

American Favorite Ballads

Tunes and Songs

Banks Of The Ohio
You Are My Sunshine
Ballad Of The Boll Weevil
Where The Old Allegheny And
Monongahela Flow

Oh How He Lied
Froggie Went A-Courtin'
Johnny Has Gone For A Soldier
Go Down Moses

America The Beautiful
Hole In The Bucket
The Erie Canal
Monsieur Banjo
No More Auction Block

What Shall We Do With
A Drunken Sailor?
Gee But I Want To Go Home
Sweet Betsy From Pike
All My Trials

Sung by Pete Seeger

With 5 String Banjo and 12 String Guitar

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American Favorite Ballads

VOLUME FOUR

Sung by Pete Seeger With 5-string banjo, guitar and 12-string guitar

Pete Seeger: An Appreciation

(The following article appeared originally as a concert review in *The Parkside Journal*, a Griffith Park, California newspaper.)

by Monty Muns

Folk music in the United States is at present in a state of flux. Exponents of what was at one time the music of our national groups — the Irish, the English, the Poles, etc. — now concentrate their efforts in directions which are taking them to literally every country in the world. This international feeling on the part of folk artists has earned their special brand of art world recognition and a place of permanence in the musical literature of free countries.

Last Saturday night in Hollywood High's auditorium, the folksinger Pete Seeger held a crowd of well over 1,000 spellbound, as he offered his songs in the way a "medicine" man passes around free samples of the "cure for all your ailments." Indeed Seeger was the cure for many curious fans who had merely heard his name or had seen his picture on album covers. His presence was so individual, so compellingly unique, that it was difficult to really assess at times the full value of his vocal art. Looking more objectively, however, we knew we had seen a performer who had the grace and form and honesty to convey his songs in the manner that was established by his colorful forbear, Woodie Guthrie.

What is this artistic presence that Seeger possesses? It is a composition of three elements: knowledge of the value of free interpretation, profound love for the dignity of man, and an exacting technique in voice, guitar and banjo, the latter instrument being more closely associated with Seeger.

Seeger is one of the few people who can move an audience to tears or to joy through the exorcisms of hand movements, and a voice which is so carefully cognizant of mood and texture of the material being presented that it becomes as another instrument altogether. He sang workers' songs, Union Songs (Preamble to the Constitution of the United Mine Workers of America); children's songs and songs whose histories — in one or two cases — went back to the time of the first Elizabeth.



PHOTO BY DAVID GAHR

Audience participation at most concerts where vocal artists are on stage, is, of course, unheard of. It would defy the unwritten law of concert-hall propriety to simply come out and follow the late Lanza, for instance, in "il Mio Tesoro," as he faced 1,000 people. With Seeger it is different. Without ostentation he will "move" the audience into a mood of such "reluctance" to remain silent, that it follows that they join in the choruses.

This form of community singing is part of the greatness of this artist; and we felt that because of this greatness he (Seeger) is oftentimes misrepresented by some or us who would forbid our hearts from telling us that all men can — and by their birthright — sing in community the songs of their land; that all men, after all, are just men, as free in spirit, from time to

time, as they are in their basic hopes for the liberty of their fellow man.

Very recently, a friend of Pete Seeger's said some words which aptly spoke of Seeger as some of us might see him or come to learn to appreciate his great art: "... and if ever you see a tall thin guy with his Adam's apple sticking out, you can rest assured that it's Pete Seeger, just ambling along to another session of singing to the people of the world..."

Such men as Seeger, whose whole world is people and children and songs and a freedom which is infectiously real, do not come to us every day. Like Whitman and Wolfe, Pete belongs to the age, and without him, the age would be slighted by the absence of an artist who has, truly, reached an autonomy, and has grown sturdily to the ranks of a spokesman in song for his troubled, anxious, somewhat insecure century.

AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS

Tunes and Songs - Vol. IV

sung by

PETE SEEGER

SIDE I

Band 1: BANKS OF THE OHIO
Band 2: YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE
Band 3: BALLAD OF THE BOLL WEEVIL
Band 4: WHERE THE OLD ALLEGHENY AND MONONGAHELA FLOW
Band 5: OH HOW HE LIED
Band 6: FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'
Band 7: JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER
Band 8: GO DOWN MOSES

SIDE II

Band 1: AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
Band 2: HOLE IN THE BUCKET
Band 3: THE ERIE CANAL
Band 4: MONSIEUR BANJO
Band 5: NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK
Band 6: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?
Band 7: GEE BUT I WANT TO GO HOME
Band 8: SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE
Band 9: ALL MY TRIALS

SIDE I, Band 1: BANKS OF THE OHIO

I asked my love to take a walk,
Just to walk a little way,
And as we walked and as we talked
Of our golden wedding day.

CHORUS:

Then only say that you'll be mine,
In no other arms you'll find.
Down beside where the waters flow,
On the banks of the Ohio.

I drew a sword across her breast,
Gently in my arms she pressed,
Crying, "Willie, oh, Willie, don't you murder me,
For I'm unprepared for eternity."

