

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
FN 2511

Edited by Irwin Silber

HOOTENANNY

TONIGHT!

Les Pine Jean Hart Al Moss

Laura Duncan Earl Robinson

Pete Seeger Betty Sanders

Jackie Berman Jerry Silverman

Leon Bibb Elizabeth Knight

Jewish Young Folksingers

Bob & Louise DeCormier

Sylvia Kahn Sonny Terry



RETURN TO ARCHIVE
FOLKLIFE PROGRAMS
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
PROPERTY OF

HOOTENANNY TONIGHT!

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN

COWBOY'S GETTIN' UP HOLLER

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

DARK AS A DUNGEON

MULE SKINNER BLUES

CALIFORNIA BLUES

DANCE ME A JIG

TALKING UNION

DEPRESSION

WIMOWEH

VARSOVIENNE

HAMENTASHEN

LE CYCLE DU VIN

TOLD MY CAPTAIN

RIDING THE DRAGON

HOME IN THAT ROCK

CHILDREN'S PEACE SONG

GREAT GETTIN' UP MORNING

EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES IN

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLKWAYS RECORDS
FN 2511

HOOTENANNY TONIGHT!

NOTES ON THE SONGS

by
Irwin Silber

The songs in this album were recorded at two Hootenannies in New York City in the spring of 1954. The artists who participated in the programs include Pete Seeger, Jerry Silverman, Sonny Terry, Leon Bibb, Laura Duncan, Betty Sanders, Earl Robinson, Bob and Louise DeCormier, Elizabeth Knight, Sylvia Kahn, Jean Hart, Jackie Berman, The Jewish Young Folksingers Chorus, Les Pine and Al Moss.

SIDE I, Band 1: COWBOY'S GETTIN' UP HOLLER (Pete Seeger)

This traditional getting-up shout comes from the cowboy camps and was usually delivered at the break of day by the camp cook who was the first one up. John A. Lorax calls it "a common call in Far West camp life" and has it as the very first song in his famed collection of Cowboy Songs.

Wake up, Jacob, day's a-breakin',
Peas in the pot and the hoecake's bakin'.
Early in the mornin', almost day,
Better come soon, gonna throw it all away.
Wake up, Jacob, day's a-breakin',
Peas in the pot and the hoecake's bakin'.

SIDE I, Band 2: MULE SKINNER BLUES (Pete Seeger, Jerry Silverman, Sonny Terry)

Here's a typical folk blues from the Southern Negro workgangs. The opening verse seems to indicate an old-time "shape-up" system similar to that employed on some waterfronts and in other present-day occupations. The mule-skinner, or driver, prided himself on his skill and strength, and particularly his control of the whip with which he could "carve my initials right on a mule's behind."

Well, it's good morning, captain,
Good morning, son.
And it's good morning, captain,
Good morning, son.
Do you need another mule-skinner
Out on your new road line?

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 shoeing 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 uproaring 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 rejoined 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.

Well, I like to work,
I'm rolling all the time.
And I like to work,
I'm rolling all the time.
I can carve my initials
On a mule's behind.

Well, it's "Hey, little water boy,
Bring your water 'round."
And it's "Hey, little water boy,
Bring you water 'round.
If you don't like your job,
Set that water bucket down."

Well, it's good morning, captain,
Good morning, son.
And it's good morning, captain,
Good morning, son.
Do you need another mule-skinner
Out on your new road line?

SIDE I, Band 3: GREAT GETTIN' UP MORNING
(Leon Bibb with Laura Duncan,
Betty Sanders, Pete Seeger)

The Negro student who brought this spiritual to his instructors at Hampton University shortly after the Civil War reported that he had heard it sung at one of the secret midnight meetings held by the slaves in pre-war days. The student states: "I have heard my uncle sing this hymn and he told me how it was made. It was made by an old slave who knew nothing about letters or figures. He could not count the number of rails that he would split when he was tasked by his master to split 150 a day. But he tried to lead a Christian life, and he dreamed of the General Judgement, and told his fellow-servants about it, and then made a tune to it and sang it in his cabin meetings." - from Religious Folk Songs of the Negro as Sung at Hampton Institute (originally published in 1874).

