

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2132

Songs of the NORTH STAR STATE



MINNESOTA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL ALBUM
conceived and sung by GENE BLUESTEIN with guitar

Photo by CARL BROOKINS

SIDE 1

AH, SI MOINE VOULAIT DANCER!
(French Voyageurs)

OLEANNA — Norway
Pete Seeger — Kolinski

DANISH CHRISTMAS SONG

SKADA AT AMERICA — Swedish

C'EST L'AVIRON
(French Voyageurs)

SIDE 2

PAUL BUNYAN

JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS
(Minnesota version)

TOILER'S SERENADE
(Finnish Lullaby)

THE FARMER IS THE MAN
(Grange Song)

FLUTE SOLO
(Chippewa Lullaby)

Library of Congress catalogue Card No. R 59-117

© 1959 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.
701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

SONGS OF THE NORTH STAR STATE

Notes for Minnesota Statehood Centennial Album

by
Gene Bluestein

SIDE I, Band 1: AH, SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER

According to Grace Lee Nute, who has written extensively about the early fur trappers and frontiersmen (known as the voyageurs), this is one of the many French Canadian songs which were sung in Minnesota during the period when these hardy men were exploring the almost unknown Minnesota Territory. It was a dance tune which could be heard on the trading posts, the words describing a young woman's attempt to coax a monk into joining the dance.

SIDE I, Band 2: OLEANNA

Dean Theodore Blegen, of the University of Minnesota Graduate School, collected this in his Norwegian Emigrant Ballads. It is a tall tale song which recounts ironically the wonders of a colony in Pennsylvania, set up by the Norwegian concert violinist, Ole Bull. Bull attempted to provide a means of escape from unemployment and "hard times" in Norway in the 1850's. But the scheme backfired when the land he purchased turned out to be almost worthless. A political opponent (the editor of a conservative newspaper), wrote a parody on the Oleanna experiment and, once started, innumerable verses were added by Norwegians in the old country as well as in America. The colony finally folded, but there is to this day a town named Oleanna in Pennsylvania. With the exception of the one about whiskey, the English verses are by Pete Seeger.

SIDE I, Band 3: NU HA VEE YULIGEN

At Christmas time among the Danish people in Minnesota the children join hands in a big circle around the tree and sing this song until they are worn out. The original words say, "Christmas is here, Christmas lasts until Easter." Similar versions of the song are sung in Sweden and often include the additional line, "but this is not true, because inbetween comes Lent!"

SIDE I, Band 4: SKADA AT AMERICA

Almost all the nationalities who came to this country had songs like this which emphasized the wonder and promise of America. Though most of the stories were not taken literally, many people still hoped to find gold in the streets, or as this song indicates, lots of food and pretty girls. The melody comes from a traditional Swedish evangelical hymn which was adapted for this emigrant song. It dates from the 1850's.

SIDE I, Band 5: C'EST L'AVIRON

The voyageurs sang many songs which came from traditional French ballads and love songs. This one was originally a sailor's song and was adapted by the voyageurs as a way of making the long and arduous trips a little lighter. (For music and text of C'est L'aviron as well as Ah, Si Mon Moine Voulait Danser, see Folk Songs of Canada, ed. Edith F. Fowke and Richard Johnston, Waterloo, Ont., 1954.)

SIDE II, Band 1: PAUL BUNYAN

With all the folklore material about Paul Bunyan, it is remarkable that there should be so few songs. E. C. Beck, in his book They Knew Paul Bunyan, cites the words, though without a tune. I thought it too good to be without a melody so I made one up.

SIDE II, Band 2: THE JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS

The traditions of Balladry are often preserved in America through occupational groups who are able to provide the kind of coherence and sustained narrative which is often lacking in the songs found here. The lumberjacks were especially

fruitful and many of the best versions of these songs of the "shanty boys" come from Minnesota. Franz Rickaby collected this version from M.C. Dean of Bemidji, Minnesota.

SIDE II, Band 3: TOILER'S SERENADE (RATAYAN SERENADI)

This is a lullaby well-known among the Finns on the Iron Range in Northern Minnesota. It has special meaning for the miners who came here to work in the mines and often found themselves in difficult circumstances. But it is basically like any other lullaby, expressing the wishes of the mother that her child may have better fortunes than those she knew.

SIDE II, Band 4: THE FARMER IS THE MAN

The protest movements among the farmers of the Midwest, which culminated in the Grange and finally the Populist Party, produced many songs which tried to point out the loss of status suffered by the small, independent farmer. Theoretically, the farmer has been viewed as the backbone of American democracy. But as the song shows, the actual conditions often belied the notion.

