

LIZ GETZ:

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2442

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING



FOLKWAYS FA 2442

ONE KIND OF FAVOR
GREY CAT SONG ON THE
TENNESSEE FARM
A SONG BY JERRY MERRICK
HEALING RIVER
COME BACK BABY
OH, HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING
WILLIE MY BRAVE
AL OLIVO, AL OLIVO
I STILL MISS SOMEONE
BELLS OF RHYMNEY
LITTLE SADIE
RIVER OF MY PEOPLE
MEASURING THE STRINGS

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LIZ GETZ:

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

Liz Getz is singer-guitarist GLENTSNDIK. She at first impresses as a singer of scarce style. Her high notes actually shock the listener who has become accustomed to the full-blown body of her voice. Liz is an accomplished musician and yet, unlike so many, she does not get lost in any single groove. She has only one criterion for choosing the songs she sings, "I sing what I like". This indicates the reason for the variety of lyrics and musical arrangement represented herein. She has mastered several instruments, although the guitar outdistances all others by preference. Liz plays the guitar (both 6- and 12-string) as if she's measuring the thickness of each string, possessing that professional quality that is so pleasant to the listener - you don't really know she's playing.

The best indication of the kind of artist Liz Getz is can be gleaned from her complete involvement in an audience. She relishes the crowd, although not its applause - it's mere presence. She can produce in an audience the apparent embarrassment initially - then the overwhelming satisfaction of having witnessed a happening. She emulates no one, being completely uncommitted by will to doing a number "this way". Perhaps this is the cause for the reaction of her audiences... instant stream of consciousness singing. Certainly if you heard these songs played in the flesh they would be different, particularly the blues. Liz will be the first to say that nothing comes out the same way twice. We're the first to admit that this is why it always sounds right. Liz possesses a total involvement in the rhythm, a complete commitment to her profession and a sound feeling for the whys and wherefores of her music.

The true professional despises comparison to another. Liz has nothing to worry about. It is fairly impossible to match her with another. She out-vibratos Baez.... out bases Judy Collins.... out-commands Garland. At age 22 Liz Getz seems to harbor a profound understanding of every song - every phrase. This, coupled with dedication and love of music, constitute the sound of Getz.

Bill Duffy
WTRY
Troy, New York

SIDE 1
Band 1

ONE KIND FAVOR

Sing first line of each verse three (3) times.

There's one kind favor I'll ask of you,
See that my grave is kept clean.

There's two white horses in a line,
Carryin' me to my buryin' ground.

There's two black coaches in the lane,
Empty now from their heavy load.

Have you ever heard a coffin sound,
Bein' lowered in the ground.

Repeat First Verse

Band 2

GREY CAT ON THE TENNESSEE FARM by D. Macon

Just look to the man who can if he will.
The fox run the valley of the Tennessee hills.

Well, the big cat spit in the little kitten's eye
Little cat, little cat, don't you cry
Just look to the man who can if he will.
The fox run the valley of the Tennessee hills.

We all love liquor and we'll all take a dram
I'm a-gonna tell you, pretty Polly Ann
Just look to the man who can if he will.
The fox run the valley of the Tennessee hills.

Cows in the pasture, hogs in the pen.
Sheep in the meadow and wheat in the bin
Fruit in the cellar, cheese in the wall,
Big sack of coffee and sugar in the gourd.
Just look to the man who can if he will.
The fox run the valley of the Tennessee hills.

Horses in the stable, money in his pocket.
Baby in the cradle and pretty girl to rock it.
Just look to the man who can if he will
The fox run the valley of the Tennessee hills.

Band 3

A song by Jerry Merrick

Please hold me tight
Forget about the hour,
This time so rare.
And look with light upon the tender flower
that we share
Together we shall smell
its perfume fragrance in the air,
If we can.
Please hold close our time together,
For we may never meet again.

Two separate lights
We were alone and surging,
Through the night.
Our lights they came together gently merging
in our eyes
So let our single stronger beam
give warmth and softly rise,
If we can.
Please hold close our time together,
For we may never meet again.

Our gently twining eye beams
Light the night,
This darkest hour.
But treasure finding rainbows without light
can lose their power
So let our sunbeams drench and fill
the petals of our flower,
If we can.
Please hold close our time together,
For we may never meet again.

The feelings deep inside
That swell and rise,
Into this song,
Are but gropping senseless fingers of the cries
upon my tongue
But my cries are only human -
by being human am I wrong.
If we can.
Please hold close our time together,
For we may never meet again.

Band 4

HEALING RIVER by Hellerman - Minkoff

Oh healing river, send down your water.
Send down your water upon this land,
Oh healing river, send down your water
And wash the blood from off the sand.

This land is parching, this land is thirsty,
No seed is growing on the barren ground.
Oh healing river send down your water
Oh healing river, send your water down.

Oh seed of freedom, awake and flourish
Let the deep roots nourish, let the tall stalk rise
Oh seed of freedom, awake and flourish
Proud leaves uncurling unto the skies.

Oh healing river, send down your water,
Send down your water upon this land.
Oh healing river, send down your water,
Oh healing river, send your water down.

Band 5

COME BACK BABY

Come back baby, Daddy please don't go
The way I love you
You'll never know
Hey come back baby
Let's talk it over, one more time.

I love you baby, tell the world I do
Don't want nobody else but you
Oh come back baby
Let's talk it over, one more time.

Mean ol' station
Mean ol' engineer
Took my baby, left me standin' here
Hey come back baby
Let's talk it over, one more time.

