

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5257 STEREO

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FIFTY SAIL ON NEWBURGH BAY SEEGER & RENEHAM

Fifty Sail on Newburgh Bay

Pete Seeger & Ed Reneham

SIDE 1:

Kyowagena

An American Indian canoe song from the Mohawk River, which meets the Hudson and was a turn-off for those Hudson travelers wishing to head to the western direction rather than further north. Traditional.

Fifty Sail On Newburgh Bay

Words by Bill Gekle. Music by Pete Seeger. ©1976.

The Burning of Kingston

Words by Bill Gekle. Music by Pete Seeger. ©1976.

The Phoenix and the Rose

Words by Bill Gekle. Music by Ed Renehan. ©1976.

The Old Ben Franklin and the Sloop Sally B.

Words by Bill Gekle. Music by Pete Seeger. ©1976.

The Moon In The Pear Tree

Words by Bill Gekle. Music by Pete Seeger. ©1976.

The Erie Canal

The Erie Canal made waterway transport in New York State more important than ever. Built in the early 19th century it made it possible to use water transport to take goods from the harbour of New York to the Great Lakes. The Canal increased commercial traffic on the river greatly. Traditional.

Yankee Doodle

Traditional.

SIDE 2

This Is A Land

Words by Jacob Steendam. Music adapted by Pete Seeger. ©1974 TRO - Melody Trails, Inc. New York.

Big Bill Snyder

Traditional. Tune used is "Old Dan Tucker."

Tarrytown

Traditional.

The Hudson Whalers

The town of Hudson, just below Albany, was the home of many a whaling ship. It was every bit as possible to do whaling out of the Hudson River as it was to do it out of a port on the coast. There was perhaps a week of extra travel involved, coming up the river from the ocean, but that was all.

Follow the Drinkin' Gourd

Traditional.

Hudson River Steamboat

Performed as learned from John and Lucy Allison.

The Knickerbocker Line

The Hudson flows past the city as well as the farm country. This is a song from Manhattan. The Knickerbocker Line was an old trolley car route. Our guess is that kids who lived along the line made up this nonsense song. Traditional.

Of Time and Rivers Flowing

Words and adaptation of a traditional tune by Pete Seeger. ©1973.

