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Season's Greetings



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NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10014
(212) 989-7088**EDITOR**

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EDITORIAL: SEASON'S GREETINGS

Well, here it is winter solstice-time again, a time that always engenders strong feelings: kids love it and grown-ups hate it. It's not that simple. But as we busy ourselves with holiday preparations we often find ourselves asking "Will I survive all this?" This is the age-old question. It seems likely that the cave dwellers of the Ice Age wondered the same thing, as each chilly night stole more minutes from the day.

Throughout recorded history, in all parts of the Earth, the winter solstice has been a time of celebration. So we offer here twelve songs of celebration. And reflecting the many forms of observance in the United States and around the world, and the varying emotions that are this season's harvest, they make an eclectic mix. On a purely denominational level, we have one Pagan song, one old Christmas carol from Provence, one new Christmas carol from Dobbs Ferry, three updated Nativity scenes and two Chanukah songs. Then there are the four 'Secular Humanist' songs.

A couple of recurring themes stand out in these songs. One is the idea of dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs and a sincere hope for improvement. Some of the songs are quite direct in this regard; in other songs, perhaps more disturbingly, the good and bad guys are not so easy to find. It seems that this darkest time of year, with the cold settling in and nature dying or at least slowing down, tends to intensify our deepest fears. No wonder the ancients made sacrifices to the gods to encourage them to let the sun return.



Another theme relates to the miracle of light in the midst of this pervasive solstice darkness. Several of the songs refer to the birth of Christ with the classic image of an unnaturally bright star or burst of light. Both of the Chanukah songs are built around the idea of candles as a symbol of the survival of the Jews, referring to the legend in which a one-day's supply of sacred oil lasted for eight days. "Christmas in the Trenches" describes a flare-lit, impromptu truce creating one silent night in the middle of World War I. "Light a Candle" uses a South African prohibition against the lighting of Christmas candles by Blacks as a symbol of greater abridgments of freedom, and issues a call to resist the seemingly impenetrable darkness.

So, light your Yule log, Christmas tree, or Chanukah candles. Put this record on your turntable and thank your stars for all the holiday preparations which helped you forget that the days might go on getting shorter and shorter until you freeze or starve to death. And remember that only because of your recent sacrifices of gold have the gods decided to let the Earth swing back from this wintry corner of space toward a warm and brighter spring. Season's greetings!

* * *

For their invaluable assistance in putting together the album I would like to thank Johanna Halbeisen, Bob Norman, Caroline Paton and the Mark Green for Senate Campaign; David Seitz, the engineer and producer working on his first Fast Folk album, who gave of his time and enormous talent most generously; and the singers and players, many of whom traveled great distances on short notice to record, and whose enthusiasm and creativity made this project less work and more fun for me. I would also like to express thanks and respectful regrets to all those who submitted songs, all of them good, which we could not fit in. Finally, I would like to thank Richard Meyer for his good advice and his faith in me.

Paul Kaplan



CHRISTMAS CAROLS: The Stories Behind the Songs

by Linda Russell

Christmastime in my family was always a singing time. Mom played piano, my sister the guitar, I strummed dulcimer, little brother bowed the musical saw, the dogs howled and we all sang everything we could get our voices around - from "Silent Night" and "Silver Bells" to "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus." I didn't care then who wrote the tunes or how they'd originated as long as I could find a harmony. Now, my interest in music history has led me to the stories behind the songs.

As a folk musician I was thrilled to find that my favorite of all carols was first performed on guitar. In a little village in Austria in 1818, the priest Joseph Mohr discovered that the church organ had broken down. Faced with the prospect of a Christmas service without music, he hastily wrote a poem and asked Franz Gruber, the organist, to compose a tune. That Christmas, with Mohr singing tenor and Gruber singing bass and strumming the guitar, the classic "Silent Night" was born.

Livlier carols like "Deck the Halls" and "The Holly and the Ivy" betray a pagan past. Evergreens, symbolizing life in the dead of winter, were always a part of ancient solstice celebrations. Holly, ivy and mistletoe were used in fertility rites in the Roman Saturnalia. The early Christians, in attempting to win converts, made the pagan symbols their own and added Christian meaning.

In 1692, 18-year old Issac Watts complained of the lackluster psalms the Church of England sang. His father demanded that he come up with something better. Watts met the challenge, bringing a new song to the congregation each Sunday, and before anyone knew it he had created a small revolution in the singing habits of the Anglican church. The songs Watts wrote had no set tunes. They were simply "lined out" by the church clerk who would teach the congregation one line at a time to whatever melody the clerk wished to use. Often the tunes were those of popular street ballads and Watts was frequently accused of allowing the use of "tavern tunes" for his texts. Published in 1719, "Joy to the World" was sung to these melodies. It was

over a hundred years later that the American composer Lowell Mason fashioned a tune from excerpts of Handel's "Messiah" and created the song we sing today. Charles Wesley accompanied his brother John, the founder of Methodism, on a voyage from England to Georgia to preach to the colonists there. On board ship was a group of German Moravians who sang striking praise songs throughout the journey. The Wesleys were overwhelmed by the effect of the music and determined to use the power of song in their own work. Charles wrote hundreds of hymns and, just as Watts had done before him, handed the text to the organist who would find some popular melody that seemed to fit. He wrote the words to "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" in 1739. A British organist in 1857 set it to a little section of a recent work by Felix Mendelssohn and this popular carol was complete.

Throughout the 19th Century many carols were written in America by clergymen, including "We Three Kings of Orient Are" in 1857 and "O Little Town of Bethlehem" in 1868. In 1849, a Unitarian minister named Hamilton Sears was deeply disturbed by the slaughter he was witnessing in the Mexican War and by the greed for power he saw in the society around him. His answer was the message of hope and peace in "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear."

In my opinion, the most interesting of the 19th Century carols was written by one of our great poets. The year was 1863, the Civil War was raging and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was grieving for his son, who had been seriously wounded in the fighting. He sat down and penned a poem in which he tried to make some sense of the promise of Christmas amidst the horrors of battle. "I Heard the Bells on Christmas Day" is a strong anti-war carol.

Eighty years later, in yet another war, a song of loneliness and yearning for peace and the warmth of home hit the charts. Bing Crosby crooned "I'll Be Home for Christmas" in 1943 and many a serviceman shared the sentiment and hoped it would be true "if only in my dreams."

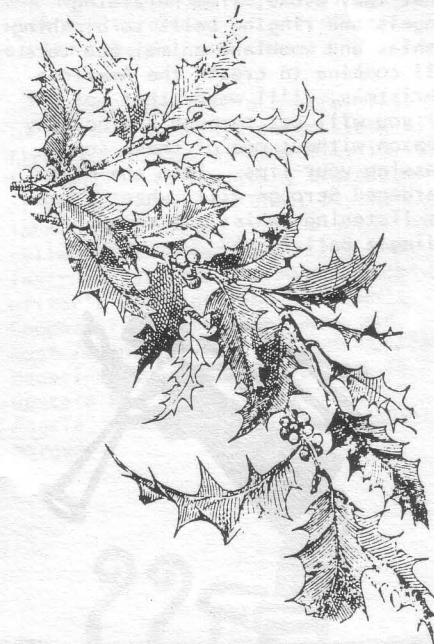


The 1940's saw a great flowering of Christmas songs. Irving Berlin stuck what he considered a throw-away song into a score for the movie Holiday Inn. The nearly-discarded tune went on to win the Oscar for best song of 1942, and

Inn. The nearly discarded tune, "White Christmas," went on to win an Oscar, for 'Best Song' of 1942, and became the most popular holiday song of all time, having been recorded by over 500 artists. Bing Crosby's version is the single best-selling record in history.