In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.

When you see the moon a-bleedin',
Fare you well, fare you well.
When you hear that rumblin' thunder,
Fare you well, fare you well.

In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.

Oh pick up your golden trumpet,
Fare you well, fare you well.
Oh blow your trumpet, Gabriel,
Fare you well, fare you well.

In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.

Lord, how loud can I blow it?
Fare you well, fare you well.
Blow it so the people will know it.
Fare you well, fare you well.

In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.

Blow one blast right calm and easy,
Fare you well, fare you well.
To wake my people that are sleeping,
Fare you well, fare you well.

In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.
In that great gettin' up morning,
Fare you well, fare you well.

SIDE I, Band 4: VARSOVIENNE

(Earl Robinson)

words: Harry Schacter
music: Earl Robinson

The "Varsovienne" is one of the most international of folk dances. Versions of it are popular in Sweden, Poland, France and the United States, and the basic dance pattern and melody have been found in many parts of the world. It seemed an ideal choice, therefore, as a vehicle to express the brotherhood of man on a simple level which children could absorb.

Varsovienne,
La Varsovianna,
Varsuviennne,
Down in Texas, we call this dance
The Varsity Anna.

Oh come along, oh come along,
Take a little trip with me.
Where will we go, where shall we go,
If I take a trip with thee?
I'll sail on the foam,
You'll sail 'cross the sea,
I'll sail 'round the wide world
If you'll go with me.

Come dance along, come sing along,
We'll play now and then.
What will we dance, what shall we sing,
If we play now and then?
Dance the Varsovienne,
The Varsovienne,
We'll dance 'round the wide world
In a Varsovienne.

Varsovienne,
La Varsovianna,
Varsuviennne,
Varsity Anna.

What will you wear, what will you wear,
What will you wear again?
Don't give a care, don't give a care,
I'll dance the Varsovienne.
Wear a Spanish shawl or blue overalls,
Or a pair of wooden shoes.
Wear a copper boot, don't give a hoot,
Just dress the way you choose.

Have you seen my red shoes,
So clean and so neat?
You can wear your red shoes,
But I'll dance in my bare feet.

How nice it would be,
How nice it would be,
To see all the people
That live 'cross the sea.
Come say hello, meet our new friends
In a Varsuvienne -- Varsity Anna!

How nice it would be,
How nice it would be,
To see all the people
That live 'cross the sea.
Come say hello, meet our new friends
In a Varsuvienne -- Varsity Anna!

Oh Juanita dear, we would like to hear
Your tinkling mandolin.
Oh Katarina, bring your concertina,
And we all will join in.

If you can do, if you can do,
If you can do this dance.
You'll get along in Hongkong,
In Africa or France.
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la.
We'll dance a-dance a-dance
The Varsoviienne.
Varsoviienne,
La Varsovianna,
Varsuvienne,
Varsity Anna.

Mario, oh, Mario, he's a good fisherman,
Mario, oh, Mario, in the Mediterranean.
He comes home in the evening,
Each fish brings a penny.
His net must be strong
Or he will not bring home any.
Catching whitefish, catching starfish,
I wonder how they'll sell.
Catching lobster, catching flounder,
Oh come and lend a hand.
There is singing in the market place
And music in the land.
Varsovianna!

I'll take you down to a Poland town,
A town with a long, long name.
Where my grandma wore her wedding gown,
In the town with the long, long name.
The fairies helped to make that gown,
For my grandma told me so,
And that was back in Poland,
Now we live in Buffalo.

So come along with me,
To the North Country.
The women and the men
Dance the Varsoviienne.
In Sweden

Now hold tight, now hold tight,
For the last place we go,
You can hear those folks singing
And they call it Me-hi-co.

