

WHO BUILT AMERICA

AMERICAN HISTORY THROUGH ITS FOLKSONGS

sung by BILL BONYUN with guitar

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MUSIC LP

ALY • THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS • THE ERIE CANAL
 NNO • AUCTION BLOCK • SHOOT THE BUFFALO
 ERNMENT CLAIM • THE PRAETES • DRILL YE TARRIERS
 MES • THE BOLL WEAVIL • CHISHOLM TRAIL
 RA • SHLUF MEIN KIND • SALANGADOU
 SS SONG • KLEINE JONGES • SO LONG

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WHO BUILT AMERICA

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WHO BUILT AMERICA

INTRODUCTION BY BEATRICE LANDECK
AUTHORITY ON FOLK SONGS IN EDUCATION

THE EARLY SETTLERS, THE EXPLORERS AND PIONEERS, THE FORTY-NINERS, THE HOME-STEADERS AND THE IMMIGRANT FARMERS OF THE LAST CENTURY, THE LEVEE WORKERS AND THE COWBOY AND OTHER PEOPLE BUILT AMERICA WITH LABOR, AND STRUGGLE AND STAUNCH DEVOTION TO CONVICTION. THE SONGS IN THIS ALBUM ARE THE SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF THESE PEOPLE WHOSE EXPERIENCES ARE THE SUBSTANCE OF HISTORY. RANGING FROM THE 17TH CENTURY TO THE PRESENT DAY, THEY VOICE THE INNER FEELINGS OF MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS WHOSE EFFORT AND HEARTACHE MADE AMERICA POSSIBLE. THE SIMPLE WORDS, WITHOUT SCHOLARLY PRETENTION AND FULL OF LAUGHTER, REVEAL THE DEEPER MEANING OF HISTORY AS NO WRITTEN RECORD CAN POSSIBLY REVEAL IT.

HERE ARE SONGS THAT DEFINE OUR DEMOCRACY -- ALL NATIONALITIES, RACES AND CREEDS LIVING TOGETHER IN ONE PEACEFUL COMMUNITY -- STRIVING FOR SIMILAR GOALS, MAINTAINING THROUGH LAW AND COMMON DESIRES THE KIND OF PEACE THE WORLD IS LONGING FOR. THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO BUILT AMERICA AND ARE STILL BUILDING AMERICA -- THEY ARE THE VERY BONES OF OUR DEMOCRACY.

BILL BONYUN UNDERSTANDS THE SONGS IN THIS ALBUM -- HE UNDERSTANDS THEM BECAUSE HE HAS LIVED AND WORKED WITH THE SAME KIND OF PEOPLE WHO MADE THEM -- FROM THE BANKS OF NOVA SCOTIA TO THE TROPIC CLIMATE OF THE BRITISH WEST INDIES. HE HAS HEARD WORK SONGS IN ACTION, HAULING LOBSTER TRAPS WITH THE FISHERMEN ON THE GREAT ATLANTIC. HE HAS PICKED UP SONGS WHILE FARMING IN MAINE -- SOME FAMILIAR, ALL, MOLDED BY THE ENVIRONMENT IN WHICH HE FOUND THEM. HE HAS LISTENED TO THE CALYPSO SONGS IN THE BARBADOS AND LEARNED HOW AND WHY PEOPLE MAKE SONGS. HE HAS LISTENED AND LEARNED AND SUNG WHENEVER AND WHEREVER HE FOUND SONGS, UNTIL NOW THEY JUST COME NATURALLY TO HIM.

THIS WIDE EXPERIENCE WITH PEOPLE AND SINGING GIVES HIM AN INSIGHT INTO THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FOLK SONGS IN AN HISTORICAL SETTING. HIS SINCERITY AND DEEP FAITH IN WHAT HE IS DOING MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO PROJECT THE BIGGER MEANING OF THE SONGS BOTH IN THIS ALBUM AND TO AUDIENCES EVERYWHERE. IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL PERFORMANCES OF A PROFESSIONAL SINGER, BILL BONYUN GIVES BALLAD AND FOLKSONG PROGRAMS TO

LARGE ASSEMBLIES OF CHILDREN IN BOTH ELEMENTARY AND HIGH SCHOOLS. HE HAS SUCCEEDED IN CHALLENGING THE IMAGINATION OF THOUSANDS OF THESE CHILDREN, BY ADDING COLOR AND MEANING TO THEIR TEXTBOOK LEARNING. THEY ARE NEVER SILENT AT THESE PERFORMANCES -- THEY JOIN IN THE SINGING TOO, ABSORBING THE SUM AND SUBSTANCE OF HIS MESSAGE WITH GAIETY AND LAUGHTER.

