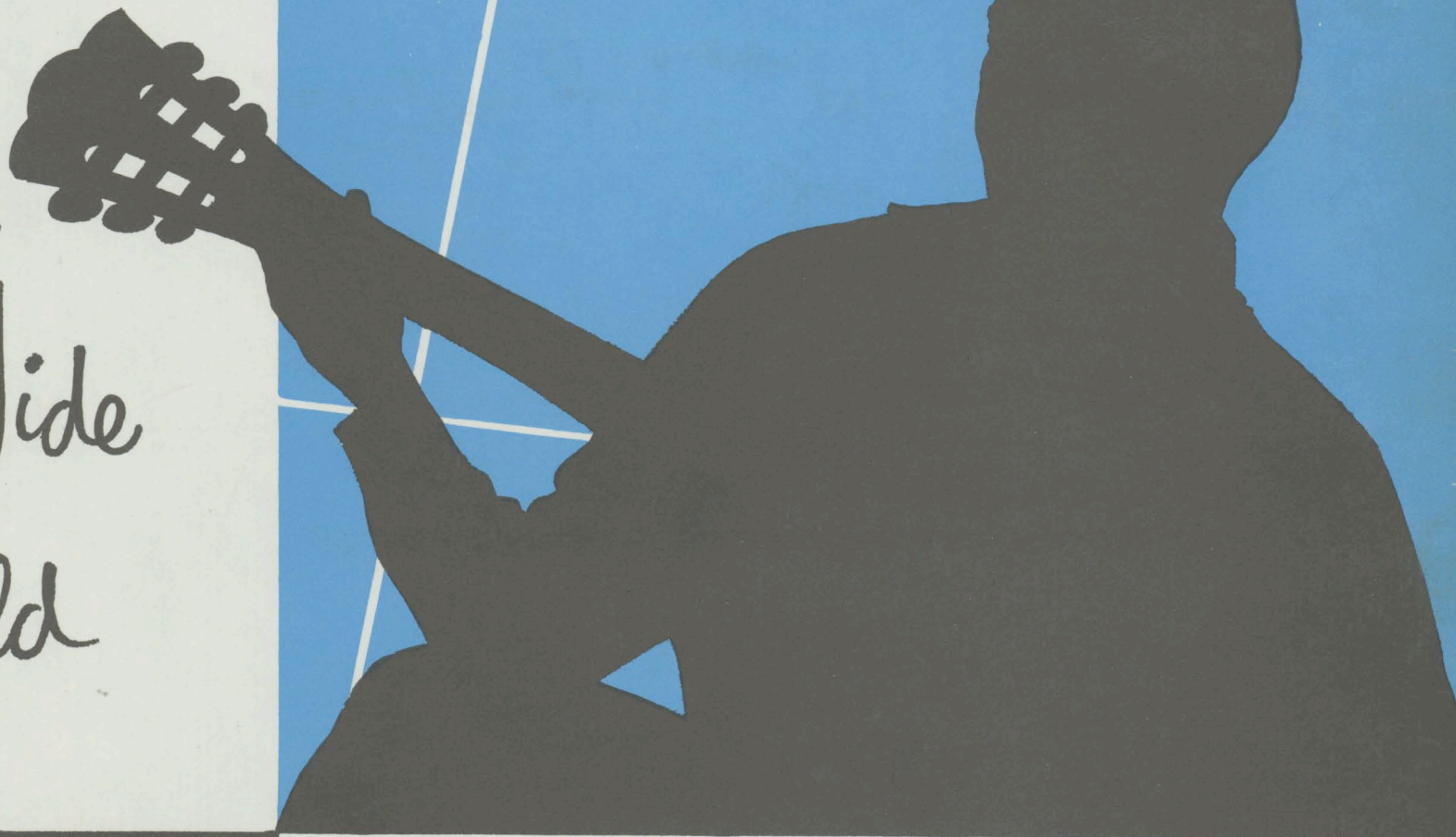


Man
of the
Whole
Wide
World



FW880

M
1679.18
S193
M266
1956

OLKWAYS
RECORDS
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DRP., N.Y.C.

