AND OTHER FOLK TUNES
For Harmonica, Flute, Recorder, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, 12-String Guitar, and Voices.
By Peter Seeger and Frank Hamilton
Meadowland
Nonesuch
Ragtime Annie
I Know My Love
Rye-Straw
Lady Gay
Blues
Singing in the Country
Lord Randall
Chaconne
Pygmy Tune
Pretty Little Widder
My Home's Across the Smoky Mountains
Battle of New Orleans
Nonesuch
and other tunes

Pete Seeger
Frank Hamilton
It appears that in every art form known—writing, art, music—one can see two apparently opposing trends. One is a respect for tradition, and the achievements of the past, and the other is an attempt to change these traditions in one direction or another, in accordance with the needs of artist and audience, and their times.

It would also appear that following either of these two trends too faithfully can be disastrous: either an artist can become sterile and imitative, or can become so meaninglessly experimental that the audience is quite left behind.

Fortunately the field of folk music is admirably suited to preserving a balance between the two. It would seem at first glance that maintaining a fine tradition is most important. But since folk music is a process that depends for its life upon the oral tradition, music is continually changed by folk performers, whether they intend it or not. Thus basic tradition is continually remolded to fit a new situation.

Now, however a new problem looms, to threaten disaster. Today's citizens who love folk music are being thrown in contact with not one or two or three, but dozens and hundreds of traditions. Which to follow? "A hunter cannot chase two rabbits at once," says a Japanese proverb. "A writer cannot write really well except in one language," said G.B. Shaw.

Nevertheless, for good or bad, young people today who like folk music are combining various traditions together at a faster rate than the world has ever seen before.

Of course, some hybrids (like the English language) are supremely successful. Others (like the attempt to play Tchaikovsky with a swing band) seem less so. Some hybrids flourish so like weeds, that one fears for the very existence of other forms, just as the English sparrow has driven other birds from our parks. In many countries American popular music is looked upon in this way.

Perhaps the forgoing paragraphs are needlessly theoretical. Perhaps it would be better to say that this LP was put together by two friends who liked to play various instruments such as banjo, guitar, harmonica, whistles, and so on. They sat down and played through some pieces which they rarely sang, but enjoyed for their melodies and point of view, slipshod. It is influenced by the folk traditions of the American south, popular music of the air waves, and recordings heard of ethnic music from Africa, Russia, Asia, the Caribbean, and also of the symphony and concert hall. History may dismiss the attempt as lacking homogeneity. But the performers can claim one important thing: no piece in this LP was selected or arranged or composed because it was thought to be fashionable, or a 'hit', or would lead to commercial success. The selections together tell, we hope, of our love for many peoples, our neighbors in a small world. May our various languages be better understood!

- Pete Seeger
PETE SEEGER has made a remarkable and significant contribution to American culture. He is, undoubtedly, the key figure in giving a vital meaning to folk music and, thereby, has been responsible for a renaissance of this medium. For years I have listened to Pete, marveling at his direct and highly musical presentation. He has an uncanny ability to communicate sound musical values to large groups of people, not only vocally and in his song-leading techniques, but in his exploration of indigenous instruments other than the one he is noted for. This latter is the ground on which Pete and I met. We shared the love of folk music all over the world and its presentation on many different varieties of instruments. We felt that perhaps more emphasis could be placed on the musical side of folk expression -- which motivated the idea for this record. Here we are attempting to explore different nationalities musically, without being too self-conscious about occasional musical mistakes. We were intrinsically concerned with the emotional content of the music and how it reflects the culture from whence it came. We attempted to preserve the spontaneity of the songs by purposely avoiding the over-rehearsed and "dead" quality of the "professional" approach. Since we had little time to work together, we tried to give it the feeling of a jam session. We attempted to explore the uses of instruments that were not necessarily related to the culture background of the songs. Another key idea was to introduce to people who play guitar, 5-string banjo, 12-string guitar, etc., the potential of these instruments in expressing various moods. I hope we've succeeded.

Frank Hamilton

My Home's Across the Smoky Mountains

( Words and music adapted and arranged by Pete Seeger and Frank Hamilton)

My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
And I'll never get to see you any more, more, more,
I'll never get to see you any more.

Goodbye honey, sugar darlin',
Goodbye honey, sugar darlin',
Goodbye honey, sugar darlin',
And I'll never get to see you any more, more, more,
I'll never get to see you any more.

Rock my baby, feed her candy,
Rock my baby, feed her candy,
Rock my baby, feed her candy,
And I'll never get to see you any more, more, more,
I'll never get to see you any more.

My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
My home's across the Smoky Mountains,
And I'll never get to see you any more, more, more,
I'll never get to see you any more.

The Battle of New Orleans

Words and music by Jimmy Driftwood

In 1814 we took a little trip,
Along with Colonel Jackson down the mighty Mississip',
We took a little bacon and we took a little beans,
We met the bloody British near the town of New Orleans.

Well, the French said, "Andrew, you'd better run,
For Packenham's a-comin' with a bullet in his gun."
Ol' Hickory said that he didn't give a damn,
We was gonna whip the britches off of Colonel Packenham.

CHORUS:
Well, we fired our guns and the British kept a-comin',
But they wasn't nigh as pretty as they was a while ago,
We fired once more and they was just a-running,
On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

Well, we looked down the river and we seed the British come,
There must been a hundred of 'em beating on the drum;
They stepped so high that they made the bugles ring,
While we stood beside the cotton there and didn't say a thing.

Well, old Hickory said we'd take'em for surprise,
If we didn't fire a musket till we looked 'em in the eyes.
We held our fire till we seed their faces well,
Then we opened up and fired and we really gave 'em hell.
Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em, On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

We fired our cannon till the barrel melted down, So we grabbed the alligator and fought him all around;

We found his head with minny-balls and powdered his behind, And when we touched the powder off, the 'gator lost his mind.

Well, they lost their pants and their pretty shiny coats, And their tails were all a-showing like a bunch of billy goats.

They ran down the river with their tongues hanging out, They said they got a licking, which there wasn't any doubt.

(Chorus)

Well, we marched back to town in our dirty ragged pants, We danced all night with them pretty girls from France.

We couldn't understand 'em but they had the sweetest charms, And we understood 'em better when we got 'em in our arms.

Well, the guide who brung the British from the sea, Came a-limping into camp just as sick as he could be;

He said the dying words of the Colonel Packenham Was, "You better quit your fooling when you're crossin' Uncle Sam."

Well, we'll march back home, but we'll never be content,

Till we make Old Hickory the people's president. Every time we think about the bacon and the beans, We'll think about the fun we had way down in New Orleans.

(Chorus)

Well, they ran through the briars and they ran through the brambles, And they ran through the bushes where a rabbit couldn't go.

They ran so fast that the hounds couldn't catch 'em, On down the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico.

(Chorus)

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