

SONGS OF THE  
CIVIL WAR

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FH 5717

SUNG BY PETE SEEGER, SANDY IVES, BILL MCADOO  
ELLEN STEKERT, THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS  
HERMES NYE, JERRY SILVERMAN, CISCO HOUSTON  
THE HARVESTERS, ELIZABETH KNIGHT

BASED ON THE COLUMBIA  
UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOK,  
"SONGS OF THE CIVIL WAR"  
EDITED BY IRWIN SILBER



JOHN BROWN'S BODY • CLEAR THE TRACK • JOHNNY IS MY DARLING • WEeping SAD AND LONELY  
LINCOLN AND LIBERTY • MARCHING SONG OF THE 1ST ARKANSAS • MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA  
HIGH TONED SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN • TENTING TONIGHT • WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME  
NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK • THE CUMBERLAND AND THE MERRIMAC • OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND  
BILLY BARLOW • SOMEBODY'S DARLING • OLD ABE LINCOLN • THE VACANT CHAIR • GOOBER PEAS  
ROLL, ALABAMA, ROLL • BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC • RICHMOND IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL  
KINGDOM COMING (Year of Jubile) • PAT MURPHY OF THE IRISH BRIGADE • THE CUMBERLAND CREW  
WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW? • BOOTH KILLED LINCOLN • JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER  
BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM • BONNIE BLUE FLAG • TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP • FAREWELL MOTHER  
OH, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL • TWO BROTHERS (Irving Gordon)

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## SIDE I

**JOHN BROWN'S BODY**  
Pete Seeger

**JOHNNY IS MY DARLING**  
Elizabeth Knight, Ethel Raim, Joyce Gluck

**BILLY BARLOW**  
Jerry Silverman

**SOMEBODY'S DARLING**  
Elizabeth Knight and The Harvesters

**OLD ABE LINCOLN**  
Hermes Nye

**THE VACANT CHAIR**  
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**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**  
Elizabeth Knight with The Harvesters

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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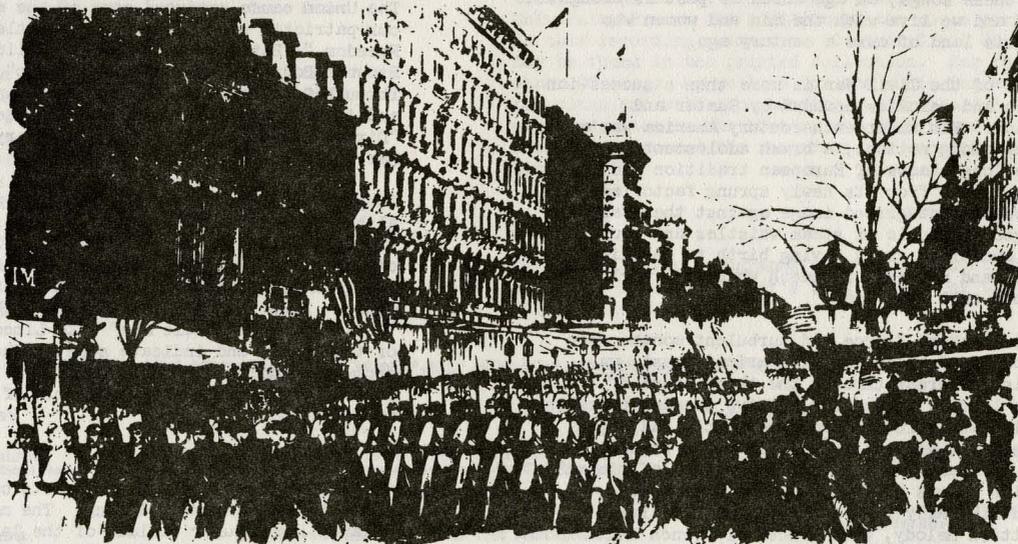
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## INTRODUCTION

The Civil War, that great fratricidal conflict which played such a decisive role in shaping our history and our national consciousness, exists no longer in the first-hand memories of living men. The aging, gray-haired veterans, whose grand reunions and garrulous recollections were, for so many decades, living reminders of the Civil War, have all crossed over into Jordan. The memories of the Civil War are now dependent on less fragile material - on histories and biographies, on the printed page and the time-worn photograph, on artists sketches and such minute memorabilia as wartime maps, fading uniforms, medals (some tarnished, some still shining), bayonets, swords, battle flags, and other material objects, trifling and important, of an age gone by, which remain after human flesh has paid its inevitable price to mortality.

Among our less tangible but no less real keepsakes, however, are the songs of the Civil War - the stirring marching songs and patriotic hymns, the unabashedly sentimental ballads and the comic ditties, the boasting songs and drinking songs and fighting songs and loving songs of America's bloodiest and most significant struggle. And through these songs, an age which is past is brought to life, and we live with the men and women who walked this land of ours a century ago.

The music of the Civil War is more than a succession of lyrics and melodies bounded by Sumter and Appomattox. For nineteenth-century America was a youngster among nations, a brash adolescent emerging from the long shadow of European tradition and culture, the smoke from its newly sprung factories fashioning a soot-grimed image against the stars, the burgeoning music of steam whistles and pounding engines and slave cries giving birth to melodies and tunes and manners of speech which the world would soon call "American."

In 1861, in those fierce and turbulent months when the Union was falling apart, America's music was struggling to break through the thick crust of its European legacy. True, for the two decades preceding the Civil War, a few gifted tune smiths had begun to write a new kind of music. It was a zestful, lively, tuneful, rhythmic music composed of plaintive plantation chants and energetic pioneer shouts, seasoned liberally with a healthy dash of Irish and Scottish melody, with traces of French and German song idioms occasionally audible. Such men as Stephen Collins Foster and Daniel Decatur Emmett had discovered the rich melodic and rhythmic patterns of the Southern Negro and had begun to fashion them into a music which the world had never heard before. On the minstrel stages in the big cities and in small meetinghouses on the lonesome frontier, an indigenous American music was growing.

But this new music was still only a small voice in the American consciousness. A country whose national songs were created in another land and age, whose composers and poets were, by and large, inheritors of musical and literary styles and idioms not of their own making, was only tentatively reaching for its own form of expression.

A process which might have lasted for generations was underway, and none could foresee its outcome. But the Civil War, with its military and political urgencies, with its grand mixing of backgrounds and cultures, with its need for songs of inspiration and sorrow and laughter, and with its focus on the inner meaning of the American Union acted as a catalyst in the development of our music, and the hitherto slow process of Americanization was suddenly squeezed into a few short years. As the Civil War liberated the Negro slave, it also liberated American music from its hidebound, alien tradition.

It was with the Civil War that the music of the Negro began to penetrate fully the national consciousness and play the decisive role it eventually assumed in the emergence of a distinctively American musical idiom, combining with the Scotch-Irish-Anglo-Saxon tradition which had been, up until then, the main form of musical expression of white America. It was, by no means, an overnight development. Many songs of Civil War America continued to reflect the European heritage. But where America of 1812-1814 produced, as its most lasting musical memory, the patriotic verses written to the melody of an old English drinking song, which eventually became our national anthem, from the Civil War emerged such undeniably American works (in both tune and lyric) as "John Brown's Body," "Dixie," "The Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Marching Through Georgia."

The four years of the Civil War produced a startling upheaval in the American idiom, decisively affecting literature, music, and all other forms of creative expression. No other war in American history has produced such a great variety of songs, nor such a quantity. In searching through library and personal manuscript collections, through aged and yellowing songsters and old newspapers, through folksong collections and regimental histories, I have seen some 10,000 songs which could legitimately be considered part of our Civil War literature.

Certain natural groupings become apparent almost immediately in any analysis of Civil War songs. There are, first of all, the patriotic and inspirational songs of both the Union and the Confederacy. The Union cause produced some of the most lasting of our patriotic songs, including "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Battle Hymn of the Republic" (from "John Brown's Body"), "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "Marching Through Georgia." The most widely-sung marching and inspirational songs of the Confederacy were "Dixie," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, My Maryland."

Songs about Lincoln are a literature unto themselves, although definitely a part of the musical expression of the Civil War. "Old Abe Lincoln Came Out of the Wilderness" and "Lincoln and Liberty" are two good examples in this recording of Lincoln songs. Others, like "We Are Coming, Father Abraham" and "We'll Fight for Uncle Abe" make Lincoln a member of the family and indicate some of the popular sentiment surrounding our 16th President. "Booth Shot Lincoln" is an interesting example of the folk song as legend.

