

SOLDIER'S JOY

Traditional Old-Time and Bluegrass Song; **DATE:** Aird's 1778 collection (Vol. 1, No. 109); In the US- 1851; **CATEGORY:** Fiddle and Instrumental Tunes; **RECORDING INFO:** Fiddlin' John Carson-1925; Gid Tanner and His Skillet Lickers-1929; Hillbillies; Camp Creek Boys; Curly Ray Cline; Clark Kessinger; Earl Scruggs; Doc Watson and Bill Monroe; **OTHER NAMES:** "I Am My Mama's Darlin' Child," "John White," "Love Somebody," "Payday in the Army," "Rock the Cradle Lucy." **NOTES:** One of, if not the most popular fiddle tune in history, widely disseminated in North America and Europe in nearly every tradition. Tommy Jarrell, the influential fiddler from Mt. Airy, North Carolina, told Peter Anick in 1982 that it was a tune he learned in the early 1920's when he first began learning the fiddle, at which time it was known as "I Love Somebody" in his region. Soon after it was known in Mt. Airy as "Soldier's Joy" and, after World War II, as "Payday in the Army." Doc Watson and Bill Monroe do a ripping version (live) that's hard to beat.

I am my ma - ma's dar - ling boy. I am my ma - ma's dar - ling boy. I
am my ma - ma's dar - ling boy. Sing a lit - tle song called Sol - dier's Joy.

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D **D** **A7**
I am my mama's darling boy. I am my mama's darling boy.
D **D** **A7** **D**
I am my mama's darling boy. Sing a little song called Soldier's Joy.

Fifteen cents for the morphine. Twenty five cents for the beer
Fifteen cents for the morphine. They're gonna take me away from here

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine.
Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine.
Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine.
Along comes a chicken and says "you're mine!"

I love somebody, yes I do. I love somebody, yes I do.
I love somebody, yes I do. And I bet you five dollars, you can't guess who.

I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go.
I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go.
I'm gonna get a drink, don't you want to go
All for the Soldier's Joy.

Chicken in the bread tray scratchin' out dough,
Granny will your dog bite? No, child, no.
Ladies to the center and gents to the bar, Hold on you don't go too far.