

GUY CARAWAN SINGS

Something Old, New, Borrowed and Blue

Blue Eyed Girl

Kicking Mule

Yugoslav Love Song

Mexican Lullaby

All Night Long

Freight Train

I'm A Stranger Here

Come And Go With Me To That Land

Rake And A Rambling Blade

Red Rosy Bush

Black Eyed Susie

Sail Away Ladies

Weevily Wheat (Charlie)

Black Is The Color

Ground Hog

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Cindy

Talking Atomic Blues

Chinese Flute

Russian Song

If We Could Consider Each Other

Folkways Records FG 3548



Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

GUY CARAWAN SINGS

GUY CARAWAN -- Vol. II

Introduction and notes on the Songs by Alan Lomax.

The modern American folk-song revival began back in the thirties as a cultural movement, with overtones of social reform. In the last ten years our gigantic amusement industry, even though it is as yet only mildly interested in folk music, has turned this cultural movement into a small boom. As might have been expected, a throng of talented and ambitious city youngsters have taken over. These so-called city-billies or folkniks make most of the lps and perform at most of the concerts. They have access to the impressarios and a-and-r men. They can quickly develop a local, then a national following among concert-goers and record buyers. And they translate folk music in ways that make it more understandable and acceptable to their market---an urban middleclass group, with a college background.

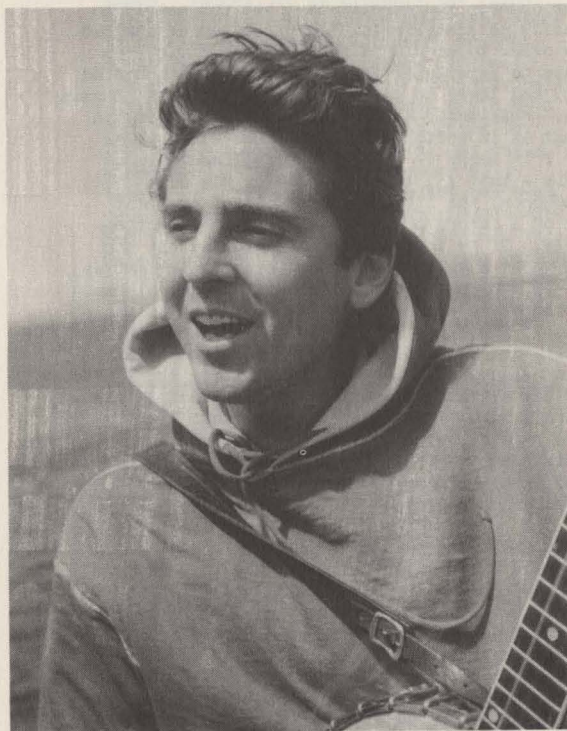
So far the folkniks have been mainly concerned with the formal aspects of folk song---the words, the tunes and the accompaniments. The tunes and the rhymes were easy to learn from books and records. The accompaniments presented much more of a challenge, the inventions of American folk guitar and banjo players for their instruments were both unconventional and complex, and require a considerable time for practice and study. However, since instrumental virtuosity has long been the hallmark of the talented musician in western culture, the challenge has been met by scores of ambitious and talented young people. It will soon be possible to say that the folkniks play with as much brilliance and verve as the best country musicians.

The astonishing speed with which all this has been accomplished has had one unfortunate, though, I believe, only temporary result. Many citybillies, having quickly acquired the techniques of American folk song, believed that they had learned everything that there was to know and had become "folk singers" in the same sense as the talented country people who had transmitted or improved upon this art. This error, arose, in most cases neither from malice or snobbishness.

The American city folk singer, because he got his songs from books or from other city singers, has generally not been aware of the singing style or the emotional content of these folk songs, as they exist in tradition.

There are many, many singing styles on the map of the ethnologist of music. Most of them are older than the art of bel canto (which with its variation is the approved singing style of western city folk) ---and they are, one and all, as difficult to learn, as full of subtleties and complexities and, in their own context, as expressive as bel canto which, with its derivatives, we western urbanites call "good singing" or "the proper use of the voice". When songs are ripped out of their stylistic contexts and sung "well", they are, at best, changed. It would be an extreme form of cultural snobbery to assert, as some people do, that they have been "improved". In my view they have lost something, and that something is important.

To describe all that they have lost would require a long essay. There is time here to mention only two things. First, the songs are deprived of the means for growing in their own terms, musically speaking. Both Negro and white rural singers felt free to vary the tunes they inherited, but according to quite different techniques. These techniques of variation formed the basis of the cultural heritage of each folk singer. His



stature as an artist rested largely on the skill, the taste, the discretion, and the flair with which he applied his inherited knowledge of variation to the tunes he performed. Now this is a skill which can be acquired like any other; some city singers have learned it. Notable in this respect is Seamus Ennis, the Dublin-born son of a government worker, who can create brilliant and beautiful variants of the songs he has learned in the field or compose new tunes in the same manner, as easily as Sidney Bechet can improvise a new break on the soprano sax. It would seem to me to be a requirement for a "folksinger" that he learn the art of variation of a particular style of folk-song before he begins to create variants of his own. In the first place, his new revision will, almost certainly, be in bad taste, an unpleasant, half-baked article like a pop song rapped out on Bizet or Tschaiakowsky. And in any case, his variant will be something different from and less than a folk song, since he is different from and, in this respect, less than an accomplished folk singer.

