

the Harvesters

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2406



PASTURES
OF
PLENTY



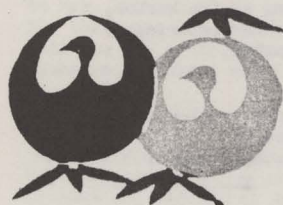
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THIS LAND IS MY LAND
(Woody Guthrie)
A GUT MORN
PASTURES OF PLENTY
(Woody Guthrie)
RED ROSY BUSH
(arr. Guy Carawan)
MULE SKINNER BLUES
RUN COME SEE
THE OX-DRIVING SONG
MRS. McGRATH

HOUSE CARPENTER
NA KONE VARANOM
SINNER MAN
VIRGIN MARY
LIEBSTER MEINER
ORCHA BAMIDBAR
WALKING IN JERUSALEM
QUE BONITA BANDERA
ROLL OVER

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

PASTURES OF PLENTY



PASTURES OF PLENTY and OTHER SONGS

SUNG BY
THE HARVESTERS



INTRODUCTION

This album was recorded in Hollywood, California in the summer of 1959. The Harvesters, Ethel Raim and Joyce Gluck, Walter Raim and Ronnie Gluck, were travelling across the country in an old car, disguised as tourists.

Actually, they had planned to visit in Los Angeles with friends, and then head out to witness the scenic wonders of the Southwest. Before leaving L.A. they went to Ash Grove, (a well known coffee house featuring folk performers) and were prevailed upon to perform for the owner. The result was that they stayed on for almost a month, singing and playing away the remainder of their vacation time before returning to New York.

While in Hollywood, they recorded some songs to be released on a new album, and here is the result. Then, as now, the Harvesters were occupied doing other things most of the time, but they did manage to find enough time to work up a sizable group of songs in many languages, and have since their beginnings given many concerts in and around New York, as well as the West Coast and points in between.

Joyce spends her time teaching Physical Education in the New York City school system, while Ronnie is a Physical Therapist at the Goldwater Memorial hospital on Welfare Island. Ethel is an associate editor of Sing Out magazine, teaches Guitar and Banjo at the Neighborhood Music school in the Bronx and is involved in various other musical activities. Walter, having spent the last two years as first accompanist and assistant conductor of the Belafonte Folksingers, is now working as a commercial arranger and composer, and playing recording dates in New York.

All the songs are a product of the joint efforts of the Harvesters. Some started out as written arrangements taken from sources such as the large choral repertoire of the Jewish Young Folksingers Chorus, of which all four Harvesters were an active part for most or all of it's existence; many of Walter's first efforts as an arranger were done first by the Harvesters (eight of the songs on this LP are his arrangements) Ronnie wrote some, as did Ethel, and all of the group changed, suggested, added things which they felt would improve the song, or reflect the group better.

It was never the aim of the group to be a great commercial success in recordings, night clubs, or concerts. The most important thing about the Harvesters is that they just enjoyed singing and performing for others as well. Had they not all been involved in other professional endeavors, they might well have been a household word by this time, or at least as widely known as the most successful of the commercial folk groups in the country today.

Be that as it may, the Harvesters sang out of a sheer joy and delight in making music. Here then are the Harvesters singing songs in English, Yiddish, Spanish and Hebrew...songs of work and play, love and life.

SIDE I

Band 1: THIS LAND IS MY LAND

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York island;
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulfstream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway,
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, etc...

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps,
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
And all around me, a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling,
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds
rolling,
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, etc...

Band 2: A GUT MORGN

A gut morn dir hersh Dovid, A gut morn frumeh,
Ch'hob gehert du host dos vaits un hai aropgenumen;
Oich di fruchtn un dem korn eingepakt'n gantz'n,
Abi s'vet zein oif vinter essen, vilt zich takeh tantzn.

CHORUS:

Hei di diddle di hei di, di hei di, di hei di,
Hei di diddle di hei di, di hei di, di hei di di.

Shoin ge-akert far di shnaien groiseh felder nei-eh,
Blost a vintle iber berglach shmeckt es a mechei-eh;
Bingebet di kee un oifes un di shtaln glantz'n,
Un di maidlach yung un shtarkeh lozn zich tzum tantzn.