One of the most fascinating aspects of Civil War music is the sentimental song. The maudlin and melancholic popular ballads of the late 19th Century were descendants of an era which catapulted pathos and sentimentality into a national musical idiom. Five such songs from the vast lacrymose literature have been selected for this record set. "Weeping Sad and Lonely," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "Who Will Care For Mother Now" were all incredibly popular, with sheet music sales reportedly running more than a million copies for each song. While all three were the products of Northern composers, the songs enjoyed equal favor on both sides of the battle-lines, and many a Rebel thought that Confederate composers had been responsible for the songs. Vastly popular also, was "The Vacant Chair." Of the Southern-created songs of sentiment, the most widely popular was "Somebody's Darling," which also appears in this collection.

The strong influence of the English, Scottish and Irish traditions on American song is also readily apparent in songs of the Civil War. The readily identifiable Irish idiom is characteristic of such songs as "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," the numerous parodies to "Rosin the Beau" ("Lincoln and Liberty," for one) and "Wearing of the Green," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and many others. "Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade," is a good example of the "stage Irish" style of song so typical of the period.

The Scottish influence was also very strong and is represented here by "Johnny Is My Darling," a direct parody on an older song from the Jacobite Wars in Scotland more than a century before. Songs like "High-Toned Southern Gentleman" and "Overtures from Richmond" (from Purcell's "Lilliburlero") are direct take-offs on English melodies.

Mid-nineteenth century American humor also has a place in the songs of the Civil War. For every melancholic melody designed to move the heart and moisten the eye, there were innumerable parodies which mocked the thick sentimentality of the age. "Farewell, Mother," a Confederate parody to "Just Before the Battle, Mother," is typical of such irreverent verses. "Billy Barlow" and "Richmond Is A Hard Road to Travel" are other good examples of political humorous songs of the period.

The men who were primarily responsible for the best of our Civil War songs were also typical of their era. In the North, the two leading war-time melodists were George F. Root, a one-time Sunday School music teacher, and Henry C. Work, son of a militantly abolitionist father. Root's compositions included such lasting favorites as "Battle Cry of Freedom," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," and "The Vacant Chair." Root was partner in the Chicago music publishing firm of Root & Cady and pursued a long and successful musical career. Work's best-known Civil War songs were "Marching Through Georgia," "Kingdom Coming," "Grafted Into the Army," and "Babylon Is Fallen."

Root's claim to fame rests particularly upon his Civil War Songs, while modern America knows Henry C. Work best by a pair of post-war songs, "The Ship That Never Returned" and "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now."

Few American song-writers have had a more lasting affect on their country's music than Daniel Decatur Emmett, one of the founders and chief protagonists for the American minstrel song. Old "Uncle Dan's" most famous work, of course, is "Dixie," or, more correctly, "Dixie's Land," which was written as a minstrel "walk-around" number in New York City in 1859. Emmett also created such lasting pieces as "Old Dan Tucker," "Jimmy Crack Corn," and "Jim Along Josey." He is generally credited with "Jordan Is a Hard Road to Travel," parodied in this collection as "Richmond Is A Hard Road to Travel."

Charles Carroll Sawyer, of Brooklyn, N.Y., was one of the most gifted of the sentimental song-writers. Civil War soldier and civilian alike shed many a tear for his "Who Will Care For Mother, Now?" while "Weeping Sad and Lonely" (for which he wrote the lyric) was vastly popular on both sides of the lines. Henry Tucker, who wrote the music for "Weeping Sad and Lonely" is known as the composer of "Sweet Genevieve."

The two most important Rebel music-makers were an itinerant vaudevillian, Harry Macarthy, and a transplanted New Englander, John Hill Hewitt. Macarthy's best known work is "Bonnie Blue Flag," while Hewitt was responsible for scores of songs, including "Somebody's Darling," "The Young Volunteer" and an extremely popular setting of "All Quiet Along the Potomac Tonight."

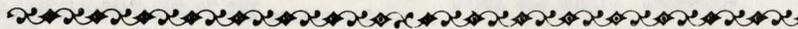
The reader will notice that throughout these pages (and throughout my book as well), I have described the war as The Civil War. Nowhere have I used that gentle euphemism, "The War Between The States." I believe that this is more than a matter of semantics and that, particularly, in this time of the Civil War Centennial, it is important that this great conflict be placed in proper historical perspective. The phrase, "The War Between the States," is, after all, an attempt to legitimize the Confederate cause in the eyes of history. The Civil War was not a conflict between two contending sets of states in the Union. It was a rebellion against constituted authority and an attempt to nullify the expressed sentiments of the democratic majority through the overthrow of the government by force and violence.

It is fashionable, these days, for the historian of the Civil War to present himself as the "neutral" scholar, deigning to "take sides" between Yankee and Rebel. I make no such claim to neutrality. I believe that the Union cause was the cause of justice, and that the victory of the Union was indispensable for the full flowering of these United States as a nation. In fact, I believe that it is only through such historical partisanship that a truly objective approach to the past can be developed.

The songs on this recording all appear in my collection, "Songs of the Civil War," published by Columbia University Press. In addition to the songs performed in this recording, more than 90 other Civil War songs may be found in the printed collection. For these other 90 songs, as well as for the music (arranged for piano and with accompanying guitar chords) and extended notes on the history and background of these songs, I recommend the reader to the complete collection.

- Irwin Silber

(The first seven paragraphs of this introduction are excerpted from the author's book, "Songs of the Civil War.")



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**WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?**  
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Hermes Nye

**TWO BROTHERS (Irving Gordon)**  
Ethel Raim and Ronnie Gluck

**BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC**  
Elizabeth Knight with The Harvesters

SIDE I, Band 1: JOHN BROWN'S BODY  
sung by Pete Seeger

Words: Anonymous  
Music: "Say, Brothers Will You Meet Us?"

The Union's Number One marching song was a simple parody to a Methodist camp-meeting tune. Members of the 2nd Battalion, Boston Light Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia were responsible for introducing the song early in the war.

John Brown's body lies a moulderin' in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a moulderin' in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a moulderin' in the grave,  
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah (3)  
But his soul goes marching on.

The stars above in heaven are a 'lookin'  
kindly down, (3)  
On the grave of old John Brown.

(CHORUS)

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen  
men so true,  
He frightened Old Virginia till she trembled  
through and through,  
They hanged him for a traitor, themselves the  
traitor's crew,

(CHORUS)

Well, he's gone to be a soldier in the army of  
the Lord, (3)  
But his soul goes marching on.

(CHORUS)

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord,  
He's trampling out the vintage where the grapes of  
wrath are stored,  
He's loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible,  
swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 2: JOHNNY IS MY DARLING  
(sung by Ethel Raim, Elizabeth  
Knight, and Joyce Gluck)

Words: Father Reed  
Music: "Charlie Is My Darling"

Originally a Scottish Jacobite song ("Charlie" refers to "Good King Charles" of Restoration days), this delightful melody was borrowed by an otherwise unidentified "Father Reed" to celebrate Union volunteers. (From an anonymously published broadside, dated 1863, in The Library of Congress.)

CHORUS:  
Johnny is my darling, my darling, my darling,  
Johnny is my darling, the Union volunteer.

'Twas on a sunny morning,  
The brightest of the year,  
When Johnny came to my town,  
A Union volunteer.

(CHORUS)

As he came marching up the street,  
The bands played loud and clear;  
And everyone came out to greet  
The Union Volunteer.

(CHORUS)

With proudly waving starry flags  
And hearts that knew no fear;  
He came to fight for Freedom's rights,  
A Union Volunteer.

(CHORUS)

But though he's gone to glory win,  
And I left lonely here,  
He'll soon return to me again  
As Cupid's Volunteer.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 3: BILLY BARLOW  
sung by Jerry Silverman

Words and music: Anonymous

This is a typical mid-nineteenth century American stage song. In fact, various versions of "Billy Barlow" appear for almost 25 years prior to the Civil War, when some unknown bard brought Billy into "tune with the times."

Good evening, kind friends, how do you all do?  
'Tis a very long time since I've been to see you;  
I am a volunteer, for the Union I go;  
And I'm down on Secession, is Billy Barlow.

(CHORUS)

Oh! yes, I'm rough, I well know,  
But a bully old soldier is Billy Barlow.

Since last I saw you, to Richmond I've been;  
And during my stay, Mrs. Davis I've seen.  
She treated me kindly she smiled on me so...  
Old Jeff he got jealous of Billy Barlow.

Oh! yes, I'm rough, I well know,  
But the ladies all like Mr. William Barlow.

It's down in Virginia, at a place called Bull Run,  
Where first our brave soldiers their fighting  
begun;  
It's true they got routed, but then you all know,  
It was on account of the absence of Billy Barlow.

Oh! yes, I'm rough, I well know,  
But a bully old soldier is Billy Barlow.

