

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7503

Woody Guthrie's Children's Songs

sung by Logan English



Build A House

Woody Guthrie

M
1997
G984
W912
1974

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7503

SIDE 1

1. Make a Blobble (1:41)
2. I Want It Now (2:26)
3. Bling Blang (1:39)
4. Needle Sing (3:16)
5. Ocean Go (2:48)
6. Merry-Go-Round (1:43)
7. I'll Write 'N Draw (2:20)

SIDE 2

1. Pick It Up (3:28)
2. The Mailman (1:37)
3. The Little Seed (1:45)
4. My Dolly (4:12)
5. Wild Aminul (2:08)
6. Sleep Eye (2:35)

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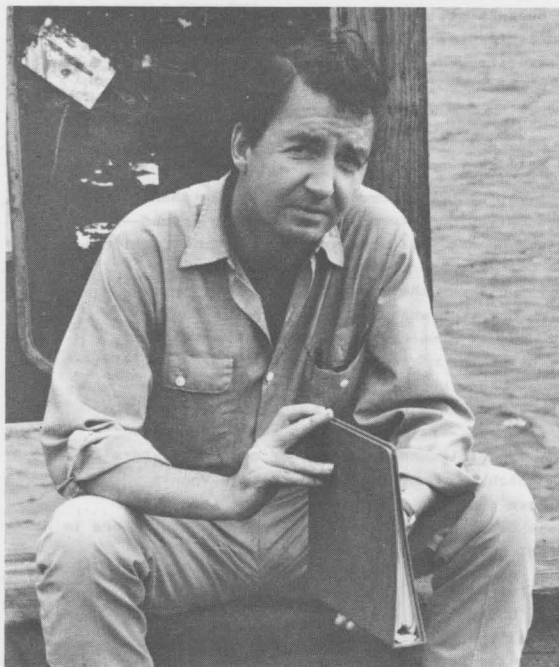
**Woody Guthrie's
Children's Songs
sung by
Logan English**

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7503

Woody Guthrie's Children's Songs sung by Logan English



This is an album of songs
for
children.

It is not an album of songs
about children;
to children;
or
at children--

it is a fun-singing record
of needle sewing, seed sowing,
bling-blang hammering, sawing
and pickin' 'em up and settin' 'em down
dolly dressing, merry-go-round riding,
blobble making,
ocean going, mailman and vitamin drop--
sleepy eyed, writing and drawing,
wild aminul, jingaling, singing, ice-cream songs

for
children!

Bedabs! As Uncle J.J. would say.

Well, that's no great matter,
you say--
but it is.

It matters because Woody Guthrie
didn't write cute songs about children
for grown-ups.

Woody was a great, rambling, jalopy driving,
hitch-hiking hobo of a man
who never let the best part of himself
grow up,

but, rather --out. And for that and other reasons
became, or was, a genius.

Genius!?

Yes, bedabs, a genius!
And let me tell you --in spite of
what the newspapers, magazines, the tee-view
and the radio say about
rocky rollers and folky rockers, paint brushers
and splashers, book writers and football coaches,

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stock market wheelers and dealers,
bridge builders and song builders--
geniuses don't grow like grapes --in bunches.

I've known, maybe, three
in my whole life
and Woody Guthrie was one of them.

Well, you, say,
that's pretty much putting your head
on the block:
and you're right. And I certainly hope
it doesn't take one to know one
because, if it does,
you can go and get the basket right now.

Head on the block! Yessir! It certainly is,
so I might as well cut the rope or,
at the very least, fish or cut bait
and begin by saying: that men and women and
boys and girls who make things--
make pictures with paints and ink and pencils
and cameras,
make jars and bowls and pots with clay and metal
and stone,
make songs and stories out of words and music--
people who make things to look at, to listen to,
to think about, to live in, to play with and
to work with --people who make things to sing
about

are called (when they are good at it)
craftsmen; or artists; or, in a few cases,
geniuses.

They're all important people; and, mostly,
good people --but different in some ways.

How? How, indeed! It isn't easy;
but let's try and begin by making an animal
--not a real one --but a picture of one;
or, maybe, whittle one; or make one with
your hands out of mud; or, best of all--
make up a song about one.

