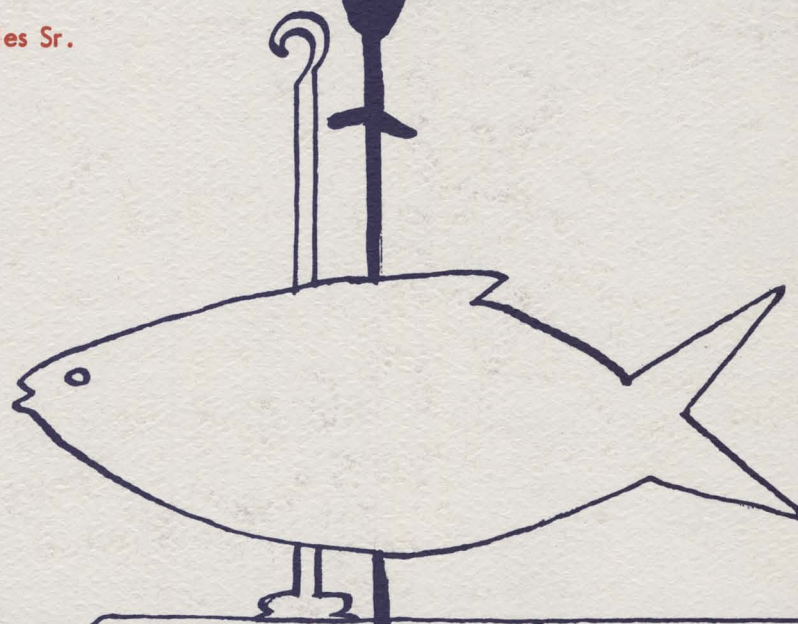




AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

Sung by the Seegers

Peggy, Penny, Barbara and Michael with notes by Charles Sr.
acc. by autoharp, banjo, mandolin, fiddle and guitar.



FA 2005

folkways records & service corp. ny, usa.

OLD MOLLY HARE

THE WEDDING DRESS SONG

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

FAIR ELLENDER

JANE, JANE

FIVE TIMES FIVE

THE RICH IRISH LADY

THE KICKING MULE

MY HOME ACROSS THE SMOKY MOUNTAIN

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FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

