

A Walk in the Sun



EARL ROBINSON

and other songs and ballads

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN
TEXAS GIRL
FROM HERE ON UP
TRAIN SONG
JOE HILL
FREE AND EQUAL BLUES
SPRING SONG
GOOD MORNING
BLACK AND WHITE



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA2324

A Walk In The Sun

and other songs and ballads

PROPERTY OF
EDDLIFE PROGRAM
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

sung by

EARL ROBINSON

A Folder Containing
Descriptive Notes And Song Texts
Is Enclosed In This Album

A Walk in the Sun

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- THE HOUSE I LIVE IN
- TEXAS GIRL
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Rosenhorne

Earl Robinson's career as a composer and balladist is filled with more than promise. He has had the head, the hand and the heart to put into memorable music the folk-poetry of a nation - a new kind of opera for Americans.

He wanted, after graduating from the University of Washington Music Department in 1933, to "make a fairly certain living in music. . . the thing I liked best. . . and. . . to sing and help make folk songs." He was equipped to teach and supervise public school music. But a school job teaching science, math, history and chemistry plus the 'opportunity' to work with an after-school hours orchestra was not too hard to turn down. As it was, after some months at manual jobs, he got a chance to travel to and through the Far East by playing in the orchestra of a ship making port in China, Japan and The Philippines. Also a "gitbox" came his way for \$2. and with it and some friends back in the states he came East from Seattle by way of California, New Mexico, Texas, Arkansas and the South. "On that trip, learning to play guitar, singing for meals occasionally and most of all listening to Cowboy and Hillbilly music, I gained an interest in and love for our native American music that has constantly grown with the years since then."

The vital statistics are: Born July 2, 1910, Seattle, Washington. B. A. in Music from the University of Washington, Musical Director for the Workers Lab Theatre. With the WPA Federal Theatre (where many other talents developed) wrote the music for "Processional", "Life and Death of an American", "Sing for Your Supper". His works have been performed, by himself and by many notable talents on radio, records, and in films, as well as in the concert halls. They include: "Ballad For Americans" with John LaTouche, "A Man's A Man For A' That", "Abe Lincoln", "The Lonesome Train", with Millard Lampell, "The Same Boat, Brother", "The Battle Hymn", to the words of F. D. R.'s State of the Union Message, "In the Folded and Quiet Yesterdays" and "Tower of Babel" to the words of Carl Sandburg, "If I am Free", "The Town Crier" with Lewis Allan, "Come Along" (a varsoviennne cantata); songs and background scores for: "The Roosevelt Story", a United Artists release, "California" (with E. Y. Harburg) for Paramount, "Romance of Rosy Ridge", MGM (with Lewis Allan), "The Texas Story", Eagle-Lion; "Sandhog" a folk-opera written with Waldo Salt and based on a theme of Theodore Dreiser. In 1955 he wrote the music for a General Motors film "Giants in the Land" (a sort of Paul Bunyan story on diesel engines). Currently working on "A County they Call Puget Sound" for band and voice which will be premiered by the CBC (with chamber orchestra) and band performance to follow at the University of Washington.

It has been said of Earl Robinson: . . . "Whether his listeners be midwest miners, New England farmers, New York sophisticates or West Coast night-clubbers, the songs and singing of Earl Robinson cast a 'spell'. composer, singer, conductor, teacher, and folklorist, Earl Robinson's name is to be found in books on American composers as well as in tin-pan alley. But, more than that, he has the rare quality of a true balladeer which has enabled him to bring the warmth, the charm and the strength of his and other folk music to concert, theatre, union, school and community groups all over America. And, whether he is conducting the New York Philharmonic (as he did in 1943) or singing to the smallest home-gathering, this natural and heartwarming quality is always apparent. One of the amazing things about Earl Robinson is the way he recreates for his audiences the full spirit of his folk-operas and cantatas. . . ."



This is a collection of Robinson music with words by several good and talented men. Most of these songs have been around for years and years, - and years. They have been sung, recited, orchestrated, arranged, performed, danced to, acted out. Some have been recorded, sung on radio and television, and found their way into movies. Some have wandered around in strange places, through misplaced manuscript copies, or just by word of mouth, a bit like a folk song. Some have travelled around the world, and come back, and gone again. Changes have occurred in tune and words, interesting and unpredictable. Translations into dozens of languages have produced variations impossible to keep track of.

