

When Sorrows Encompass Me 'Round

"That's a primitive Baptist hymn, and I learned it from Baugie Golden. He and his wife were Baptists, and they had a house up on the hill over yonder from the hill where I lived. And in the evening when it got cool, I could hear them singing that hymn. Later I was courtin' Baugie's sister's daughter, and she taught me some of the words. And then when I was courting my wife, her family had it in a hymn book, and I learned the rest of the words. It's got a lot more verses besides the ones I sing on the record. I put the fiddle to it myself." —Tommy Jarrell

Tommy Jarrell's powerful singing and fiddling of "When Sorrows Encompass Me 'Round" is one of the great solo performances of traditional mountain music. You can hear it on County 723, *Back Home in the Blue Ridge*, available from County Sales, 307 E. 37th St., N.Y.C. 10016. Ray Alden's article on Tommy Jarrell and the musicians of Round Peak, North Carolina appears in *Sing Out!*, Vol. 21, No. 6.

When sorrows encompass me 'round
And many mistresses I see
Astonished I cry, "Can a mortal be
found
Surrounded with troubles like me?"

Few seasons of peace I enjoy
And they are succeeded by pain
If ever a few moments of peace I enjoy
Lord, have hours and days to complain

No sorrows be vented that day
When Jesus shall bid me remove
That I may enraptured go shout in the
way
To the arms of my heavenly love

May I be prepared for that day
When Jesus shall call me home
With singing and shouting let each
brother say
"He's gone from all evil to come"

Chords optional Am

When sor-rows en-com-pass me 'round Am and
ma - - ny di - sres - ses I see a - ston - ished I cry can a
mor-tal be found sur-rou - ded with trou - bles like me.

My spirit to Glory convey
My body lay low in the ground
Though I wish not a tear on my grave
to be shed
But all join in praising around

Immersed in an ocean of love
My soul like an angel shall sing
'Till Christ will descend with a shout
from above
And make all creation to ring

Freight Train Blues

Here's a traditional tune from the singing of Oregon-born banjo-picker Derroll Adams, now resident in Antwerp, Belgium. An article about Derroll appeared in *Sing Out!*, Vol. 16, No. 6 and Happy Traum wrote about his appearance at last summer's Cambridge Folk Festival in *Sing Out!*, Vol. 21, No. 5. Derroll sings this song on his new album *Feelin' Fine* (VTS-17), available from Village Thing Records, The Barton, Inglestone Common, Badminton, Glos., England.

I WAS BORN IN DI-XIE IN A BOO-MER'S SHACK...
THE HUM-MIN' OF THE DRI-VERS WAS MY LUL-LA -- BYE
JUST A FREIGHT TRAIN LIT-TLE SHAN-TY BY THE RAIL-ROAD TRACK
FREIGHT TRAIN B(A) - LUES CRY.

Got 'em in the middle of my travelin' shoes

I was born in Dixie in a boomer's shack
Just a little shanty by the railroad track
The hummin' of the drivers was my
lullabye
Freight train whistle taught me how to
cry

Chorus:
Freight train blues, got 'em in the
middle of my travelin' shoes
Freight train blues, got 'em in the
middle of my travelin' shoes



Illustration courtesy
The Village Thing,
The Alternative
Folk Label

Know I'm old enough to quit this
runnin' around
Tried a hundred times to settle down
Every time I find a place I'd like to stay
Freight train whistle sends me on my
way (Chorus)

My daddy was a fireman and my mammy
dear
Was the only daughter of an engineer
My sweetie is a brakeman and it ain't
no joke
It's a shame the way she keeps a poor
man broke (Chorus)