GOODBYE, LITTLE BONNIE

AMERICAN folk songs

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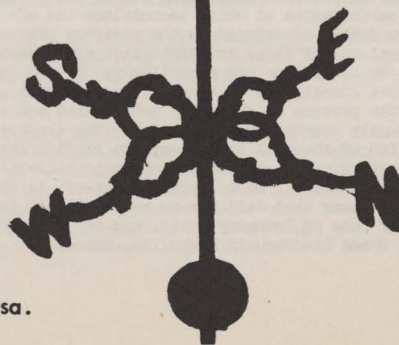
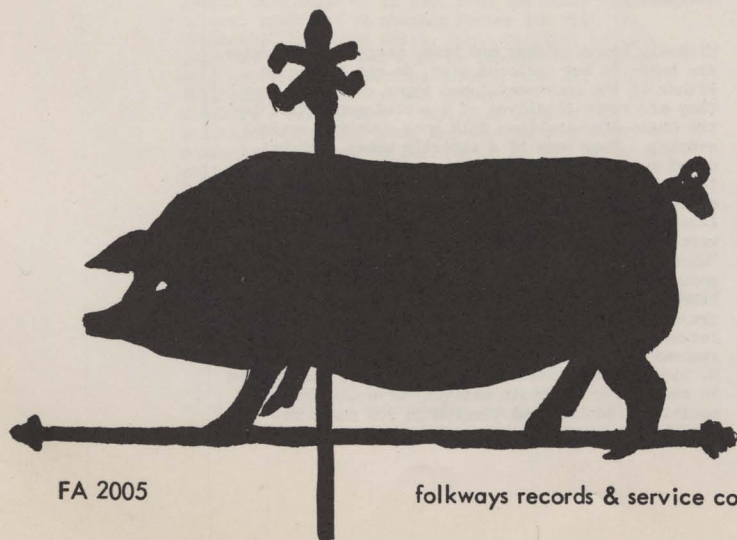
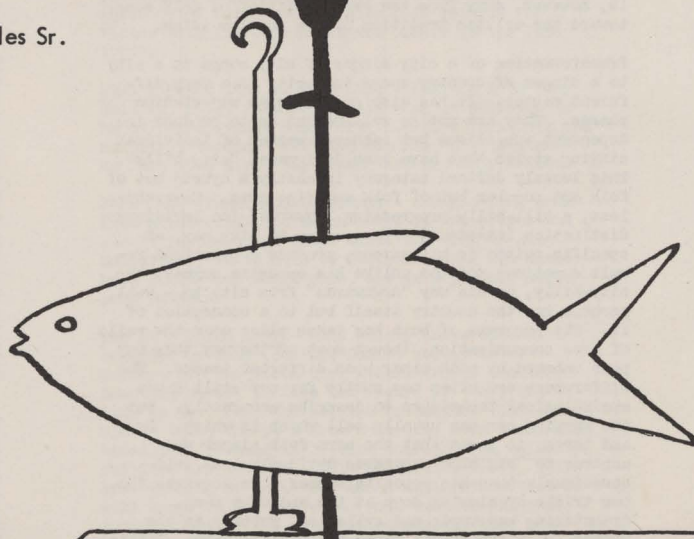
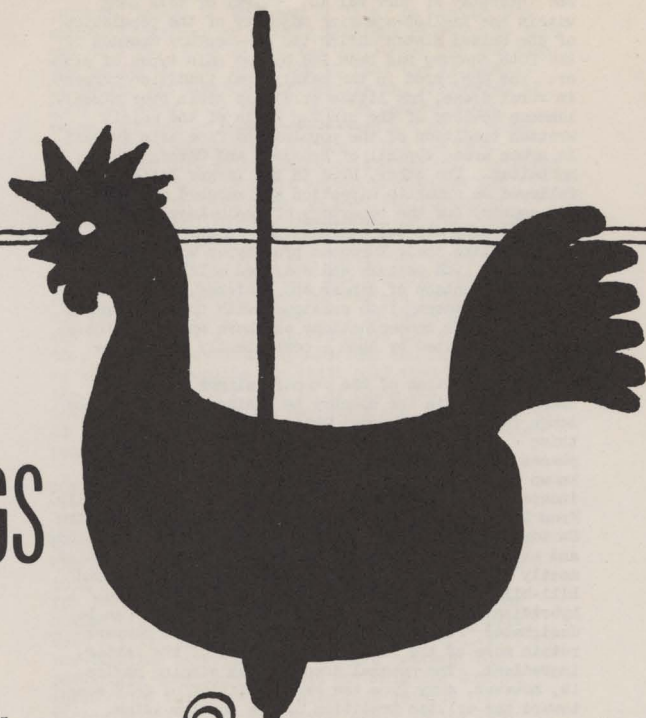
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Notes by CHARLES SEEGER

The interplay of survival and revival of folk song within the English-speaking majority of the population of the United States during the mid-century decades of the 20th century has been led by two main types of singer. The one, bred in the mainly oral tradition current in rural areas, has little by little taken over miscellaneous devices of the singing style of the mainly written tradition of the popular and fine arts current in urban areas typical of Broadway and Carnegie Hall, Manhattan. The other, bred in the larger cities, has followed an opposite direction and reached out toward the country for the repertory of Anglo-American song that had been all but extinguished in the cities by 1900. Unlike their European prototypes who emerged during the 19th century and operated solely by person-to-person contact of singer and audience, both American descendants sprang into existence with the development of modern mass communications and have exploited these - or been exploited by them - consistently ever since.

The transformation of the country singer singing country songs in the country to a singer of these same songs in a city (or under what amounts to the same thing - city auspices) involved several way-station phases, some of which became widely and well enough known by the 1920's to be recognized as established, independent genres. Such were the blues and hill-billy. From Doc Boggs and Ma Rainey, through Bessie Smith, the Carter Family and the Coon Creek Girls, to Hank Williams and Lester Flatt with Earl Scruggs, an enormous out-put, mostly on records, has been produced. Both blues and hill-billy are what must be regarded as "sub-idioms" - hybridizations of folk and popular idioms that can be designated "folk-popular". Some singers and players retain more of the former, others more of the latter, ingredient. The general trend of the singing styles is, however, away from the oral tradition of folk song toward the written tradition of the popular idiom.

