

EARL ROBINSON SINGS FOLKWAYS RECORDS FG 3545



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EARL ROBINSON SINGS



Earl Robinson

I remember once standing before a large meeting of maritime workers in the old St. Nicholas Arena in New York. The seamen had been on strike for several weeks and someone from the Union had called People's Songs to send some singers down to entertain at the meeting. There was a small group of us (I'm no singer, but I went along for the ride) and we were doing our best with some of the labor songs we knew. But the strike was a deadly serious one, and our little group was having a hard time holding the men's attention. Suddenly, someone from the back of the hall yelled out: "How about Joe Hill?"

We started the song -- and the hall was suddenly still. And then, without invitation, we heard these 5,000 tough striking seamen begin to sing the words and melody to that great labor classic. The packed hall became unified in a way that is hard to describe as all those voices joined in the familiar strains commemorating the martyrdom of the Wobbly singing organizer. When we were done, there were no other songs to sing -- and no others were necessary.

I don't recall anything else about that strike. But that one incident remains in my mind, for I knew that I had participated in one of those moving moments of history which are rarely recorded in the books but which have such a significant impact on men's lives -- the creation of a spirit of solidarity among men with common problems and a common task.

It is no small thing for a composer to have created a work which lives in men's hearts the way "Joe Hill" has. If Earl Robinson had done no more than write "Joe Hill" (the music, Alfred Hayes wrote the

words), he would have a right to feel that his "walk in the sun" had meaning. But Earl Robinson did more.

Perhaps future generations will better be able to evaluate his influence and impact on the current fusion of folk and popular music.

Certainly, in the thirties, he was a pioneer in the development of serious music with roots in the folk idiom. And his was not a work of imitation. There were no "recognizable" traditional tunes in "Ballad for Americans" or "Lonesome Train," to name just two of his longer works. But there was a spirit and a tempo in these works which was distinctly of folk music -- transformed and developed by a highly skilled and sensitive creative artist.

There is no need (nor space) here to list all of Earl Robinson's works. Many of these appear in his earlier Folkways Recording ("A Walk in the Sun" - FA 2324). Perhaps, someday, a giant collection of all his songs will be published. Such a book will include, of course, songs which have been history making in their direct impact as well as in their influence on future generations of songwriters: songs like "The House I Live In," "Old Abe Lincoln," "Black and White," "Free and Equal Blues," "Same Boat, Brother," and dozens of others.

But this is not an Earl Robinson memorial album. Today, as this is being written, Earl Robinson stands at the height of his creative powers -- continuing to pour forth music which will enrich the lives of all of us.

- Irwin Silber

Editor, SING OUT

SIDE I

Quilting Bee

Words: Jack Shapiro - Music: Earl Robinson

One of my treasured memories as a young boy growing up in Seattle was being part of a "Bee." Here is how it worked. A family would have a big job to do such as painting the house outside or inside, or digging a basement, or putting up a small barn or garage. Most families we knew didn't have the money to hire these jobs done. On the other hand, for the man to do it alone, in his free hours after work, even with the kids helping, could well take weeks and weeks to accomplish. So, a painting bee, a digging bee, a barn-raising bee, was organized. And the entire families of friends and relations would gather at a reasonable hour, usually on Sunday, "the day of rest," and go to work. The men had perhaps brought along picks and shovels, or paint brushes, and the women brought quantities of food. While the fathers and uncles and big sons 'dug', the ladies prepared a tremendous meal. And the kids ran around and played, tried to help a bit, sometimes got in the way, but had a wonderful time, as did everybody involved. Along in the afternoon the big job was done. And two weeks later the same gang would congregate at another friend's house to help out on another Bee.

"Trading Labor" is another name for it in different sections of the country. And farmers co-ops still carry on this idea. Of course American women have been getting together in Quilting Bees since before the Revolution.

So it seemed a natural thing for Jack Shapiro and me to get together in '47 or '48 and move the Bee, so to speak, onto the international scene. If it worked so well for friends and neighbors and relatives, why couldn't it work for the people around the world?

A Man's a Man for A' That

Words: Robert Burns
Music: Earl Robinson

This tune came into being around 1940 but Robbie Burns' beautiful words go back considerably further, and were set to a very fine Scottish folk song with the same title. The question may be asked, "Why a new tune then?" I'm afraid I don't have a very good answer. I had wanted to do this for years, and finally did. In the process I "Americanized" some of the dialect for greater clarity. Gowd became gold, aboon became above, cuif became fool, bear the gree-win the fight, and so on. In building the tune to a high note rather than a low at the end of each verse it was my hope that I strengthened it over the original. Possibly not. If you like to sing, try them both.