Nat King Cole and Mel Torme's "The Christmas Song" are forever a part of the holiday since Nat first recorded it in 1946. Christmas Eve is not complete without his rich voice conjuring up images of "Chestnuts roasting on an open fire."

The seasonal novelty song seems to have been discovered in the late 40's and by the 50's it held radio in the palm of its hand. Spike Jones probably started it in 1948 when his City Slickers sang "All I Want for Christmas is My Two Front Teeth." In 1952, little Jimmy Boyd sang "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Clause," and the cavalcade really began (including immortals like "I Want a Hippopotamus for Christmas"). But the most famous



novelty song, and in fact one of the biggest hits ever was inspired by a promotional pamphlet for Montgomery Ward. An advertising copywriter dreamed up a story for Ward's customers about this reindeer with a red nose.

ers about a reindeer with a red nose. The pamphlet soon became a published book, and then the ad man's brother-in-law, Johnny Marks, wrote it into a song. "Rudolph, the Red Nosed Reindeer" has sold more than 131 million discs in 30 languages since Gene Autry first recorded it in 1949.

The singing cowboy was so inspired by his success that he made regular

The singing cowboy was so inspired by his success that he made regular seasonal visits to the airwaves. "Here Comes Santa Claus" and "Frosty the Snowman" were Autry's other blockbusters.

In 1958, the novelty song to end all novelty songs was created by Ross Bagdasarian under the pseudonym of David Seville. Teenagers swooned to the 'rodentian' harmonies of Alvin and the Chipmunks singing "Christmas, Don't Be Late."

Somewhere in all this there were people endeavoring to compose Christmas carols without shining noses and missing teeth. In 1958, Kathryn Davis wrote the modern classic "The Little Drummer Boy." Just a few years later, Noel Regney and Gloria Shayne made an appeal for peace in response to the Cuban Missile Crisis with their song "Do You Hear What I Hear?"

All of these carols and the images that they evoke, from heralding angels and ringing bells to blushing Santas and woodland animal quartets - all combine to create the American Christmas. I'll wager that not one of you will get through the holiday season without one of these songs passing your lips. Even the most hardened Scrooge will, when no one is listening, whistle a round of "Jingle Bell Rock!"



Rod MacDonald pleases the crowd with Mark Dann and Tom Duval.



SATURDAY IN THE PARK

On September 13, 1986 The Musicians' Cooperative hosted the Central Park Folk Festival at the 72nd Street Bandshell. The weather was perfect, the crowd was the largest ever, and the photos were taken by Gerry Hinson.



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HUNTING THE WREN

by Robert Rodriguez

The wren, the wren, the king of all birds;
Saint Stephen's Day, he's caught in the furze;
Although he is little, his honor is great;
So come, me lads, and give us a treat.

This first verse to the traditional Irish song, "The Wren," can be said to be the keynote of one of the oldest, most unusual, and most widespread of rituals of the Yuletide season and the winter solstice: the hunting of the wren. December 26, (Boxing Day in Britain), is also the feast of Saint Stephen, and for generations in many parts of Britain and the Celtic world, groups of wren boys take to the countryside early on that morning to hunt and kill the tiny wren, bedecking it with colored ribbons, paper, and other bits of pretty finery. In one form or another, this ritual has been reported from Northern England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland, Brittany, the Basque country, and even in such diverse places as the northwest portion of Spain, certain countries in the Balkan peninsula, and the Scandinavian portion of Europe. There are a number of folklorists and scholars of ritual who contend that the several songs associated with the wren myth may be the oldest in the English language.

The wren, of course, is in fable and folk literature said to be the king of the birds. The wren became the king of the birds through a clever trick. It was decided that whichever bird could fly the highest would be declared king. The eagle was the apparent winner, but the wren, hiding behind the eagle's wing, proclaimed himself monarch of all birds. There is a Hispanic tradition from New Mexico which says that when God discovered the wren's deception, he cursed it by placing upon it the doom that, while it would in fact be king of birds, it would be hunted forever by all creatures larger than itself. Its regal reign would be more hollow and symbolic than real. There is a Breton tradition that tells that the wren's curse for its treachery was that it could only be king of all creatures smaller than itself. Further traditions tell that the wren is not in fact a creation of God but of the devil. Like such birds as the owl, magpie, crow, raven, and partridge, the wren is devil-tainted and therefore not a true product of divine wisdom. The devil, it is said, can-

not truly create but can only mimic creation, and anything made by him is only a mockery of the divine process. There is a tale from Galicia in northwest Spain that tells how the devil, angered at God's creation of the robin, countered with his own effort, the wren. Both in Wales and Galicia, among other places, it is believed that to see a wren three nights in a row at the crossroads is a sign that doom and misery will befall the observer. In Brittany it is believed that to see a wren upon a house rooftop means that within a year and a day, someone in that house will die in a terrible manner. In Ireland it is believed that to have the blood of a wren sprinkled on the doorstep of a house will bring seven years of bad luck. "Give us a penny to bury the wren," is a cry of the wren boys as they proceed from door to door, and the injunction is readily complied with by the local folks in various corners of the Anglo-Celtic world.

Several explanations are given as to why the wren is hunted. One story tells that the wren betrayed Saint Stephen to his Roman pursuers, and for this reason God eternally cursed it by dooming it to be hunted on the feast day of the martyred saint. Another tradition, this one from Ireland, says that the wren is hunted because a band of Irish patriots were betrayed to their English pursuers by a wren who called out their hiding place. Thus the hunting of the wren on the festival of Saint Stephen may be, at least according to the Irish tradition, a cultural as well as a religious injunction. There is an interesting Breton legend that says that God cursed the wren to be perpetually hunted because when the world was first created, the wren slipped into heaven and stole fire to bring it down to earth. There are a number of legends that fol-

low the Breton pattern, and these are connected with the idea that the wren is a creature of the devil, not God. But whatever the source of these stories, the traditions of the wren are deeply rooted in ancient rituals and traditions that go far back into the primordial memories of the tribe.

There are several songs associated not only with the hunting of the wren, but with the dignity of its place and title as king of all birds. In "The King," it is told how the wren is to be revered, honored, and kept in the highest esteem:

Joy, health, love and peace
Be all here in this place,
By your leave we will sing
Concerning our king

The verses that follow describe how the wren is to be dressed in the very best silks and bedecked in ribbons of rare quality. The folks who revere and praise him have journeyed far to do so, and have brought rare and costly gifts. The final verse is an invocation of good will and hope for the upcoming new year for all people on earth:

Old Christmas is past
Twelfth Night is the last
And we bid you adieu
Great joy to the new.

But of much greater interest are the songs connected with the wren hunt itself, by which the mysterious bird king is actually turned to good. In one well known Irish variant of the story, the hunt is carried out in a normal, straightforward manner; the wren boys arise early on the morning of Saint Stephen's Day, form into groups, and range the countryside to kill or capture as many wrens as possible. Then they go from door to door asking for alms, food, money, or other forms of remuneration in order to bury the wren and prevent bad luck from invading that household.

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Of all the songs involved with the wren hunt, perhaps the most interesting and magical is the song entitled "The Cuddy Wren." It takes the form of a dialogue between a group of people who, it seems, are about to embark upon a wren hunt. But by the time the song has reached its conclusion, it has taken on epic proportions. The wren is not hunted merely with bows and arrows, but with guns and cannons; it is not carried home even on the shoulders of strong men, but in big carts and wagons; it is not cut up with knives and forks, but with hatchets and cleavers; it is not cooked in pots and pans, but in brass cauldrons of immense size. When the ritual feast is ready, it is not enough to invite the king and queen to the dinner; the entire town or even the whole world must be asked to come and feast upon the wren. And how are the portions to be distributed? The legs will be given to the lame, the eyes will be given to the blind, and the spare-ribs will be given to the poor of the world. Such is the nature of the magical that, under the guise of a wren hunt, we may have here one of the oldest survivals of a savage sacrificial ritual, perhaps dating back to a time when not the wren but the human spirit was the victim sacrificed to whatever ancient and primitive deities the folk earnestly believed in.