Songs of **PEACE AND PROTEST**

Songs of **FUN AND IMPUDENCE**

Composed
and sung
with guitar by

ART SAMUELS

with the
Montreal
Youth Singers

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FW 880

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Art Samuels was born in Montreal, 33 years ago. He still makes his home there with his wife, Libby, and their 2-year-old daughter "B.J." (Barbara Jean). He has been, among other things: insurance salesman, radio announcer, advertising copywriter and part-time serious writer. Though interested in all forms of folk art, he does not consider himself to be a folk-singer, but a "singer of folk songs and composer of ditties." He has had no formal musical training, relies on a keen ear and an intuitive approach to music whereby he "juggles musical ideas about in his head until they come out 'right'."

About his composing he says, "A lot of people ask me where I get the ideas for my songs. Well, of course, the answer depends on which songs they mean. The more serious ones emerge out of strong personal feelings I have about things like war and other forms of human injustice . . . things I feel I want to comment on. Again, by nature, I have always had an irreverent attitude towards all breeds of 'sacred cows', so often enough I turn to satire. Most of my 'plain nonsense' songs, of course, just seem to happen . . . I may be idly strumming my guitar, get a whimsical idea, do a little word-weaving, and there it is. I don't necessarily consider these songs less important than the serious ones, because healthy laughter to me has always seemed a profound human emotion."

The Montreal Youth Singers spend a good part of their young lives learning, practicing and singing folk songs of many nations to large and enthusiastic audiences. Many of them are developing into promising soloists. Only part of the group is represented in this recording; these are Helen Gold (director of the group), Mary Feinberg, Jack Nissenson, David Silverberg and Louis Spiers.

STATUS QUO

"The swipe I'm taking here is not directed at any particular state, but at a state-of-mind that may be found in all parts of the globe and seems to be increasingly prevalent in North American society today. We all know the type who exemplifies it, either through ignorance or by design...he equates respectability with conformity, he stubbornly opposes all change or thought of change, he's ever-righteous in his "know-nothing-do-nothing" outlook. And, of course, this outlook isn't exclusive to any particular level of society...it's to be found in full measure among high people in high places."

All hail the glorious Status Quo,
It's the only way of life we'll ever know,
If ignorance is bliss, let us be the blissfulest,
We shall never doubt or question or say "No".

CHORUS:

Status Quo, Status Quo,
Where thou goest we shall go,
What thou sayest must be so,
We shall never doubt or question or say "No"--no, no!

Now Status Quo means simply "Let it stand",
Let's not criticize, complain or reprimand,
For, it's been truly said, we can never lose our heads
If we keep them safely buried in the sand.

Always vote for the party that's installed,
Though by their conduct you may be appalled,
They can do nothing wrong, they've done nothing right
along,
Which is being quite consistent, after all.

While our economy seems geared to "boom or bust",
It cannot fail, though experts say it must,
All we need is perfect faith, just like in the U.S.A.
Where every nickle reads "In God We Trust".

Let's beware of all these socialistic knaves
Who would lengthen life from cradle to the grave,
There's advantage of a sort when we have our lives
cut short,
For look at all the precious time we save.

There needn't be unrest among the masses,
There needn't be such strife between the classes,
The answer's plain, indeed, for all we really need
Is more and more and more rose-coloured glasses.

ROAD TO GRAND'MERE

"I've always thought it too bad that the barrier of language prevents most people from appreciating the tremendous warmth, vitality and humour of French-Canadian folk song. This song is no substitute for that experience, but I've tried to convey a hint of it by interpolating some French phrases and many words which are common to both languages. The town of Grand'mere, Quebec is of no particular significance in the narrative, which is intended as plain fun and nonsense. The reference to the 'cold-bloodedness' of people of Toronto is just good-natured banter traditionally exchanged between residents of the neighbouring provinces of Quebec and Ontario."