But the songs have made friends everywhere, even though the names of the composer and writers are often unknown. Does this lack of proper "credits" upset me? In the main I take it kindly. For the outstanding characteristic of these songs is that they are living today, alive yet.

They represented, when written, much of my feelings toward the world around us, the land we live in. They still do.

Earl Robinson

MILLARD LAMPELL wrote the ballads for A WALK IN THE SUN while he was a sergeant in the U.S. Air Force. He had already worked with Earl Robinson once before, writing the renowned folk cantata, THE LONESOME TRAIN. Lampell is the author of several books, THE LONG WAY HOME, and THE HERO, made into the film SATURDAY'S HERO. His hour-long play SOMETIME BEFORE MORNING for the United Nations over NBC won him radio's coveted Peabody Award. He has written films for the Governments of Israel and Puerto Rico, and is at present finishing a new novel for Random House.

A WALK IN THE SUN, the Twentieth Century-Fox film for which these ballads and music were written was adapted from a novel by Harry Brown. A ballad narrative technique of this sort had not been attempted before in a Hollywood movie. Credit for courageous initiative goes to the film's director, Lewis Milestone. The songs were most successful when they did not try to underline the action on the screen; but rather, added a new dimension to the scenes. Some of the songs in the present album were not in the final picture as released.

"On the southern tip of Italy, there is a beach. On a morning in September, 1943, a platoon of GI's landed there with the job of following a road six miles inland to take a farmhouse. The farmhouse was believed to be occupied by the enemy, but nobody was sure. This ballad tells the platoon's story. The truth in these songs is that free men fighting anywhere are the same. Lonely and hungry, tired as hell, they travelled the long roads out of Cassino, out of Stalingrad, out of Huertegen Forest, out of Leyte, out of the Yugoslav hills, dreaming of a time when men would live in peace, with no more homelessness, no more fear and insecurity, no more hunger."

- MILLARD LAMPELL

SIDE I, Band 1: BALLAD OF THE LEAD PLATOON

Gather round all you people
While I tell you a tale
It began in September, '43
When the lead platoon of the Texas Division
Hit the beach at Salerno, Italy;

It was just a little walk in the warm Italian sun
But it was not an easy thing
And poets are writing the tale of that fight
And songs for children to sing

Let them sing of the men of a fighting platoon
Let them sing of the job they've done
How they came across the sea to sunny Italy
And took a little walk in the sun, Great God
They took a little walk in the sun

Well the road that they walked was a mighty long road
It reached out beyond Italy
Thru the snow and the sand
Across every land
Wherever men fight to be free

It's the road that goes down thru a Philippine town
And it hits Highway 7 north of Rome
It's the same road they had coming out of Stalingrad
It's that old Lincoln Highway back home

Through Peking and Paris and up along the Rhine
And out across the Java sea
Thru the snow and the sand
Across every land
Wherever men fight to be free
Wherever men fight to be free

Moving into Salerno in the early morning darkness
Moving in thru the water. The guys sit quietly in
the barge. Nobody talks. "Douse that butt!"
This is the big baby. This is what we trained for.
Take a last look around you. This is your outfit.
These are the Joes your life will depend on this
morning at Salerno ...

SIDE I, Band 2: TEXAS DIVISION

These are the men of the Texas Division, United
States Infantry;
They are moving in thru hell and high water,
Friedman and Tyne, Rivera and Porter;
A Texan from Jersey and one from Dakota,
A Texan from out near Duluth, Minnesota
Kansas, Maine and Tennessee;
Lord God, they're all in the Texas Infantry.

They had trained in Louisiana, they had trained in
Tennessee
And they came to that warm Italian shore
For a little vacation down by the sea

But things on that beach were just a little too quiet,
Not even a sound of an enemy gun. Let down the
ramps and ease off into the water. Cold water, Mama
Mia, it's always cold water. And no sound. No guns
and no planes. Nothing but silence. Somewhere ahead
is the enemy. Down -- here there's nothing but quiet.
(it's bad) Can't tell what's coming next.
So you crawl up the beach and wait. Wait.