SIDE II, Band 5: CHIPPEWA LULLABY

Though most people think of Indian music in terms of drum rhythms, there are actually a great many beautiful melodies. The late Frances Densmore of Red Wing, Minnesota (who has done the most extensive analysis of Indian music and culture), collected this from the Chippewa (Ojibway) Indians of Minnesota. It is played on a bamboo flute.

SIDE I, Band 1: AH, SI MON MOINE VOULAIT DANSER!
(French Voyageur)

Ah, si mon moine voulait danser,
Un capuchon je lui donnerais.

REFRAIN:

Danse, mon moine, danse!
Tu n'entends pas la danse.
Tu n'entends pas mon moulin lon la.
Tu n'entends pa mon moulin marcher.

Ah, si mon moine voulait danser,
Un chapelet je lui donnerais.

Ah, si mon moine voulait danser,
Un froc de bur' je lui donnerais.

Ah, si mon moine voulait danser,
Un beau psautier je lui donnerais.

SIDE I, Band 2: OLEANNA (Norwegian)

I Oleanna der erde
Godt at vaere
I Norge vil yea
Inte slavelenken baere.

If I could be in Oleanna,
That's where I'd like to be
Than be bound in Norway
And drag the chains of slavery.

Little roasted piggies
Rush around the city streets
Politely inquiring
If a slice of ham you'd like to eat.

And when you plant potatoes
It's never very risky
From each little one you plant
You get a quart of whiskey.

So if you would be happy
To Oleanna you must go;
The poorest man from Norway
Becomes a duke in a year or so.

SIDE I, Band 3: DANISH CHRISTMAS SONG

Nu ha vee-yuligen
Nu ha vee-yuligen
Yulen va a lee til Poska.
Nu ha vee yuligen
Nu ha vee yuligen
Yulen va a lee til Poska.

SIDE I, Band 4: SKADA AT AMERICA (Swedish)

Broeder ve ha langt at go
Oever salte vaten
Ok sa fins America
In vid andre stranden
Inte erdet moy-yeligt
Ok yo det er so froydeligt
Skada at America! Skada at America,
Lige skal so langt ifron.

Brothers we have far to go
Across the salty waters;
There we'll find America
On the other shore.

CHORUS:

Though you say it cannot be
Take my word and you will see.
It's too bad America,
That wonderful America
Should be so far away.

The trees which stand upon the ground
Are all as sweet as sugar,
And everywhere you look you'll find
Girls like pretty dolls.

If you decide you want a wife
Four or five will offer.
While on the ground and in the fields
English money grows.

When it rains the poultry falls
Ducks and chickens pour down.
Geese all fried, prepared to eat,
The fork is in the drumstick!

SIDE I, Band 5: C'EST L'AVIRON (French Voyageur)

Riding along the road to Rochelle city. (2)
I met three girls and each of them was pretty.

CHORUS:

Pull on the oars as we glide along together.
Pull on the oars as we glide along.
C'est l'aviron qui nous mene, qui nous mene,
C'est l'aviron qui nous mene en haut.

By chance I chose the one who was the
beauty. (2)
Lifted her up so she could ride beside me.

With ne'er a word we rode along together. (2)
After a while, she said, "I'd like a drink,
sir."

Quickly I found a spring from out the
mountain. (2)

But she'd not drink the water from the
fountain.

On then we went to find her home and
father (2)
When we got there she drank but not of water.

Many a toast she drank to her dear mother (2)
Toasted again her sister and her brother.

When she had drunk to sister and to
brother (2)
Turning to me, she toasted her own lover!

SIDE II, Band 1: PAUL BUNYAN

Paul Bunyan the lumberman came from St. Paul.
He owned a big ox that was eleven feet tall.
He mowed the trees as the farmers mow hay,
And the crew was at work before break of day.

I lived in Bay City, no work was in sight.
My board bill was due, I had to take flight.
My clothes they were torn, I was known as the
scamp,
It was poverty drove me to Paul Bunyan's camp.

I got to Paul Bunyan's that very same day.
Climbed up his barn and lay down in the hay.
With some Peerless tobacco I did my pipe tamp,
And I smoked away trouble at Paul Bunyan's camp.

When I got to the camp I asked for a job.
Paul Bunyan he met me with a wink and a nod.
My two eyes were black and I looked like a tramp,
But he says, "You're right welcome to Paul
Bunyan's camp."

They called me next morning before three o'clock:
"Get up you old bum, and pull on your socks.
When you work for Paul Bunyan you don't sleep all
day,
And you feed his box ox or you don't get your pay."

I went to the cookshack, 'twas forty rods long.
We all commenced eating at the sound of the gong.
We drank black coffee at the breast of a sow;
The pancakes were turned with a big sidehill plow.

The trees were all cut and lay on the ground
We needed a river to run the logs down,
Paul's ox was a big one, of tons he weighed three,
And he plowed a big ditch for the Big Manistee.