Our country's excited 'bout this thing and that,  
Both North and the South hardly know what  
they're at.

They secession, coercion, and compromise blow,  
But it's talk and no cider, thinks Billy Barlow.

Oh! dear, I'm ragged I know,  
But "Stand by the Union" will Billy Barlow.

If I had but the power I'd soon bring 'em to,  
Though this may be nonsense I'm singing to you.  
I'd hang of ringleaders a hundred or so,  
And choke off secession, would Billy Barlow.

Oh! dear, I'm ragged, I know,  
Then times would be better, says Billy Barlow.

Our cities are flooded with traitors and spies,  
And our papers are filled with a strange pack of  
lies;  
They'll agitate questions for friend or a foe,  
Whilst they pocket the rhino, says Billy Barlow.

Oh! dear, I'm ragged, I know,  
Self-interest they go for, thinks Billy Barlow.

Our members of Congress have plenty to do,  
But it's seldom, if ever, they do it, 'tis true;  
Political speeches for hours they'll blow,  
But it all 'mounts to nothing, says Billy Barlow.

Oh! dear, I'm ragged, I know,  
Why don't they do something? says Billy Barlow.

Believe me, my friend, in my song I don't err,  
But the poor have to suffer when such things occur;  
And as I belong to that class, you must know,  
I'd fight for the Union, would Billy Barlow.

Oh! dear, I'm ragged, I know.  
Hurrah for the Union! says Billy Barlow.

SIDE I, Band 4: SOMEBODY'S DARLING  
sung by Elizabeth Knight, with  
The Harvesters

Words: Marie Revenal de La Coste  
Music: John Hill Hewitt

Many composers, both North and South, tried their hands at setting this lyric to music, but it remained for John Hill Hewitt, frequently called the "bard of the stars and bars" to produce the melody which insured the song's popularity.

Into the ward of the clean white-washed halls,  
Where the dead slept and the dying lay;  
Wounded by bayonets sabres and balls,  
Somebody's darling was borne one day.  
Somebody's darling, so young and so brave,  
Wearing still on his sweet yet pale face --  
Soon to be hid in the dust of the grave,  
The lingering light of his boyhood's grave.

CHORUS:  
Somebody's darling, somebody's pride,  
Who'll tell his mother where her boy died?

Matted and damp are his tresses of gold,  
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;  
Pale are the lips of most delicate mould,  
Somebody's darling is dying now.  
Back from his beautiful purple-veined brow,  
Brush off the wandering waves of gold;  
Cross his white hands on his broad bosom now,  
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

(CHORUS)

Give him a kiss, but for somebody's sake,  
Murmur a prayer for him, soft and low;  
One little curl from his golden mates take,  
Somebody's pride they were once, you know;  
Somebody's warm hand has oft rested there,  
Was it a mother's so soft and white?  
Or have the lips of a sister, so fair,  
Ever been bathed in their waves of light?

(CHORUS)

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,  
Yearning to hold him again to her breast;  
Yet, there he lies with his blue eyes so dim,  
And purple, child-like lips half apart.  
Tenderly bury the fair, unknown dead,  
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;  
Carve on the wooden slab over his head,  
"Somebody's darling is slumbering here."

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 5: OLD ABE LINCOLN CAME OUT OF THE  
WILDERNESS  
sung by Hermes Nye

Words: Anonymous  
Music: "Down In Alabam'" (ascribed to H. Warner)

The most lasting of the Lincoln songs, this rollicking air was employed as a Lincoln campaign ditty in the election of 1860. The tune, which is best known today as "The Old Grey Mare," has been traced back to a composition (circa 1858) known as "Down in Alabam'" composed by a J. Warner.

Old Abe Lincoln came out of the Wilderness  
Many long years ago.

Old Jeff Davis tore down the government  
Many Long Years Ago.

But Old Abe Lincoln built up a better one  
Many long years ago.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE VACANT CHAIR  
sung by The New Lost City Ramblers

Words: Henry J. Washburn  
Music: "Life Is Like a Mountain Railway"

This extremely maudlin wartime song was written early in the conflict, at Thanksgiving in 1861. It was most popular throughout the war to a melody of George F. Root's. (Root's tune appears in the book, "Songs of the Civil War.") Apparently it drifted into the folk tradition in the South and turned up on early phonograph records (circa 1920's) to a traditional Southern mountain hymn tune, "Life Is Like a Mountain Railway." This melody, incidentally, provided the air for a Miner's Union song at the turn of the 20th century, "Miner's Lifeguard."

We will meet but we will miss him,  
There will be his vacant chair;  
We will linger to caress him,  
While we breathe our evening prayer;  
When a year ago we gathered,  
Joy was in his mild blue eye,  
But a golden chord is severed,  
And our hopes in ruin lie.

(CHORUS)

We will meet but we will miss him,  
There will be his vacant chair,  
We will linger to caress him  
When we breathe our evening prayer.

At our fireside, sad and lonely,  
Often will the bosom swell  
At remembrance of the story,  
How our noble father fell;  
How he strove to bear our banner  
Through the thickest of the fight,  
And uphold our country's honor,  
In the strength of manhood's fight.

(CHORUS)

True, they tell us wreaths of glory  
Ever more will deck his brow,  
But this soothes the anguish only,  
Sweeping o'er our heartstrings now.  
Sleep today, Oh early fallen,  
In thy green and narrow bed,  
Dirges from the pine and cypress  
Mingle with the tears we shed.

(CHORUS)

SIDE I, Band 7: ROLL, ALABAMA, ROLL  
sung by Jerry Silverman, with  
The Harvesters

Words and music: Anonymous

The Union blockade of Southern ports was, generally, effective, but occasional Rebel ships sneaked through and, frequently, turned the tables and preyed on Northern shipping. The most effective of these Confederate sea-raiders was the Alabama, a ship built for the South in England. The Alabama is credited with a toll of 56 Union ships captured, sunk or looted. The present song, which has been adapted from an old chantey by Hermes Nye, is believed to have its origin in a traditional Negro longshoreman's melody, "Roll the Cotton Down."

Oh, Roll, Alabama, Roll....

When the Alabama's keel was laid,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
'Twas laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,  
Oh, roll, Alabama, roll.

'Twas laid in the yard of Jonathan Laird,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.  
Liverpool fitted her with guns and men,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

From the Western Islands she sailed forth,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
To destroy the commerce of the North,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

To Cherbourg port she sailed one day,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
To take her count of prize money,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

Many a sailor lad he saw his doom,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
When the Ke-arsarge it hove in view,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

Till a ball from the forward pivot that day,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
Shot the Alabama's stern away,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

Off the three-mile limit in sixty-five,  
Roll, Alabama, roll,  
The Alabama went to her grave,  
Roll, Alabama, roll.

SIDE I, Band 8: LINCOLN AND LIBERTY  
sung by Pete Seeger

Words: Jesse Hutchinson  
Music: "Rosin the Beau"

The most popular election campaign song melody in the period from 1840 through 1864 was the delightful Irish fiddle tune with the double meaning title, "Rosin the Beau." Hardly a President in those years won office without the aid of old Rosin. In 1860, Jesse Hutchinson of the famed singing Hutchinson family penned these lyrics for Lincoln.

Hurrah for the choice of the nation,  
Our chieftain so brave and so true,  
We'll go for the great reformation,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too!  
Then up with our banner so glorious,  
The star-spangled red, white, and blue,  
We'll fight till our cause is victorious,  
For Lincoln and Liberty, too.

They'll find what by felling and mauling,  
Our railmaker statesman can do;  
For the people are everywhere calling  
For Lincoln and Liberty too.

SIDE I, Band 9: CLEAR THE TRACK  
sung by Pete Seeger and group

Words: Jesse Hutchinson  
Music: "Old Dan Tucker"

This stirring anti-slavery song was the best and most popular of all the pre-war Abolitionist songs. The tune, of course, is by Dan Emmett, though the Hutchinsons at first believed it to be a Negro folk song, the printed version of the song bearing the inscription, "Words composed and adapted to a slave melody."

Ho! The car Emancipation  
Rides majestic through the nation,  
Bearing on its train the story,  
Liberty, a nation's glory.

CHORUS:  
Roll it along, roll it along,  
Roll it along through the nation,  
Freedom's car, Emancipation!

Men of various predilections,  
Frightened, run in all directions,  
Lawyers, editors, physicians,  
Doctors, priests and politicians.

(CHORUS)

Let the ministers and churches  
Leave behind sectarian lurches;  
Jump on board the Car of Freedom  
'Ere it be too late to need them.

(CHORUS)

See the people run to meet us,  
At the depots, thousands greet us,  
All take seats with exultation --  
In the Car Emancipation!