(CHORUS)

TRANSLATION:

A GOOD MORNING

A good morning to you sir David,
I have heard that you have harvested your wheat and hay.

Also you have packed away your fruit and your corn.
As long as there will be enough to eat for the winter,
We'll surely feel like dancing.

Hi di diddle . . .

I have ploughed new and large fields, long before the
snow fell.
A little wind is blowing from the hills and it smells
so delicious.
All the cows and barn animals have been bedded down,
and the stables glean,
And the strong young boys and girls lend themselves to
dancing.

Band 3: PASTURES OF PLENTY

It's a mighty hard row that my poor hands have hoed,
My poor feet has traveled this hot dusty road.
Out of your Dust Bowl and westward we rolled,
Your desert was hot and your mountain was cold.

Well, I've worked in your orchards of peaches and
prunes,
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon;
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then,
We come with the dust and we go with the wind.

California, Arizona, I make all your crops,
It's north up to Oregon to gather your hops;
Dig the beets from your ground, cut the grapes from
your vine,
To set on your table your light sparkling wine.

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground,
From the Grand Coulee Dam where the waters run down;
Every state in the union us migrants have been,
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win.

Well, it's always we've rambled, that river and I,
All along your green valley, I'll work till I die;
My land I'll defend with my life if it be,
My pastures of plenty must always be free.

Band 4: RED ROSY BUSH (arrangement by Guy Carawan)

Wish I was a red rosy bush,
On the banks of the sea;
And every time my true-lover would pass,
He would pick a rose off of me.

We have met and we have parted,
You are all this world to me;
If you don't love me darling,
In my grave I'd rather be.

I'd rather live in a lonesome holler,
Where the sun don't never shine;
Than to see you with another,
And to know you'll never be mine.

Wish I was a red rosy bush.

Band 5: MULE SKINNER BLUES

Well, it's good morning captain, good morning son,
And it's good morning captain, good morning son.
Do you need another mule skinner out on your new
road line?

Well it's, "Hey, little water boy, bring that
bucket 'round,"
Well it's, "Hey, little water boy, bring that
bucket 'round;
If you don't like your job, set that water bucket
down."

I'm working on the new road at a dollar and a dime
a day,
Well, I'm working on the new road at a dollar and
a dime a day;
I got sixteen women waiting Saturday night just to
draw my pay.

Well, it's good morning captain, good morning son.

Band 6: RUN COME SEE

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see, run come see,
It was in nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see Jerusalem.

That day they were talking 'bout a storm in the
islands,
Run come see, ...
My God what a beautiful morning,
They were talking 'bout a storm in the islands,
Run come see Jerusalem.

There were three ships leaving at the harbor,
The Ethel and the Myrtle and the Pretoria,
Three ships leaving at the harbor,
Run come see Jerusalem.

They were bound for a neighboring island,
With mothers and children aboard,
They were bound for a neighboring island,
Run come see Jerusalem.

The Pretoria was out on the ocean,
Rockin' from side to side,
The Pretoria was out on the ocean,
Run come see Jerusalem.

Right then there was a big sea built up in the
northwest,
Mothers come a-holding onto the children,
Then a big sea built up in the northwest,
Run come see Jerusalem.

There were thirty-three souls on the water,
Swimming and praying to the good Lord,
There were thirty-three souls on the water,
Run come see Jerusalem.

Now, George Brown he was the captain,
He shouted, my children come and pray,
Now, George Brown he was the captain,
Run come see Jerusalem.

He said, come now, witness your judgement,
Come and pray now,
He said, come now, witness your judgement,
Run come see Jerusalem.

It was in nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see, run come see,
It was in nineteen hundred and twenty-nine,
Run come see Jerusalem.

Band 7: THE OX-DRIVING SONG

I crack my whip and I bring the blood,
I make my leaders take the mud,
We grab the wheels and we turn them along,
One long, long pull and we're on hard ground.

CHORUS:
To me rol, to me rol, to me ri-de-o,
To me rol, to me rol, to me ri-de-o,
To me ri-de-o, to me ru-de-o,
To me rol, to me rol, to me ri-de-o.