(CHORUS)

I took her by her lily-white hand,
I led down where the waters stand.
I picked her up and pitched her in,
And watched her as she floated down.

(CHORUS)

I started back home twixt twelve and one,
Crying, "My God, what have I done -
I've murdered the only woman I love
Because she would not be my bride."

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine, my only sunshine,
You make me happy when skies are gray.
You'll never know, dear, how much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night, dear, as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt I held you in my arms.
When I awoke, dear, I was mistaken,
And I hung my head and cried.

(Repeat first verse)

SIDE I, Band 3: BALLAD OF THE BOLL WEEVIL

Have you heard the latest, the latest of the song,
'Bout that little boll weevil - he done been here
and gone:
Lookin' for a home - lookin' for a home.

Boll weevil he's a little black bug from Mexico
they say,
Came all the way to Texas lookin' for a place to
stay:
Lookin' for a home - lookin' for a home, home, home,
A-lookin' for a home - just a-lookin' for a home.

The first time I seen the boll weevil he was settin'
on the square,
The next time I seen the boll weevil he had his
whole damn family there...

Well, the farmer took the boll weevil, he put him in
a cake of ice,
The boll weevil said to the farmer, "This is mighty
cool and nice."...

Well, the farmer took the boll weevil and he put
him in the hot sand,
The boll weevil said, "This is mighty hot but I'll
stand it like a man"...

The boll weevil said to the farmer, "You better leave
me alone,
"I ate all your cotton, now I'm gonna satert in on
your corn"...

The farmer said to his missus, "Now what do you think
of that,
The boll weevil's gone and ate a hole in my best
Sunday hat"...

The farmer said to the merchant, "I ain't made but
one bale,
'Fore I give you that one, I'll fight and go to
jail,
I'll keep my home..."

Oh, the boll weevil's got half the cotton and the
merchant's got the rest,
Didn't leave the farmer's wife but one old cotton
dress,
And it's full of holes...

Now, if anyone should ask you, "Who was it made
this song?"
Tell him a poor old farmer, he done been here and
gone.
He ain't got no home...

SIDE I, Band 4: WHERE THE OLD ALLEGHENY AND
MONONGAHELA FLOW

I live in that city that is built amongst the hills,
Where smoke is always pouring from the big rolling
mills;
And steamboats on the river go towing to and fro -
Where the old Allegheny and Monongahela flow.

(Repeat)

SIDE I, Band 5: OH HOW HE LIED

He told her her loved her but oh, how he lied,
Oh, how he lied; oh, how he lied,
He told her he loved her but oh, how he lied -
Oh, how he li-i-i-ied.

They were to be married but she up and died...

He went to the funeral, but just for the ride...

She went to heaven and flip-flop she flied...

He went the other way and frizzled and fried...

She looked down from heaven and laughed till she
cried...

SIDE I, Band 6: FROGGIE WENT A-COURTIN'

Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
A-ha, a-hah.
Froggie went a-courtin' and he did ride,
A sword and pistol by his side,
A-hah, a-hah.

Well, he rode down to Miss Mousies door...
Where he'd often been before...

He took Miss Mousie on his knee...
Said, "Miss Mousie will you marry me?"...

I'll have to ask my Uncle Rat...
To see what he do say to that...

Without my Uncle Rat's consent...
I would not marry the president...

Well, Uncle Rat laughed and shook his fat sides...
To think his niece would be a bride...

Well, Uncle Rat rode off to town...
To buy his niece a wedding gown...

Well, where will the wedding supper be...
Way down yonder in the holler tree...

And what will the wedding supper be...
A fried mosquito and a roasted flea...

Well, first to come in were two little ants...
Fixin' around to have a dance...

And next come was a bumblebee...
Balancing a fiddle on his knee...

And next come was a big tom cat...
He swallowed the frog and the mouse and the rat...

And last come in was a big old snake...
He chased the party in the lake...

SIDE I, Band 7: JOHNNY HAS GONE FOR A SOLDIER

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill,
Here I sit and cry my fill,
And my tears could turn a mill,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

CHORUS:
Shule, shule, shule agra,
Me oh my, I loved him so,
But only time will heal my woe,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my rack, I'll sell my reel
To buy my love a sword and shield,
But now he lies murdered on the field,
Johnny has gone for a soldier.

(CHORUS) (Twice)

SIDE I, Band 8: GO DOWN, MOSES

When Israel was in Egypt land -
Let my people go.
Oppressed so hard they could not stand -
Let my people go.

CHORUS:
Go down, Moses,
Way down in Egypt land.
Tell old Pharoah to let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said...
If not I'll strike your first born dead...

(CHORUS)

God told Moses what to do...
To get those Hebrew children through...

SIDE II, Band 1: AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,

For purple mountain's majesty
Above the fruited plain.
America, America,
God shed his Grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.

SIDE II, Band 2: HOLE IN THE BUCKET

There's a hole in the bucket. dear Liza, dear Liza.
There's hole in the bucket, dear Liza, there's a hole.