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1: TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP  
sung by Jerry Silverman with  
The Harvesters

Words and music by George F. Root

Subtitled "The Prisoner's Hope," this George F. Root marching song was extremely popular with both soldier and civilian in North and South alike. It is one of the songs of the era which has outlasted its immediacy and become a part of our national musical idiom.

In the prison cell I sit,  
Thinking, mother, dear, of you,  
And our bright and happy home so far away,  
And the tears, they fill my eyes,  
'Spite of all that I can do,  
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS:

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,  
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,  
And beneath the starry flag  
We shall breathe the air again  
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood,  
When their fiercest charge they made,  
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,  
But before we reached their lines,  
They were beaten back dismayed,  
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

(CHORUS)

So within the prison cell  
We are waiting for the day  
That shall come to open wide the iron door,  
And the hollow eye grows bright,  
And the poor heart almost gay,  
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: BONNIE BLUE FLAG  
sung by Elizabeth Knight with  
Jerry Silverman and The  
Harvesters

Words: Harry Macarthy  
Music: "The Irish Jaunting Car"

This "parade of secession" song was the Confederacy's second most popular air, following close on the heels of "Dixie" in Southern affections. Macarthy was an English-born vaudevillian who is supposed to have written this stirring lyric early in 1861 while attending the Mississippi State Secession Convention.

We are a band of brothers, and native to the soil,  
Fighting for the property we gained by honest toil;  
And when our rights were threatened, the cry rose  
near and far:

"Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a single  
star!"

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah!  
For Southern rights, hurrah!  
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag  
That bears a single star.

As long as the Union was faithful to her trust,  
Like friends and brethren, kind were we, and just;  
But now, when Northern treachery attempts our rights  
to mar,  
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star.

(CHORUS)

First gallant South Carolina nobly made the stand,  
Then came Alabama and took her by the hand;  
Next, quickly, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida,  
All raised on high the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star.

(CHORUS)

Ye men of valor gather round the banner of the right,  
Texas and fair Louisiana join us in the fight;  
Davis, our loved President, and Stephens statesmen  
are;  
Now rally round the Bonnie Blue Flag that bears a  
single star.

(CHORUS)



SIDE II, Band 3: TENTING TONIGHT  
sung by Pete Seeger

Words and music by Walter Kittredge

Walter Kittredge wrote this hauntingly moving plea  
for peace in 1863, shortly after receiving his draft  
notice. Kittredge, however, never served in the  
army, a childhood bout with rheumatic fever being  
the cause of his deferment. But while Kittredge  
didn't go to war, his song did, where it became  
immensely popular with both soldier and civilian.

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Give us a song to cheer  
Our weary hearts, a song of home  
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS:

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,  
Wishing for the war to cease;  
Many are the hearts that are looking for the right  
To see the dawn of peace.  
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,  
Tenting on the old camp ground,  
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,  
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,  
Thinking of days gone by,  
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,  
And the tear that said, "Goodbye!"

(CHORUS)

We've been fighting tonight on the old camp ground  
Many are lying near;  
Some are dead and some are dying,  
Many are in tears.

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,  
Many are dead and gone,  
Of the brave and the true who've left their homes,  
Others been wounded long.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 4: RICHMOND IS A HARD ROAD TO TRAVEL  
sung by Tom Paley and The New  
Lost City Ramblers

Words: John R. Thompson

Music: "Jordan Is A Hard Road To Travel"

This minstrel melody, believed to have been composed  
by Daniel Emmett, provided the melody for many  
political and propaganda songs of the Civil War era.  
In this one, John R. Thompson, editor of the  
"Southern Literary Messenger," satirizes the  
ineptness of the long succession of Union generals  
who tried to take Richmond. The original song  
contains many more verses and is one of the wordiest  
musical tomes of the war. (For the complete song, see  
the book, "Songs of the Civil War.")

Would you like to hear my song?  
I'm afraid it's rather long,  
Of the famous "On to Richmond" double trouble;  
Of the half a dozen trips,  
And half a dozen slips,  
And the very latest bursting of the bubble?  
'Tis pretty hard to sing,  
And like a rolling ring,  
'Tis a dreadful knotty puzzle to unravel,  
Though all the papers swore,  
When we touched Virginia's shore,  
That Richmond was a hard road to travel.

CHORUS:

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel;  
Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

First, McDowell, bold and gay, set forth the shortest  
way,

By Manassas in the pleasant summer weather,  
But unfortunately ran on a Stonewall, foolish man,  
And had a "rocky journey" altogether;  
And he found it rather hard to ride o'er Beaugard,  
And Johnston proved a deuce of a bother,  
And 'twas clear beyond a doubt that he didn't like the  
route,  
And a second time would have to try another.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Manassas is a hard road to travel;  
Manassas gave us fits, and Bull Run made us grieve,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

Next came the Woolly-Horse,\* with an overwhelming force,  
To march down to Richmond by the Valley,  
But he couldn't find the road, and his "onward  
movement" showed

His campaigning was no more than shilly-shally.  
Then Commissary Banks, with his motley foreign ranks,  
Kicking up a great noise, fuss, and flurry,  
Lost the whole of his supplies, and with tears in his  
eyes,  
From the Stonewall ran away in a hurry.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,  
For the Valley is a hard road to travel;  
The Valley wouldn't do and we all had to leave,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I believe!

Then said Lincoln unto Pope, "You can make the trip,  
I hope -

I will save the Universal Yankee nation,  
To make sure of no defeat, I'll leave no lines of  
retreat,

And issue a famous proclamation."

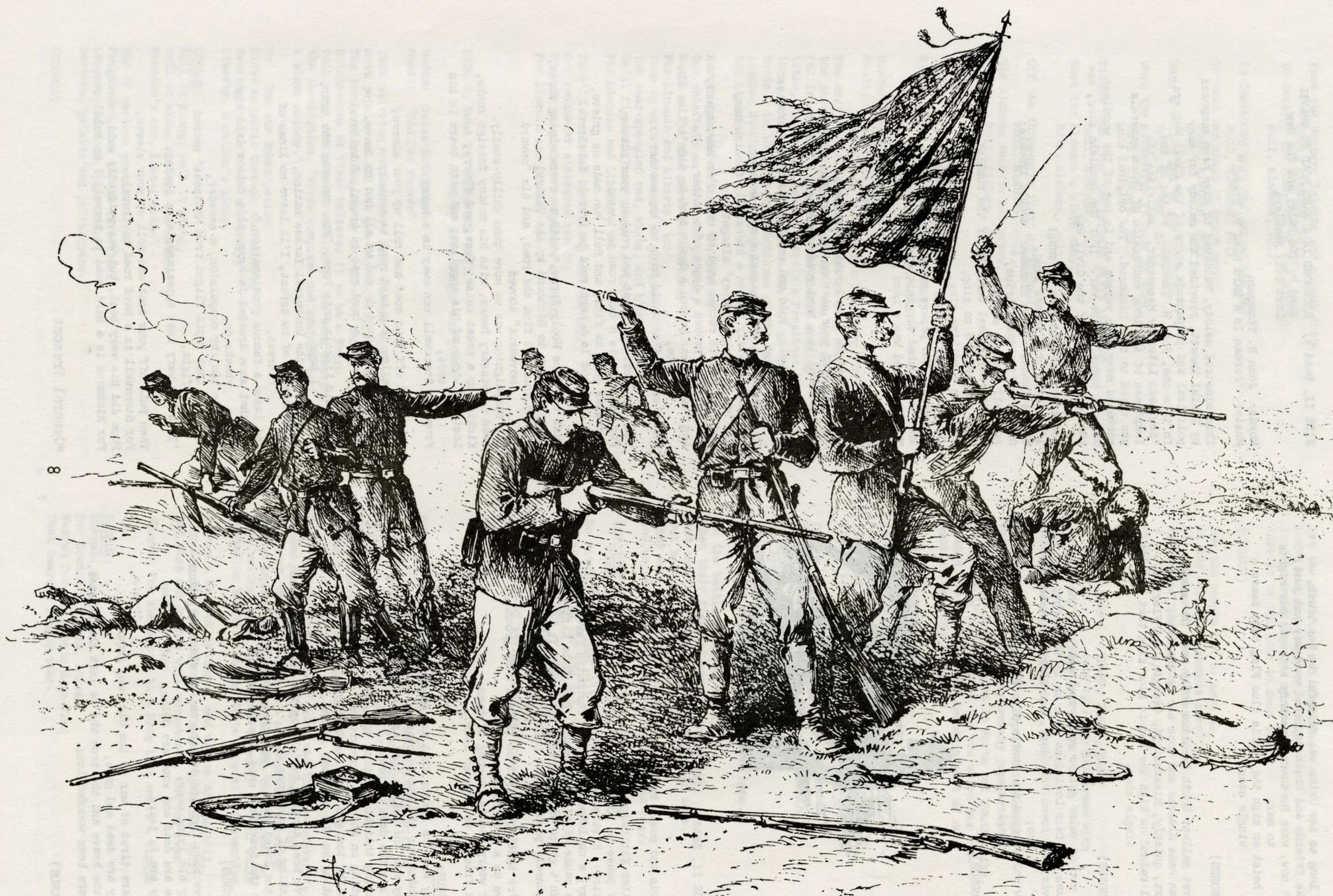
But that same dreaded Jackson, this fellow laid his  
whacks on,

And made him, by compulsion, a seceder,  
And Pope took rapid flight from Manassas' second  
fight,

'Twas his very last appearance as a leader.

