With Pete Seeger, Tony Kraber, Jerry Silverman, Will Geer, Rev. Gary Davis, and Mike Seeger.

Come and Go With Me To That Land (Hally Wood, group)
Battle of Maxton Field (Pete Seeger)
Rye Whiskey (Tony Kraber)
Blood on the Saddle (Tony Kraber)
Things 'Bout Coming My Way (Jerry Silverman)
Mark Twain (Will Geer)
If I Had My Way (Rev. Gary Davis)
Old Man (Hally Wood, group)
Done Laid Around

PETE SEEGER WITH AUDIENCE:
I Never Will Marry (With Mike Seeger)
Oh, Reilly
Kevin Barry
Wimoweh
Jacob's Ladder
United Nations Make a Chain

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Photo by David Gahr

HOOTENANNY

carnegie Hall

HOOTENANNY AT CARNEGIE HALL.

A Sing Out Production. With Pete Seeger, Hally Wood, Tony Kraber, Jerry Silverman, Will Geer, Rev. Gary Davis, and Mike Seeger.

SIDE I

Band 1: Come and Go With Me To That Land.

Hally Wood, group.

Band 2: Battle of Maxton Field.

Pete Seeger

Band 3: Rye Whiskey. Tony Kraber.

Band 4: Blood on the Saddle.

Tony Kraber.

Band 5: Things 'Bout Coming My Way.

Jerry Silverman

Band 6: Mark Twain. Will Geer

Band 7: If I Had My Way.

Rev. Gary Davis

Band 8: Old Man.

Hally Wood, group.

Band 9: Done Laid Around. Pete Seeger, audience.

SIDE II

Pete Seeger With Audience

Band 1: I Never Will Marry. (with Mike Seeger.)

Band 2: Oh, Reilly.

Band 3: Kevin Barry Band 4: Wimoweh

Band 5: Jacob's Ladder

Band 6: United Nation's Make a Chain

The songs of this recording come from three different Hootenannies held in Carnegie Hall in New York City during 1958 and 1959. The songs on Side I are all from two 1958 Hootenannies. Side II consists of excerpts from the most recent Carnegie Hall "Hoot." Side II features Pete Seeger in a series of songs with the more than 2900 people who jammed their way into Carnegie Hall this past September (1959). This is appropriate, for Pete Seeger, more than anyone else, best typifies the Hootenanny tradition.

This tradition dates back some nineteen years and covers more than 75 different New York City folk song programs all presented to the public under the "Hootenanny" title. In recent years, folk song groups throughout America have adopted the "Hootenanny" title for their concerts -- but in New York City, the word Hootenanny has always had a particular meaning and has been associated with an important trend in the folk song world.

The word has been, successively, the title designated by The Almanac Singers (1940-1941), People's Songs (1946-1949), People's Artists (1949-1956), and Sing Out magazine (1957) for folk song programs presented by these particular groups.

In the course of these 19 years, some four or five hundred performers have appeared in a great variety of stages under the Hootenanny elblem. The first "Hoots," staged by the Almanac Singers in the pre war years, featured such performers as Woody Guthrie, Lee Hays, Josh White, Burl Ives, Pete Seeger, Millard Lampell, and many others. These

were on a fairly small scale, mostly put on in the less than modest quarters of the Almanacs.

The post-war Hoots sponsored by People's Songs Inc. were much larger. Some were held in such diverse arenas as The Newspaper Guild Hall on East 40th Street, the old Irving Plaza, and the Fraternal Clubhouse (still on West 48th Street.) But the most-famous of these Hootenannies were staged at Town Hall where their impact on the local musical critics was tremendous.

Many of the old Almanacs were still on these Hoots. Pete, of course, still typified the spirit -- as did Lee Hays whose dry, eminently sophisticated "backwoods" humor was unique in New York City. Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Alan Lomax, Hally Wood, The Duke of Iron, and scores of others appeared on these Hootenannies.

The Hoots of the Fifties, sponsored by People's Artists, featured a new crop of younger performers. Pete Seeger still appeared on many of these, but not as often. Performers like Betty Sanders, Hope Foye, Ernie Lieberman, Laura Duncan, Earl Robinson, Osborne Smith, Elizabeth Knight, Bill Robinson, Les Pine, and Leon Bibb became the leading Hootenanny personalities. The halls changed, too. The ballroom of District 65 of the Wholesale and Warehouse Workers Union, at 13 Astor Place, was one of the chief stages. Manhattan Center, Webster Hall and The Pythian Temple were other favorite Hootenanny halls.