My True Love

Words: Lee Hays Music: Earl Robinson

This song, as anyone can see is quite modern. In point of fact it is an old folk song that we composed next week. Originally we decided to remain anonymous and act as ghost writers for the well-known Martian BMI lyricist XTRFL 8. But the time has arrived to come clean. This here science fiction love-song, Lee and I done it.

Abe Lincoln

Chorus words: Abraham Lincoln
Verse words: Alfred Hayes and Earl Robinson
Music: Earl Robinson

This is an unusual song with an unusual history. Consider the Depression and the roaring 30's. Consider seventeen million unemployed in a nation of only 120 million. Reflect on the needs and problems and consequent moods of "one third of a nation, ill clad, ill nourished and ill housed." * People were in motion, forced to organize against starvation, for a living wage, for a union of their own choice, for a decent life. By the millions, they were joining the big industrial unions, building the CIO. People were not only forced into action, they were forced to think. They tended to call a spade a spade, and to weigh a man not by his label but by what he did. And there was a need not only to look to the future but to seek back in the past, through our own history for helps to face and understand the stormy present. The word 'revolutionary' was not a fearsome word not to the majority.

So it seemed quite exciting and natural to set these words from Lincoln's first Inaugural Address to music. And at this summer camp, in 1936, where laboring people were welcome, where songs and plays of protest and patriotism were the staff of life, Al Hayes and I got together not only on Joe Hill, but on this song too.

It's first performance with the chorus of 125 campers, was very successful. It started, along with the Joe Hill song, to move around the country on its own volition. It was sung in Spain by members of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, in the struggle of the Spanish Loyalists against Franco.

But the most amazing thing of all was its being bought by the Schuberts for inclusion in the Broadway production of "Hellzapoppin". In that zany Olsen-Johnson highjinx, our strong radical Abe Lincoln song sung with nice dignity by a Negro quartet, was a quiet spot.

It hasn't been sung so often in recent years for some reason, but since the original recordings are long out of print, it seemed appropriate to include 'Old Abe' in this album.

My Fisherman, My Laddy-O

Words: Waldo Salt
Music: Earl Robinson

Part of a composer's job is to be able to write music for theatre, ballet, film. This little song with development and variations became almost the entire background score for a film short entitled "End of Summer". Sung, whistled, played by accordion and guitar, it somehow lived on, beyond the film.

Hold Fast to your Dream

Music: Earl Robinson

More often than realized, good prose can also become good music. Just as Abe Lincoln's words have stimulated songs, cantatas, and symphonic works, so the

* President Franklin D. Roosevelt, January, 1937

spoken thoughts of Franklin Roosevelt. The words to the chorus of this song are taken from a speech he made to the youth in Baltimore. The story and lyrics are by Sol Barzman and they express a bit of the feeling, not only of those of us who knew him, (and his wife Eleanor Roosevelt) but the thousands and millions who felt they knew him. That couple, dead and gone, will yet produce works of music, art, film and theatre for some time to come.

SIDE II

Same Boat, Brother

Lyrics: E. Y. Harburg
Music: Earl Robinson

The usual relationship between folk music and the composer is where the latter discovers some of the beauty and excitement in a folk song and says to himself, 'I can do something with that.' So perhaps he arranges it simply or complexly, for an interesting group of instruments, or even a full orchestra, moving the folk song onto a new level. Some composers immerse themselves in a folk style so well that they don't find it necessary to quote exact tunes, but create new works while still giving the feeling of folk derivation. Men like Vaughn Williams, Bartok, Villa Lobos come to mind.

As a composer I have taken part in all these processes. But it has been my particular fortune to also have the opposite happen. Huddie Ledbetter, (perhaps the king of all the folk singers), not only took sections of the Lonesome Train to sing, but liked The Same Boat, Brother well enough to make it his own. If you listen to his recording sometime you will hear the folk process at work, in reverse so to speak.

