

Chattooga The County



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FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE MRS. MARY GENTRY PHILLIPS

FATE NORRIS

Singleton LaFayette Norris (1878-1944)

Chattooga Native & Member of the Pioneer Country Music Group, "The Skillet-Lickers"

FATE NORRIS: CHATTOOGA'S MINSTREL MAN

The man shown on the cover of this issue of the *Quarterly*, Singleton LaFayette Norris, in spite of the grandiose name given him at birth, was born in fairly unremarkable circumstances. But, as you will see from this story and from the accompanying essay by Agnew Myers, Norris, as much as any native, merits the title of Chattooga's last troubadour! His was a very interesting life.

Fate Norris's roots are in the soil of Chattooga's Broomtown Valley. Several of his ancestors rest beneath the sod of Macedonia Cemetery. Teloga, Harrisburg and Center Post were the haunts of his youth. But for a quirk of fate, a brief move outside Chattooga County, Fate Norris might never have been born -- because his parents would not have met.

His maternal grandparents were William Burdine KELLEY and Darthulia SWAN KELLEY, the great-great-grandparents of this writer. William Burdine KELLEY was born 10 February 1834 in the newly settled Cherokee lands of north Georgia, the son of William KELLEY, Jr. (1802-1877) and his wife, Lucy PARTEN (1797-1866). Lucy, a South Carolinian and daughter of Philemon PARTEN, was, according to descendants filing Indian depredation claims, at least part Cherokee herself. William KELLEY, Jr., father of William Burdine KELLEY, was the son of Revolutionary War Soldier William KELLEY and his wife Elizabeth. Elizabeth's Revolutionary Widow's Pension papers make for interesting reading today, in that they chronicle her rather extensive travels--as quite an old lady--back and forth between children living in North Georgia and Middle and West Tennessee.

Darthulia SWAN KELLEY was born in 1828 in Rhea County, Tennessee, daughter of James SWAN and Rebecca RANDOLPH SWAN. The SWAN lineage leads back through Mecklenburg County, North Carolina to Pennsylvania and across to Ireland -- the SWANS, PORTERS, BARNETTs and McMURRYS followed the textbook Scots-Irish immigration pattern. However, it is through the RANDOLPH family that Fate NORRIS would ultimately be able to trace his lineage to the nobles and troubadours of a different age and continent, whose creations were the forebears of the music he and his cronies would sing and play across the Southland through the first half of the twentieth century.

William Burdine KELLEY, like countless others who found their families in middle Tennessee in the 1860's, had to decide to cast his lot with the Union or with the South. Ultimately, he and his brother Singleton KELLEY (named for a KELLEY great-grandmother and also the namesake of Singleton LaFayette "Fate" NORRIS) determined to fight to preserve the Union their grandfather had fought to create. And, like countless others, William Burdine KELLEY, found his home in Bradley County was not the same following the divisive Civil War. He determined to make his home in northwest Georgia and brought his family to Chattooga County, where kinsmen on both sides of the family already lived. Darthulia and William were parents of five daughters and one son. The son, another William, is alleged to have died a young man in the 1880's after a bout with a malarial fever contracted after swimming in Teloga Creek.

THE NORRIS AND KELLEY FAMILIES OF BROOMTOWN

The daughters were Sarah L.R. (Louisa Rebecca?) KELLEY who wed James L. NORRIS, Lucy Jane Telitha Adeline KELLEY who wed James MORTON, Minerva Elizabeth Angeline KELLEY who married James Rufus FORD, Mary KELLEY who married John SMITH, and my great-great-grandmother Martha Melinda Hassletine KELLEY (1862-1952) who married Robert GENTRY (1867-1945).

Like many farm families during the period of reconstruction, the KELLEY family was drawn where there might be work for the family. Philemon KELLEY, an older brother of William Burdine KELLEY, with their father William KELLEY Jr., had moved to Acworth in Cobb County and encouraged the William Burdine KELLEY family to join them. The family stayed only a brief time but during that time, 15-year-old Sarah KELLEY met and married 22-year-old James NORRIS, a product of the state of Alabama.



