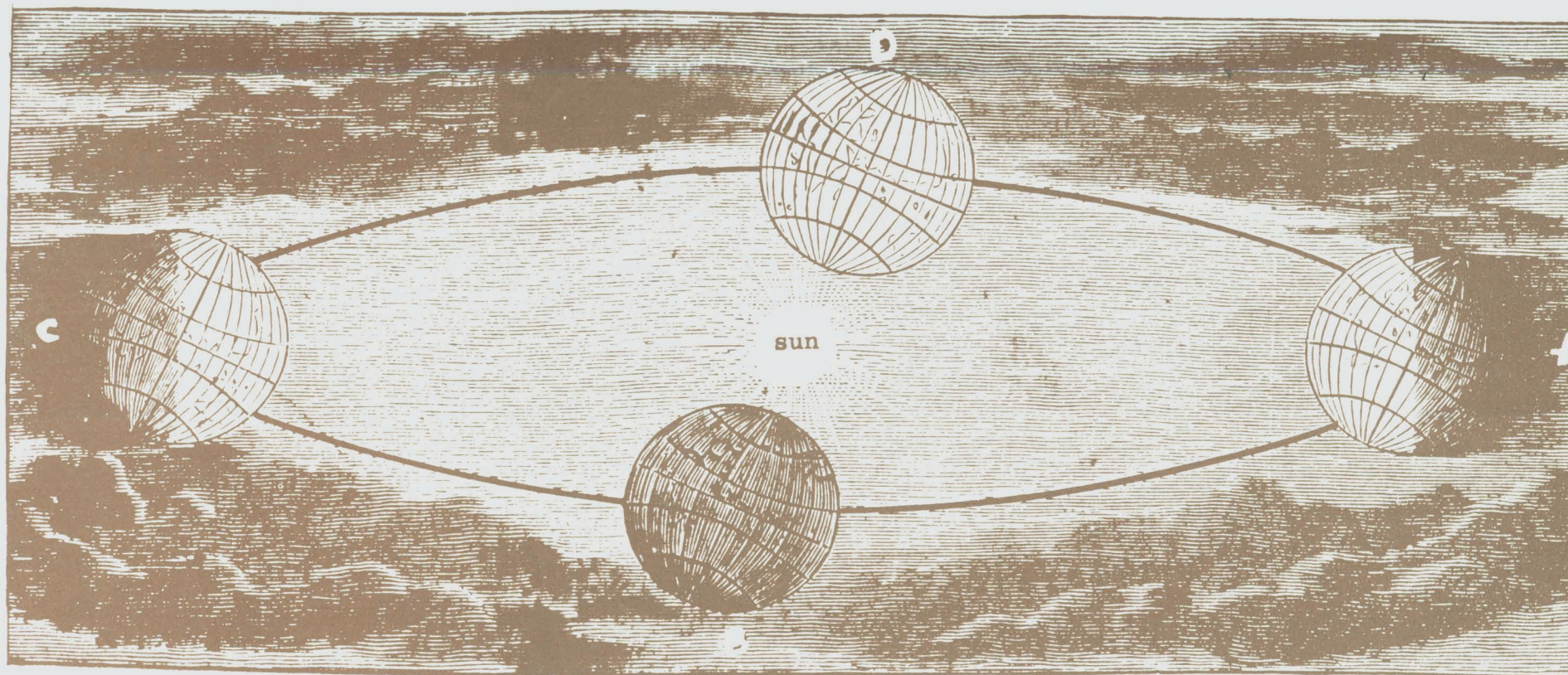


FOLLOW the SUNSET



A BEGINNING GEOGRAPHY RECORD WITH NINE SONGS FROM AROUND THE WORLD. ADAPTED FOR RECORDING BY EUNICE HOLSAERT AND CHARITY BAILEY. FROM THE BOOK BY HERMAN AND NINA SCHNEIDER.

with CHARITY BAILEY and narrated by ROBERT EMMETT

SLEEP BABY SLEEP • MEXICAN LULLABY • GO LONG LIL DOGGIES • HAWAIIAN LULLABY
CHINESE LULLABY • KUMA ECHA • NIGERIAN LULLABY • ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
SHENANDOAH

FC 7406 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP., N. Y.

