

SONGS OF CAMP

*The music program of a children's camp, featuring
group singing,
choral singing,
and individual singing
by the Firesiders,
Mike Sherker
and Ed Badeaux*



FOLKWAYS RECORD FC 7510

Recorded at Camp Killooleet,
Hancock, Vermont,
summer 1958 by Ed Badeaux

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MUSIC LP

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SONGS OF CAMP

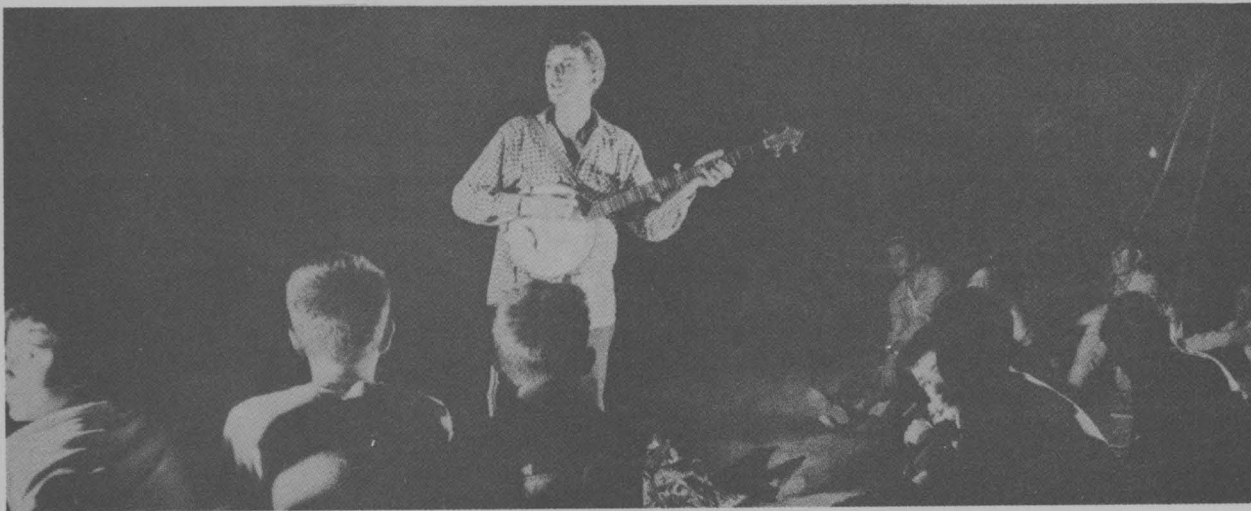
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Descriptive Notes are in the Inside Pocket

<i>Sipping Cider Thru a Straw</i>	<i>Go Tell it on the Mountain</i>
<i>Bay of Mexico</i>	<i>Mary Had a Little Baby</i>
<i>Crawdadd Song</i>	<i>Virgin Mary Had a Baby Boy</i>
<i>Summer's Almost Gone</i>	<i>Hole in the Ground</i>
<i>Counselor Wrestle Blues</i>	<i>Brandy Leave Me Alone</i>
<i>Hill Was Steep and Tall</i>	<i>Pretty Little Miss</i>
<i>The Ship Titanic</i>	<i>Apple, Peaches, Cherries</i>
<i>You Can't Get to Heaven</i>	<i>Winoweh</i>
<i>Passing Through</i>	<i>Cool Water</i>

SONGS OF CAMP



THE SONGS OF CAMP are actually not too much different from the songs of any other type of environment. It's true we don't sing rock and roll (though the children sing it on their own), but certain popular songs join certain folk and just plain camp songs to form our repertoire. And much the same psychology operates in determining which songs will be a certain summer's "hit" songs as operates on the American commercial music scene at large to determine national favorites. And in contrast to the summer's "hit" song, which burns brightly for a few days or weeks, then diminishes, there are the standard favorites which go on seemingly year after year without losing their appeal.

