

Pete Seeger at the Village Gate, Vol. 2

Recorded live at the famed Greenwich Village folk music night club

With Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon Folkways Records FA 2451



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Seeger, Pete
Pete Seeger at the Village Gate; Vol. 2

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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Volume 2

with MEMPHIS SLIM and WILLIE DIXON

SIDE I, Band 1: KEEP YOUR HAND ON THE PLOW

Noah, Noah, let me come in
Doors all locked and the window pinned
Keep your hand on that plow, hold on

CHORUS:

Hold on, hold on
Keep your hand on that plow, hold on.

Mary wore three links of chain
Every link was Jesus' name
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

(CHORUS)

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
No more water but fire next time
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on

(CHORUS)

United Nations make a chain
Every link is freedom's name
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

(CHORUS)

Freedom's name is mighty sweet
Black and white are gonna meet
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

(Sing it out now!)

(CHORUS)

Many good men have fought and died
So we could be here side by side
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

(CHORUS)

Freedom's name is mighty sweet,
Black and white are gonna meet
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on.

(CHORUS)

Keep your hand on the gospel plow
I wouldn't take nothin' for my journey now
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on

(One more time!)

(CHORUS)

(One more time!)

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: JUG OF PUNCH

(From the singing of the McPeake family in Scotland)

As I was sitting with a jug and spoon
One sunny morning in the month of June
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the jug of punch

CHORUS:

Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the jug of punch.

(Ya have to come in on the too ra loo part.)



Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo,
Too ra loo ra loo, too ra loo ra loo
A birdie sang in an ivy bunch
And the song he sang was the jug of punch

(That's it, you got it!)
What more diversion can a man desire
Than to court a girl by a cheerful fire
A Kerry pippin to crack and crunch
And on the table a jug of punch

(CHORUS)

((Note: Each chorus ends with the last two lines of the preceding verse))

The learned doctors with all their art
Cannot cure a depression on the heart
But even a cripple forgets his hunch
When he's snug outside of a jug of punch

(CHORUS)

Ye mortal lords, drink your nectar wine
And ye quality folks, drink your claret fine
I'd give them all the grapes in the bunch
For a jolly pull at my jug of punch

(CHORUS)

So if I drink, well my money's my own
And them that don't like me can leave me alone
I'll tune my fiddle and rosin my bow
And make myself welcome wherever I go

(CHORUS)

And when I'm dead and I'm in my grave
No costly tombstone do I ever crave
Just lay me down in my native peat
With a jug of punch at my head and feet

(CHORUS)

(Oh, now you know it; gotta sing it!)

Too ra loo ra loo, etc.

SIDE I, Band 3: IN THE EVENING WHEN THE SUN GOES DOWN

Well in the evenin', in the evenin'
Baby when the sun go down
In the evenin', baby when the sun go down
Ain't it lonesome, ain't it lonesome, ain't it
lonesome
When you're not around, when the sun goes down.

When all the fun, the fun is all over
And the liquor's all gone dry
Oh baby, you get to thinkin'
A man is born to die
In the evenin', in the evenin', in the evenin'
When the sun go down, when the sun go down

....In the evenin', in the evenin', in the evenin'
When the sun go down

(Memphis, you take it away.)

The sun rise in the east, and it goes down in the west
The sun rise in the east, and it goes down in the west
Well it hard to tell, it hard to tell
Which one will treat you the best, when the sun goes
down.

Now last night, I lay a sleeping
I was thinkin' all to myself

Last night I lay a sleepin', I was thinkin' all to myself
Well the one I love mistreated me, she mistreated me for
someone else
When the sun was down

Now goodbye old sweethearts and pals, yes I'm goin away
But I may be back to see you, some old rainy day
In the evenin', in the evenin', honey when the sun
goes down
When the sun goes down

SIDE I, Band 4: JOHN HARDY

John Hardy was a desperate little man
He carried two guns every day
He shot down a man on the West Virginia line
You oughta seen John Hardy gettin away, poor boy
Seen John Hardy gettin away

John Hardy travelled to the Freestone bridge
There he thought he'd be free
But up stepped a marshall, took him by the arm
Says, Johnny, come along with me, poor boy
Johnny come along with me.

