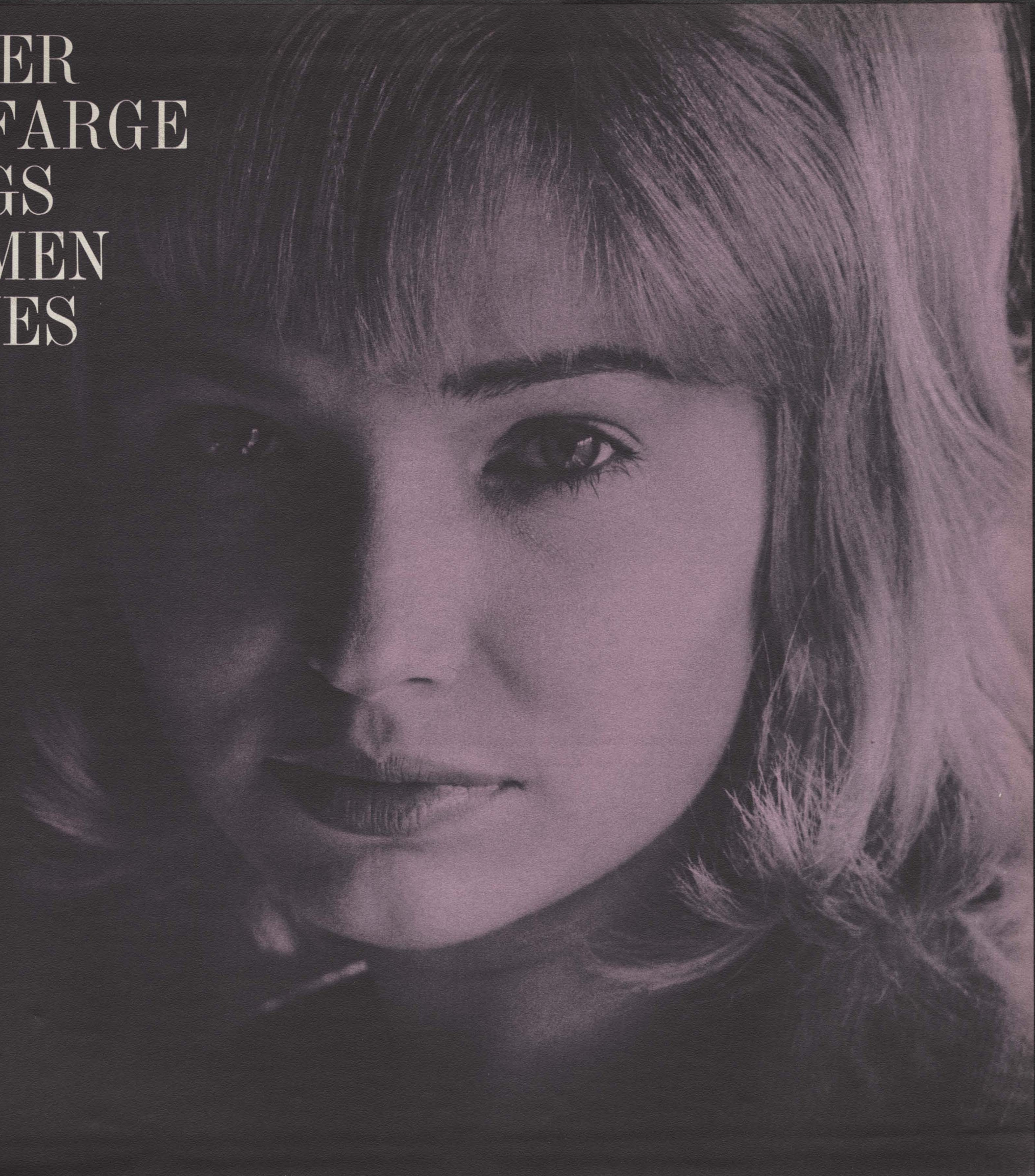


PETER
LA FARGE
SINGS
WOMEN
BLUES

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2534



PETER LA FARGE SINGS WOMEN BLUES

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2534

BAD GIRL

LONE NIGHT SONG

I WILL BRING YOU FLOWERS

SUNDI

HANDSOME BLACKARBEE

THE VIEW IS CLEAR

PEOPLE ASK ME

RAINBOW RACE

DON'T TELL ME HOW I LOOKED FALLING

IN MY CHAINS

BROKEN BIRD

NOBODY CAN DO IT ALONE

PETER'S BLUES (Marx)