Transformation of a city singer of city songs in a city to a singer of country songs in a city is a very different matter. It has also gone through way-station phases. They are not so well-marked as to produce independent sub-idioms but rather a welter of individual singing styles that have been designated "city-billy". This loosely defined category is mostly a hybrid not of folk and popular but of folk and fine arts. Nevertheless, a hill-billy progressing "upwards" (no invidious distinction intended!) from country to city may, at specific points in his career, produce a practical result sometimes not too unlike his opposite number, the city-billy, on his way "downwards" from city to - well, perhaps not the country itself but to a conception of it. The progress of both has taken place upon the rails of mass communication, though most of the way they may pass unheard by each other upon different tracks. The differences are often too subtle for our still crude musicological techniques to describe accurately. But the knowing ear can usually tell which is which. By and large, it seems that the born folk singer who aspires to "big time" operates decidedly less self-consciously than his opposite number. He acquires the new tricks of slowing down at the end of a song, dramatizing key words and syllables, putting in the pathos, prettifying his voice and diction, etc., little by little in the course of recording and broadcasting trials and performances at which technicians and administrative people accustomed to the platform graces of the musical comedy stage and night-club are present and anxious to streamline him accordingly. To the extent he adapts himself, to that extent his contract benefits. The process is obviously not planned and is probably largely unconsciously operated. The tendency is to make fun of the oral tradition, its singing style and its repertory. Even the most lachrymose hill-billy can imply satirization. More typical, however, is the outlandish clowning that delights so many millions today under the name of "country music; and the sponsorship of the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville, Tennessee.

The city folk singer, on the other hand, acquires his repertory mostly from books and records in a more or less planned manner and deliberately self-conscious. The tendency may be, perhaps, to be a little too serious - sometimes "affected", even missionary-minded. Some borrow only the notes of skeleton notations and resolutely sing them in the style of the concert-song, German lied or Italian opera aria, or in some approximation of bel canto. Richard Dyer-Bennett is the outstanding example that comes to mind. Some try to imitate the nasal twang or dialect pronunciation of rural singers. Perhaps we should spare mention of examples.

A few singers of both urban and rural origins sincerely try to strike a happy medium between proccuity and vulgarity. They respect the integrity of the repertory, avoid intrusions of platform mannerisms and use the "natural" voice. Some "old time" folk singers and players who have come to town - I think of Uncle Dave Macon and Leadbelly - take only a little or a few things from the popular art and build up a formidable stage presence and personalized manner by which they are known and which almost sets them apart from any classification we might dare to give them. Some others - I think of Josh White and Burl Ives - keep going and one wonders where they will land up. Still, a few - Jack Niles is the best known example - extend their evolution to a very successful composing of songs in the folk style, as the Germans put it, "Volksweise." Woody Guthrie did some very effective putting together of existing fragments of oral tradition, but it is a question whether it would be widely accepted as "composition" in the ordinary sense of the word.

Perhaps the most striking innovation of the city revival movement has been the development of audience participation. Peter Seeger, especially, has sparked and built repertory and techniques for this. With the exception of its Afro-American branch, the tradition of Anglo-American folk song - that is to say, folk song in the English language - has been very weak in choral performance. Shape-note hymn singing in the Southern churches was all but dead by 1940. Elsewhere, in city and country alike, singing in the churches has rarely been much more than stilted unison note-reading with scanty or inaudible tenor and bass parts. Descants - "second" and even third parts" have been heard in some of the older hill-billy. During the 1940's and '50's, free use of negro spirituals and work-songs (in both of which fine chordal texture and sometimes remarkably free independent improvisation by individuals is found) and introduction of songs of other peoples (especially the African, such as "Wimoweh") might eventually lead out of the vacuum left by the barber-shop quartet when it became embalmed in virtuosity by the SPEBSQs (Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barbershop Quartet Singing in America).

Michael, Peggy, Barbar and Penny Seeger, whose voices are heard on the enclosed disc, do not belong to either of the above-mentioned types of folk singer. They are representatives of a second generation in the Anglo-Afro-American folk song survival-revival complex. They came of a strictly urban, unhybridized musical ancestry. Both parents were professional musicians rather antipathetic to popular music and as ignorant of folk music as most professional musicians. But at the time the children were born, both parents were in the process of "discovering" that Anglo-American folk song was a going concern in the United States. The actual break in their hard shell of music-professional prejudice had been made by Tom Benton, George Pullen Jackson and John Lomax in 1933. This had led to removal of the family from New York to Washington, D. C., where the father (Charles Seeger) was engaged to administer the music activity of a community social and educational program in 300 rural resettlement projects designed by the New Deal to