Took to the road to old Grand'mère
By way of Visitation,
Borrowed a horse and an old calèche¹
As a means of transportation.

CHORUS:

Un, deux, trois,
'Core un fois,²
You meet the most interesting Quebecois
On the road to old Grand'mère.

I stopped a farmer on the road
To ask him for directions,
He said, "Tends une minute,³ I will ask my horse,"
He knows very well this section.

Met a charming 'demoiselle'⁴
I asked if she'd be willin',
She said, "Va-t'en, mon pauvre fou,"⁵
'I've a husband and fourteen children."

Two brothers I met invited me in
To have a glass of bière,⁶
After I had four-five encore⁷
I couldn't tell Paul from Pierre.

Met a jolly marchande,⁸ as sweet and fresh
As the légumes⁹ she was sellin'
She had two cheeks like ripe tomatoes,
And a figure like watermelon.

Met a vieux bonhomme¹⁰ on a promenade,
He saw I was wearing my manteau,¹¹
He said, "Mon Dieu, you got sang froid, "¹²
"You must come from Toronto!"

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1) Buggy (wagon) | 8) Woman Vendor |
| 2) One, two, three,
Once again. | 9) Vegetables |
| 3) Wait a minute | 10) Old chap |
| 4) Miss | 11) Coat |
| 5) Be off, you poor fool | 12) Cold blood |
| 6) Beer | |
| 7) Again | |

SIR STAGAMORE

"With some notable exceptions, I would say that the classic English medieval ballad is characterized in the main by three things: deadly monotony, dubious veracity and an invariably idiotic refrain. Though I can vouch for the fact that Sir Stagamore is an entirely fictitious character, the exploits I've ascribed to him in this song are possibly no more fictitious than those related in a goodly number of these pompous airs that have twanged their way down the centuries."

In days of yore when England's glory
near and far proclaimed,
There lived a bold and gallant knight,
Sir Stagamore by name,
His dashing deeds and derring-do
they won him high renown-o,
From far Bangkok to Turkistan
and back to London town-o.

CHORUS:

Fee fi fiddle dum
Diddle-dai tiddly-wink,
Fiddle-fi foody-dum
Diddle dai dink.

Sir Stagamore rode a milk-white steed,
full-blooded of the best,
A steed of proud and fiery mien,
as chronoclers attest,
One fine morn, being mounted on,
the saddle rubbed him sore-o,
He forthwith laid Sir Stagamore
in a puddle of noble gore-o.

From this mishap recovered,
Sir Stagamore rode onward,
Though lacking of his four front teeth,
his spirit yet undaunted
Embarked on a lily-white quest,
to the Holy Land did come-o
To slaughter lowly infidels
for King and Christendom-o.

A thousand leagues upon his quest
Sir Stagamore did ride
Until upon the battlefield
he proudly did abide,
Poised for action 'gainst the foe,
of a sudden he did remind him
That by ill chance his trusty sword
he'd somehow left behind him.

Though by this unforeseen event
Sir Stagamore was grieved,
With staunch resolve he did avow
his sword he would retrieve it,

But as he swung his steed about,
by most unhappy chance-o,
A deadly arrow found its mark
in the seat of his noble pants-o.

Though sorely stricken by his wound,
the brave knight slowly mended,
And for his deeds of valor
was most royally commended,
Decreed a duke in fine estate,
his joy was nigh complete-o
Though for many a month he could not sit
upon his country seat-o.

Alas one final episode
I need must now relate
There did befall Sir Stagamore
a grim and tragic fate,
While toasting health to His Majesty,
to make his spirits gladder
He quaffed ten flagons of red wine
and died of a bursted bladder!

OH, DOCTOR!