EPITAPH BLUES

PROPERTY OF
FOLKLIFE PROGRAM
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 2534
©1964 Folkways Records & Service Corp.,
17 W. 60th St., N. Y. C., USA

Peter La Farge sings Women Blues

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Poets write for many reasons, but I have found only two valid ones, I write for the People, in my case My people the Indians mostly, or I write for, of and from women. There are many relationships between us men and that strange brilliant species, the human female, there are many names of girls gone by which I might, but won't put down here. It is ironic and sad that one of the women who always knew what I was talking about died just previous to my cutting this album. Outside of the Indian album 'As Long As The Grass Shall Grow', no series of songs have been closer to me, no series have I worked on so hard. So I dedicate this album to women everywhere, I never found one I wasn't in love with, and to my dear friend the late Marion Distler, who never heard it.

Peter La Farge, Feb. 14 '64
NYC

BAD GIRL

words and music by Peter La Farge,
copyright (c) Sugar Loaf Music ASCAP

They tell me you're a bad girl
Well baby I'm an evil man
They tell me
You're a rascal
Well baby I'm a rascal fan
Don't you mind
What they said of you
Cause they got me down there too
They tell me
You're a rascal
Well baby I'm a rascal fan.

They tell me you're a wild thing
Well baby I'm a gentling man
They tell me
You got the brass ring
I'll catch it if I can
Don't you mind
All the bitter tales
All hot air does
Is fill my sails
They tell me
You're a wild thing
Well baby I'm a gentling man

They tell me that you're trouble
Well baby I'm a troubling man
They tell me love is a bubble
Hold it softly
That's my plan
Don't you mind what they say of us
That's what the volkswagen
Said to the bus
They tell me that you are trouble
Well baby I'm a troubling man

They tell me you're a lost girl
Well baby I'm the lost and found
Let me tell them you're a boss girl
Come alone I'm freedom bound
Let 'em rant
And let them rave
You're the queen
And I'm the knave
They tell me you're a lost girl
Well baby I'm the lost and found.

(Repeat first verse)

LONE NIGHT SONG

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
copyright (c) Sugar Loaf Music

What a magic word is we
So much more a word then me
So much more a word then I
So much better for lasting by.

What a wonderous word is us
Two or more - but two's enough

Call me us - don't call me you
How I wish I could be two.

How alone a word is I
Who cares when I alone do cry
Who cares when I alone do weep
And in the dark do phantoms creep.

Best word of all that word is love
Best of all for thinking of
I've so much I wish to share
Would somebody please come care.

I WILL BRING YOU FLOWERS

words and music by Peter La Farge, copy-
right (c) Sugar Loaf Music ASCAP

I don't have much to give you in winters cold
and snow,
But listen to my offer, once more before you
go,

The time of the snowdrops coming,
I can hear the blue bells ring,
And I will bring you flowers, if you will stay
till spring.

I'll bank you 'round with roses, and with
spanish bayonet,
Light your way with poppys, all the
nasturshams I can get,
Snapdragons for your pillow, red poppys for
your (wings),
Yes I will bring you flowers, if you will
stay 'till spring.

Peonys and violets, chrysanthimums so bold,
Sweet pea and begonia, and wreaths of marigold,
I'll weave all these to coverlets 'till they with
perfume sing,
Yes I will bring you flowers if you will stay 'till
spring.