Spoken:

Seems like this war is nothin' but waiting,
 Wait for your chow,
 Wait for your pay,
 Waitin' for a letter from home.

Sing:

It's a long long time a man spends waitin',
 Waiting around in a war
 I think of a gal I've never seen
 Her hair is black, and her eyes are green
 Her name is Helen or maybe Irene
 It's a long long time a-waitin'.
 I think of all the things I have not done
 All of the women I have not won
 It seems like my life ain't really begun
 It's a long long time a-waitin'.

I guess it was about 7 o'clock in the morning when
 the sergeant comes around and says 'Okay, boys,
 on your feet. We're going for a little walk. We're
 going to drop in at a farmhouse 6 miles down the
 road.'

SIDE I, Band 4: ONE LITTLE JOB

This is the story of one little job
 One day from dawn until noon
 Just one battle more in a long long war
 And the men of a single platoon.
 It was fifty three men started out that day
 Along the Italian shore
 And some of those were mighty good Joes
 Who will never see the sunrise any more, poor boys,
 They'll never see the sunrise any more.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE PLATOON STARTED OUT

The platoon started out down that long dusty road
 The sun was comin' up so fast,
 They had a job that day and they were on their way,
 It was good to be on the move at last.

That's Windy. He worked in a grocery store in
 Johnsberry, New Hampshire. Used to take long walks
 and just think. He likes to think.

That's Rivera. Tough guy, Jersey City. Drove a truck
 week days. Listened to the opera on Sundays. Dream-
 ed about having kids. Plenty of kids.

Jake Friedman, Lathe operator, Scranton, P.A. Golden
 Gloves Champ. Strictly a gag-man Jake. You have to
 look close to see the stuff underneath.

Cousins. Porter. Sergeant Tyne. Tyne was a News-
 paper man, San Francisco. Union man. Kept readin'
 the headlines and one morning just went down and en-
 listed. Good man to have around.

SIDE I, Band 6: SIX MILE WALK

Well a six mile walk is a short little walk
 When you march behind a big brass band.
 But every single step is a walk around the world
 When you're marchin' thru enemy land, Lord God
 When you're walkin' down in enemy land.

Well, there's trouble a-comin'
 Any time now it's comin'
 A mortar shell a-comin'
 From out of the hills,
 A German tank a-comin'
 Down the road,
 A Messerschmidt a-comin'
 From out of the sky;
 Yes, there's trouble.
 A six mile walk is a mighty long walk
 Where as far as a man can see
 There's a Purple Heart a-waiting behind ev'ry bush
 And a one way ticket home in ev'ry tree, German snipers
 A one way ticket home in ev'ry tree.
 Yes there's trouble.

SIDE I, Band 8: TEXAS DIVISION BLUES

Well, this is not their first time under enemy fire
 Nor their first time on enemy ground
 And it takes a little more than just a little war
 To keep a man from the infantry down.

Spoken:

Man I got those Texas Division Blues

Sing:

Well you can hear my knees a-knockin'
 And you think I'm scared, I guess.
 You can hear my knees a-knockin'
 And you think I'm scared I guess.
 That ain't nothin' but pure patriotism makes me shake
 like this.

I got an M-1 rifle just as long as I am tall,
 Got an M-1 rifle just as long as I am tall;
 Gonna shoot me a superman,
 Gonna see him jump and fall.
 Start prayin' Adolph Hitler,
 Cause you ain't got much time,
 I said start prayin' Mister Hitler,
 Cause you ain't got much time.
 I got a five cent bullet
 Gonna ease your restless mind.

Guess it was Tyne saw it first. A German armored car
 comin' round the bend nice and slow. Just ridin' along.
 We ducked in the ditch along side the road and waited.
 Took our grenades and crimped em, and waited. Easy.
 Take it easy. Let'er Have It!