Even more important, perhaps, is the relation of singing style to emotional content. It takes a master to make really good music when Bach is translated into boogie-woogie. Of course, it can be done, but it is best done tongue-in-cheek or with a completely developed musical style at one's command. Thus when a good jazzman, symphonist, or gypsy snatches up a folk song and plays with it, the results may be interesting or, occasionally, important, but important as jazz, symphony or gypsy music, not as folk song. In these cases the tune acquires a different emotional content. But when a so-called folk-singer, with no respect for or knowledge of the style or the original emotional content of the song, acquires the shell of the song merely and leaves its subtle vocal and interior behind, there is a definite expressive loss.

I must elaborate this point a bit more, before I go on to Guy Carawan. Singing style is the means by which the singer expresses the subtle emotional nuances of the song. If it is a folk song, then these nuances stand for the way that a whole culture has felt about a particular subject. We have as yet no language for describing these matters. They cannot be written down in conventional musical notation. But they can be heard and felt in a recorded or live performance. By the same token they can be learned, if the singer is possessed of sufficient seriousness and sensitivity, but not nearly so easily as instrumental technique can be learned. In order to acquire a folk singing style, you have to experience the feelings that lie behind it, and learn to express them as the folk singers do. This takes time, but there is no question that it is worth while. Here the city singer of folk songs is playing his full and serious role - that is, to interpret for his city audience, the lives and feelings of the past or of a faroff society---to link them emotionally. If he does so, he will grow within the terms of a folk art. As an interpretive artist, he will become one link in a vital musical chain anchored in the hearts of humanity and of the past. Finally, if he is truly dedicated, he will find his own way to making his personal contributions, great or small, within the limits of the artistic tradition he has chosen as his life's work. --- I hasten to add that I am not talking here about the amateur who sings folk songs for fun, but only about the performer who takes himself seriously enough to make records or appear on the concert stage.

It seems to me that more and more of the young singers are finding their own way to standards such as those I have been attempting to set forth. That these talented and positively motivated young people have concentrated for a spate on learning lots of songs and acquiring a dazzling instrumental technique is a good and positive development. Now I notice that many of them feel bored or embarrassed by their own sound and some are tackling the next and much more serious problems of style and content. Guy Carawan is one of this new and promising crop.

Guy heard his first folk singing at college parties in Los Angeles in 1948. For him it linked up two major interests--- a concern with social problems (he was a sociology major) and a yen for music. Serious by nature, he read books, listened to records (from Burl Ives to Woody Guthrie) and at some point bought a guitar, and began to sing the more romantic songs. I suspect that he pleased the local college girls.

In the next few years he found that folk singing ran in his own family. His father came from a farm in North Carolina and remembered traditional songs and ballads. With an M.A. in sociology as an excuse, Guy toured the mountains of Tennessee and North Carolina in the summer of '52 with Frank Hamilton and Jack Elliott as his companions. These three sang on street corners for quarters, visited banjo pickers and folk festivals and ended their adventures by a two weeks visit to Mesic, N.C., where the Caravan tribe had its roots. As Guy says, "I learned more about southern farm life and music that summer than I have from all the books I've read or records I've listened to".

Apparently, all three of them were bitten by the same bug that summer, for Jack and Frank and Guy are all performers who, in their different ways, have learned to sing in southern country style. Perhaps it came more naturally to Guy than to many others. Singing style seems to be passed on in families, as part of the basic emotional and aesthetic inheritance of children. I feel sure that Guy learned a lot from his father, perhaps without even knowing it, for his attack, particularly on the southern mountain songs, is

so "right". However, he has other qualities which have helped him.

First, he has a natural talent for music. He came back from his visit to the Chinese Museum of Musicology, with a big bundle of exotic instruments, many of which he could play. He has picked up a wide range of accompanying styles, which he uses creatively and with taste. Second, he manifests a rare sympathy for the material, as I discovered when he accompanied me. He listens to the inner flow of the song and helps the singer, adapting his stroke and his chords to the nuances of the style, because he feels a deep respect for the material and maintains a sensitive contact with it.

By nature, Guy is both bold and reserved, both sad and ironically humorous, very much in the manner of the folk who carried the songs from the Smokies to Pike County and California.

Indeed, put him in the proper period costume, and he would have been perfectly at home at an Alabama frolic, a Texan play party, or a California and miner's bust-up. Tall, gangling, yet lithely graceful; lank haired, sallow-faced, yet handsome; his brown eyes have the look of the Southwesterner, sometimes vague and sad, sometimes twinkling with wry laughter, sometimes piercing the distance. In a word Guy looks the part he sings, that is frontier America come alive again, direct, unpretentious, genuine and full of restrained feeling.

