

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5278

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SIDE 1

- Band 1 The Revolutionary Alphabet
- Band 2 The Bold Volunteer (call to arms)
- Band 3 Fare Thee Well Sweethearts
- Band 4 The Wicked Rebels
(departure of British Troops from England)
- Band 5 The Cornwallis Country Dance
(American parody on British soldiers)
- Band 6 The Simple Bostonians (Tory song)
- Band 7 Song of the Head
(pro-American British Broadside)
- Band 8 Love Oh, Love (Shaker song)
- Band 9 Daughter, Will You Marry?
- Band 10 Oh! Tannenbaum
(German-American Christmas song)
- Band 11 The Little Sergeant (French-Canadian song)
- Band 12 Free Americay (Dr. Joseph Warren-Bunker Hill hero)

SIDE 2

- Band 1 America (William Billings)
- Band 2 Anthony Wayne
- Band 3 Blendon
- Band 4 Indian War Song (Algonquin)
- Band 5 The Green Mountaineer (Vermont)
- Band 6 The Savannah Song (Loyalist soldier ballad)
- Band 7 Female Patriots
- Band 8 The World Turned Upside Down
(sung at the British surrender)
- Band 9 Rivington's Reflections
(Tory song)
- Band 10 Ode to Washington (music-Star Spangled Banner)
- Band 11 The Farce
- Band 12 Goodbye to America (anti-American slave song)
- Band 13 God Save Our States

Patchwork
& Powder Horn
Songs & Ballads
of the
American Revolution
sung by
Dorothy Mesney
with autoharp

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

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PATCHWORK & POWDER HORN

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Patchwork & Powder Horn
Songs & Ballads of the American Revolution
sung by Dorothy Mesney with autoharp



PATCHWORK and POWDER HORN Songs of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Sung by with Auto-Harp, Dorothy Mesney

BIOGRAPHY

of

DOROTHY MESNEY

Born in Brooklyn, Dorothy Mesney began her musical studies as a pianist and, at age eleven, gave her first solo performance over WMCA radio. At Sarah Lawrence College her interests turned to singing. After graduating, she studied singing privately in New York while continuing post graduate studies at Columbia University, Queens College, and the Juilliard School of Music. She has made a special study of American music.

Dorothy Mesney has performed programs on music in America to museums, historical societies, school assemblies, college groups, women's clubs, and in leading concert halls. Recent appearances include Carnegie Recital Hall, New York Historical Society, Brooklyn Museum, Library of the Performing Arts Auditorium at Lincoln Center, The New York Cultural Center, The Interchurch Center, and the South Street Seaport Museum.

Ms. Mesney's programs elicit praise wherever she performs them. In a recent review in the New York Times, Raymond Erikson commented that her performance "was interesting and well-handled in verbal description and singing." The Music Journal described it as a "meaningful historical program," while the New York Historical Society cited her for a "splendid performance."

Currently, Dorothy Mesney is presenting the music of the American Revolution in noted historic sites, for the "American Landmarks Festival" and other groups, so as to bring today's audiences in closer touch with the minds and hearts of the men and women who forged "a new nation conceived in liberty," which in turn revolutionized the world.



Dorothy Mesney

TEXTS OF REVOLUTIONARY WAR SONGS

THE REVOLUTIONARY ALPHABET

A stands for Americans, who never will be slaves.
B's for Boston's bravery that ever freedom saves.
C is for the Congress, which, though loyal, will be free.
D stands for defense against all force and tyranny.

CHORUS: Stand firmly, A to Z,
We swear forever to be free!

E stands for the evils which a civil war must bring,
F stands for a dreadful fate for people and for king,
G's for George, may Heaven give him wisdom, health, and
grace,
H is for the hypocrites who wear the double face.

CHORUS:

J's for justice which the traitors now in pow'r defy,
K's the King again, who should to such the axe apply,
L's for London where he sits, to Honor ever true,
M's for Mansfield who, it seems, doth hold another view.

CHORUS:

N is North who to the House the evil mandate brings,
O's for oaths, which seemingly bind subjects, not their kings,
P stands for the people who their freedom would defend,
Q stands for the question, when will England's troubles end?

CHORUS:

R stands for the Rebels, not in Boston, but at home,
S stands for the Stuarts, sent by Whigs abroad to roam,
T stands for the Tories who may try to bring them back,
V stands for the villains who have well-deserved the rack.