Yip Harburg and I met in Hollywood early in 1944 and out of this came not only some movie scores but songs like Free and Equal Blues and Same Boat. The latter received an early climactic performance in San Francisco over the C.B.S. network at the formation of the United Nations. Since then it has had no similar large scale performance. But it has made its way around nevertheless, through hundreds of copies distributed by the Y.W.C.A. plus the inexorable folk process. Still a good idea for singing.

Red Toupee

Art Samuels

A sweet little song written by a talented Montrealian who has to his credit many songs of various kinds of social significance. In this one he 'strikes at the roots.'

The Wild Goose

Wade Hemswirth

Another Canadian, this engineer - part time folk singer composes words and music which feel like folk songs. They move like folk songs and get picked up and sung by the folks of the U.S. and Canada, just to drop two place names. Wade's other songs include The Little Black Fly and The Story of the I'm Alone.

The Pied Piper

Malvina Reynolds

Malvina Reynolds has given the ancient story of the Pied Piper a logical modern extension. It becomes a fantasy song for today, with Musicians Union attachments. In 'recomposing' it for piano I have tried to further illustrate some of her excellent

lyrics as well as the basic story. The next step may well be to arrange it for orchestra and stage presentation.

Kevin Barry

Irish Folk Song

Several of the songs in this album come under the heading of militant nostalgia. In those stirring thirties when the growing labor and radical movement was seeking inspiration and means of expression, the songs of Ireland's struggle for freedom of the I.R.A. and the Fenian Boys seemed especially attractive, moving and beautiful. (Still do) And the position Kevin Barry takes on the informer was not only developed in a great Hollywood film with that title, but continues to reflect lights and shadows through the McCarthy period to the present.

Casey Jones

Joe Hill

This special kind of man, Joe Hill, a combination of labor organizer and song writer, member of the IWW (the famous Wobblies) Poet Laureate of the Working Class in the first decade and a half of this century, was one time or another run out of every town he got into by the local police. But there was one thing they could never run out. That was his songs. They always stayed behind, to be sung by hoboes, 'migratious folks', working people and their wives and children.

Finally framed up on a murder charge and executed in Salt Lake in 1915, his songs live on. Casey Jones was written to assist the workers of the Southern Pacific Railroad (S.P. Line) in their 1911 strike.

Forty Two Kids

This is another example of the 'folk process' at work. Merle Travis' fine song about the coal miners he knew was a special favorite of his friends and folk enthusiasts back in the 40's. Then all of a sudden Tennessee Ernie, moving with the tremendous upsurge of interest in folk songs, discovered he had a hit on his hands. But, contrary to the usual manner of 'hits' being plugged to distraction and dying out after a few weeks, this one continued to stimulate people. And somebody a few years back handed me a copy of Forty Two Kids, saying they thought the words were written by an Arkansas school teacher. And I've been singing it ever since. Great for joining in, 'mass precipitation,' singalong with Mitch Robinson.



Wanderin'

A singer of folk songs must somewhere along the line be a wanderer. He has to keep in touch with the folks. The search and the collecting can never stop. But if he goes back a ways, then the deeper meaning of the song will also have hit him personally. Work at all kinds of jobs, "the army...the farm, and all I got to show's just the muscle in my arms". Still, you meet nice songs, nice people, wandering.

*Woodie Guthrie expression for migratory workers.

SIDE I, Band 1: THE QUILTING BEE

Words: Jack Shapiro
Music: Earl Robinson

Oh, the world is all in pieces like a crazy quilt
That's lying all apart, that's lying all apart,
Each a different color and a different form
But put them all together and it keeps you warm,
Pick up the pieces, let's do it right
Let's sew them all together, make 'em good and tight
Let's have a quilting
Let's have a quilting
Let's have a great big quilting Bee.

Oh, the world is like a banjo,
Has a lot of notes
Depends on how you play,
Depends on how you play,
Can make an awful racket where they don't belong
But put them all together and you have a song
Pick up the banjo and tune the strings
And let us raise our voices til the mountain rings
Let's have a singing
Let's have a singing
Let's have a Great Big Singin' Bee.

Oh, the world is like a party
Where the folks are strange
Just sittin' by the wall
Just sittin' by the wall
They look each other over, scared to take a chance
But get the calls a-goin' and you'll have a dance
All Join Hands
So come let's give it just what it takes
Let's get our feet to stompin' til the ceiling shakes
Let's have a dancing
Let's have a dancing
Let's have a Great Big Dancing Bee.