offset the Great Depression where it hit rural populations the hardest. Only too well aware of the folly of imposing foreign musical and linguistic patterns upon groups of any kind or status, his plan was to begin with whatever music-repertoire and leadership existed in each locality and to build up from that in whatever direction seemed practicable. This surely meant working with a mixture of folk, folk-popular and popular materials. Naturally, the Archive of American Folk Song in the Library of Congress was drawn upon. It was not long before the childrens' mother (Ruth Crawford) was working at the music editorship of the Lomax's "Singing Country." The house resounded morning, noon and night to the nearly 1000 discs involved in their parents' occupations. The children - at the time of the making of the present disc respectively 23, 21, 19 and 13 years of age - had not, therefore, learned their stuff later in life after first becoming saturated with urban popular and fine arts, as has the usual city-billy, but rather in their basinettes and pens, years before much of any other kind of music reached their ears. By the time she was three, Peggy, for example, had a very respectable repertoire of ballads, game and love songs. "Singing-to-sleep" was an almost nightly routine. Before they reached their teens, Michael and Peggy were delighting miscellaneous gatherings and meetings with "My Father is a Drunkard," "The Roving Gambler" and "Careless Love" (unexpurgated and unaccompanied) with original descants. Their type of oral tradition is not to be confused with that inherited by the typical rural carrier of oral tradition. His was of a small locality only - a county or section of a state, in some cases of a mere family. Theirs, to the contrary, was of the whole Southeastern region from which the Archive deposits were mostly drawn. The traditional singer as a rule had no such breadth of musical experience. He had, however, greater concentration and depth - an essence, even - of the general tradition. At his best, such a carrier of the oldest tradition has been disappearing at an alarming rate, moved down, is it were by the "combines" of mass communication, while the city singers of his songs were increasing faster than they could be counted.

This novel inversion of music history in which a folk art rapidly dying out in the country was being kept on ice by folklorists and revived among the young people in the cities, became noticeable during the 1940's. Survivals of the old I.W.W. songs ("Pie in the sky"), fortified by infusion of somewhat more "authentic" folklore, crept into the labor union educational and recreational movement and thence into picket lines and political campaigns. The words "folklore" and "folk song" have surely taken a beating. Songs known to have been copyrighted such as "Red River Valley," "Irene," "Casey Jones," "Wreck of the Old '97," circulate widely as folk songs. Whether their composers and copyright claimants swiped them whole or in part from the older repertoire of oral tradition as Stephen Foster did with "Oh, Susannah," (see Reed Smith, *South Carolina Ballads*, page 81) is often difficult or impossible to prove or disprove. Distinctions between folk and popular, folk and primitive - never technically defined by scholars - remain hazy. Styles of singing, never scientifically described, are experimented with, discarded, revamped ad infinitum. As Sam Bayard has philosophically, and truthfully, remarked "You can do anything to a folk song." To which may be added "even copyright it," as not a few have claimed to do with "Barbara Allen."

We must remember that when we generalize "what one does" to a song of any kind - that is, when a sufficiently large number of people do about the same sort of thing to a sufficient number of songs over a sufficient length of time - we begin to define the content of a repertoire and the singing style of a repertoire of a music idiom. Undoubtedly, in this mid-20th century, there is a nationwide resurgence of singing

by people of most diverse kinds. Undoubtedly, also, a somewhat new music idiom or type of music idiom is being evolved by a population less crystallized in social classes than in 1900 and more conscious, under the impact of mass communication techniques, of a new way of life. Such an idiom may become recognized as part and parcel of that way of life, to embody, communicate, project or express meanings relative to that way of life. With us, in the USA, these are the land, the people we live with, how we face the exigencies of health and sickness, of poverty and affluence, of life and death - in short, what we desire, fear, value, approve or disapprove. Such a kind of music may at times exhibit the strange. But its main strength is that it communicates the common. Evidence that it does this is plain enough throughout the country. If we want more, we can find plenty in other countries, indeed, throughout the world, where it is not our "modern composers" but our popular and folk music that is known and loved. As might be expected of a comparatively new country, these are not richly elaborated arts such as are found in many Old World countries. Rather, it is their simplicity and directness - a certain freshness and verve - that is characteristically American and is accepted as such. The pundits may still hold that by comparison with the world's best it is crude and a poor thing. Nevertheless, we may still add, "but our own." At least, we and a lot of others, like it the better for that.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

OLD MOLLY HARE - A Scots-Irish fiddle tune, without words in the "old countries," but acquiring them in the new. Alan Lomax suggests a possible factor in this might be the "louth music" that substituted for instrumental performances of dance music. See *Columbia World Library of Folk and Primitive Music*, Vol. VI, No. 33, where a reel, sung in vocables, parodies the bag-pipe. The Seegers learned this particular song from a record of Uncle Eck Dunford (Library of Congress) who also made records for Victor with E. V. Stoneman and others in the late 1920's.