SIDE I, Band 9: THEY MET HITLER'S BEST

Well, they met Hitler's best and they laid them to rest,
 They're batting a thousand so far,
 But a lot more guys than these infantry G.I.'s
 Knocked out that German armored car.
 There were miners and welders and little fact'ry gals
 From Connecticut to Frisco Bay
 And fifty million more turnin' out the tools of war
 And it all added up that day.
 It was Pittsburg Pennsylvania made the steel for that
 bazooka,
 Missouri loaded it with lead,
 And when the Infantry got done a-workin' on that gun
 There were twelve German Soldiers lyin' dead.
 Praise God, twelve more fascists lyin' dead.

You cut across the olive fields and
 Come up over a little rise, and
 All of a sudden there it is.
 Just a farmhouse.

It looks so peaceful
A couple of sparrows up on the roof
And the sun glittering on something -
A German machine gun poking out of the window

SIDE I, Band 10: MOVING IN

We're movin' in boy
And I know it won't be long;
Well, you pick up your rifle and you pull back the bolt,
Get a shell in the chamber and it's ready to go,
Get out your grenade and you crimp the pin
Cause you're sure gonna need it when you start
movin' in;

We're on the way now
And I know it won't be long,
Well, you set that gun so it's nice and steady,
Slip the first belt in, get the ammunition ready,
Put it on to half safety then check the thing,
Put her into full load and she's ready to sing
it won't be long
Put her into full load and she's ready to sing
it won't be long

We're movin' in boys
And we're sure gonna cover ground,
Well you tighten up your belt and then you slip on
your pack
Cause your movin' in, boy,
And there's no turnin' back,
All we need is just a little luck,
We're gonna hit that farm like a ten ton truck,
Start prayin' Jerry,
Cause you're on your last go round.

We covered the six miles. We took the farmhouse.
And we paid for it. We paid plenty. 12 dead, 21
wounded. And a little guy named Porter wandering
across the field out of his mind.

SIDE I, Band 11: WALK IN THE SUN

It was just a little walk in the warm Italian sun
But it was not an easy thing
And poets are writing the tale of that fight
And songs for children to sing;

Let them sing of the men of a fighting platoon
Let them sing of the job they've done,
How they came across the sea to sunny Italy
And took a little walk in the sun.

Well the road that they walked was a mighty long road
Stretching round the world from Peking to Rome
It's the same road they had comin' out of Stalingrad
It's that old Lincoln Highway back home;

It's where ever men fight to be free,
Where ever men fight to be free.

SIDE II, Band 1: HOUSE I LIVE IN

What is America to me,
A name, a map, the flag I see,
A certain word, "Democracy,"
What is America to me?

The house I live in,
A plot of earth, a street,
The grocer and the butcher
And the people that I meet;
The children in the playground,
The faces that I see;
All races, all religions,
That's America to me.

The place I work in,
The worker at my side.
The little town or city
Where my people lived and died.
The "howdy" and the handshake,
The air of feeling free
The right to speak my mind out,
That's America to me.

The things I see about me
The big things and the small,
The little corner news-stand
And the house a mile tall;
The wedding and the churchyard,
The laughter and the tears,
The dream that's been agrowin'
For a hundred fifty years;
The town I live in
The street, the house, the room,
The pavement of the city,
Or a garden all in bloom,
The church, the school, the club house,
The million lights I see,
But especially the people,
That's America to me.

The house I live in
My neighbors white or black
The people who just came here
Or generations back.
The town hall and the soap box
The Torch of Liberty
A home for all God's children
That's America to me.

The words of old Abe Lincoln
Of Jefferson and Paine
Of Washington and Roosevelt
And the tasks that still remain.
The little bridge at Concord
Where freedoms fight began
Our Gettysburg and Midway
And the brotherhood of man.

The house I live in
The goodness everywhere
A land of wealth and beauty
With enough for all to share
A house that we call Freedom
A home of Liberty
With a promise for tomorrow
That's America to me.

SIDE II, Band 2: THREE DITTIES

A. Texas Girl

Now you can give marriage a whirl
If you got some cash in your purse
But don't wed no one but a Texas girl
Cause, no matter what happens, she's seen worse.

B. From Here On Up

From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
But the hollows get deeper and deeper.