On the fourteenth day of October-o,
I hitched my team to the wagon-o,
To drive the hills of Saludio,
To me rol, to me rol, to me ri-de-o.

(CHORUS)

When I got there the hills were steep,
'Twould make any tender-hearted person weep,
To hear me curse and pop my whip,
And see my oxen pull and slip.

(CHORUS)

When I get home I'll have revenge,
I'll land my family among my friends,
And bid adieu to the whip and line,
And drive no more in the winter-time.

(CHORUS)

Band 8: MRS. McGRATH

"Oh, Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said,
"Would you like to make a soldier out of your son Ted?"

With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat;
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"

CHORUS:

Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-did-dle-aa,
Too-ri oo-ri oo-ri-aa;
Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-did-dle-aa,
Too-ri, oo-ri, oo-ri-aa.

So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore,
For the space of seven long years or more;
Till she saw a big ship sailing into the bay,
"Hubaloo, bubaloo, and I think it's he!"

(CHORUS)

"Oh, captain dear, where have you been?
Have you been sailing on the Meditereen?
Or have you tidings of my son Ted?
Is the poor boy living or is he dead?"

(CHORUS)

Then up comes Ted without any legs,
And in their place two wooden pegs.
She kissed him a dozen times or two,
Sayin', "Holy Moses, 'tisn't you."

(CHORUS)

"Oh, were you drunk, or were you blind,
That you left your two fine legs behind?
Or was it walkin' upon the sea,
That you wore your legs from the knees away?"

(CHORUS)

"No I wasn't drunk, and I wasn't blind
That I left my two fine legs behind;
For a cannonball, on the fifth of May,
Shot my two fine legs away."

(CHORUS)

"Then if I had you back again,
I'd never let you go to fight the King of Spain;
For I'd rather my Ted as he used to be,
Than the King of France and his whole Navee."

(CHORUS)

SIDE II

Band 1: HOUSE CARPENTER

"Well met, well met my own true love,
Well met, well met," cried he;
"Well, I've just returned from the salt, salt, sea,
And it's all for the love of thee."

"I could have married a king's daughter,
So freely she was to me;
But I slighted her and all of her gold,
All for the love of thee."

"If you could have married a king's daughter, dear,
I'm sure you're much to blame;
For I've lately been married to a house carpenter,
I think he's a nice young man."

"If you foresake your house carpenter,
And come away with me;
I'll take you where the grass grows green,
By the banks of the bonnie blue sea."

They had been out but about three days,
I'm sure it was not four;
When the ship sprang a leak and began to sink,
And she sunk to rise no more.

"Once around spun our gallant ship,
Two times around spun she;
Three times around spun our gallant ship,
And she sank to the bottom of the sea."

"Well met, well met my own true love,
Well met, well met," cried he;
"Well, I've just returned from the salt, salt sea,
And it's all for the love of thee."

Band 2: NA KONE VORONOM

Na kone voronom vyezshal partizan
Ei, ei sabli vostruyu stal'
Dlya vrage on derzhal (2)

On konya zaderzhal, potyanulsya rukoi
Ekh, kon' retivyi zarzhal
Bil on zemlyu nogoi (2)

Dve ruki kak zamok, krepko szhalis na mig
Ekh, dosvidan'e synok,
Emu molvil starik. (2)

Tronul syn povoda, sam farazhkoi makhnul
Ekh i poekhal tuda
Otkol' slyshen byl gul. (2)

TRANSLATION:

LEAVE-TAKING

Partisan fighter rode out on a black horse
A steel sword
Ready for the enemy (2)

He checked his steed, stretched out his hand,
The spirited mount neighed
And pawed the ground. (2)

Two hands locked in handshake for a moment,
"Good-by, my son,"
Said the old man. (2)

The son pulled the reins, waved his hat,
And off he rode
Toward the din. (2)

Band 3: SINNER MAN

CHORUS:

Run sinner man,
Where you gonna run to?
Oh, sinner man,
Where you gonna run to?
Oh, sinner man,
Where you gonna run to,
All on that day.

