

# SING OUT

## WITH PETE!

**PETE SEEGER with audience  
at Yale Univ., Chicago Univ.,  
Carnegie Hall, Village Gate**

**DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE (with Big Bill  
Broonzie) • WE ARE SOLDIERS IN THE  
ARMY • OH, MARY, DON'T YOU WEEP  
(with Lightn' Hopkins) • MICHAEL ROW  
THE BOAT ASHORE • MRS. McGRATH •  
I'M ON MY WAY • DEEP BLUE SEA • QUE  
BONITA BANDERA • WIMOWEH • HOLD  
ON (with Memphis Slim and Wee Willie  
Dixon) • FREIHEIT • THE HAMMER SONG**

FOLKWAYS RECORDS / FA2455



# SING OUT WITH PETE!

re-printed from

## sing out!

JOHNNY APPLESEED, JR.

BY PETE SEEGER

### HOW "HOOTENANNY" CAME TO BE

The word "hootenanny" seems to have become part of the national vocabulary. Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language (1951) lists one of the meanings of the term as "a gathering of folksingers."

For the record, and to settle some arguments, Grandpa would like here and now to give the plain, true, real, unvarnished and uninteresting facts of the case.

No, it has nothing to do with a girl nick-named "Hootin' Annie," "famed among the lumber camps" according to Woody Guthrie's facetious report. Nor has the term anything to do with a French custom of shooting a bride and groom out into the fields the night before the wedding. (Two French students at Cornell were once deeply shocked to hear that a hootenanny was to be held on campus.)

It is true that 'hootenanny' can mean "whatyoumaycallit." A mechanic might call to his assistant: "Fetch me that hootenanny in the corner, quick!" But the folksong lover's meaning is not derived from this.

It is derived from another meaning of the word: a uproarious party, a wing-ding, a blow-out.

In the summer of 1941 Woody Guthrie and myself, calling ourselves the Almanac Singers, toured into Seattle Washington, and met some of the good people of the Washington Commonwealth Federation, the New Deal political club headed by Hugh DeLacy. They arranged for us to sing for trade unions in the Puget Sound area, and then proudly invited us to their next "hootenanny." It was the first time we had heard the term. It seems they had a vote to decide what they would call their monthly fundraising parties. Hootenanny won out by a nose over wing-ding.

The Seattle hootenannies were real community affairs. One family would bring a huge pot of some dish like crab gumbo. Others would bring cakes, salads. A drama group performed topical skits, a good 16mm film might be shown, and there would be dancing, swing and folk, for those of sound limb. And, of course, there would be singing.

Woody and I returned to New York, where we re-joined the other Almanac Singers, and lived in a big house, pooling all our meager finances. We ran Sunday afternoon rent parties, and without a second's thought, started calling them hootenannies, after the example of our West Coast friends. Seventy five to one hundred Gothamites would pay 35¢ each to listen to an afternoon of varied folksongs, topical songs, and union songs, not only from the Almanacs, but from Huddie Ledbetter, Josh White, the Mechau family, and many many others.

After World War II the various members of the Almanac Singers were discharged from the army and other



wartime work, and helped to form the organization People's Songs. Of course, fundraising was again needed, to pay for mimeographing a bulletin and for office rent. So the hoots started up again.

Within three months they grew in size till we had to rent Town Hall to accommodate the crowd. And in the ten years since then, several hundred thousand Americans have attended hootenannies in various cities and colleges of the union. Some of the big ones have produced mighty thrilling music. But some of the smallest have also been the best.

People running hootenannies have always been beset by two complaints. One is "The hoots are getting too big and formal. When they were small, and anyone could sing, and no one knew what was going to happen next, they were more exciting." Others say, "When on earth will the hootenannies grow up and put on a decently organized show? Some of the material is good, but some is amateurish, and the whole thing is so sloppy that it is painful to watch."

As a result it is usually the young people who throw themselves into the fun and become part of the hoots who really enjoy them most. Someone who comes, sits passively back and expects to be edified and entertained is liable to be disappointed.

The best hoot, in my opinion, would have an audience of several hundred, jammed tight into a small hall, and seated semicircularwise, so that they often face each other democratically. The singers and musicians would vary from amateur to professional, from young to old, and the music from square to swing, cool to hot, long hair to short. Some songs might be quiet -- like a pin drop. Others would shake the floor and rafters till the nails loosen. Something old and something new, something borrowed and something blue, as at a wedding.

The best hoots have had all this. Further, the hoots may rightly challenge all other music performances in the nation to present such variety as they have -- Bach to bop; Barbara Allen to the Union Maid; and, of course, the best singing audiences in the country.

