

Chapter 1 : Traveling Shoes | Sexy Flail Family!

audio only/elvin bishop studio cut,travelin' shoes - great tune here,an all time favorite of mine. if you're tired of hearing the same old crapola see my other audio/videos here try to get you.

Using his figure, we might think of this flower as a hybrid, as the American Negro is a hybrid. And though flowers of its family grew in Africa, Europe, and other parts of America, this hybrid bloom is uniquely beautiful. A large amount of recent scholarship has proved that the spirituals are not African, either in music or meaning a claim made once with partisan zeal, that the American Negro was influenced by the religious music of rural America from the Great Awakening on, that at the frontier camp meetings he found to his liking many tunes both doleful and brisk, and that he took over both tunes and texts and refashioned them more to his taste. But careful musicologists, from studying phonograph records of folk singing rather than, as earlier, inadequate, conventional notations of "art" spirituals, are coming around to the verdict of Alan Lomax that "no amount of scholarly analysis and discussion can ever make a Negro spiritual sound like a white spiritual. But what of the poetry? Scholars have discovered that many phrases, lines, couplets, and even whole stanzas and songs, once thought to be Negro spirituals, were popular in white camp meetings. A full comparison of the words of white and Negro spirituals is out of the question here. It might be said that some of the parallels turn out to be tangents. Briefly, the differences seem to result from a looser line, less tyrannized over by meter and rhyme, with the accent shifted unpredictably, from a more liberal use of refrains, and from imagery that is terser and starker. The improvising imagination seems freer. Some of the changes of words arose from confusion: Sinners would find no hole in the ground, but those of the true faith had "a hiding place, around the throne of God. Gabriel and his trumpet caught the imagination. It was not only to the far-off future of Revelations that the dreams turned. Heaven was a refuge too. In contrast to the shacks of slave row and the slums of the cities, to the work clothes and the unsavory victuals, would be the throne of God, the streets of gold. But the dream was not always so extravagant. Heaven promised simple satisfactions, but they were of great import to the slaves. Shoes for instance, as well as a harp. And acceptance as a person: The River Jordan is not Lethe. The makers of the spirituals, looking toward heaven, found their triumphs there. But they did not blink their eyes to the troubles here. This world was not their home. That the spirituals were otherworldly, then, is less than half-truth. Out of the workaday life came figures of speech: Better mind that sun and see how she run And mind! And such an allegory: There are numerous gaps, of course, and many repetitions. Certain figures are seen in an unusual light; Paul, for instance, is generally bound in jail with Silas, to the exclusion of the rest of his busy career. These are victors over odds. But losers, the wretched and despised, also serve as symbols. Dey crowned his head with thorns. It fused belief and experience; it surged up from most passionate sympathy and understanding. Some scholars who have found parallels between the words of Negro and white spirituals would have us believe that when the Negro sang of freedom, he meant only what the whites meant, namely freedom from sin. Free, individualistic whites on the make in a prospering civilization, nursing the American dream, could well have felt their only bondage to be that of sin, and freedom to be religious salvation. The scholars certainly do not make it clear, but rather take refuge in such dicta as: Ex-slaves, of course, inform us differently. The spirituals speak up strongly for freedom not only from sin dear as that freedom was to the true believer but from physical bondage. Those attacking slavery as such had to be as rare as anti-Hitler marching songs in occupied France. But there were oblique references. Frederick Douglass has told us of the double-talk of the spirituals: Canaan, for instance, stood for Canada; and over and beyond hidden satire the songs also were grapevines for communications. Harriet Tubman, herself called the Moses of her people, has told us that Go Down Moses was tabu in the slave states, but the people sang it nonetheless. Fairly easy allegories identified Egypt-land with the South, Pharaoh with the masters, the Israelites with themselves and Moses with their leader. Some of the references were more direct: In the wake of the Union army and in the contraband camps spirituals of freedom sprang up suddenly. The dry grass was ready for the quickening flame. Some celebrated the days of Jubilo: And go home to my Lord and be free. No more peck of corn for me; Many thousand go. Some of the new ones, started in the backwoods, have a crude charm; for