CHORUS:

W must stand for Wilkes, who us from warrants saved,
Y for York the New, now half-corrupted, half-enslaved,
Z we give to Zero, which refers to Tory minions,
Who threaten us with fire and sword to bias our opinions.

CHORUS:

THE BOLD VOLUNTEER

Here's to the squire that goes on parade,
Here's to the citizen soldier,
Here's to the merchant who fights for his trade,
Whom danger increasing makes bolder.

CHORUS: Let mirth appear, every heart cheer,
Here's health and success to the bold volunteer!

THE WICKED REBELS

Here's to the lawyer, who leaving the bar,
Hastens where honor doth lead, sir,
Changing his gown for the ensign of war,
The cause of his country to plead, sir.

CHORUS:

Here's to the farmer who dares to advance,
To harvests of honor with pleasure,
Who, bravely, with danger, will venture a chance,
A sword for his country to measure.

CHORUS:

Here's to the soldier, though battered in wars,
And safe to his farmhouse retired,
When called by his country, ne'er thinks of his scars,
With ardor to join us inspired.

CHORUS:

Here's to the peer, first in senate and field,
Whose actions to titles add grace, sir,
Whose spirit undaunted would never yet yield,
To a foe, to a pension or place, sir.

CHORUS:

FARE THEE WELL, YOU SWEETHEARTS

Come on, my hearts of tempered steel, and leave your girls
and farms,
Your sports and plays and holidays, and hark away to arms.

CHORUS: And fare thee well, you sweethearts,
You smiling girls, adieu,
And when the war is over,
We'll kiss it out with you.

No foreign slaves shall give us laws, no British tyrant reign,
'Tis Independence made us free and freedom we'll maintain.

CHORUS:

We'll charge the foe from post to post, attach their works and
lines,
And by our well-laid stratagems we'll make them all Burgoynes.

CHORUS:

And when the war is over we will set us down at ease,
And plow and sow and reap and mow, and live just as we please.

CHORUS:

The rising world shall sing of us a thousand years to come,
And tell our children's children of the wonders we have done,

CHORUS:

And then each lad shall take his lass all beaming like a star,
And in her loving arms forget the dangers of the war.

CHORUS:

On the ninth day of November, at the dawning in the sky,
Ere we sailed away to New York, we at anchor here did lie.
O'er the meadows fair of Kinsbridge, how the mist was hanging
gray,
We were bound against the Rebels in the North Americay.

Oh, how mournful was the parting of the soldiers and their wives,
For that no one knew for sartin' they'd return home with their
lives,
All the women were a-weeping and they cursed the cruel day,
That we sailed against the Rebels in the North Americay.

All the little babes were holding out their arms with saddest cries,
And the bitter tears were falling from their pretty simple eyes,
That their scarlet-coated daddies must be hastening away,
For to fight the wicked Rebels in the North Americay.

Now with "God preserve our monarch" let us finish up our strain,
Be his subjects ever loyal and his honor all maintain,
May the Lord our voyage prosper and our arms across the sea,
And put down the wicked Rebels in the North Americay.

THE CORNWALLIS COUNTRY DANCE

Cornwallis led a country dance, the like was never seen, sir,
Much retrograde and much advance and all with General Greene,
sir,
They rambled up and rambled down, joined hands and they they
run, sir,
Our General Greene to Charlestown and the Earl to Wilmington,
sir.

Greene in the South then danced a set and got a mighty name, sir,
Cornwallis jiggled with Lafayette, but suffered in his fame, sir.
Quoth he, "My guards are weary grown with footing country
dances;
They never at St. James's shone at capers, kicks, and prances."

"Though men so gallent ne'er were seen while sauntering on
parade, sir,
Or wriggling o'er the Park's smooth green or at a masquerade, sir,
Yet are red heels and long-laced skirts for stumps and briars meet,
sir,
Or stand they chance with hunting-shirts, or hardy veteran feet,
sir?"

Now housed in York he challenged all to minuets so sprightly,
And lessons for a courtly ball his soldiers studied nightly,
His challenge heard, full soon there came a set who knew the
dance, sir,
De Grasse and Rochambeau, whose fame proved certain to
advance, sir.

And Washington, Columbia's son, whom easy nature taught, sir,
That grace which can't by pains be won, no monarch's gold be
bought, sir,
Now hand in hand they circle round, this ever-dancing peer, sir,
Their gentle movements soon confound the Earl, as they draw
near, sir.