COURTESY OF MRS. ALENE NORRIS HALE

FATE NORRIS'S MOTHER
SARAH KELLEY NORRIS (1854-1927),
WITH 2ND HUSBAND, L.C. SIMPKINS

The family was back in Chattooga County in the early 1870's. While eldest daughter, Sarah, had married, the younger girls all still remained at home with Ma and Pa. One descendant remembers a story related by one of the daughters. William Burdine KELLEY was a peace-loving man, an active Mason, and raised a house full of daughters who were staunch Baptists and Church of Christ members. One Saturday afternoon the KELLEY family, like their country neighbors, had come into Summerville for shopping and as a pleasant distraction for their usual activities. An acquaintance from William Burdine KELLEY's Bradley County days, who had been partaking in a local saloon, but who still remembered KELLEY's having fought for the Union, came rushing up and shouted, "There's Kelley, the . . ." The string of expletives was offensive for several reasons. First, the man took the name of the Almighty in vain--not taken lightly in the KELLEY household. Second, the man not only insulted Mr. Kelley, but he insulted the race of mankind his fighting had helped free from bondage. Third, the man insulted W.B. Kelley in front of his wife and daughters. The tale of what followed may have been colored by the prejudices of a fond daughter and granddaughter, but the offender is alleged to have been felled with one lick. When the inevitable crowd informed him of the order of the proceedings, Sheriff William D. KELLETT bid William KELLEY and family good day, and they never again had any trouble from the humbled acquaintance.

It was in Chattooga County that most of James and Sarah KELLEY NORRIS's children were born: William J. NORRIS (17 Jul 1871), James Henry NORRIS (13 Mar 1873), Robert B. NORRIS (27 Apr 1875), the subject of our story Singleton LaFayette NORRIS (23 Aug 1878),

BABY BROTHER TEACHES FATE THE GUITAR

Ira Zebulon NORRIS (20 Jan 1880-16 Jul 1942), Darthulia Melinda Hassletine NORRIS (1 Sep 1882), Mary E. (20 Aug 1883-11 Oct 1883), Walter Melvin Van Dean NORRIS (23 Jun 1884-13 Jul 1938), and Marisa NORRIS (b. Nov 1885). The family made their home at Trion Factory, while at least two of Sarah's sisters, Martha GENTRY and Minerva FORD, married and "set up housekeeping" in Broomtown Valley.

Singleton LaFayette NORRIS, by all accounts, passed a normal Chattooga County boyhood. His generation and later ones would recall how his grandmother Darthulia SWAN KELLEY (1828-1899) would gather grandchildren and sundry other neighborhood children and go on fishing expeditions along the banks of the Chattooga. Grandfather William Burdine KELLEY was evidently adept at brick masonry and is said to have done much work around Trion Factory in the late 1800's.

Singleton LaFayette NORRIS, very early on, adopted the nickname "Fate" [spelled "Fait" in family references]. Fate dabbled in both the professions that were the lots of most of his Chattooga County contemporaries. He tried his hand at farming and at working in the cotton factory. Both provided sustenance for his family in years to come, when the music business was slow!

When Sarah NORRIS's youngest child was only a few months old, the family lost their father. A friend suggested there would be more opportunities for her sons in a larger city. By the 1890's they were off to Atlanta, where they lived at Cabbage Town, in the shadow of the old Fulton Bag Cotton Mill. It is interesting to note that the humble abodes of Sarah Norris and her contemporaries are today among those most sought after by restorationists in Atlanta.

Almost within sight of the State Capitol, and in the heart of one of the southeast's industrial hubs, it was natural that the NORRIS boys would be exposed to elements not found frequently in Chattooga County. One of the happier developments was an interest in music on the part of the youngest son, Walter NORRIS.