The variety of songs which children respond to is much wider than the average person would think. There are the usual children's songs which you normally think of when you think of camp songs. Some are cute, some silly, a few innane, but each seems to fill some sort of unconscious need for the child. In addition there are many beautiful and moving songs which can come to mean more to the children than the other kind. Songs like "We Shall Overcome," "Passing Through," and "We Are Climbing Jacob's Ladder" can bring tears to the eyes, and can symbolize the summer for a child.

Singing is used in many facets of camp life. In a former camp for which I worked singing was a regular part of each evening. All one hundred and eighty children would gather at the music house after supper for forty-five minutes of singing before going off to evening activity. Council, as it was called, served to bring the focus back on the entire group. Other camps do not use it so often, but feature special evenings of it at campfires and in auditorium programs. In addition to singing with the large group, singing, if combined with games and dramatics, can be an excellent activity

period. This proves an effective way of teaching new songs to the children. In addition musical games can be played, as can dramatic games and skits.

Singing is great fun around the campfire. And there is a real closeness of spirit and soul that comes with a group gathered around the common fire, singing as one. It is also useful on hikes, or to quiet children down and make them receptive to sleep. At bedtime, however, group singing should be discouraged and the songs should be those which they haven't heard. Singing can also be useful as a fill-in at the theatre when more time is needed between acts, or to quiet down a restless audience to prepare them for the program. One of the most functional uses for it, though is on bus trips. Here the singing makes the long trip seem short, and helps take young minds off of whatever uncertainties might lie at the end of the trip. And best of all, there is never any carsickness on a bus that is singing. You just keep an eye out, and when a child begins to turn green break out "The Ship Titanic" or "The Fox" or some other favorite, and in a matter of minutes the coloring is normal, and even faint traces of a smile may come back.

THE SONGS IN THIS album serve as a good cross section of the singing of a summer in camp. The first four songs are long time favorite camp songs which will be invaluable additions to the repertoire of any camp. (The last of the four, "Done Laid Around" should be held back until the last couple of weeks to be effective. If introduced before then it might bring on homesickness). The "Counselor Wrestle Blues" and "Hill Was Steep and Tall" were original songs made up during the course of the summer which commented on happenings. Counselor Peter dal Negro was on crutches the night he recorded the "Counselor

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Wrestle" song, and remained on them for two weeks thereafter. Oddly enough, it was he who dropped the camper mentioned in the song on his own shin, bringing on the bloodclot of which he sings so spiritedly. The song was later pantomimed for the camp with several of the larger counselors playing campers, in modern dance. "Hill Was Steep and Tall," came from a hike up a ski hill on a blazing hot summer's day. The last song we had sung on the bus was "When I First Came Unto This Land," which is the source of the tune here. I made the first verse up while we were climbing the hill. Later Karen Hed, the co-counselor and I put together the other verses with the help of several of the campers, to present it as a sort of different hike report. Karen and I and the children on our hike performed it that night, and recorded it right after hike meeting.



THE CAMPFIRE SINGING which follows is typical of such outdoor songfests. Of course, much of the feeling of the participation is lost in just hearing the songs. To get the true feeling you must participate yourself. The songs here are sung clearly lustily, and with real pride and feeling by the campers. They especially like songs such as "You Can't Get to Heaven" where they can add their own verses. Children can be quite creative in singing if they are given half a chance.

Formal music is not forgotten in camp. There was a chorus, and these Christmas songs were from its concert. That the chorus outnumbered the audience gathered to hear it only speaks that much more highly of its director, Charlotte McCartney, who's regular specialty was riding instructor. Charlotte guided her chorus into a close-knit group, with a true sound and a real feeling for the music.

Two examples of group singing indoors follow the chorus. "The Green Grass Grew All Around" and "Brandy, Leave Me Alone" were sung in the theatre as a prelude to a dramatics night. The remaining songs in the album were recorded during living room singing one evening early in the summer.