Oh, the world is like a mansion
All of us have built
To live in peace and joy
To dwell in peace and joy
The furnishings are lovely and there's lots of room
Just needs a little doin' with a mop and broom
Sweep out the rubbish that don't amount
Make room for concentrating on the things that count
Let's have a quilting
Let's have a singing
Let's have a dancing
Let's have a Grand and Peaceful World!

AMEN!

SIDE I, Band 2: A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Words: Robert Burns
Music: Earl Robinson

Is there for honest poverty
That hangs his head a' that
The coward slave we pass him by
We dare be poor for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Our toils obscure and a' that
The rank is but the guinea stamp
The man's the gold for a' that
What tho on homely fare we dine
Wear hoddin grey and a' that
Give fools their silk and knaves their wine
A man's a man for a' that
For a' that and a' that
Their tinsel show and a' that
The honest man the e'er sae poor
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie, called a lord
Who struts and stares and a' that
The hundreds worship at his word
He's but a fool for a' that
For a' that and a' that
His riband, star, and a' that
The man of independent mind
He looks and laughs at a' that
A prince can make a balted knight
A marquis, duke, and a' that
But an honest man's above his might
Good faith he keeps for a' that
For a' that and a' that
The pith o' sense and pride o' worth
Are higher rank than a' that
Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will for a' that
That sense and worth or a' the earth
Shall win the fight for a' that
For a' that and a' that
It's comin' yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be - for a' that!

SIDE I, Band 3: MY TRUE LOVE

Hays-Robinson

Refrain:

My true love's an ordinary thing
You'd know her anywhere
By her pink antenna and her polka-dot skin
And the hydrogen sulphide of her hair.

Oh my darling, how I miss you
I never needed you so much
Til I missed your crimson eyelids
And your scales I love to touch
You're my cosmic little sweetheart
And your thought waves were the most
Sending growls of love like thunder
Out along the Martian coast!
FOR -- My true love etc.

We were ready to be married
When an earth man led her astray
And I've not seen my poor darling
Since that sad galactic day
If you meet her in Chicago
Or on Venus or Mercury
And if you should happen to recognize her
Send her back to me
'Cause
My true love's an ordinary thing
You'd know her anywhere
By her pink antenna and her polka-dot skin
By the forty-nine dimples in her chinny-
chin chin
(Well, they're really not dimples cause
they don't turn in)
And the hydrogen sulphide of her hair.

SIDE I, Band 4: ABE LINCOLN

Music: Earl Robinson
Chorus words: Abraham Lincoln
Verse words: Hayes & Robinson

Now old Abe Lincoln a great big giant of a man was
he
Yes sir!
He was born in an old log cabin and he worked for
a living
Splittin' rails
Now Abe he knew right from wrong, for he was honest
as the day is long
And these are the words he said,

REFRAIN:

"This country with it's institutions belongs to the
people who inhabit it"

This country with it's constitution belong to us
who live in it

"Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing
government

They can exercise their constitutional right of
amending it

Or their revolutionary right to dismember or over-
throw it."

Now Abe once ran a little country store in Salem Town
Illinois!

And a woman she paid him six pence more than she ought
to've done

A mistake

So off thru' the storm old Abe went

He paid that woman back every cent

For Abe was an honest man.

Now Abe was close to the ground tho' he towered up
six foot four

Bare feet!

And his heart was big as the whole country with
room for more

Blackfolks too

He never forgot from whence he came

Tho he landed in the White House and got great fame

For Abe was a workin' man

(REFRAIN)

Now old Abe's eyes were set way back deep in his
head

A thinkin' man

But you didn't need learnin' to understand what old
Abe said

Listen to this!

"This Republic will never be free 'til the black
man's out of slavery."

And that made the Civil War.

Now sometimes Abe he wavered and shook like a great
tall tree

That's true

For he wanted peace between the States in this country
Like the Bible said!

But Abe never crawled when the show down came

Like some people now who take his name

He beat those slave men down

Now old Abe Lincoln's dead and gone these eighty
years

A great man

And every year the party he made says Lincoln's
theirs

No Sir!

For if old Abe were livin' right now

To the man at the bench and the man at the plough

These are the words he'd say

(REFRAIN)

SIDE I, Band 5: MY FISHERMAN, MY LADDY-O

Music: Earl Robinson

Lyrics: Waldo Salt

Where you gonna be when your boat's in port,
my fisherman?

Where you gonna be when your boat's in port,
my laddy-o?