You'll have a bough from a cherry tree, and the
cactus bloomin too,
For the prickly pear turns brilliant when the
columbine turns blue,
The barral and the cholla, round their flowers
spikes do ring,
Yes I will bring you flowers, if you will stay
till spring.

And when the flowers wrap you round in lovely-
ness and bright,
You will stand at midday in my heart both day
and night,
And to your hand each evening, I will dew drops
bring,
Yes I will bring you flowers if you will stay
till spring,
Yes I will bring you flowers if you will stay till
spring.

SUNDI

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
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Just a pretty and lost one, wandering from east
Germany,
She spent her heart with a bold hand, and it
broke in the land of the free,
She gave her love to a fellow, she gave her soul
and her mind,
And he loved her and left her and lost her, and
now she is wounded and blind.

CHORUS:

Sundi from over the ocean, Sundi from over
the sea,
Sundi from over the ocean, Sundi I wish you
loved me.

Is this how a man treats a woman, making gifts
of dark tragedy,
Is this how American man hood, tears at a lone
refugee,
I would build her a palace of laughter, and give
her a doorway of song,
But I see that the man who just passed here, has
withered the garden and gone.

(CHORUS)

So dear as you pass in your wandering, here is
a cup and a hand,
I've little or nothing to give you, in your desert
of bitter black sand,
But Sundi after you've left us, and are well on
your way and are gone,
Remember that some of us love you, and
remember that one wrote this song.

(CHORUS)

HANDSOME BLACKARBEE

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
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There once was a gypsy rider whos story you
should know,
Who went riding in the midnight his heart did
pain him so,
To see the rich folks riding by so mighty and
so strong,
Young blackarbee decided that he would right
this wrong.

CHORUS:

And it's handsome blackarbee, handsome
reckless blackarbee,
Riding thru the midnights with his pistol
swinging free,
And it's handsome blackarbee, handsome
reckless blackarbee
Riding thru the midnights with his pistol
swinging free.

Young Blackarbee went riding and he rode
so very well
Full many a purse fell in his hands and the
poor they would not tell,
Of the extra horse in the barn last night, of
the gold by the kitchen door,
Of the spurs that rang at midnight across the
kitchen floor.

(CHORUS)

Tis said the ladies loved him and tis known
he loved them too,
But unto one he gave his heart, and unto her
was true,
And tho he rode the Kings highway, west and
north and south,
He rode for love when he rode east to the girl
with the laughin mouth.

(CHORUS)

He brought her many a present of jewels and
love and gold,
And unto her was always true, tho he rode so
brave and bold,
He never forgot a favor, and never forgave a
lie,
And only the poor were pleased when blackarbee
rode by.

(CHORUS)

One night when he was weary he turned his
pony east,
He rode for the girl with the blue black hair,
he rode for the lovers feast,
He rode with a mighty price on his head, and a
song upon his heart,
He rode for the girl he loved so well, and he
rode for the lovers art.

(CHORUS)

But there are always people and envy is their
name,
Who hate a girl whos loved so well, and a lad
who does the same,
They sent a note to the sheriff, who'd sworn
the lad must die,
And they killed the girl in solitude so she'd
no warning cry.

(CHORUS)

In the east the sheriff waited and the girl was
dead and down,
And death stood wait by the garden gate, for
death is the lawmans hound,
But the gypsy lad had second sight and snatched
it up in time,
He saw his sweethearts lovely ghost and he
heard the lawhounds whine.

(CHORUS)

He swore a curse upon the sheriff as he spun his
horse around,

And a curse upon his family wherever they'll
be found,
And the sheriff broke his neck that night while
following his path,
And his family ever since that day have drained
the bitter glass.

(CHORUS)

Tho he was not captured he's not been seen
again,
You'd have to ask the gypsy folk, and they won't
say where or when,
But when the poor are troubled they'll tell you
a tale,
Of a lad who rides for the girl he loves, along the
eastern trail.