Now, I look at it this way:
if you are a craftsman you can,
with your tools, show us six sides
of a pig. And we would see those six sides
of that very definite pig and say: Yessir!
That's a pig alright. A porker as
sure as you're born. No doubt about it!

Then, if you, as a craftsman, can go a few steps
further --you become an artist:
if you are an artist you can,
with your tools, show us six sides
of a pig --and fifteen or twenty
other sides, of that very definite pig,
that most folks don't take the trouble
to see.
And then --if you're really good,
you can show us a dozen or so things that
the pig could be.

'I caught me a wild aminul:
jing, jinn, jing-aling.
I caught me a whingdoodler,
I caught me a geckwhiziker,
I caught me a hooney looper,
I caught me a nigh rider,
A lizard and a rizzard,
And a big legged spider:'

But, then, if you're a genius --then you are something
super special because:
as a genius you can,
with your tools, show us six sides
of a pig; and fifteen or twenty other sides
we didn't take the trouble to see;
and show us as well,
a dozen or so things the pig could be
--and then, show us why it all is in such a way
that makes it as clear and as simple as:
' sleep with them all together.'

But that's just part of it. A lot of artists
can go that far.

Your real test, as a genius, is whether
you can, with your tools, make something
as it is --rather than how you want it to be.

When a person sees something as it is or could be,
we call that a kind of dream or vision;
but when someone wishes and wishes and wishes
for something so bad that he or she can't

think straight--
we call that an obsession.

Now, as a genius, you can, at times, have either
or both: but you have to know which is which
and you have to keep them separate.
Geniuses are simply not allowed
to go around mucking up their visions
with their obsessions. Their could-be's
with their wishful thoughts.

Truth is, that most children don't get the two
confused. One thing at a time.

But grown-ups, for some reason, do it all the time
--except, of course, geniuses.

Suppose you want a banana --are really hungry
for a banana:

'I want my banana and I want it now,
Want my banana and I want it now;
Long and yellow, a great big green banana;
I want my banana and I want it now.'

Now suppose you are making your animal --but,
at the same time, can't get your mind off a banana . . .

'I caught me a wild animal:
jing, jing, jing-a-banana,
I want my jing, jing a-banana and I
want it now;
I caught me a whingdoodler and I
want it now;
I caught me a wild banana and
I'll yell and I'll squall 'til you
Bring me my reewhiziker. I want my
Hoopey banana, a green and a yellow
Big legged spider, a long legged banana
I want my banana, my banana, my banana,
banana
And I sleep with it all together.'

Well, that might be funny --and it's kind of
silly, too.

But, as I said,
there's truckloads and boxcars and oceans full
of grown-ups who do it all the time --some of
them even call it art: when, in fact,
it's just plain dumb. And it's just this same
kind of mixing things up that keeps a lot of
artists out of the genius class.
In other words: you've got to have a pretty
tough head to be a genius.

I have an old friend whose name is
Ed McCurdy. And Ed is fond of saying that
'It is perfectly possible to be child-like
without being childish.'

I believe he's right. The best part of a genius,
or any one else, grows out --not up.
But still and all,
there's a piece of all of us that needs to grow

up:

that part that teases cats
and pulls the wings off flies, pulls
little girls hairbraids and snitches on
little brother and cries when it doesn't hurt
or doesn't get its way; plays hookey,
starts fights, acts the bully and pokes fun
of everybody he can whip --that piece that
eats green apples and mud pies, gets sick on
ice-cream and won't eat vegetables.

If that part doesn't grow up
we call that person childish.

Fact is, though, there are more people than
need be who just turn the whole thing around--
folks who are still pushing and shoving, fighting
and bullying and crying and moaning when
they don't get their every wish --and, yet,
have forgotten what a wonder there is in
the sing of a needle stitching through clothes,
forgotten the magic of a sprouting seed, can't
remember how good it feels to make something
with their hands or build something with
their tools --folks who won't go down strange
and wonderful, unknown roads, or count the stars
and watch the sun rise on the water --can't
believe that it is good to cry when it really
hurts or when something is so beautiful that there is
no other way.