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Fifty Sail on Newburgh Bay

Pete Seeger & Ed Reneham

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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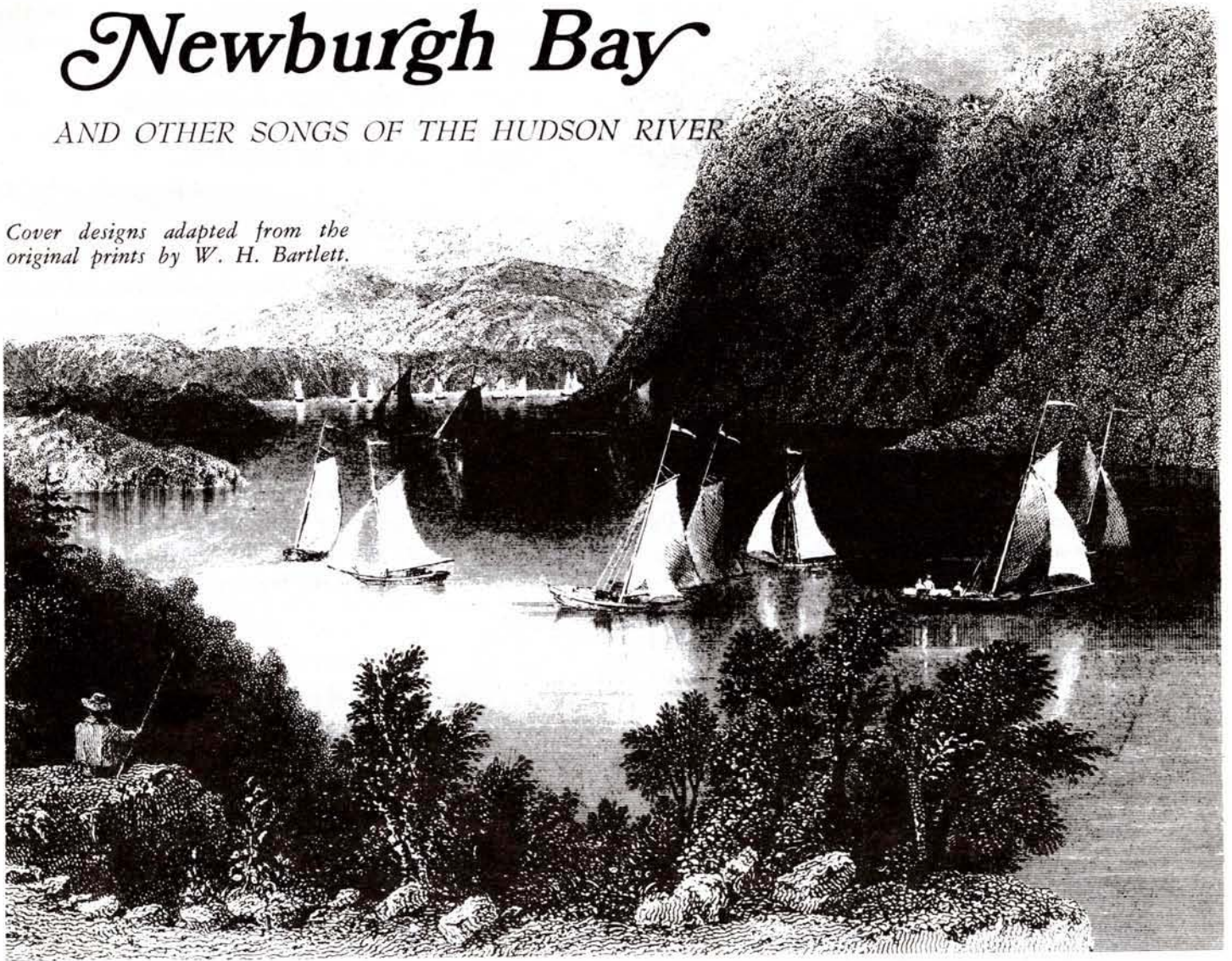
FOLKWAYS FH 5257



Fifty Sail on Newburgh Bay

AND OTHER SONGS OF THE HUDSON RIVER

*Cover designs adapted from the
original prints by W. H. Bartlett.*



Among America's great and well-loved rivers, there is only one that is known primarily for its sheer magnificence. Rivers are known by the attributes God has given them and by the way men speak of them, and so we talk and sing of the beautiful Ohio, the mighty Mississippi, the wide Missouri, the dreamy Suwanee. As for the Hudson River, we call it simply—the lordly Hudson.

The Hudson is unusual among the world's renowned rivers. It is not as long as many, nor as deep as some, nor as wide, as swift, as mighty as others. It has been called by more names in more languages than any other river we know. A man could spend a lifetime studying the Hudson, and come to know it well, and still be unable to define and describe its indescribable majesty.

More than anything else, the Hudson is a River of History. Its history has been made by the Indians, the Spanish, the French, the Dutch, the English—and by the Americans. That history stretches over its more than three hundred mile length, through war and peace, for more than three hundred years.

Here, then, are some of the songs of the Hudson River. Here are new songs and old favorites, written by men who came to know and love the Hudson. These songs and their stories are varied, as varied as the River itself with its mountains and marshes, its tides and tributaries, its bold palisades and its bold and imaginative people. It is our hope that you will make these songs your own—by listening to them and by singing them—for as long as the Hudson rolls down to the sea.

The very first songs of the Hudson were those sung or chanted by the various Iroquoian tribes that lived along its banks or came to travel throughout its valley in search of food. We have no written record of these songs, but one of them, the Seneca Canoe Song, has survived. It was taught to Pete Seeger by Ray Fadden of Onchiota, N.Y. Perhaps you can learn the words of the "Seneca Canoe Song" as Pete Seeger did—by listening to it.

