

# MARK SPOELSTRA

RECORDED  
AT  
CLUB 47  
INC.  
FOLKWAYS RECORDS  
FG 3572



**Don't Say It So Slow**  
**Farewell Train**  
**Let Us Pray**  
**My Love Is Like A Dewdrop**  
**Dead Thumb Roll #1**  
**You Don't Worry My Mind**  
**Follow Me Baby**  
**Goin' Home**

**MSP**  
**CLUB 47**

**Somebody's Gonna Miss Me**  
**Born To Die**  
**Willow Tree**  
**Dead Thumb Roll #2**  
**Wild About My Lovin'**  
**Civil Defense Sign**  
**K. C. Moan Blues**  
DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

Cover photograph by  
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# MARK SPOELSTRA

RECORDED AT CLUB 47 Inc.

## THE WHITE NEGRO BLUES SINGER

My side does ache from rib to rear  
When shepherd boys sing a black man's song  
White blues singers by night do pray  
Let me be black....okay ofay?

Crow jim, jim crow, the same one it is  
Can't you like liz because she's liz?

I once dreamed my hair to be red  
A friend I admired wore on his head  
I walked and talked and cried his tears  
I haven't seen him for twenty years

Live and let live white shepherd boys  
Sing your song, let us hear your voice

Women do paint their nails so pert  
Men then think them prim and alert  
So your song sounds true, almost like you  
But maybe the paint just covers the dirt

WHEN WRITING, A SONG GETS TO A CERTAIN POINT AND  
IT STARTS CHASIN' IT'S OWN TAIL. MOST TOPICAL  
SONGS SWALLOW THEMSELVES.

When I was eighteen years old, it was thoughts that  
my friends didn't know how to talk about that made  
me want to write and sing songs about the way I see  
things, feel 'em, hear 'em, hate 'em, love 'em. My  
guitar and the open road seemed like the best way  
to do what I had to do. I think it was.

For the next two years I will be in the Southwest  
working with American Indians. I will be well  
into two or three months of welfare work before  
this record is released. I will not be performing  
and, most likely, not recording. There just won't  
be any time.

The welfare work I will be doing will be in lieu  
of entering the armed forces. Friend after  
friend has asked me, "Well, why didn't you just  
get out on 'psyche' or something?" It rather  
indicates that since I'm a folksinger, it wouldn't  
be hard to convince anybody that I'm therefore nuts.  
And I don't feel that I'm getting out of anything.  
I feel I'm getting into something.

I cannot accept the armed forces as an answer to  
man's problems. That's all there is to it. I've  
always been interested in social problems and  
those especially pertaining to American Indians.

I think objecting to the draft in this way is an  
excellent chance to spread out my wings and grow  
some more. I'll never stop singing and writing  
songs. I'll just be out of close contact with the  
folk scene for a while. The "professional" folk  
scene, that is.

The irony of being a conscientious objector is that,  
in a sense, I'm still being drafted. Except for  
one factor. I have complete choice as to what type  
of civilian work I want to do. I will not be in  
contact with the armed forces in any way, except for  
an occasional progress report to the selective ser-  
vice system.

Being a C.O. is not easy. Eight hours of hard work  
a day with essentially no pay. Handling frustrat-  
ing social problems without a "do-gooder" attitude,  
and just trying to help yourself as well as other  
folks in understanding one another. I'd rather be  
doing this than saying "no sir, yes sir" to some jerk  
that can't see past his drippy nose and is quite con-  
vinced that my personality structure is void of dis-  
cipline.

Well, two years from now I'll probably be a little  
fatter, a little wiser, have a few more words for  
songs, and still be playing the 12 string.....see  
you then.

Mark Spoelstra

MARK SPOELSTRA AT THE CLUB 47

Notes by Owen de Long

This is Mark Spoelstra's second album with twelve-  
string guitar for Folkways Records. It was re-  
corded during the month of August, 1963, at the old  
Club 47 on Mt. Auburn Street in Cambridge, Massachu-  
setts, and, in part, at his close friend Stan Hirson's  
apartment in Brookline.

