

LIZ GETZ SINGS

FENNARIO

SHE MOVED THRU THE FAIR

WHERE DOES IT LEAD

MY GAL

I WILL BRING YOU FLOWERS

HENRY MARTIN

TRIBUTE TO JACQUELINE

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

HANGMAN

HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

TURN, TURN, TURN

WEeping WILLOW

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME

TURTLE DOVE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2443



FOLKWAYS FA 2443

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

PROPERTY OF
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

LITZ GETTZ SINGERS

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE / PHOTOGRAPH BY STUDIO SIX-SEVENTEEN

FOLKWAYS FA 2443

LIZ GETZ SINGS

With
Guitar
Accompaniment



RESUME ON LIZ GETZ UP-TO-DATE EXPERIENCE AND EDUCATION

I have been singing professionally for three years. I have appeared mainly in the Northeast, in concert, in coffee houses, and on local radio and television. My appearances have included concerts at St. Rose College, Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Hudson Valley Tech., State College at Cobleskill, and at New York University with Theodore Bikel and Tom Paxton. I have also appeared for various high schools and associations. I sang with Dick Gregory and The Freedom Singers at the Proctors Theatre in Schenectady. I appear twice monthly on the Earle Pudney TV show. I have also been guest on the Pete Williams country and western program, WRGB TV. I have been featured at the Cosmic Coffee House and Gaslight Village in Lake George. I served as MC and Talent Consultant for a 6 week series called, "High School Hootenany" on WMHT, Channel 17, Schenectady.

I am 20 years old. I studied music and dramatics at the University of Kansas for 2 years, where I organized a folk trio which appeared in a number of clubs in Kansas City.

EARLY AMATEUR EXPERIENCE, MUSIC EDUCATION AND BACKGROUND

I began studying music when I was six years old. I studied piano for six years and clarinet for 7 years. I entered state competitions with the clarinet and won an A rating on the Mozart Concerto when a senior in high school. I studied bassoon for one year and Hawaiian guitar for two years. I began guitar lessons when 12 years old, and realized that this instrument, above all, was my favorite. I accompanied myself singing for school concerts. I auditioned for a local amateur show on WRGB TV, "Teen Age Barn". I was given a regular appearance schedule immediately, and gleaned much television experience, and stage presence from my three years of singing on this program.

BUSINESS EXPERIENCE

I am a graduate of Mildred Elley Secretarial School in Albany, New York. I was president of my class and graduated with honors. I am employed as a secretary in the General Electric Company in Schenectady.

LIZ GETZ SINGS

With Guitar Accompaniment

Side 1, Band 1

FENNARIO

As we marched down to Fennario
As we marched down to Fennario
Our captain fell in love
With a lady like a dove
They called her by name pretty Peggy-O

What will your mother think
Pretty Peggy-O
What will your mother think
Pretty Peggy-O
What will your mother think
When she hears the guineas clink
The soldiers all marchin' before you-o

In a carriage you will ride
Pretty Peggy-O
In a carriage you will ride
Pretty Peggy-O
In a carriage you will ride
With your true love by your side
As fair as any maiden in the aree-o

Come skippin' down the stair
Pretty Peggy-o
Come skippin' down the stair
Pretty Peggy-o
Come skippin' down the stair
Combin' back your yellow hair
And bid farewell to sweet William-o

Sweet William is dead
Pretty Peggy-o
Sweet William is dead
Pretty Peggy-o
Sweet William is dead and
He died for a maid
As fair as any maiden in the aree-o

If ever I return
Pretty Peggy-o
If ever I return
Pretty Peggy-o
If ever I return
All your cities I will burn
Destroying all the ladies in the aree-o.
END

Side 1, Band 2

WHEN I WAS IN MY PRIME

When I was in my prime
I flourished like a vine
And there came upon
A false young man
Came stole away my thime
Came stole away my thime

The gardner standing by
Three offers gave to me
The pink, the violet, the red, red, rose
But I refused all three
But I refused all three