(CHORUS)

THE VIEW IS CLEAR

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
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The view is clear from his funeral side
I can see as far as his heart did ride
I can see the girl with freedom's flame
And the medal of honor
And liberty's name.

With the hand of honor and the river of pearls
She is tall and brilliant and outranks earls
Clean and well with the golden flame
And all that belongs
To liberty's name.

King of the mountain, lord of the shores
I'd rather be hers - that means much more
The tall strong girl who moves with bright
And lights us home
In the darkest night.

Now his flame burns to light us all
May it never go out or liberty fall
I can see it far
I can see it wide
For the view is clear
From his funeral side.

(Repeat first verse)

PEOPLE ASK ME

words and music by Peter La Farge, copy-
right (c) Sugar Loaf Music

People ask me how I see my way
I've got an answer, here's what I say,

CHORUS:

You don't need a light when it's love shinin' in
the dark,
Looky yonder, you don't need a light when it's
love shinin' in the dark.

People ask me if I'm on the beam,
And I answer I dreamed a dream:

(CHORUS)

People ask me who I take along,
I take my heart and bring my song

(CHORUS)

People ask me if I use a key,
I follow love cause it unlocks me

(CHORUS)

People ask me where I go now,
I go with love cause love knows how...

(CHORUS)

People ask me where the secret lies,
Light up your heart you'd be surprised,

(CHORUS)

People ask me if I've cried,
I've laughed and lived and almost died...

(CHORUS)

People ask me what I know,
Not very much but where I go,

(CHORUS)

People ask me why I sing
Can't you hear that soft bell ring:

(CHORUS)

People ask me who I love,
I'm a woman's man, below and above,

(CHORUS)

People ask me why I write,
There's got to be a girl to make my reason right,

(CHORUS)

People ask me why I cry,
Cause I love to well and my girls gone by,

(CHORUS)

People ask me why I smile,
Cause there's a hundred girls in a thousand miles,

(CHORUS)

People ask me where I go,
I go with truth, that's all I know

(CHORUS)

People ask me what I hear,
I hear the freedom bell ringing loud and clear,

(CHORUS)

People ask me what I see,
I see a land with liberty,

(CHORUS)

RAINBOW RACE

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
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Don't tell the children lies
About the Rainbow Race
Children ride the Rainbows best
And children know God's face

CHORUS:

So let the children go riding
So let the children go riding
So let the children go riding
Their Rainbows all night long.

Give the children truth to hold
Give them hope to bridle
Give them lots of Peace to dream
And you'll not find them idle

(CHORUS)

Give them riding clothes of bright
Their saddles made of fun
The Rainbow they will catch themselves
Then let the children run

(CHORUS)

Give them honor to light the way
Manners as a rein
Let them ride their Rainbows free
With stars as a flying mane

(CHORUS)

For the child who rides a Rainbow
Is the child who rides a dream
Let the children romp in love
And keep their future clean

(CHORUS)

Don't tell the children any lies
About the Rainbow race
Children ride the rainbows best
And children know God's face

(CHORUS)

DON'T TELL ME HOW I LOOKED FALLING

words and music by Peter La Farge, copy-
right (c) Sugar Loaf Music

My name is peter buckin horse,
And often I've been throwed,

I've laid in the dust as a rider must,
And some of them I've rode,
I've got my trophy buckles,
My scars and injurys,
I'm a stubborn cuss,
And I like a fuss,
But, I've got philosophy

CHORUS:

Don't tell me how I looked falling,
Tell me how I looked on,
Don't tell me how I looked falling,
Yesterday is gone,
Sun come up on a brand new day,
Draw my horse and point the way,
Don't tell me how I looked falling,
Tell me how I looked on.

I've often been mistaken but I spur good any
how,

I've taken the rein and walked home lame,
And I've choused the herford cow,
I've wailed at the moon at midnight,
And hollered the sun at noon,
I've got a tan as an also ran,
And I've licked the silver spoon,

(CHORUS)

Now I've had friends by dozens,
And sometimes friends by ones,
I've stood alone with an old dry bone,
Had a million when I won,
Now the coyote calls by midnight,
And seldom calls by day,
I've heard his song all day long,
Since my woman's gone astray.