Mark's first album (FOLKWAYS FA 2444), recorded in  
November, 1962, at the Folkways recording studio  
in New York City, contrasts very interestingly with  
this second. Like the first, the music presented  
here is irresistible and infectious. Unlike the  
first, eleven of the songs and instrumentals in this  
album are original pieces by Mark, although within  
the same tradition. What is most striking and re-  
vealing about such a contrast is the ease with which  
the transition has taken place from borrowed material,  
personally interpreted, to original material, per-

sonally experienced. This ease is partly a result of the continuity between the old Negro blues tradition and the young white blues tradition which Mark feels so strongly and about which Gil Turner wrote so well in the notes to the first album. But in no smaller part it is a result of the understanding and sense for clear expression which Mark brings to each piece of material he performs, regardless of its source.

The factual background on Mark's development is contained in Gil Turner's earlier notes. The brief critical perspective I can offer here comes both as a friend and as a listener, which makes the task harder for me but perhaps even more useful for the reader. Its usefulness is most apparent, I think, in getting to the special nature of Mark's music.

Within the young but rapidly evolving white blues tradition, Mark is uncompromisingly personal, most closely attuned to the smaller, more intimate group of friends one usually has along with the larger local social milieu and the great world beyond. This is not to say that his music lacks anything at all in the way of universal appeal and application. It is, on the other hand, to say that it swings most when the listener is also closely attuned to the ethical world of personal loyalties and mutually shared experiences. This is just musical honesty in a way, something more in another way. Mark's music contains the usual devotion to people and their world, and a knowledge of concomitant disillusionments -- in love, friendship, home life, travel, politics, finances, and society in general. But it also contains a deeply serious vein in an additional dimension, that usually referred to as the religious. Some have said Mark's music is thereby too serious for its musical form. Yet this returns us to honesty, after which personal taste and temperament must be the arbiters. For Mark is indeed a devoted believer in many realms of life -- most thoroughly committed, as noted before, to contributing to society at the personal level, whether this leads to his C.O. draft status or to any other social implication.

That's only half the man, however: the personal, serious half hardest to get to in words. The other half -- satiric, rollicking, often lilting -- contains a buoyant humor, bordering on dogmatic hopefulness, which touches each number Mark writes and performs with the relentless duality of tragic and comic we all see from time to time in each aspect of life. From the hoarded goods of a fallout shelter to the jumping run of an original instrumental Mark turns the moral word into a smile or pleasure, effecting that combined serious and swinging rapport with the listener which is at the heart of the blues. His particular offering is again honesty, adding by his insistence on hope amid the worst of calamities an awareness in each piece of the changing attitudes toward any situation which we all eventually experience.

So much for generalizations, which always beg for examples the minute they are set down. The actual thing is here with you; you can judge for yourself. I might only add as a final word, closely tied to what I have said above, that the warm, personal atmosphere of the Club 47 and the intimate air of a familiar living room with good friends in attendance have contributed greatly to the accuracy of this musical self-portrait by Mark. The five of the fifteen cuts which were recorded in the latter setting are marked below with an asterisk.

## SIDE 1

\*DON'T SAY IT SO SLOW - Mark wrote this song in the early summer of 1963 while living in Boston just after a late Spring trip to Canada. About it he says: "There are lots of people that believe war is wrong. And that is all they do or say - just believe that war is wrong."

FAREWELL TRAIN - Here's a piece by Mark written two years earlier. The lonely hitch-hiker seeks new purpose in life.

LET US PRAY - This instrumental was written one night just before one of the Club 47 sessions. Mark remembers being influenced by a dulcimer duet he had heard some six months earlier.

\*MY LOVE IS LIKE A DEWDROP - Out of the Winter of 1962 came this lyrical gem. "I got to thinking one day about somebody, and a story came to my mind. It's a personal song. But it speaks for other people too."

DEAD THUMB ROLL #1 - Also written at the beginning of 1963, this blues instrumental in a sixth-string D tuning puts Mark's lively fingers in rapid pursuit of a train he imagines he is running to catch. Mark notes that he has never run to catch a train in his life.

\*YOU DON'T WORRY MY MIND - Here is a song from Mark's life of a year earlier. "It just had to be said, because it made me feel better to say it."