Where you gonna be when your boat's in port,
Will you think of me when the days grow short,
My Fisherman, My Laddy-O, my Love?

The summer sun is lazy and loving,
The autumn wind is wild and free,
The birds are leaving for a Winter haven
What about you and me, my laddy-o?

Where you gonna be when the sun goes down, my
fisherman?

Where you gonna be when the sun goes down, my
laddy-o?

Where you gonna be when the sun goes down,
When the summer's done and you're back in town?
Will you think of me when you're back in town
My Fisherman, My Laddy-O, my Love?

Where you gonna be when the wind blows raw, my
fisherman?

Where you gonna be when the wind blows raw, my
laddy-O?

Where you gonna be when the wind blows raw,
When the stove is cold and the pipes don't thaw,
Who will sift the ash when the flu won't draw,
My Fisherman, My Laddy-O, my Love?

The autumn wind is roving and restless,
The old gray goose is on the wing;
The summer lover is a winter rover;
What will the new year bring, my laddy-o?

Where you gonna be when the wild winds blow, my
fisherman?

Where you gonna be when the wild winds blow, my
laddy-o?

Where you gonna be when the wild winds blow,
When the snow's on the ground and it's ten below?
Will I be alone near the mistletoe,
My Fisherman, My Laddy-O, my Love?

SIDE I, Band 6: HOLD FAST TO YOUR DREAMS

Words: Banzman

Music: Robinson

REFRAIN:

If you're young enough in spirit to dream dreams
and see visions

If you're young enough in spirit to believe
That one day a generation may possess this land
Blessed beyond anything we now know

If that in the fashion of your dreaming

Then hold fast to your dream

America needs it!

(Solo, spoken simply)

I'd like to tell you where I heard those words
for the first time

I was coming home from work one day
And I passed a park that was on the way
I saw a man I thought I knew
And I think that you'd have known him too
"Aren't you F.D.A?" I said

With a big warm smile he nodded his head
And he asked me to sit and join him there
In the afternoon October air
(Solo) spoken

He gave me a cigarette and we smoked for a minute
or two

He used a holder but I took mine straight
Then we talked about different things...the
weather, football, my home town.
And he asked me about my job.

I said, "I work in a building crew."
He replied, "I'm in that business too.
Right now we've got us a master plan
For the biggest job since time began
We're building us a house to stand

For every race in every land
And you're the one who must turn out
This house we all have dreamed about."
(Solo)

"Well every one's for that Mr. President!", I
said
"Not quite everyone", he answered. "There are a
few people who don't want that house
to be built. Some right in this country.
Just a few of them but they're awful strong.
Don't let them get away with it. "Hold fast
to your dream. America needs it."

(REFRAIN)

Now, some folks claim he said those words in Balti-
more. That's not so. He said them all to
me while we were sitting there on that bench.

Just to see him there sort of gave me a lift
And I wanted to say "I get the drift.
And thanks for showin' me how to go on"
So I turned to him but he was gone
Then and there the air went chill
The sun dropped down below the hill

The sky turned dark, the trees grew black
And I knew he would never come back
Then I remembered the words he said
About the big job that lies ahead
A house that all the world must build
A dream that we must see fulfilled

(REFRAIN)

SIDE II, Band 1: THE SAME BOAT, BROTHER

Words: E. Y. Harburg
Music: Earl Robinson

Oh the Lord looked down from his holy place
Said, "Lordy me, what a sea of space
What a spot to launch the human race"
So he built him a boat for a mixed up crew
With eyes of black and brown and blue
And that's how come that you and I
Got just one world with just one sky

REFRAIN:

We're in the same boat brother
We're in the same boat brother
And if you shake one end you're gonna rock the
other
It's the same boat brother

Oh the boat rolled on thru storm and grief
Past many a rock and many a reef
What kept 'em goin' was a great belief
That they had to learn to navigate
'Cause the human race was special freight
If we don't want to be in Jonah's shoes
We'd better be mates on this here cruise

(REFRAIN)

When the boilers blew somewhere in Spain
The keel was smashed in the far Ukraine
And the steam poured out from Oregon to Maine
Oh it took some time for the crew to learn
What's bad for the bow ain't good for the stern
If a hatch takes fire in China Bay
Pearl Harbor's decks gonna blaze away

(REFRAIN)

SIDE II, Band 2: RED TOUPEE

Art Samuels

Folks used to call me good-lookin'
They'd point to my handsome red hair
But me and my red hair are parted
And now my poor head is bare.
So to save my pride as I now must confide
I replaced the hair that I'd shed
A substitute that ain't got a root
The troubles I've had with that

Red Toupee, Red Toupee, Red Toupee
A man's got to pay when he wears a
toupee
On his head. Specially red.