instance Joseph and Mary in Jerusalem "to pay their poll-taxes," find the little boy Jesus in the temple confounding with his questions the county doctor, lawyer, and judge. Some of them mix in more recent imagery: "Same train" is repeated with vivid effect: "Same train took my mother." Some use modern inventions with strained incongruity: Instead of college choirs, as earlier, today it is groups closer to the folk like the Golden Gates, the Silver Echoes, the Mitchell Christian Singers, the Coleman Brothers, the Thrasher Wonders and the Original Harmony Kings, who carry the spirituals over the land. These groups and soloists like the Georgia Peach, Mahalia Jackson, Marie Knight and Sister Rosetta Tharpe, once churched for worldly ways but now redeemed, are extremely popular in churches, concert halls, and on records. They swing the spirituals, using a more pronounced rhythm and jazz voicing some show-groups, alas, imitate even the Mills Brothers and the Ink Spots. Tambourines, cymbals, trumpets and even trombones and bass fiddles are now accepted in some churches. The devil has no right to all that fine rhythm, so a joyful noise is made unto the Lord with bounce and swing. The Gospel Songs, sung "out of the book" as signs of "progress," are displacing the spirituals among the people. These are even more heavily influenced by jazz and the blues. One of the most popular composers of Gospel Songs is Thomas Dorsey, who once played barrelhouse piano under the alias of Georgia Tom. Many lovers of the older spirituals disdain the Gospel Songs as cheap and obvious. But this new urban religious folk music should not be dismissed too lightly. It is vigorously alive with its own musical values, and America turns no unwilling ear to it. In sincerity, musical manner, and spirit, they are probably not so remote from the old prayer songs in the brush arbors. Irreverent parodies of religious songs, whether coming from the black-face minstrelsy or from tough-minded cynical slaves, passed current in the quarters. "Rain flour and lard and a big hog head, Down in my back yard. Even the easy going ox or sheep or hog acquired characteristics: And where Foster saw comic nonsense, they added satiric point. Short comments flash us back to social reality: Run, nigger, run, de patterollers will ketch you Run, nigger, run; its almost day. Dat nigger run, dat nigger flew; Dat nigger tore his shirt in two. The bitterest secular begins: Ole marster also failed his promise. Then, with the sharp surprise of the best balladry: Work, and sang exultantly of jubilo. They sang his lines lampooning ole master, and turned out their own: But when the protection ran out, the freedmen found the following parody too true: Toward the end of the century, there was interplay between the folk-seculars and the vaudeville stage, and the accepted stereotypes appeared. In the honky-tonks ribald songs grew up to become standbys of the early jazz: In the honky-tonks, songs handled sex freely, even licentiously; and obscenity and vituperation ran rampant in songs called the "dirty dozens. His song is perhaps as uncollected as it is unprintable. Such folk delights as hunting with the yipping and baying of the hounds and the yells and cheering of the hunters are vividly recreated. The above lines illustrate a feature of Negro folksong worth remarking. Corning from an old sea-chantey "Stormalong," their presence in a song about a hunting dog shows the folk habit of lifting what they want and using it how they will. Like southern white groups, the Negro has retained many of the old Scotch-English ballads. Still to be found are Negroes singing "In London town where I was born" and going on to tell of hard-hearted Barbara Allen. John Lomax found a Negro mixing up "Bobby Allen" with the cowboy song "The Streets of Laredo," burying "Miss Allen in a desert of New Mexico with six pretty maidens all dressed in white for her pallbearers. English nonsense refrains appear in songs like "Keemo-Kimo" and "Old Bangum. Similarly the Negro folk singer lends to and borrows from American balladry. It could come from either; it probably comes from both; the tenderloin cuts across both sections. Current singers continue the trading of songs: Leadbelly sings cowboy songs, yelling "Ki-yi-yippy-yippy-yay" with his own zest; and Josh White sings "Molly Malone" and "Randall, My Son" with telling power. But it is in narratives of their own heroes that Negro ballad makers have done best. Prominent among such heroes are fugitives who out trick and outspeed the law. Aboard the Titanic he spied the iceberg and dove off, and "When the old Titanic ship went down, he was shooting crap in Liverpool.

Chapter 2 : Traveling Shoes | The Clara Ward Singers Lyrics, Song Meanings, Videos, Full Albums & Bios

Because I ain't got on my travelin shoes (ain't paid my dues)" Repeat Chorus Death come a knockin' on that gambler's door Said, "Oh, gambler are you ready to go?" He said, "No, no, no, no, no no no.

The past two weeks were a great refreshment to us as God answered our prayers to connect our home church with the ministries of Casa de Esperanza and CEC in Caranavi. More photos may continue to be added. The team focused on two main projects, one of which was changing two old leaky roofs under the expert leadership of Mike Hoisington. Over 90 degrees, humid, and sunny up on the roof. The guys did a great job! This included scrubbing off years of dirt on hands a knees for several days. The ladies did an amazing job! Kids watching the painting process. Every day the team ate lunch with the kids and then had activities afterwards. Jason with some of the kids. Important girl convo at lunch Joselin and Sarita. Steve with Fidel, the director of Casa de Esperanza and his son, Abdiel. Shelly taking a break from scrubbing the cancha with Rosemary. Craft time with Jennifer and Abby. This picture is just priceless. Maniac plastic car race between the twins. Josue doing the jump rope. The team also did two special dinners. One was to bless and appreciate the staff at Casa de Esperanza, and the other was for the older kids at Casa who are sometimes overlooked for the cute little ones. One of the games before dinner was the human knot. The goal was to make it a real teen party. All ate till they were stuffed. Me enjoying dinner with some of the guys. Afterwards, a game of capture the flag soon morphed into a dance party.