FOLLOW ME BABY - Originally heard at the age of sixteen on a recording by Furry Lewis ("Kings of the Blues," "X" RECORDS, 10 inch LP), this blues number has gradually been changed by Mark to his own distinct way of doing it.

GOIN' HOME - "I learned this song at 17 in California when the traveling bug really settled in me. When you're standing out on the highway, late at night, and it's raining like never before, and every time you stick out your thumb a stream of water runs past your elbow, into your armpit, past your thigh, and rests in your shoe, you tend to think of home."

## SIDE 2

SOMEBODY'S GONNA MISS ME - This piece was written back in New York City in late February, 1963, after a trip to Boston for a gig at the Cafe Yana. "I met a little girl that got right to the bottom of my being. As a matter of fact, you might say that we were in love."

BORN TO DIE - The inspiration for this song, written just before DON'T SAY IT SO SLOW, came from the world's mass suicidal tendency and a line in "Statesboro Blues", as done by Blind Willie McTell on "The Country Blues" (RBF RECORDS, RF 1), that says: "I know I was born to die but I ain't gonna leave my children runnin' and cryin'." Note the D-tuned sixth-string.

\*WILLOW TREE - Kirk Smallman, the photographer for this and Mark's first album, wrote the basic melody here, inspired by Mark's melody to FAREWELL TRAIN. About the lyrics, Mark says: "I thought, when I wrote the words, about one-night love affairs, and maybe it was the right girl, and then again maybe it wasn't."

DEAD THUMB ROLL #2 - Different in conception from #1, this easy-going blues instrumental just rolls along, perhaps towards Canada, where it was written in May, 1963. Note again the "dead" thumb on the D-tuned sixth-string.

WILD ABOUT MY LOVIN' - Mark learned this from Jim Jackson on the "Kings of the Blues" LP (as cited above). It too is a version developed over many years.

\*CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN - Written the day before he originally recorded it for Broadside Records (No. 1) in December, 1962, this is a new cut of a number with increasing popularity. "I wrote this song while under the influence of television propaganda orating the virtues of being the first one in your neighborhood to have faith in the civil defense sign." The tuning is D for the first and sixth strings.

K.C. MOAN BLUES - This is a blues Mark just likes to sing. The washboard band in California that he started with taught it to him. The band was called "The Crown City Blue Blowers," from "The Mound City Blue Blowers," originated by Red McKinzie and Dick Slevin in Chicago, the Mound City, as Pasadena is called the Crown City.

See also FOLKWAYS 45 r. p. m., F 45001, Mark Spoelstra, "Walkin' 'Round Town" (original) / "Corinna". Soon to be released: FOLKWAYS 45 r.p.m., F ----, Mark Spoelstra, "Sugar Babe" / "Dead Thumb Roll #1" (different cut).

#### SIDE I

#### DON'T SAY IT SO SLOW

Peace clouds are rolling  
Peace clouds are rolling  
War clouds are boiling  
Peace clouds are rolling  
Do you want, oh do you want  
The peace clouds rolling

You folks that want, want no more war  
Please say no, say no, but don't say it so slow

I see you sleeping  
I hear you moaning  
You have no footsteps  
You're good at groaning  
All the while, oh all the while  
War clouds are boiling

Your brain must hurt from righteous vows  
Your vows mean nothing, speak loud and stop the war cloud

Plains of Montana  
Swamps of Louisiana  
Sand dunes of Pismo  
Desert of New Mexico  
People say, "God will save the day  
"God will save the day"

Don't leave it to God, please not this time  
It's your turn and mine, don't let us burn

Stop blaming "them"  
For what you've done  
Indifferent minds  
Are worse than guns  
Say no, say no, say no right now  
Time will allow

You folks that want, want no more war  
Please say no, say no, but don't say it so slow

#### FAREWELL TRAIN

I don't have nobody to care for me  
I'm going away on the farewell train  
This train is lonely -- it's a one-way ticket  
The sky is getting cloudy, it's beginning to rain

#### CHORUS:

Let it rain, let it rain, I'm moving on  
The freedom of man is a heavy load  
The song from my heart is blue and tired  
But soon I will rest by the side of the road