Well I took my new gal out courting
And everything went mighty fine
But when we got back to her doorstep
We'd reached the end of the line
As I bid her goodnight in the mellow moonlight
The poor girl nearly dropped dead
I lifted my hat but not only that
I also lifted my

Red Toupee, Red Toupee, Red Toupee
A man's got to pay when he wears a
toupee
On his head. 'Specially red.

Then I took a walk in the country
To be with the birds and the flowers
And I became awfully weary
And dozen for a couple of hours
But before I awoke nature played a cruel joke
I felt a strange weight on my head
Two hobolinks and a whipoorwill
Had made their nests in my

Red Toupee, Red Toupee, Red Toupee
A man's got to pay when he wears a
toupee
On his head. Specially red.
Why that thing's so disgustin'
I use it for dustin'
And here's the advise I now spread
Don't wear a toupee or you'll sure
have to pay
For that store-boughten moss on your
head.
Like I've said. Specially red.

SIDE II, Band 3: THE WILD GOOSE

by Wade Hemsworth

On Pukaskwa River so early one morning
While mending my tumpline I hear the geese calling
Over the brule long clamorin' cry
Flying formation against the grey sky - Comes the

REFRAIN:

Wild goose, the wild goose
High over the north shore
And I'm goin' home.

Now the river is open but the lake's frozen over
It's time to pack out when so late in October
Winter's a-comin' the wild geese know
We've had a long fall and it's time to go with the
Wild goose, the wild goose
High over the north shore
And I'm goin' home.

I've made lots of money, got money to burn
And when I have spent it
I know I'll return

After the freeze-up when the snow is dry
For to work in the tall woods but I wish that I
Were a

Wild goose, the wild goose
High over the north shore
And I'm goin' home.

Now I've worked in the bush and spent money in town
I'd like to get married but I can't settle down
So at the last portage when I'll pack no more
Let me fly with the wild goose high over north shore
With the

Wild goose, the wild goose
High over the north shore
And I'm goin' home.

SIDE II, Band 4: PIED PIPER

Words: Malvina Reynolds
Music: Malvina Reynolds and
Bill Newman

Rats, rats, everywhere,
In the kitchen and down the stair,
Rocking babies in their cradles,
Tasting soup in the cook's soup ladles,
Eating flour from every bin
And raising the devil in Hamelin,
Hamelin, Germany, long time ago.

Rats, rats, everywhere,
Wherever you looked the rats were there,
Took a nap in papa's shoes,
Sat in the living room and read the news;
What a condition that town was in,
The little old town of Hamelin....

Mayor and Council scratched their heads,
Tossed and turned in their ratty beds,
Passed a big appropriation
To count the rats in the population,
Solemnly resolved that it was a sin
For rats to live in Hamelin....

Little man knocked at the Mayor's door,
No one had ever seen him before,
Dressed in clothes of a gayer mood
Then ever are seen in Hollywood,
"If the Mayor will let me in,
I'll drive the rats from Hamelin..."

They hugged him, kissed him, patted his head.
"What is your name?" the Mayor said.
"I'm a cool jazz man, I blow this horn,
And there never was a rat that ever was born
That could resist my merry din,
Not even the rats of Hamelin..."

"Oh, blow your horn both far and wide
And save our city," the Mayor cried.
"Whatever you ask we will gladly pay
If you'll only drive those rats away,
A couple of grand you will surely win
If you get the rats out of Hamelin..."

A tweedely dee and a fodely doh,
A little old tune he started to blow,
It sounded like bacon, it sounded like cheese,
It sounded like kitcheny melodies,
The rats came out with a snicker and a grin
From all the houses of Hamelin...

They followed the music bright and gay
Over the hills and far away.
The Hamelinians loudly cheered

As the rat procession disappeared,
And never a rat was seen again
In the little old town of Hamelin....

The Piper waited hat in hand
To collect his fee for a couple of grand.
Mayor and Council scratched their pates. Says,
"This is way above union rates.
For a tune on the flute or the violin
We only pay scale in Hamelin..."