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND - Learned from Tony Saletan, 1955, in Boston, this song is believed to be of Pennsylvania Dutch origin. It's relatives and ancestry, through "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" to "Ah, vous dirai-je, maman" are probably legion.

JANE JANE (THREE MOCKINGBIRDS) - a Negro ring game from Mississippi, in which there is one player who steals partners and jumps while the song is sung. Melodically it is akin to Stevball, with its answer-back chorus and short solo, and is a popular Negro song pattern.

THE RICH IRISH LADY - This widely known ballad is regarded by some (Sharpe, Davis, etc.,) to be variant of "The Brown Girl" (Child 295). Belden, however, says: "In fact the figure of the Irish lady is American; The British broadside, (Christie's Scotch text, Charpe's from Somerset, even the Boston broadside (printed in *British Ballads from Maine* by Phillips Barry et al., Yale University Press, 1929) know nothing of her. The man's declaration that he will dance on her grave ... goes back to Child's two versions of 295, and his suggestion that she has called him in as a doctor is at least implied in Child B though not developed fully till later."

MY HOME'S ACROSS THE SMOKY MOUNTAINS - Probably a North Carolina song only. Learned from Bascome Lamar Lunsford and Elizabeth Cotten, of whom more is said below.

FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES - Learned from Mrs. Elizabeth Cotten, a gifted folk musician from Chapel Hill, North Carolina, this seems to be a white blues very much like "Railroad Bill" and "Stagolee" in both tune and harmonic progression. The blues break in the middle is an entirely different song, the "Wilson Rag." Mrs. Cotten taught herself both banjo and

guitar and played with her brothers until about 1935 when she gave up music to join the church. Even 15 to 20 years later, her extraordinary instrumental technique (she played both instruments left-handed but in their right-handed stringing and tuning) were sure and clear-cut. Peggy plays right-handed the left-handed accompaniment that she learned by rote. The music texture, as a whole, is predominantly in the popular idiom.

SIDE II

WEDDING DRESS SONG - A fragment from Tennessee.

THE BROWN GIRL (LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLENDER) - (Child 73, "Lord Thomas and Fair Annet"). Tune and text learned from a record loaned by Walter Garwick, a free-lance collector in the mid-1930's. Probably from a Kentucky singer. The earliest printed version is a broadside of Charles II's reign. Textual variations have been found in Norway, Denmark and France, and fragments in Italy. In some, the heroine is slain by the brown girl, as here; in others, she dies of grief, as does the lover also. Compare with Child 74 "Fair Margaret and Sweet William."

FIVE TIMES FIVE - Multiplication tables, as well as other school work (alphabets, verb conjugations, and so on) were often facilitated and made more pleasant by the improvisation of games about them. Here, the arithmetic forms a chorus and verses are extra-curricular, perhaps taken from another song.

KICKING MULE - From the King Family (Visalia, California) record (Library of Congress), this common hoe-down tune pattern is very similar to "Fly Around My Blue-Eyed Girl" and many dance tunes.

DANCE TO YOUR DADDY - A Northumbrian lullaby, still widely sung, especially in the Newcastle district. It was a great favorite in the Northumbrian coal mining villages and was regarded as exclusively a coal mining song. These villages were once fishing villages, hence the reference to fish (in many such towns, mining and fishing went on side by side). The melody was originally a hornpipe tune.

GOODBYE, LITTLE BONNIE - A sentimental, perhaps hill-billy-influenced, song.

SIDE I, Band 1: OLD MOLLY HARE

Mike Seeger: vocal, mandolin and fiddle
Peggy Seeger: banjo
Ralph Rinzler: guitar

"Old Molly Hare,
What you doing there?"
"Sitting on the fireplace
A-smoking my cigar."