Now pink's no flower at all
For it fades away too soon
And the violet is too pale a bloom
So I thought I'd wait till June
I thought I'd wait till June

For in June the red rose blooms
But that's no flower for me
For then I'll pluck the red, red rose
And gain the willow tree
And gain the willow tree

And the willow tree shall twist
And the willow tree shall twine
How I wish I were in that young man's arms
That once was the love of mine
That once was the love of mine

Now there's many a star above
And many the leaf below
And there's many the damned
That shall light upon a man
For treating a poor girl so
For treating a poor girl so

For when I was in my prime
I flourished like a vine
And there came upon a false young man
Came stole away my thime
Came stole away my thime.

END

Side 1, Band 3

HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD Lyric - Samuel Walter Foss

There are hermit souls
That live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content
There are souls like stars
That dwell apart
In a fellowless firmament

There are pioneer souls
That blaze their paths
Where highways never ran
But let me live in a house
By the side of the road
And be a friend to man

Let me live in a house
By the side of the road
Where the race of men go by
*(The men who are good
And the men who are bad
As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynics ban
But let me live in a house
By the side of the road)
And be a friend to man

*Optional - add in same tune END

Side 1, Band 4

HANGMAN

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Hold your rope awhile
I think I hear my father
Comin' many a mile
Father did you bring me any silver
Father did you bring me any gold
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole

No I didn't bring you any silver
No I didn't bring you any gold
I just came to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Hold your rope awhile
I think I hear my brother
Comin' many a mile
Brother did you bring me any silver
Brother did you bring me any gold
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole

No I didn't bring you any silver
No I didn't bring you any gold
I just came to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Hangman, hangman, hangman
Hold your rope awhile
I think I hear my sweetheart
Comin' many a mile
Sweetheart did you bring me any silver
Sweetheart did you bring me any gold
Or did you come to see me
Hangin' from the gallows pole

Yes, I brought you some silver
Yes, I brought you some gold
I didn't come to see you
Hangin' from the gallows pole.

END

Side 1, Band 5

TURTLE DOVE

Fare thee well my dear
My own turtle dove
I must leave thee for awhile
For though I go, I will come back again
If I go 10,000 miles, my dear
If I go 10,000 miles.

Ten thousand miles is far, far away
For you to return to me
Though you leave me here
For a year and a day
My tears you shall not see, my dear
My tears you shall not see

The crow that's black
My little turtle dove
Shall change it's colors white
Before I am false to the maiden that I love
The noonday shall be night, my dear
The noonday shall be night.

The hills shall fly, my little turtle dove
And the snow-capped mountains burn
Before I am false to the maiden that I love
Or I a traitor turn, my dear
Or I a traitor turn.

END

Side 1, Band 6

I WILL BRING YOU FLOWERS

I don't have much to give you
In winter's cold and snow
But listen to my offer
Once more before you go
The time of the snowdrop is coming
I can hear the bluebells ring
And I will bring you flowers
If you will stay till spring

And when the flowers wrap you
Round in loveliness
You will stand at mid-day
In my heart
Both day and night
And to your hand each evening
I will dew drops bring
Yes I will bring you flowers
If you will stay till spring
Yes, I will bring you flowers
If you will stay till spring.

END

Side 1, Band 7

WHERE DOES IT LEAD

Where does it lead
This strange young love of mine
Only heaven and the lilies know
Where does it lead
This strange young love of mine
I must go down where the lilies grow

Play on the lily reed
Lowly, low
Play to him till he heed
To my woe

Where does it lead
This strange young love of mine
Anywhere it takes me
I will go

END

Side 2, Band 1

SHE MOVED THRU THE FAIR

My young love said to me
My mother won't mind
And my father won't slight you
For your lack of kind
And she stepped away from me and this she
did say
It will not be long love till our wedding day