I have mixed feelings about the present album. Some things are better than any other young city billy has done and must be heard by everybody. On some tracks Guy was a bit tired and bored with pieces that he had sung too often on his cross country recital tours. Sometimes he "vocalizes" a bit, as some singing teacher taught him to do. But these are the quibbles of a specialist, for most of the time Guy goes effortlessly to the heart of the song and performs it, without seeming to have to try, as it was made to be sung. I suspect that in another ten years or even half of that he will be one of our finest American singers. Right now it is a pleasure and an education in the roots of our music to listen to him, because he is serious and he is on the right track.

SIDE I, Band 1: SAIL AWAY, LADIES

Come along, boys, and go with me,
Sail away, ladies, sail away,
We'll go down to Tennessee,
Sail away, ladies, sail away.

CHORUS:
Don't she rock him, die-di-o (3)

Ever I get my new house done,
Love you, pretty girls, one by one.

Hush, little baby, don't you cry,
You'll be an angel by and by.

This is a specimen of tunes and rhymes that were created by the "dancing crowd" in the backwoods South, in the old days when the fiddle was regarded as the devil's stalking horse and square-dancing as a sure sign of Satan's handiwork. The drinking, dancing, fiddling bunch, however, defied the churchly bigots in many isolated communities, and their fun-loving, randy spirit bubbles up in this song and in many others that follow.

A favorite old fiddle-sing of the Southern mountains, this one came into circulation again recently in a curious way. I found a wonderful performance of it by the old 5-string banjo king, Uncle Dave Macon, in the Voacalion library

at Decca Records and persuaded them to include it in an album of re-issues called Mountain Square Dance. Passing through other hands, the piece became one of the first hits of the English skiffle singer, Lonnie Donegan, whose interpretation might have seemed completely ludicrous to many Americans, if it had not so many hundreds of thousands of records.

When Guy Carawan and Peggy Seeger visited London, they heard the song in all the coffee houses, where guitar pickers gathered, and they decided to rub the skiffle off Uncle Dave's tune and set their English brothers straight on how it should sound. Therefore, they recorded it again for an English Company, only to find that their a-and-r man had dubbed in bass and drums and made their new recording sound like a skiffle performance. Therefore, Guy re-records it here, coming close in spirit and letter to the original rip-snorthing rendition by Uncle Dave Macon.

SIDE I, Band 2: WEEVILY WHEAT

... is another example of the Celtic strain of mouth music, come alive on the American frontier. Mouth or chin music is the substitution of sung rhymes, whose rhythms precisely match those of a dance tune, for the music of the fiddler or the piper, when no player is available for a dance. In the South, Middlewest and West, such songs were called often play parties, to distinguish them from the devil's square dances; and it was possible for young people to attend these without fear of being churched. Some of these "plays" were children's games, like "Three Dukes", but performed with more intensity by young adults. Others were "swinging plays", where the fellows swung the gals and performed square dance figures. So long, however, as the music was sung, and not fiddled, the old heads approved. Weevily Wheat, which spread along the play party circuit through the South, Midwest and Southwest, acquiring new verses on the way, as Carawan's version shows, stems originally from the Scots song to Bonny Prince Charlie, called Charlie Over the Water.

CHORUS:

Oh, Charley, he's a fine young man,
Charley, he's a dandy,
Loves to hug and kiss the girls
And feed 'em on sweet candy.

Oh, step her to your weevily wheat,
Step her to your barley,
Step her to your weevily wheat
To bake a cake for Charley.

(CHORUS)

Over the river to water my sheep
To measure up some barley,
Over the river to water my sheep
To bake a cake for Charley.

(CHORUS)

My pretty little pink, suppose you think
I care but a little about you,
Let you know before I go
I cannot do without you.

(CHORUS)

My pretty little pink, I once did think
That you and I would marry,
Now I've lost the hopes of you,
I got no time to tarry.

(CHORUS)

Well, the higher up the cherry tree,
The riper grows the cherry,
The more you hug and kiss the girls,
The sooner they will marry.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: BLACK IS THE COLOR

... from page 31, vol. II, of English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians, Oxford University Press 1932, is one of the finest discoveries of the English collector, Cecil Sharp. Indeed, it is probably the finest American lyric song. I say American, since it is almost certainly a pioneer re-make of British materials. Perhaps it's most important British root is in the lyric ballad called The Lost Lover or Father Build Me a Boat, in which a girl goes searching for her sailor lover. At one point she tells a captain... "Yellow is the color of my true love's hair..." This ballad has been found in many forms in many American states, but the lyric Black Black is extremely rare. Niles arranged one variant which was popularized by Burl Ives, but this much finer and purer version was put into circulation by Jean Ritchie. Guy Carawan learned it, I believe, from Peggy Seeger.

But black is the color of my true love's hair,
Her lips are like some rosy fair,
The purest eyes and the neatest hands,
I love the ground whereon she stands.

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep,
But satisfied I never can sleep,
I'll write to you in a few short lines,
I'll suffer death ten thousand times.