PROSPECTIVE MUSIC COUNSELORS and song leaders might find a couple of suggestions helpful. The singing program is usually much more satisfactory to all concerned if the emphasis is placed on enjoyment rather than in the sound the singing has. This does not necessarily mean playing down to the children. Rather it means encouraging keeping of the pitch, harmony, etc. through example, but not working for polish. Too much time spent in the mechanics of singing, particularly at a gathering where the whole camp is on hand, will rob the singing of a good deal of its spontaneity.

In finding the best key for the singing, first try the song in the key most comfortable to your own voice. Then try lowering it a tone, then raising it a tone. When you have found the key which encourages the best and most spirited response, stick with it.

On the subject of accompaniment, I have found that the most satisfactory instrument for encouraging singing and guiding it is the 5-string banjo, the least effective is the piano. The piano is difficult because it tends to spoils rapport between leader and group if leader is playing. It also brings back bad associations with school singing in some cases. The accordion, portable and without the associations, is much more suited for song leading. The guitar, which people usually think of first, is not as good as it might be. It is awkward to handle, and when accompanying group singing tends to get muddled up and lost in the noise. Amplification can overcome this, but changes the character of the sound. The 5-string banjo is the most ideal in my opinion. It is very portable (Pete Seeger even "conducts" by waving the neck up and down in tempo as he's playing). It has a sharp, brilliant sound that cuts right through the singing, making the pitch and the beat very clear. And best of all its rhythmic infectiousness encourages participation and makes song leading easy.

THE SONGS IN THIS ALBUM are sung by various counselors and groups of counselors. THE FIRESIDERS, who perform the first four numbers consists of Mary Badeaux, alto; Bob Stein, baritone & guitar; Joan Lerner, melody and soprano; and Ed Badeaux, bass and 5-string banjo. The group was organized to stimulate interest in the songs.

Additional songs were sung by Pete Dal Negro, dramatics counselor, Charlotte McCartney, riding counselor, Mike Sherker, visiting shop counselor from Brandt Lake Camp, N.Y. and Karen Hed, sewing counselor.

(Ed Badeaux, who recorded this album at Camp Killooleet, Vt., Summer 1958, has worked as a song leader in children's camps for six years. Three years were spent at the University Settlement Camp, Beacon, N.Y. as Music and Dramatics counselor. For the past three years he has worked as song leader and stringed-instrument instructor at the camp where this album was recorded. He has also recorded a documentary record, "Sounds of Camp," FX 6105, and a survey of American folk guitar styles called "American Guitar", FG 3534).



THE

SONGS

SIDE I, Band 1: SIPPING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW

The prettiest girl, I ever saw, was sipping cider
through a straw,
The prettiest girl I ever saw, was sipping cider
through a straw.
I said to her, what you doing that for, a'sipping
cider through a straw.
She says to me, I like it fine, I'd rather sip cider
than sip wine.
So cheek to cheek, and jaw to jaw, we both sipped
cider through a straw.
And suddenly, the straw did slip, and we were
sipping lip to lip.
The parson came, to our back door, a'sipping cider
through a straw.
Now forty-nine kids, all call me pa, a'sipping
cider through a straw.
If you don't want, no mother in-law, then don't
sip cider through a straw.

SIDE I, Band 2: CRAWDAD SONG

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey you get a
line and I'll get a pole, babe.
You get a line and I'll get a pole, we'll go down to
that crawdad hole.
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Yonder comes a man with a sack on his back, honey (3)
Got all the crawdads he can pack.

The man fell down and he broke that sack, honey (3)
See them crawdads backing back.

Little bitty baby mine days old, honey.
Stuck his finger in a crawdad hole.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry,
my honey.
Sit on the bank watch the crawdads die.

You get a line, and I'll get a pole, etc.

SIDE I, Band 3: BAY OF MEXICO

Round that bay of Mexico, Way, Oh Sus-ianna,
Mexico is the place where I belong in,
Round that Bay of Mexico.

When I was a young man, in my prime,
I loved those pretty girls three at a time.

The Nassau girls they love me so,
'Cause I don't tell them everything that I know.