Hoots are still young, as an art form. They're growing. One of these years they will be a common phenomenon in all corners of our country. Here's a handclap for the young people who are starting them up.

*SING OUT*, the folksong magazine, is the most widely-read American periodical of its kind.

First published in 1950, *SING OUT* appears five times a year. Each issue contains words and music (with guitar chords) for American and foreign folk songs, as well as contemporary songs written in the folk tradition. More than 750 songs have appeared in the pages of *SING OUT* over the years. Many of these have since become well-known throughout the world. Such songs as *Oleanna*, *Michael Row the Boat Ashore*, *Doctor Freud*, *Que Bonita Bandera*, *Hammer Song*, *Everybody Loves Saturday Night*, and scores of others first appeared in print in *SING OUT*.

In addition to the songs, *SING OUT* contains articles on folk music, news of folksingers and their activities, book and record reviews, etc. Each issue features contributions by such people as Sam Hinton, Alan Lomax, Bess Hawes, Moses Asch, Ruth Rubin, and many others.

Pete Seeger, one of the founders and an associate editor of *SING OUT*, has his own column of comment and opinion, "Johnny Appleseed, Jr.," in each issue.

A unique feature of *SING OUT* is "The Folk Process," a column of parodies, stray verses, and topical songs contributed by readers.

*SING OUT* is edited by Irwin Silber. Jerry Silverman, author of "Folk Blues," serves as Music Editor.

### SUBSCRIPTION

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### MICHAEL. ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael's boat is a music boat, Allaluya, Michael's boat is a music boat, Allaluya.	Jordan's River is deep and wide, Allaluya, Meet my mother on the other side, Allaluya.
Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.	Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.
Sister help to trim the sail, Allaluya, Sister help to trim the sail, Allaluya.	Jordan's River is chilly and cold, Allaluya, Kills the body but not the soul, Allaluya.
Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.	Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.

### OTHER HOOTENANNY ALBUMS

**FA2455 SING OUT WITH PETE!** Pete Seeger with audience recorded at Yale, Chicago, Carnegie Hall and the Village Gate. Down by the Riverside (with Big Bill Broonzy), We Are Soldiers in the Army, Oh Mary Don't You Weep, Michael Row the Boat Ashore, Mrs McGrath, I'm On My Way, Deep Blue Sea, Que Bonita Baniera, Wimoweh, Hold On, Freiheit, The Hammer Song. With song texts.



**FN2511 HOOTENANNY TONIGHT** Pete Seeger and other artists including Sonny Terry, Leon Bibb, Betty Sanders, Earl Robinson, Bob and Louise DeCormier, Elizabeth Knight, Jewish Young Folksingers, in a live "hootenanny" program. Includes: Mule Skinner Blues, Great Getting Up Morning, Rich Man and the Poor Man, Talking Union, Dance Me a Jig, Wimoweh, Dark as a Dungeon, Riding the Dragon, Every Night When the Sun Goes In, Told My Captain, America the Beautiful.



**FN2512 HOOTENANNY AT CARNEGIE HALL** - Recorded "live" in New York with Pete Seeger, Hally Wood, Tony Kraber, Jerry Silverman, Will Geer, Rev. Gary Davis, others. Come and Go With Me, Maxton Field, Rye Whiskey, Blood on the Saddle, Putting on the Style, Jacob's Ladder, Kevin Barry, Wimoweh, One Day as I Rambled, etc. Texts.



**FN 2513 SING OUT! HOOTENANNY** Pete Seeger and The Hooteneers. All I Want is Union, Put My Name Down, Talking Un-American Blues, In Contempt, Gray Goose, Come All You Fair and Tender Ladies, Raise A Ruckus Tonight, I've Got A Right, Jefferson and Liberty, Another Man Done Gone, Boll Weevil, Popular Wobbly, John Henry, We Shall Overcome. Complete song text.  
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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET



