the Harvesters

PASTURES OF.plenty
PASTURES OF PLENTY

THIS LAND IS MY LAND

A GUT MORNING PLENTY

RED ROSEY BUSH (Woody Guthrie)

MULE SKINNER BLUES

RUN COME SEE THE OX-DRIVING SONG

MRS. McGRATH

HOUSE CARPENTER

NA KONE YARAN

SINNER MAN

VIRGIN MARY

WALKING IN JERUSALEM

QUE BONITA BANDERA

ROLL OVER

MUSIC OF PLENTY

MISSOURI 

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET
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 this summer, but were prevailed upon to perform 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 Folk Singers, is now working as a commercial arranger and composer, and playing recording dates in New York City.

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 Folk Singers 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 are the Harvesters singing songs in English, Yiddish, Spanish and Hebrew...songs of work and play, love and life.

SIDE 1

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 MORG

A gut morgan dir herz David, A gut morgen frumeh, Ch’bch gebert du host dos vaits un hai aroggenumen; Oich di fruchtun un dem korn eingepakt’n qantz, Abi s’vet mein olf vinter essen, vilt sich tekeh tantz.

CHORUS:

Shoib ge-akter far di shmaien groiseh feldar mei-eh, Bloot a vintel ibr berglah shmeekt es a mechsel-eh; Bingebet di kee un oifes un di shtaln glantz, Un di maidliach yung um ahtarken lom zikh tzm tantz.

(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 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 hopes;
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're 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 hole,
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.
"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) 

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

(CHORUS) 

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

(CHORUS) 

"Oh, my noble Navee. "Tisn't you."

(CHORUS) 

"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 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. 

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,  
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)

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 5: Liebster Meiner
S'iz der step shoin opgeshorn,  
Oon shoin altz tzunoif genumen.  
Liebster meiner, kum tu-forn,  
Ich vel vartn oif dein kumen.  
Hey!

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

Con di karshn, liebster meiner,  
Zeinen shwarts vi deine oign.  
Con di tseign sich nazh boign.  
Hey!

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

Album cover by JOEL BIAZZO