Those of us who've seen lovers part  
Only we can know the tears  
The train of life just keeps on rolling  
And I will be alone for the rest of my years

#### (CHORUS)

#### MY LOVE IS A DEWDROP ON THE MOUNTAIN

My love is a dewdrop on the mountain  
Mmmmm,ohh  
She appears and stays, calls my name then fades  
My love is a dewdrop on the mountain

I am the mountain, she is the dewdrop  
Mmmmm,ohh  
At the break of day she goes to the river  
And joins its ramblin' ways

I cried all night to the midnight sun  
Mmmmm,ohh  
'Cause there's a river that flows between our souls  
When the sun-splashed river calls she must go

I'll wait 'til the morning comes again  
Mmmmm,ohh  
When I see the tears in my true love's eyes  
The mountain will die a thousand times

If only I could keep her from the river  
Mmmmm,ohh  
Our life would live a timeless love  
But my love is a dewdrop on the mountain

#### YOU DON'T WORRY MY MIND

#### (1st chorus):

You don't worry my mind, you don't worry my mind  
'Cause if you push, push, push me I'm going to  
make some travelin' time

(1st verse):

I wanted you to love me of your own free will,  
But it was a job to you  
All you can do is push, push, push,  
So here's what I'm going to do

(2nd chorus):

I'm gonna find me a woman, better'n I've ever seen  
Lord, a good lookin' woman that runs on naturaline  
When I kiss that gal, it ain't gonna be routine

(2nd verse):

I said I'd stay and I believed I would  
Then you started pushing me around  
I guess a bonified bitch can't quit  
So now I'm California bound

(2nd chorus)

(3rd verse):

All the time you talk about yourself  
You almost drove me insane  
Then when I picked up my guitar to sing  
You started screaming and jumping and throwing  
things

(1st chorus)

(2nd chorus)

(4th verse):

I bought the groceries but I didn't pay the rent  
You thought I was king 'til I didn't have a cent  
Then when I suggested that you get a job  
You stopped your screaming and you started to sob

(1st chorus)

(2nd chorus)

FOLLOW ME BABY

CHORUS:

Follow me, baby, and I'll turn your money green (2)  
Show you more money than Rockefeller's ever seen

Verses:

Woman quit me, threw my trunk out the door (2)  
Swore she'd never see me, never see me no more

Well, if the river was whiskey, baby, and I was a  
duck (2)  
I'd dive to the bottom and I never would come up

I been down so long, baby, seems like it's up to  
me (2)  
And the woman I love -- hard like a rock in the sea

There's trouble here, trouble everywhere  
There's trouble here, baby, trouble everywhere  
There's so much trouble just floatin' 'round in the  
air

What you going to do when your trouble gets like  
mine (2)  
You're going to sit by your back door - head in  
your hands and cryin'

(CHORUS)

I got a new way of spelling Memphis, Tennessee (2)  
Double N, double X, double Z voodoo Y, Z

Follow me, baby, and I'll turn your money green  
Follow me, baby, and I'll turn your little ol'  
money green  
Show you more money than Rockefeller's ever seen

GOIN' HOME

Goin' home, goin' home  
Well I'm leavin' this old town today  
'Cause if I don't leave now, I won't be goin' no  
where

Well if home is where the heart is  
Then my home's in New Orleans  
Oh won't you take me to that grand old train  
'Cause if I don't leave now, I won't be goin'  
no where

What's your name  
Tell me what's your name  
Oh won't you tell me before my time has come  
'Cause if I don't leave now, I won't be goin' no  
where

What you say  
What you do  
Well it's time like this and I'm tellin' you  
If I don't leave now, I won't be goin' no where

Goin' home, goin' home  
Well I'm leavin' this old town today  
'Cause if I don't leave now, I won't be goin' no  
where

SIDE II

SOMEBODY'S GONNA MISS ME

Two people laying on a hill (2)  
The cool sun is resting and listening to their  
heartbeats  
Two people laying on a hill

Brown grass on the hill is slowly weaving (2)  
Painting a picture on the amber sky  
Of love and lonely days gone by