"No indiscriminate needles intended here," as regards
the medical profession. Let the chips fall where they
belong, and may the next doctor who treats me be
innocent enough of the villainies described to be able
to chuckle over them with clear conscience."

Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor, what shall I do?
My head is all aching, my stomach aches, too,
My vision's all blurry, I can't eat a thing,
My knees are all wobbly, my ears they do ring.

Your case I shall presently diagnose
But, first let's examine the cut of your clothes,
If you're poor, don't you fuss, all you need's a bromide,
If you're rich, you poor man, won't you step right inside?

CHORUS:

Say "Ah"(Ah!)... "Ah"(Ah!)... ahah!

Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor, I fear I'm quite ill,
I've no appetite after eating my fill,
I just know my health is all out of whack,
When I close both my eyes everything just goes black!

Well, you're gravely ill, and that's the plain fact,
I can hardly find one single organ intact,
Your pulse rate is frightful, you may die in a hurry,
But, above all, poor man, you must try not to worry.

Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor, I'm in such dreadful pain,
I do declare it'll drive me insane,

On rising this morning, I stubbed my big toe
It's not just a sprain, it's a fracture, I know.

Your trouble may be your toe, as you said,
But, just to make sure, I'll X-ray your head,
Ah, yes, the toe -- well, it's not on my list,
I'll send you to see a Big Toe specialist.

Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor, with fever I seethe,
My lungs so congested, I scarcely can breathe,
My limbs are so feeble, I fear I can't last
Oh, help me, dear Doctor, for I'm sinking fast!

My dear man, whatever you're complaining about,
You gasp and you wheeze so, I can't make you out,
Go home and lie down -- then, if you pull through,
Come back when you're better, we'll see what's to do.

Oh, Doctor, oh, Doctor, I'm in such distress,
My operation was not a success,
It's terrible tidings I must now confide,
I fear you forgot your scissors inside.

This news is frightful, I'm tempted to weep,
For surgical scissors today don't come cheap,
However, since they weren't overly large,
Let's simply forget it, there'll be no extra charge.

MAN OF THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

"I wrote this one some four years back, but unlike
some of my earlier songs, if you were to ask me to-
day to sit down and write about the things I believe in,
I don't think the words would come out any different.
I've sung it to a lot of people in a lot of places, and
the way they respond seems to me to mean that most
people are agreed on the fundamentals that would go
to make a decent world -- not the least of which is
peace."

Who am I and where do I come from? (2)
I'm a man and I come from every land,
The earth and seven seas I span,
Every language I understand,
I'm a man of the whole wide world.

What is the colour of my skin? (2)
I'm black, I'm white, I'm yellow and I'm brown,
I've got a brother in every town,
I can't be up when my brother is down,
I'm a man of the whole wide world.

It's been a long road that I've travelled (2)
Through darkness, ignorance, pain and fear,
Through times when the end seemed mighty near,
But I know where I'm going and the way is clear
To a man of the whole wide world.

What do I want and what will I fight for? (2)
A world of peace, some earth to till,
A chance for my hands to show their skill,
Of war and waste I've had my fill,
And so has the whole wide world.

IT'S THE SAME ALL OVER

"Here's a song I can honestly say just about wrote
itself. I wanted to say something very specific...
I was thinking about the many common qualities and
ties, the many common feelings that, willy-nilly,
bind all people all over the world. And because the
idea was simple and truthful, the first and final
draft of the song didn't take long to follow."

When a farmer in Maine surveys his grain
With a grim and worried frown,
You can bet he's not alone in hoping
That the rain will soon come down...
For Farmer Ivan in Smolensk
Is an equally worried guy,
'Cause all his grain needs the very same rain
And it comes from the very same sky.

CHORUS:

It's the same all over,
Where the four winds blow,
Though east is east and west is west
What's human is human like all the rest
No matter where you may go.

