



PETE SEEGER
AND
SONNY TERRY

RECORDED AT THEIR CARNEGIE HALL CONCERT

PRESENTED BY HAROLD LEVENTHAL

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2412

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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GOOFIN' OFF THEME

KUM BA YA

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

COAL CREEK MARCH

PAY DAY AT COAL CREEK

BUDDY WON'T YOU ROLL DOWN THE LINE

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

FOX CHASE

RIGHT ON THAT SHORE

PICK A BALE OF COTTON

PETE AND SONNY

SEEGER TERRY

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Pete Seeger at Carnegie Hall with Sonny Terry

NOTES ON BACKGROUND OF SONGS

BY P. SEEGER

SIDE I, Band 1: OPENING THEME (from the 'Goofing Off Suite')

Anyone who doodles on a musical instrument, be it piano, guitar, or harmonica, knows what it is like to work out some pleasurable sequence of notes, too short to be called a composition, too nice to forget. Here are two or three of my own.

KUM BA YA

A missionary returned from Angola, East Africa several years ago with this song. He had no translation for the title: "It's just a sort of spiritual sung by people around the mission." The song was published in one of the small camp songbooks put out by that remarkable man, Lynn Rohrbough, who in his Ohio barn prints millions of songbooks and recreation handbooks for churches, Y's, and camps throughout the world. Within a couple of years it was being sung in the USA as 'an African song.'

In 1956, a Methodist minister and recreation leader, Rev. Larry Eisenberg, introduced the song in North Carolina.

"Why, we know this song!" his audience told him. "It's 'Come By Here, Lord, Come By Here!'"

How it got to Africa in the first place no one yet knows for sure. Perhaps it was the Rev. Sam Cole, whose autobiography was published in 1957. Around the first World War Sam Cole graduated from Talledega College, Alabama (one of the oldest colleges for Negroes). He then spent his life as a teacher in a mission near Angola, Africa. Perhaps he took the song there.

At any rate, it is a beautiful example of how the world's folk music continues to intermingle, sans passports or permission, across boundary lines of fear and prejudice.

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

I have heard this song sung many different ways, but the most beautiful rendition (which I have tried to recreate here), was that of Mrs. Marion Hicks, a cook, in Brooklyn, New York. After the supper dishes had been cleared away, she sat down and leaned workworn hands on the table, and taught the Weavers, verse and chorus. Her voice, like many older women, was low, almost in a tenor's range.

THE COAL CREEK MARCH

This number has been most superlatively performed by Pete Steele, carpenter, of Hamilton, Ohio. His record is available for sale through the Library of Congress folklore archives. I heard the record twenty years ago, and tried unsuccessfully to play the number. Finally last year I met Mr. Steele, now 65 and a great-grandfather. Revelation! He uses a D tuning (see below). And mostly double thumbing. This I have been unable to catch exactly, so the tablature as I give it is my fingering and arrangement, not exactly his, unfortunately.

M I T I T I T I T M I T I
 T I M T I M T I M T M I T I
 T I M T I M T I M T M T M I T I
 I I M I T I T I M I T I T T I etc.

The Coal Creek March, it appears, was quite a famous banjo solo around the turn of the century. Pete Steele's version is but a folk fragment, since others play a much more extended version (not necessarily any better!). Doc Hopkins, whose string band, the Buckle-busters, was well known on the country music hit parade during the early 1930's, plays the piece. The banjo plays bugle calls ("That's the Tennessee militia lining up; they're off to put down the miners"). The banjo gives a train imitation ("They're off for Coal Creek"). The banjo head is struck sharply ("Rifle shots. The miners are firing on the train from the hillsides"). The banjo imitates dogs barking ("That's the local dogs yapping at the soldiers when they get off the train at Coal Creek"). And so on.

The banjo is tuned as follows: 4th string: D, 3rd string: F#, 2nd string: A, 1st string: D (one octave higher than 4th string). The 5th string is tuned to F#, an octave higher than the 3rd string. Thus the piece is played in the key of D major, and I have transcribed it so. Actually it sounds better if the capo is moved up three or four frets, and the 5th string similarly re-tuned, so that the piece actually sounds in the key of F or F#. The higher key gives it the feeling of an icy mountain brook.