Then pull off your coat and roll up your sleeve,  
For Stonewall is a hard road to travel;  
Pope did his very best, but was evidently sold,  
For Richmond is a hard road to travel, I am told!

\*General Fremont



SIDE II, Band 5: BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM  
sung by Jerry Silverman with  
The Harvesters

Words and music by George F. Root

The Union's unofficial anthem was George F. Root's tremendously popular "Battle Cry of Freedom." Written in the summer of 1862 when Union fortunes of war were at a particularly low ebb, the song is credited with inspiring a new wave of hope among many regiments of sadly demoralized troops. In 1865, when the American flag was once again raised over Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbor, it was "Battle Cry of Freedom" which the band-master chose as the appropriate melody for the official ceremonies.

Oh, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;  
We will rally from the hillside,  
We'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS:

The Union forever, Hurrah, boys, hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, Up with the star;  
While we rally 'round the flag, boys,  
Rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone  
before,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million  
freemen more,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

(CHORUS)

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true,  
and brave,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And although they may be poor not a man shall be  
a slave,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

(CHORUS)

So we're springing to the call from the East and  
from the West,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom,  
And we'll hurl the Rebel crew from the land we  
love the best,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 6: THE CUMBERLAND AND THE MERRIMAC  
sung by Ellen Stekert

Words and music: Anonymous

The sinking of the U.S.S. Cumberland by the Confederate iron-clad, Merrimac, was one of the great Rebel sea victories of the war. The shock of the defeat, which signalled the end of naval warfare as it had been known up until that time, inspired a number of Northern ballads describing the tragic event and hailing the heroism of the Cumberland's crew. (For another song on the same theme, see "Cumberland Crew" on Record II.) This version of old broadside ballad was learned by Ellen Stekert from a New York State lumberjack, Ezra "Fuzzy" Barhight.

It was on last Monday morning,  
just at the break of day,  
When the good ship called the Cumberland  
lay anchored in her way,  
And the man upon our lookout  
to those below did say,  
"I see something like a house-top,  
on our leeward she does lay."

Our captain seized his telescope,  
and he gazed far o'er the blue,  
And then he turned and spoke to  
his brave and loyal crew,  
"That thing which yonder lies floating,  
that looks like some turtle's back,  
It's that infernal rebel steamer,  
and they call her Merrimac."  
Our decks were cleared for action,  
and our guns were pointed through,  
But still she kept a-coming up  
across the water blue,  
And on, still on, she kept coming,  
till no distance stood apart,  
When she sent a ball a-humming  
stilled the beat of many a heart.

It was then we pulled our broadside,  
and to her ribs of steel,  
And yet no break in her iron made,  
no damage did she feel,  
Till at length that rebel pirate  
unto our captain spoke,  
Saying, "Haul down your flying colors now,  
or I'll sink your Yankee boat."

Our captain's eyes did glisten,  
and his cheeks turned pale with rage,  
And then in tones of thunder,  
to that rebel pirate said:  
"My men are brave and loyal, too,  
they're true to every man,  
And before I'll strike my colors down,  
you may sink me in the sand."

Well, the Merrimac she left us then  
for a hundred yards or more,  
Then with her whistles screaming out  
on our wooden side she bore.  
She struck us at our midship,  
and her ram went crashing through,  
And the water came a-pouring in,  
on our brave and loyal crew.

Well, our captain turned unto his men,  
and unto them he did say,  
"I never will strike my colors down  
while the Cumberland rides the wave,  
But I'll go down with my gallant ship  
for to meet a watery grave,  
And you, my loyal comrades,  
you may seek your lives to save."

They swore they never would leave him,  
but would man their guns afresh,  
Poured broadside after broadside,  
till the water reached their breasts;  
And then they sank far down,  
far down into the watery deep,  
The stars and stripes still flying  
from her mainmast's highest peak.

SIDE II, Band 7: JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER  
sung by Jerry Silverman with  
The Harvesters

Words and music by George F. Root

One of the most popular sentimental songs of the war by the Union's leading composer. Notice Root's musical nepotism in the reference to another of his compositions, "Battle Cry of Freedom," in the 3rd stanza.

Just before the battle, mother,  
I am thinking most of you,  
While upon the field we're watching,  
With the enemy in view.  
Comrades brave are round me lying,  
Filled with thoughts of home and God;  
For well they know that on the morrow,  
Some will sleep beneath the sod.

CHORUS:

Farewell, mother, you may never  
Press me to your breast again,  
But, oh, you'll not forget me, mother,  
If I'm numbered with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,  
And the loving ones at home,  
But I'll never leave our banner,  
Till in honor I can come.  
Tell the traitors all around you  
That their cruel words we know,  
In every battle kill our soldiers  
By the help they give the foe.

(CHORUS)

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,  
'Tis the signal for the fight,  
Now, may God protect us, mother,  
As He ever does the right.  
Hear the "Battle Cry of Freedom,"  
How it swells upon the air,  
Oh, yes, we'll rally 'round the standard,  
Or we'll perish nobly there.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 8: FAREWELL MOTHER  
sung by Hermes Nye

Words: Anonymous  
Music: "Just Before the Battle, Mother"

It is a tribute to the staying power of George F. Root's original sentimental ballad that it could survive this devastating Confederate parody.

Just before the battle, mother,  
I was drinking mountain dew,  
When I saw the "Rebels" marching,  
To the rear I quickly flew;  
Where the stragglers were flying,  
Thinking of their homes and wives;  
'Twas not the "Reb" we feared, dear mother,  
But our own dear precious lives.

CHORUS:

Farewell, mother! for you'll never  
See my name among the slain.  
For if I only can skedaddle,  
Dear mother, I'll come home again.

I hear the bugle sounding, mother,  
My soul is eager for the fray.  
I guess I'll hide behind some cover,  
And then I shall be O.K.  
Discretion's the better part of valor,  
At least I've often heard you say;  
And he who loves his life, dear mother,  
Won't fight if he can run away.

(CHORUS)

SIDE III, Band 1: WEEPING SAD AND LONELY  
sung by Elizabeth Knight with  
The Harvesters

Words: Charles Carroll Sawyer  
Music: Henry Tucker

Sometimes known as "When This Cruel War Is Over," this lushly sentimental ballad was one of the most popular songs of the war. Its yearning for peace found a response in the hearts of millions of Americans, and the song was sung with equal fervor by both North and South.

Dearest love, do you remember,  
When we last did meet,  
How you told me that you loved me,  
Kneeling at my feet?  
Oh! how proud you stood before me  
In your suit of blue,  
When you vowed to me and country  
Ever to be true.

CHORUS:

Weeping sad and lonely,  
Hopes and fears how vain (Yet praying,)  
When this cruel war is over,  
Praying that we'll meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing  
Mournfully along;  
Or when autumn leaves are falling,  
Sadly breathes the song.  
Oft in dreams I see thee lying  
On the battle plain,  
Lonely, wounded, even dying,  
Calling but in vain.

(CHORUS)

If amid the din of battle,  
Nobly you should fall,  
Far away from those who love you,  
None to hear you call,  
Who would whisper words of comfort,  
Who would soothe your pain?  
Ah! the many cruel fancies  
Ever in my brain.

(CHORUS)

But our country called you, darling,  
Angels cheer your way;  
While our nation's sons are fighting,  
We can only pray.  
Nobly strike for God and liberty,  
Let all nations see,  
How we love the starry banner,  
Emblem of the free.



SIDE III, Band 2: MARCHING SONG OF THE FIRST OF  
ARKANSAS  
sung by Pete Seeger and Bill  
McAdoo

Words: Ascribed to Capt. Lindley Miller  
Music: "John Brown's Body"

This stirring marching song of the Negro troops who comprised the First Arkansas Regiment was used as a recruiting song to enlist Negroes in the Union Army. In fact, the song was published as a broadside by the Supervisory Committee for Recruiting Colored Regiments. Capt. Lindley Miller was the white officer of the Negro regiment, and while Miller may have written some of the verses to this song, others seem to have the genuine stamp of the Negro folk idiom. The original song runs some eight verses, from which Pete Seeger and Bill McAdoo have excerpted the following three:

Oh, we're the bully soldiers of the "First of  
Arkansas,"  
We are fighting for the Union, we are fighting  
for the law,  
We can hit a Rebel further than a white man  
ever saw,  
As we go marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
As we go marching on.