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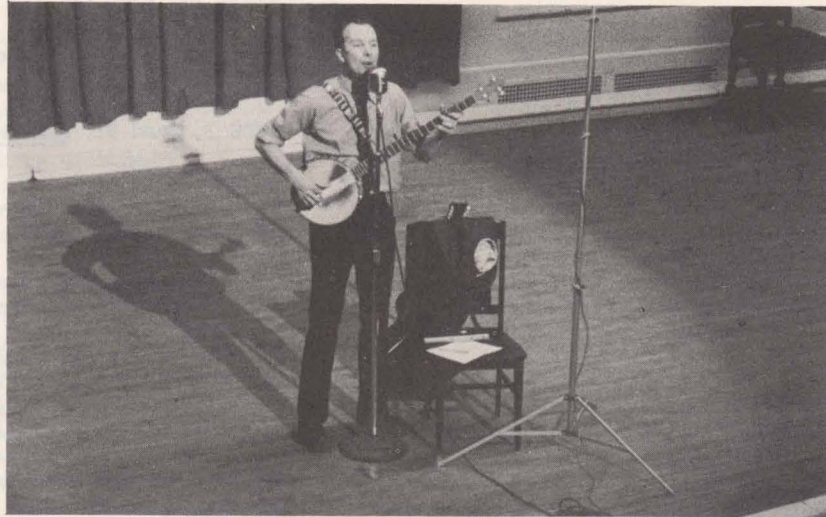


photo by Lawrence

## SING OUT WITH PETE!

(Pete Seeger with audience at Yale, Chicago,  
Carnegie Hall, The Village Gate)

### SIDE I, Band 1: DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE

I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

#### CHORUS:

I ain't gonna study war no more,  
I ain't gonna study war no more,  
I ain't gonna study war no more.  
I ain't gonna study war no more,  
I ain't gonna study war no more,  
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna shake hands with every man,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside.  
I'm gonna shake hands with every man,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

#### (CHORUS)

I'm gonna put on my golden slipper,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside.

I'm gonna put on my golden slipper,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

#### (CHORUS)

I'm gonna put on my long white robe,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside.  
I'm gonna put on my long white robe,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

#### (CHORUS)

I'm gonna shake hands around the world,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside.  
I'm gonna shake hands around the world,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

#### (CHORUS)

I'm gonna shake hands with my lovin' Jesus,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside,  
down by the riverside.



I'm gonna shake hands with my lovin' Jesus,  
down by the riverside,  
And study war no more.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: WE ARE SOLDIERS IN THE ARMY

CHORUS:

We are soldiers in the army,  
We've got to fight, although we have to cry.  
We've got to hold up the blood stained banner,  
We've got to hold it up until we die.

My mother was a soldier,  
She had her hand on the Gospel Plow.  
But one day she get old, she can't fight anymore,  
She said, "I'll just stand here and fight on anyhow."

(CHORUS)

I'm glad I've been converted,  
I've got my hand on the Gospel Plow.  
Well one day I know I'll get old, I can't fight  
anymore,  
But I'll just stand here and fight anyhow.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: OH, MARY DON'T YOU WEEP

CHORUS:

Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn,  
Oh, Mary don't you weep don't you mourn,  
Pharoah's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

If I could I surely would,  
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.  
Pharoah's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

(CHORUS)

I'm going down to Arkansas,  
I'm gonna write my initials on the schoolhouse wall  
Pharoah's army got drowned,  
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

(CHORUS)

God gave Noah the rainbow sign,  
No more water but fire next time.  
Pharoah's army got drowned  
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

(CHORUS)

One of these mornings about twelve o'clock,  
This old world is gonna reel and rock.  
Pharoah's army got drowned  
Oh, Mary don't you weep.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 4: MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE

Michael row the boat ashore, Allaluya,  
Michael row the boat ashore, Allaluya.

Sister help to trim the heavy sail, Allaluya,  
Sister help to trim the sail, Allaluya.

Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.

Jordan's River is deep and wide, Allaluya,  
Meet my mother on the other side, Allaluya.

Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.

Jordan's River is chilly and cold, Allaluya,  
Kills the body but not the soul, Allaluya.

Michael, row the boat ashore, etc.

SIDE I, Band 5: MRS. McGRATH

CHORUS:

Wid yer too-ri-aa, fol-the-did-dle-aa,  
Too-ri-coo-ri-oo-ri-aa. (2)

"Oh, Mrs. McGrath," the sergeant said,  
"Would you like to make a soldier out of your son  
Ted?"

With a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat;  
Now Mrs. McGrath, wouldn't you like that?"

(CHORUS)

So Mrs. McGrath lived on the seashore  
For the space of seven long years or more.  
Till she spied a ship come a-sailing on the sea,  
"Hullaloo. bubaloon, and I think it is he!"

(CHORUS)

"Oh, Captain dear, where have ye been?  
Have you been sailing on the Mediterreen?  
Or have you any tidings of my son Ted?  
Is the poor boy living or is he dead?"

(CHORUS)

Then up steps Ted without any legs,  
And in their place two wooden pegs.  
She kissed him a dozen times or two,  
Crying, "Holy Moses, 't isn't you.

(CHORUS)

"Oh was ye drunk or was ye blind,  
That ye left yer two fine legs behind?  
Or was it walking upon the sea  
Wore yer two fine legs from the knees away?"