"Old Molly Hare,
What you doing there?"
"Running through the cotton-patch
As fast as I can tear."

"Old Molly Hare,
What you doing there?"
"Sitting on a haystack
Shooting at a bear."

"Old Molly Hare,
What you doing there?"
"Sitting on the butter dish
A-picking out a hair."

Riding of the goat
And a-leading of the sheep,
And I won't be back
Till the middle of the week.

Dogs say boo
And they bark too,
And I haven't got time
For to talk to you.

"Old Molly Hare,
What you doing there?"
"Sitting on the fireplace
Smoking my cigar."

SIDE I, Band 2: WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND

Peggy Seeger: vocal and banjo
Penny Seeger: vocal and guitar
Barbara Seeger: vocal and auto-harp

When I first came to this land
I was not a wealthy man;
So I got myself a shack --
I did what I could.
And I called my shack "Break my back."
For the land was sweet and good;
I did what I could.

When I first came to this land
I was not a wealthy man;
So I got myself a cow --
I did what I could.
And I called my cow "No milk now"
And I called my shack "Break my back".
For the land was sweet and good;
I did what I could.

So I got myself a duck.
And I called my duck "Out of luck".

So I got myself a wife.
And I called my wife "Run for your life".

So I got myself a son.
And I called my son "My work's done".

SIDE I, Band 3: JANE, JANE

Peggy Seeger, vocal and banjo
Barbara and Penny, vocal

Leader:	Hey, he-ey,	Leader:	One for to do,
Group:	Jane, Jane,	Group:	Jane, Jane,
Leader:	My Lordy, Lord,	Leader:	Most any little thing.
Group:	Jane, Jane		
Leader:	I'm a-gonna buy,		
Group:	Jane, Jane		
Leader:	Three mocking birds,		
Group:	Jane, Jane,		
Leader:	One for to whistle,		
Group:	Jane, Jane,		
Leader:	One for to sing,		
Group:	Jane, Jane,		

Hey, he-ey,
My Lordy, Lord,
I'm a-gonna buy,
Three hunting dogs,
One for to run,
One for to shout,
One to talk to,
When I go out.

Hey, hey-ey,
My Lordy, Lord,
I'm a-gonna buy,
Three little blue birds,
One a-for to weep,
One for to mourn,
One for to grieve,
When I am gone.

Hey, he-ey,
My Lordy, Lord,
I'm a-gonna buy,
Three muley cows,
One a-for to milk,
One to plough my corn,
One for to pray,
On Christmas morn.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE.)

SIDE I, Band 4: THE RICH IRISH LADY

Peggy Seeger: vocal and guitar

A rich Irish lady from Ireland came,
A beautiful lady called Saro by name.
Her riches was more than a king could possess,
Her beauty was more than her wealth at its best.

A lofty young gentleman courtin' her came,
Courtin' this lady called Saro by name.
"O, Saro! O, Saro! O, Saro!" said he,
"I'm afraid that my ruin forever you'll be.

"I'm afraid that my ruin forever you'll prove,
Unless you turn all of your hatred to love."
"No hatred to you nor to no other man,
But this, for to love you, is more than I can.

"So, end all your sorrows, and drop your discourse,
I never shall have you unless I am forced."
Six months appeared and five years had passed,
When I heard of this lady's misfortune at last.

She lay wounded by love, and she knew not for why;
She sent for this young man whom she had denied.
And by her bedside these words they were said:
"There's a pain in your side, love,
there's a pain in your head."

"Oh no, kind sir, the right you've not guessed;
The pain that you speak of lies here in my breast."
"Then am I your doctor, and am I your cure?
Am I your protector that you sent for me here?"

"You are my doctor, and you are my cure;
Without your protection I'll die I am sure."
"O, Saro! O, Saro! O, Saro!" said he,
"Don't you remember when I first courted thee?

"I asked you in kindness, you answered in scorn,
I'll never forgive you for times past and gone."
"Times past and gone I hope you'll forgive,
And grant me some longer in comfort to live."

"I'll never forgive you as long as I live,
I'll dance on your grave, love,
when you're laid in the ground."
Then off of her fingers bold rings she pulled three,
Saying, "Take them and wear them when you're
dancing on me.

"Adieu, kind friends, adieu all around;
Adieu to my true love -- God make him a crown;
I freely forgive him, although he won't me,
My follies ten thousand times over I see."