CHORUS:

Somebody's gonna miss me when I'm gone (2)  
My train leaves at ten, but I'll be back again  
Somebody's gonna miss me when I'm gone

I thought I heard somebody call my name (2)  
A tugging moan, a pain shaking my bones  
I thought I heard somebody call my name

Thunder clouds and wind are joining the sea  
Thunder clouds and wind join the sea  
A ray of sunlight pierces through the storm  
The first second of love has just been born

(CHORUS)

BORN TO DIE

Born, born to die  
Learning to kill is living to die  
Why not live for the days to come  
Instead of choking, choking the life from an  
unborn son

Look, look at the seashore  
Breathe, breathe in the pines  
Feel for your heart -- is it still beating  
Or has it died, dead in its shell, and is your  
blood wine

Drink, drink you war mongers  
Cut -- with your cold blade of fear  
But your power is dying, so let it be told  
Your blood and your bones will age with decay, and  
rot in your soul

Hear, hear what I say  
Millions of us will die in one day  
Teach fear you cowards, preach love you saints  
Still I'll tell you, and I'll tell you -- it's  
not too late

#### WILLOW TREE

On a cold, cold dark day  
I thought I heard her sigh  
Willow tree....willow tree

She did not say it so loud  
Said it so doggone plain  
Ramblin' is my notion  
And I didn't even know her name

What makes a heart turn cold  
Just before the dawn  
Willow tree...willow tree

The wind pulled my love from me  
Why, none can tell  
God bless her ramblin' soul  
So long, fare thee well

If you want the wind  
Then ramble on your way  
Willow tree...willow tree

Don't turn to the left or the right  
Just go straight on by  
But if you ever want me  
You might as well lay down and die

On a cold, cold dark day  
I thought I heard her sigh  
Willow tree...willow tree

#### WILD ABOUT MY LOVIN'

Hello, Central, what's the matter with the line  
I want to talk to that high brown woman of mine

CHORUS:  
Because I'm wild about my lovin', oh Lord I like  
to have my fun  
And if you want to be a regular woman of mine  
Bring it with you when you come

I'm gonna tell the sargeant, tell the chief of  
police  
These women 'round here just don't seem to have  
no peace

#### (CHORUS)

I don't want no sugar in my tea  
Woman that I love is sweet enough for me

Because I'm wild----hee, I like to have my fun  
And if you want to be a regular woman of mine  
Bring it with you when you come

I'm not the iceman, I'm not the iceman's son  
But I can keep you cool, 'til that man comes

I'm not the fireman, I'm not the fireman's son  
But I can keep you warm, 'til that man comes

Because I'm wild----hee, hoo, I like to have my  
fun  
If you want to be a regular woman of mine  
Bring it with you when you come

I'm gonna tell all you people, listen to this  
song  
Gonna see my woman, and it won't be long

Because I'm wild about my lovin', I like to have  
my fun  
If you want to be a regular woman of mine  
Bring it with you when you come

#### CIVIL DEFENSE SIGN

(CHORUS):  
When you see this sign it's time to go....this  
sign...this sign  
You'll know it's time to go  
When the sirens start to blow  
Remember the Civil Defense sign

#### (Verses):

This sign won't save you and me...this sign....  
this sign  
But it's a hope for the souls  
Of your friends and mine  
Remember the Civil Defense sign

My town's got more signs than yours...more signs  
...more signs  
I've got more bandaids  
More ice cubes and more iodine  
Just in case that bomb hurts some friend of mine

#### (CHORUS)

I won't be the one to die...to die...to die  
Of course, a certain percent  
Just has to go  
But I won't be the one to die

Make the missiles so daddy will have a job....  
a job....a job  
When the missiles start to fly  
We can all lay down and die  
Then daddy won't have to work any more

#### K. C. MOAN

I hate to hear that K. C. when she moans (3)  
Because she moans like she ain't gonna move  
no more

I went down to the depot and looked up on the  
board (3)  
It said there's good times here but better on  
down the road

Sometimes I wished I'd a listened to what my  
mama said (3)  
And I would not be here singing 'bout this life  
that I've led