El pandamais, el pandamais,
El pandamais sin sal,
That's cornbread, that's cornbread,
That's cornbread without salt.

El dice que no piene sal,
El dice que no piene sal,
El dice que no piene sal,
We've got cornbread with salt!

La Varsovianna, la varsovianna,
La Varsovianna, la varsovianna.

Oh come along, come along,
We came along the way,
We came along, we came along,
It's been a lovely day.

We found some new friends,
We found lots of friends.
We went 'round the wide world
In a Varsoviienne.
Varsoviienne,
La Varsovianna,
Varsuvienne!

SIDE I, Band 5: THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN
(Bob and Louise DeCormier)

"It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye
of a needle than for a rich man to enter Heaven"
-- a sentiment which is constantly re-echoed in
the folk songs of all nations. This traditional
English folk song confirms the Biblical thought.

There was a rich man and he lived in Jerusalem,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
He wore a silk hat and his coat was very sprucium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

CHORUS:

Hi ro jerum, hi ro jerum,
Skinna malinky doodlyum,
Skinna malinky doodlyum,
Glory halleujah, hi ro jerum.

And at his gate there stood a human wreckium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
He wore a bowler hat and the rim was 'round his
neckium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

The poor man asked for a piece of bread and
cheesium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
The rich man replied, "I'll send for a
policium,"
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

The poor man died and his sould went to Heavium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
Well, he danced with the angels till a quarter
past elevium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

The rich man died, but he didn't fare wo wellium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum,
He couldn't go to Heaven, so he had to go to
Hellium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

The devil said, "This is no hotelium,"
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
"It's just a very common, very ordinary Hellium,"
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

The moral of this story is: Riches are no jokium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.
And we'll all go to Heaven, 'cause we're all
 stony brokium,
Glory hallelujah, hi ro jerum.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 6: TALKING UNION
(Pete Seeger)

words: Almanac Singers
music: Talking Blues

Here is one of the classic labor songs of American balladry. Written back in 1940 at the height of the CIO organizing campaigns, Talking Union has earned a spot in the affections of American unionists close to that held by songs like Solidarity Forever and Joe Hill. (The original Almanac Singers rendition of Talking Union can be heard on Folkways album FH 5285, TALKING UNION).

Now if you want higher wages let me tell you what
 to do,
Got to talk to the workers in the shop with you,
You got to build you a union, got to make it
 strong,
But if you all stick together, boys, t'won't be
 long,
You get shorter hours -- better working conditions --
Vacations with pay -- Take your kids to the
 seashore.

Course, it ain't quite this simple, so I better
 explain,
Just why you got to ride on the union train;
'Cause if you wait for the boss to raise your
 pay,
We'll all be a-waiting till judgement day;
We'll all be buried -- gone to Heaven --
Saint Peter'll be the straw boss then, boys.

Now you know you're underpaid, but the boss says
 you ain't;
He speeds up the work till you're about to faint.
You may be down and out, but you ain't beaten,
You can pass out a leaflet -- call a meetin',
Talk it over, speak your mind --
Decide to do something about it.

Course, the boss may persuade some poor damn fool
To go to your meeting and act like a stool;
But you can always tell a stool, though, that's a
 fact,
He's got a rotten streak a-running down his back;
He doesn't have to stool, you know;
He'll always make a good living
On what he takes out of blind men's cups.

Well, you got a union now and you're sitting
 pretty;
Put some of the boys on the steering committee.
The boss won't listen if one guy squawks,
But he's got to listen if the union talks --
He'd better; He'll be mighty lonely one of these
 days.

Suppose he's working you so hard it's just
 outrageous,
Paying you all starvation wages.
You go to the boss, the boss will yell,
"Before I raise your pay I'd see you all in hell."
Well, he's puffing a big cigar, feeling mighty
 slick,

He thinks he's got your union licked.
He looks out the window and what does he see
But a thousand pickets and they all agree
He's a bastard!
Unfair -- slavedriver -- bet he beats his own
 wife.