The Nassau girls they have no combs,
They comb their hair with codfish bones.
Now I am an old man old and gray,
Never will I forget the days I passed away.

SIDE I, Band 4: SUMMER'S ALMOST GONE

Done laid around and stayed around, this old
town too long,
Summer's almost gone, summer's almost gone;
Done laid around and stayed around, this old
town too long,
And I feel like want to travel on.

There's a lonesome freight at 6:08, coming
after me.
Gonna set me free. Gonna set me free.

The chilly winds are gonna soon begin, I'll
be on the go,
No more sleet or snow, no more sleet or snow.

SIDE I, Band 5: COUNSELOR WRESTLE BLUES

Johnny Weller, he sure is bad news,
Well, Johnny Weller, he sure is bad news,
He made me sit here, singing counselor
wrestle blues.

Went to the cabin, just the other night (2)
I didn't know it'd turn to, a counselor
fight.

Well, they jumped on my shinbones, til
it swelled a lot, (2)
And Old Doctor Huntington, said you've
got a bloodclot.

Can't get around now, on my own two
feet, (2)
Well, it's hop, skip, and jump now,
around Killlooleet.

I got the blues, I got the blues, I got the
counselor wrestle blues.
Wrestling with the campers, sure can be bad
news.

SIDE I, Band 6: THE HILL WAS STEEP AND TALL

When I first started on this hike, thought I'd
found one that I'd like,
But after I had climbed two feet, I was really
beat.

Lugged my pack, broke my back.
But the hill was steep and tall, and I'm so
very small.

When I got to the first rise, I laid down and
closed my eyes,
But the campers pushed me on, I did what I
could.

Slipped and slid, flipped my lid, lugged my etc.,
When I got up about half way, saw some berries,
decided to stay,
But just as I was getting my share, they made me
go away.

I wanted to stay, they pulled me away, slipped, etc.
When we finally reached the top, I was so tired I
thought I'd drop,
But there was nothing there to do, so we just passed
on through.

Nothing to do, passing through, wanted, etc.
So then we hiked down to Pliad, saw some leeches,
said "Egad!"

But skinny dipping is great sport, so we did what
we could.

Off with our clothes, into the creek,
Behind that bush, take a little peek, nothing to
do, etc.

SIDE I, Band 7: SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and they said when
they were through
That they had a ship that the water would never go
through;
But the Lord's almighty hand, said the ship would
never stand,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

It was sad, it was sad, it was sad when that great
ship went down (to the bottom of the...)
Husbands and wives, little children lost their
lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from England land, and they were
not far from shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they sent them down below, where they were the
first to go,
It was sad when the great ship went down.

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out, o'er the deep
and raging sea,
And the band struck up with, "Nearer My God to
Thee",
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept
o'er the side,
It was sad, etc.

SIDE I, Band 8: YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN

Oh, the deacon went down, to his celler to pray,
He met a blonde, and he stayed all day.

Oh, the deacon went down to his celler to pray,
He met a blonde and he stayed all day,
I ain't gonna grieve, my Lord no more.

Oh, the deacon down, to his celler to pray,
He saw Ed Badeaux, and he went the other way.
Oh, you can't get heaven, on Scotty's stories,
Cause Scotty's stories, are far too gory.
Oh, you can't get to heaven, on Big See-gar,
Cause big See-gar won't go that far.
Oh, the deacon went up, to his celler to swear,
He met a brunette, all deep in prayer.
Oh, you can't get to heaven, on the Wise Guys
bunk,
Cause the Wise Guys bunk, will go ker-plunk.
Oh, this is the end, there ain't no more,
Cause old St. Peter, has shut the door.

SIDE I, Band 9: PASSING THROUGH

I saw Adam leave the garden, with an apple in his
hand,
I said, now you're out what are you going to do,
Plant my crops, and pray for rain, maybe raise a
little Cain,
I'm an orphan and I'm only passing through.