I hate to hear that K.C. when she moans (3)  
Because she moans like she ain't gonna blow no  
more

sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
sun's gonna shine in my backdoor someday  
That old wind is gonna rise and it's going to blow  
my blues away

# Other FOLKWAYS/SCHOLASTIC Records of Interest

## AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC

**AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS, Vols. 1-4.** Sung by Pete Seeger, with banjo and guitar.  
LC R-57-840

**2320. Vol. 1.** Seventeen best-loved ballads drawn from America's rich folk heritage. Pete's warm, infectious style brings new life to such old favorites as *Down in the Valley*, *Mary Don't You Weep*, *Wabash Cannonball*, *Frankie and Johnny*, *On Top of Old Smoky*, 12 others.  
B, CB, N 1-12" LP.

**2321. Vol. 2.** *Beautiful City*, *House of the Rising Sun*, *Midnight Special*, *Hard Traveling*, *The Water is Wide*, 13 more. B 1-12" LP—\$5.95



**2322. Vol. 3.** *John Brown's Body*, *Good Night Irene*, 14 more. B 1-12" LP.

**2323. Vol. 4.** *Banks of the Ohio*, *No More Auction Block*, *All My Trials*, 14 more. 1-12" LP.

**2319. PETE SEEGER SINGS AMERICAN BALLADS.** *The Golden Vanity*, *Down in Carlisle*, *John Hardy*, *Jesse James*, many more.  
LC R-57-736 1-12" LP

**027. THIS LAND IS MY LAND.** Folk singers Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston, and others perform the vigorous songs of American workingmen. The artists bring their own unique styles to songs of lumbermen, fishermen, farmers, cowboys, sailors, more.  
LC R-58-588 CB, N 1-10" LP

**4530. FOLK MUSIC U.S.A.** Twenty-five songs and ballads: blues, work, children's songs, more. Sung by artists from Alaska to Virgin Islands. Notes.  
LC R-60-878 N 2-12" LPs

**2951. ANTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC, Vol. 1. BALLADS.** *Ommie Wise*, *The Titanic*, *Stackalee*, many more folk songs, sung by traditional singers. Illus. 26-page booklet. (Additional booklets, \$1.00 each.)  
LC R-58-612 2-12" LPs

**2401. THE WANDERING FOLK SONG.** Sam Hinton demonstrates folk song development: earliest versions, regional variations, contemporary parodies. *The Water Is Wide*, *The Old Gray Mare*, many more. Notes include lyrics.  
LC R-67-2597 1-12" LP

**2301. BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS (Child Ballads), Vol. 1.** *The House Carpenter*, *Barbara Allen*, *Gypsy Laddie*, more, sung by Jean Ritchie. Notes.  
LC R-61-1855 1-12" LP

**2302. BRITISH TRADITIONAL BALLADS IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS (Child Ballads), Vol. 2.** *The Unquiet Grave*, *Cherry Tree Carol*, *Lord Randall*, *Edward*, more, sung by Jean Ritchie. Notes.  
LC R-61-1855 1-12" LP.

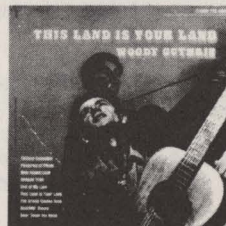
**2040. SMOKY MOUNTAIN BALLADS.** Cross-section of English ballads and 19th century American popular songs: *Swannanoa Tunnel*, *Springfield Mountain*, *Mr. Garfield*, more. Sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford, with banjo.  
LC R-53-624 1-10" LP

**2312. SONGS OF THE SEA.** Alan Mills and the "Shanty Men" in 32 songs. *Shenandoah*, *Billy Boy*, *Haul Away Joe*, more.  
LC R-57-724 1-12" LP

**2481. BOUND FOR GLORY.** The story of Woody Guthrie, America's wandering balladeer, told in his own words and music. In *Vigilante Man*, *Stagolee*, *Do Re Me*, Woody sings of the misery, cruelty, and injustice he sees in the land he loves. Still other songs—*Pastures of Plenty*, *Grand Coulee Dam*, *This Land Is Your Land*—express his belief in the potential richness of American life. Excerpts from Woody's autobiography, read by Will Geer, link the artist's songs with his personal experiences. Edited by Millard Lampell. Notes include lyrics and drawings by Guthrie.  
LC R-58-78 1-12" LP

