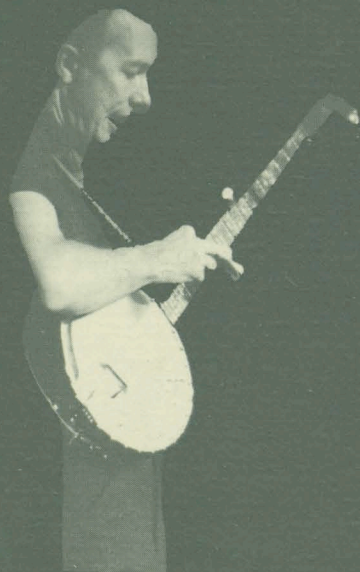


FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2454



THE RAINBOW QUEST

PETE SEEGER



M
1630.18
S456
R154
1960

MUSIC LP

© 1960 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

THE RAINBOW QUEST

sung by

PETE SEEGER

SIDE 1

COLORADO TRAIL
SPANISH IS THE LOVING TONGUE
FROM HERE ON UP
TEXAS GALS
SWARTHMORE GIRLS
WE PITY OUR BOSSES FIVE
THE SCABS CRAWL IN

OPEN THE DOOR
ROAD TO ATHAY
WHY DO SCOTSMEN...
HOLD UP YOUR PETTICOATS
O, THERE'S 2 ON ME BACK

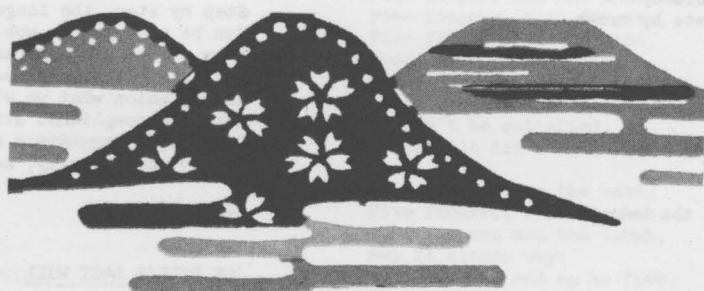
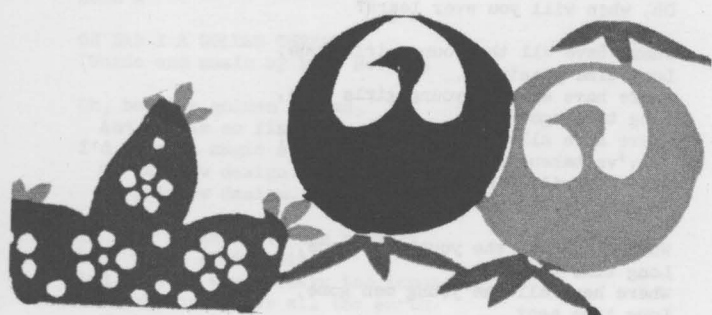
SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND
FAREWELL, LITTLE FISHES
WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE
FU-RU-SATO
STEP BY STEP
JOE HILL'S WILL
(SEEK AND YOU SHALL FIND)

SIDE 2

OH, HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD
THERE'S BETTER THINGS TO DO
THE DOVE
FIVE FINGERS HAS THE HAND
TO EVERYONE IN THE WORLD
WE ARE MOVING ON TO VICTORY
WHEN I'M DEAD AND BURIED

THE RAINBOW QUEST

sung by PETE SEEGER



M
1630.18
S456
R154
1960

MUSIC LP

SIDE I

Band 1

Eyes like the morning star,
Cheeks like the rose,
Laura was a pretty girl,
God almighty knows.
Weep all ye little rains,
Wail, winds, wail,
All along, along, along,
The Colorado Trail.

Spanish is a loving tongue,
Soft as music, light as rain,
'Twas a girl I learned it from,
Living down Sonora way.
I don't look much like a lover,
Still, I say her love words over,
Oft times when the night is young,
Mi amor, mi corason.

From here on up the hills don't get any higher,
From here on up the hills don't get any higher,
From here on up the hills don't get any higher,
But the valleys get deeper and deeper.

Oh, you can give marriage a whirl,
If you got some cash in your purse,
But don't marry no one but a Texas gal,
'Cause no matter what happens, she's seen worse.

Swarthmore girls are free from sin,
Drink no whiskey, beer or gin,
But a few, with morals loose,
Sit and sip tomato juice.

We pity our boss's five,
We pity our boss's five,
If 1,000 a week is all they get,
How can they stay alive?

We pity the boss's son,
We pity the boss's son;
He rides around in a cadillac,
The lousy son of a gun.

The scabs crawl in, the scabs crawl out,
They crawl in under and all about.

Open the door softly,
I've something to tell you dear;
Open it up no wider,
Than the crack upon the floor.