All I'm trying to say, really, is:

Woody Guthrie was a genius
for all the reasons of being a genius--
but mostly he was a genius because he
remained child-like and forgot about
being childish.

Woody could still hear the music of the stars
in the stitch of a needle;
could feel the oceans move on the ripples in
a bath tub;
he could see houses and cities and factories
built with the bling blang of a hammer;
saw diamonds in the sand and the world in a
rain drop;
and he could fly away up to the moon
and down again to sun --fly like a whirly-wind
on a prancing, dancing stallion to the music
and drums of a merry-go-round.

And because of this quality,
more than any other, Woody Guthrie
could write:

'When the sun come shining and I was strolling
Through the wheat-fields waving and the dust
clouds rolling;

As the fog was lifting, a voice was singing:
This land was made for you and me.'

'This Land Is Your Land'
It's not very far from being a
children's song itself--
is it?

Logan English

27/ 2/ 74

Make A Blobble

1. Oh my little baby, if you don't make a blobble,
You'll swell up your tummy like a big balloon;
You'll fly so high in the clouds and sky,
If you don't make a blobble,
Make a blobble pretty soon.
Pat-a-pat-a-pat, pat, pat-a-pat-a-pat, pat,
Peter pat a snake, snack, blow a blobble soon.
Pat-a-pat-a-pat, pat, pat-a-pat-a-pat, pat,
Peter pat a snake, snack, Blow a blobble soon.
2. You'll fly across the ocean,
You'll fly across the sea,
If you don't make a blobble, just wait you'll see;
All the people'll see you
Fly up to the moon,
Like a big balloon, like a big balloon pretty soon
(chorus)

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I Want It Now

1. I want my bottle, and I want it now,
Want my bottle, and I want it now,
Want my bottle, and I want my bottle now,
I want my bottle, and I want it now.
2. I want my bath and I want it now.
Want my bath and I want it now;
Let it rain, let it pour, let me swim, let me float;
I want by bath and I want it now.
3. I want my cod-liver oil and I want it now,
Want my cod-liver oil and I want it now;
I'll kick and I'll squall till you bring me my oil;
I want my cod-liver oil and I want it now.
4. I want my vitamin drop and I want it now,
Want my vitamin drop and I want it now;
Skinny man, funny man and a big bubble man;
I want my vitamin drop and I want it now.
5. I want my banana and I want it now,
Want my banana and I want it now;
Long and a yellow, a great big green banana;
I want my banana and I want it now.
6. I want my nipple and I want it now,
Want my nipple and I want it now;
Big nipple, little nipple, and I want to go to bed;
I want my nipple and I want it now.
7. I want my head in my bed and I want it now,
I want my head in my bed and I want it now;
Somebody make my bed, blue, green, yellow and red;
I want my head in my bed and I want it now.

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Bling-Blang

1. You get a hammer and I'll get a nail,
And you catch a bird and I'll catch a snail.
You bring a board and I'll bring a saw
And we'll build a house for the baby-o.
Bling blang hammer with my hammer
Zingo zango cutting with my saw.
2. I'll grab some mud and you grab some clay
So when it rains it won't wash away.
We'll build a house that'll be so strong
The winds will sing my baby a song.
3. Run bring rocks and I'll bring bricks.
A nice pretty house we'll build and fix.
We'll jump inside when the cold wind blows,
And kiss our pretty little baby-o.
4. You bring a ladder and I'll get a box,
Build our house of bricks and blocks.
When the snowbird flies and the honeybee comes,
We'll feed our baby on honey in the comb.

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Needle Sing

I guess a needle could sing,
If you stitched it fast enough.
And knitted as fast as lightning,
And darned socks as fast as whirlwind,
And sewed as fast as a racehorse.

1. Don't you hear my needle sing? Zing!
Don't you hear my needle sing? Zing!
Don't you hear my needle sing? Zing!
Mama don't you hear my needle sing?
2. Stitchin' for my Brother. Needle sing.
Stitchin' for my Brother. Needle sing.
Stitchin' for my Brother. Needle sing.
Brother, don't you hear my needle sing?
3. Knittin' for my Daddy. Needle sing.
Knittin' for my Daddy. Needle sing.
Knittin' for my Daddy. Needle sing.
Mama, don't you hear my needle sing?

