

Early in the Mornin' – lyrics (see notes below)

Well, it's early in the mor--in the mornin' Baby, when I rise, Lordy mama, Well, it's early every mor--in the mornin' A-baby when I rise well-a. Well-a, when I rise, well-a, Well-a it's early in th emor-in the mornin' Baby, when I rise, Lordy baby, You have-it's I have a misery, Berta, Wa-, in my right side, well-a, R-in-a my right side, Lordy baby, R-in-a my right side, Lordy sugar. Well it's I have a misery, Berta, R-in a my right side, well-a.

Well-a, it's-a, Lordy, Ro-Lordy-Berta,
Well, it's Lord (you keep a-talkin'), babe,
Well, it's Lord, Ro-Lordy-Rosie,
Well, it's, o Lord, Gal, well-a.

Well-a, whosenever told it, that he told a- He told a dirty lie, babe. Well-a, whosenever told it, that he told a- He told a dirty lie, well-a. Well-a, whosenever told it, that he told a- He told a dirty lie, babe. Well the eagle on the dollar-quarter, He gonna rise and fly, well-a. He gonna rise and fly, sugar. He gonna rise and fly, well-a. Well the eagle on the dollar-quarter, He gonna rise and fly, well-a. (Chorus)

Well-a, it's-a, Lordy, Ro-Lordy-Berta,
Well, it's Lord (you keep a-talkin'), babe,
Well, it's Lord, Ro-Lordy-Rosie,
Well, it's, o Lord, Gal, well-a.

Well, rocks 'n gravel make-a, Make a solid road, sugar. Well-a, it takes-a rocks-a, gravel make-a-- To make a solid road, well-a. It takes-a rocks-a, gravel make a-- To make a solid road, well-a. It takes a good-lookin' woman to make-a-- To make a good-lookin' whore, well-a, It takes a good-lookin' woman, Lord, Baby, To make a good-lookin' whore, Lord, sugar, It takes a good lookin' woman to make-a, To make a good lookin' whore, well-a. (Chorus)

Well-a, it's-a, Lordy, Ro-Lordy-Berta,
Well, it's Lord (you keep a-talkin'), babe,
Well, it's Lord, Ro-Lordy-Rosie,
Well, it's, o Lord, Gal, well-a.

Boys, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the-- On the schoolhouse door, sugar. Well, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the-- R-on the schoolhouse door, well-a. Well, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the-- On the schoolhouse door, sugar. Well he pecks so hard, Lordy, baby, Until his pecker got sore, well-a, Until his pecker got sore, Lordy, baby, Until his pecker got sore, Lord, sugar. Well he pecks so hard, Lord, mama, Until his pecker got sure, well-a. (Chorus)

Well-a, it's-a, Lordy, Ro-Lordy-Berta,
Well, it's Lord (you keep a-talkin'), babe,
Well, it's Lord, Ro-Lordy-Rosie,
Well, it's, o Lord, Gal, well-a.

Well, hain't been to Georgia, boys, but,

Well, it's I been told, sugar.
Well, hain't been to Georgia, Georgia.
But, it's I been told, well-a.
Well, haint been to Georgia, Georgia.
But, it's I been told, Lord, mama.

END

From, "Prison Songs: Historical Recordings from Parchman Farm 1947-48". Volume One: Murderous Home. [The Alan Lomax Collection; Rounder Records]. Sung by "22", Little Red, Tangle Eye, and Hard Hair, accompanied by double cutting axes.