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1953

Follow the Sunset

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC7406

Illustrated Notes are Inside Pocket

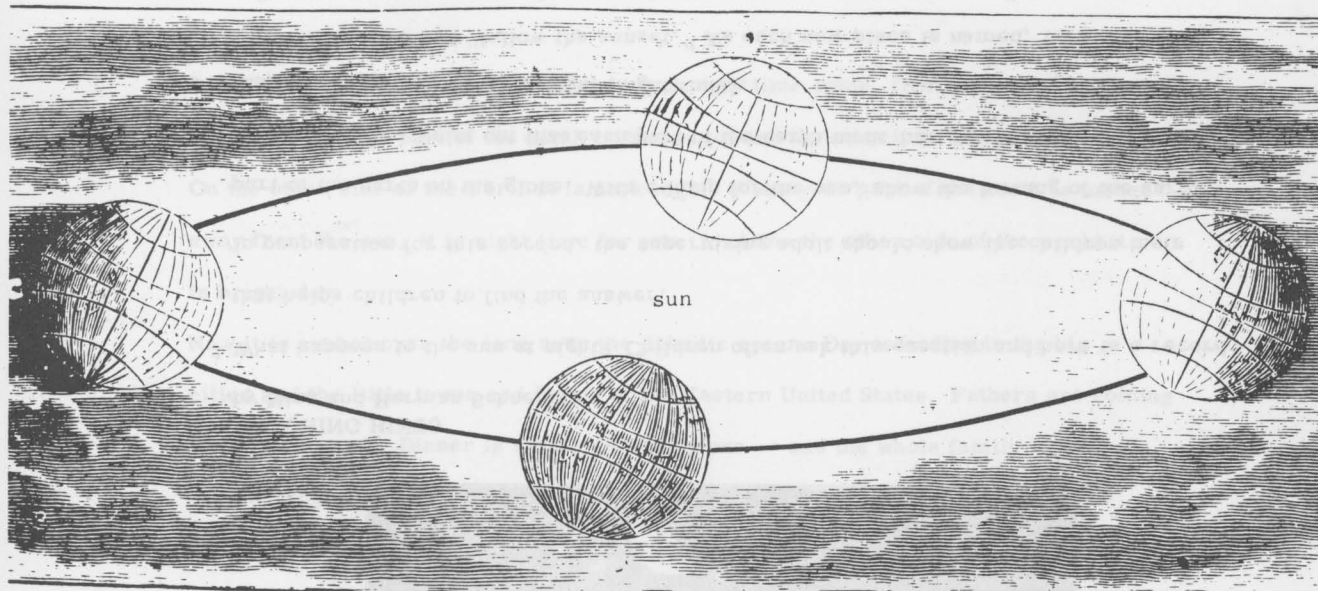
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FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7646

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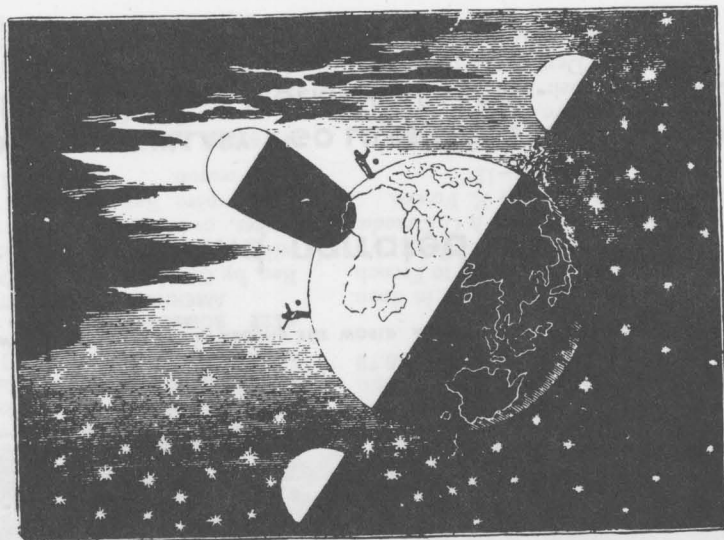


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TEACHING HINTS

by Nina and Herman Schneider

What happens to the sun at night? Children often ask this question and here is a record that helps children to find the answer.

