

Hard-time blues

BY WILLIAM WARING CUNEY

Went down home 'bout a year ago
things so bad, Lord, my heart was sore.
Folks had nothing was a sin and shame
every-body said hard time was the blame.

Great-God-a-mighty folks feeling bad
lost every thing they ever had.

Sun was shining fourteen days and no rain
hoeing and planting was all in vain.
Hard hard times, Lord, all around
meal barrels empty crops burnt to the ground.

Great-God-a-mighty folks feeling bad
lost every thing they ever had.

Skinny looking children bellies poking out
that old pellagra without a doubt.
Old folks hanging 'round the cabin door
ain't seen times this hard before.

Great-God-a-mighty folks feeling bad
lost every thing they ever had.

I went to the Boss at the Commissary store
folks all starving please don't close your door
want more food a little more time to pay
Boss Man laughed and walked away.

Great-God-a-mighty folks feeling bad
lost every thing they ever had.

Landlord coming 'round when the rent is due
you ain't got the money take your home from you
take your mule and horse even take your cow
get offa my land you ain't no good no how.

Great-God-a-mighty folks feeling bad
lost every thing they ever had.