It was Walter who taught Fate, almost six years his senior to play the guitar. The two brothers had a lifelong fondness for each other. Walter's daughter remembers that, in later years,



COURTESY OF MRS. ALENE NORRIS HALE

ON THE RIGHT, THE BROTHER WHO TAUGHT FATE TO PLAY.
WALTER MELVIN VAN DEAN NORRIS (1884-1938)
UNIDENTIFIED FRIEND WITH BANJO

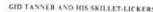
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After a high-flying career with Gid TANNER and *The Skillet-Lickers*, Fate NORRIS would frequently play musical dates alone. He became regionally renowned for his one-man string band and minstrel show. He was a little bit of vaudeville come to North Georgia. On the night of November 11, 1944, a jubilant crowd had gathered at the Subigna crossroads for a March of Dimes benefit, delighted with the news that the biggest War in the history of mankind was winding slowly to a halt. They had been entertained by 66-year-old Fate NORRIS, who had just completed his black-face comic routine. After cleaning the makeup from his face, Fate returned to the stage at 9 p.m., picked up his guitar, and looked up at the audience. One who was present remembered a startled look coming to the old man's face, then a calm as he stated quietly, "I'm not afraid." He then fell to the floor, dead. Thinking this an extension of his comic routine, the applause was raucous and many in the audience threw dimes and nickels to the stage in appreciation of his stunt. It seems appropriate that on the death certificate of this man who had entertained many thousands of people, but who never wandered too far from his roots and his "raising", Dr. W.U. HYDEN, listed his occupation, "Textile - Musician." Fate NORRIS was buried next to Lizzie in the Summerville Cemetery.

Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan? is an old gospel/novelty song that manages to poke fun at several of the major religions. As if the words weren't enough to make this song outrageous, the chorus has a few extra beats added for good measure. This version comes to us from the inimitable Skillet Lickers.

1 Well, my Mith-oi - ne' perch-er, you can tell how where he go. That you hear. Let us to the moun'tain, that's a

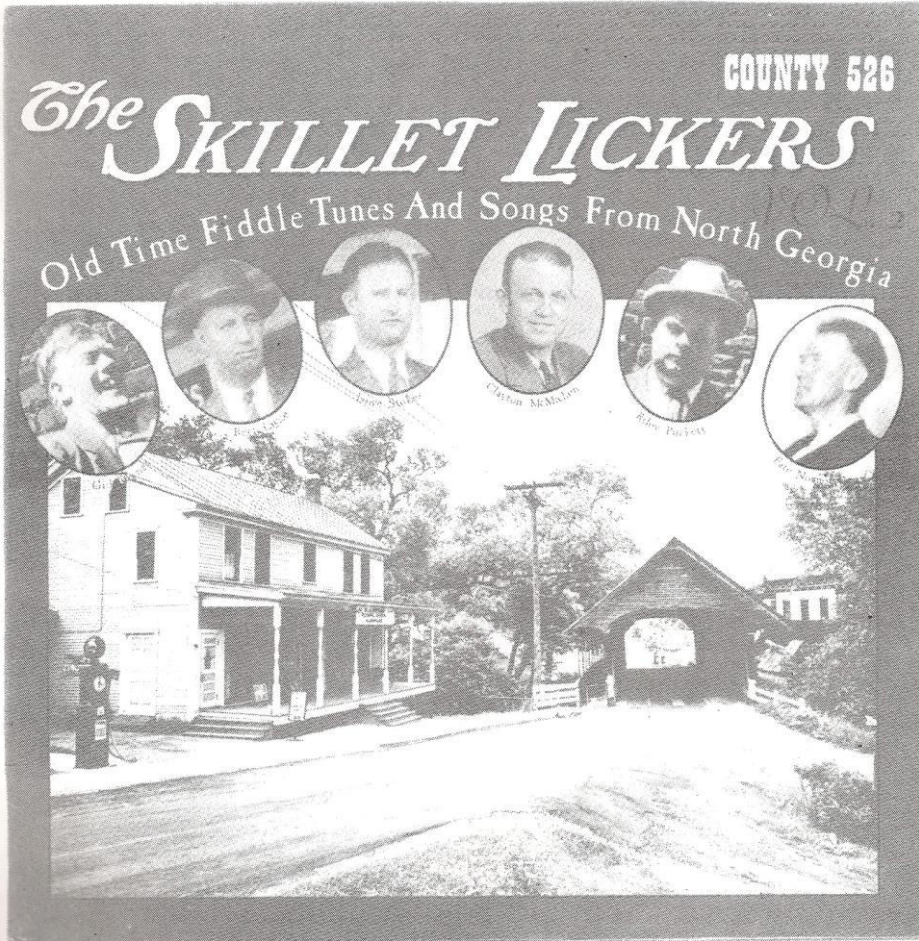
er - er let a chick-en get his e-nough to eat. Don't you hear. Let us to the moun'tain, that's a



WHO WAS FATE NORRIS???