The FOXCHASE along with Lost John, and The Lonesome Freight Train, is one of the standard virtuoso pieces which players of the French Harp want to learn. It describes a type of fox hunt little known outside the south. The men sit around the fire most of the evening and let the dogs do the work. By listening carefully, they can tell by the way their hounds bark, how the chase is going, and from the tone of the bark, when the quarry is caught up with.

RIGHT ON THAT SHORE, AND PICK A BALE OF COTTON

The first of these is a gospel song, the second a work song. Both are good examples of a type of antiphonal singing which, ethnomusicologists generally agree, is basically African in origin. It is a style of singing also ideally suited to a songleader and group that wants to

sing along, but has never heard the song before, or at least does not know the words of the verses.

SIDE II, Band 1: ROHZINKES MIT MANDLEN

This song, composed for a Yiddish play in New York, in the latter part of the nineteenth Century, has sung many babies to sleep since then, and practically attained the status of a folk song.

IN TARRYTOWN

This Hudson Valley version of the famed old ballad "The Butcher Boy" has been collected and arranged by John Allison. His own performance of it may be heard on a Ficker LP "Heroes, Heroines and Outlaws."

CLEANO AND LADIES AUXILIARY

These songs illustrate the technique of Woody Guthrie, greatest American ballad maker of modern times. He faced a real situation needing comment, started strumming his guitar, and let the words flow, be they good or bad, whimsical or coarse. If the result was good enough to sing again, it might get involved in time. The tunes were largely old folk melodies of one sort or another, changed slightly if necessary.

The technique would be a good one for other would-be songwriters to follow.

THE BELLS OF RHYMNEY

After this record was made, I learned that the correct pronunciation of Rhymney is more like "Rummney", the Welsh 'u' being a sort of cross between the German o and the French 'e' (as in the article 'le'). Rhondda should also be pronounced 'Rundtha', and Caerphilly should be 'Cahrphilly', not 'Cay-erphilly.'

All the towns are in south Wales. The author was Idris Davies, who died while quite young, in the nineteen thirties. His poem was a direct paraphrasing of the famous Mother Goose Rhyme: "Oranges and Lemons, say the bells of St. Clemens." It has never been published except in a volume of essays by Dylan Thomas, 'So Early One Morning.'

The melody I put together myself. I say 'put together' because I sat down and thought it up, and then later realized that the opening phrase is nothing more than another variation on the ancient theme better known as 'Twinkle Twinkle Little Star.' Every country of Europe has versions of it. Observe its appearance in the following melodies: Oleanna, Hatikvah, Kum Ba Ya. Mozart also made use of it.

The twelve string guitar, used here for accompaniment, is tuned a third lower than the standard six stringed guitar. The lowest four pair are tuned in octaves, the top two pair in unison. In addition, the lowest pair of strings is tuned still one whole note lower, to B flat. The chord progressions used are as follows:

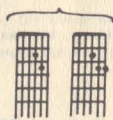
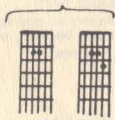
Progression used in 1st line of every verse.

Progression used in 2nd and 3rd lines.

In 4th line.

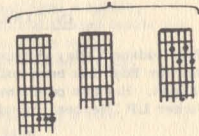
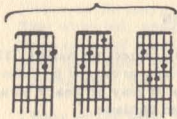
In interlude after 2nd & 3rd lines.

In interlude after 1st & 4th lines.



During 3rd line of 3rd verse.

Interlude between 3rd verse and repeat of 1st.



THE REUBEN JAMES

This was written in Early 1942 (or late 1941?) by Woody Guthrie, (with some slight help from the rest of the Almanac Singers) following the sinking of the US destroyer Reuben James, by the Nazis.

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

Alan Mills, singer of Montreal, came across this poem in a magazine, and fitted the melody to it, and also added the sixth and seventh verses. The eighth and ninth verses were suggested to me by people I have sung for. The original idea for the song seems to be a relatively ancient nursery rhyme, and I have seen several other versions of it. One was West African (probably introduced from England by missionaries) called "Mrs. Johnson swallowed a fly."