Passing through, passing through
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you,
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

I saw Jesus on the cross, on that hill called
Calvary,
Do you hate mankind for what they've done to you?
He said talk of love not hate, things to do its
getting late,

There's so little time and I'm just passing through.

Well, I shivered with George Washington, one night
at Valley Forge,
What makes the soldiers freeze here like they do,
He said men will suffer, fight, even die for what
is right,
Even though they know they're only passing through.

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side, just an hour
before he died,
He said, one world must come out of World War II,
Yankee, Russian, white or tan, Lord a man is just
a man,
We're all brothers and we're only passing through.

SIDE II, Band 1: GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Boys: Go tell, tell it on the mountain; go tell,
tell it on the mountain,

Girls: Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills
and everywhere,
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus
Christ is born.

All: When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and
day,
I asked the Lord to help me, and he showed
me the way.

(CHORUS)

When I was a seeker, I sought both night and
day,
I asked the Lord to help, me, and he told me
to pray.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 2: AIN'T THAT A ROCKING ALL NIGHT

Mary had a little baby, born in Bethlehem,
Every time the baby cried, she rocked in a
weary land.

Ain't that a rocking all night, (3)
All night long.

Mary had a baby Jesus, he was the son of God,
Every time the baby cried, she rocked in a
weary land.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 3: THE VIRGIN MARY HAD A BABY BOY

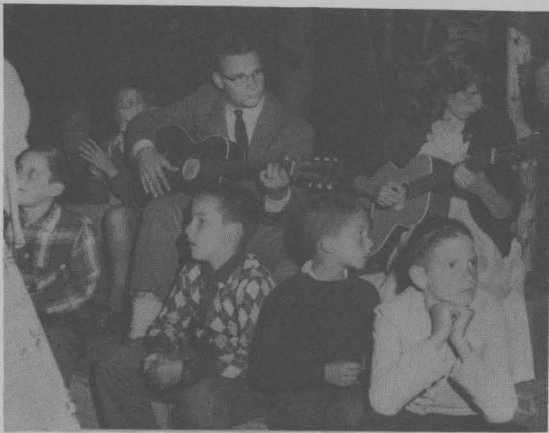
The virgin Mary had a baby boy, (3)
And they say that his name was Jesus.

He come from the glory, he come from the glorious
kingdom, (2)
Oh, yes, believer, oh, yes believer,
He come from the glory, he come from the glorious
kingdom.

The shepherd's round while the baby born,
And they say that his name was Jesus.

(CHORUS)

The angels watched while the baby born,
And they say that his name was Jesus.



SIDE II, Band 4: THE HOLE IN THE GROUND

Once was a hole, (repeat) said there was a
hole (repeat)
Once was a hole, (repeat) in the middle of
the ground. (repeat)

Now, the hole in the ground,
And the green grass grew all around, all around
And the green grass grew all around.
And in that root, there was a tree
Prettiest little tree, you ever did see.
And in that tree, there was a nest,
Prettiest little nest, you ever did see.
And in that nest, there was a bird,
The prettiest little bird, you ever did see.
And in that bird, there was a feather,
The prettiest little feather, you ever did see.
And on that feather, there was a bug,
The prettiest little bug, you ever did see.
And on that bug, there was an eye,
Prettiest little eye, that you ever did see.
And on that eye, there was an eyelash,
Prettiest little eyelash, you ever did see.

SIDE II, Band 5: BRANDY

Oh, Brandy leave me alone, oh Brandy leave me
alone,
Oh, Brandy leave me alone, remember I must go
home.
Oh, Brandy you broke my heart, oh Brandy you
broke my heart,
Oh, Brandy you broke, my heart, oh Brandy
leave me alone.

SIDE II, Band 6: PRETTY LITTLE MISS

How old are you my pretty little miss, how old
are you my honey,
She answered me with a "ha, ha, ha" I'll be
sixteen next Sunday.

Make my living in Sandyland, (3)
Ladies fare-thee-well.