His music he forgets to play, his feet can move no more, sir,
And all his soldiers curse the day they jiggled to our shore, sir.
Now Tories all, what will you say? Come, is this not a griper?
That while your hopes are danced away, 'tis you must pay the
piper.

YOU SIMPLE BOSTONIANS

You simple Bostonians, I'd have you beware.
Of your Liberty Tree, I would have you take care;
For if that we chance to return to the town,
Your houses and stores will come tumbling down.

CHORUS: Derry down, down, down derry down.

If you'll not agree to obey England's laws,
I fear that King Hancock will soon get the yaws;
But he need not fear, for I swear we will,
For the want of a doctor give him a hard pill.

CHORUS:

A brave reinforcement, we soon think to get;
Then we will make you poor pumpkins to sweat;
Our drums they'll rattle, and then you will run
To the devil himself, from the sight of a gun.

CHORUS:

Our fleet and our army, they soon will arrive,
And to a bleak island, you shall not us drive,
In every house, you shall have three or four,
And if that will not please you, you shall have half a score.

CHORUS:

SONG OF THE HEADS

(See "YOU SIMPLE BOSTONIANS" for the music)

Ye wrong heads, ye strong heads, attend to my strains,
Ye clear heads, ye queer heads, ye heads without brains,
Ye thick skulls, ye quick skulls, ye heads great and small,
And ye heads that aspire to be heads over all,

CHORUS: Derry down, down, down derry down.

Enough might be said, dared I venture my rhymes,
On crowned heads and round ideas of these modern times,
This slippery path let me cautiously tread,
The neck else may answer perhaps for the head.

CHORUS:

The heads of the church and the heads of the state,
Have taught much and wrought much -- too much to relate;
On the neck of corruption (uplifted, 'tis said),
Some rulers, alas, are too high by a head.

CHORUS:

Expounders, confounders, and heads of the law,
I bring case in point, I do not point the flaw,
If reason be treason, what plea shall be pled?
To enable the pleader to maintain his head?

CHORUS:

On Britannia's bosom sweet Liberty smiled,
The parents grew strong while she fostered the child;
Neglecting her offspring, a fever she bred,
Which contracted her limbs and distracted her head.

CHORUS:

Ye learned state doctors, your labors are vain,
Proceeding by bleeding to settle her pain,
Much less can your art the lost members restore,
Amputation must follow -- perhaps something more!

CHORUS:

LOVE, LOVE, HEAVENLY LOVE

Love, O love is sweetly flowing,
On its banks are lilies growing,
These our Mother is bestowing,
Love, love, heavenly love.
Come ye children, freely gather,
Learn to love and bless each other,
This will bind our hearts together
In love, love, heavenly love.

DAUGHTER, WILL YOU MARRY?

Daughter, will you marry?
Yea, father, yea!
Will you marry a farmer?
Nay, father, nay!
A farmer's wife I will not be;
Stable cleaning is not for me.
Nay, father, nay!

Daughter, will you marry?
Yea, father, yea!
Will you marry a teacher?
Nay, father, nay!
A teacher's wife I'll never be;
Punishing children is not for me!
Nay, father, nay!

Daughter, will you marry?
Yea, father, yea!
Will you marry a carpenter?
Nay, father, nay!
A carpenter's wife I'll never be;
Hammering nails is not for me!
Nay, father, nay!

Daughter, will you marry?
Yea, father, yea!
Will you marry a doctor?
Nay, father, nay!
A doctor's wife I'll never be,
Poisoning people is not for me!
Nay, father, nay!

Daughter, will you marry?
Yea, father, yea!
Will you marry a fiddler?
Yea, father, yea!
A fiddler's wife I'll gladly be;
Singing and dancing are fun for me!
Yea, father, yea!

THE LITTLE SERGEANT

Oh, father, if you will agree, then I will go and see,
If I can go and fight the British troops tonight.
To Boston he did make his way, "Are you in need of troops today?"
"A sergeant I would be. Sirs, will you hire me?"

Oh yes, we will hire you to join our Rebel crew,
Although you're not too large, we'll let you lead the charge.
A sword and pistol at his side, his chest puffed out with manly
pride,
He couldn't ask for more, he was a sergeant of the corps!

Then a British volley rang out, the charge became a rout,
And our little sergeant fell, for the British aimed too well,
But still and all he rose again,
And bravely called out to his men,
"Although your sergeant's shot, fight on and waver not!"