(CHORUS)

I've got a friend named Harry,
River ridin' he will do,
I'll take a chance on the Jackson dance,
He's a twister tried and true,
I had a girl in Boston,
And my thoughts are on her now,
I lost her once like a stupid dunce,
But I'll try again somehow.

(CHORUS)

Now let me tell you buddy,
Just exactly what I know,
There's many a fall and I've had them all,
In lifes great rodeo,
The women they've been lovely,
And the horses they've been rough,
I'm here to stay as well as play
I rather like it tough.

IN MY CHAINS

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
copyright (c) Sugar Loaf Music

Waited short
Waited long,

Freight train come,
Freight train gone,
No one left,
No one came,
Links in dozens
In my chains.

Got no letters,
I had time,
Train named hope
Stalled down the line,
Friend named Tom,
Girl named Gay,
All my horses gone astray.

Cells have doors,
Doors got bars,
I think God hid the stars,
When I'm out,
Ask me in,
Ask me softly
Where I been.

Come one day
I'll go home,
See the friends,
Left me lone,
See them laugh,
See them cry,
See the grey goose,
Flyin by.

Sail a boat
Across the sea,
How I wish that boat
Was me,
Sail a boat to a star,
If it's free
Thats not far.

Just a girl
So they say,
Broke my heart

Sent me way
Woman then,
Woman now
Tell me why,
Tell me how.

I can't help
My bad heart
Loves too well
Falls apart,
Lovings easy
Leavings hard,
Deal me God
One last card.

You had Harry,
Dick Tom and all,
You can't have me too,
I won't take the fall,
You won't settle,
Or ease on down,
Stick to one man,
Stay in one town.

You gotta keep runnin,
Change every day,
Someday my love,
There'll be Satan to pay,
Some day baby
There'll be a bill,
And a lot to pay,
And a lot to kill.

Some day baby
You'll need a friend,
All you'll have
Is the streets dead end,
This love's over,
This lights gone,
But it was worth it,
I wrote a song.

BROKEN BIRD

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
copyright (c) Sugar Loaf Music

I heard the call of a broken bird
In the dark about midnight,
A lonesome thing with a broken wing,
Twisted in loves flight.

I heard the call of a broken bird
As she limped along her way,
So sad it came, love had dead aim,
And wrecked her wings array.

I heard the call of a broken bird
And it echoed soft my song,
Of my love burned and my love spurned,
And my love gone so long.

I heard the call of a broken bird
As it nestled to my hand,
Saying please don't cry, the days gone by,
The rest are also ran.

I heard the call of a broken bird
And my heart again did beat,
For my wounded one lights up the sun,
And does not know defeat.

I heard the call of a broken bird
I'd never heard before,
Such courage ring in a sweet small thing,
And I'd not ask for more.

I heard the call of a broken bird
In the dark about midnight
A lonesome thing with a broken wing,
Twisted in loves flight.

NOBODY CAN DO IT ALONE

words and music by Peter La Farge ASCAP
Copyright (c) Sugar Loaf Music

It takes more than one feather to
To make the wings of a bird
It takes more than one letter
To make peace a word
It takes more than one people
To reach for the stars
If we all reach together
Then we'll all stand on Mars

CHORUS:

But nobody can do it alone
Friend, nobody can do it alone

It takes more than one country
To make up the world
It takes more than one layer
To make up a pearl
It takes more than one drop
To make up the sea
It takes him, it takes you
It takes them, it takes me

(CHORUS)

It takes many to make one
When that one's made of many
It takes difference and hope
Both brother or not any
To gather the stars
We need every hand
From each country and each city
Each heart and each hand

(CHORUS)

So let fly the peace doves
With the rise of their wings
Every stroke we rise higher
And the peace angels sing

Be gentle with yourself
Be gentle with each other
Hold on my friends
And we all shall be brothers.