Run to the sea,
Sea was a-boiling,
Run to the sea,
Sea was a-boiling,
Run to the sea,
Sea was a-boiling,
All on that day.

(CHORUS)

Run to the rock,
Rock was a-melting,
Run to the rock,
Rock was a-melting,
Run to the rock,
Rock was a-melting,
All on that day.

(CHORUS)

Run to the Lord,
Lord, won't you hide me?
Run to the Lord,
Lord, won't you hide me?
Run to the Lord,
Lord, won't you hide me?
All on that day.

Well, you can run to the Devil,
But the Devil was a-waiting,
Run to the Devil,
Devil was a-waiting,
Run to the Devil,
Devil was a-waiting,
All on that day.

(CHORUS)

Band 4: VIRGIN MARY

The Virgin Mary had a one son,
Mm, mm, glory hallelujah,
Mm, mm, pretty little baby,
Glory be to the new born King.

Mary, what ya gonna name that pretty little baby?
Mm, mm, etc....

Well, some call Him one thing; think I'll call Him
Jesus,
Mm, mm, etc...

Well, some call Him one thing, think I'll name Him
Emmanuel,
Mm, mm, etc...

(Repeat first verse)

Band 5: LIEBSTER MEINER

S'iz der step shoin oppgeshorn,
Oon shoin altz tzunoif genumen.
Liebster meiner, kum tzu-forn,
Ich vel vartn oif dein kumen...Hey!

Di Arbuzn zeinen tzeitig,
S'gait di zaft fun zai ariber;
Ful mit ziskeit ungegosn,
Vi mein hartz is ful mit lieber...Hey!

Oon di karshn, liebster meiner,
Zeinen shvartz vi deine oign.
On-geshotn oif di baimer
Oon di tzveign zich aszh boign...Hey!

Kum tzu forn, liebster meiner,
Oon genug shoin undz tzu troimen.
Reif oon tzeitig iz mein liebe,
Vi s'iz tzeitig meineh floimen...Hey!



TRANSLATION:

The Steppes have been harvested,
Everything has been gathered.
My love, come a-riding,
I shall wait for you.

The pumpkins are ripe,
Their juices are overflowing.
They are full of sweetness
As my heart is full of love.

And the cherries, my love,
Are as dark as your eyes. .
They are plentiful on the trees
And they bend the branches.

Come a-riding, my love,
And an end to dreaming.
My love is ripe and ready,
Ready as the plums.

Band 6: ORCHA BAMIBAR

Band 7: WALKING IN JERUSALEM

CHORUS:
I want to be ready,
I want to be ready,
I want to be ready, (to go,)
Walking in Jerusalem just like John.

If I could, I surely would,
Walking in Jerusalem just like John,
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
Walking in Jerusalem just like John.

(CHORUS)

Sisters, brothers, black and white,
Walking in Jerusalem just like John,
With our power with our right.
Walking in Jerusalem just like John.

(CHORUS)

I've never been there but I've been told,
Walking in Jerusalem just like John,
The gates are pearly and the streets are gold.
Walking in Jerusalem just like John.

(CHORUS)

Band 8: QUE BONITA BANDERA

CHORUS:
Que bonita bandera,
Que bonita bandera,
Que bonita bandera,
Es la bandera Puertoriquena.

Azul, blanca y colorada,
Y en el medio tiene un estrella;
Bonita senores es la bandera Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

Todo buen Puertoriquena,
Es bueno que la defienda,
Bonita senores es, la bandera Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

Bonit senora es,
Que bonita es ella,
Que bonita es la bandera Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

Band 9: ROLL OVER

There was one in the bed And the little one said, "Roll, over, roll over."	So they all rolled over, And one fell out; There were seven in the bed, And the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."
So they all rolled over, And one fell out; There were nine in the bed And the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."	So they all rolled over, And one fell out; There were six, five, four, three, two in the bed, And the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."
So they all rolled over, And one fell out; There were eight in the bed, And the little one said, "Roll over, roll over."	So they all rolled over, And one fell out; There was one in the bed, And the little one said, "Good night."

Album cover by JOEL BIAZZO