SIDE I, Band 5: MY HOME'S ACROSS THE SMOKY MOUNTAIN

Mike Seeger, banjo
Ralph Rinzler, mandolin
Peggy Seeger, guitar
vocal trio.

CHORUS:
My home's across the Smoky Mountain,
My home's across the Smoky Mountain,
My home's across the Smoky Mountain, my Lord,
And I never expect to see you any more.

Goodbye, little sugar darling, (THREE TIMES)
And I never expect to see you any more.

(CHORUS)

I'm leaving on a Monday morning, (THREE TIMES)
And I never expect to see you any more.

(CHORUS)

Rock my baby, feed it candy, (THREE TIMES)
And I never expect to see you any more.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

Peggy Seeger: vocal and guitar

(Words and music by Elizabeth Cotton. Copyright 1957-)
(Melody Trails - BMI)

Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Freight train, freight train, going so fast,
Please don't tell them what train I'm on,
So they won't know what route I have gone.

When I die just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street;
So I can't hear old Number Nine,
As she goes roaring on by.

When I die just bury me deep,
Down at the end of old Chestnut Street;
Place a stone on my head and my feet,
And tell 'em all I've gone to sea.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

SIDE II, Band 1: THE WEDDING DRESS SONG

Peggy Seeger: vocal and banjo

Hey, my little _____ gal,
Don't you guess
You'd better be a-making your wedding dress,
Wedding dress, wedding dress,
You'd better be a-making your wedding dress.

Hey, it's already made,
Trimmed in brown,
Stitched around with a golden crown,
Golden crown,
Stitched around with a golden crown.

Hey, it's already made,
Trimmed in green,
Prettiest thing that you ever seen,
Ever seen, ever seen.

Hey, it's already made,
Trimmed in white,
Gonna get married on Sunday night,
Sunday night, Sunday night,
I'm gonna get married on Sunday night.

Well, she wouldn't say yes,
An' wouldn't say no,
All she'd do was just set and sew,
Set and sew, set and sew,
All she'd do was just set and sew.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

SIDE II, Band 2: FAIR ELLENDER

Mike Seeger: vocal and mandolin
Peggy Seeger: vocal and guitar
Ralph Rinzler: autoharp

"Oh, father, oh, father, come riddle to me,
Come riddle it all as one;
And tell me whether to marry Fair Ellen
Or bring the Brown Girl home."

"The Brown Girl, she has house and land,
Fair Ellender, she has none;
And there I charge you with a blessing
To bring the Brown Girl home."

He got on his horse and he rode and he rode,
He rode till he come to her home;
And no one so ready as Fair Ellen herself,
To rise and welcome him in.

"What news have you brought unto me, Lord Thomas,
What news have you brought unto me?"
"I've come to ask you to my wedding,
A sorrowful wedding to be."

"Oh, mother, oh, mother, would you go or stay?"
"Fair child, do as you please.
But I'm afraid if you go you'll never return,
To see your dear mother any more."

She turned around all dressed in white,
Her sister's dressed in green;
And every town that they rode through,
They took her to be some queen.

They rode and they rode till they come to the hall,
She pulled on the bell and it rang;
And no one so ready as Lord Thomas himself,
To rise and bid her in.

Then taking her by her lily-white hand,
And leading her through the hall;
Saying, "Fifty gay ladies are here today,
But here is the flower of all."

The Brown Girl, she was standing by,
With knives ground keen and sharp;
Between the long ribs and the short,
She pierced Fair Ellender's heart.

Lord Thomas, he was standing by,
With knife ground keen and sharp;
Between the long ribs and the short,
He pierced his own bride's heart.

Then placing the handle against the wall,
The point against his breast;
Saying, "This is the ending of three true lovers,
God sends them all to rest.."

"Oh, father, oh, father, go dig my grave,
Go dig it wide and deep;
And place Fair Ellender in my arms,
And the Brown Girl at my feet."

SIDE II, Band 3: FIVE TIMES FIVE

Peggy: vocal and banjo
Penny: vocal and guitar
Barbara: vocal and auto-harp

REFRAIN:

Five times five is twenty-five,
Five times six is thirty,
Five times seven is thirty-five,
Five times eight is forty;
Five times nine is forty-five,
Five times ten is fifty,
Five times eleven is fifty-five,
Five times twelve is sixty

Way down yonder in a maple swamp,
The water's deep and muddy,
There I spied my pretty little miss,
There I spied my honey.