☆ ☆ ☆

It was the Indians who first discovered the Hudson River, and they observed one of the most important things about it. They saw it was a river that flowed two ways—for the Hudson is not a river at all for more than half its length, but an estuary, an arm of the sea. The Hudson is swept by strong Atlantic tides as far north as Albany and even beyond. At the narrowest and deepest part of the River, where it passes through the Hudson Highlands, the tides are strong and tricky, sometimes running earlier and faster along one shore than the other.

The winds, too, are affected by the Highlands, sometimes being held back or deflected by the mountains, and sometimes pouring down suddenly in great gusts from the highest peaks or between them. This combination of rapidly changing tides and uncertain winds made sailing through this passage extremely hazardous. The first sailors on the Hudson, the Dutch, called this part of the River by several names. There was the Worrugat, or Wind Gate, and Martyr's Reach, and even one place, near Constitution Island, they called World's End.

And so it very often happened that sailing sloops, sometimes fifty or a hundred of them, anchored in Newburgh Bay just outside the passage, waiting for the right wind or the right tide—or both.

FIFTY SAIL ON NEWBURGH BAY

*Fifty sail on Newburgh Bay
Waitin' for the wind and tide,
Fifty sail on Newburgh Bay
With the anchors over the side.*

*The skippers all sit on the rail to yarn,
Same as farmers out by the old red barn,
The boys in skiffs have gone ashore
To ruckus outside the village store.*

Fifty sail, etc. (Chorus)

*Now the wind comes up with a mighty roar,
Whitecaps roll from shore to shore
So it's anchors up and sail away
Down the Worrugat from Newburgh Bay.*

Fifty sail, etc. (Chorus)

*Now the sails are full and the sloops run free,
Beatin' through the Gate to the open sea,
There's Breakneck Hill on the looward side
And Storm King Mountain makin' up the tide.*

*Fifty sail on Newburgh Bay,
Down the River at break of day,
Some load wheat and some load hay,
All the way down to New York Bay!*

☆ ☆ ☆

Early in October, 1777, British forces under Sir Henry Clinton, captured the two forts guarding the Gateway of the Hudson between Storm King and Breakneck Mountains. Clinton then sent a large squadron of frigates and galleys under Sir James Wallace, and two thousand troops under General Vaughan, up the Hudson River. Their mission was to join British forces under General Burgoyne in his drive south to Albany.

The British fleet moved slowly up the river in glorious Indian Summer weather. They dawdled and dallied, burning an occasional sloop they met, or barns along the shore. When they at last arrived off Kingston, which was reported to be a "nest of rebels," as well as the State capital, General Vaughan decided to defeat the rebels and burn the town, which they did, leaving only one stone house standing. They also burned "Clermont," the manor house of Chancellor Livingston, and by that time it was too late to be of any assistance to Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne—he had already surrendered at Saratoga. Here, then, is a song to commemorate the Burning of Kingston in October, 1777.

THE BURNING OF KINGSTON

Autumn burned in the Ulster hills,
Before the British came,
The elms and maples smoldered there,
The oaks were yellow flame.*

*The fields were empty, barns were full,
Wrapped in October haze
While British ships up-river sailed
All through the golden days.*

*As in a dream, the white-sailed ships
Past the farmlands glide,
All quiet now, as if in peace,
Northward on the tide.*

*Two thousand men aboard the ships
Gaze at the golden shore,
They dream of making homes and farms
Instead of making war.*

*This was a land they could have loved
And shared its homes and farms,
This was a land they could have had
Without resource to arms.*

*But Kingston was burned in the Ulster hills,
Every house but one,
And it burned in the hearts of Ulster men
Until the war was won.*

The Hudson River has been many things to many people. During the Revolutionary War, the Americans regarded it as their lifeline. To the British, it was not only an invasion route from Canada, but the dividing line that could cut the American colonies in two. In the summer of 1776, the British under General Burgoyne came down from Canada to seize the upper Hudson while a great British naval force entered New York harbor with the intention of seizing the lower Hudson.