In recent years, under the sponsorship of Sing Out, the Hootenannies have not been as frequent -- but they have reached a new peak in popularity. Carnegie Hall has become the Hootenanny meetingplace in these years and performers such as those on this album, with others like Sonny Terry, Eleanor Stone, Guy Carawan, the New Lost City Ramblers, and others, among the frequent participants.

But with all these varied performers and changes of locale, certain constants have remained in the Hootenanny. These are:

- 1. Audience participation. Hootenanny audiences come expecting to sing as much as possible, and it is a wonder to watch the amazement on a trained musician's face as he sees (and hears) these young people picking up intricate parts and unusual harmonies with the greatest of ease.
- 2. Topicality. Hootenannies have always served as the basis for musical comments on the events of the world. In general, these comments have reflected a "left-of-liberal" political outlook characterized by belief in and support for the trade union movement, world peace and coexistence with the Russians, and an antagonism to such representative political symbols as Senators Bilbo, Taft and McCarthy.
- Variety of form. Hootenannies, while based on the folk song tradition, have always included many forms of theatrical and musical expression. The comedy of Will Geer on this record is typical of other Hootenannies which features such artists as Jack Guiford and Les Pine. Poets have read their own works from the Hootenanny stage, sometimes with jazz or folk song accompaniment, even before it became fashionable to do so. Concert singers, pop

singers, Dixieland and "progressive" jazz men, Calypso singers, modern dancers, choruses and steel bands have all done their stuff for Hootenanny audiences.

- 4. New performers. Hootenannies have always featured new and young artists. Many a Hootenanny performer has never appeared before an audience larger than 250 people or so prior to getting up before the microphone.
- 5. The audience. The most important quality about Hootenamies has been the fact that its audience is composed predominantly of young people -- teen-agers and college students -- who have found that a Hootenamy communicates music, ideas, and a sense of the real America to them.

-Irwin Silber

SIDE I, Band 1: COME AND GO WITH ME TO THAT LAND

Hally Wood and group

Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land where I'm bound.
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,
Come and go with me to that land,

There ain't no moaning in that land, etc...

There ain't no bowing in that land, etc...

There ain't no kneeling in that land, etc...

There ain't no Jim Crow in that land, etc ...

(Repeat first verse.)

SIDE I, Band 2: THE BATTLE OF MAXTON FIELD

Words and Music by Malvina Reynolds
Pete Seeger © Malvina Reynolds

Oh, have you seen the bed-sheet boys, The terrors of the night?
They rallied here at Maxton,
Just a honin' for a fight.
Oh, rally round you Klansmen bold,
But do not show your face;
We'll burn the fiery cross tonight,
And save the Nordic race.

CHORUS:

Oh, the Klan, Oh, the Klan,
It calls on every red-blood fighting man.
If you are free and white and bigot,
Get your courage from a spigot,
They be needing re-inforcements,
For to fight the Indians.

Now the Indians, the Indians,
They are our natural foe,
They lure our girls with coke and pie,
And take them to the show.
They wear blue jeans and leather coats,
But anyone can see,
They are not real Americans,
The like of you and me.

Now the heroes left their stores and plows, Their pool halls and their bars, And in their gallant hooded shirts, They drove up in their cars. For in this grave emergency, That mustered every soul, Who should appear to lead the fight, But wizzard Jimmy Cole.

Now as the cars were drawing in, An ominous sound was heard. Was that an Indian battle cry, Or just a Guney bird? Is that a Guney bird I see, Or grandpa's fighting cock? Or is it a Lumbee war bonnet, That comes from Chimney Rock?

(CHORUS)

The headlights shone, the Klansmen stood In circle brave and fine, When suddenly a whoop was heard, That curdled every spine.

An Indian youth with steely eyes, He sauntered in alone, He calmly pulled his shootin' iron, And conked the microphone.

Another shot, the light went outThere was a moment's hush;
Then a hundred thousand Lumbee boys,
Came screaming from the brush.
Well, maybe not a million quite,
But surely more than four,
And the Klansmen shook from head to foot,
And headed for the door.

The Lumbee Indians whooped and howled, In their ancient Lumbee way, The Klansmen melted off the ground, Like snow on a sunny day. Our histories will long record, This perilous advance, When many a Klansman left the field, With buckshot in his pants.

