

Aunt Caroline Dye Blues

Memphis Jug Band (1930)

A, A, A, A
D, D, A, A
E, E, A, A

Kazoo intro

I'm going to Newport News, just to see Aunt Caroline Dye
I'm going to Newport News, just to see Aunt Caroline Dye (*what you gonna ask her, boy?*)
She's a fortune telling woman, oh lord, and she don't tell no lie (*I'm going to see her myself*)

I'm going to Newport News, partner, catch a battleship across the doggone sea
I'm going to Newport News, catch a battleship across the doggone sea
Because bad luck and hard work, oh lord, sure do not agree with me

Aunt Caroline Dye she told me, Son, you do not have to feel so rough (*yeah?*)
Aunt Caroline Dye she told me, Son, you do not have to feel so rough
I'm going to fix you up a mojo, oh lord, so you can strut your stuff (*go on and strut your stuff*)

Kazoo/guitar jam

Aunt Caroline Dye she told me, Son, these women don't mean you no good
Aunt Caroline Dye she told me, Son, these women don't mean you no good (*yes'm, I knew that*)
Said take my advice, and don't monkey with none in your neighborhood

I am leaving in the morning, I don't want no-one to feel blue
Yes, I'm leaving in the morning, I don't want no-one to feel blue (*we'll all leave then*)
I'm going back to Newport News, and doing what Aunt Caroline Dye told me to do

"Aunt Caroline Dye was a fortune-tellin' woman. See, 'Aunt Caroline Dye, she's a fortune-tellin' woman, never tol' no lie' -- I made that up, my own right, my own song; nobody knowed it but me.

"She was a fortune-tellin' woman -- two-headed woman. She call you, she'd fix you, so you better come; she didn't have to come to fetch you. That's the kind of woman she was; had that much power -- 'fore she died. White and Colored would go to her. You sick in bed, she raise the sick. Conjure, hoodoo, that's what some people say, but that's what you call it, conjure.

"Yeah, she could make a hand so you could win anybody's money. Take her hand wit' ya, win everybody's money wit' that spell. Had that much brains -- smart lady. She break up all kinds of spells you had. She could have you walkin' like a hawg; any kinda which-way, she could make you walk on two legs again.

"That's the kind of woman she was. Aunt Caroline Dye, she was the worst woman in the world. Had that much sense. Seven Sisters ain't nowhere wit' Aunt Caroline Dye; she was the onliest one could break the record with the hoodoo."

From Paul Oliver's interview with Shade, July 20, 1960, in "Conversation with the Blues."