The cool jazz man he said, "Okay,"
Put on his hat and turned away,
Started playing a couple of tunes
That sounded like candy and toy balloons,
Like merry-go-rounds in a jolly spin
Calling the children of Hamelin....

The children came out into the street,
Followed the Piper with dancing feet,
Followed the music bright and gay
Over the hills and far away.
The town got quiet like it never had been
Since the beginning of Hamelin....

In some country far away
A bunch of dancers swing and sway,
And a gaudy piper, old and gray,
Plays on his clarinet night and day
While way back home their sorrowing kin
Mourn for the children of Hamelin,
Hamelin, Germany, my grandma told me so,
A long, long time ago.

SIDE II, Band 5: KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning
High upon a gallows tree
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty
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 Ireland's freedom
On that bright September morn

All around that little bakery
Where we fought them hand to hand
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland

On that morning that they left him
Down there in his lonely cell
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell
Then the names of his brave companions
And other things they wished to know
"Turn informer and we'll free you,"
Proudly Barry answered, "No!"

Shoot me like an Irish soldier, etc.

SIDE II, Band 6: CASEY JONES

By Joe Hill

The workers on the S.P. line to strike sent out a call,
But Casey Jones, the engineer, he wouldn't strike at
all.

His boiler, it was leaking and its drivers on the bum,
And his engine and its bearings they were all out of
plum.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones kept his junk pile running,
Casey Jones was working double time.
Casey Jones got a wooden medal for being good
and faithful on the S.P. line.

The workers said to Casey "Won't you help us win
this strike?"
But Casey said, "Let me alone; you better take a
hike."
Then Casey's wheezy engine ran right off that worn-
out track
And Casey hit the river with an awful crack.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, hit the river bottom;
Casey Jones, broke his blooming spine.
Casey Jones became an Angeleno;
He took a trip to heaven on the S.P. line.

When Casey Jones got up to heaven to the Pearly
Gate,
He said: "I'm Casey Jones, the guy that pulled
the S.P. freight."
"You're just the man," said Peter, "our musicians
went on strike,
You can get a job a-scabbing any time you like."

CHORUS:

Casey Jones got a job in heaven,
Casey Jones was doing might fine;
Casey Jones went scabbing on the angels,
Just like he did to workers on the S.P. line.

The angels got together, and they said it wasn't
fair
For Casey Jones to go around a-scabbing everywhere.
The Angels' Union No. 23, they sure were there,
And they promptly fired Casey down the Golden Stair.

CHORUS:

Casey Jones, went to hell a-flying.
"Casey Jones!" the devil said, (laugh)
Casey Jones, get busy shovelling sulphur,
That's what you get for scabbing on the S.P. line.

SIDE II, Band 7: FORTY TWO KIDS

Some people say a teacher's made out of steel,
But a teacher's made of stuff that can think
and feel.
A mind and a body and a tortured soul,
The ability to teach the shy and the bold.

CHORUS:

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me to that Heavenly
Gate,
I owe my soul to the youth of this state.

I was born one morning it was cloudy and cool,
I picked up my register and walked to the school.
I wrote 42 names on my class roll,
My superintendent said, "Well, bless my soul!"

CHORUS:

You teach 42 kids and what do you get?
Another day older and deeper in debt.
St. Peter don't you call me to that
Celestial Shore,
I got 42 students and they're me more.

There's a child in every seat from wall to wall,
Any more who come will have to stand in the hall.

They're breathing down my neck and they're walking
on my toes,
They're telling me their joys and I'm sharing all
their woes.

REPEAT FIRST VERSE CHORUS:

The bell rings at four but my day's not made,
I still have all those papers to grade,
The faculty meets at seven they say,
And tomorrow is a meeting of the PTA

CHORUS:

I teach 42 kids and what do I get?
Younger in heart, nothing to regret.
St. Peter don't you call me, 'cause I can't leave
here,
I'll have 42 students again next year.

SIDE II, Band 8: WANDERIN'

My daddy is an engineer
My brother drives a hack
My sister takes in washings
And the baby balls the jack

And it looks like
I'm never gonna cease
My wanderin'.

I been a wanderin'
Early and late
New York City
To the golden gate
And it looks like etc.

Been a-workin' in the army
Workin' on the farm
All I got to show for it --
Is the muscle on my arm

And it looks like etc.