(CHORUS)

The troopers listened from afarThey did not lift a gun.
They heard the noise, they said, "The boys
Are having a little fun."
But when they saw the nightshirt lads,
All streaming down the road,
They knew that something went amiss,
The wrong switch had been throwed.

When the Coppers reached the battlefield, They saw no single soul;
In Pembroke town the Indians,
Were hanging Jimmy Cole.
Not James himself, for he had fled,
With his shirt tail waving free,
But all the joyful Lumbee boys,
They hanged his effigy.

One lonely Klansman in the brush,
The troopers chanced to find.
"The Klanvocation ran away,
And left me here behind!"
They took him into Lumberton,
And threw him in the 'link.
They said he couldn't stand up stright;
He'd had too much to drink.





'Twas Riedsville's Jimmy Martin there, A sadder, wiser man.
He saw the Pembroke Indians
Throw buckshot at the Klan.
He staggered home that greenish morn,
To greet his loving wife.
She beaned him with a rolling pin,
For losing her kitchen knife.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: RYE WHISKEY

Tony Kraber

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, I know you of old, You robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.

Oh, whiskey, you villain, you're no friend to me, You killed my poor pappy, God damn you, try me.

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry, If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.

I got to yonder holler and I'll build me a still, And I'll give you a gallon for a five dollar bill.

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry, If a tree don't fall on me, I'll live till I die.

If the ocean was whiskey, and I was a duck, I'd dive to the bottom and never come up.

But the ocean ain't whiskey, and I ain't a duck, So I'll play Jack o' Diamonds and trust to my luck.

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry, If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.

Her parents don't like me, they say I'm too poor, And I'm unfit to darken her door.

Her parents don't like me; well, my money's my own, And them that don't like me can leave me alone.

Oh, Mollie, oh, Mollie, I told you before, Don't make me no pallet, I'll lay on the floor.

It's whiskey, rye whiskey, whiskey I cry, If I don't get rye whiskey, I surely will die.

SIDE I, Band 4: BLOOD ON THE SADDLE

Tony Kraber

CHORUS:

There was blood on the saddle, and blood all around, And a great big puddle of blood on the ground.

The cowboy lay in it, all covered with gore, And he won't go riding no bronchos no more.

Oh, pity the cowboy all bloody and red, For his broncho fell on him and mashed in his head.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 5: THINGS ABOUT COMIN' MY WAY

Jerry Silverman

Ain't got no money, can't buy no grub, Backbone and navel doin' the belly rub.

CHORUS:

Now after all my hard trav'lin', Things about comin' my way.

The rent was due, the light was out, I said, "Mama, mama, what's it all about?"

(CHORUS)

The pot was empty, Lord, the cupboard bare, I said, "Mama, mama, what's goin' on here?"

(CHORUS)

Work all this summer, work all last fall, Gonna make new years in my overalls.

(CHORUS)

One of these days - it won't be long, You'll call my name, Lord, I will be gone.

FINAL CHORUS: 'Cause after all my hard trav'lin', Things about comin' my way.

SIDE I, Band 6: MARK TWAIN

Will Geer

SIDE I, Band 7: IF I HAD MY WAY

Reverend Gary Davis

CHORUS:

If I had my way,
I would tear this old building down.

Well, Delilah, she was a woman, she was fine and fair, She had good looks, God knows, and coal black hair. Delilah she gained old Samson mind, When the first he saw this woman, of the Philistine.

Delilah she sit down on Samson's knee, She said, "Tell me where your strength lie, if you please."

She spoke so kind, God knows, she spoke so fair, Till Samson said, "Delilah! You can cut off my hair."

You can shave my head clean as my hand And my strength come natural like any other man.

(CHORUS)

Had you read about old Samson all from his birth? He was the strongest man that ever had lived on the earth.

So one day, when Samson was walkin' along, He looked on the ground and saw an old jawbone; He stretched out his arm, God knows, and it broke like thread,

When he got through moving, ten thousand was dead.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 8: WILL YOUR DOG CATCH A RABBIT?

Hally Wood

Oh, man, will your dog catch a rabbit?
Take 'im and try 'im. You can take 'im and try 'im.
Oh, man, can your dog catch a rabbit?
Take 'im and try 'im; you can take 'im and try 'im.
Take 'im and try 'im; you can take 'im and try 'im.

Oh, man, will your pony tote double?
Take 'im and try 'im. You can take 'im and try 'im.
Oh, man, can your pony tote double?
Take 'im and try 'im. You can take 'im and try 'im.