What Chattooga Countian is seen several times a year in a Georgia Public Television Documentary; has been written about in scholarly journals; is frequently discussed on the Internet; was a ventriloquist; was a comic playwright; was a multi-instrumentalist musician; was a purported one-time moonshiner; is pictured on page 10 in The Illustrated History of Country Music; has a national constituency of historical interest over 50 years after his death??? The Answer: Why, Fate Norris, of course! ... Who was Fate Norris?

Historical Society member Agnew Myers has put a lot of research into unravelling the mystery of Fate Norris. The following essay is a very small portion of the material he has amassed on Norris and his fellow musicians. Agnew encourages anyone with additional information on Mr. Norris or the Skillet-Lickers to give him a call.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES BRYAN

1925: GID & HIS GEORGIA BOYS

Fate Norris's earliest known recordings were with Gid Tanner under the name of *Gid Tanner and His Georgia Boys*" (the third member of which was probably Arthur Tanner, Gid's younger brother). This trio recorded a pair of old time selections for Columbia in Atlanta on October 3, 1925. On this recording, it is Fate singing the lead. Although Norris played on banjo with the Skillet Lickers, with the other groups he played guitar according to researcher Dr. Norman Cohen.



Record label from Fate's first record. He sings lead on several minstrel genre numbers. LABELS FROM THE JAMES BRYAN RECORDED MUSIC ARCHIVE

Kasper D. "Stranger" Malone, clarinetist, who was in the Columbia studio session on October 22, 1928, when the Skillet Lickers recorded *A Day at the County Fair*, says this was a script Fate wrote for the group. As the recording got underway, however, everyone ad libbed to liven things up further. When the session was over, the band exited to the parking lot and discovered that Gid's new Model T had been stolen! Everybody whooped while Gid cursed the thief and called the police.

In October of 1931, the Skillet Lickers made their last recordings for Columbia. The Old group dissolved. Clayton McMichen and Bert Layne immediately reformed and began recording as *McMichen's Georgia Wildcats*.



FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES BRYAN

The next few years were lean ones for everyone. The record business was no exception, dropping from a happy volume of \$105 million in 1921 to a belt tightening \$5.5 million in 1933. Tanner and Puckett made no recordings in those years. McMichen's activities were confined to accompanying Jimmie Rodgers on one of his sessions in August 1932.

In March 1934, the band became *Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers* and recorded this time for Victor. Fate Norris was not there, but was home in Chattooga County. He did join the group to make his last known recordings on March 30, 1934. He continued to perform throughout the region. Fate had his own band. . .his one-man

FATE'S REMARKABLE CONTRAPTION...

band machine, which he hauled around in the back of a truck. It is truly a shame that there is no known recording of his playing this remarkable contraption. It surely was difficult to play but

The Skillet Lickers were not only the most famous string band of the 1920's, but they were also among the first stars of country comedy — a genre that was to later include the likes of Minnie Pearl, Rod Brasfield, Grandpa Jones, The Duke of Paducah, Archie Campbell, Homer and Jethro and others. When the Skillet Lickers did their stage shows in the late 1920's, each member had a wacky specialty: Gid Tanner could turn his head almost all the way around and put three hen eggs in his mouth and close it; banjoist Fate Norris had a one-man band contraption as well as a "Talking doll" which occasionally would expectorate on bystanders crowding too close to the stage. Clayton McMichen did occasional blackface skits, and Bert Layne did a wonderful "old fogey" imitation. Much of this comedy was visual, though and did not translate onto records. What the Skillet Lickers did leave behind on records was a wonderful series of comedy skits — little recorded plays in which the members took different roles, and, in between short musical numbers, bounced jokes off each other like pinballs in an arcade.