(Repeat first 2 lines)

As I was going the road to Althay
I saw an old petticoat, hangin' to dry;
So I took off my britches, and hung them close by,
Just to keep that old petticoat warm.

Why do Scotsmen leave the country?
Why do Scotsmen emigrate?
They are following the whiskey
That's being exported crate by crate.

Hold up your petticoat,
Dance like a lady,
Hold up your petticoat,
Dance like a lady,
Hold up your petticoat,
Dance like a lady,
Nobody home but mama and the baby.

(Repeat)

Oh, there's two on me back and two on me lap,
And two in the cradle, and two and two more.

I'm weepin' and wailin' and rocking the cradle,
And praisin the child that's known as me own.

Woe to the day I was married,
Woe to the day I was wed.
And woe to the day I met Paddy -- and sleep,
Bad luck to the day I took him into me bed.

(Repeat)

Seek and you shall find,
Knock and the door shall be opened,
Ask and it shall be given,
When love come a tumblin' down.

(Repeat)

Fare well, little fishes that glide through the stream,
Your life is all sunshine, happiness and gleam.
No more will I witness your scales o'er the waves,
But I'll part with my friends at the side of the grave.

(Repeat)

Words and music by Pete Seeger ©

Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
The girls have picked them every one.
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

Where have all the young girls gone,
Long time passing?
Where have all the young girls gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands everyone.
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone,
Long time passing?
Where have all the young men gone,
Long time ago?
Where have all the young men gone?
They're all in uniform.
Oh, when will you ever learn?
Oh, when will you ever learn?

NEVER AGAIN SHALL WE ALLOW ANOTHER ATOM BOMB TO FALL

Written by Ishiji Asada

Fu-ru-as-to no machi Ya-ka-re,
Mi-yc-ri no ho-ne U-me-si Ya-ket-su-chi-ni,
I-ma wa-si-ro-i ha-na sa-a-ku,
Ah--, yu-ru-su ma-ji gen*-ba-ku-o,
Mi-ta-bi, yu-ru-su ma-ji gen-ba-ku-o,
Wa-re no ma-chi-mi.

* hard g

In the place where our old home village was
destroyed, we buried the charred bones.
Now the white flowers are blooming there.
Ah!, we must never allow, we must absolutely
forbid another atom bomb to come.

Step by step, the longest march,
Can be won, can be won.
Many stones can form an arch,
Singly none, singly none.
And by union what we will,
Can be accomplished still.
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly, none.

(Repeat)

JOE HILL'S LAST WILL

My will is easy to decide,
For I have nothing to divide.

My kin don't need to fuss and moan,
Moss doesn't cling to a rolling stone.

My body, ah, if I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce,
And let the many breezes blow,
My dust to where some flower grows.
Perhaps that faded flower then,
Would come to life and bloom again.
This is my last and final will.
Good luck to all of you,

Joe Hill

Seek and you shall find;
Knock and the door shall be opened;
Ask and it shall be given,
And the love come a tumblin' down.

(Repeat)

I wish I knew, I wish I could see,
The love come a tumblin' down.
What yours and my future shall be.
When the love come a tumblin' down.

SIDE II

Band 1

OH HAD I A GOLDEN THREAD
(Words and music 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.
And in it I would weave the innocence,
Of children over all the earth.
Children of our earth.

In it I would weave the restlessness,
Of men going ever forth.
Through heat of blistering desert sands,
And blizzards of the North.
Through the frozen North.

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 would understand.

(Repeat first verse)

THERE'S BETTER THINGS TO DO
(Words and music by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger)

Kind friends I want to warn you,
Because I love us all;
No doubt you read your papers
But the half can never be told.
Politicians will try and fool you,
And get you to agree,
To blow this world to glory,
And end humanity.

CHORUS:

There's better things to do,
Than blow this world in two.
You can live into your old age
And your kids will be normal, too.
There's better things to do,
That all on earth must do.
Got to place your feet on the road to peace,
And see your journey through.

Now some folks think that danger,
Won't reach our peaceful shore.
They must see planes and soldiers,
Before they call it war.
Kind friends I must remind you,
The atom's very small.
It can send us all to glory,
Though you can't see it at all.

(CHORUS)

Now some folks think they're holy,
In the Bible it is told;
That judgment comes tomorrow,
So today you prepare your soul.
But that is not sufficient,
Tomorrow is today.
They'll send you all to glory,
While you just sit and pray.

(CHORUS)

THE DOVE

(Words by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger)
Music: Traditional

The dove she is a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies.
She brings us glad tidings,
And she tells us no lies.

She sucks the spring waters,
To keep her voice clear;
When her nest she is building,
And summer is near

Come all you young fellows,
Take warning by me.
Don't you go for a soldier,
Don't join no army.

For the dove she will leave you,
A raven will come;
And death will come marching
At the sound of a drum.