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Ocean Go

(Chorus)

Ocean go, ocean go!
My boat makes the ocean go!
Good winds blow and good winds blow:
My boat makes the ocean go!

1. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat makes the wind go blow!
My boat makes the clouds dance low:
My boat makes the ocean go!
2. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat makes the water flow
My boat makes the water flow,
My boat makes the ocean go. (Chorus)
3. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat makes the hot breeze blow,
My boat makes the hot breeze blow,
My boat makes the ocean go. (Chorus)
4. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat pulls the big boat home,
My boat pulls the big boat home,
My boat makes the ocean go. (Chorus)
5. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat makes the sky turn blue,
My boat makes the sky turn blue,
My boat makes the ocean go. (Chorus)
6. My boat makes the ocean go,
My boat makes the big waves roll,
My boat makes the big waves roll,
My boat makes the ocean go. (Chorus)

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Merry-Go-Round

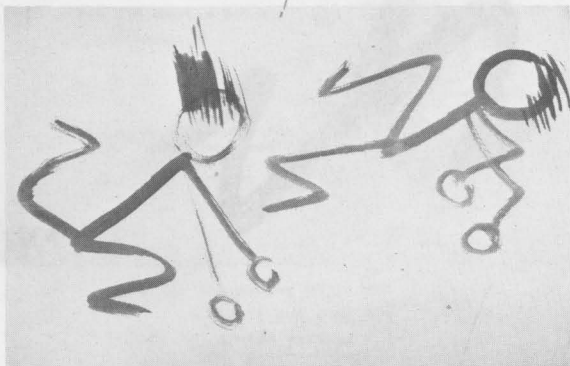
1. Oh, come and see the merry-go-round,
The merry go round, the merry-go-round!
Come and see the merry-go-round
Go round and round and round!
2. Come let's rub the pony's hair,
Come let's rub the pony's hair,
Lots of ponies that we can ride
Round and round and round.
3. Now let's climb on the pony's back,
Now let's climb on the pony's back,
Pick up my reins and buckle my straps,
And round and round and round.
4. It's faster now my pony runs
Up to the moon and down to the sun:
My pony runs to the music and drums
Round and round and round.
5. Now he runs as fast as the winds
And gallops and trots and dances a jig:
Pony's tired and he wants to slow down
Round and round and round.
6. The pony stops and off I climb,
Off I climb, off I climb;
I'll come back and ride some other time
Round and round and round.

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I'll Write and I'll Draw

1. I'll write and I'll draw and I'll spell you a word,
A big "A" and a little "A" and a middle size "A"
I'll write you a number, a two, six and a one:
Scramble around and see them run!
2. Take my pencil, crayon and brush,
Big "B" and a little "B" and a new kind of "B";
I'll spell ten Kitty-cats up in a tree,
Squish 'em around so you can see.
3. Write, write, write, write scribble scrap,
Big "C" and a little "C" and a middle size "C":
Write my mommy and write my daddy
Prettiest letter I ever did read.
4. Splish, splash, slip slop, clickin' my chalk,
Mama "D", papa "D" and little baby "D"
Double one, double two, double "X", "Y", "Z",
Red, blue, yellow, and a brown-eyed green.
5. I dabble, I dabble, I doodle, I write,
Grandma "E" and Grandpa "E" and a freckle-faced "E":
Everybody climbin' my green-leafed tree,
Funniest bunch of people I ever did see.
6. Sister "F", brother "G" and "H", uncle "I"
Little "J", big "K" and a middle size "L",
"M", "N", "O", "P", "Q" and a little "R",
And I know just what my letter is for.
7. I'll write and I'll draw and I'll spell you a word,
A big "A" and a little "A" and a middle size "A":
I'll make you a number, a two, six and a one,
Swish 'em around and see them run.