John Hardy had a ma and pa
He sent for them to go his bail
But no bail's allowed on a murderin charge
So they laid John Hardy back in jail, poor boy
Laid John Hardy back in jail.

John Hardy stood in his jail cell
The tears runnin down each eye
Said I've been the death of many poor men
And now I'm ready to die, poor boy
Now I'm ready to die

I've been to the east, I've been to the west
I've travelled the wide world round
I've been to the river and I been baptized
You can take me to my hangin ground, poor boy
You can take me to my hangin ground

Well they hung John Hardy on the following morn
They strung him way up in the sky
And the last words I heard that poor boy say
My six shooter never told a lie, poor boy
My six shooter never told a lie
My six shooter never told a lie, poor boy
Six shooter never told a lie.

SIDE I, Band 5: ANOTHER MAN DONE GONE

Another man done gone
Another man done gone
Another man done gone
Another man done gone

(Say, you know you can sing this with me. In fact it
sounds better. You have to repeat that line. When
I sing "another man done gone", you repeat it...
"Another man done gone". Then I sing da da da...and
you sing, "another man done gone, another man done
gone.)

He killed another man (He killed another man)
He killed another man, he killed another man
He killed another man.

((similarly))

He had a long chain on

Another man done gone

A from the county farm

He killed another man
I didn't know his name
Another man done gone
I didn't know his name

SIDE II, Band 1: THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE

CHORUS:

This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
This little light of mine,
I'm gonna let it shine.
Every day, every day, every day, every day,
Gonna let's my little light shine.
(Hey, we got 'er!)

On Monday, he gave me the gift of love
Tuesday, peace came from above,
Wednesday, told me to have a little more faith,
Thursday, gave me the gift of grace,
Friday told me to watch and pray,
Saturday told me just what to say,
Sunday, gave me power divine
Just to let my little light shine. (Here we go!)

(CHORUS)

Now some say, you've got to run and hide,
Some say there's no place to hide,
Some say this is not the time
We say this is just the time, yes
Some say the time's not right,
We say, there's no time just right
Where there's a dark corner in our land,
Ya gotta let your little light shine, so.

(CHORUS)

(Oh yes, we've really got this now. We can't
stop it!)

On Monday, he gave me the gift of love,
Tuesday, peace came from above
Wednesday he gave me a little more grace
Thursday, gave me a little more faith
Friday, told me to watch and pray
Saturday, told me just what to say
Sunday gave me power divine
Just to let my little light shine, oh

(CHORUS)

Now some say, you got to run and hide
We say there's no place to hide
Some say, let the boss decide,
We say, let the people decide
Some say the time's not right,
We say, the time's just right.
If there's a dark corner in our land
You got to let your little light shine.

(One more time!)

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: BIG ROCK CANDY MOUNTAIN

On a summer's day in the month of May
A burly bum came hiking.
Down a shady lane, through the sugar cane,
Looking for his liking.

He strolled along and hummed a song
Of a land of milk and honey,
Where a bum can stay for many a day
And he won't need any money.

CHORUS:

Oh the buzzin of the bees in the cigarette trees
By the soda water fountain
By the lemonade spring where the bluebird sings
In the big rock candy mountain.

In the big rock candy mountains, you never change
your socks
Little streams of alkyhol come a tricklin down the
rocks
The farmers trees are full of fruit, the barns are
full of hay
I'm bound to go where there ain't no snow,
Where the sleet don't fall and the wind don't blow
In the big rock candy mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the big rock candy mountains the cops have wooden
legs
The bulldogs all have rubber teeth, the hens lay
soft-boiled eggs
The shacks all have a tip their hat, the railroad
bulls are blind
There's a lake of stew and whiskey too
You can paddle all around in a big canoe
In the big rock candy mountain.