Two small British frigates were sent up into the Hudson to test the strength of the American defenses. The 44-gun Phoenix, under Captain Hyde Parker, and the 20-gun Rose, under Captain James Wallace, along with three escort vessels forced their way through a tremendous bombardment from the American forts on the Manhattan and Jersey shores. They reached the Tappan Sea virtually unharmed and spent the entire summer terrorizing the towns and villages along the River as far north as Peekskill. The British made many attempts to land, seizing cattle and other provisions wherever they could. They were not always successful, as we hear in this ballad describing an attempted attack on Peekskill.

THE PHOENIX AND THE ROSE

*Upon the lordly Hudson
On a pleasant summer's day,
His Majesty's ships Phoenix
And the Rose at anchor lay.
They had spent the day in shooting up
The towns along the shore,
A sport the gunners much enjoyed
But the captains found a bore.*

*It was tea-time on the Phoenix,
So the Captain rang his bell
And he asked the Captain's Steward
"Now then, where's my tea, pray tell?"
The Steward was embarrassed
And he said, "Well, Sir, you see,
There's not a blinking thing aboard
To serve you with your tea."*

*"Not a thing aboard the Phoenix
With her four-and-forty guns!
Not a thing aboard the Phoenix
In her gross two-hundred tons?
Not a blinking thing aboard the ship
To serve me with my tea?
What sort of nonsense, Steward,
Is this you're telling me!"*

*"It's been quite a busy day, Sir,
What with all the shelling,
And the raiding and the burning
And the general raise-helling.
What's more, the natives are unhappy, Sir,
And we've aroused their ire,
And some of them, by God, Sir,
Have dared return our fire!"*

*The Steward then went on to say
That in view of all the shooting,
There'd been precious little time to spare
For foraging and looting.
Because of which, aboard the ship
Of some four-and-forty guns,
There was not a single thing to eat
But some carrots and stale buns.*

*"Now blast me eyes and damme too!"
Cried Captain Sir Hyde Parker,
"Bestir yourself and bestir the crew
And before it gets much darker!
Lower a boat or two or four
And pull for that damned rebellious shore
And capture and seize a well-stocked store
Or I'll give the lot of you what for!"*

*Meanwhile, aboard the frigate Rose
There was scarcely a bite or nibble,
And Captain Wallace launched his boats
With orders not to quibble,
But to take whatever they came upon,
Whatever was to their taste,
"Now hurry, me lads," the Captain said,
"There's little time to waste!"*

*The crew of the gallant Phoenix now
Had stormed the Peekskill shore,
And joined by the crew of the gallant Rose
They marched on the Peekskill store.
Not a rebel at all did they meet in town,
Not a single shot was fired,
The Peekskill folk had taken their wives
And prudently retired.*

*Into the empty town they went,
As bold as they could be,
Into the vacant stores they stormed
In search of things for tea.
Alas, they found but empty shelves,
Not a single thing remained,
At which the sailors cursed the town
In language unrestrained.*

*Not a scrap of food in all the town,
Not a single bite to eat,
And the bugler scarcely had the strength
To sound the sad retreat.
Back to their ships they slowly rowed,
In anger and in sorrow,
For they had no tea on that summer's day
And they had none for tomorrow.*

*Upon the lordly Hudson,
On a pleasant summer's night,
The villagers of Peekskill
Beheld a pleasant sight.
The British ships had sailed away,
Or so the story goes,
And Peekskill won the battle
With the Phoenix and the Rose.*

*This booklet designed and the commentary written by
William Gekle who also wrote the lyrics for: Fifty Sail,
Moon in the Pear Tree, The Phoenix and the Rose, Old
Ben and Sally B., and The Burning of Kingston.*



Whenever two boats, whether they were sailing sloops or side-wheel steamers, were heading in the same direction on the Hudson River they challenged each other to a race. These races were not always sport alone. Since the sloops carried farm products from one town landing to the next along the river, there were commercial advantages in being the first to dock and start selling their cargo. Some of the races were held to establish a reputation for being a fast sailor—such as the race between the Sally B. and the Ben Franklin as they sailed upriver one summer day.