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Pick It Up

1. I drop my thumb,
Pick it up, pick it up;
I drop my thumb,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my thumb,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And put it back with my fingers.
2. I drop my toys,
Pick 'em up, pick 'em up;
I drop my toys,
Pick 'em up, pick 'em up.
I drop my toys,
Pick 'em up, pick 'em up,
And put 'em back in their places.
3. I drop my candy,
Pick it up, pick it up;
I drop my candy,
Pick it up, pick it up,
I drop my candy,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And throw it away in the garbage.
4. I drop my apple,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my apple,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my apple,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And wash it clean in the water.
5. I drop my dolly,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my dolly,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my dolly,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And lay her back in the cradle.
6. I drop my shoe,
Pick it up, pick it up,
I drop my shoe,
Pick it up, pick it up,
I drop my shoe,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And put it with my other shoes.



7. I drop my head,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my head,
Pick it up, pick it up.
I drop my head,
Pick it up, pick it up,
And put it back on my shoulders.
8. Pick pick pick it
Pick it up, pick it up.
Pick pick pick it,
Pick it up, pick it up.
Picka picka picky
Pick it up, pick it up.
Picka picka picka
Pick it up, pick it up.

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Mailman

1. I see the mailman
Maily man maily man
I see Mister mailman
Walking down my street
2. Run, run, runny run:
Runny runny run, run:
Run, run, run, and run, run, run,
I runny down the street.
3. Howdy, Mister mailman
Howdy, Mister maily man
Howdy, Mister mialer man:
Have you a letter for me?
4. I will look and see, see;
I will look and see, see:
I will looky look, see:
If I've a letter for you.
5. Flippity, flippity, flip flap;
Flip flip, flipperty, flip flap;
Zipperty, zippy zip, zoop zoop;
I'm looking in to see.
6. No, no, nozie, no, no;
No, no, nozzeldy, no, no;
Bifferty, bofferty, boe, boe;
I have no letter for you
7. Look, look, look again, please;
Look, look, look again, please.
Pleazeldy, weazeldy, cheezeldy, squeeze;
Look once more and see.
8. No, no, nisir, no, no;
Nope sir, nope sir, dear sir;
Snippers and snappers and rainbow clappers;
I see no letter for you.
9. Aww, gosh, aww golly whillikinz;
Heck fire, gee, mister maily man;
Aww, shuckers, jeeperz, creeplerz;
Sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff, sniff.
10. Goodbye, Mister maily man;
I guess I'll walk back home again;
I'll meet you here tomorrow;
And ask you once again.

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Little Seed

1. Take my little hoe dig a hole in the ground.
Take my little seed and I plant it down
Tooky tooky tooky tooky tidal
Oh we'll all dance a round and see my little seed grow.

(Chorus)
Tooky tooky tooky tooky toodal oh,
Tooky tooky tooky tooky tidal oh,
Let's all dance around and see my little seed grow
2. The rain it come and it washed my ground
I thought my little seed was going to drown.
I waded and I splashed and I carried my seed;
I planted it again on some higher ground (Chorus)
3. The sun got hot and my ground got dry.
I thought my little seed would burn and die.
I carried some water from a watering mill,
I said, "Little seed, you can drink your fill."
(Chorus)

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My Dolly

1. I put my dolly's dress on I put my dolly's pants on
I put my dolly's hat on and she looks like this.
I put my dolly's stockings on I pull my dolly's shoes on
She acts just like a clown and she looks like this

(Chorus)

Oh well she looks like this, oh, oh well, she looks
like this,
Oh Tra-la-la-la-la la-lo and she looks like this.

2. My dolly walks for me, me,
My dolly talks for me, me,
My dolly walks and talks, and ohh, she looks like this.
My dolly sings a song, song,
My dolly she can dance, dance,
When my dolly sings and dances, ohh, she looks like this.

(Chorus)

3. Dolly says, I want to eat, eat,
Dolly says, I want to drink, drink,
When dolly eats and drinks, ohh well, she looks like this.
Dolly plays with all the toys, toys,
She plays with girls and boys, boys,
When dolly runs and skips, ohh well, she looks like this.