C. Train Song

The west-bound train went sixty miles an hour
The west-bound train went sixty miles an hour
The east-bound train was going seventy miles an hour
They was runnin' head-on, on a single track

I said to myself, as I jumped back
I said to myself, as I jumped back
Said to myself as I jumped back
(This is what I said)
That's a heluva way to run a railroad.

SIDE II, Band 3: JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me,
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
'I never died" says he,
'I never died" says he.

"In Salt Lake Joe, I said to him,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The Copper Bosses killed you, Joe.
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they could never kill
Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me.
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where workers strike and organize
Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill,
Where common men defend their rights,
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill."

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me.
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
'I never died," says he,
'I never died," says he,

SIDE II, Band 4: FREE AND EQUAL BLUES

I went down to that St. James Infirmary
And I saw some plasma there
And I ups and asks that doctor man
Was the donor dark or fair?

The Doctor laughed a great big laugh,
And puffed it right in my face!
He said, "A molecule is a molecule
And the darn thing has no race."

And that was news, Yes that was news,
That was very, very, very special news,
'Cause ever since that day I've got those
Free and Equal Blues.

You mean you heard that Doc declare,
The plasma in that test tube there
Could be white man, black man, yellow man, red?
That's what he said!

The Doc put down his doctor book
And gave me a very scientific look
He spoke out plain and clear and rational
"Metabolism is international!"

And that was news, Yes, that was news,
That was very, very, very special news,
'Cause ever since that day I've got those
Free and Equal Blues.

Yes he rigged up his microscope
With some Berlin Blue Blood
And, by gosh, it was the same as
Chungking, Kuibyshev, Chattanooga, Timbuctoo blood.

Why them aryan, who thought they were noble,
They didn't even know the corpuscle was global,
Tryin' to disunite us with their racial supremacy,
Flyin' in the face of old man Chemistry.

Takin' all the facts and tryin' to twist 'em.
But you can't overthrow the Circulatory System!

And that was news, Yes, that was news,
That was very, very, very special news,
'Cause ever since that day I've got those
Free and Equal Blues.

So I stayed at that St. James Infirmary
I wasn't going to leave that place.

This was too interesting. I said Doc,
Give me some more of that scientific talk-talk.

And he did. He said, melt yourself down into a
crucible, son.
Pour yourself out into a test tube, and what have
you got?

3500 cubic feet of gas
The same for the upper and the lower class.
Well, we'll let that pass.

Carbon 22 lbs. 10 ounces
You mean that goes for Princes, Dukeses and
Countses?
Whatever you are; that's what the amounts is.
Carbon 22 lbs. 10 ounces

Iron - 57 grains
Not enough to keep a man in chains.

50 ounces of Phosphorus
Whether you're poor or prosperous. ---
Buddy, can you spare a match?

Then you take twenty teaspoonfulls of Sodium Chloride
(that's salt)
Mix with 38 quarts of H-2-O (that's water)
Take 60 ordinary lumps of sugar (That's sugar!)
Add 2 ounces of lime.
A pinch of Chloride of potash.
A drop of magnesium.
A bit of sulphur.
A soupcon of Hydro-chloric acid.
And you stir it all up.
And what are you?
A walkin' drugstore.
An international chemical cartel!

And that's the news, Yes that's the news,
So listen you African and Indian and Mexican,
Mongolian, Tyrolean and Tarter,
The Doctor's right behind the Human Rights Charter

The Doc's behind the new "Brotherhood of Man"
As prescribed at San Francisco and Geneva and
Bandung - Where peace began.

Makes no difference if you're Kelly, If you're Cohen,
If you're Lopez,
If you're Swenson, Jones or Litvinoff,
Every man everywhere is the same
When he's got his skin off

And that's the news, Yes that's the news,
That the Free and Equal News.

SIDE II, Band 5: SPRING SONG

I wonder will it come along in Spring,
Will we be fighting while the robins sing,
Will the atom be abristling
And the rockets do the whistling
When the world is all in bloom in the Spring?
Can it be that we'll be drilling in the Spring?
Can it be that we'll be killing in the Spring?
Oh, I'd rather take it easy,
Give the other guy a breezy,
A bright and cheery howdy in the Spring.