I know my love and well she knows
I love the grass whereon she goes,
If she on earth no more I see,
My life will quickly fade away.

A winter's past and the leaves are green,
The time has passed that we have seen,
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one.

(Stanza 1. repeated)

SIDE I, Band 4: GROUND HOG

... a ballad from the Kentucky mountains, gives a badger hunt the excitement of a bear chase. First discovered in Clay County by the early collector, Josiah Combs, it has since been recorded in North Carolina, Tennessee and other southern mountain states. This is the form, however, in which it was published with all its stanzas arranged in a story telling sequence in American Ballads and Folk Songs, by John and Alan Lomax, with the tune from Sharp's English Folk Songs of S. Appalachian.

(SPOKEN)

Well, we're goin' on a ground hog hunt, first thing we need is a dog...Well, here we go.

(SUNG)

Well, old Joe Digger, Sam and Dave,
Old Joe Digger, Sam and Dave
Went-a hog huntin' as hard as they could stave.
(Refrain) Ground hog!

Well, whistle up your dog and load up your
gun, (2)
We're off to the hills to catch a ground
hog. (Refrain)

Well, he's in here, boys, the hole's wore
slick (2)
Run here, Sam, with your forked stick.

Well, up jumped Sam with a ten foot pole, (2)
To roust that ground hog out of his hole.
(Refrain)

Well, stand back, boys, and let's be wise,(2)
I think I see his beaded eyes.
(Refrain)

Well, here he comes all in a whirl, (2)
Biggest ground hog in this world.
(Refrain)

Well, Sam held the gun and Dave pulled
the trigger, (2)
The one that killed the hog was old Joe
Digger. (Refrain)

They took him home and put him out to
boil, (2)
Bet you thirty dollars they could smell
him forty miles,
(Refrain)

Well, the children screamed, the children
cried, (2)
They love ground hog cooked and fried.
(Refrain)

Well, hello, Momma, make Sam quit, (2)
He's eaten all the hog and I can't get a
bit. (Refrain)

Well, up jumped Sal with a snigger and
a grin, (2)
Ground hog grease all over her chin.
(Refrain)

(Repeat Stanza 1).

SIDE I, Band 5: PRETTY SARO

... one of the earliest and finest Southern
mountain lyric songs, tells of the longing
of a landless young frontiersman for a girl
from an established family. Widely popular
among traditional singers in the South, it
was carried west by the pioneers as far as
Arkansas and Missouri. This version from Sharp's
English Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians,
Vol. II, page 12, was popularized among city
singers first by Elizabeth Harold and Hally
Wood.

Down in some lone valley, in a far lonesome
place,
Where the wild birds do whistle and their
notes do increase,
Farewell, pretty Saro, I'll bid you adieu,
But I'll dream of my darlin' wherever I go.

My love, she won't have me, so I understand,
She wants a freeholder and I have no land,
I cannot maintain her with silver and gold,
Nor buy all the fine things that a large
house can hold.

Farewell to my father and my old mother, too,
I'm going to ramble this country all through,
And when I get tired, I'll sit down and weep,
And dream of my Saro, pretty Saro, my sweet.

It's not the long journey I'm dreading to go,
Nor leavin' this country for debts that I owe,
There's nothing that grieves me or troubles my
mind
Like leavin' my darling, pretty Saro, behind.

I wish I were a merchant and could write a fine
hand,
I'd write my love a letter that she'd understand,
I'd write it by the river where the waters
o'erflow,
And I'll dream of my darling wherever I go.

I wish I were a sparrow and had wings and could
fly,
This night to my darlin' I would draw nigh,
And in her lily-white arms all night I would lay,
And watch those little windows 'till the dawning
of day.

(Repeat Stanza 1).

SIDE I, Band 6: GET ALONG HOME, CINDY

... is another favorite southern mountain hoe-
down song, but of a later breed than Sail Away
and Weevily Wheat. The refrain derives from an
antebellum black-face minstrel song, but as the
song was passed on among southern banjo pickers,
it acquired stanzas from here, there and everywhere.
This particular variant my father and I recorded
from James Howard, a mountain fiddler in Harlan,
Kentucky, and arranged in this form for publica-
tion in FOLK SONG: USA, from which source Guy
Carawan reproduces it with permission.

You oughta see my Cindy-girl,
Livin' way down south,
She's so sweet the honey-bees
Swarm around her mouth.

CHORUS:
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Get along home, Cindy,
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Marry you some day.

Well, Cindy is a pretty girl,
Cindy is a peach,
Threw her arms around me
And she hung on like a leach.

(CHORUS)

Well, wish I had a nickle,
Wish I had a dime,
Wish I had that Cindy-girl
To kiss and call her mine.

(CHORUS)

Well, she took me in her parlor,
And cooled me with her fan,
Told me I was the prettiest thing
In the shape of mortal man.

(CHORUS)

Well, Cindy hugged and kissed me,
Called me sugar plum,
Threw her arms around me
And I thought my time had come.