In preparation for this record, the supervising adult should show the children their part of the earth on the globe. With a lamp for the sun, show the turning of the earth in the sunlight. Point out that each part of the earth turns into the sunlight (daytime) and out of the sunlight (night time).

Play the record and "follow the sunset." As each new place is named, turn that part of the globe into the sunset zone.

Further enriching experiences like studying pictures of the countries mentioned in the record, with a trip to the museum to see costumes, etc. will suggest themselves to the adult. Dramatic play that parallels the situation of the earth turning can be evolved in ways the children themselves will suggest if they are encouraged to think in these terms.

SIDE I

Tonight when you go to bed, the sun will have set, and darkness will cover your house, and all the houses in your town. But, when you wake up, the bright sun will be shining into your room. Did you ever think of that? I mean, what makes that happen? Well, the sun rises and day comes, the sun sets and night falls because the earth keeps turning. It turns into the sunlight and daytime, into the darkness and night time.

All around the world, too, the daytime and night time come, first one and then the other. When your part of the earth is turned toward the sun, it is daytime for you.

On the other side of the world it is dark night. When your part of the earth is turned away from the sun, it is night time for you, while on the other side of the world it is bright day.

Now it is sunset over the land near the Atlantic ocean. Day is ending in the big cities and the little towns and farms of the Eastern United States. Fathers are coming home from work. Dinner is sizzling on the stove -- and the whole family is very hungry. Soon the mothers will be singing their drowsy babies a soft lullaby.

SLEEP BABY SLEEP

Sleep, baby sleep,
Thy father watches the sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down falls a little dream on thee,
Sleep, baby sleep.

Now it is dark night over the big cities and little towns, over the farms and beaches all along this part of the earth. But westward, beyond the mountains, the sunset is just beginning.

Twilight is settling over the central plains of our land, over dark northern forests,
over great fields of wheat and corn. In Mexico too, the night is coming on. A family
is riding home from a fiesta. The oxen who draws their wagon is lazy and slow. The
air smells of lime trees. An Indian woman walks by, carrying a basket of beans on
her head. A burro calls to another burro in the field. "Goodnight" he says. The
Children are tired. Their mother sings them a song.

MEXICAN LULLABY

Hush, oh, hush my baby, go to sleep,
We have come a long way, far from home.
We've been to see our Lady, golden crowned,
She was there with angels all around.

Now it is dark night in Mexico and in all the part of the earth that has turned away
from the sunlight. The little Mexican children are asleep in the starry dark. But
farther westward, sunset is just beginning.

In the land of the cowboy and his cattle, it is twilight. The bright, paintbox colors
fade out of the sky. Over the Rocky Mountains, the sun sinks out of sight. Darkness,
like a velvet ribbon, rolls over the prairies and over the cowboys who are singing
a lullaby to their "doggies" -- that's cowboy for calf!

GO LONG LIL DOGGIES

Go slow little doggies, stop milling around,
For I'm tired of your roving all over the ground.
There's grass where you're standing, so feed kind of slow,
And you don't have forever to be on the go.
Move slow little doggies, move slow.
Hi-yoo, hi-yoo, hi-yoo.

Lay down little doggies, and when you've laid down,
You can stretch yourselves out for there's plenty of ground.
Stay put little doggies for I'm awful tired,
And if you get away I am sure to get fired.
Lay down little doggies, lay down.
Hi-yoo, hi-yoo, hi-yoo.

Now the doggies are quiet -- even the children are quiet! Ridin' the range all day
sure tuckers you out! It is night over the prairies, and over the ranch houses where
the children are -- fast asleep. But, farther westward, over the Pacific Ocean, the
sunset is just beginning.

Over Hawaii, and the many little islands, the clouds are colored with the last rays
of the setting sun. The fluttering fishnets are still, and the pink sails are folded away
from the wind.

The boys are digging a fire-pit for a picnic supper. All along the darkening beach the
fisher fathers can hear the mothers singing the children to sleep.

HAWAIIAN LULLABY

Above is the sky, below is the sea,
And here is my dream-boat waiting for me.
We follow the moon, we glide through the clouds,
For we are as one, my dream-boat and I.

Now it is night time for the fishes in the sea, and for the island fishermen and their
families. Starlight and firelight shine upon them. But, far away on the other shore
of the Pacific Ocean, sunset is just beginning.