STUDY WAR NO MORE

This spiritual was first transcribed in the years following the Civil War. Like all good poetry, however, its lines seem to take on new meaning as life itself dictates a new frame of reference. The third verse, therefore, was added by myself.

The three short selections of poetry, introducing the last three songs, are all from "Leaves Of Grass", by Walt Whitman. One word was changed ('ant', originally 'pismire') and two lines were transposed in order, by mistake.

PASSING THROUGH

In 1948 a young Chicago University graduate student, Dick Blakeslee, borrowed the melody of a gospel song, and wrote "Passing Through." It was used widely during the campaign of 1948 by the followers of Henry Wallace, but now bids fair to outlast all present generations, adding new verses as it goes along, like any folksong.

SIDE I, GOOFIN' OFF THEME (Instrumental)

KUM BA YA

Kum-ba-ya, my lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Someone's sleeping"

Someone's sleeping, Lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Someone's praying"

Someone's praying, Lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Kum-ba-ya!"

Kum-ba-ya, Lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Someone's singing!"

Someone's singing, Lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Kum-ba-ya!"

Kum-ba-ya, my Lord, kum-ba-ya. (3)
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY

Oh, what a beautiful city, oh what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city, Twelve gates to the city,
hal-le-lu-yah.

Three gates in the East, three gates in the West,
Three gates in the North, three gates in the South,
Twelve gates to the city,
hal-le-lu-yah.

Who are those children, they're dressed in red,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.
It must be the children that Moses led,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.

When I get to heaven gonna sing and shout,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.
Ain't nobody there gonna put me out,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.

Oh, what a beautiful city, etc.

("Oh, that last verse could have been sung to Governor Faubus, couldn't it?")

When I get to heaven, gonna sing and shout,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.
Ain't nobody there gonna put me out,
There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-lu-yah.

Oh, what a beautiful city, etc.

COAL CREEK MARCH (Instrumental)

PAY DAY AT COAL CREEK

Pay day, pay day, oh, pay day,
Pay day at coal creek no more,
Pay day at coal creek no more.

Miss me, miss me, oh, miss me,
Miss me, baby, when I'm gone,
Miss me, baby, when I'm gone.

Pay day, pay day, oh, pay day,
Pay day at coal creek no more,
Pay day at coal creek no more.

"It happened way back in the 1890's. The miners had been trying to organize . . . and the coal operators pulled off a real slick deal; they paid the state government, and got state prisoners, convicts, to work in the mines. Well, the miners protested, said it wasn't fair for convict labor to be competing with free labor, they couldn't organize under those conditions. The governor didn't pay any attention to their petitions, so one dark night several hundred miners walked down to the prison stockade and at gunpoint they demanded the warden free all the prisoners. They burnt down the stockade, helped the prisoners escape across the state borders. The only reason I tell you such a long story is to show you how a folk song can grow out of something actually happening. And there was a song down there that told more of the story."

BUDDY WON'T YOU ROLL DOWN THE LINE

Way back yonder in Tennessee,
They leased the convicts out,
Put them working in the mines,
Against free labor stout.
Free labor rebelled against it,
To win it took some time,
But when the lease was in effect,
They made 'em rise and shine.

Buddy, won't you roll down the line,
Buddy, won't you roll down the line.
Yonder come my darling, coming down the line.
Buddy, won't you roll down the line,
Buddy, won't you roll down the line.
Yonder come my darling, coming down the line.

Early Monday morning,
They get you up on time,
Send you down to Lone Rock,
Just to look into that mine,
Send you down to Lone Rock,
Just to look into that hole,
Very next thing the Captain says,
You better get your pole.

Buddy, won't you roll down the line, etc.

Well, the beans they are half done,
The bread is not so well,
The meat it is all burnt up,
And the coffee's black as heck;
But when you get your tasks done,
And on the floor you fall,
Anything you get to eat,
Would taste good done or raw.

Buddy, won't you roll down the line, etc.