Now boys you've come to the hardest time,
The boss will try to bust your picket line;
He'll call out the police, the National Guard,
Tell you it's a crime to have a union card.
They may raid your meeting, hit you on the head.
Call every one of you a doggone red --
You're unpatriotic -- Moscow agents --
Bombthrowers -- even the kids.

Ah, well down in Pittsburgh, here's what they
 found,
Out in Bethlehem, here's what they found,
Out in Detroit, here's what they found,
Out in 'Frisco, here's what they found:
That if you don't let red-baiting break you up,
If you don't let stool-pigeons break you up,
If you don't let vigilantes break you up,
And if you don't let race hatred break you up --
You'll win. What I mean --
Take it easy -- but take it!

(Copyright 1946 by People's Songs, Inc.)

SIDE I, Band 7: DANCE ME A JIG
(Elizabeth Knight, accompanied
 by Jerry Silverman)

Words and music by Al Wood

Dr. Herbert Aptheker, editor of "A Documentary History of the Negro People" reports the following story as told by Harriet Tubman, one of the great women of our history. During the Civil War, Harriet Tubman, who was a scout for the Union Army, led a raiding expedition in South Carolina, probably around 1863. After the raid, in which many Negro slaves escaped from the plantation, one elderly woman making her way to freedom was struggling with her children, her clothing, and as many personal possessions as she could manage. She was also leading two pigs which she had "liberated" from her master's plantation. The pigs, unaware they were headed for freedom, insisted on acting stubborn. The woman, her patience at an end, finally began insulting the pigs to prod them along and began shouting, "Come along Jeff Davis; Get on Beauregard!"

Al Wood has taken the liberty of substituting General (Robert E.) Lee for General Beauregard, mainly because it sings better that way.

I'm going up to the Freedom Land,
Borrowed two pigs, got 'em here in my hand;
The Bible says it's wrong to steal and tell lies
So I asked my Lord to close his eyes.

CHORUS:

While I dance me a jig and I dance me a jog,
'Cause I got me a pig and I got me a hog.
Ain't no one gonna take 'em from me.
Come on Jeff Davis! Get along General Lee!



Jerry Silverman

When my two sons escaped early last year,
 Master liked to tore out all his hair,
 When he misses me I'm gonna laugh till I cry,
 'Cause that poor fool will probably stretch
 out and die.

(CHORUS)

I didn't want no posses chasing after me,
 So I took all the livestock and set 'em free,
 Now master's so mad that he's liable to bust,
 'Cause he gotta catch 'em all while I'm kicking
 up dust.

(CHORUS)

If you pigs are wondering how you got your name,
 Well, you and them two rascals are just the same,
 And if you don't stop acting like your two
 namesakes,
 I'll have roast pork in the morning and tasty
 ham steaks.

(CHORUS)

I am an old lady, but I'd like to bet,
 That I'm one woman old master won't forget,
 The look on his face will be something to see,
 When he finds the pigs are gone -- and I am free!

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 8: LE CYCLE DU VIN
 (Sylvia Kahn, accompanied by
 Jean Hart)

This French folk song graphically tells the story
 of the cycle of wine -- from the planting of the
 grape to the eventual return of the end product
 to earth.

Plantons la vigne (vine),
 La voilà la jolie vigne,
 Vigni, Vigni, vignons la vin,
 La voilà la jolie vigne au vin,
 La voilà la jolie vigne.

De vigne en branche, (branch)
 La voilà la jolie branche,
 Branchi, branchi, branchons le vin,
 La voilà la jolie branche au vin,
 La voilà la jolie branche,

SIMILARLY:

De branche en grappe, (grape)
 La voilà la jolie grappe, etc.

De grappe en haut, (above)*
 La voilà la jolie haut, etc.