(Chorus)

4. I know my dolly likes me,
And, I know my dolly loves me,
When dolly hugs and kisses me, ohh, we look like this.
My dolly's getting tired now,
My dolly wants to lay down,
When dolly goes to sleep, ohh well, she looks like this.

(Chorus)

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Wild Aminul

1. I caught me a wild aminul, jing jing jing a ling;
Caught me a wild aminul, yow yow, yow yow!
I caught me a wild aminul, bear and a monkey,
a woof and a camel:
I caught me a wild aminul, jing jing jing a ling.

(Chorus)

Jing jing jing-a-ling, jing-a-ling.
Ding ding ding-a-ling,
Jing jing-a-ling a ling-a ding ding-a-ling,
Jing jing jing-a-ling; jing jing-a-ling
Jing jing-a-ling-a-ling-a-jing jing-a-ling.
Jing jing-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding jing-a-ling,
I caught me a wild aminul, jing jing jing-a-ling.

2. I caught me a whingdoodler,
Jing jing jingaling;
I caught me a geewhiziker,
Jing jing jingaling;
I caught me a whizbangaler
A bug and a snake
And a fly and a spider;
I caught me a hooeyelooper
Jing jing jingaling. (Chorus)

3. I caught me a juicy gooser,
Jing jing jingaling;
I caught a hen and a chickyfoorcooster,
Jing jing jingaling;
I caught me a high rider
A lizard and a gizzard
And a big-legged spider;
I sleep with all of them together;
Jing jing jingaling. (Chorus)

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Sleep Eye

1. Go to sleep, go to sleep
Go to sleepy little sleep eye,
Closey eye, closey eye,
Closey eye my little sugar,
One eye closed and two eyes closed,
Go to sleepy little sleep eye.
2. Eyesie close, eyesie close,
Eyesie closed my little sugar,
One hand asleep and two hands asleep,
Go to sleepy little sleep eye.
3. Dream a dream, dream a dream,
Dream a dream my little sweeter,
Big dream, little dream, gotta go dream,
Go to sleepy little sleep eye.
4. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Sleepy, sleepy, little sleep eye,
Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep,
Sleepy, sleepy, little sleep eye.

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Resume: Logan English

Education: BA Georgetown College (Speech)
MFA Yale University (Theater --acting)

Professions: Theater, Singing, Writing.

Theater (acting):

Broadway--

"Affair Of Honor"
"Saint Joan"
"Howie"

Off-Broadway

"Girl Of The Golden West"
"In White America"

Singing:

Recordings--

"Logan English Sings Kentucky Folk Songs
& Ballads" Folkways Records

"The Days Of '49" (Songs Of The Gold Rush)
Folkways Records

"Gambling Songs" Riverside Records

"Logan English Sings American Folk Ballads"
Monitor Records

"Logan English Sings The Woody Guthrie Songbag"
20th Century Fox Records

Anthologies include performances on Columbia Records,
Continental Records and special series produced by
Life Magazine and The Whitney Museum Of Art.

Record reviews --excerpts:

"Logan English Sings American Folk Ballads" Monitor

"English sings in traditional style; his performance, therefore
is simple, sincere and moving, and his selection a good
sampling of Americana." American Record Guide

"Logan English brings back folk music to where it belongs, the
realm of the understandable, deeply felt communication via
song and sentiments which are felt by everyone." Escape Mag.

"Logan stoutly refuse to either commercialize or ethnicize his
songs, and his smooth-but-homely voice, straightforward delivery,
and choice of songs resemble closely the performances of the
late Cisco Houston." Little Sandy Review

"Logan English Sings The Woody Guthrie Songbag" 20th Century Fox

"A splendid new recording of Guthrieana called (title) should
win many adherents of the already sizeable following of the
'Dust Bowl Homer'. English's recording has a buoyance, an
unforced brightness and expansiveness that give the 13
Guthrie songs ideal large-scale settings. English has his own
ideas about the qualities of joy and affirmation to be found
in Guthrie, and his recording can hold its head up proudly
as a major interpretation among the stiff competition --one
that could easily enjoy broad popularity." The New York
Times (Sunday edition)

In addition this recording was listed with twenty two other LPs
as the finest folk music recordings of 'general interest' ever to
be produced. This evaluation was made by the Sunday New York
Times some weeks after the original review.