(CHORUS)

PETERS BLUES

words and music by Peter La Farge, copy-
right (c) Marx Music

I'm a womans man and that's my hook,
They light up my candle with just one look
This is peter, velvet peter, singing you his blues.

You're hair might be blond, it might be black,
I'll lay you odds baby, you'll be back,

(CHORUS)

I've been to Dallas and to Denver town,
Lookin for a woman that can hold me down,

(CHORUS)

When I sing look behind
There's a woman there, every time,

(CHORUS)

I don't sing for money, and I don't sing for free,
I sing for woman, and they swing for me,

(CHORUS)

Some climb mountains, some climb hills,
With me it's woman, I can't get my fill,

(CHORUS)

Some dig coke, some dig booze,
But it's always woman when Pete sings blues,

(CHORUS)

Make a big circle and include me in,
Call it love, don't call it sin,

(CHORUS)

I've been good baby, I've been bad,
But I'm the best man, you ever had

(CHORUS)

EPITAPH BLUES

words and music by Peter La Farge copy-right (c) Sugar Loaf Music

Your Tickets stamped,
Your letters sent,
You can't pay
Your lifes rent
Go away to friso,
Go dye your hair,
Go jump in the river
I don't care.

Peter La Farge comes from Fountain Colorado, where he was raised as a cowboy on the Kane Ranch. His second home is Santa Fe, New Mexico, where his father, the late Oliver La Farge, resided. The thirty three year old folk musician, (whose tribe the Narragansetts were wiped out), was adopted at birth with his sister Povy, by the Tewa Clan of the Hopi Indians whose reservation is near Santa Fe.

Peter left school when he was sixteen, to sing and rodeo. He had his own radio program when he was fourteen. Peter was dancing the Hopi eagle dance with his father playing drums before he was ten, on his first appearance in New York. In 1946 Josh White came through Petes' country, and stopped off to work with him. This was the beginning of his apprenticeship to the greats of folk music. Much work with Josh, Big Bill Broonzy and a close friendship with Cisco Houston followed with the years.

Peter went to Korea and returned to sing and rodeo, collecting the cowboy songs which are his birthright, collecting a broken nose in the ring as a professional boxer, collecting the USA. He took his eyes off a brahma Bull at a rodeo in '56, and saw that the resulting injury, (through which he almost lost a leg) spelled the beginning of the end of his athletic career. He then took himself to the Goodman School of Theatre in Chicago. After appearing in New York City in the highly successful revival of "Dark of the Moon," he made a comeback on the Rodeo circuit. In '59 he found himself riding at Madison Square Garden with his right foot in a cast, and a spur set into the cast; at the same time he was cast in the Shakespear-writes New York Production of King Lear. Pete has had a broken wrist, a mangled, surgically saved knee, a broken (but healed) leg, a crushed ankle and other injuries from rodeo. He retired.

Working closely from this time on with Cisco, who believed Peter could contribute much as a performer-writer, composer, he began to concentrate entirely on the folk field.

After spending two months building a chimney of field stone with Pete Seeger, Peter wrote the first Indian protest ballads, (As Long As The Grass Shall Grow FN-2532) and was recognized along with Bob Dylan, Len Chandler, Tom Paxton, Mark Spoelstra and Phil Ochs, as one of the coming young poets in the folk field. In April of '63, he and Norman Seaman conceived of, and presented the first in a long and successful series of 99 cent Hootenany's for students and working people at Town Hall in New York City. In March '64 he gave his second solo concert at the same hall. Peter is managed by Len Rosenfeld and can be heard on four Folkways releases. All are the answer to a long dream.