(CHORUS)

"Oh I wasn't drunk and I wasn't blind,  
When I left my two fine legs behind;  
But a cannon ball on the fifth of May  
Swept my two fine legs from the knees away."

"Oh, then, Teddy me boy," the widow cried,  
"Yer two fine legs were yer mama's pride.  
Them two wooden stumps wouldn't do at all,  
Why didn't ye run from the big cannon ball?"

(CHORUS)

"All foreign wars I do proclaim  
Between Don John and the King of Spain.  
And by the heavens I'll make them rue the time  
That they swept the legs from a child of mine."

(CHORUS)

"Oh then, if I had ye back again,  
I'd never let ye go to fight the King of Spain.  
I'd rather have my Ted as he used to be  
Than the King of France and his whole Navee."



SIDE II, Band 1: I'M ON MY WAY

I'm on my way to Canaan Land,  
I'm on my way to Canaan Land,  
I'm on my way to Canaan Land,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

I asked my brother to come and go with me,  
I asked my brother to come and go with me,  
I asked my brother to come and go with me,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

I asked my sister to come and go with me,  
I asked my sister to come and go with me,  
I asked my sister to come and go with me,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

I asked my boss to let me go,  
I asked my boss to let me go,  
I asked my boss to let me go,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

If he says no, I'll go anyhow,  
If he says no, I'll go anyhow,  
If he says no, I'll go anyhow,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

I'm on my way to Freedom's land,  
I'm on my way to Freedom's land,  
I'm on my way to Freedom's land,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

I'm on my way and I won't turn back,  
I'm on my way and I won't turn back,  
I'm on my way and I won't turn back,  
I'm on my way, great God, I'm on my way.

SIDE II, Band 2: DEEP BLUE SEA

CHORUS:

Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,  
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,  
Deep blue sea, baby, deep blue sea,  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

Lower him down with a golden chain. (3)  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

(CHORUS)

Dig his grave with a silver spade. (3)  
It was Willie what got drowned in the deep blue sea.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: QUE BONITA BANDERA

CHORUS:

Que bonita bandera  
Que bonita bandera  
Que bonita bandera  
Es la bandera Puertoriquena.

Azul blanca y colorada,  
Y en el medio tiene un estrella,  
Bonita senores es la bandera Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

Todo buen Puertoriquena,  
Es Bueno que la defienda,  
Bonita senores, es la bandera Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

Bonita senora es,  
Que bonita es ella,  
Que bonita es la bandera, Puertoriquena.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4: WIMOWEH

Words & Music by Solomon Lunda

Basses: Hey --- yup boy, Wimoweh,  
Wimoweh, wimoweh.

Tenors: Wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh,  
Wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh, wimoweh.

(Lead in falsetto)

SIDE II, Band 5: HOLD ON

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 that plow, hold on.

God gave Noah the rainbow sign,  
No more water, but fire next time.

United Nations make a chain,  
Every link is Freedom's name.

Freedom's name is mighty sweet,  
Black and white are gonna meet.

Many good men have fought and died,  
So we could be here side by side.

Freedom's name is mighty sweet,  
Black and white are gonna meet.

Keep your hand on the Gospel Plow,  
I wouldn't take nothing for my journey now.

SIDE II, Band 6: FREIHEIT

Words & Music by Paul Dessau

CHORUS:

Die Heimat ist weit,  
Doch wir sind Bereit,  
Wir kampfem und siegen fur dich,  
Freiheit!

Spanish heavens spread their brilliant starlight,  
High above our trenches in the plain.  
From the distance morning comes to greet us,  
Calling us to battle once again.

(CHORUS)

We'll not yield a foot to Franco's fascists,  
Even though the bullets fall like sleet,  
With us stand those peerless men, our comrades,  
And for us there can be no retreat.

(CHORUS)





photo by David Gahr

CHORUS:

The homeland is far,  
But we are ready,  
We are fighting and wining for you.

SIDE II, Band 7: THE HAMMER SONG

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,  
I'd hammer in the evening all over this land;  
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,  
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters  
All over this land

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning  
I'd ring it in the evening all over this land;  
I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning  
I'd ring out love between my brother and my sisters  
All over this land.

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning  
I'd sing it in the evening all over this land;  
I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning  
I'd sing out love between my brother and my sisters  
All over this land.

Well I got a hammer and I got a bell  
And I got a song to sing all over this land;  
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom  
It's the song about love between my brothers and  
sisters  
All over this land.

Words: Lee Hays  
Music: Pete Seeger

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