Much of the ancient tradition of the wren has become, in modern times, little more than symbolism, rituals to merely entertain folk scholars and believers in past ages when magic and superstition ruled men's lives. Like other rituals such as mumming, wassailing, sword-dancing, and the hobby-horse ceremony of Wales, the custom of hunting the wren is an integral part of the winter solstice celebration, and the Yuletide season would have less meaning without it.

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Sources

The following recordings of the wren songs mentioned in this article may be of interest to those wishing to learn more about the various forms they can take. The Irish Wren-song can be heard on two Clancy Brothers albums, both on Columbia records: Carnegie Hall Concert and The Clancy Brothers Christmas. A traditional recording can be heard on Folksongs of Britain, Vol. 9, Songs of Christmas on Topic Records. "The Cuddy Wren" can be heard on the following: Mic Tems, Go To Werton Fair, Sweet Folk-Greenwich Village Records in Britain; John Roberts and Tony Bartrand, Noel Sing We Clear, Vol. 2, Front Hall Records; The Best of Ian and Sylvia on Vanguard Records; and on Holly Tannen's album, Invocations, on Kicking Mule Records. "The King" can be heard on Pleased to See the King, by Steel-eye Span on Chrysalis Records, and on the Watersons Sound, Sound Your Instruments of Joy on Topic Records.



IN MEMORIAM

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SEA CHANTEYS: Turning Work into Play

or

Wood on Water

by Gerry Hinson

Soldiering through an interminable Monday night as host of SpeakEasy's hootenanny (June 27, 1984), veteran singer-actor-raconteur Erik Frandsen arranged a surprise guest appearance by a friend whom he introduced as "One of the greatest ballad singers of the English-speaking world, Heather Wood." Noteworthy among the cognoscenti of traditional music for her impressive contributions to the Young Tradition, a British vocal group that included Royston Wood and Peter Bellamy, she played a pivotal role in the British folk revival beginning in the late 1960's. In the recent past she had most often performed with Royston Wood and in Crossover with Andy Wallace, but had spent increasing chunks of time away from the music circuit as a computer maven (to pay the rent, and such). Bawdy, boisterous, intelligent (co-author of Grass Roots: The International Folk Music Resources Directory), possessing a rapier wit, and now residing in New York, she decided to drop in at the SpeakEasy and educate the (unusually) attentive audience with a demystified history of sea chanteys, as follows:

"Chanteys are really simple because you had to be pretty damn stupid to go to sea in those days. There you were, stuck out of sight of land for up to two years, put out of sight of women, out of sight of money, out of sight of tasty food, and all those good things. This is a sea chantey:

0 when I was a little boy, or so
my mother told me
(Weigh, haul aweigh, we'll haul
aweigh, Joe)

That if I did not kiss the girls
my lips would grow all moldy

(Weigh, haul aweigh, we'll haul
aweigh, Joe)

CHORUS:

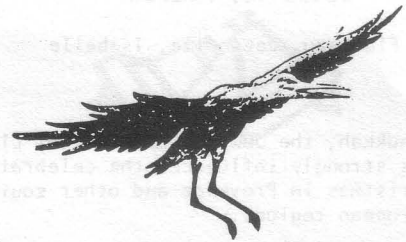
0 weigh, haul aweigh, we'll
haul aweigh together
Weigh, haul aweigh, we'll haul
haul aweigh, Joe
0 weigh, haul aweigh, we'll
haul for better weather
Weigh, haul aweigh, we'll haul
aweigh Joe.

2. Young St. Patrick was an Englishman, he'd come from decent people
(Weigh, haul aweigh...)
He built a church in New York town and on it stuck a steeple
(Weigh haul aweigh...Joe)

CHORUS

3. 0 once I was in Ireland, a diggin' turf and 'taties
But now I'm on a Blackpool ship,
a' haulin' on the braces
4. King Louie was the King of France before the Revolution
But then he had his head cut off which spoilt his constitution
5. Now Erik Frandsen had a pig and it was double jointed
He took it to the Other End to have its chargers pointed
6. Now it's once I had a London girl and she was fat and lazy
But now I've got a New York girl who nearly drives me crazy!"

Heather's dynamic recital of "Haul Aweigh Joe" drew the crowd into the chorus instantly. You could feel the repetitive drumbeat of her singing transform the monotony into a chance to swing. So, if you've now got the urge to get into the Age of Sail, drop the mystifying (read "mystified") scholars who have buried the songs under a pile of commentary that earns them enough to buy 12-foot tubs of their own, and join a chorus with Heather, or the X-Seamen's Institute, or Patsy Margolin sometime, and you'll feel the ocean roll again.



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Un Flambeau, Jeannette, Isabelle

(Hanukkah, the Jewish "Festival of Lights," has strongly influenced the celebration of Christmas in Provence and other southern European regions.)

Un flambeau, Jeanette, Isabelle,
Un flambeau, courons au berceau!
C'est Jésus, bonnes gens du hameau,
Le Christ est né, Marie appelle,
Ah! Ah! que la mère est belle,
Ah! ah! ah! que l'Enfant est beau!

Bring a torch, Jeannette, Isabella!
Bring a torch, and quickly run!
Christ is born. Tell the folk of the village.
Mary has laid him in a manger.
Ah! Ah! beautiful is the Mother!
Ah! ah! beautiful is her child!

C'est un tort quand l'Enfant sommeille,
C'est un tort de crier si fort.
Taisez-vous, l'un et l'autre, d'abord!
Au moindre bruit, Jésus s'éveille.
Chut! chut! chut! Il dort à merveille,
Chut! chut! chut! voyez comme Il dort!

It is wrong when the Baby is sleeping,
It is wrong to speak so loud.
Silence, now as you gather around,
Lest your noise should waken Jesus:
Hush! Hush! see how the Baby slumbers;
Hush! Hush! see how the Baby sleeps!

Doucement, dans l'étable close,
Doucement, venez un moment!
Approchez, que Jésus est charmant!
Comme Il est blanc, comme Il est rose!
Do! Do! Do! que l'Enfant repose!
Do! Do! Do! qu'il rit en dormant!

Softly now unto the stable,
Softly for a moment come!
Look and see how charming is Jesus,
Look at him there, His cheeks are rosy!
Hush! Hush! see how the Child is sleeping;
Hush! Hush! see how he smiles in dreams!

-Traditional (possibly 17th century Provence)

THE WREN

what could ever drive a man
to venture out in all this cold
what could ever be the dream upon his mind
or the voice he heard come singing through the snow

singing down down bless this soul
singing down down this i know
singing down down down down, warning must be sent
and by foot it must be brought and so we went
for the wren

when all the people are quite warm
except the few who gather fuel
they dread the wind when it gathers in the north
that causes all the gods to be so cruel

singing down down bless this soul
singing down down this i know
singing down down down down to the forest end
and perhaps it might be there we apprehend
the wren

those of caution to be seen
abroad at night about the queen
when all the world knows that deep down inside
the burden of paradise is mean

singing down down bless this soul
singing down down this i know
singing down down down down games of pretend
whether howling at the moon or magdalen
or the wren

a flock of birds must crown a king
against the wind and under wing
and never notice when the one in front he falls
and another takes his place to gather all

singing down down bless this soul
singing down down this i know
singing down down down down hear the voices blend
though those who stand behind will not defend
the wren

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SIDE BY RIGOROUS



A MODEST PROPOSAL (THE LONG UNDERWEAR SONG)

I remember well when I was but a child of
tender years
The day that I discovered the catalog
from Sears
The people in the pictures they made me
stop and stare
Who'd have guessed that they'd be dressed
in thermal underwear?