"This is one of the finest performances of Guthrie songs
that's ever appeared on vinyl." ABC TV Hootenanny Magazine

"Some of today's young and earnest folk singers tend to
emulate these exuberant ballads in solemn respect, but English
romps with them. In sum, a splendid grab-bag of the finest
ballads of our time." High Fidelity Magazine

"Some of the most singular of Woody Guthrie's songs are here
and they are all sung with the head-on candor that Guthrie
and his songs demand." Billboard

"Unquestionably one of the finest records of folk music to be
released this year. Logan English's fine rendering of the
music of the most creative folk singer and composer brings
credit to both artists." Escapade Magazine

"Logan English enters the disk sweepstakes as a full blown
folk-singing artist who'll assume and important niche in this
area of the market. English has a rich voice and uses it
with the ease and naturalness required by the folk idiom."

Variety

Television:

LAND OF PROMISE: a semi documentary on the American labor
movement. Produce on the ABC network. I was the musical
director and was responsible for getting Woody Guthrie and
his music recognized --for the first time --on network TV.
The music and direction was nominated for an Emmy.

Appeared (1965) NBC 4th of July Special --a semi documentary
on the American Revolution. The show was nominated for an
Emmy

Song the background music for an NBC Special American folk
art. Produced by NYs Whitney Museum of Art.

4 appearances on CBC's SING OUT --a folk music variety program
hosted by Oscar Brand.

Concerts include:

2 appearances in NYs Carnegie Hall

4 appearances in NYs Town Hall

Solo concert in the United States Pavilion of the New York
World's Fair.

Colleges and Universities --coast to coast.

I directed and performed with the American Hootnanny Festival
for six months. One nighters at Midwestern and Eastern
colleges and universities.

Night Clubs include:

Gerde's Folk City, NY. For many years this was my home base,
singing there at least twice a year. I organized and directed
the first commercial "Hootnannys" there in 1957/ These 'Hoots'
are not meant to be compared with the non-commercialized Hoot-
nannys organized by Pete Seeger, Woody Guthrie and the Almanac
Singers much earlier.

Other Clubs:

Gaslight NY

In Canada --Clubs in:

Village Gate NY

Montreal

Bitter End NY

Toronto

Fifth Fret Phila.

Ottawa

Fifth Peg Chi.

Hamilton

Cosmo Alley LA

Vancouver

hungry 1 SF

This material is very sketchy but it is all I have available as
many of the clippings and other info --dates, places, etc. are
in storage in New York.

My writing includes:

A full length play completed; a full length play partially
completed and commissioned by The Actors Theatre of Louisville,
Kentucky.

Published poems

I was invited and accepted to perform my own songs and read
my poetry at the National Convention Of State Poetry Societies
in Louisville, Ky. in 1973, and was awarded the Jesse Stuart
Commendation for excellence.

ALSO AVAILABLE ON FOLKWAYS RECORDS

FC 7675 SONGS TO GROW ON, VOL. 1.

Nursery days...songs composed
and sung by Woody Guthrie.
Includes: Wake Up, Clean-O,
Dance Around, Car Songs,
Sleepy Eyes, Don't Push Me,
My Dolly, Put Your Finger
in the Air, Come See, Race
You Down the Mountain,
Merry Go'Round. Lyrics enclosed.
(1-12" LP, \$6.98)

FH 5255 THE DAYS OF '49.

Songs of the Gold Rush, sung
by Logan English, with guitar.
Includes: What Was Your Name
In the States, Sacramento,
A Ripping Trip, Sweet Betsy
From Pike, Crossing the Plains,
Prospecting Dream, Life in
California, I Often Think of
Writing Home, He's the Man for
Me, Clementine, The Gambler,
Joe Bowers, California Stage
Company, California Bloomer,
Sacramento Gals. Notes by
Kenneth S. Goldstein & lyrics
enclosed.
(1-12" LP, \$6.98)

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