As she stepped away from me and she moved
thru the fair
And fondly I watched her move here and move
there
And then she turned homeward
With one star awake
Like the swan in the evening
Moves over the lake

Last night she came to me
My dead love came in
So softly she came
That her feet made no din
And she laid her hand on me
And this she did say
It will not be long love till our wedding day.
END

Side 2, Band 2

TRIBUTE TO JACQUELINE LYRIC - Elizabeth R. Getz

Poor Jacqueline, Poor Jacqueline
Your man is dead
Your man is dead
Poor Jacqueline, Poor Jacqueline
But who is to be pitied
But who is to be pitied
We did the deed and you must pity us
We did the deed and you must pity us
A nation of guilty people
A nation of guilty people
A line of this song must be changed
A line of this song must be changed

To poor people, poor people
 We've lost our man of peace
 Our man of peace is dead
 And we weep for you as something dies inside
 And we weep for you as something dies inside
 Will you weep for us--
 For the absolution of a nation
 With a burning soul
 With a burning soul

END

Side 2, Band 3

HENRY MARTIN

There were three brothers in merry Scotland
 In merry Scotland there were three
 And they did cast lots which of them
 should go, should go, should go.
 And turn robber all on the salt sea.

The lot it fell on Henry Martin
 The youngest of all three
 That he should turn robber all on
 the salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea
 For to maintain his two brothers and he

They had not been sailing but a long winter's
 night
 And part of a short winter's day
 Before he espied a stout lofty ship
 lofty ship, lofty ship
 Come a-bibing down on him straight way

Hello, hello cried Henry Martin
 What makes you sail so high
 I'm a rich merchant ship bound for fair
 London town, London town, London town
 Will you please for to let me pass by

Oh no, Oh no cried Henry Martin
 That thing it can never be
 For I have turned robber all on the
 salt sea, the salt sea, the salt sea
 For to maintain my two brothers and me.

With broadside and broadside and at it they
 went
 For fully two hours or three
 Till Henry Martin gave to her the death shot
 the death shot, the death shot
 And straight to the bottom went she

END

Side 2, Band 4

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bring on my old Kentucky home
 Tis summer the old folks are gay
 The corn tops ripe and the meadow's in bloom
 And the birds make music all day

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
 All merry all happy and bright
 By and by hard times come a knockin' at the
 door
 Then my old Kentucky home good night

Weep no more my lady
 Oh weep no more today
 We will sing one song
 For the old Kentucky home
 For the old Kentucky home
 Good night

END

Side 2, Band 5

MY GIRL

I My girl, my girl
 Don't lie to me
 Tell me where did you sleep last night
 In the pines
 In the pines
 Where the sun never shines
 And I shivered the whole night through

II My girl, my girl,
 Where did you get that dress
 Where did you get those shoes so fine
 Well I got that dress
 From a railroad man
 And my shoes from a man in the mine

Repeat I to END

Side 2, Band 6

WEeping WILLOW LYRIC - Elizabeth R. Getz

Willow, weeping willow
 Bend your limbs to the ground
 Willow, weeping willow
 Please don't make a sound

Verse I

The little one is sleeping
 Beneath your branches so low
 If he wakes he'll start weeping
 So rustle quiet to and fro

Verse II

We just came by here to rest awhile
 There is a long, long way to go
 If they find us we'll die awhile
 But we'll come back to you

END

Side 2, Band 7

TURN, TURN, TURN

Chorus:

To everything, turn, turn, turn
 There is a season, turn, turn, turn
 And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to be born
 A time to die
 A time to plant
 A time to reap

A time to kill
 A time to heal
 A time to laugh
 A time to weep

Repeat Chorus:

A time to build up
 A time to break down
 A time to dance
 A time to mourn
 A time to cast away stones
 A time to gather stones together

Repeat Chorus:

A time to gain
 A time to lose
 A time to rend
 A time to sew
 A time of love
 A time of hate
 A time of peace
 I swear it's not too late

Repeat chorus to END