ARKANSAS TRAVELER

There was a famous vaudeville skit. It opened up . . . There's an old settler, sitting on his little cabin porch, and the rain is leaking through the roof, and he's fiddling away to beat the band. Down the road, clip-clop, comes a city slicker on his horse. And he rein's up at the door, and he says: 'I say, my good man, can you tell me where this road goes to?'

"It ain't moved since I've been here!"

(BANJO)

"What I mean, farmer, I want to know how to get to Little Rock."

"I don't know about no little rock, but there's a whopper down in the spring road."

(BANJO)

"Farmer, how did your taters turn out this year?"

"They didn't turn out a-tall, me and Sal had to dig 'em out."

(BANJO)

"I mean, your corn looks mighty yellow and bad, farmer."

"Yep, I planted the yellow kind."

(BANJO)

"Farmer, why don't you mend your roof? It's leaking pretty badly."

"You durn fool, it's raining too hard."

(BANJO)

"Why don't you mend it sometime it's not raining?"

"You're a bigger fool than I thought, it wouldn't be leaking then."

"Farmer, there's not much distance between you and a fool, is there?"

"Nope, just my yard and a fence between us."

(BANJO)

"Farmer, you don't know much, do you?"

"Nope. But I ain't lost."

(BANJO)

("Dramatically speaking, the skit should have ended there, but it kept on going for about ten hours. It usually ended up with the city man saying "for heaven's sakes, why don't you play the second half of that tune?" and the farmer says, "I wish I knew it, but I can't remember how it goes." And the city man says, "Well, hand me the fiddle, I'll play it for you." All of a sudden, the farmer becomes all hospitality, he says, "Can you play the fiddle" Come right in stranger, set down. Sal, set the table!" He hands the fiddle over, and the party begins.")

(BANJO)

FOX CHASE (Instrumental)

RIGHT ON THAT SHORE

Oh, we're gonna shout (right on that shore) . . .
Right on that shore (right on that shore) . . .
Oh, we're gonna shout (right on that shore) . . .
Right on that shore (right on that shore) . . .
We're going to shout for my Jesus,
talking 'bout my Jesus evermore.

We're going to sing (right on that shore) . . .
Right on that shore (right on that shore) . . .
We're going to sing (right on that shore) . . .

Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to sing for my Jesus,
talking 'bout my Jesus evermore.

We're going to mourn (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to mourn (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to mourn for my Jesus,
talking 'bout my Jesus evermore.

We're going to shout (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to shout (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to shout for my Jesus,
talking 'bout my Jesus evermore.

We're going to preach (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to preach (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to preach, for my Jesus,
talking 'bout my Jesus evermore.

We're going to meet (right on that shore) ..
Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
We're going to meet (right on that shore) ..

Right on that shore (right on that shore) ..
Oh, we're going to meet ... for my Jesus ... evermore.

("Sonny, let's get them all singing on "Pick a Bale of Cotton." You sing on every other line ... Sonny sings the first line, and we all sing the second. He sings the third line, and we sing the fourth.")

PICK A BALE OF COTTON

Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton,
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.

Going to jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale of cotton.
Going to jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale a day.
Going to jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale of cotton.
Going to jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale a day.

Gonna get on my knees ...
pick a bale of cotton,
Gonna get on my knees ...
pick a bale a day.
Gonna get on my knees ...
pick a bale of cotton,
Gonna get on my knees ...
pick a bale a day.

Gonna jump, jump, jump down ...
pick a bale of cotton,
Gonna jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale a day.
Gonna jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale of cotton,
Gonna jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale a day.

Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton,
Oh-ho, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.
Oh-ho, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton,
Oh-ho, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.

Me and my gal gonna ... pick a bale of cotton,
Me and my gal gonna ... pick a bale a day.
Me and my gal gonna ... pick a bale of cotton,
Me and my gal gonna ... pick a bale a day.

Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton,
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale of cotton,
Oh, Lordy ... pick a bale a day.

Me and my buddy gonna ... pick a bale of cotton,
Me and my buddy gonna ... pick a bale a day.
Me and my buddy gonna ... pick a bale of cotton,
Me and my buddy gonna ... pick a bale a day.

Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a ...
pick a bale of cotton,
Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a ...
pick a bale a day.