De haute en cuve, (tub)**
 La voilà la jolie cuve, etc.

De cuve en tonne, (barrel)
 La voilà la jolie tonne, etc.

De tonne en cruche, (wine-bottle)
 La voilà la jolie cruche, etc.

De cruche en verre, (glass)
 La voilà le joli verre, etc.

De verre en bouche, (mouth),
 La voilà la jolie bouche, etc.

De bouche en ventre, (stomach)
 La voilà le joli ventre, etc.

De ventre en terre, (earth)
 La voilà la jolie terre, etc.

* 'haut' - above, in this case, would seem to mean
 hanging on the branch, where the grape
 is just before being picked.

** 'cuve' - this is the famous tub in which the
 grapes are placed and then trampled
 on by barefoot French peasant girls(!)

SIDE I, Band 9: WIMOWEH
 (Pete Seeger)

Pete Seeger has popularized this African chant all
 over America. The simple, direct refrain says:
 "The lion sleeps, the lion sleeps. Some day the
 lion will awake!"

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

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

Lead: (In falsetto)

SIDE II, Band 1: DARK AS A DUNGEON
 (Bob DeCormier and
 Pete Seeger)

Words and music
 by Merle Travis

Merle Travis (who also wrote Sixteen Tons) is
 himself the son of a Kentucky coal-miner and his
 songs stem from the fine singing traditions of
 the union miners of Muhlenberg County.

Come all you young fellows so brave and so fine,
 And seek not your fortune way down in the mine.
 It will form as a habit and seep in your soul,
 Till the streams of your blood run as dark as
 the coal.

CHORUS:

For it's dark as a dungeon and damp as the dew,
Where the dangers are double and the pleasures
are few,
Where the rain never falls and the sun never
shines,
It's dark as a dungeon way down in the mines.

It's many a man I have known in my day,
Who has lived just to labor his whole life away,
Like a fiend with his dope and a drunkard his wine,
A man will have lust for the lure of the mine.

(CHORUS)

I hope when I die and the ages shall roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner -- a slave to my bones.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: CHILDREN'S PEACE SONG
(Jackie Berman)

Words and music
by Jackie Berman

Everywhere I go these days and everything I meet,
Movies, comics, television, people on the street;
Seems there's no one in the world that really,
gives a hang,
'Cause golly, all they talk about's boom boom,
and then a bang.
Boom, boom and then oang, bang!

When I wake up in the morning with the shining sun,
Me'n my brother play a game, he shoots me with a
gun,
Then we pretend to set a bomb that blows us from
the room;
We learned it from a movie about Bang Bang and
then Boom Boom!
Bang Bang and then Boom Boom!

And then in school we have a drill in case the
A-Bomb falls.
The teacher says, "Crawl under your desk," and
all the children crawl.
We kneel there with our heads hung down, just
staring at the floor;
They say it's nothing but Boom Boom -- we know it
means a war;
Boom Boom -- it means a war.

At night there is a TV show that gives us all a chill;
The husband chokes his wife just for her money and a
thrill;
And when I go to bed I turn the light on in my room.
I don't want something in the dark to suddenly go
Boom Boom!
To suddenly go Boom Boom!

But sometimes Mom and Dad tell us how grand the
world can be,
How people can all love each other, happy, proud
and free,
How we can build and not destroy, and how all wars
will cease,
And there's no Boom Boom and no Bang Bang, we
simply live in peace,
We simply live in peace.

(Copyright 1954, by People's Artists, Inc.)

SIDE II, Band 3: HOME IN THAT ROCK
(Jewish Young Folksingers)

This traditional Negro spiritual is based on the
story of Dives and Lazarus (New Testament, Luke
16: 19-25). Another Negro folk song based on
the same theme, Dives and Lazarus, can be heard
as sung by Horace Sprott in Vol. 4 of Music From
the South (Folkways FA 2653).

I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see.
Between the earth and sky,
Thought I heard my Savior cry,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see.