(CHORUS)

Well, apples in the summer time,
Peaches in the fall,
If I can't have my Cindy-girl,
I won't take none at all.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 7: THE TALKING ATOMIC BLUES

by Vern Panthow

The talking blues form became popular during the
depression, when several hill-billy performers
recorded their impressions of the crazy, poverty-
stricken world they found themselves in through
this medium. One form of the crazy, surrealist
tradition of the darn-fool ditty, the talking
blues was a patchwork of non-sequitor stanzas,
each one followed by one or two half-lines which
made ironic comments on the picture given in the
stanza. The most important of the talking blues
composers was Woody Guthrie, who had written the
TALKING DUST BOWL BLUES before I met him in 1939.
I'll never forget his delight when I played him
the talking blues records I had collected by
other singers. One of these, THE ORIGINAL TALKING
BLUES, became one of his, then Pete Seeger's
favorite songs. Together they wrote the song of
protest classic---TALKING UNION. Subse-
quently Woody composed talking blues about the
Bonneville Dam Project, about his experiences in
the wartime merchant marine, and a magnificent
ironic comment on the official neglect of our
coal miners in Talking Miner.

Since Woody packed up his guitar and left the folk stage to lesser poets, scores of synthetic talking blues have appeared, each one more pallid and silly than its successor, until the form finally hit rock bottom this month in the vapid and witless hit song THE GREAT AMERICAN BOY, which tells of rise to success of a Memphis rock and roll singer. Here mordant irony is completely squeezed out of the talking blues and only comic book humor remains. A shining exception to this history of decay is this magnificent, blood-chilling satire by the ballad-singing newspaperman, Vern Partlow. A few years ago a pop singer's rendition of this ditty was climbing into the hit parade when one of our societies for the suppression of free speech and the promotion of hysteria demanded its instant suppression. The record company meekly withdrew the record.

I'm going to preach you a sermon about old man
atom

I don't mean the Adam in the Bible-datum,
And I don't mean the Adam that Mother Eve mated,
But I mean the thing that science liberated.

Mr. Einstein, he says he's scared,
And if Mr. Einstein's scared---I'm scared.

(Refrain)
Hiroshima! Nagasaki! Alamagordo! Bikini!

You know, life used to be such a simple joy,
Why, the cyclotron was just a super-toy
Folks got born, they'd work and marry,
And atom was a word in the dictionary.

Then it happened.

The science boys from every clime,
They all pitched in with overtime,
Before you know it, the job was done,
They'd hitched up the power of the gol-darned sun.

Splittin' atoms---while the diplomats were
splittin' hairs.
Down with all these foreign-born atoms!
Time that we extinguish every darned atom that
can't speak English!

(REFRAIN)

But you know, the atom's international, in spite
of hysteria,
Flourishes in Utah and in Siberia,
And whether you're red, white, black or brown,
The question's this when you boil it down---
To be or not to be--William Shakespeare.

Now, the answer to it all is in military datum,
Like who gets there firstest with the mostest
atoms,
The peoples of the world must decide their fate,
They gotta stick together or disintegrate.

We hold this truth to be self-evident--
That all men may be creameated equal.

(REFRAIN)

Stop the world, brother,
I'm gettin' off.

Well, if you're scared of an H-bomb, here's what
you'd better do--
Get all the people in the world with you,
Get 'em all together and let out a yell,
Or the first thing you know, they're gonna blow
this world plumb to--

(REFRAIN)

Yes, it's up to the people 'cause the atom don't
care,
You can't fence him in, he's just like air,
He don't give a darn about politics
Or who got who in whichever fix.

He just likes to sit around--
And have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons.

(REFRAIN)

New York, London, Moscow, too,
Shanghai, Paris, lordy, up the flue,
You can choose between the brotherhood of man--
And smithereens.

Yes, we can have peace in the world
Or we're gonna have the world in--pieces.

SIDE I, Band 8:

A Chinese tune(?) played in the recorder.

SIDE I, Band 9: RUSSIAN PARTISAN SONG

... which Guy learned from a recording by that great folk choir, the Piatnitsky chorus. On his tour with Peggy Seeger through Russia he often performed the song to great applause, and on one occasion an ex-Partisan, who had fought the Germans on the old Smolensk road (mentioned in the song), presented Guy with the pipe that he had carried into action and had smoked ever since. Guy's father now has the pipe and says it functions very well---and so this song has served as a double link between the two peoples. A transliteration and a rough translation of the text follows...

Oi tumany rastumany,
Oi rodnye polya i lesa

Ukhodli v pokhod partizany
Ukhodili v pokhod na vruga

Na proshchan' e skazali geroi
Ozhidaite khoroshikh vestei

I po staroi Smolenskoi doroge
Povstrechali nezvannykh gostei.

O in the mists, through the foggy dew
Through my native forests and meadows

The partisans are beginning to march
They are off to meet the foe.

At parting our heroes said:
Expect good news from us.

On the Old Smolensk road
They met the uninvited guests.