**31001. WOODY GUTHRIE: THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND.** Woody sings his most popular songs: *This Land Is Your Land*, *Talking Columbia*, *The Grand Coulee Dam*, *Oregon Trail*, more. Liner notes.  
LC R-64-1093 1-12" LP (stereo\*)

**2483. WOODY GUTHRIE SINGS FOLK SONGS.** Woody's friends and fellow folk artists accompany him in 14 hard-driving songs. Cisco Houston, Leadbelly, Sonny Terry, and Bess Hawes add their musical genius to *Hard Traveling*, *Nine Hundred Miles*, *John Henry*, *We Shall Be Free*, *Springfield Mountain*, more. Woody solos on *House of the Rising Sun*, *Oregon Trail*. Introductory notes by Pete Seeger. "An excellent document of the sound of folk songs at the beginning of the urban movement in the 1940s...The record's value is immeasurable."—*The American Record Guide*  
LC R-62-1028 1-12" LP



**5249. SOLDIER SONGS.** Hermes Nye, with guitar, sings *The Battle of Saratoga*, *Oh Sara Jane*, *I've Got Sixpence*, more.  
LC R-60-294 1-12" LP.

**2013. 900 MILES AND OTHER RAILROAD SONGS.** Cisco Houston, with guitar, in *Getting Up Holler*, *The Brave Engineer*, *Wreck of the Old '97*, *Hobo Bill*, *Railroad Bill*, more. Notes.  
LC R-54-277 1-10" LP.

**2343. WHEN KENTUCKY HAD NO UNION MEN.** Eighteen miner's songs, including original version of *Sixteen Tons*, sung by George Davis. Booklet has lyrics.  
LC R-67-3789 1-12" LP

**5276. FOLK SONGS OF NEW YORK CITY.** Songs from Colonial times to early 20th century, inspired by fire, war, strikes, street fights, more. Compiled and sung by June Lazare. Documentary notes.  
LC R-67-2534 1-12" LP

**2215. PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH FOLK SONGS.** Party, play, and love songs, sung by George Britton, with guitar.  
LC R-58-598 NY 1-10" LP.

**31301. THE KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOLS CHOIRS SING FOLK SONGS OF HAWAII.** Traditional Hawaiian songs combining hula chants with Christian hymns and folk tunes.  
LC R-68-4168 1-12" LP (stereo\*)

**8750. HAWAIIAN CHANT, HULA, AND MUSIC.** Fourteen traditional selections: prayer-offerings, tributes, legends, serenades. Sung by Kaulaheonamiku Kiona. Native instruments.  
LC R-62-856 1-12" LP.

**3842. BEEN IN THE STORM SO LONG.** African heritage reflected in spirituals, shouts, children's game songs, and folk tales recorded on Johns Island, South Carolina. Complete text.  
LC R-67-3095 1-12" LP.

**2372. FISK JUBILEE SINGERS.** World-famous Negro chorus sings early spirituals.  
LC R-55-411 NY, P 1-12" LP.

**2941. LEADBELLY'S LAST SESSIONS, Vol. 1.** The great folk artist sings and talks about *We're in the Same Boat*, *Brother*, *Stewball*, *Blue Tail Fly*, many more.  
LC R-54-305 2-12" LPs

**0703. FOLKSONG FESTIVAL SAMPLER** (record-book combination). Pete Seeger, Leadbelly, Sam Hinton, Cisco Houston, George and Gerry Armstrong, and the Harvesters in six American folk songs: *Where Have All the Flowers Gone?*, *The Boll Weevil*, more.  
LC R-68-3714 1-7" LP and book  
0602. Record only

**7053. AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHRISTMAS.** Twenty songs sung by children: *Joseph and Mary*, *Poor Little Jesus*, *Mary Had a Baby*, more.  
LC R-58-56 N 1-10" LP.

\*Electronically reprocessed to simulate stereo-  
phonic.