Poor old Lazarus, poor as I,
Don't you see, don't you see,
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I,
Don't you see, don't you see,
Poor old Lazarus, poor as I,
When he died he had a home on High,
He had a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see.

Rich man Dives lived so well,
Don't you see, don't you see.
Rich man Dives lived so well,
Don't you see, don't you see.
Rich man Dives lived so well,
When he died he had a home in --- well!
Had no home in that rock, don't you see.

I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see.
Between the earth and sky,
Thought I heard my Savior cry,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see.

I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see, don't you see,
Between the earth and sky,
Thought I heard my Savior cry,
I got a home in-a that rock,
Don't you see.

SIDE II, Band 4: HAMENTASHEN
(Jewish Young Folksingers)

The Festival of Purim is one of the most joyous
holidays among the Jewish people for it celebrates
the downfall of the tyrant, Haman, an anti-semitic
despot of Biblical times who had vowed to kill all
the Jews. When Haman was overthrown, and subse-
quently hung, Jews baked a special cookie which
they called Hamentashen after the late and un-
lamented oppressor. This Yiddish folk song, the
tune of which is a Polish folk melody, is tradi-
tional with many Jewish families in Eastern
Europe and the United States.

Yachne Dvoshe fort in stoht,
Zi halt sich in eyn pakn,
Far oif Purim koifn mel,
Hamentashen bakn.

CHORUS:

Hop mayne hamentashen,
Hop mayne vayse,
Hop mit mayne hamentashen,
Hot pasirt a mayse.

S'geyt a regn, s'geyt a shney,
Es kapet fun di decher.
Yachne firt shoyfn koifn mel
In a zak mit lecher.

(CHORUS)

Nisht kayn honig, nisht kayn mon,
Un fargessen heyvn,
Yachne macht shoyfn hamentashen,
Es bakt zich shoyfn in oyvfn.

(CHORUS)

Yachne trogt shoyfn shalach-mones,
Tsu der bobbe Tente,
Tsvey-dray hamentashen
Halb-roy, halb-farbrente.

(CHORUS)



Betty Sanders

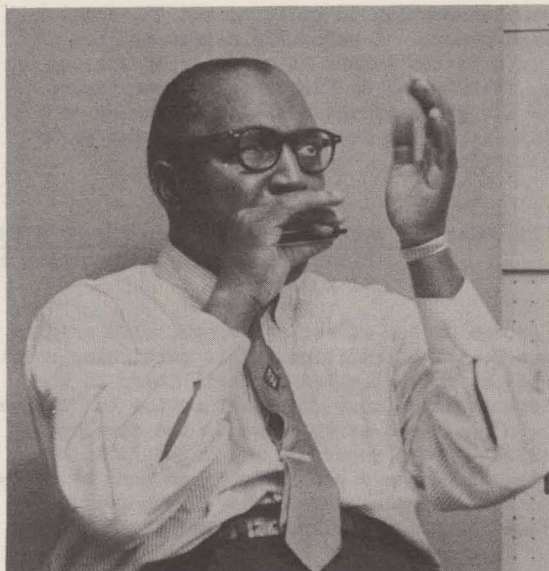
SIDE II, Band 5: RIDING THE DRAGON
(Betty Sanders)

This traditional Chinese folk song was introduced to the United States by Liu Lang Mo who spent many years here during which time he sang songs of China. Liu Lang Mo returned to China a few years ago. The English translation is his. (For a copy of the music, see LIFT EVERY VOICE, ed. by Irwin Silber, Page 69).

Tai yangchu lai ee dienhoong.
Kah keh chee ma wo cheeloong.
Chee djungloong, Guo Haidoong,
Haidoongyou wodjang ren chia.

Sun arising, red and bright,
Brother rides a horse to the mountain high.
I ride a dragon dark, over the sea,
There my bride is awaiting me.

(Copyright 1947 by People's Songs, Inc.)