OLD BEN AND SALLY B.

*The sloop Sally B. sailing up the Tappan Zee,
As fast a little sloop as you'd ever want to see.
She was ninety foot tall and had a boom to match
So the Sally B. was always pretty hard to catch.*

*The old Ben Franklin was a fast one too,
Her mains'l and her jib, they were both brand-new,
And her captain Mike Payne, he swore a mighty oath
That he'd beat the Sally B. or sink them both.*

*Then old Ben Franklin and saucy Sally B.
Started racing up the river from the Tappan Zee.
Sally led the Franklin for most of the way
From beginning to the end of Haverstraw Bay.*

*Then they turned into the river where it isn't very wide,
At much closer quarters they were side by side,
So the skippers both agreed that the race would end
At the very next point round the very next bend.*

*Now lying dead ahead and looming very large,
Loaded with stone was an up-state barge.
The tide had turned her broadside and there she lay
So they couldn't sail around her either way.*

*Oh, the old Ben Franklin and the sweet Sally B.
As fast a pair of sloops as you'd ever want to see,
They hit that barge together and they both sank fast
But the old Ben Franklin hit the bottom last!*



The men who sailed the sloops on the Hudson River, a hundred years or more ago, came from the farms and villages along its shores. Even long after they became experienced skippers, they spoke and thought more like farmers than sailors. They knew, or came to know, that the moon affected the tides. They knew that when the moon was in the Apogee, the tides were apt to run low and slow, and that when the moon was in the Perigee, the tides were likely to run higher and faster.

Being farmers and countrymen at heart, they translated these terms into something with which they were familiar. And so they said that when the moon was in Apogee—it was in the apple tree. And when the moon was in Perigee, it was in the pear tree. And that is what this next song is all about.

THE MOON IN THE PEAR TREE

*Look up, sailor, and you'll see,
The moon hangin' up in the old pear tree,
The old pear tree on the crest of the hill,
While the moon draws the tide and the rivers fill.
What better can a sailor hope to see
Than the moon hangin' up in the old pear tree!*

*Look up, sailor, and you'll see
The moon hangin' up in the apple tree,
The apple tree grows in the yard out back
And the moon holds the tide and the water back,
So a sailor's never very glad to see
The moon hangin' up in the apple tree.*

*Look up, sailor, and don't be sad,
The moon and the tide are bringin' up shad,
The shad and salmon and the sturgeon too,
Comin' up the River like they used to do.
So look up, sailor, and hope to see
The moon hangin' up in the old pear tree.*

*Look ahead, sailor, and you'll see,
Times a-comin' back like they used to be,
When the water's clear and way up high
Once more you see stars in a clear blue sky.
What better can a sailor hope to see
Than times comin' back like they used to be!*



The Hudson River, throughout most of its history, had carried the products of farms and forests and mines down its last hundred and fifty miles to the great port of New York. There were men who thought it possible, somehow, to join the Hudson and the Mohawk Rivers to the Great Lakes and thus provide a water-route from the West all the way to the Atlantic. One of these men was DeWitt Clinton, and when he became Governor of New York State, he made it happen.

THE ERIE CANAL

*I've got a mule and her name is Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
She's a good old worker and a good old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,*

*We've hauled some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo.*

*Low bridge, everybody down,
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town.
And you always know your neighbor,
You'll always know your pal,
If you ever navigated on the Erie Canal.*

*You bet your life I'd never part with Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
She knows every inch of this old canal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.*



No song is more decidedly and defiantly American than "Yankee Doodle." We include it among these songs of the Hudson River because it was written, in 1758, in the Van Rensselaer mansion on the banks of the Hudson just below Albany.

The earliest verses were written by Englishmen to poke fun at the colonial militia with whom they were allied against the French. During the Revolutionary War, many new verses were added, including those recorded here.