Our sergeant is home once again and bitterly doth complain,
When all is said and done, a battlefield's no fun,
His father wisely nods his head, "You'd best leave honor to the
dead,
We Frenchmen should ignore their Anglo-Civil war."

FREE AMERIKAY

Torn from a world of tyrants, beneath this western sky,
We formed a new dominion, a land of libertie.
The world shall own we're masters here,
Then hasten on the day.
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza for free Amerikay.

God bless this maiden climate and through its vast domain
May hosts of heroes cluster who scorn to wear a chain,
Then guard your rights Americans, nor stoop to lawless sway,
Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose for North Amerikay.

Some future day shall crown us the masters of the main,
Our fleets shall speak in thunder to England, France and Spain.
And nations o'er the ocean spread shall tremble and obey,
The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons of free Amerikay.

AMERICA (by William Billings)

To Thee the tuneful Anthem soars,
To Thee, Our Father's God, and ours,
This wilderness we chose our seat:
To Rights secur'd by Equal Laws,
From Persecution's Iron Claws,
We here have sought our calm Retreat.

ANTHONY WAYNE

His sword-blade gleams, and his eyelight beams,
And never glanced wither in vain;
Like the ocean tides, at our head he rides,
The fearless Mad Anthony Wayne.
BANG! BANG! the rifles go, down falls the startled foe.

CHORUS: And many a Redcoat here tonight,
The Continentals scorning,
Shall never meet the blaze of the broad sunlight
That shines on the morrow morning.

Was e'er a chief of his speech so brief,
Who utters his wishes so plain?
Ere he speaks a word, the orders are heard
from the eyes of Mad Anthony Wayne.
AIM! FIRE! exclaim his eyes; BANG! BANG! each gun replies.

CHORUS:

It is best to fall at our country's call,
If we must leave this lifetime of pain;
And who would shrink from the perilous brink,
When led by Mad Anthony Wayne?
RAN! TAN! the bugles sound, our forces fill the ground,

CHORUS:

Let them form their ranks in firm phalanx,
It will melt at our rifle-ball rain,
Every shot must tell on a Redcoat well,
Or we anger Mad Anthony Wayne.
TRAMP! TRAMP! Away we go, now retreats the beaten foe,

CHORUS:

BLENDON

Children in years and knowledge young;
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy;
Attend the counsels of my tongue:
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

INDIAN WAR SONG

Wave the spear and raise the rifle,
War, War, War!
Wave the spear and raise the rifle,
War, War, War!
Hear the angry war drums rattle,
War, War, War!
Manitou shall watch us battle,
War, War, War!

THE GREEN MOUNTAINEER

Ho, all to the borders, Vermonters come down,
With your breeches of deerskin, your jackets of brown,
With your red woolen caps and your moccasins come,
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.
Come down with your rifle, let gray wolf and fox,
Howl on in the shadow of primitive rocks,
Let bear feed securely from pigpen and stall,
Here's two-legged game for your powder and ball.

CHORUS: Then cheer, cheer, the Green Mountaineer.

We owe no allegiance, we bow to no throne,
Our ruler is law and the law is our own.
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow men,
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen,
Hurrah for Vermont, for the land that we till,
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill,
Our vow is recorded, our banner unfurled,
In the name of Vermont, we defy all the world.

CHORUS: Then cheer, cheer, the Green Mountaineer.

THE SAVANNAH SONG

The Frenchmen came upon the coast,
Our great allies, and they did boast,
They soon would bang the British host,
Doodle doodle do, pa, pa, pa.

D'Estaing he wrote to General Lincoln,
And told him that he need not think on
Danger; but in quick step slink on,
Doodle doodle do, pa, pa, pa.

So Lincoln came down to Savannah,
The French and we all sung hosanna,
We soon will take them every man-a,
Doodle doodle do pa, pa, pa.

But soon we found ourselves mistaken,
And were glad to save our bacon,
Rather than be killed or taken,
Doodle doodle do pa, pa, pa.

The French, it's true, behaved quite civil,
Yet we wished them to the devil,
And hope that good may spring from evil,
Doodle etc.

Pulaski fell, unworthy thing,
That once did try to kill his king,
With treason he'll make Hell to ring,
Doodle doodle do pa, pa, pa.