SIDE I, Band 10: WONDERFUL WORLD

...is one of those songs with whose sentiments I agree, but whose manner turns me a bit queasy. I know that when an audience sings it, they are all linked by their common desire for peace and their love of their fellowmen, but the emotion expressed is so pallid, the sentiments so goody-goody, and the manner so much like that of certain Sunday School hymns that drove me up the wall when I was a youngster that I, for one, register a negative reaction. Listening in a state of maudlin hypnosis, I think of how much better the same thing has been done in many spirituals, Negro and white. In other words I feel that here an honest song-writer just hasn't matched his subject with a sufficiently strong treatment.

CHORUS:

If we could consider each other
A neighbor, a friend or a brother,

It could be a wonderful, wonderful world
It could be a wonderful world
Oh, yes, it could be a wonderful world.

If each little kid could have fresh milk each day
If each working man had enough time to play
Each homeless soul had a good place to stay--
It could be a wonderful world
Oh, yes, it could be a wonderful world.

(CHORUS)

If there were no poor and the rich were content,
Strangers were welcome wherever they went,
Each of us knew what true brotherhood meant,
It could be a wonderful world,
Oh, yes, it could be a wonderful world.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1: FARE YOU WELL, MY BLUE EYED GIRL

..Another of the hoe-down, chin-music pieces at which Guy Carawan excels. This is no mean compliment. It is an extremely difficult feat, and so regarded by southern white folk singers, to keep the notes rippling under the fingers and the words bouncing and popping off the lips with nary a bawble. The backwoodsman who could do it as neatly as Guy can was a famous man in his home county. Like most of these songs, Fare Thee Well treats love as a laughing matter; and the best of the stanzas could only be sung among the boys when they were off down the creek somewhere raising hell, out of earshot of the women folks.

CHORUS:

Fare you well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare you well, my daisy,
Fare thee well, my blue-eyed girl,
You durn near drive me crazy.

When you saw me comin' last,
You hung your head and cried, --
"Yonder he goes, the lovinest man
That ever lived or died."

CHORUS:

Fare thee well, my blue-eyed girl,
Fare thee well, my dandy,
Fare thee well, my blue-eyed girl,
She's goin' up Big Sandy.

Well, the blue-eyed girl is mad at me
And the black-eyed girl won't have me,
I don't care what the girls think,
Goin' up Big Sandy.

(CHORUS 1.)

Apples in the summertime,
Peaches in the fall,
If I can't have the girl I want,
I won't have none at all.

(CHORUS 1.)

SIDE II, Band 2: THE KICKING MULE

... though widely popular among both Negro and white singers in both South and Southwest, is probably of late minstrel origin and is not folkly in style. Although the ornery mule with lightning in his heels plays the primary comic role in this song, the love is again a subject for laughter, as it is in so many American folk songs. The conjunction of images in the first stanza would provide a fine subject for a native surrealist painter, and the whole song a field day for a psychoanalyst. There is plenty of double-entendre and of anxiety, as well, expressed in the chorus... All these points, however, are ex post facto observations. Whatever its inner psychological content, the crazy humor of this crazy ditty has brought laughter to horny-handed, work-worn Americans from Carolina to California. All these people knew that the mule stubbornness of reality was

enough to distract a man from the finest flower of love that ever bloomed. This particular variant comes from the end of the migration route---from the Okie Camps of California, where Todd and Sonkin took it from the singing of the King Family, and put into the Archive of Folk Song in the Library of Congress.

Well, as I went down to the huckleberry picnic,
Dinner all over the ground
Skippers in the meat were nine feet deep
And the green flies walkin' all around,
Biscuits in the oven was a-bakin',
Beefsteak fryin' in the pan,
Pretty gal sittin' in the parlor, said,
"Lordamighty, what a handsome man."

CHORUS:

Whoa, there, mule, I tell you,
Miss Liza, you keep cool,
I ain't got time to kiss you now,
I'm busy with my mule.

My uncle had an old mule, his name was Simon
Slick,
Longest ears you ever did see, and how that
mule could kick,
I went to meet that mule one morning,
He met me at the door with a smile,
Wiggled one ear and he winked his eye,
And he kicked me half a mile.

(CHORUS)

Well, that mule's a kicker,
He's got an iron back,
Stopped a Texas railroad train
And kicked it off the track,
Oh, that mule's a kicker,
He's got an iron jaw,
They're the best thing to have around
To tame your mother-in-law.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: VRONYONKA

... a love song from Yugoslavia, which Guy picked up by ear from two Yugoslavian singers at a big Carnegie Hall folk festival. Like so many songs from the Mediteranean, it is in the form of a serenade, where a young fellow beseeches his sweetheart to open the door to him. Guy sings it in great style, finding himself quite at home with the big leaps, the warm timbre and the lovely traces of yodeling tone, typical of the Northeast of Yugoslavia.