YANKEE DOODLE

*Yankee Doodle went to town,
A-ridin' on a pony,
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.
Yankee Doodle keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.*

*Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.*

*And there we saw a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be sa-ved.*

*There was Captain Washington,
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men,
I guess there was a million.*



The Hudson River, when it was first colonized by the Dutch on Manhattan Island, seemed to flow through a paradise. The land was covered with magnificent forests and broad, lush meadows. The climate and the soil were ideal for raising many kinds of crops, the river teemed with fish, the forests abounded with game.

One of the earliest songs in praise of the Hudson was written by Jacob Steendam, who was among the first settlers on Manhattan Island. It was called simply:

THIS IS A LAND

*This is a land, with milk and honey flowing,
With healing herbs like thistle freely growing.
Where buds of Aaron's rods are blowing,
O, this is Eden!*



In the 1840's, most of the Hudson Valley was still owned by a few landlords. Some of these lands had been patroonships granted by the Dutch, others were extensive manors granted by the English kings. Tenant farmers were at the mercy of their landlords and had to pay rent for their land—and keep little for their work. Then came the Rent Wars—the Tinhorn Rebellion, it was called, when farmers refused to pay their rents any longer and when they tarred and feathered the sheriffs who came to collect them. One of these Sheriffs was "Big Bill" Snyder—and this next song is about him:

BIG BILL SNYDER

*The moon was shining silver bright,
The sheriff came in the dead of night;
High on a hill an Indian true,
And on his horn this blast he blew—*

Chorus:

*Keep out of the way, Big Bill Snyder,
We'll tar your coat and feather your hide, sir.*

*The Indians gathered at the sound,
Bill cocked his pistol and looked around;
Their painted faces, by the moon
He saw and heard that same old tune—*

*Says Bill, "The music's not so sweet
As I have heard; I think my feet
Had better be used," and he started to run;
But the tin horn still kept sounding on—*

*"Legs do your duty now" says Bill,
"There's a thousand Indians on the hill,
When they catch Tories they tar their coats,
And feather their hides; and I hear the notes—"*

*Bill ran and ran till he reached the wood,
And there, with horror still he stood,
For he saw a savage, tall and grim,
And he heard a horn, not a rod from him:*

*Bill thought he heard the sound of a gun,
And he cried in fright, "My race is run:
Better that I had never been born
Than to hear the sound of that tin horn."*

*And the news flew around and gained belief
That Bill was murdered by an Indian Chief;
And no one mourned that Bill was slain;
But the tin horn sounded again and again.*

*Next day the body of Bill was found,
His writs were scattered on the ground,
And by his side a jug of rum
Told how he to his end had come.*



The Hudson River Valley was settled by people who came from many parts of the world. They often brought with them the songs they had known in their homeland and, in time, these songs acquired a local flavor. One of these songs originally came from Ireland in a somewhat different form. John Allison, who wrote "Hudson River Steamboat," also in this collection, adapted and arranged this traditional song—and called it

TARRYTOWN

*In Tarrytown there did dwell
A lovely youth, I knew him well.
He courted me, my life away,
But now with me he will no longer stay.
Wide and deep my grave will be
With wild goose grasses growin' over me.*

*When I wore my apron low,
He'd follow me through rain and snow,
Now that I wear my apron high,
He goes right down the street and passes by.
Wide and deep my grave will be
With wild goose grass growin' over me.*

*There is an inn, in Tarrytown,
Where my loves goes and sits him down,
He takes another on his knee,
For she has gold and riches more than me.
Wide and deep my grave will be
With wild goose grasses growin' over me.*



In the years between the end of the War for Independence and the War of 1812, British warships interfered with American ships on the high seas, sometimes seizing their cargoes or their crewmen. Among the ships most affected by this form of piracy were the whaling ships that sailed out of Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard and New Bedford.

The Yankee skippers began to look for a new home port that would be safe from British interference and at the same time remain close to the primary market for oil. It wasn't long before they decided that the Hudson River offered the security they were looking for, and before the end of the eighteenth century they had established themselves at the city of Hudson—almost 150 miles from the sea. Hudson Valley farmboys signed up for duty on the whalers and were soon hunting whales in every one of the seven seas. This is one of the best-known whaling ballads, sung as often on the Hudson as at Nantucket or New Bedford.