Oh is that a time for dying, when it's Spring?
And the women to be crying, when it's Spring?
When in the park on Sunday
I'd like to know that Monday
Will be just an ordinary day in the Spring.
Oh, I would like to know in the Spring
That I won't have to go in the Spring.
When skies are blue above her
Can I tell her that I love her
If we never meet each other in the Spring?

When the fields are ripe for sowing, in the Spring?
You can watch the children growing in the Spring?
We could have a celebration
With folks from every nation,
Must we destroy creation in the Spring?
Oh, I'd just like an ordinary Spring
With people laughing just because it's Spring.
And however he spells his name
I am sure he feels the same
For it's great to be alive in the Spring.

SIDE II, Band 6: GOOD MORNING

Good morning! Good morning!
Good morning, good evening, so soon.

Here we go on a merry-go-round
First couple leads to the right
Up to the next who's standing there
With the big bright eyes and the curly hair
Up to the next with the blue necktie
Beside him stands his Nellie Bly
Good morning, Hi!
Good morning, Hi!
And how-do-you-do?

Now to Peter and Nellie Gray
We've come to pass the time of day
You can meet the morning mail
And I'll be on my way-ay-ay

Back again in our own little home
Right back where we started from
Sure is fun to have a dime
And a nickle all our own

And around and around and around we go
Way up high where the beanstalks grow
You can live in a happy land
And I'll play in a big brass band

Up in the mountains where the smoke curls high
Lives a little doggie with a blinkin' eye.
Part of him's lonesome, part of him's plain
But I'll stick with him just the same

Hark the rooster give the call
Promenade to the barnyard all

You be the scratch and I'll be the corn
The chicks will find us every morn
Good morning, hi!
Good morning, hi!

I got a calf with wooden legs
Got two eyes like soft-boiled eggs.
Got a little calf with wooden legs
Two eyes like softly boiled eggs

Last couple up with the turned-up toes
Up to the next with the freckled nose
East o' the sun and west o' the moon
We'll be finished mighty soon

Deep in the barn all filled with hay
Hey, hey, it's another day
Good morning, hi!
Good morning, hi!
And how-do-you-do?

You can pitch and I can haul
And you can feed and I can call
You can milk and I can churn
But I hear the school-bus comin'
And there's lots to learn-mm

Almost finished with our song
We hope we haven't kept you long
We would like to say this too
Sunshine's mighty good for you

And around and around and around we go
Way up high where the beanstalks grow
You can live in a happy land
And I'll play in a big brass band

SIDE II, Band 7: BLACK AND WHITE

The ink is black, the page is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.
And now a child can understand
This is the law of all the land,
All the land!

The ink is black, the page is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

Their robes were black, their heads were white
The school house doors were closed so tight,
Were closed up tight.
Nine judges all set down their names
To end the years and years of shame,
Years of shame!

The robes were black, the heads were white
(Whistle.....
.....

The slate is black, the chalk is white
The words stand out so clear and bright,
So clear and bright.
And now at last we plainly see
The alphabet of Liberty,
Liberty!

The slate is black, the chalk is white
(Whistle).....
.....

A child is black, a child is white
The whole world looks upon the sight,
A beautiful sight.
For very well the whole world knows
This is the way that freedom grows,
Freedom grows!

A child is black, a child is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

The world is black, the world is white
It turns by day and then by night,
It turns by night.
It turns so each and everyone
Can take his station in the sun,
In the sun!

OTHER FOLKWAYS RECORDS OF INTEREST:

- FW3044 British Broadside Ballads, v. 2 sung by Ewan MacColl
- FH5211 Witches & War-Whoops, early New England ballads sung by John Allison
- FH5437 Songs of the Spanish Civil War, v. 2
- FH5441 Songs of Algerian Freedom Fighters (FLN) recorded in Algeria
- FH5442 Angolan Freedom Songs recorded by UPA fighters in Angola
- FH5443 Somali Freedom Songs recorded in Africa
- FH5444 Ding Dong Dollar: Scottish anti-Polaris and republican songs
- FC7566 Call of Freedom, a cantata by elementary school pupils.
- FR8970 The Sounds of Yoga-Vedanta recorded in India
- FW8750 Hawaiian Chant, Hula & Music, recorded in Hawaii
- FL9741 Dear Abe Linkhorn; satirical writings from the Civil War