Paul Bunyan quit logging when his muley ox died.
He had a big tent made out of its hide.
With the ox yoke for a pillow he smokes his big
pipe,
And he dreams of the river he made in one night.

SIDE II, Band 2: JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS

Come all ye true born shanty-boys,
Whoever that ye be,
I would have you pay attention and listen unto me,
Concerning a young shanty-boy so tall, genteel,
and brave.

'Twas on a jam on Gerry's Rocks he met a wat'ry
grave.

It happened on a Sunday morn as you shall quickly
hear.

Our logs were piled up mountain high, there being
no one to keep them clear.

Our boss he cried, "Turn out, brave boys. Your
hearts are void of fear.

We'll break that jam on Gerry's Rocks, and for
Agonstown we'll steer."

Some of them were willing enough, but others they
hung back.

'Twas for to work on Sabbath they did not think
'twas right.

But six of our brave Canadian boys did volunteer to go
And break the jam on Gerry's Rocks with their foreman,
young Monroe.

When the rest of the shanty-boys these sad tidings
came to hear,

To search for their dead comrades to the river
they did steer.

One of these a headless body found, to their sad
grief and woe,

Lay cut and mangled on the beach the head of young
Monroe.

They took him from the water and smoothed down his
raven hair.

There was one fair form amongst them, her cries
would rend the air.

There was one fair form amongst them, a maid from
Saginaw town.

Her sighs and cries would rend the skies for her
lover that was drowned.

They buried him quite decently, being on the
seventh of May.

Come all the rest of you shanty-boys, for your dead
comrade pray.

'Tis engraved on a little hemlock tree that at his
head doth grow,

The name, the date and the drowning of this hero,
young Monroe.

SIDE II, Band 3: FINNISH LULLABY (Toiler's Serenade)

Vielo moistan ahnen reika han
Lapsena yot oosen koola sein

Se e oloot doolien humina
Ole eiten geheto laloo vein

Doolan do dooti loola lasta nookooman
Soy mooli ahni reikan aiteni
Veika ohryaks soonoit sa mailman
Vapaoos viel heran goite vee.

As I got through life
I hear the words
My mother used to sing to me:
"Sleep my child and though you're in slavery,
When you wake, one day you shall be free."

SIDE II, Band 4: THE FARMER IS THE MAN

When the farmer comes to town with his wagon broken
down,

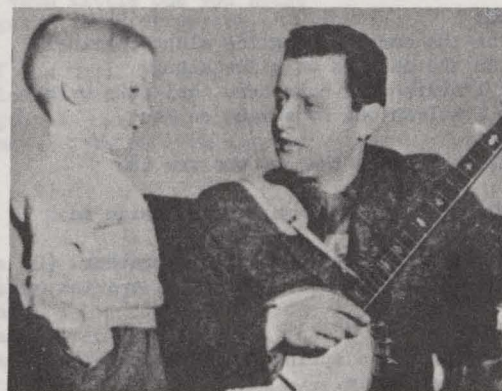
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all.
If you'll only look and see, I think you will agree
That the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,
Lives on credit till the fall;
Then they take him by the hand, and they lead him
from the land,
And the middleman's the one who gets it all.

When the lawyer hangs around while the butcher cuts
a pound,
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all.
And the preacher and the cook go a strolling by
the brook,
Oh, the farmer is the man who feeds them all.

The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,
Lives on credit till the fall;

With the int'rest rate so high, it's a wonder he
don't die,
For the mortgage-man's the one who gets it all.



FOLKWAYS Records

AND SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 1/3

Copyright © 1958 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., NYC, USA

MINNESOTA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL ALBUM

Conceived & sung by GENE BLUESTEIN with Guitar

SIDE I

FA 2132 A

- Band 1. AH, SI MON MOINE
(French Voyageurs)
- Band 2. OLEANNA - Norway
(Pete Seeger-Kolinski)
- Band 3. DANISH CHRISTMAS SONG
- Band 4. SKADA AT AMERICA - Swedish
- Band 5. C'EST L'AVIRON
(French Voyageurs)

FOLKWAYS Records

AND SERVICE CORP., 701 7th Ave., N.Y.C.
Long Playing Non-Breakable Micro Groove 33 1/3

Copyright © 1958 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., NYC, USA

MINNESOTA STATEHOOD CENTENNIAL ALBUM

Conceived & sung by GENE BLUESTEIN with Guitar

SIDE 2

FA 2132 B

- Band 1. PAUL BUNYAN
- Band 2. JAM ON GERRY'S ROCKS
(Minnesota version)
- Band 3. TOILER'S SERENADE
(Finnish Lullaby)
- Band 4. THE FARMER IS THE MAN
(Grange Song)
- Band 5. FLUTE SOLO
(Chippewa Lullaby)