(REFRAIN)

I take that little miss by her hand,
Lead her like she was a pigeon,
Make her dance one more reel,
Scatter her religion.

(REFRAIN)

Well, the raccoon's out a-chopping wood,
The possum, he's a-hauling,
My old dog sitting on a log,
Splitting his throat a-squalling.

(REFRAIN)

Final REFRAIN:

Five times five is twenty-five,
Six times five is thirty,
Seven times five is thirty-five,
Eight etc.....

SIDE II, Band 4: THE KICKING MULE

Mike: vocal, fiddle and mandolin
Peggy: vocal and banjo
Ralph: guitar

Well, I went down to the huckleberry picnic,
Dinner all over the ground,
Skippers in the meat was not fit to eat
And the green flies walking all around.
Well, the biscuits in the oven were a-baking,
The beefsteak frying in a pan,
Pretty girl sitting in the parlor,
Lord God-a-mighty, what a hand he stand.

REFRAIN:

Whoa there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with this mule.

My uncle had an old mule,
His name was Simon Slick,
Above everything I ever did see
Was how that mule could kick.
Went to feed that mule one morning,
He met me at the door with a smile,
He backed one ear and he winked one eye
And he kicked me half a mile.

(REFRAIN)

He really am a kicker,
He's got a hard jaw,
He's the very thing to have about
To tame your mother-in-law.
He really am a kicker,
He's got a hard back,
He headed off a Texas railroad train
And kicked it clear o' the track.

(REFRAIN)

He picked a feather from a goose,
He pulverized a hog,
He kicked up three dead highwaymen
And swatted him a yaller dog.

(REFRAIN)

When I seen Miss Dinah the other day,
She was bent all over her tub,
Why, the more I'd ask her to marry me,
Well, the harder she would rub.

(REFRAIN)

SIDE II, Band 5: DANCE TO YOUR DADDY

Peggy: vocal and banjo

Dance to your daddy, my little laddie,
Dance to your daddy, my little man.
Thou shalt have a fish, and thou shalt have a fin,
Thou shalt have a coddlin' when the boat comes in;
Thou shalt have a haddock boiled in a pan.
Dance to your daddy, my little man.

Dance to your daddy, my little laddie,
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.
When thou art a man and come to take a wife,
Thou shalt wed a lass and love her all your life,
She shalt wed a lass and love her all your life,
She shalt be you lass and thou shalt be her man,
Dance to your daddy, my little lamb.

(REPEAT FIRST VERSE)

SIDE II, Band 6: GOODBYE, LITTLE BONNIE

Mike: vocal and mandolin
Peggy: vocal and guitar
Ralph: autoharp

REFRAIN:

Goodbye, little Bonnie, goodbye,
Goodbye, little Bonnie, goodbye,
I'll see you again, but the Lord knows when,
Goodbye, little Bonnie, goodbye.

I asked your mother for you,
I asked your papa too;
They both said, "No, little Bonnie can't go;"
I'm sorry that's all I can do.

(REFRAIN)

My trunk is packed and gone,
My trunk is packed and gone,
My trunk is gone and I'm alone,
Goodbye, little Bonnie, goodbye.

(REFRAIN)

There's more pretty girls than one,
There's more pretty girls than one,
With all this world I've travelled 'round,
There's more pretty girls than one.

(REFRAIN)

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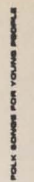
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AMERICAN FOLK SONGS
Sung by the Seegers
Peggy, Penny, Barbara and Michael
with autoharp, banjo, mandolin, fiddle and guitar

FA 2005 A

SIDE 1

- Band 1. OLD MOLLY HARE
- Band 2. WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND
- Band 3. JANE, JANE
- Band 4. THE RICH IRISH LADY
- Band 5. MY HOME'S ACROSS THE SMOKY MOUNTAIN
- Band 6. FREIGHT TRAIN BLUES

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AMERICAN FOLK SONGS

Sung by the Seegers
Peggy, Penny, Barbara and Michael
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SIDE II

FA 2005 B

- Band 1. THE WEDDING DRESS SONG
- Band 2. FAIR ELLENDER
- Band 3. FIVE TIMES FIVE
- Band 4. THE KICKING MULE
- Band 5. DANCE TO YOUR DADDY
- Band 6. GOODBYE, LITTLE BONNIE