Underwear! Long underwear!
It makes the foulest weather feel like fair
It's ten below and icy winds blow whistling
through the air
Let it storm I'm toasty warm inside
my underwear.

CRISTO DE PALACAGUINA (CRISTO YA NACIO EN PALACAGUINA)

En el cerro de la Iguana
Montaña adentro de la Segovia
Se vió un resplandor extraño
Como una aurora de medianoche

Los maizales se prendieron
Los quiebraplata se estremecieron
Llovió luz por Moyogalpa
Por Telpaneca y por Chichigalpa

Chorus:
Cristo ya nació en Palacaguina
Del Chepe Pavón y una tal María
Ella va a planchar muy humildemente
La ropa que goza la mujer ociosa
Del terrateniente

Las gentes para mirario
Se juntaron en un molote
El indio Joaquín le trajo
Quesillo en trenzas de Nagarote

En vez de oro, incienso y mirra
le regalaron según yo supe
Cajetillas de Diriomo
Y hasta buñuelos de Guadalupe
(Chorus)

José el pobre jornalero
Se mecateía todito el día
Lo tiene con reumatismo
El tequio de la carpintería

María sueña que el hijo
Igual que al tata sea carpintero
Pero el cipatillo piensa
'Mañana quiero ser guerrillero!'
(Chorus)

© 1975 Carlos Mejía Godoy

On the hill of the Iguana
In the mountain town Segovia
A strange splendor was seen
Like a burst of dawn at midnight

The corn stalks lit up
The lightning bugs trembled
Light fell like rain on Moyogalpa
On Telpaneca and Chichigalpa

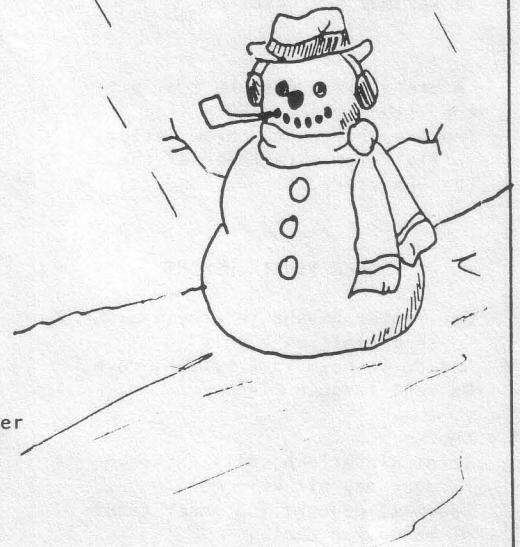
Chorus:
Christ has just been born in
Palacaguina
To that guy Joe and, you know, Maria
Very humbly, she goes to iron
The clothes of the landowner's lazy
wife

Just to see, the people
All gathered 'round a hill
Joaquin the Indian
Brought him braided cheese from
Nagarote

Instead of gold, incense and myrrh
I heard they gave him
Sweet cakes from Diriomo
And those deep-fried doughnuts from
Guadalupe
(Chorus)

Joseph the poor day laborer
Breaks his back all day
He's caught rheumatism, poor Joe
From the sawdust in the woodshop

María dreams that her son
Like his father, will become a carpenter
But already the kid's thinking
'Tomorrow I wanna be a guerrilla
fighter!'
(Chorus)



Prudence says to set our thermostats
at sixty-five
In skimpy briefs and brassieres you will
not survive
The Lord in all her wisdom gave us more
than skin and hair
She gave us wit, ourselves to fit with
thermal underwear.

Underwear! Long underwear!
Beneath our clothes, without it we are bare
Plutonium is perilous and coal pollutes
the air
The energy source that's best, of course,
is thermal underwear.

Paul Newman wears it all the time and
Redford he does, too
Barbra Streisand swears that it's the only
thing to do
Lovers, if you think that taking off your
clothes is nice
Do not miss the greater bliss of taking
them off twice!

Underwear! Long underwear!
Slip inside and leave behind your cares
The oil and gas kingpins will rant and
tear their hair
Who needs them? We've got a friend in
thermal underwear.

© 1981 Fred Small, Pine Barrens Music (BMI)

WINTER RULES

Winter rules outside,
The snow falls endlessly,
But here at home, it's joyous, clean
And we can forget the cold.

Chorus:
Light the candles, children,
Never forget them.
Remember the heroes of old.

Judah the Hasmonean
Who went into battle
He's the one who fought and beat
The enemy, the evil ones.

And every year through the generations
We sing about the hero
Who gave his life
For his dear brothers.

Come play dreydl;
Of course you know the rules:
A shin is bad, a giml wins,
So lay out the cash!

* A dreydl is a Chanuka toy, a top with 4 sides. Each side bears a different Hebrew letter, initials for a reminder of the Chanuka story.

1) DER VINTER HERSHT

Der vinter hersht in droysn ersht
Un shney falt on a shir
Nor do in heym iz freylekh, reyn;
On kelt fargesn mir

Chorus:
Tzint kinderlekh, di likhtelekh,
Fargest zey nit keyn mol.
Gedenkt, gedenkt fun yener tsayt
Di heldn fun amol.

Yehudo held aroys in feld,
Der zun fun Khashmonoyim
Vos hot gezigt un hot bazigt
Di sonim, di reshoyim

Un ale yor fun dor tzu dor
Bazingen dem giber
Vos hot zayn lebn opgegeb
Zayne libe brider

Un ver es vil tzum dreydl shpil
Ir veyst dokh di simonim:
A shin iz shlekht, a giml rekht,
Aroys mit mizumonim!

- Traditional



CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school
To Belgium and to Flanders, to Germany to here
I fought for King and country I love dear
'Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter, hung
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song was
sung
Our families back in England were toasting us that day
Their brave and glorious lads so far away

I was lying with my messmate on the cold and rocky ground
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound
Says I, "Now listen up, me boys!" each soldier strained to hear
As one young German voice sang out so clear
"He's singing bloody well, you know!" my partner says to me
Soon, one by one, each German voice joined in harmony
The cannons rested silent, the gas clouds rolled no more
As Christmas brought us respite from the war

As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause was spent
"God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen" struck up some lads from Kent
The next they sang was "Stille Nacht", 'Tis "Silent Night!" says I
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky
'There's someone coming toward us!' the front line sentry cried
All sights were fixed on one lone figure trudging from their side
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shone on that plain so bright
As he, bravely, strode unarmed into the night

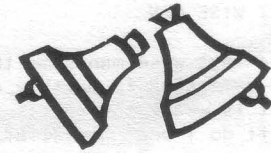
Soon one by one on either side walked into No Man's Land
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave 'em hell
We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs from home
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own
Young Sanders played his squeezebox and they had a violin
This curious and unlikely band of men

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more
With sad farewell we each prepared to settle back to war
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wonderous
night
"Whose family have I fixed within my sights?"
'Twas Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter, hung
The frozed fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung
For the walls they'd kept between us to exact the work of war
Had been crumbled and were gone forevermore

My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell
Each Christmas come since World War I, I've learned its lessons
well

That the ones who call the shots won't be among the dead and lame
And on each end of the rifle we're the same