SIDE II

Turning, turning the earth keeps turning away from the west and the sunlight.

And now evening is coming to Asia, to the Indian Ocean and the China Sea. The

fathers are coming home from the rice fields, and the teak forests, from the

sampans -- those are boats -- and the silk shops. The children are catching fire-

flies to put into lanterns. The firefly lanterns will give light in the dark night.

The sleepy small children try to watch the flickering fireflies, but their eyes close

while mother sings a song and brother plays the flute.

CHINESE LULLABY

From the bamboo mother makes a flute,
Bamboo flute for baby small,
Held in little hands, pressed to rosy lips.
Lilting melodies rise and fall; lu, lu, lu, lu.
Melodies rise and fall; lu, lu, lu, lu.
Sleepy heads nod and fall; nod and fall.

Now everything is quiet along the Yangtze River in China, and dark night has come
to this part of the earth. But westward, in many other lands, sunset is just beginning,
and the smaller children are just getting sleepy.

The sunset and the dark come steadily across the earth, bringing night to each place
in turn. It is getting too dark to work any longer in the orange groves of Israel. The
pickers return to the buildings where many families live.

The children are carrying out blankets to the big outdoor fireplace. Tonight there
will be a party outdoors, and they will fall asleep to the sound of gay dance music.

KUMA ECHA THE NIGHT

Kuma echa sov a sov,
Al ta nu cha, shov a shov.
Eyn kan rosh eyn kan sof.
Yad el yad, al ta a zov.
Yom sha ka v' yom yiz rach,
A nu ne fen ach el ach.
Min ha k'far u min ha k'rach,
B'cher mesh u va a nach.

Come, O, brothers round and round,
Rest tomorrow, in song now resound.
None here is first and none here is last,
Hands on shoulders hold firm and fast.
This day will set, a new day will dawn,
Brother to brother in love will be drawn.
Men of the pen and men of the plow
All in accord to one God will bow.

It is bright starry night in Israel. But farther west, where the earth is turning away
from the sunlight, sunset is just beginning, again.

In the hill country of Africa, a drowsy baby listens to her sister singing. In the
field far below, their mother and father are still at work in the deepening twilight.

When it is too dark to work any longer, they will come home with a jug of water
from the river and a basket of yams from the garden. Sh! Don't wake that baby!

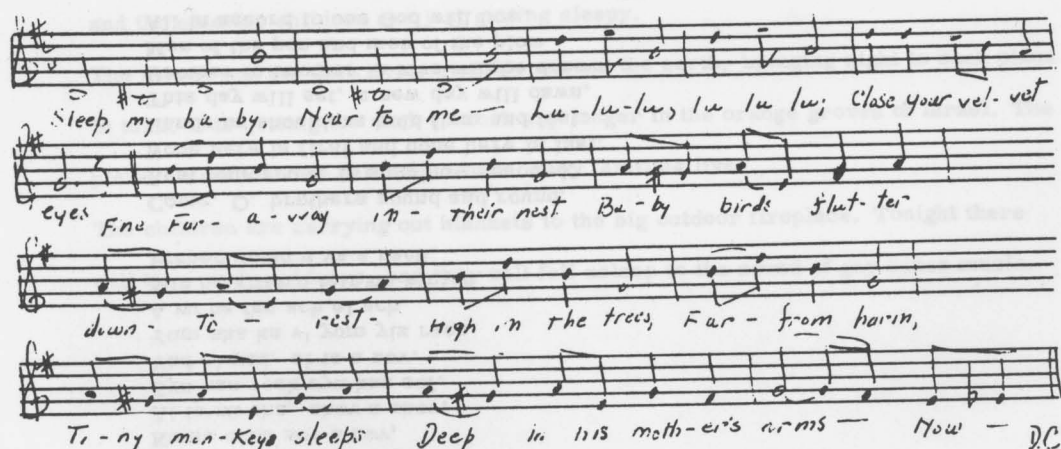
Like a mother's voice
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's
Hush to the child's

INCEPITUM GALTIVA

NIGERIAN LULLABY

Sleep, my baby, near to me,
 Lu, lu, lu, lu, lu, lu; close your velvet eyes.
 Far away in their nest,
 Baby birds flutter down to rest.
 High in the trees, far from harm,
 Tiny monkey sleeps deep in his mother's arms.