Gonna pick-a, pick-a, pick-a, pick-a ...
pick a bale of cotton,
We're gonna jump down, turn around ...
pick a bale a day.

SIDE II,

ROHZINKES MIT MANDLEN (Chalil solo)

TARRYTOWN

In Tarrytown there did dwell
A lovely youth, I knew him well,
He courted me ... my life away,
But now with me he will no longer stay.

Wide and deep, my grave will be,
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.
Wide and deep, my grave will be,
With the wild goose growing over me.

Oh, when I wore, my apron low,
He'd follow me, through ice and snow,
Now that I wear, my apron high,
He goes right down my street and passes by.

There is an inn, in Tarrytown,
Where my love goes, and he sits him down,
He takes another, on his knee,
For she has gold and riches more than me.

Wide and deep (wide and deep),
my grave will be (my grave will be)
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.
("O, sing it pretty, now")

Wide and deep (wide and deep),
my grave will be (my grave will be)
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.

In Tarrytown (in Tarrytown)
there did dwell (there did dwell)
A lovely youth (a lovely youth),
I knew him well (I knew him well)
He courted me (he courted me),
my life away (my life away)
But now with me he will no longer stay.

Wide and deep, etc.

Oh, when I wore (oh, when I wore)
my apron low (my apron low)
He'd follow me (he'd follow me),
through ice and snow (through ice and snow)
Now that I wear (now that I wear)
my apron high (my apron high)
He goes right down my street and passes by.

Wide and deep, etc.

"You know, that's a real old ballad. Maybe some of you heard it with a different melody. Used to ... go in Jersey, where I did dwell - - - - he courted me, my life away. Woody Guthrie used that melody for about five of his best tunes."

CLEAN-O

Mama, oh mama, come wash my face,
Come wash my face, come wash my face.
Oh, mama, oh mama, come wash my face.
And make it nice and clean-o.

Brother, oh brother, come scrub my back,
Come scrub my back, come scrub my back.

Oh, brother, oh, brother, come scrub my back,
And make it nice and clean-o.

Oh, clean-O, clean, Oh, clean-o clean,
Oh, clean-O clean, Oh, clean-o clean,
Scrub-itty, scrub-itty, and Rub-dub-dubbitty,
Oh make 'em nice and clean-O.

Oh, sweetie, oh sweetie, come smell me now,
Come smell me now, come smell me now.
Oh, sweetie, oh sweetie, come smell me now,
Don't I smell nice and clean-O?

"Woody wrote that song, and a lot of others, for his little girl Kathy, and she'll live forever in the songs that he wrote for her. Like I say, he liked the tune so much he made up many other songs to it. A famous song about the Ladies Auxilliary. Way back in the year 1941 the CIO Ladies Auxilliary came to Woody, and me, and the rest of the Almanac Singers, and said they wanted us to write them a theme song. Woody says, "what's wrong with the Union Maid? We wrote that for you." And they said, "Well, it wasn't dignified enough. And, besides, they said, "it doesn't have the words 'Ladies auxilliary' in the chorus." So Woody wrote them a song."

LADIES AUXILIARY

Oh, the ladies auxilliary, is a good auxilliary,
It's the best auxilliary, that you ever did see;
If you need an auxilliary, see the ladies auxilliary,
It's the ladies, auxilliary.

THE BELLS OF RHYMNEY

Oh, what will you give me,
say the sad bells of Rhymney,
Is there hope for the future?
say the brown bells of Merthyr.
Who made the mine owners?
say the black bells of Rhondda.
And who robbed the miners?
say the grim bells of Blaينا.

They will plunder willy, nilly,
say the bells of Caerphilly,
They have fangs, they have teeth,
shout the loud bells of Neath.
Even God is uneasy,
say the moist bells of Swansea.
And what will you give me,
say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Throw the vandals in court,
say the bells of Newport.
All would be well, if, if, if, if, if, if,
say the green bells of Cardiff.
Why so worried, sisters why,
sang the silver bells of Wye,
Oh, what will you give me,
say the sad bells of Rhymney.

(SPOKEN)

"Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the
same spirit in which they are won.

Vivas to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the
greatest heroes known!"