The core of the Skillet Lickers, all from north Georgia, included fiddlers Gid Tanner and Clayton McMichen, banjoist Fate Norris, and guitarist Riley Puckett. Others soon joined in though; a Skillet Lickers recording session was a free-wheeling affair, with the record company thoughtfully providing a bathtub full of bootleg gin (with a tin dipper hanging on the side) to keep things lively. Old-time musicians in Atlanta say that no one will ever know exactly who played on some of the later Skillet Lickers sides, since more than one musician just wandered off the streets to fiddle a lick or two and then wander out again, warmed and bemused by a couple of dippers from the bathtub.

The first comedy skit by the Skillet Lickers was "A Fiddler's Convention in Georgia", released in May of 1927. A few months later it was followed by "A Corn Licker Still in Georgia" (available on other reissue LPs). The former sold almost 75,000 copies; the latter did an astounding 113,000 — giant hits for those days.

Charles Wolfe
Middle Tennessee University
Murfreesboro



he must have played it very well. *The Summerville News* tells us that his performance in 1941 for the ladies of the Summerville Music Appreciation Club was enthusiastically received. He was building an even more complex one-man band instrument right before his death. Mr. Paul Ford, who was distantly related to Fate, was a skilled blacksmith and furniture maker who had an extensive shop where Fate frequently was seen working on instruments. He probably helped Fate deal with the problems of making such a complicated instrument.

There were, of course, no Billboard charts for old-time records back in the 1920s, but there is abundant evidence that the companies and A & R men kept track of sales and acted accordingly. One of the reasons the Skillet Lickers recorded so often was that their discs sold better than those of any other string band. In fact, in the annals of old-time music only the sales of Jimmie Rodgers and the Carter Family actually exceeded those of Gid Tanner and his crew. The best selling Skillet Lickers record, Columbia 15074, sold over 200,000 copies, making it one of the highest selling (though not the highest selling) entry in the Columbia catalogue. Using sales figures from the Columbia files, we can determine the 10 best selling Licker discs, and these are printed below.

It is always sobering to compare the actual sales figures of an artist's repertoire with those songs we think of as important or memorable. Even today this yields odd surprises. Bill Monroe, for instance, only shows up with two charted singles in the modern Billboard charts, and they are not "Uncle Pen" but "Scotland" and "Gotta Travel On." Likewise, some Skillet Lickers favorites of modern fans never really were among their top sellers; the fans of 1926 and 1927 preferred pieces like "Hand Me Down My Walking Cane," which has not even been reissued on the major collections by County or Rounder. In general, Columbia sales of old-time music overall were at their highest in 1926, and consistently declined after that. (Victor sales were similar.) Thus, most

of the biggest hits date from the 1926 and 1927 period.

Sometime soon I hope to compile a more comprehensive list of actual old-time best-sellers. In the meantime, thanks to the following for help with the project: Harold Edwards, Dave Freeman, Michael Brooks, Tony Russell, and Tina McCarthy.

Skillet Lickers' Greatest Hits

1. Co 15074 Bully of the Town/Pass Around the Bottle (207,149—released May 1926)
2. Co 15091 Watermelon on the Vine/Hand Me Down My Walking Cane (181,675—released Sept. 1926)
3. Co 15201 A Corn Licker Still in Georgia, Parts 1 and 2 (160,693—released Dec. 1927)
4. Co 15084 Ya Gotta Quit Kickin' My Dog Around/Turkey in the Straw (83,939—released July 1926)
5. Co 15258 A Corn Licker Still in Georgia, Parts 3 and 4 (75,599—released June 1928)
6. Co 15140 A Fiddler's Convention in Georgia, Parts 1 and 2 (74,123—released May 1927)
7. Co 15108 Old Joe Clark/Dance All Night with a Bottle in Your Hand (70,451—released Dec. 1926)
8. Co 15142 John Henry/Wreck of the Southern Old 97 (60,641—released May 1927)
9. Co 15170 The Old Grey Mare/Girl I Left Behind Me (54,335—released Aug. 1927)
10. Co 15221 Johnson's Old Gray Mule/Uncle Bud (46,328—released Feb. 1928)

—Charles Wolfe

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE!?!