Sleep tight, little one. And, now let us leave the dark green hills of Africa and
 this vast part of the earth, where the sun has set. If we go westward again we'll
 find -- that's right -- sunset is just beginning.
 Fathers and brothers are bringing the grapes in from the vineyards, and dogs are
 bringing the sheep in from the mountain pastures and the valley fields.
 In old towns and countless little farms, people will see the sun setting as they re-
 turn to their homes. In a house near the shore of England a mother sings an old
 Welsh lullaby to her baby.



ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Sleep my child and peace attend thee
All through the night.
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through the night.
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber steeping,
I, my loving vigil keeping,
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night.
While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night.
O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.

All this part of the world spins smoothly from daylight into dark. The quiet night
will cover the British Isles, and stars will shine over flowering fields and shining
beaches.

On the great ocean liners, the sailors and passengers on the decks are watching
the very first pale stars appear in the sky.

A lonely sailor thinks of his wife and children at home far from the sea. He is
whistling an old sea shanty. Soon another sailor joins him.

Nowell's Tallyho, folk melody.
Adapted by Holzer-Holzer.

Recorded by Peter Bartok
Production Director: Moses Asch.

SHENANDOAH

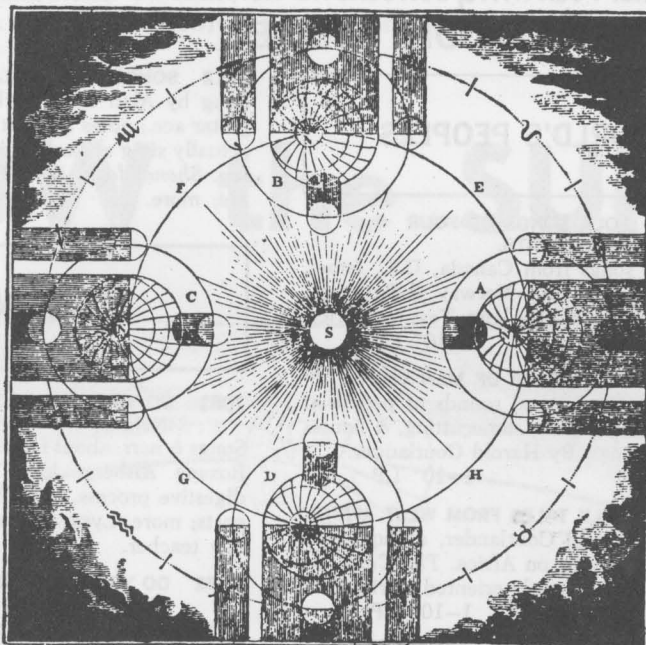
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you,
Way-hey, you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I can't get near you,
Way-hey I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,
Way-hey, you rolling river,
Oh, Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you,
Way-hey I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,
Way-hey, you rolling river,
For her I'll cross the deepest water,
Way-hey I'm bound away,
'Cross the wide Missouri.

As this part of the earth turns away from the sun, night is spreading over the wide Atlantic Ocean. The turning earth has brought dark, starry night, and pink dawn, and bright day. Soon, the earth will have turned all the way around and evening will come back to the cities, and the towns, and the farms of the Eastern part of the United States.

From sunset to sunset -- one day has passed.



VIEW OF THE EARTH IN HER ORBIT ROUND THE SUN, SHOWING THE SEVERAL RELATIVE POSITIONS BY WHICH THE SEASONS ARE PRODUCED.—THE MOON IS ALSO REPRESENTED IN HER ORBIT ROUND THE EARTH.

Credits:

Kuma Echa, from Songs of Zion
by H. Coopersmith, publ. by Behrman
Trans. by S.R. Greenberg

African Lullaby; folk melody from
Nigeria. Words by Holsaert-Bailey.

All Through the Night; Welsh Air,
words by H. Boulton.

Chinese Lullaby; folk melody,
Lyrics by Evelyn Modoi.

Mexican Lullaby; folk melody,
Lyrics by Holsaert-Bailey.

Hawaiian Lullaby; folk melody,
Adapted by Holsaert-Bailey.

Recorded by Peter Bartok
Production Director, Moses Asch.