Oh, man, will your daughter take company?
I don't know; well, I don't know.
Oh, man, will your daughter take company.
I don't know, buddy; well, I don't know.

(Repeat first verse.)

SIDE I, Band 9: DONE LAID AROUND

Pete Seeger and group

©Paul Clayton

CHORUS:

Done laid around and stayed around
this old town too long;
Summer's almost gone, summer's almost gone.
Done laid around and stayed around
this old town too long,
And I feel like I want to travel on.

There's a lonesome freight at 6:08
coming down the line.

I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound.

A lonesome freight at 6:08
coming down the line,

And I feel like I want to travel on.

(CHORUS)

I've waited here for most a year,
waiting for the sun to shine,
Waiting for the sun to shine,
oh, when you change your mind.
I've waited here for 'most a year,
waiting for the sun to shine,
And I feel like I want to travel on.

(CHORUS)

END SIDE I.

SIDE II, Band 1: I NEVER WILL MARRY

Pete Seeger, Mike Seeger and group

One morning I rambled, down by the seashore, The wind it did whistle, and the water did roar, I spied a fair damsel, make a pitiful cry, It sounded so lonesome, in the waters nearby.

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 water, swim over my head.

My love's gone and left me, he's the one I adore, He's gone where I never shall see him any more.

She plunged her dear body, in the water so deep, She closed her pretty blue eyes, in the waters to sleep.

SIDE II, Band 2: REILLY'S GONE

Pete Seeger

From Collection of Alan Lomax

Wonder where old Reilly's Gone, Oh, Reilly, oh man... Wonder where old Reilly's Gone, bye, bye, Reilly, ohh.

Reilly's gone to Liverpool, oh, Reilly, oh man. Reilly's gone to Liverpool, bye, bye, bye, Reilly, oh.

Reilly's gone, and I'm a going too, etc.

Reilly, Reilly, where are you? etc.

SIDE II, Band 3: KEVIN BARRY

Pete Seeger and Audience

It was on a Sunday morning, high upon a gallows tree, Kevin Barry gave his young blood, for the cause of liberty, Only a lad of eighteen summers, yet there's no one

Only a lad of eighteen summers, yet there's no one can deny,

That he went to death that morning, nobly held his head up high,

Shoot me like an Irish soldier, do not hang me like a dog,

For I fought for Irish freedom on that dark September morn.

All around that little bakery, where he fought from man to man,

Shoot me like an Irish soldier, for I fought to free Ireland.

Just before he faced the hangman, in his lonely prison cell,

British soldiers torture, Barry, just because he would not tell,

All the names of his companions, other things they wished to know,

Turn informer and we'll free you, Kevin Barry answered no.

Another martyr, for old Ireland, another murder for the crown,

Will plague and kill the Irish, but they can't keep their spirits down.

SIDE II, Band 4: . WIMOWEH

Words and Music by Solomon Linda

Pete Seeger and audience

SIDE II, Band 5: WE ARE CLIMBING JACOB'S LADDER

Pete Seeger and audience

We are climbing Jacob's ladder, We are climbing Jacob's ladder, We are climbing Jacob's ladder, Brothers in our land.

Every rung goes higher, higher, Every rung goes higher, higher, Every rung goes higher, higher, Brothers in our land. Every new man makes us stronger, Every new man makes us stronger, Every new man makes us stronger, Brothers in our land.

We have worked in dark and danger, We have worked in dark and danger, We have worked in dark and danger, Brothers in our land.

SIDE II, Band 6: HOLD ON

Pete Seeger and group

Keep your hand on that plow, hold on!

CHORUS:

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

United Nations make a chain; Every link is freedom's name. Keep your hand on that plow, hold on. (CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

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

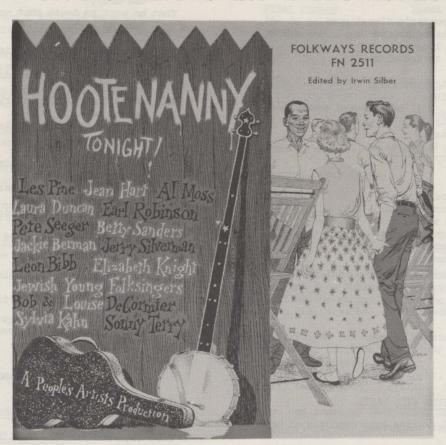
(CHORUS)

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

(CHORUS)

END SIDE TWO

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