



Louise Miller Cohen

**1. Cohen intro (01:45)**

**L. Cohen:** *<Speaking to an audience>* Now there are many songs to-to-to preserve; many songs that we don't hear anymore. Um, and of course when-when I was coming along, they used to sing it, there was no music. All they had was they hand and they feet, you know because at one time they took their drums away from them. *<Adopts a thick Gullah accent>* White massah no good why he take dem chilren drum way from um. 'Cause tell me said if they tellin' me wan' get one message from-from-from here in Columbia and wan' get that message to Hilton Head all dem chilren have to do been get on that drum but it take dem chilren one hour and them chilren on Hilton Head woulda know bout that thing what happened to ya here in Columbia. *<Audience laughs>*

**L. Cohen:** *<Toning down the accent>* Yes sir. So-so-so the drums was taken away from them. So all they had left was they hand and they feet, but they made good music with it. So I call it, uh, Gullah gospel with natural music, *<clapping>* 'cause all I do is use what they use.

And, um, I wanna just sing some of those songs for you because um now I understand a lot of the songs 'cause there was a message in the songs. Um, 'Oh Lord [Come By Here]', you know? Because they had gone through so much. Said, "Way down yonder by myself and I couldn't hear nobody pray. I couldn't hear nobody pray." You know? 'Cause they were going through so much. Through all the hardship and all the cruel treatment and that were praying it seemed like God was passin'em by. It seemed like he didn't even hear them. Ok?

So there were songs like 'I Got My Sword in My Hand'. There were songs like 'You Gotta Run, Run, Run, 'Cause the Train's On Time'. But see what massah didn't know-massah didn't know-said, "Them chilern better-better give'em a message" Them chilerns tellin'em, "Yes sir, say Harriet Tubman been a'comin'." And for-and for-and for

[????] they wanna-wanna they watchin' out when Harriet come and for they don' be late.  
You understand? So there was many, many, many messages in the song.

## 2. "You Better Run" (01:35)

**L. Cohen:** <Clapping> Oh you better run, run, run.

Oh you better run, run, run.

Oh you better run, run, run,

For the train's on time.

Just keep your hand,

Upon the [????] and your eye.

Upon the prize.

Oh you better run, run, run.

Oh you better run, run, run.

Oh you better run, run, run,

For the train on time.

Just keep your hand,

Upon the [????] and your eye

Upon the prize.

My mother was a soldier.

She run for Jesus.

But she had to run, run, run,

For the train on time.

Just keep your hand,

Upon the [????] and your eye.

Upon the prize.

Oh you better run, run, run.  
Oh you better run, run, run.  
Oh you better run, run, run,  
For the train's on time.

Just keep your hand,  
Upon the [????] and your eye.  
Upon the prize.

Just keep your hand,  
Upon the [????] and your eye.  
Upon the prize.

Just keep your hand,  
Upon the [????] and your eye.  
Upon the prize.

Oh keep your hand,  
Upon the [????] and your eye.  
Upon the prize.

### 3. "Oh Lord, How Long" (01:44)

**L. Cohen:** <Speaking> Ok, I'm gonna do, just a little bit of "Oh Lord, How Long" 'cause I-just this one is too precious to um, not to do this because I think at this time they might have been gettin' weary um, with um, the cruelty um, and cruel treatment they was under and I think they was just askin' the Lord, "Oh Lord, How Long?" Because it seemed like they had waited on Him and the Lord wasn't movin' I guess fast enough. So um, just a little bit of-

**L. Cohen:** <Singing> Before this time another year,  
I may be gone.

<Begins to clap a rhythm>

In some lonesome graveyard,  
Oh Lord, how long?

Why don't you go down Gabriel?  
How long?  
Blow that trumpet.  
How long?  
Why don't you blow [????]?  
How long?

Before this time another year,  
I may be gone.  
In some lonesome graveyard,  
Oh Lord, how long?  
Oh Lord, how long?

Why don't you go down Gabriel?  
How long?  
Won't you take the trumpet?  
How long?  
Why don't you blow on [????]?  
How long?

Before this time another year,  
I may be gone.  
In some lonesome graveyard,  
Oh Lord, how long?  
Oh Lord, how long?

Say, go down Gabriel.  
How long?

Won't you take your trumpet?

How long?

Why don't you blow on [????]?

How long?

Before this time another year,

I might be gone.

In some lonesome graveyard,

*<Getting gradually softer>*

Oh Lord, how long?

Oh Lord, how long?

Oh Lord, how long?

Oh Lord, how long?

Oh Lord, how long?