Hear these other PETER La FARGE Records on FOLKWAYS:

FN 2531 IRON MOUNTAIN AND OTHER SONGS. Composed and sung by PETER LA FARGE. A new voice and new ideas in: Stumbling, Pop Reed, Pony Called Nell, Marijuana Blues, Snow Bird Blues, Hungry Blues, Avril Blues, Santa Fe, Alaska 49th State, Iron Mountain, Falling Stars, Abraham Lincoln, Cisco Houston. Text.
1-12" 33 1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FN 2532 - AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW. Peter LaFarge sings of the Indians. Look Again to the Wind, The Senacas, Damn Redskins, Tecumseh, Take Back Your Atom Bomb, Vision of a Past Warrior, Coyote, My Little Brother, Alaska, Custer, The Trial of Tears, Hay, Mr. President, The Touriste, Last Words.
1-12" 33 1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FA 2533 PETER LA FARGE SINGS OF THE COWBOYS. Traditional Songs of the Cowboy and the Rodeo and Cattle Calls. Whoopee Ti Yi Yo!, Chisholm Trail, Trail to Mexico, Sirey Peaks, Lavender Cowboy, I've Got No Use for the Women, I Ride An Old Paint, Cowboy's Lament, Yavipii Pete, When the Work's All Done This Fall, Cowboy's Dream, The Black Stallion, Walkin' John, Strawberry Roan, The Rodeo Hand, Cattle Calls.
1-12" 33 1/3 rpm longplay record \$5.95

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album # FN 2531
©1962 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 121 W. 47th St. NYC USA

IRON MOUNTAIN and other songs

Composed and
Sung

PETER



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR

(All songs ©1962 by

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album # FN 2532
©1963 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 121 W. 47th St. NYC USA

AS LONG AS THE GRASS SHALL GROW

PETER La FARGE
sings of the
Indians

Notes from; John Collier
John La Farge
War of 1812 Documentary
Moses Asch

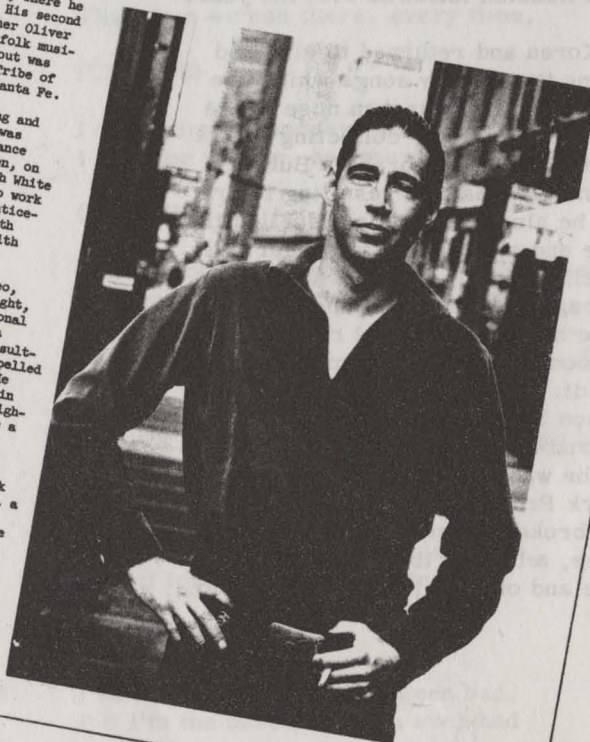
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Working closely from this time on with Cisco, who believed Peter could contribute much as a performer-writer, composer, he began to concentrate entirely on the folk field. This album, the answer to a long dream and the other Folkways releases are the result.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR



About the songs

STUMELING

I took my eyes off a bull
a ruined leg. God took h'
and it crooketed my mind.
ing this land. Every bof
had some problem of this
the rain, you don't know
them without a rain coa
night this song occurr
after a radio show. I
sitting there where I

POP REED

Frank Reed was the
Reed boys of Color
singer and a fine
sheriffs. He had
him for a job onc
violins, mandoli
and then he call
hang a gun on t'
and the Reeds t
Perhaps you ca

PONY CALLED I

I wrote this

MARIJUANA

Yeah.

SNOW BII

This h'