THE HUDSON WHALERS

*'Tis advertised in Boston
New York and Buffalo
Five hundred brave Americans
A-Whaling for to go*

*Blow ye winds in the morning
And blow ye winds, high-o!
Clear away your running gear
And blow, boys, blow!*

*They send you up to Hudson town
That famous whaling port
And give you to some land sharks
To board and fit you out*

*They tell you of the clipper ships
A-going in and out
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
Before you're six months out*

*Now Clear away the boats, my boys
And after him we'll travel
But if you get too near his fluke
He'll kick you to the devil!*

*Now we've got him turned up
We tow him alongside,
We over with our blubber hooks
And rob him of his hide*

*Next comes the stowing down, my boys
I'll take all night and day
And you'll have fifty cents apiece
On the 190th day*

*When we get home, our ship made fast
And we get through our sailing
A winding glass around we'll pass
And damn this blubber whaling*



For many years before the Civil War, there existed in the United States an "underground railroad" by which escaped slaves from the South made their way to Canada and freedom. One very direct route to Canada was the Hudson River and many of the river sloops became part of the pathway to freedom.

There was a song they used to sing, called "Follow the Drinking Gourd." The drinking gourd was supposed to be the Big Dipper whose stars pointed to the North—and to Canada. One of those who worked to help the slaves escape and probably knew this song was a black woman named Sojourner Truth. She was born in Hurley, not far from Kingston on the Hudson.

FOLLOW THE DRINKING GOURD

*Follow the drinking gourd
Follow the drinking gourd
For the old man is a-waiting
for to carry you to freedom
Follow the drinking gourd.*

*When the sun comes back and the first quail calls,
Follow the drinking gourd.
Then the old man is a-waiting
to carry you to freedom
If you follow the drinking gourd.*

*The river bank will make a mighty good road,
The dead trees will show you the way,
Left foot, peg foot, travelling on
Follow the drinking gourd.*

*The river ends between two hills
Follow the drinking gourd.
There's another river on the other side,
Follow the drinking gourd.*

☆ ☆ ☆

The first steamboats made in America sailed on the Hudson River—and they still do. Robert Fulton was the man credited with perfecting the first steamboat, although it was far from perfect on that first memorable trip up the Hudson in 1807. It looked and sounded like a “sawmill on a raft” as it huffed and puffed its way up to “Clermont,” the estate of Robert Livingston just above Rhinebeck.

Livingston was Robert Fulton's partner and soon became his father-in-law. After that first trip up the River, Fulton named his steamboat “Clermont” because that is where he found his backer and his bride.

The steamboats had their day of glory on the River and many were the songs written about them. One of our favorites is this one, by John Allison.

HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT

*Hudson River steamboat, steaming up and down.
New York to Albany or any river town.
Choo, choo to go ahead, Choo, choo to slack 'er,
The captain and the first mate both chew terbacker.*

Chorus

*Choo, choo to go ahead, Choo, choo to slack 'er,
Packet boat, tow boat, and a double stacker.
Choo, choo to Tarrytown, Spuyten Duyvil, all around.
Choo, choo to go ahead, Choo, choo to slack 'er.*

*Shad boat, pickle boat, lying side by side.
Fisherfolk and sailormen, waiting for the tide.
Rain cloud, storm cloud over yonder hill,
Thunder on the Dunderberg, rumbles in the Kill.*

Chorus

*The SEDGEWICK was racing and she lost all hope.
She blew all her steam on the big calliope.
But she hopped right along, she was hopping quick,
All the way from Stony Point to Popolopen Crick.*

Chorus

*Choo, choo to go ahead, Choo, choo to slack 'er,
Packet boat, tow boat, and a double stacker.
Choo, choo to Albany, Rondout and Tivoli,
Choo, choo to go ahead, Choo, choo to slack 'er.*