© 1984 John McCutcheon/ Appalsong



SIDE LYRICS TWO

CHANUKAH CHASE

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you one little candle
On this the first night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you two little candles
On this the second night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you three little candles
On this the third night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you four little candles
On this the fourth night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you five little candles
On this the fifth night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you six little candles
On this the sixth night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you seven little candles
On this the seventh night of Chanukah

From my window where you can send your glow
From my menorah on newly fallen snow
I will set you eight little candles
On this the last night of Chanukah

- Traditional



CHRISTMAS MORN

A child was born it was on Christmas morn
Who could know what he'd grow up to be
His mother she loved him and thought the world of him
The year was Zero B.C.
Up in the heavens a star did appear
To show us the way to the end of our fear
We gathered together from far and from near
That marvelous child to see
That marvelous child to see

A child was born it was on Christmas morn
Nineteen eighty six A.D.
His mother was poor and the wolf at the door
Said "Your baby is coming with me."
Up in the heavens the Star Wars begin
And the warlords get fatter while the children get thin
Then the door slowly opens, the wolf slouches in
Oh where can the wise men be?
Where can the wise men be?
A child was born it was on Christmas morn
Who could know what he'd grow up to be.

c 1985 Paul Kaplan, Paul Kaplan Music (ASCAP)

CHRISTMAS MEANINGS

What is Christmas, said Molly to Mack
Jason to Keeyana, and Nabu to Zack
Who is St. Nicholas, what's in his pack?
What is his meaning for you?

Have you heard stories, so very old;
You cannot believe them without faith, I'm told
A cold starry night when the presents were gold
What is their meaning for you?

I can't remember the first time I knew:
What's true for me may not be for you.
So many stories; which one is true?
Which sort of meaning will do?

Somewhere it's hot and there is no snow
But here in America fires will glow.
If we sit quietly, maybe we'll know:
All kinds of meanings are true.

I drew a picture of somewhere real far.
I drew a small shed and a six-pointed star.
Up in the sky, the sled and the deer,
And what Santa said as he made people cheer.

Then I drew hundreds of people around.
All of the races I colored, and found
Some holding presents, and some holding hands.
That's Christmas meaning for me.
What is its meaning for you?

© 1986 by Lydia Adams Davis



THE LAST WISE MAN

I am the last wise man some think me unwise
To seek a messiah in earthly disguise
My camel is weary the way is so long
What gift do I bear him? I bring him a song

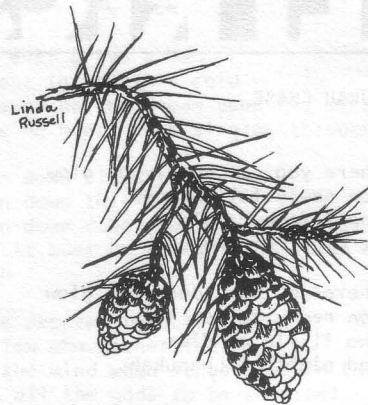
And I sing of the wind on a warm summer's night
Or the way the sand sparkles in cold starry light
Oh child, do you realize how fair is your earth?
No goft I could bring thee that would equal its worth

I am the last wise man my home it is far
But my purpose in coming burns bright as a star
To praise God's creation so that others might share
In the wond'rous earthly treasure he left within our care

And I'll sing of great fishes that abound in the sea
And the nightingale's voice in yon pomegranate tree
Or of crystal pure water from a deep earthen well
Gifts more precious than frankincense too numerous to tell

We are the last wise men we haven't a star
And the gifts we can offer him lie right where we are
We are the last wise men we haven't a star
And the gifts we can offer him lie right where we are

© by Bobbie Wayne



LIGHT A CANDLE

CHORUS
WOULD YOU LIGHT A CANDLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA?
PUT A LIGHT IN YOUR WINDOW ON A COLD, DARK WINTER'S NIGHT
WOULD YOU LIGHT A CANDLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA?
IF WE ALL LIGHT CANDLES, SURELY THEY WILL SEE THE LIGHT

I
ON A WINTER'S EVENING IN MY HOMETOWN
CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ARE SHIMMERING, SNOW IS ON THE GROUND
CAROLLERS ARE SINGING A JOYOUS SILENT NIGHT
BUT IN BLACK SOUTH AFRICA YOU WON'T FIND ONE CANDLE LIGHT

CHORUS

II
IN A LITTLE VILLAGE ON THE BACK SIDE OF CAPETOWN
A LITTLE BOY IS TREMBLING, HIS TEARS ARE ROLLING DOWN
THE POLICE BROKE INTO HIS HOME, THEY SAW HIS CANDLE GLOW
IT'S AGAINST THE LAW TO BURN ONE DON'T YOU KNOW?

CHORUS

III
IT MIGHT CAUSE A RIOT, THAT'S WHAT THE POLICE SAY
TO BURN ONE LITTLE CANDLE EVEN ON A CHRISTMAS DAY
HOW FRAGILE CAN THEIR ORDER BE, WHAT DO THEY HAVE TO SAVE?
HOW LONG WILL THEY REMAIN FREE WHILE ALL THE REST ARE SLAVES?

CHORUS

IV
IN A LITTLE VILLAGE ON THE BACKSIDE OF CAPETOWN
A LITTLE GIRL IS TREMBLING, HER TEARS ARE FLOWING DOWN
THE VIGILANTES BURNED HER HOME, THEY TORCHED IT TO THE GROUND
NOW THERE'S NO PLACE TO CALL HER OWN OR LAY HER BURDEN DOWN

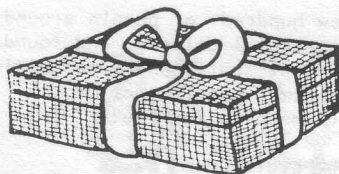
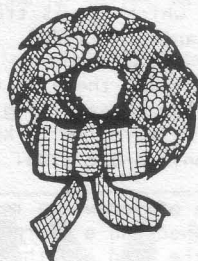
CHORUS

V
THEY MAKE THEM FIGHT AGAINST THEMSELVES, THEY THINK THE WORLD CAN'T SEE
DIVIDE AND CONQUER IS THEIR GAME; A STATE EMERGENCY
WILL HELP THEM HIDE THEIR CRUEL SHAME AND THEIR BRUTALITY
HOW MUCH BLOOD WILL HAVE TO FLOW BEFORE THEY SET THEM FREE.

CHORUS

CHORUS

© 1986 - Words and Music by Bob Killian



COME FILL UP YOUR GLASSES

Come fill up your glasses with whisky and beer
And drink a full glass to a happy New Year
To our sisters and brothers, and may they live long
So lift up your glasses and join in this song.