FH5802 AMERICAN HISTORY IN BALLAD AND SONG, Vol. 2; for Secondary School Social Studies Classes, compiled and edited by Albert Barouh and Theodore O. Cron; documents four main areas in American History: Cultural Democracy, Economic Democracy, Political Democracy, International Democracy -- through performances of traditional and contemporary songs by many singers incl. Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Oscar Brand, New Lost City Ramblers, Aunt Molly Jackson, many others. Accompanying text includes song texts, thought questions, homework assignments, etc. 3-12" 33-1/3 rpm longplay

AMERICAN HISTORY - 12"

FA2312 SONGS OF THE SEA with ALAN MILLS and The Shanty Men, guitar acc. Includes: Rio Grande, Haul Away Joe, Sally Brown, Chee'ly Men, Johnny Baker, Paddy Doyle, Dead Horse, Salt Horse, A-Roving, Tom's Gone To Hilo, Johnny Come Down to Hilo, Ten Thousand Miles Away, Shenandoah, Billy Boy, Lowland, Drunken Sailor, Blow Boys Blow, Blow the Man Down, Clear the Track, Can't You Dance the Polka? A Long Time Ago, New Bedford Whalers, Fire Down Below, The Sailor's Grave, Boney was a Warrior, Santy Anna, The Chesapeake and Shannon, Home Dearie, Goodbye, Fare Ye Well, Hilo Somebody, Galloping Randy Dandy, Leave Her Johnny. Notes by Edith Fowke.

FA2354 SONGS OF A NEW YORK LUMBERJACK, sung by Ellen Stekert with Guitar. Bounding the U.S., The Hills of Glenshee, The Western Pioneers, The Two Sisters, Johnny Troy, Poor Old Anthony Rolly, rat Murphy of the Irish Brigade, The Drummer Boy, The Trouble Down at Homestead, The Fox, The Cumberland and the Merrimac, The Singular Dream, The lake of Ponchatrain, The Black Cook, Abe Lincoln Went to Washington, The Shanty Boy and the Farmer's Son, The Raftman's Song, The Jealous Lover. Notes by Kenneth Goldstein and song texts.

FA2429 FOC'SLE SONGS & SHANTIES sung by Paul Clayton & The Foc'sle Singers. Rio Grande, Haul On The Bowline, Haul Away Joe, Leave Her Johnny, Fire Down Below, Banks of the Sacramento, others. Texts.

FA2480 CISCO HOUSTON SINGS SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD; hobo and "Wobbly" songs incl. Mule Skinner Blues,

Pie in the Sky, Beans, Bacon and Gravy, Soup Song, others. Song texts.

FH5210 CHAMPLAIN VALLEY SONGS sung by Pete Seeger; from the Marjorie L. Porter collection of North Country Folklore; Seneca Canoe Song, Isabeau S'y Promeneau, The Valiant Soldier, Elder Bordee, John Riley, The Banks of Champlain, Roslin Castle, Boyne Water, Un Canadien Errant, Once More A-Lumbering Go, The Shantyman's Life, Les Raftamen (Mother Gauthier's), Lily of the Lake, Vive La Canadienne, How're You On For Stamps Today, Clara Nolan's Ball, Young Charlotte, John Brown's Body. Accompanying booklet includes notes on the songs by Marjorie L. Porter and Kenneth Goldstein, song texts, illustrations, and New York State folklore map.

FH5217 BALLADS OF OHIO. Collected and sung by Anne Grimes with Dulcimer. Pleasant Ohio, Battle of Point Pleasant, Logan's Lament, Lass of Roch Royal (Child No. 76) St. Clair's Defeat, Portsmouth Fellows (Sir Raynard), Christ in The Garden, The Farmer's Crust Wife (Child No. 278) Girls Of Ohio, Alphabet Song, Darling Nelly Gray, The Underground Railroad, My Station's Gonna Be Changed, O Ho! The Cooper-heads, The Dying Volunteer, Ohio Guards, Ohio River Blues, Up On The Housetops, Old Dan Tucker, Boatman's Dance. Notes and complete Texts.