We have done with hoeing cotton, we have done with  
hoeing corn,  
We are colored Yankee soldiers, now, as sure as  
you are born;  
When the masters hear us yelling, they'll think it's  
Gabriel's horn,  
As we go marching on.

(CHORUS)

Then fall in, colored brethren, you'd better do it  
soon,  
Don't you hear the drum a-beating the Yankee  
Doodle tune?  
We are with you now this morning, we'll be far  
away at noon,  
As we go marching on.

(CHORUS)

SIDE III, Band 3: OVERTURES FROM RICHMOND  
sung by Jerry Silverman

Words: Francis James Child  
Music: "Lilliburlero"

"Peace overtures" from the Confederacy were a continuing concern of Northern Abolitionists who feared that the North might agree to some form of negotiated peace which would leave slavery intact. Prof. Francis James Child, best known as one of the great figures in the study of Anglo-American folk music, was an ardent supporter of the Union and the anti-slavery aims of the war. During the war, Child put together a collection of propaganda songs, "War Songs for Freemen." Child himself contributed this song to the anthology. The tune is an old English political melody, "Lilliburlero," supposed composed by Henry Purcell.

"Well, Uncle Sam," says Jefferson D.,  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"You'll have to join my Confed'racy,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, that don't appear-o,  
That don't appear," says old Uncle Sam,  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o,  
That don't appear," says old Uncle Sam.

"So, Uncle Sam, just lay your arms,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"Then you shall hear my reasonable terms,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, I'd like to hear-o  
I'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam,  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o  
I'd like to hear," says old Uncle Sam.

"First you must own I've beat you in fight,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"Then that I always have been in the right,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, rather severe-o  
Rather severe," says old Uncle Sam,  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o,  
Rather severe," says old Uncle Sam.

"Slavery's, of course, the chief corner-stone,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"Of our new civ-il-i-za-tion!"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, that's quite sincere-o,  
That's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam,  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o,  
That's quite sincere," says old Uncle Sam.

"And by the way, one little thing more,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"You're to refund the costs of the war,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, that leaves me zero,  
That leaves me zero," says old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o,  
That leaves me zero," says old Uncle Sam.

"If to these terms you fully consent,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam,  
"I'll be Perpetual King-President,"  
Lilliburlero, old Uncle Sam.  
"Lero, lero, take your sombrero,  
Off to your swamps," says old Uncle Sam,  
"Lero, lero, filibuster-o,  
Cut, double quick!" says old Uncle Sam.

SIDE III, Band 4: PAT MURPHY OF THE IRISH BRIGADE  
sung by Ellen Stekert

Words and music: Anonymous

Originally published as a Civil War broadside, this song has drifted into the stream of our folk heritage. It was collected in the form heard here by Miss Stekert from Ezra "Fuzzy" Barhight, a traditional singer and old-time New York State lumberjack.

Says Pat to his mother, "It looks strange to see  
Brother's fighting in such a queer manner,  
But I'll fight till I died if I never got killed  
For America's bright starry banner."

CHORUS:

Far away in the East was a dashing young blade,  
And the Song he was singing so gayly,  
'Twas honest Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade  
And the song of the splintered shillelagh.

The morning soon broke, and poor Paddy awoke,  
He found rebels to give satisfaction,  
And the drummers were beating the Devil's sad tune,  
They were calling the boys into action.

(CHORUS)

Sure, the day after battle, the dead lay in heaps,  
And Pat Murphy lay bleeding and gory,  
With a hole through his head by some enemy's ball  
That ended his passion for glory.

CHORUS:

No more in the camp will his letters be read,  
Or his song be heard singing so gayly,  
But he died far away from the friends that he loved,  
And far from the land of shillelagh.

SIDE III, Band 5: GOOBER PEAS  
sung by John Cohen and The New  
Lost City Ramblers

Words and music: Anonymous

In the waning days of the war, the Confederate Army subsisted on increasingly short rations. This Rebel soldiers' song describes, with gentle humor, the limited fare of Southern troops who frequently existed on a diet of "goober peas," -- better known to us as peanuts.

Sitting by the roadside on a summer's day,  
Chatting with my messmates, passing time away,  
Lying in the shadow underneath the trees,  
Goodness how delicious, eating goober peas!

CHORUS:

Peas, peas, peas, peas,  
Eating goober peas!  
Goodness how delicious,  
Eating goober peas!

When a horseman passes, the soldiers have a rule,  
To cry out at their loudest, "Mister, here's your mule!"  
But another pleasure enchantinger than these,  
Is wearing out your grinders, eating goober peas!

(CHORUS)

Just before the battle the Gen'ral hears a row,  
He says, "The Yanks are coming, I hear their rifles  
now."  
He turns around in wonder, and what do you think he  
sees?  
The Georgia Militia--eating goober peas!

(CHORUS)

I think my song has lasted almost long enough,  
The subject's interesting, but rhymes are mighty  
rough,  
I wish this war was over, when free from rags and  
fleas,  
We'd kiss our wives and sweethearts and gobble goober  
peas!

(CHORUS)

SIDE III, Band 6: THE CUMBERLAND CREW  
sung by Sandy Ives

Words and music: Anonymous

This folk song may have been, originally, a broadside ballad of Civil War days. It has since passed into oral tradition and has been found in many areas.

Sandy Ives learned this version from William Bell of Brewer, Maine, who reports having learned it on Prince Edward Island over fifty years ago.

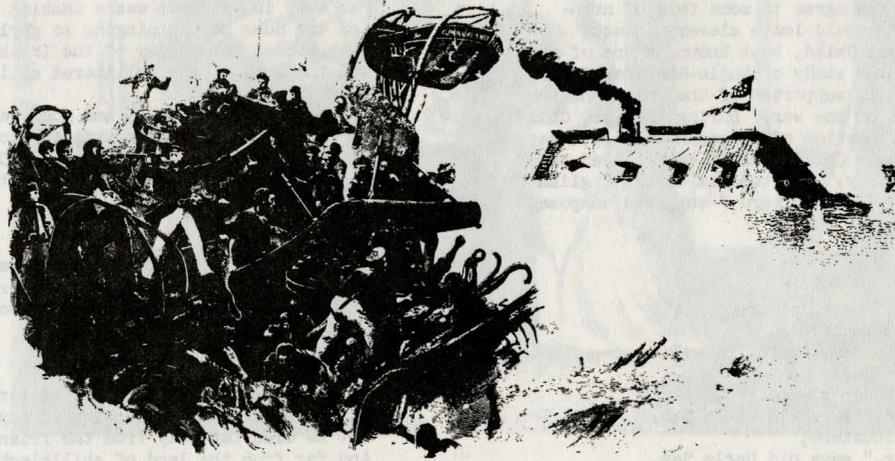
Oh shipmates come rally and join in my ditty  
Of a terrible battle that happened of late;  
Let each good Union tar shed a tear of sad pity  
As he lists to the once gallant CUMBERLAND's fate.  
On the eighth day of March told this terrible story,  
And many a tar to this world bade adieu;  
But our flag it was wrapped in a mantle of glory  
By the heroic deeds of the CUMBERLAND crew.

On that ill-fated day about ten in the morning,  
The sky it was clear and bright shone the sun;  
The drums of the CUMBERLAND sounded a warning,  
Bidding each gallant seaman to stand by his gun.  
An ironclad frigate down on us came bearing,  
While high in the air her rebel flag flew;  
A pennon of treason she proudly was waving,  
Determined to conquer the CUMBERLAND crew.

Then our noble ship fired her guns' dreadful  
thunder,  
Her broadsides like hail on the rebels did pour;  
The sailors gazed on filled with terror and wonder  
As their shot struck her side and glanced harmlessly  
o'er.  
But the pride of our Navy could never be daunted,  
Though the dead and the dying our decks they did  
strew;  
The flag of our Union how proudly she flaunted,  
Sustained by the blood of the CUMBERLAND crew.

Three hours we fought them with stern resolution,  
'Til those rebels found cannon could never decide;  
The flag of succession had no power to gall them,  
Though the blood from her scuppers did crimson the  
tide.  
Then she struck us amidships, our planks she did  
sever,  
Her sharp iron prong pierced our noble ship through;  
But still as they sank 'neath the dark rolling  
waters,  
"We'll die at our guns!" cried the CUMBERLAND crew.