Chorus:

So we'll fill up the glass and once more make the call
For peace on this earth and good will unto all

Long life to the miners the whold world around
Who spend all their days in a hole underground
Whose road is a tunnel, whose day is the night
Out of darkness and danger they bring power and light

Chorus

Our thanks to the fishermen and safe may they toil
And also to the farmer who turns up the soil
To the ploughmen and shepherds and all those of worth
Whose joy is to harvest the fruits of the earth

Chorus

Here's to drivers and firemen and the rest of the team
Who keep the stock rolling by diesel and steam
To the cleaners and shunters who work night and day
And the track-laying gangs on the permanent way

Chorus

A toast to the laboring women and men
Who live where their work is, who work where they can
To the builders and spidermen and bold engineers
May your wages keep rising over the years

Chorus

To writers and artists, then, let's drink a health
To the people whose hopes and whose dreams are our wealth
Whose tools are but canvas, or paper and pen
Whose harvest is a gift to all women and men

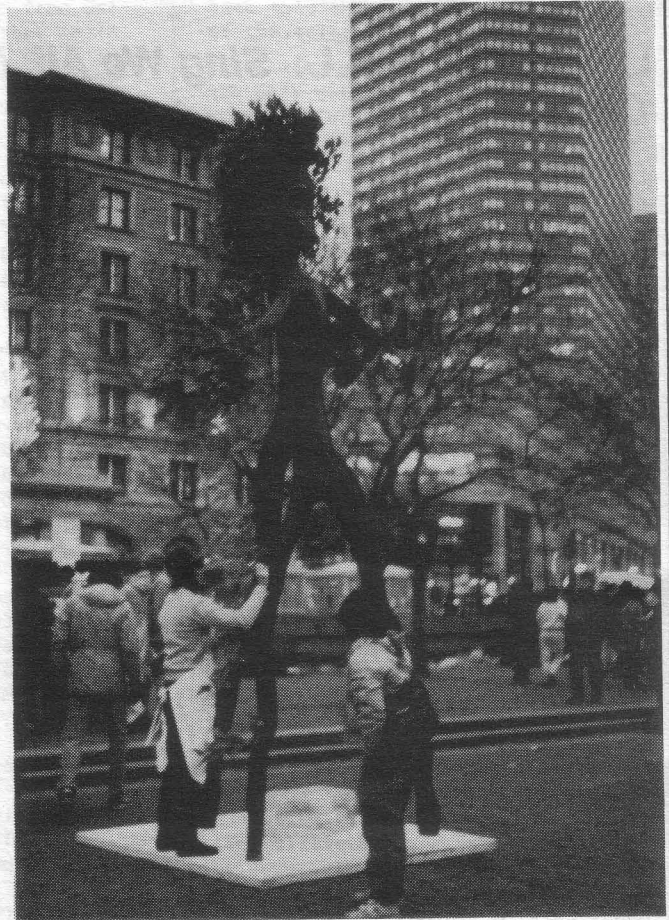
Chorus

Let the men drink a health to their sweethearts and wives
And the ladies, being willing, will greet them likewise
May your children be many, your troubles be few
May you treasure the day you make one out of two

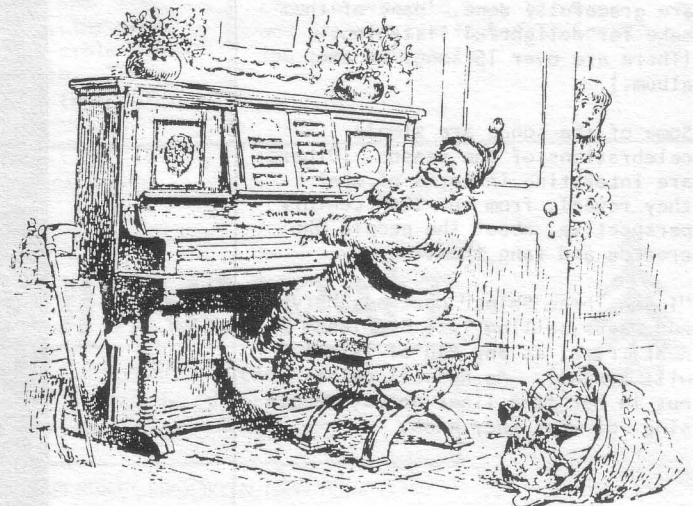
Chorus

Let's drink to our children and let us prepare
A world where they'll live free from sorrow and care
A world where goodwill unto all is the law
A world without fallout, a world without war

Chorus



The Fetish Tree- Boston



RECORD REVIEWS RECORD REVIEWS

LINDA RUSSELL: *Sing We All, Merrily: A Colonial Christmas*

by
Josh Joffen

Linda Russell is an artist whose interests in American folk music and history have resulted in some interesting career paths. In addition to actually being on the Federal payroll as a folk artist (certainly one of the most benign examples of our tax dollars at work), she has written and staged a memorable one-woman show portraying lives of the women who settled the American West, and she released an interesting and enjoyable record of folk songs dating back to colonial times.

Continuing to mine this rich vein, Russell has created a new album of Early American period songs. *Sing We All Merrily* is a collection of Christmas and seasonal carols, hymns, and dance tunes.

Russell has wisely kept to more or less traditional instrumentation. She plays hammered dulcimer, mountain dulcimer, flute, and penny-whistle. Other musicians (her "Companie") add, in addition to vocals, violin, guitar, mandolin, cello, and dashes of celtic harp, percussion and Northumbrian small pipes.

The music is both well-performed and well-arranged; all the songs are gracefully done. Many of them make for delightful listening. (There are over 15 songs on the album.)

Some of the songs are simple celebrations of the season. Others are interesting in terms of what they reveal, from our 20th century perspective, about the people who created and sang them.

"I Saw Three Ships" portrays Mary and Jesus sailing into Bethlehem (a neat trick, as any map of Israel will reveal). As Russell points out in her fine liner notes, people sing of what they know.

"The Holly and the Ivy" is an example of the (historically successful) attempt to transform pagan symbols into Christian ones. The music of "The Huron Carol" redeems what is an almost patronizing re-telling of the Christmas story in terms the 'noble savages' could understand. "The Cherry Tree Carol" is a lovely song with a disturbing passage in which Jesus speaks from within the womb to command a cherry tree to bow down.

These songs remind us both of the struggles of Christianity to establish itself, and of the beliefs in the power and glory of Christ which made those struggles so successful.

Sing We All Merrily is too big to be a stocking-stuffer, but it'll fit very nicely under any size tree. We'd all be better off if people would put more energy into



making music as nice as this, and less into all the other forms of religious meshugass.

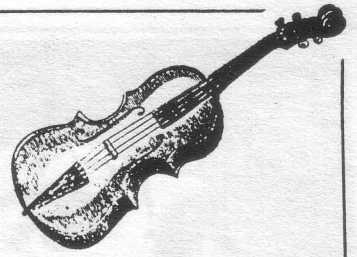
Special Note: This album is so new that as of this writing it has yet to be officially released and catalogued on the Flying Fish label. But never mind, you'll be able to find it. If it's not carried in your local record store, you can get more information from the artist by writing to:

Linda Russell
250 West 99th Street
Apartment 8C
New York, NY 10025

* * *

Have a Merry Christmas, Happy Chanukah, Joyous Winter Solstice, and a Great New Year.

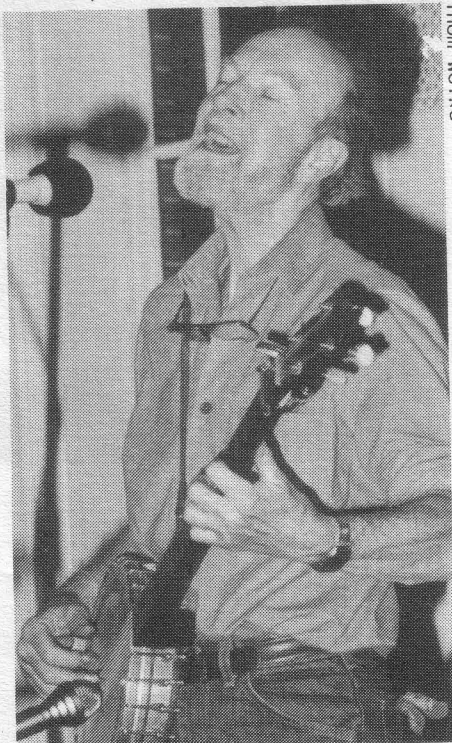




ON THE RECORD

LINDA RUSSELL is one of the few folksingers on the government payroll! She sings 18th Century ballads daily at Federal Hall National Memorial on Wall Street, the site of Washington's inauguration. With her band she plays contemporary folk as well as coffeehouses throughout the northeast. Her albums, The Good Old Colony Days and Sing We All, Merrily: A Colonial Christmas can be ordered from Linda Russell, 250 W. 99th St. Apt 8C, New York, NY 10025

PETE SEEGER was born to a musical family in 1919, and he learned to play banjo, guitar, and other instruments at an early age. His folk music career began when he assisted Alan Lomax for a year at the Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song. He was a member of the singing groups the Almanac Singers and the Weavers. He helped form People's Songs, Inc., the forerunner of Sing Out! magazine. Today, Seeger continues to sing for the anti-nuclear movement, for world peace, and for jobs for all peoples. His songs express his understanding and hope for a better world.