We return to the night of November 11, 1944, in the sleepy little Subligna hamlet which, as has been described in Steven Strickland's accompanying article, had been enlivened by a night of old-time entertainment. Howard, Gene and John Nicholson were local Subligna boys who had just finished playing with Fate. They were still on the stage, standing nearby, when Fate hit the

Send 1. Nancy Rollin by Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers with Riley Puckett and Clayton McMichen. Original issue: Co 15382 (147254). Recorded 10/22/28.

This is a fine example of a tune which was apparently well-known in the Atlanta area during the twenties but whose popularity has since considerably dwindled. A more archaic solo fiddle rendition was recorded by John Carson on Okeh 40238. For more recent versions, cf. Rounder 0005 (probably learned from Clayton McMichen) and Rounder 0023 (learned from the Skillet Lickers' recording).

(Knocking.)

Mac: Ah, there's somebody at the door. Let me see who that is. Hello there, Riley. Well, I declare, Gid and all of you, sin't it? Say, we all just had a little argument of what you fellers done. I want to know what's your trade anyhow?

Riley: Man, I pick a guitar.

Mac: Pick a guitar — boy, that's a good trade, sin't it? Gid, what's your trade?

Gid: I play the fiddle, raise cotton and corn and taters too!

Mac: Sure enough, boy, you got an eye for business, raising something to eat, haven't you? Gid — uh, Fate, what's your trade?

Fate: Man, I'm a drunkard by trade but the company I'm working for now is out of materials. Say, what's your trade, Mac?

Mac: Man, I ain't got no trade. I play the fiddle a little once in a while. I wouldn't hit a lick at a rattlesnake if he's crying to bite me. I'd just play him a tune and he'd coil up and run on off. Say, let's play a little tune anyhow, bein' as we're all together. Let's play that tune they call *Nancy Rollin*.

Riley: All right, let her roll.

Mac: All right, we'll let her roll. All of you're in good tune, I guess?



THE SKILLET LICKERS

floor. The way the guitar hit the floor must have signalled something to Howard Nicholson. Amid the whooping and hollering -- for the Chattoogans in the audience were familiar with the hilarity of Fate Norris's skits as exemplified at left -- Howard was the first person to kneel down to help Fate. He looked up and called out, "Is there a doctor in the house?" Toward the back of the audience someone shouted, "Dr. Tarvin is here!" Joe Tarvin, a local farmer, retorted, "I'm just a cow doctor!" This precipitated another roar of raucous laughter. This was the last laugh of the night. The rhythm of the heart and the man were gone forever. The people began to sense that this was not part of the show. The festive atmosphere dissolved to quiet whispering, anxious waiting, and silence. Dr. Petticort, the chiropractor who lived up the valley, was sent for, but it was too late. Fate Norris was dead.

The Subligna Community lamented the loss of their famous friend. Fate Norris had lived in this community for a number of years, in a small house off the road to Villanow. He had many friends, and they would wave to him as he sat on the front porch, often repairing or playing an instrument. He frequently played music around the neighborhood. The Hall brothers, from Haywood Valley, performed with Fate several times at the old Johnson School House.

The following week, on November 16, 1944, *The Summerville News* carried one line in the "Subligna News" column about the event. "We are sorry to report the entertainment Saturday night ended in a tragedy by Fate Norris falling dead on the stage."

"EVERYONE WAS SAD..."