Then slowly she sank 'neath Virginia's dark waters,  
Their voices on earth will ne'er be heard more;  
They'll be wept by Columbia's brave sons and fair  
daughters,  
May their blood be avenged on Virginia's shore.  
In their battle-stained graves they are silently  
lying,  
Their souls have forever to each bade adieu;  
But the star-spangled banner above them was flying,  
It was nailed to the mast by the CUMBERLAND crew.



SIDE III, Band 7: HIGH-TONED SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN  
sung by Jerry Silverman

Words: "Anonymous"  
Music: "Fine Old English Gentleman"

A favorite claim of Southern song-writers and other Rebel propagandists was the "chivalry" of Southern gentlemen. Northern versifiers, in turn, took great delight in satirizing Southern "chivaligators." This broad satirical song was a favorite anti-Southern barb. The tune is believed to date back to at least mid-seventeenth century England. A Pepys diary reference to an extremely similar piece provides us with the date of 1668.

Down in the sunny Southern clime,  
The curious ones may find,  
A ripping, tearing gentleman  
Of an uncommon kind,  
A stagg'ring, swagg'ring sort of chap,  
That takes his whisky stright,  
And frequently condemns his eyes  
Unto an awful fate.  
A high-toned Southern gentleman,  
One of the present time.

He always wears a full dress coat, pre-Adamite in cut,  
With waistcoat of the broadest style, through which  
his ruffles jut;  
Six breastpins deck his horrid front, and on his  
fingers shine  
Whole invoices of diamond rings, which would hardly  
pass muster with the "Original Jacobs" in  
Chatham Street for jewels genuine;  
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the  
present time.

He takes to euchre kindly, too, and plays an awful  
hand,  
Especially when those he tricks his style don't  
understand,  
And if he wins, why then he stops to pocket all the  
stakes,  
But if he loses, then he says to the unfortunate  
stranger who had chanced to win, "It's my  
opinion you are a cursed Abolitionist, and if  
you don't leave South Carolina in an hour,  
you'll be hung like a dog!" but no offer to  
pay his losses makes;  
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the  
present time.

Of course, he's all the time in debt to those who  
credit give,  
Yet manages upon the best the market yields to  
live;  
But if a Northern creditor asks him his bill to  
heed,  
This honorable gentleman instantly draws his bowie  
knife and pistols, dons a blue cockade, and  
declares that, in consequence of the repeated  
aggressions of the North and its gross viola-  
tions of the Constitution, he feels that it  
would utterly degrade him to pay any debt  
whatever, and in fact he has at last determined  
to SECEDE!  
This "high-toned Southern gentleman," one of the  
present time.

SIDE IV, Band 1: WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME  
sung by Pete Seeger and Bill  
Macadoo

Words and music by Patrick S. Gilmore

Patrick S. Gilmore, bandmaster of the United States Army, wrote this well-known marching song while he was stationed with Union troops in New Orleans sometime in 1863. Many claim that Gilmore's tune was a traditional Irish folk melody, and indeed, Gilmore himself emigrated to America from Ireland during the 1840's. But so far, no evidence has turned up which places the melody in existence prior to the Civil War, and until and unless more specific evidence can be offered, I believe that

Gilmore should receive all due credit. The song was immensely popular and countless parodies were written, many of these employing the phrase:

"We'll all drink stone blind,  
Johnny fill up the bowl."

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay  
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The village lads and lassies say,  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes  
marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
We'll give the hero three times three,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes  
marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
Their choicest treasures then display,  
Hurrah, hurrah!  
And let each one perform some part,  
To fill with joy the warrior's heart,  
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes  
marching home.

SIDE IV, Band 2: WHO WILL CARE FOR MOTHER NOW?  
sung by Jerry Silverman with  
The Harvesters

Words and music by Charles Carroll Sawyer

Few Civil War songs enjoyed the fulsome acclaim and popularity of this woefully depressing, maudlin song. The song is typical of much Civil War musical melancholia and employs a full quota of the standard cliches of the day. Hardly a sentimental song of the day could be written without a reference to "Mother," and this song outdid them all. The printed sheet music to the song carried the following inscription:

During one of our late battles, among many other noble fellows that fell, was a young man who had been the only support of an aged and sick mother for years. Hearing the surgeon tell those who were near him that he could not live, he placed his hand across his forehead, and with a trembling voice said, while burning tears ran down his fevered cheeks: "Who will care for mother now?"

Why am I so weak and weary?  
See how faint my heated breath,  
All around to me seems darkness,  
Tell me, comrades, is this death?  
Ah! How well I know your answer;  
To my fate I meekly bow.  
If you'll only tell me truly,  
Who will care for mother now?

CHORUS:  
Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
With bright laurels on my brow,  
I have for my country fallen,  
Who will care for mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?  
Who will dry the falling tear?  
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?  
Who will whisper words of cheer?  
Even now I think I see her  
Kneeling, praying for me! How  
Can I leave her in anguish?  
Who will care for mother now?

(CHORUS)

Let this knapsack be my pillow,  
And my mantle be the sky;  
Hasten, comrades, to the battle,  
I will like a soldier die.  
Soon with angels I'll be marching,  
With bright laurels on my brow;  
I have for my country fallen,  
Who will care for mother now?

(CHORUS)

SIDE IV, Band 3: MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA  
sung by Pete Seeger and  
Bill Macadoo

Words and music by Henry C. Work

General William T. Sherman's "march to the sea" in late 1864 was the epic military campaign of the Civil War. Bold, daring, devastating, Sherman's historic march effectively split the South in two and guaranteed the complete Union triumph which followed a few months afterwards. The conclusion of Sherman's march came just before Christmas in 1864, the general telegraphing Lincoln in January 21:

"I beg to present you as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, also about 25,000 bales of cotton."

Work's song was written as part of the nation-wide exultation following Sherman's victory.

Bring the good old bugle, boys,  
We'll sing another song;  
Sing it with a spirit  
That will start the world along,  
Sing it as we used to sing it,  
Fifty thousand strong,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! We bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! Hurrah! The flag that makes you free!  
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful  
tears,  
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen  
for years;  
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking  
forth in cheers,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS)

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,  
Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main;  
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,  
While we were marching through Georgia.

(CHORUS)

SIDE IV, Band 4: NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK  
sung by The Harvesters

Words and music: Anonymous

Colonel T. W. Higginson, commander of a Negro regiment and an indefatigable researcher and song collector, found this "secular spiritual" among his collectors and calls it a song "to which the Rebellion had actually given rise. . . The peck of corn and pint of salt were slavery's rations."

No more auction block for me,  
No more, no more;  
No more auction block for me,  
Many thousand gone.

No more peck of corn for me,  
No more, no more;  
No more peck of corn for me,  
Many thousand gone.

No more driver's lash for me.

No more pint o'salt for me.

No more mistress' call for me.

No more auction block for me.

SIDE IV, Band 5: KINGDOM COMING  
sung by Pete Seeger

Words and music by Henry C. Work

During the era of the Civil War, the American stage was dominated by the style and idiom of "blackface minstrelsy. The "burnt cork" Negro with the broad dialect and outlandish costumes was a stock character in the theater and many of the finest songs of the era were written for "blackface" performance. Even staunchly Abolitionist song-writers employed the device of the stereotyped Negro to further their anti-slavery aims. This song, originally written in this spurious Negro dialect by the ardently abolitionist Henry Work, has been "translated" by the singer for this recording.

Say, brothers, have you seen the master,  
With the mustache on his face,  
Go along the road some time this morning,  
Like he gwine to leave the place?  
He seen the smoke way up the river  
Where the Lincoln gunboats lay,  
He took his hat and left very sudden,  
And I spec' he's run away!

CHORUS:

The master run, ha, ha!  
And we will stay, ho, ho!  
It must be now the Kingdom's coming  
And the Year of Jubilo.

He is six foot one way, two foot the other,  
And he weighed three hundred pounds,  
His coat so big he couldn't pay the tailor,  
And it won't go half way 'round.  
He drill so much they call him captain,  
And he get so dreadful tanned,  
I spec' he try an' fool them Yankees  
For to think he's contraband.

(CHORUS)

Now folks all feel so lonesome living  
In the loghouse on the lawn,  
They move their things to master's parlor  
For to keep it while he's gone.  
There's wine and cider in the kitchen,  
And you and me'll have some;  
I s'pose they'll all be confiscated  
When the Lincoln soldiers come.

(CHORUS)

The overseer he make us trouble,  
And he drive us 'round a spell;  
So we lock him up in the smokehouse cellar,  
With the key thrown in the well.  
The whip is lost, the handcuff broken,  
But the master'll have his pay;  
He's old enough, big enough, ought to know better  
Than to try and run away.