Pete Seeger

Thom Wolfe

JOHN McCUTCHEON, who lives in Virginia, is known as one of our best contemporary songwriters as well as a sterling traditional interpreter. A master of the hammered dulcimer, he is a virtuoso on no less than a dozen other instruments. He has recorded 10 albums on the June Appal, Flying Fish, Green Hays and Rounder labels.



BOB KILLIAN is a singer-songwriter presently hiding out near Sandy Hook, NJ. He founded the annual Clearwater Festival there twelve years ago and has been performing with the Hudson River Sloop Singers since before then! (He started very early!)

He can be heard on the following albums: The Clearwater Album, Vol 1, City Sounds by Mike Glick, Fast Folk Musical Magazine Vol 1 No. 2, Spending My Days by Rick Nestler, The Hudson River Sloop Singers (To be released Spring of '87).

PEGGY SEEGER has been a fixture of the British folk scene for many years. Since 1967 she and her husband, Ewan McColl, have edited the New City Songster, an annual anthology of topical songs. Peggy is best known in the States for her song "I Want to Be an Engineer."

JEAN FREEDMAN grew up in North Carolina, studied drama in London, and moved to New York City to make her fortune. Toward that end, she has worked as an actress, singer, lab technician, receptionist, theatre manager, word processor, editor, and writer. She plays flute and dulcimer and is a right-handed person who is currently studying left-handed guitar.

DIANE CHODKOWSKY has added performing to her long-time careers as an avid listener, audience participant and biologist. A native of Connecticut, she is now living in NYC and moonlighting as a nursing student.

JUDITH ZWEIMAN is a singer, songwriter, guitarist, bass player, vegetarian, astrologer, and generally silly person. She was born, raised and reluctantly educated on Long Island. Currently residing with several cats in an outer borough of New York City, she performs regularly with myriad groups of all sizes, styles, shapes, and colors.

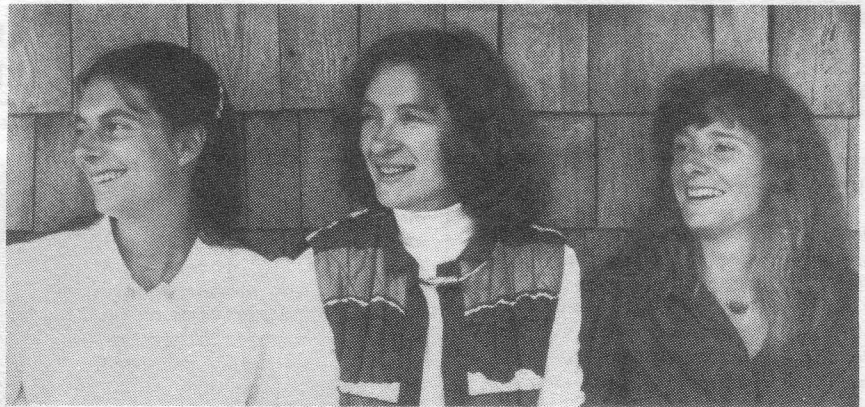
JACK HARDY has been a central figure in the New York folk scene since his first appearance at Folk City in 1973. In addition to recording six albums of his songs on the Great Divide label and a recent release in Germany called "the Hunter", Jack has been instrumental in creating the Songwriter's Exchange, The Musician's Cooperative at the Speakeasy and, most recently, The Fast Folk Musical Magazine. He currently resides in upstate New York with his wife Angela, son Malcolm and new daughter, Morgan.





DEB KAYMAN interprets traditional and contemporary songs in half a dozen languages. With care for detail, she presents songs selected for their political, poetic and musical power. She lives in her native New York, waiting impatiently for the Messianic Age or a subsidized apartment, whichever comes first.

Der Vinter Hersht is one of many written in Eastern Europe at this time to express national pride in a folk idiom. This is one of the ways young writers like Reisen and Varshofsky lent their support to the movement for secular Jewish nationalism which had been building there since the turn of the century.

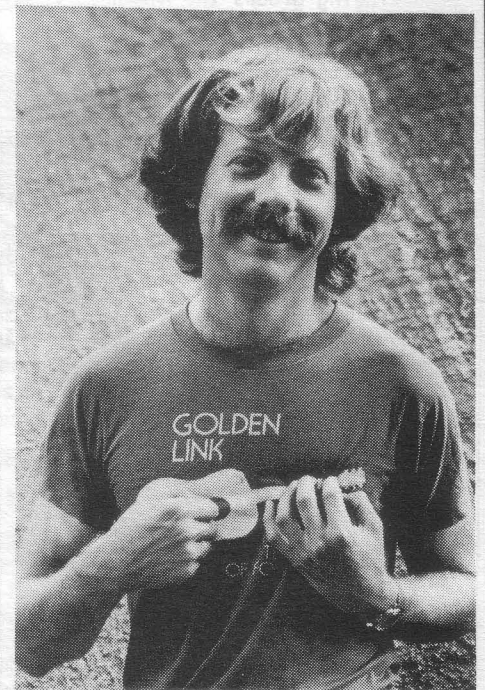


THE SHORT SISTERS are three unrelated women with short first names who perform traditional and contemporary folk music. Fay Baird, Kate Seeger and Kim Wallach have been singing and performing together for five years in eastern Massachusetts. A Short Sisters performance typically includes rounds, ballads, and a variety of distinctive a capella music (ranging

from American Sacred Harp to English drinking songs), along with contemporary folk music with a traditional flavor. Their repertoire includes songs about women, New England, gospel songs and funny songs. The Short Sisters are especially infamous for their striking vocal harmonies and their warm, humorous stage presence; they accompany themselves on banjo, autoharp, mandolin and guitar.

DAVID SEITZ is a producer/recording engineer at RCA Red Seal Records and at Synergy Sound. He is also one of several hundred singer/songwriters who contribute to Greenwich Village mayhem.

While best known for her topical songs, Celtic Harper BOBBIE WAYNE has a varied repertoire which includes traditional, children's and contemporary music. Bobbie is a singer and tale-weaver, and can be heard at folk festivals, clan gatherings and radio broadcasts throughout the East Coast.



PAUL KAPLAN lives in New York with his wife and two daughters (Congratulations!!). His best-known songs are "Call Me the Whale," "Henry the Accountant" and "I Had an Old Coat." Paul's songs have been recorded by artists in at least six countries. He has put out two albums on his own Hummingbird Records label: Life on This Planet (1982) and King of Hearts (1985).