(CHORUS)

In the big rock candy mountains the jails are made of
tin
You can slip right out again as soon as they put you
in.
There ain't no short handled shovels, no axes, saws,
nor picks
I'm bound to stay where you sleep all day
Where they hung the jerk that invented work
In the big rock candy mountains.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: T.B. BLUES

Well my gal's tryin to make a fool out of me
Well my gal's tryin to make a fool out of me
She's tryin to make me believe I ain't got that old
T.B.

I got the T...B...blues

(Did you ever hear this one?)

Well I'm fighting like a lion but I know I'm bound
to lose
I'm fighting like a lion but I know I'm bound to
lose
Cause there never was a body with these old T.B.
blues
I got the T...B...blues

Then it rained down sorrow, it rained all over me
Well it rained down sorrow, it rained all over me
Cause my body rattles like a freight on the old S.P.
I got the T...B...blues

Well my gal's tryin to make a fool out of me
My gal's tryin to make a fool out of me
She's tryin to make me believe I ain't got that old
T.B.
I got the T...B...blues

I'm gonna sig one more verse, one more verse and
then I'll go
I'm gonna sing one more verse, one more verse and
then I'll go
Cause this T.B. blues gets every so and so
I got the T...B...blues

SIDE II, Band 4: I NEVER WILL MARRY

One day as I rambled
Down by the sea shore
The wind it did whistle
And the water did roar

I spied a fair maiden
Make a pitiful cry
It sounded so lonesome
In the waters nearby

CHORUS:

Saying I never will marry
I'll be no man's wife
I expect to live single
All the days of my life
The shells in the ocean
Will be my death bed
The fish in deep waters
Swim over my head
(That's the chorus. You have to come in on it.)

(I never will marry)
I never will marry
(I'll be no man's wife)
I'll be no man's wife
(I expect to live single)
I expect to live single)
(All the days of my life
All the days of my life
(The shells in the ocean)
The shells in the ocean
(Will be my death bed)
Will be my death bed
(The fish in deep waters)
The fish in deep waters
(Swim over my head)
Swim over my head

My love's gone and left me
He's the one I adore
He's gone where I never
Will see him any more

(CHORUS)

(This is gonna sound real pretty. Except we need some harmony on it. Anybody know how to sing high tenor?....)

She plunged her fair body
In the waters so deep
She closed her pretty blue eyes
In the waters to sleep

(CHORUS)

One day as I rambled
Down by the sea shore
The wind it did whistle
And the water did roar

I spied a fair maiden
Made a pitiful cry
It sounded so lonesome
In the waters nearby

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 5: SO LONG, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YUH

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plain
In the month of April, the county called Gray
Here's what all of the people there say

CHORUS:

So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
So long, it's been good to know yuh
The dust old dust is a gettin my home
And I gotta be driftin along.

The dust storm came and it came like thunder
It dusted us over, it covered us under
It blocked out the traffic, it blocked out the sun
And straight for home all the people did run, singin

(CHORUS)

The sweethearts they sat in the dark and they sparked
They hugged and they kissed in the dusty old dark
They sighed, they cried, they hugged and they kissed
But instead of marriage they were talkin like this,
honey

(CHORUS)

Well the telephone rang and it jumped off the wall
That was the preacher, he's a makin his call
He said "Kind friends, this may be the end
You got your last chance at salvation of sin
Well the churches were jammed, the churches were
packed
The dusty old dust storm, it blew so black
The preacher could not read a word of his text
He folded his specs, took up collection, said

(CHORUS)

(Oh, sing 'er once again!)

So long, etc.

LITHO IN U.S.A. 1978

HAVE YOU HEARD?

FA2450 PETE SEEGER AT THE VILLAGE GATE
(with Memphis Slim and Willie Dixon)
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