THE REUBEN JAMES

Have you heard of the ship
called the good Reuben James?
Manned by hard fighting men,
both of honor and fame.
She flew the stars and stripes
of the land of the free,
But tonight she's in her grave
at the bottom of the sea.

Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?

It was there in the dark
of that uncertain night,
That we watched for the U-boats,
and waited for the fight.
Then the fire, and the rock,
and the great explosion roared,
They laid the Reuben James
on the cold ocean floor.

Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?

Now tonight there are lights
in our country so bright,
In the farms and in the cities,
they're telling of the fight,
And now our mighty battleships
will steam the bounding main,
And remember the name
of that good Reuben James.

Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James.

"I think I could turn, and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd.
They do not sweat and whine about their condition,
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things,
Not one kneels to another, nor to his own kind that
lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable, or unhappy the whole world
over."

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO
SWALLOWED A FLY

I know an old lady, that swallowed a fly;
I don't know why, she swallowed a fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a bird.
How absurd, to swallow a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a cat,
Imagine that, she swallowed a cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady that swallowed a dog,
Wasn't she a hog, to swallow a dog?
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady that swallowed a goat,
Just opened her throat, and swallowed a goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cow,
I don't know how, she swallowed a cow,
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a rhinoceros,
How preposterous, to swallow a rhinoceros.
She swallowed the rhinoceros to catch the cow,
She swallowed the cow to catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a minister,
How sinister! It finished her.

"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-
work of the stars,
And the ant is equally perfect.
And the egg of the wren, and a grain of sand.
And the smallest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
machinery.
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of
heaven,
And a cow crunching with depressed head surpasses
any statue
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions
of infidels."

STUDY WAR NO MORE

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
down by the riverside,
And study way no more. ("Sing it out now!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
down by the riverside,
And study war no more. ("Everybody sing out!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

Yes, I'm a'gonna shake hands around the world,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside.

I'm gonna shake hands around the world,
down by the riverside,
And study war no more. ("One more time!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

"Friends, you know at the end of a play you hear shouts
of 'author, author!' Well, I think tonight we ought to
thank all the ballad makers long dead and nameless,
all the jokey boys whose smiles are dust, and the
singers in lumber camps, and cattle trails, and chain
gangs, and kitchens; to fiddlers in buckskin, to banjo-
pickers, and guitar whammers, and lonesome harmon-
ica blowers . . . And to all the honey-handed, hospi-
table, generous, honest and inspired folk artists who
wrote all these songs, we'll dedicate this program".

SIDE II, Band 8: PASSING THROUGH

I saw Jesus on the Cross, on that hill called Calvary,
Do you hate mankind for what they done to you?
He said talk of love, not hate,
Things to do it's getting late,
I've so little time and I'm just passing through.

Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Yes, I saw Adam leave the garden, with an apple in
his hand,
I said "now you're out, what are you going to do?"
"Plant my crops, pray for rain,
Maybe raise a little cain,
I'm an orphan now, and I'm only passing through."

Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Well, I shivered with George Washington, one night
at Valley Forge,
Why do the soldiers freeze here like they do?
He said men will suffer, fight,
Even die for what is right,
Even though they know they're only passing through.

Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side, just a while before
he died,
He said one world must come out of World War II,
Yankee, Russian, white or tan,
Lord a man is just a man,
We're all brothers and we're only passing through.

Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Goofin' Off Theme
(Seeger)
Kum Ba Ya
(courtesy of Coop. Recreation Serv.)
In Tarrytown
(Allison) (Howard Richmond)
Clean-O, Ladies Auxiliary, Reuben James
(Woody Guthrie)
The Bells of Rhymney
(Davies-Seeger) (Mrs. E. A. Davies)
The Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly
(Alan Mills) (Fox)
Passing Through
(Blakeslee) (Northwestern Univ.)
Fox Chase
(Terry)

Pay Day At Coal Creek
from the singing of Pete Steele

Recorded and mastered by Peter Bartok
Production Director, Moses Asch

Concert was presented by Harold Leventhal
at Carnegie Hall in New York City on Dec. 27, 1957
Photos by Lawrence