She flies over mountains,
And valleys so low;
And if you live peaceful,
She never will go.

Come all you pretty young girls,
Come walk in the sun;
And don't let your young man,
Ever carry a gun.

FIVE FINGERS

Words and music by Ewan MacColl

Five fingers has the hand,
Five fingers, five fingers,
Five fingers has the hand,
Good for work and play.
Started with a lizard's claws,
Then became a mammal's paws,
Couldn't be satisfied,
Because it isn't with the human way.

Five fingers has the hand,
Five fingers, five fingers,
Four fingers and the thumb,
Say it either way:
Four and one add up to five,
That number hope to stay alive,
Help the human race survive,
Up to the present day.

Five fingers and the brain,
 Five fingers, five fingers,
 Five fingers and the brain,
 Made a pact one day
 The brain, it said, "We'll make a team,
 The best the world has ever seen;
 We'll pool resources, work in a scheme,
 And that, without delay."

Five fingers and the brain,
 Five fingers, five fingers,
 Five fingers and the brain,
 Set to work one day,
 Made a spear and a bow,
 Laid the mighty jungles low,
 Learned to hunt and make things grow,
 And mold things out of clay.

Five fingers and the brain,
 Five fingers, five fingers,
 Five fingers and the brain,
 Busy at work and play,
 Making music, carving bone,
 Painting pictures, carving stone,
 Learning all that can be known,
 And growing every day.

Five fingers and the brain,
 Five fingers, five fingers,
 Five fingers and the brain,
 Working night and day.
 Built the world, and then got smart,
 Opened up the atom's heart.
 The fingers said, "It's time to part,
 And go our separate way."

Five fingers and the brain,
 Five fingers, five fingers,
 Five fingers and the brain,
 Quarreling, night and day.
 They got the know-how and the skill,
 To make and build, destroy or kill.
 The choice is theirs, for good or ill,
 To find the human way.
 They got the know-how and the skill,
 To make and build, destroy and kill.
 The choice is theirs, for good or ill,
 To find the human way.

TO EVERYONE IN ALL THE WORLD

words and music by Pete Seeger

To everyone, in all the world,
 I reach my hand, I shake their hand.
 To everyone in all the world,
 I shake my hand like this.

All, all together,
 The whole wide world around;
 I may not know their lingo,
 But I can say, by jingo,
 No matter where you live,
 We can shake hands.

WE ARE MOVING ON TO VICTORY
 (from Montgomery Bus Boycott)

Author unknown

CHORUS:

We are moving on to victory,
 We are moving on to victory,
 We are moving on to victory,
 With hope and dignity.

We will all stand together,
 We will all stand together,
 We will all stand together,
 Till everyone is free.

(CHORUS)

We know love is the watchword,
 We know love is the watchword,
 We know love is the watchword,
 For peace and liberty.

(CHORUS)

Black and white, all are brothers,
 Black and white, all are brothers,
 Black and white, all are brothers,
 To live in harmony.

(CHORUS)

DON'T YOU WEEP AFTER ME

When I'm dead and buried, don't you weep after me,
 When I'm dead and buried, don't you weep after me,
 When I'm dead and buried, don't you weep after me,
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

We're crossing Jordan's river, don't you weep after me,
 Crossing Jordan's river, Don't you weep after me,
 Crossing Jordan's river, Don't you weep after me,
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me

Tell my dear old mother, don't you weep after me,
 Tell my dear old mother, don't you weep after me,
 Tell my dear old mother, don't you weep after me,
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

I'll be with you when you're singing,

Don't you weep after me,

With you when you're singing,

Don't you weep after me,

With you when you're singing,

Don't you weep after me,

Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

(Repeat first verse)

When I do cross over, don't you weep after me,
 When I do cross over, don't you weep after,
 When I do cross over, don't you weep after me,
 Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

I'll be with you when you're happy,

Don't you weep after me,

I'll be with you when you're happy,

Don't you weep after me,

I'll be with you when you're happy,

Don't you weep after me,

Oh, I don't want you to weep after me.

(Repeat first verse)

ABOUT PETE SEEGER



OF PETE SEEGER.

Studs Terkel of WFMT, Chicago, has said, "Perhaps he is best described as a singer-scholar. Whatever he observes and discovers, he captures with uncanny accuracy." His concert performances have filled to capacity halls in virtually every major city in the country, including Orchestra Hall in Chicago and Carnegie Hall in New York. In addition his warmth, sincerity, and distinctive talent have made him welcome at many out of the way places both in Canada and the United States.

One critic has said: "The unique quality of Pete Seeger's voice is its sorrowful joy and contemporary nostalgia. It is a kind of humaneness. This is more than technique. More than craftsmanship, more than musical knowledge. It is the essence of the music that expresses the human aspirations and failures and yet persistent hopes that Pete voices. And it is this, in his voice, that has endeared him to so many millions."