If I could holler
Like a mountain jack
I'd climb this mountain, call my baby back
Hey come back baby
Let's talk it over, one more time.

Repeat First Verse

Band 6

OH, HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD by Pete Seeger

Oh had I a golden thread,
And needle so fine,
I'd weave a magic strand
Of rainbow design,
Of rainbow design.

In it I would weave the bravery
Of women giving birth.
In it I would weave the innocence
of children over all the earth,
Children of all the earth.

Far over the waters
I'd reach my magic band
Through foreign cities,
To every single land,
To every land.

Show my brothers and my sisters
My rainbow design
Bind up this sorry world
With hand and heart and mind,
Hand and heart and mind.

Far over the waters
I'd reach my magic band
To every human being
So they would understand,
So they'd understand.

Repeat First Verse

Band 7

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING unknown

My life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentation.
I hear a real, though far off hymn,
That hails the new creation.
No storm can shake my inmost calm
While to that rock I'm clinging.
It sounds an echo in my soul,
How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest round me roars,
I know the truth it liveth,
What though the darkness round me close,
Songs in the night it giveth.
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock I'm clinging.
It sounds an echo in my soul
How can I keep from singing.

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
And hear their death knell ringing.
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?
In prison cell and dungeon vile,
Our thoughts to them are winging.
When friends by shame are undefiled,
How can I keep from singing?

SIDE 2

Band 1

WILLIE MY BRAVE by Stephen Foster

On the lonely seabeat shore
A maiden fair was weeping,
Calling one who far away
Beneath the wave was sleeping,
Thus her sad unchanging strain
Floated ever on the main--
Come o'er the billow,
Ride on the wave,
Come while the wind bloweth
Willie my brave.

He said his bark would soon return,
And with a kiss they parted;
But when a year had passed away
She then grew weary hearted.
Oh! 'twas sad, from day to day,
To hear the maiden's plaintive lay--
Come o'er the billow,
Ride on the wave,
Come while the wind bloweth
Willie my brave.

None who knew the maiden's grief,
And saw her heart's devotion
Would tell her of the fragile bark
That sank beneath the ocean;
But when all hope had passed away,
Her life breathed forth its parting lay--
Come o'er the billow,
Ride on the wave,
Come while the wind bloweth,
Willie my brave!

Band 2

AL OLIVO, AL OLIVO

Al olivo, al olivo
al olivo subí;
Por cortar una rama
del olivo caí.

Del olivo caí,
¿quién me levantará?
Una gachi morena
que la mano me da.

Que la mano me da,
que la mano me dió,
esa gachi morena
es la que quiero yo.

Es la que quiero yo,
es la que he de querer;
esa gachi morena
ha de ser mi mujer
esa gachi morena
ha de ser mi mujer.

Band 3

I STILL MISS SOMEONE by Roy Cash, Jr.
& Johnny Cash

At my door the leaves are falling
A cold, wild wind will come.
Sweethearts walk by together
And I still miss someone.

Chorus:

No I never got over those blue eyes
I see them everywhere.
I miss those arms that held me
When all the love was there.

I wonder if he's sorry
For leaving what we begun.
There's someone for me somewhere
But I still miss someone.

Chorus

Repeat First Verse

Band 4

BELLS OF RHYMNEY by Idris Davies & Pete Seeger

Oh what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney
Is there hope for the future?
Cry the Brown bells of Merthyr
Who made the mine owner?
Say the black bells of Rhondda
And who robbed the miner?
Cry the grim bells of Blaina

They will plunder willy-nilly
Cry 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
Cry the green bells of Cardiff
Why so worried, sisters why?
Sang the silver bells of Wye
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Band 5

LITTLE SADIE by Clarence Ashley

Went out last night to take a little round,
Met little Sadie and I blowed her down.
I run right home and I went to bed,
A forty four smokeless under my head.

I begin to think what a deed I had done
Then I grabbed my hat and away'd I run,
I made a good run, just a little too slow,
They overtook me in Jericho.

Standing on the corner a-ringin' a bell
And up steps the sheriff from Thomasville.

Says, young man, is your name Brown?
Remember the night you blowed Sadie down?

Oh, yes sir, my name is Lee
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree
First degree and the second degree,
Got any papers, will you read 'um to me?

They took me downtown and they dressed me in
black
Put me on the train and they sent me back
Had no one for to go my bail
Crammed me back in the county jail.

Judge and the jury took their stand
Judge had his papers in his right hand.
Forty-one days, and forty-one nights
Forty-one years to wear the ball and stripes.

Went out last night to take a little round,
Met little Sadie and I blowed her down.

Band 6

RIVER OF MY PEOPLE Words by Pete Seeger

There's a river of my people
And its flow is swift and strong,
Flowing to some mighty ocean,
Though its course is deep and long,
Flowing to some mighty ocean,
Though its course is deep and long.

Many rocks and reefs and mountains
Seek to bar it from its way.
But relentlessly this river
Seeks its brothers in the sea.
But relentlessly this river
Seeks its brothers in the sea.

You will find me in the mainstream,
Steering surely through the foam
Far beyond the raging waters
I can see our certain home.
Far beyond the raging waters
I can see our certain home.

Oh, river of my people,
Together we must go
Hasten onward to the meeting
Where my brothers wait I know
Hasten onward to the meeting
Where my brothers wait I know.

Band 7

MEASURING THE STRINGS by Liz Getz

A 12-String guitar instrumental improvisation.