☆ ☆ ☆

There were a lot of songs written about that big town that covers Manhattan Island where the River meets the sea. One of them dates back to the days when the first trolley cars came to New York City. This song was one of

the oldies collected by Norman Cazden in the Catskills some years ago. It's called

THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE

*O, I wrote my love a letter and I sealed it with a wafer
And I couldn't seal it with sealing wax for fear it wouldn't go safer
And I couldn't send it with the mail for fear it wouldn't reach in time
So I skipped across the gutter on the Knickerbocker Line*

Chorus

*And a rig, jig, a riggedy jig jig
A skinamalinka honeydew, a bye away to my do
If you go away my honeydew and never will come back
It's a weary road to travel and the car jumped the track*

*Oh, my girl she is a tailor, a tailor she is by trade
And many a pair of pantaloons at my request she's made
She'd begin them in the morning and she'd have them ready by nine
She's a regular don't-you-touch-her on the Knickerbocker Line.*

Repeat Chorus

*If you want to see this pretty girl you want to go down Broadway
For she promenades the Bowery from eight to ten each day
But if anyone should tease her just a little before the time
She's a regular skip-the-gutter on the Knickerbocker Line.*

☆ ☆ ☆

Not long ago, Pete Seeger wrote a song for a friend, Ron Ingold, a shad fisherman on the Hudson River. Ingold is one of the new breed of Hudson River fishermen who is ready to fight for the environmental health of the River and, since he is on the River almost daily, he understands the importance of that delicate balance that must be maintained between Man and Nature. He understands this far better than the “half-blind scholars” who scarcely know which way the wind is blowing or which way the currents are flowing.

TIME AND THE RIVER FLOWING

*Of time and river flowing
The seasons make a song
And we who live beside her
Still try to sing along
Of rivers, fish, and men,
And the season's still a'coming
When she'll run free again.*

*So many homeless sailors,
So many winds that blow,
I ask the half-blind scholars
Which way the currents flow.*

*So cast your nets below
And the gods of moving waters
Will tell us all they know.*

*The circles of the atom,
The circles of the moon,
The circles of the planets
All play a marching tune*

*And we who would join in
Can stand aside no longer
Now let us all begin!*

SIXTEEN SONGS OF THE HUDSON RIVER

SIDE 1

Seneca Canoe Song (*Traditional*)
Fifty Sail (*Gekle-Seeger*)
Burning of Kingston (*Gekle-Seeger*)
Phoenix and The Rose (*Gekle-Renehan*)
Ben Franklin and The Sally B (*Gekle-Seeger*)
The Moon In The Pear Tree (*Gekle-Seeger*)
The Erie Canal (*Traditional*)
Yankee Doodle (*Traditional*)

SIDE 2

This Is The Land (*Steendam-Seeger*)
Big Bill Snyder (*Traditional*)
Tarrytown (*Allison*)
Hudson Whalers (*Traditional*)
The Drinking Gourd (*Traditional*)
Hudson River Steamboat (*Allison*)
The Knickerbocker Line (*Traditional*)
Time and the River Flowing (*Seeger*)



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For information on how you can help work against pollution in the Hudson River, contact the Hudson River Sloop Clearwater, 112 Market St. Poughkeepsie, New York, 12601. 914-454-7673.

ADDENDA TO FOLKWAYS RECORD FH 5257 Booklet

“Fifty Sail on Newburgh Bay”

A note on the music.

The melodies we made up for the original lyrics by William Geke may be reminiscent of older folk tunes. In general, we thank unknown generations of singers who built the various traditions out of which all music grows. “Tarrytown” is a version of the old English ballad, “The Butcher Boy.” “Knickerbocker Line” is adapted from two quite different versions sung by old-time Catskill workingmen, George Edwards and Aaron van der Bogen at Camp Woodland, Phoenicia.

We hope you will learn some of these songs and take them along with you to share with others wherever you travel. Don't be afraid to change a tune a bit or to add or subtract verses to fit a special time or place. In the long run, through the folk process, these songs will be made better, by having just that happen to them.

Ed Renehan and Pete Seeger