At the time of his death, Fate Norris made his home in Trion, Georgia, with his adopted daughter, Mabel, her husband, C.H. McCullough, and their children. Their house stood under the huge water oaks in what is now a city park in Trion, across the stream from the present day walking track on Simmons Street. It was a company-owned house with plenty of rooms and outbuildings where Fate kept his worldly possessions -- mostly musical instruments and contraptions and, allegedly, a moonshine still. The children were alarmed when the police came to the door because neither their mother nor father was there. Mabel was at the "picture show" about five blocks away with a girl friend. C.H. was two blocks away at the bovine "maternity ward" in a barn of the Riegeldale Farms where he was the official "cow doctor." One policeman stayed at the house while the other went to get Mabel and C.H. It seemed a long time before they all returned. One of the children remembers "The house seemed to fill up with people and everyone was sad."



FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES BRYAN

Gid Tanner, Clayton McMichen, Riley Puckett, Fate Norris

Later, Dr. W.U. Hyden, who lived across the railroad tracks at the end of Myers Avenue, only a few hundred feet from Fate's house, was called upon to examine the body of his neighbor. Cardiac failure was listed as the official cause of death.

THE OLD TIME MUSIC LIVES ON

Fate Norris's banjo and his other musical instruments have not been located. These historical relics were stored in an outbuilding for years and were lost when the house where he had lived was torn down sometime around 1963. They may still be around Chattooga County. If they are, it is my fervent hope that old time music is still being played on them. While we can speculate on whether Fate Norris is presently engaged in a fiddlin' contest with the devil, or harping for a chorus of angels, we can rest assured that he is playing the music that is his legacy -- and cutting up -- wherever he is. That was his legacy that began and ended -- actually lives on in those who still appreciate old time music -- right here in Chattooga County!

- Agnew Myers, May, 1997

[Special thanks to James Bryan, Mentone, AL, for telling me about Fate Norris six years ago, thereby stimulating this research project, and for providing recordings and printed materials for our archives. Thanks to Kasper "Stranger" Malone, Rome, GA; to Jimmy McCullough, Trion, GA; to John and the late Jean Stubbs, Teloga, GA; to David W. Grigsby, Lafayette, GA; to Ralph Shields, Subigna, GA; and to Alene Norris Hale, Oxford, AL. Other resources: Transcript of interview with Gid Tanner, recorded Dacula, GA 1959, American History Center, University of TX, Austin; papers by Dr. Charles Wolfe, Middle TN University, Murfreesboro, TN and Dr. Norman Cohen, The Folklore & Mythology Center, University of CA, Los Angeles, Journal of American Folklore, Sept. 1965.]



Band 2. Don't You Hear Jerusalem Moan? by Gid Tanner and the Skillet Lickers with Riley Puckett. Original issue: Co 15104 (142039). Recorded 4/1/26.

This amusing critique of the eccentricities of various religious sects probably represents an ante-bellum minstrel quartet novelty of the Gideon's Band variety and was most likely based upon some better intentioned Negro original. The Skillet Licker recording has the typical sound of their first session: very loose arrangements of black-face material, featuring Tanner's fiddle prominently. Altogether the total effect is not unlike that of many of Bill Chitwood and Bud Landress' efforts, who had in fact recorded Jerusalem, Mourn earlier on Brunswick 2809. The later Skillet Licker sessions, however, were to emphasize the more polished fiddle sounds of a Nancy Rollin, as Gid and Fate faded more into the background or non-presence. A transcription of this record was included in Richardson's American Mountain Songs.



Musicians in Atlanta, 1880.

Well, a Methodist preacher, you can tell him where he go.
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?
Don't never let a chicken get big enough to crow.
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Chorus:
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?
" " " " " "

Thank God, there's a heaven and a-ringing in my soul
and my soul's got free
Don't you hear Jerusalem moan?

Well, a hard-shell preacher, you can tell him how he do.
Well, he chews his own 'bacco and he drinks his own brew.

Well, a Baptist preacher, you can tell him by his coat.
Have a bottle in his pocket that he can't hardly tote.

Well, a Campbellite preacher, his soul is saved.
Well, he has to be baptised every other day.

Well, the Holy Roller preacher, he sure am a sight.
Well, he gets 'em all a-rolling and he kicks out the light.

Well, the Presbyterian preacher he lives in town.
Neck's so stiff he can't hardly look around.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES BRYAN