Then fix it, dear Willy...

With what shall I fix it...

With straw...

But how shall I cut it...

With a knife...

But the knife needs sharpening...

Then sharpen it...

With what shall I sharpen it...

With a stone...

But the stone needs water...

Then fetch it...

With what shall I fetch it...

In a bucket...

There's a hole in the bucket...

SIDE II, Band 3: ERIE CANAL

I got a mule and her name is Sal -
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
She's a good old worker and a good old pal -
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.

CHORUS:
Low bridge, everybody down.
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town.
And you'll always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
If you've navigated on the Erie Canal.

We better look around for job old gal -
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Cause you bet your life I'd never part with Sal -
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
Get up there, mule here comes a lock,
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock.
One more trip and back we'll go -
Right back home to Buffalo.

(CHORUS)

Where would I be if I lost my pal?
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
I'd like to see a mule half as good as Sal -
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.
A friend of mine once got her sore;
Now he's got a broken jaw,
Cause she let fly with iron toe,
And kicked him on to Buffalo.

SIDE II, Band 4: MONSIEUR

Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?
Hat cocked on one side, Michie Banjo,
Walkin' a-stick in his hand.
Hat cocked on one side, Michie Banjo,
Walkin' a-stick in his hand.
Look at the dandy, oh there Michie Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?

Look at the dandy, oh there Mister Banjo,
Doesn't he put on airs?
Boots that go crack, Mister Banjo,
Yellow gloves, my eye...

...Great big diamond ring, Michie Banjo,
Silver watch and chain...

SIDE II, Band 5: NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK

No more auction block for me,
No more, no more.
No more auction block for me,
Many thousand gone.

No more peck of corn for me...

No more driver's lash for me...

No more auction block for me...

SIDE II, Band 6: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN
SAILOR

What shall we do with a drunken sailor (3)
Early in the morning.

CHORUS:
Way, hey and up she rises (3)
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long boat till he's sober...

(CHORUS)

Put him in the scruppers with a hose-pipe on him...

(CHORUS)

Tie him to the top of his yardarm under...

(CHORUS)

Shave his belly with a rusty razor...

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 7: GEE BUT I WANT TO GO HOME

Well, the coffee that they give you
They say is mighty fine;
It's good for cuts and bruises
And tastes like iodine.

CHORUS:
I don't want no more of Army life,
Gee, but I want to go home.

The biscuits that they give you
They say are mighty fine,
One rolled off the table
And it killed a pal of mine.

(CHORUS)

The chickens that they give you
They say are mighty fine.
One rolled off the table
And started marking time.

(CHORUS)

Well, the girls in the PX
They say are mighty fine;
Most are over ninety
And the rest are under nine.

(CHORUS)

Oh, they treat us all like monkeys
And make us stand in line.
They give us fifty dollars
And take back forty-nine.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: SWEET BETSY FROM PIKE

Oh, don't you remember Sweet Betsy from Pike,
She crossed the wide mountains with her lover
Ike.
And one yoke of oxen and a big yellow dog,
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hog.

CHORUS:
Hoodle dang fol di die do,
Hoodle dang fol di day.) 2

Out on the prairie one bright starry night
They broke out the whisky and Betsy got tight,
She sang and she shouted and danced o'er the plain,
And made a great show for the whole wagon train.

(CHORUS)

They soon reached the desert where Betsy gave out,
And down in the sand she lay rolling about.
While Ike in great terror looked on in surprise,
Saying, "Betsy, get up, you'll get sand in your eyes."

(CHORUS)

The wagon tipped over with a terrible crash,
And out on the prairie rolled all sorts of trash.
A few little baby things done up with care,
Looked rather suspicious but it was all on the
square.

(CHORUS)

The Shanghai run off and the cattle all died,
The last piece of bacon that morning was fried.
Poor Ike got discouraged and Betsy got mad,
The dog wagged his tail and looked wonderfully sad.

(CHORUS)

One morning they climbed up a very high hill,
And with wonder looked down into old Placerville.
Ike shouted and said as he cast his eyes down,
"Sweet Betsy, my darling, we've come to Hangtown."

(CHORUS)

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy attended a dance.
Ike wore a pair of his Pike County pants.
Sweet Betsy was dressed up in ribbons and rings,
Said Ike, "You're an angel, but where are your
rings?"

(CHORUS)

Long Ike and Sweet Betsy were married, of course,
But Ike, growing jealous, obtained a divorce.
But Betsy, well satisfied, said with a shout,
"Goodbye, you big lummo, I'm glad you backed out."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 9: ALL MY TRIALS

Hush little baby don't you cry,
You know your mother's bound to die.

CHORUS:
Too late, my brothers,
Too late, but never mind.
All my trials. Lord, soon be over.

If religion was a thing that money could buy,
The rich would live and the poor would die.

(CHORUS)

I had a little Book was given to me,
And every leaf spelled, Victory.

(CHORUS)

Well, the hardest tree in Paradise,
Don't you know, it's the Tree of Life?

(CHORUS)