And now that they on board have gone,
And left poor us here all alone,
We've nought to do but sigh and moan,
Doodle doodle do pa, pa, pa.

The enemy doth keep their post,
Despite of all the Gallic host,
And Georgia we've forever lost,
Doodle doodle do pa, pa, pa.

THE FEMALE PATRIOTS

All hail, superior sex, exalted fair,
Mirrors of virtue Heaven's peculiar care,
Accept the tribute of our warmest praise,
The soldier's blessing and the patriot's bays.

No more sit weeping o'er the veteran band,
Those noble brave protectors of her land,
For lo, these sons her glorious work renew,
Cheered by such gifts, and smiles, and prayers from you.

Yes, now ye sister angels of each state,
Who cause our hearts to glow with joy elate,
For fame's first plaudit we no more contest,
Constrained to own it decks the female breast.

And so the future bards shall soar sublime,
And waft you glorious down the stream of time,
And freedom's ensign thus inscribed shall wave,
"The Patriot females who their country save."

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

If buttercups buzzed after the bee,
If boats were on land, churches on sea,
If ponies rode men,
And if grass ate the cows,
And cats should be chased into holes by the mouse,
If the mammas sold their babies to the gypsies for half a crown,
If summer were spring, and the other way 'round,
Then all the world would be upside down.

RIVINGTON'S REFLECTIONS

The more I reflect, the more plain it appears,
If I stay, I must stay at the risk of my ears.
I have so be-peppered the foes of our throne,
Be-rebeled, be-deviled and told them their own,
That if we give up to these Rebels at last,
'Tis a chance if my ears will atone for the past.

Yet still I surmise that for aught I can see,
No Congress or Senates would meddle with me,
For what have I done, when we come to consider,
But sold my commodities to the best bidder,
If I offered to lie for the sake of a post,
Was I to be blamed if the King offered most?

Around me all swear as a very last shift,
They will go to New Scotland and take the King's gift,
Good folks do your will, but I vow and I swear,
I'll be boiled into soup before I will live there,
Of all the vile countries that ever were known,
It's the worst in the torrid or temperate zone.

Shall I push for old England and whine at the throne?
Alas, they have Jemmies enough of their own,
Besides, such a name I have got from my trade,
They would think I was lying whatever I said,
In short, if they let me remain in this realm,
What matters it to me who stands at the helm?

ODE TO WASHINGTON

Should the tempest of war o'ershadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder.
Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increase
With the glory of Rome, and the wisdom of Greece.
And ne'er may the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant,
Or the sea rolls its waves.

The farce is now finished, your sport's at an end,
But ere you depart, let the voice of a friend,
By way of a chorus, the evening crown,
With a song to the tune of a "hey derry down,"

CHORUS: Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Old Shakespeare, a poet who should not be spit on,
Although he was born in the island called Britain,
Hath said that mankind are all players at best,
A truth we'll admit of, for the sake of the jest.

CHORUS:

On this puny stage we have strutted our hour,
And acted our parts to the best of our power,
That the farce hath concluded not perfectly well,
Was surely the fault of the devil in Hell.

CHORUS:

The devil, you know, out of spleen for the church,
Will often abandon his friends in the lurch,
And turn them adrift in the midst of their joy,
'Tis a difficult matter to cheat the old boy.

CHORUS:

Our great Independence we give to the wind,
And pray that Great Britain may once more be kind,
In this jovial song all hostility ends,
And Britons and we will forever be friends.

Once more, here's a health to the King and the Queen,
Confusion to him, who in rancor and spleen,
Refuses to drink with an English good friend,
Immutable amity to the world's end.

GOODBYE TO AMERICA

Now farewell my massah, my missy adieu!
More blows and more stripes will I ne'er take from you!
Or, "Will you come hither!" and "Thither you go!"
Or help make you rich by the sweat of my brow!

Farewell the mosquito! Farewell the black fly!
And rattlesnake too, who may sting me to die!
This Negro go home to his old Galilee
Before he consent to be nevermore free!

Then hey for old England, where Liberty reigns,
Where Negroes ain't beaten and loaded with chains,
And if I return to the life that I had,
You can put me in chains, 'cause I surely be mad!

GOD SAVE OUR STATES

God save our thirteen states,
Long rule the United States,
God save our states!
Make us victorious, happy and glorious!
No tyrants over us!
God save our states!

SPECIAL for Bicentennial Traditional Songs and Ballads of the Period

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