When a mother in Spain sings a soft refrain
That says, "Sweet baby mine",
It's a thing Mai Lin out in Tientsin
Will understand just fine...
She's got a baby of her own
And she loves it just as dear,
She'd walk a mile for that tiny smile
And she'll kiss away each tear.

When Joe Lacolle in Montreal
Begins to sneeze and squirm,
The thing that's got into his blood
Is a universal germ...
With improvement in communications
There may come a day--
He'll sneeze and hear "Gezhundheit!"
From ten thousand miles away.

When Daisy Brown in London Town
Is frettin' 'cause hubby is late,
Mrs. Svenson in Stockholm is busy
Re-heating her husband's plate,
When a child in Rome says, "Vivere in Pace"
Praying on her knees,
You'll hear the whole world echo "Peace!"
Across the seven seas.

SOLDIER BOY

"The sharply altered mood and the minor key variation I'm sure, won't keep you from detecting the ghost of 'Mademoiselle From Armentieres', the lusty World War One marching song...and I won't pretend that the resemblance is an accident. Perhaps, these songs had their place, once...perhaps they still bring beery-nostalgia to some...but I submit that they, like the wars that spawned them, have had their day, and that anyone who believes otherwise is living in the hopped-up past of the pre-Hiroshima era."

What'll you do when you're unemployed, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when you're unemployed, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when you're unemployed?
You'll have to put away your toys,
Your hinky-dinky wars are through.

Atomic war's a one-way ride, Soldier Boy
Atomic war's a one-way ride, Soldier Boy
Atomic war's a one-way ride,
They're changing its name to "suicide",
Your hinky-dinky wars are through.

What'll you do when the bugles call, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when the bugles call, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when the bugles call?
You'd better be wearing overalls,
Your hinky-dinky wars are through.

What'll you do when you're unemployed, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when you're unemployed, Soldier Boy?
What'll you do when you're unemployed?
You'll have to put away your toys,
Your hinky-dinky wars are through.

THE HERMIT'S SONG

"Some of the few people who heard this song in advance of its release have remarked that its theme is 'unlike me'. Well, good--I would hate to have to think of myself as a so-constant type of character who never takes time out for a plain, uninhibited, unmotivated horselaugh."

I once had a loving Mom and Dad
Who swore that all their luck was bad,
Said I was the worst they'd ever had,
That's why I live alone.

CHORUS:
Live alone, live alone,
That's why I live alone.
Live alone, all alone,
That's why I live alone.

I once had a dog to chase my sticks,
He learned the most amazing tricks,
Decided to run for politics,
That's why I live alone.

I once had a wife to darn my socks,
Lordy, how that dame could talk!
When I talked back, she died of shock,
That's why I live alone.

I once had a neighbour near my patch
Until his house with fire did catch,
I ought to know, for I held the match,
That's why I live alone.

ONE WORLD

"An ideal is something to dream about, until it becomes a practical necessity for survival. Then it calls, not for dreamers, but for planners. In this age of shrinking distances and long-range missiles, even hard-headed ultra-nationalists must be beginning to realize that the choice is boiling down to co-existence or no-existence. Projected logically, then, it would seem that this could lead to a world federation of states-- or, in the simpler term, one world."

You may talk of a world that's divided,
You may say that it always must be,
But in millions of hearts there's a yearning,
For a world we may yet live to see...

CHORUS:

One world, born of all nations,
One world someday there'll be,
One world, free of oppression,
Waiting for you and for me.

Though I cannot cross all the oceans,
Some lands seem remote as the stars,
There's pleasure enough in just knowing
The hands of friendship reach far.

I dreamed of a great golden river
That flowed into far distant shores,
It melted the boundaries of nations
And made them one evermore.

The shackles of slavery are bursting,
The yoke of oppression must cease,
The birth of a new age is dawning,
Bright with the promise of peace.

Don't ask for a world that is perfect,
For such fervent dreams may not be,
Just help build a world that is better,
Where people can live and be free.