
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O'Lee.

“What care about you little babies, your darlin' lovin' wife?
You done stole my Stetson hat. I'm bound to take your life”
That bad man, cruel Stack O'Lee.

Stack O'Lee shot Billy with the forty-four
When I spied Billy de Lyon, he was lyin' down on the floor
That bad man, oh cruel Stack O'Lee.

“Gentleman's of the jury, what do you think of that?
Stack O'Lee killed Billy de Lyon about a five-dollar Stetson hat”
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O'Lee.

And all they gathered, hands way up high,
at twelve o'clock they killed him, they's all glad to see him die
That bad man, oh, cruel Stack O'Lee.
Avalon Blues

Got to New York this mornin', just about half-past nine
Got to New York this mornin', just about half-past nine
Hollerin' one mornin' in Avalon, couldn't hardly keep from cryin'.

Avalon is my hometown, always on my mind
Avalon is my hometown, always on my mind
Pretty mama's in Avalon want me there all the time.

When the train left Avalon, throwin' kisses and wavin' at me
When the train left Avalon, throwin' kisses and wavin' at me
Says, “Come back, daddy, and stay right here with me.”

Avalon's a small town, have no great big range
Avalon's a small town, have no great big range
Pretty mama's in Avalon, they sure will spend your change.

New York's a good town, but it's not for mine
New York's a good town, but it's not for mine
Goin' back to Avalon, near where I have a pretty mama all the time.

Transcription: John Roberts
Inscription: John Roberts
In 1967, Happy Traum began to produce tapes for his students to study while he was away on tour. Happy and co-founder Jane Traum gradually developed Homespun Tapes as a business to respond to growing numbers of requests for these tapes.

Today, the individual attention which characterized Happy’s early lessons continues to guide Homespun’s personal response to the needs of learning players. Homespun has attracted top-notch musicians to join Happy in teaching tens of thousands of students. After years of gradual expansion, Homespun Tapes has become the recognized leader in the field of taped music instruction.


Homespun’s catalog is unlike any other you’ll find. If you are not already on our mailing list, we’d love to send you our free listing of hundreds of video and audio lessons. You’ll receive regular updates of new releases and special offers.

Homespun is based on several principles that we believe have contributed to our longevity and success. They are:

- to produce the clearest, most accessible music instruction possible, taught by talented and articulate performing musicians
- to maintain personalized, concerned and efficient services for our students
- to stay responsive to musical needs and requests of our students
- to emphasize the best in our musical traditions, whether in folk, bluegrass, country, rock, classical or jazz
- to share our love for making music so that it is a rewarding and joyful experience for all who do it, whether beginning amateurs or professionals

HOMESPUN TAPES • P.O. BOX 340 • WOODSTOCK, NY 12498
1-800-33-TAPES or 845-246-2550
www.homespuntapes.com