Sonny Terry

SIDE II, Band 6: CALIFORNIA BLUES
(Sonny Terry)

Words and music
by Sonny Terry

Sonny Terry, the blind Negro harmonica player from North Carolina, is one of our greatest folk blues artists. A regular performer at Hootenannies, Sonny Terry is heard here in one of his own compositions.

Well, my baby left me for California,
Well, you know she ain't wrote a line.
Well, she left me for California,
Yes, you know she ain't wrote a line.
I tell you it hurt me so bad,
Yes, you know I just can't help from cryin'.

Hey, I can't see what's the matter,
Poor me can't get no mail.
Hey, I can't see what's the matter,
Yes, poor me can't get no mail.
Well, they tell me the post-office is on fire,
Yes, the mailman got himself in jail.

Well, I call up to California,
Operator, give me 205.
Well, I call up to California,
Operator, give me 205.
Well, she put my baby on the wire,
Yes, you know we talked a long, long while.

Well, she says, Sonny the next train East,
Please look for my bag on.
Well, she says, Sonny the next train East,
Please look for my bag on.
'Cause you know I might catch the next train,
I'm getting tired of being alone.

SIDE II, Band 7: DEPRESSION
(Les Pine)

by Les Pine

Les Pine, whose theatrical background includes a period with the famed Chicago Repertory Theater, was a perennial favorite at Los Angeles and New York Hootenannies with his satirical monologues

in rhyme commenting on politics and the foibles of human nature. A versatile performer, Les Pine is also the author of a number of serious plays, including "The Fishermen," a play based on the struggles of the menhaden fishermen of Virginia for union recognition and better working conditions.

SIDE II, Band 8: EVERY NIGHT WHEN THE SUN GOES IN
(Elizabeth Knight, accompanied by Al Moss)

Here is one of our oldest folksongs, with origins in ancient Scottish tradition. This particular version is based on one collected by Cecil Sharp in the Southern Appalachians. You will notice the influence of Negro music and early blues in the development of the melody. More recently, under the title of Suzanne, it became a popular song as sung by Harry Belafonte. The slabs of marble in the graveyard comprise the community known as Marbletown.

Every night when the sun goes in, (3)
I hang down my head and mournful cry.

True love, don't weep, true love don't mourn,
True love, don't weep, true love don't mourn,
True love don't weep, or mourn for me,
I'm goin' away to Marbletown.

Now I wish to the Lord that train would
come, (3)
And take me back where I come from.

I wish to the Lord my babe was born,
A-sitting on his daddy's knee;
And me, poor girl, was dead and gone,
With the green grass growing over me.

True love, don't weep, true love, don't mourn.
True love, don't weep, true love, don't mourn.
True love, don't weep, or mourn for me,
I'm goin' away to Marbletown.

SIDE II, Band 9: TOLD MY CAPTAIN
(Leon Bibb)

A Negro chain gang song from the Lawrence Gellert collection.

Told my captain, my hands are cold,
Damn your hands boy, let the wheelin' roll.
Raise my hand to wipe the sweat off my head,
Damned old captain shot my buddy dead.

If you don't believe my buddy's dead,
Just look at that hole in my buddy's head.
Captain walking up and down,
Buddy's lying on the burning ground.

If I'd a-had my weight in lime,
Would've whupped that captain till he went stone
blind.

Buzzards circling 'round the sky;
Buzzards sure know captain's gonna die.

SIDE II, Band 10: AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL
(Pete Seeger)

words: Katherine Lee Bates
music: Samuel A. Ward

The music for this, one of our finest patriotic hymns, was composed by Samuel A. Ward in 1882 under the title, Materna. Thirteen years later, Katherine Bates' lyrics, designed for this melody, appeared in the Boston Congregationalist, a New England newspaper. Her parody was printed, appropriately enough, in the July 4th issue.

Oh beautiful, for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountains majesty
Above the fruited plain.
America, America,
God shed his grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.