SIDE II, Band 4: DUERMETE, NIÑO LINDO

... comes from New Mexico, where it has been sung for more than a hundred years as part of the Spanish folk drama, Los Pastores. This traditional Christmas play, handed on by word of mouth among the Spanish speaking people of the whole Southwest, tells the story of the shepherds' search for the new born baby Jesus. Some versions of the drama last for more than an hour, but the whole script, all the songs and the stage directions are often carried in the head of some illiterate, rural director.

The climax of the play surrounds the rocking of the Christ Child and the singing of this or another similar lullabye. This particular version comes from "COLOQUIOS DE LOS PASTORES?" edited by Aurora L. White with music by Alejandro Flores. Guy's rendition makes up in sympathy and charm what it occasionally lacks in accuracy of pronunciation.

Oh, sleep, my pretty baby,
Lying in the arms of love,
Hush while your mother sings you
A lullaby from above.

CHORUS:
Ala-ru, ala-may,
Ala-ru, ala-may.
Ala-ru, ala-roo, ala-may.

Duermete, niño lindo,
En los brazos del amor,
Que te arrolla tu madre
Cantando te ala-ru.

(CHORUS)

O have no fear of Herod,
He can do no harm to you,
Sleep in the arms of your mother,
While she sings all-ru.

(CHORUS)

No temas a Herodes
Que nada te ha de hacer,
Que en brazos de tu madre
Nadie te ha de offender.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 5: ALL NIGHT LONG

... a hill billy blues, which Guy learned from a phonograph recording, is for me one of the stand-out performances in the album. It is one of those fragmentary modern American folk songs, which look like nothing on paper, but which are wonderful to sing and listen to. Such a song would have been scored or passed over by an older generation of folklorist because it did not have a long text and because it had a jazzy tune. Thank goodness we have finally come to realize that there is folk jazz and good hill billy and that both are important in our American tradition. As for the text, its virtue lies in what it leaves out and in the neat way in which the movement of the tune is matched by the flow of the word sounds. This is one I am going to learn.

CHORUS:
Well, all night long--all night long,
All night long--all night long,
All night long--all night long,
From midnight on--from midnight on,

Well all night long, etc.
Keep a-singin' a song.

I'd rather be dead--rather be dead
And in my grave--and in my grave
Than in your old town--than in your old town,
And treated this way--and treated this way.

(CHORUS)

Well, if I live--if I live,
And don't get killed--and don't get killed
Gonna make my home--gonna make my home
In Louisville--in Louisville.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 6: FREIGHT TRAIN

This wonderful little song has a rather sad history. Basically, of course, it is related to Railroad Bill and many other bluesy pieces of mixed southern origin. However, this particular little fragment is a folk original, the composition of a talented Negro woman named Libba, who worked for the Seeger family in Washington for a time and taught them Freight Train along with many other songs. Peggy Seeger brought it to London in 1957 and in her generosity taught it to one of the young skiffle groups. In those days the skiffles were a ragged lot, playing for tips in coffee shops round London, and you had to be more sophisticated than Peggy was

then to see the silver glint in their eye. What happened, of course, was that this group recorded the song, claiming it as their own composition, and the record, because it was given just that vulgar touch, became a big hit, both in England and America.

Soon the skiffle group was riding round London in Jaguars and the girl star was flown to Chicago to sing this American folk song in her shakey little voice for a group of astonished American reporters. Meanwhile, Libba continued to do housework for her living and Peggy to give five string banjo lessons to more eager skifflers. By the time the Seegers thought to take up cudgels against the rascals, it was too late.

Even a powerful American publisher's suit against the English skifflers was in vain. Their lawyers dug up some bit of manuscript which said "freight train, freight train" and the suit was settled, with Libba's name now firmly on her composition, but little or no money in her pocket. Here Guy brings about at least a musical restitution by singing the song in the Libba manner, and a very haunting piece it is, too.

Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,
Freight train, freight train, goin' so fast,
Please don't don't tell them what train I'm on
So they won't know what route I've gone.

When I die don't you bury me deep,
Put me at the foot of old Chestnut Street
So I can watch that old Number Nine
As she goes rollin' by.

SIDE II, Band 7: I'M A STRANGER HERE

...is another folk original, again with a feminine composer, in this case Mrs. Louise Henson, a lady hillbilly of San Antonio, who gave my father several songs, all as good as this one. In this case, however, the song was published and copyrighted in OUR SINGING COUNTRY in 1937, and it is by permission of the Lomax estate that Guy sings it here. I feel a good bit of personal pride in the beauty of Guy's performance, for I taught him the song in London some time back. It seems to me that his guitar setting and his vocalization leave little to be desired in this half-Negro half-white blues.

Hitch up my buggy, saddle up my black mare,
Hitch up my buggy, and saddle up my black mare,
I'm gonna find me a fair shake in this world
somewhere.

CHORUS:
Well, I'm a stranger here, I'm a stranger
everywhere,
You know I would go home, but, baby, I'm a
stranger there.

Baby caught the Katy, left me a mule to ride, (2)
When the train pulled out, that mule laid down
and died.