Will you marry me, my pretty little miss, etc.
She answered me with a "ha, ha, ha," I'll run
and ask my mummy.
Hi, come along my pretty little miss, etc.
I won't be home til Sunday.

SIDE II, Band 7: APPLES, PEACHES, CHERRIES

A peddler once was a passing by, his cart with fruit
was laden high,
As he rode along he cried, across the village green,
Apples, peaches and cherries.
His daughter sat beside him there, she was young as
she was fair,
All glowing with the beauty rare, a maid of sweet
sixteen.
A young man beckoned from the door, he bought some
fruit and then bought more,
His longing eyes were begging for, the lovely
maid to stay.
The young maid blushed to see him stare, his eyes
went wandering everywhere,
And soon the peddler's cart was bare, and they
went on their way.
He sought and found her in the mart, he wooed and
won that fair maid's heart,
And now ten children ride the cart, and there'll
be many more.
So, if there is a moral here, such fruitfulness
will make it clear,
So shut your window when you hear, a peddler at
your door.

SIDE II, Band 8: WIMOWEH

SIDE II, Band 9: COOL WATER

All day I've faced, the barren waste, without a
taste of water, cool water. (water)
Old Dan and I with throats burned dry, and souls
that cry for water, cool, clear water.

Keep a moving Dan, don't you listen to him Dan,
He's a devil not a man, and he spreads the burning
sand with water.

Dan can't you see, that big green tree,
Where the water's running free, and it's waiting there
for you and me, water, cool, clear, water.

The shadows sway, and seem to say, tonight we pray
for water,
Way up there he'll hear our prayer, and show us where,
there's water.

Dan's feet are sore, he's yearning for, just one thing
more than water,
Like me I guess, he'd like to rest, where there's no
quest for water.

ESPECIALLY FOR CAMP

FX6105 **SOUNDS OF CAMP**. A documentary story of children at play, recorded at Camp Killdeer, Hancock, Vt. Includes sounds of riding, shop, swimming, rifeey, others. 12" longplay record.
FC7028 **CAMP SONGS**, sung by Pete Seeger, Eric Darling, and the Song Swappers. Twelve excellent additions to your camp's repertoire. Song texts.
FC7030 **FOLK SONGS FOR CAMP**. Sung by the Wagoners. Eighteen fresh camp songs sung with guitar and banjo accompaniment, with accompanying booklet featuring song texts and tips on song leading.
FA2407 **FOLK SONGS WITH THE FOLKSMITHS**. An excellent collection of folk songs for camp sung by the members of a traveling song and dance workshop group. Notes and song texts help relate their program to yours.

CHILDREN'S ALBUMS OF NOTE

FC7001 **AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN** Sung by Pete Seeger with banjo. All Around the Kitchen, Billy Barlow, This Old Man, others. Text. 10" longplay record.
NOTE: This record is also available in 3-45 Extended play records.
FC7010 **BIRDS, BEASTS, BUGS AND BIGGER FISHES**. Folk songs for children 7-11, sung with 5-string banjo accompaniment by Pete Seeger, Keeper and the Doe, Little Black Bull, Goodbye, Old Paint, The Frog, others.
FC7036 **CHILDREN'S SONGS** sung by Johnny Richardson. Highly recommended songs for camp age children. Some songs original, some folk songs. Includes Jimmy the Jolly Gnome, The Dolly with the Long Pony Tail, Katy the Kangaroo, others. Texts. 10" longplay.
FC7325 **SLEEP-TIME**: Songs and Stories by Pete Seeger. First album actually designed to lull youngsters to sleep. Includes: Sweet Little Bobby, Where Are My Pajamas, The Whaler, Abiyoyo, One Grain of Sand, others. A MUST for young children. Notes. 12" longplay record.
FC7354 **HOLIDAY AND OTHER SONGS** Gene Blustein and the Children of Mount Zion Hebrew Congregation. Frag es Gesunterhalt, Who Built the Ark, I Live in a City, Apples and Honey, What Was His Name, others. Texts. 12" longplay record.

FOLKWAYS

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