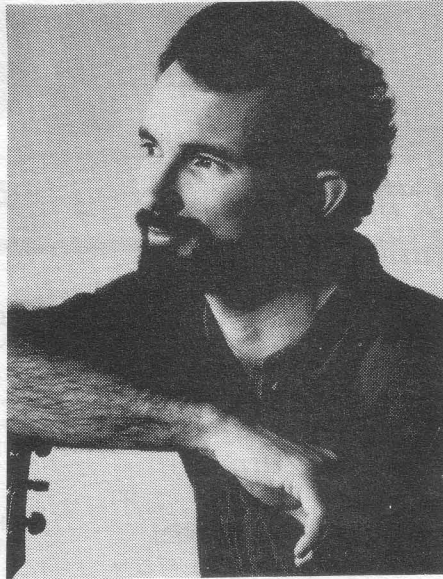


LYDIA ADAMS DAVIS is a high-energy performer who recently left a successful career in education to devote herself to a full-time profession in music. Her cassette album, Gift of Story, consists of original songs with down-to-earth, slice of life themes, and has received critical acclaim and widespread airplay. She is currently working on her first solo LP. Her song "Lake Erie" will appear on the upcoming Hudson River Sloop Singers album to be released next year.

in 1987. Gift of Story is available at Tower Records in NYC and through the artist at: 121 Main Street
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

Sep 83 Just Another War (Paul Kaplan)
Feb 84 Lake Erie

Gift of Story / Three Feathers Music



FRED SMALL is an attorney-turned-topical folksinger in the tradition of Woody Guthrie, Malvina Reynolds, and Tom Paxton. He tours nationally, appearing at coffeehouses, folk festivals, benefit concerts, colleges and conferences. He has performed at the Vancouver, Winnipeg, and Philadelphia Folk Festivals, and the Great Hudson River Revival. Fred has two albums on the Rounder label, No Limit (1985) and The Heart of the Appaloosa (1983). His debut LP, Love's Gonna Carry Us (1981) is on the Aquifer label. Fred's song "The Heart of the Appaloosa" has been elected to the All-Time Bluegrass Hit Parade by WAMU Radio in Washington, D.C. In February, 1986, Yellow Moon Press published a book of Fred's songs, Breaking from the Line.

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
Th'unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

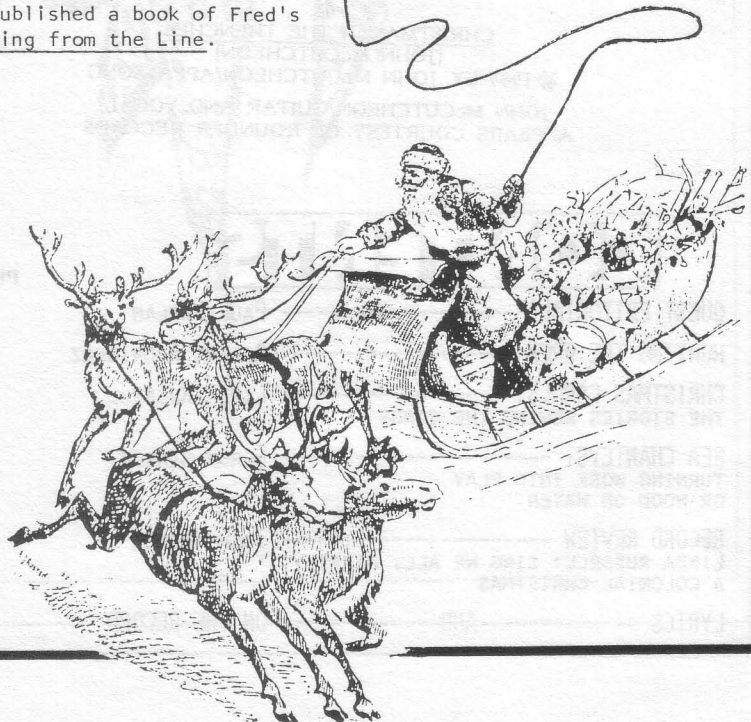
Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The household born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead, nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"



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SIDE ONE

-1-

JEANETTE, ISABELLA
(TRADITIONAL)

LINDA RUSSELL/DULCIMER AND VOCAL
RIDLEY ENSLOW/VIOLIN, VIOLA, AND VOCALS
BOBBIE WAYNE/VOCALS
JOE KAMINSKY/GUITAR

-2-

THE WREN
(JACK HARDY)

©1984 BY JOHN S. HARDY MUSIC CO. ASCAP

JACK HARDY/GUITAR AND VOCAL
TODD SCHEAFFER/LEAD GUITAR
TOM DUVAL/BASS

RECORDED LIVE AT SPEAKEASY BY DAVID SEITZ

-3-

CRISTO DE PALACAGUINA (CRISTO YA NACIO EN PALACAQUINA)
(CARLOS MEJÍA GODOY)

PETE SEEGER/12-STRING GUITAR AND VOCAL
PETER YARROW, PAUL STOOKEY, MARY TRAVERS/BACKGROUND VOCALS
TOM CHAPIN/BACKGROUND VOCAL
BOB KILLIAN/BACKGROUND VOCAL
RECORDED LIVE AT BROOKLYN COLLEGE BY DAVID SEITZ

-4-

A MODEST PROPOSAL (THE LONG UNDERWEAR SONG)
(FRED SMALL)

©1981 PINE BARRENS MUSIC BMI

FRED SMALL/GUITAR AND VOCAL
APPEARS COURTESY OF ROUNDER RECORDS

-5-

DER WINTER HERSHT (WINTER RULES)
(TRADITIONAL)

DEB KAYMAN & ETHNIC ROUTES:
DEB KAYMAN/VOCAL
JUDY ZWEIMAN/GUITAR
LAURA LIBEN/ALTO RECORDER

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CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES
(JOHN McCUTCHEON)

©1984 BY JOHN McCUTCHEON/APPALSONG

JOHN McCUTCHEON/GUITAR AND VOCAL
APPEARS COURTESY OF ROUNDER RECORDS

SIDE TWO

-1-

CHANUKAH CHASE
(TRADITIONAL)

THE SHORT SISTERS:
KIM WALLACH/VOCAL
KATE SEEGER/VOCAL
FAY BAIRD/VOCAL

-2-

CHRISTMAS MORN
(PAUL KAPLAN)

©1985 BY PAUL KAPLAN MUSIC ASCAP

PAUL KAPLAN/GUITAR AND VOCAL
LAURA LIBEN/ALTO RECORDER

-3-

CHRISTMAS MEANINGS
(LYDIA ADAMS DAVIS)

©1986 BY LYDIA ADAMS DAVIS

LYDIA ADAMS DAVIS/GUITAR AND VOCALS

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THE LAST WISE MAN
(WORDS BY BOBBIE WAYNE)

MUSIC/TRADITIONAL MANX MELODY FROM ISLE OF MAN)
©1982 BY BOBBIE WAYNE

BOBBIE WAYNE/CELTIC HARP AND VOCAL
LARRY COLE/NORTHUMBRIAN BAGPIPES
BOBBIE WAYNE/SOPRANO VOCAL
LINDA RUSSELL/ALTO VOCAL
JON PICKOW & PAUL KAPLAN/TENOR VOCAL
PETER PICKOW/BASS VOCAL

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LIGHT A CANDLE
(BOB KILLIAN)

©1986 BY BOB KILLIAN

BOB KILLIAN/GUITAR AND LEAD VOCAL
PETER YARROW, PAUL STOOKEY, MARY TRAVERS,
PETE SEEGER, AND TOM CHAPIN/BACKGROUND VOCALS
RECORDED LIVE AT BROOKLYN COLLEGE
BY DAVID SEITZ

-6-

COME FILL UP YOUR GLASSES
(PEGGY SEEGER)

©1961 BY PEGGY SEEGER

THE TINSEL-TONES:
VERSE 1/ENSEMBLE, 2/JEAN FREEDMAN
3/DIANE CHODKOWSKI, 4/JUDY ZWEIMAN
5/DAVID SEITZ, 6/RICHARD MEYER
7/ENSEMBLE, 8/ENSEMBLE
JUDY ZWEIMAN/GUITAR

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