(CHORUS)

Ain't it hard to stumble when you've got no
place to fall, (2)
In this whole wide world I've got no place at
all.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: COME AND GO WITH ME

... is a type of call and response spiritual which was especially popular in folk Negro churches during the twenties and thirties. These songs sometimes lacked the nobility of the older slave songs, but they had a stirring under-current of protest which sometimes the older songs concealed more carefully. As I recall it, this

particular song was one of the favorites of the Weavers, and was often sung by Lee Hayes, in which case, it probably comes from Arkansas, where Lee learned most of his songs.

CHORUS:

Come and go with me to that land, (3)
Where I'm bound, where I'm bound,
Come and go with me to that land, (3)
Where I'm bound.

There's no moanin' in that land, etc.

(CHORUS)

There's no kneelin' in that land, etc.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 9: THE RAMBLING BOY

... is the finest side in this album, indeed, it is the best single performance by a city-billy I can remember hearing. Here Carawan's natural musicianship, his instinctive feeling for the material and his years of hard and modest effort in the field pay off in full. This 18th century ballad comes alive again, the fire of rebellious and defiant feeling shimmers beneath every phrase; the character of the rambling highwayman stands out clearly. The guitar arrangement is a real work of folk art, based in tradition, yet completely contemporary. The rendition is a special marvel, since Guy learned the song from print--from page 331, of OUR SINGING COUNTRY, by John and Alan Lomax---and heard me sing it only once. As for the song, it probably began life as an 18th century stall ballad in Ireland, spreading thence to England and to the Southern states, where it was a universal favorite among the "speculators" (highwaymen) of the old Southwest and among the rebellious and irreligious of the backwoods. This variant comes from Arkansas and the singing of Emma Dusenberry.

I am a rake and a ramblin' boy,
It's many a city I did enjoy,
Just come here to learn my trade,
They call me a rake and a ramblin' blade.

I come here spendin' money free,
Spendin' money at balls and play,
At last my money grew very low,
And then to rambling I did go.

I married me a pretty little wife,
A girl I loved dear as my life,
To keep her dressed both neat and gay,
Went to rob a broad highway.

I robbed old Nelson, I do declare,
I robbed him on St. James Square,
I robbed him of five thousand pounds
And shared it with my comrades around.

But now I am condemned to die,
And many a lady for me cries,
My Molly weeps, tears down her hair,
A lady alone left in despair.

My father weeps, for me he mourns,
My mother cries her darlin' son,
But all their weeping won't help me,
Or save me from the gallows tree.

Now I am dead, laid in my grave,
The final joy creeps o'er my head,
All around my grave, play tunes of joy,
Here lies a rake and a ramblin' boy.

SIDE II, Band 10: RED ROSY BUSH

... is one of the prettiest of southern lyric folk songs, in fact so pretty that I suspect

it has been somewhat tampered with. The first person to record it, so far as I know, was the pop singer, Jo Stafford. It shares its final stanza with the East Virginia--Green Back Dollar family.

Wish I was a red, rosy bush
On the banks of the sea,
And every time my true lover would pass,
He would pick a rose off of me.

We have met and we have parted,
You are all this world to me,
If you do not love me darlin',
In my grave I'd rather be.

I'd rather live in a lonesome holler
Where the sun refused to shine,
Than to see you with another
And to know you'll never be mine.

(Repeat Stanza 1.)

SIDE II, Band 11: BLACK EYED SUSIE

... of all the chin music of the Southern fiddlers, is the one which comes closest to being a song in its own right. Remember that all these fiddlers' rhymes first came into being because the musician, out of weariness or exuberance or from a desire to tickle the gals a little, would bawl a couple of verses. The sense didn't matter at all. What did matter was that the syllables of the verse keep the rhythm of the fiddle tune so that dancers could keep step. This habit of making mouth music for dancing is, as I pointed out in an earlier note, an old Celtic trait, and I found it very much alive in Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Brittany and Spanish Galicia. But in America the majority of these fiddler's rhymes remained fragments. In fact, I must confess that I gave Black Eyed Susie a slight assist, myself. My father and I first recorded it from James Howard the blind fiddler of Harlan county, and I arranged a version for American Ballads and Folk Songs, and for FOLK SONG: USA; it is the latter version that most citybillies use today. Guy here works from this version, though he adds certain variations of his own.

Well, Susie's sweet and she ain't lazy,
Dang my buttons if I don't go crazy.

CHORUS:
Hey, pretty little black-eyed Susie, (2)
Hey.

Well, here she comes, she's a honey,
All dressed up and lookin' like Sunday.

CHORUS:
Hey, pretty little black-eyed Susie, (2)
Hop up, pretty little black-eyed Susie, (2)
Hey.

Well, Susie and the boys went blackberry
picking,
The boys got drunk, and Susie got a licking.

(CHORUS 1.)

Well, some got drunk, some got boozy,
I went home with black-eyed Susie.

(CHORUS 2.)

Well, I love my wife, I love my baby,
I love my biscuits soaked in gravy.

(CHORUS 2.)

All I want to make me happy,
Two little kids to call me pappy.

(CHORUS 2.)

(Repeat Stanza 1.) (CHORUS 2.)