(CHORUS)

SIDE IV, Band 7: BOOTH SHOT LINCOLN  
sung by Cisco Houston

Traditional song from the Archive of American Folk Song, Library of Congress, Music Division, Washington, D.C.

Folksinger and folksong collector Bascom Lamar Lunsford of South Turkey Creek, North Carolina, says of this ballad:

"The title of this ballad is 'Booth,' or 'Booth Killed Lincoln.' It's an old fiddle tune, and there are a few variants of the song. I heard my father hum it and sing a few lines of the stanzas when I was just a boy about six or ten years old."

Wilkes Booth came to Washington,  
An actor great was he,  
He played at Ford's Theater,  
And Lincoln went to see.

It was early in April,  
Not many weeks ago,  
The people of this fair city  
All gathered at the show.

The war it is all over,  
The people happy now,  
And Abraham Lincoln  
Arose to make his bow;

The people cheer him wildly,  
Arising to their feet,  
And Lincoln waving of his hand,  
He calmly takes his seat.

And while he sees the play go on,  
His thoughts are running deep,  
His darling wife, close by his side,  
Has fallen fast asleep.

From the box there hangs a flag,  
It is not the Stars and Bars,  
The flag that holds within its folds  
Bright gleaming Stripes and Stars.

J. Wilkes Booth he moves down the aisle,  
He had measured once before,  
He passes Lincoln's bodyguard  
A-nodding at the door.

He holds a dagger in his right hand,  
A pistol in his left,  
He shoots poor Lincoln in the temple,  
And sends his soul to rest.

The wife awakes from slumber,  
And screams in her rage,  
Booth jumps over the railing  
And lands him on the stage.

He'll rue the day, he'll rue the hour,  
As God him life shall give,  
When Booth stood in the center of the stage,  
Crying, "Tyrants shall not live!"

The people all excited then,  
Cried everyone, "A hand!"  
Cried all the people near,  
"For God's sake, save that man!"

Then Booth ran back with boot and spur  
Across the backstage floor,  
He mounts that trusty claybank mare,  
All saddled at the door.

J. Wilkes Booth, in his last play,  
All dressed in broadcloth deep,  
He gallops down the alleyway,  
I hear those horses feet.

Poor Lincoln then was heard to say,  
And all has gone to rest,  
"Of all the actors in this town,  
I loved Booth the best."

SIDE IV, Band 8: OH, I'M A GOOD OLD REBEL  
sung by Hermes Nye

Words: Major Innes Randolph, C. S. A.  
Music: "Joe Bowers"

Here is the classic song of bitterness and hate. Written shortly after the war by Major Randolph who, in later years, achieved a minor reputation as a Southern poet, the song in time entered into the oral tradition and has been collected, in substantially the same form, in many sections of the South.

Oh, I'm a good old rebel!  
Now that's just what I am;  
For this "Fair Land of Freedom"  
I do not care--at all.  
I'm glad I fit against it,  
I only wish we'd won,  
And I don't want no pardon  
For anything I've done.

I hate the Constitution,  
This great Republic, too,  
I hate the Freedman's Bureau,  
In uniforms of blue;  
I hate the nasty eagle,  
With all his brag and fuss,  
The lying, thieving Yankees,  
I hate them wuss and wuss.

I hate the Yankee Nation,  
And everything they do;  
I hate the Declaration  
Of Independence, too;  
I hate the glorious Union,  
'Tis dripping with our blood;  
I hate the striped banner,  
I fit it all I could.

I followed old Marse Robert  
For four years, near about,  
Got wounded in three places,  
And starved at P'int Lookout;  
I cotched the roomatism  
A-camping in the snow;  
But I killed a chance of Yankees -  
I'd like to kill some mo'.

Three hundred thousand Yankees  
Lie stiff in Southern dust;  
We got three hundred thousand  
Before they conquered us;  
They died of Southern fever  
And Southern steel and shot;  
I wish it was three millions;  
Instead of what we got.

I can't take up my musket  
And fight 'em now no more;  
But I ain't a-going to love 'em,  
Now that is sartain sure;  
And I don't want no pardon,  
For what I was and am;  
I won't be reconstructed,  
And I con't care a---cent.

SIDE IV, Band 9: TWO BROTHERS  
sung by The Harvesters

Words and music by Irving Gordon

Here is another recently-composed Civil War song, keeping alive the memory of tragedy when brother fought brother.

Two brothers on their way,  
Two brothers on their way,  
Two brothers on their way,  
One wore blue and one wore gray.  
One wore blue and one wore gray;  
As they marched along their way,  
A fife and drum began to play,  
All on a beautiful morning.

One was gentle, one was kind,  
One was gentle, one was kind,  
One came home, one stayed behind;  
Cannon ball don't pay no mind,  
Cannon ball don't pay no mind,  
If you're gentle, if you're kind,  
Don't care 'bout the folks behind,  
All on a beautiful morning.

Two girls waitin' by the railroad track,  
Two girls waitin' by the railroad track,  
Two girls waitin' by the railroad track,  
One wore blue and one wore black,  
One wore blue and one wore black,  
Waitin' by the railroad track,  
For their darlin's to come back,  
All on a beautiful morning.

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SIDE IV, Band 10: BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC  
sung by Elizabeth Knight with  
Jerry Silverman and The  
Harvesters

Words: Julia Ward Howe  
Music: "John Brown's Body"

This is the great inspirational hymn which came out of the darkest hours of our nation's history. Mrs. Howe, in later years an ardent leader of the woman's suffrage movement. Composed the song in November, 1861. It first appeared in print in the pages of The Atlantic Monthly in February, 1862. Mrs. Howe was paid five dollars by the magazine for the right to print the song. Of all the songs produced by the Civil War, this one undoubtedly has become a more permanent part of our national idiom than any other.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord,  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored;  
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible  
swift sword,  
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
Glory, glory hallelujah,  
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred  
circling camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews  
and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and  
flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on.

(CHORUS)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
Judgment Seat;  
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant,  
my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

(CHORUS)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea,  
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and  
me;  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men  
free,  
While God is marching on.

(CHORUS)

## ABOUT THE ARTISTS

PETE SEEGER may be heard on more than two dozen Folkways LP's, including the well-known series of "America's Favorite Ballads." Folkways Records will send, upon request, a free catalogue of all Pete Seeger recordings.

JERRY SILVERMAN is the author of "Folk Blues," a collection of traditional blues published in 1959 by MacMillan Co. He is also the music editor of SING OUT, and may be heard on two other Folkways' albums, "Hootenanny Tonight" (FN2511) and "Hootenanny at Carnegie Hall" (FN2512).

THE NEW LOST CITY RAMBLERS is a folk song trio composed of Mike Seeger, Tom Paley and John Cohen. They may be heard on three other Folkways recordings, "The New Lost City Ramblers" (FA2396), "Old Timey Songs for Children" (FC7064), and "Songs from the Depression" (FH5264).

THE HARVESTERS is a young folksong quartet composed of Walter and Ethel Raim, and Ronnie and Joyce Gluck. They may be heard on their own LP, "Pastures of Plenty."

ELIZABETH KNIGHT has two Folkways' LP's of her own, "Songs of the Suffragettes" (FH5281), and "Czechoslovak Folk Songs" (FW6919). She can also be heard on "Hootenanny Tonight" (FN2511).

SANDY IVES, an instructor in English at the University of Maine, is a folksinger and folklorist, and a leading member of the Northeast Folklore Society. Folkways has issued his album, Folksongs of Maine (FH5323).

BILL McADOO, a young folksinger and song-writer born in Detroit, presently makes his home in New York. His first Folkways solo album will be released shortly.

HERMES NYE has recorded an earlier album of "Ballads of the Civil War" (FH5004) for Folkways. Mr. Nye has also recorded for Folkways "War Ballads, U.S.A." (FH5249), "Ballads Reliques" (FA2305), "Anglo-American Folksongs" (FA2037), and "Texas Folk Songs" (FA2128). In addition to singing folk songs, Nye is also a lawyer in Texas and a novelist.

ELLEN STEKERT is a young folklorist who may be heard singing the songs she collected in New York State on "Songs of a New York Lumberjack" (FA2354).

IRWIN SILBER is the author of "Songs of the Civil War" (Columbia University Press) and the editor of SING OUT folk song magazine. He has also edited a song collection, "Lift Every Voice." He has collected and prepared research notes for the songs on a number of Folkways albums, including "Songs of the Suffragettes" (FH5281), "Gazette" (FN2501), "American Industrial Ballads" (FH5251) and the two Hootenanny albums, FN2511 and FN2512.