Chapter 3 : Travelin' Shoes | Maria Muldaur Lyrics, Song Meanings, Videos, Full Albums & Bios

Death come a knockin' on that sinner's door Said, "Oh, sinner are you ready to go?" He said, "No, no, no, no, no no no Because I ain't got on my travelin shoes (ain't paid my dues)".

Her husband Paul Du Feu talked her into publishing the book by encouraging her to "tell the truth as a writer" and "be honest about it". This was the first time that many Black Americans, due to the independence of Ghana and other African states, as well as the emergence of African leaders such as Kwame Nkrumah , were able to view Africa in a positive way. After spending two years in Cairo , they come to Accra to enroll Guy in the University of Ghana , and the accident occurs three days after they arrive. She is confronted by her friend Julian Mayfield , who introduces her to writer and actor Efua Sutherland , the Director of the National Theatre of Ghana. Angelou finds a job at the University of Ghana and "falls in love" [14] with the country and with its people, who remind her of African Americans she knew in Arkansas and California. She creates new friendships with her roommates and native Africans, both male and female. She becomes part of a group of American expatriates whom she calls the "Revolutionist Returnees", people such as Mayfield and his wife Ana Livia , who share her struggles. Angelou strengthens her ties with Africa while traveling through eastern Ghanaian villages, and through her relationships with several Africans. She describes a few romantic prospects, one of which is with a man who proposes that she become his "second wife" and accept West African customs. During one of her travels through West Africa, a woman identifies her as a member of the Bambara tribe based solely upon her appearance and behavior, which helps Angelou discover the similarities between her American traditions and those of her West African ancestors. The demonstration becomes a tribute to African-American W. Du Bois , who has died the previous evening. A few pages later, she allies herself with Malcolm X , who visits Ghana in to elicit the support of Black world leaders. He encourages Angelou to return to America to help him coordinate his efforts, as she had done for King in *The Heart of a Woman*. Angelou and her roommates reluctantly hire a village boy named Kojo to do housework for them. He reminds her of her brother Bailey, and he serves as a substitute for her son Guy. She accepts a maternal role with Kojo, helping him with his schoolwork and welcoming the thanks of his family. When she learns that he is dating a woman older than her, she reacts with anger and threatens to strike him, but he patronizes her, calls her his "little mother", [15] and insists upon his autonomy from her. The African narrative in *Traveling Shoes* is interrupted by "a journey within a journey" [13] when she decides to join a theatrical company in a revival of *The Blacks* , a play by French writer Jean Genet. While in Berlin, she accepts a breakfast invitation with a racist, wealthy German family. At the airport, a group of her friends and associates, including Guy, are present to wish her farewell as she leaves. She metaphorically connects her departure from the African continent with the forced enslavement of her ancestors and her departure from Guy. Starting with *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, Angelou made a deliberate attempt while writing her books to challenge the usual structure of the autobiography by critiquing, changing, and expanding the genre. Additionally, each volume "ends with abrupt suspense". For the first time, instead of using traditional numbered chapters, the book consists of anecdotes separated with a few inches of white space. She uses humor, another convention she has used before, both to criticize racism and to balance her weighty insights. She also uses quotes from literary sources, especially the Bible, which demonstrates that she has not lost contact with her family roots as she searches for a home and for her identity. During this trip, she comes to see her fellow African-Americans differently, as more spirited than the Africans she has met in Ghana.

Chapter 4 : TRAVELIN' SHOES Lyrics - BEAM | racedaydvl.com

Beam - Travelin' Shoes Lyrics Because I ain't got on my travelin' shoes." Whoh, death come a knockin' on that Christians door Said old Christian, "Are you ready.

Chapter 5 : Beam - Travelin' Shoes Lyrics | MetroLyrics

DOWNLOAD PDF I GOT ON MY TRAVELIN SHOES.

One, two Oh One two three oh Death went out to the sinner's house Come and go with me The sinner cried out I ain't ready to go I ain't got no travelling shoes.

Chapter 6 : All God's Children Need Traveling Shoes - Wikipedia

Hand me down My travelin' shoes I've got a long way to go, a long way to go And I've no time, I've no time to lose Well there's a road that I haven't seen so hand me down my travelin' shoes.

Chapter 7 : Got On My Traveling Shoes - Marion Williams | Shazam

Because I ain't got on my travelin' shoes. "Whoh, death come a knockin' on that Christians door Said old Christian, "Are you ready to go?" He said, "No, no, no, no, no.

Chapter 8 : Travelin' Shoes lyrics - Beam original song - full version on Lyrics Freak

He said, "No, no, no, no, no no no Because I ain't got on my travelin shoes (ain't paid my dues)" Repeat Chorus Death come a knockin' on that Christian's door Said, "Oh, Christian are you ready to go?".

Chapter 9 : got to put on my traveling shoes lyrics songs lyrics

Read or print original Travelin' Shoes lyrics updated! Me and my old lady / Ain't been getting along / If things don't get better.