NOTES ON THE RECORDINGS BY BILL BONYUN
Side I Band 1
WALY WALY

A VERSION OF THIS LOVELY LAMENT MAY BE FOUND IN THE OXFORD BOOK OF ENGLISH VERSE ALONG WITH OTHER ANONYMOUS VERSE OF THE PERIOD 1600-1650. INASMUCH AS THIS WAS THE TIME OF THE FIRST GREAT MOVEMENT OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE TO AMERICA, THE DATE IS PROBABLY PRETTY ACCURATE. HERE IS ONLY A FRAGMENT BUT THE SONG IN ITS ENTIRETY IS ONE OF THE LOVELIEST IN ENGLISH FOLKLORE.

'TIS YOUTH AND FOLLY MAKES YOUNG MEN
MARRY,
SO MY TRUE LOVE, I'LL NO LONGER STAY.
WHAT CAN'T BE CURED, SURE, MUST BE
ENDURED, SURE,
SO I'LL BE OFF TO AMERICAY.

"OFF TO AMERICAY. WITH THE TOOLS OF THE PAST, THESE NEW AMERICANS CARVED OUT OF THE WILDERNESS A FUTURE -- A HOPE -- TO BE REALIZED ONLY AFTER A GREAT STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE."

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS Band 2

ON THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS CAME DOWN,
DOWN, DOWN,
DOWN FROM THEIR GREEN GREEN HILLS.
FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR FREEDOM, THEIR
ONLY ONLY JOY,
THEY CAME DOWN FROM THEIR GREEN GREEN
HILLS.

ON VERMONT IS A LAND WHERE A MAN IS
JUST A MAN,
NO MATTER HIS NAME OR CREED.
THAT'S WHY THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS
CAME DOWN, DOWN, DOWN,
FOR THE SAKE OF THEIR GREEN GREEN HILLS.

ON THE GREEN GREEN HILLS WERE HUSHED
DOWN WITH SNOW,
AND THE GREEN GREEN GLENS WERE COLD,
BUT FOR ALLEN AND HIS BOYS 'T WAS THE
FINEST TIME TO GO,
EVERY TRAIL WAS A FRIEND OF OLD.

"HERE WAS A NEW NATION, A RESTLESS NATION
-- ALWAYS ON THE MOVE -- WESTWARD -- AND

THE FIRST GREAT LINK -- THE ERIE CANAL."

THE ERIE CANAL Band 3

I'VE GOT A MULE, HER NAME IS SAL,
FIFTEEN MILES ON THE ERIE CANAL.
SHE'S A GOOD OLD WORKER AND A GOOD OLD
PAL,

FIFTEEN MILES ON THE ERIE CANAL.
WE'VE TOWED SOME BARGES IN OUR DAY,
FILLED WITH LUMBER, COAL AND HAY,
AND WE KNOW EVERY INCH OF THE WAY,
FROM ALBANY TO BUFFALO.
LOW BRIDGE, EVERYBODY DOWN, LOW BRIDGE
FOR WE'RE COMING TO A TOWN.

"EVER WESTWARD, EXPLORERS HACKING THEIR
WAY THROUGH THE WILDERNESS, PIONEERS
ROLLING OVER THE PLAINS IN OX DRAWN WAGON
TRAINS TO SHOOT THE BUFFALO.

SHOOT THE BUFFALO Band 4

ORIGINALLY A CUMBERLAND GAP SONG OF THE
SETTLING OF OHIO, THIS ROUSING LITTLE
TUNE EVENTUALLY BECAME A FAVORITE PLAY-
PARTY SONG OF 19TH CENTURY AMERICA, AND
IS STILL USED TODAY.

COME ALL YOU FINE YOUNG FELLOWS WHO HAVE
GOT A MIND TO RANGE,
INTO SOME FAR OFF COUNTRY YOUR FORTUNE
FOR TO CHANGE.
COME ALL YOU FINE YOUNG WOMEN WHO HAVE
GOT A MIND TO GO,
WE'LL BUILD YOU FINE LOG CABINS ON THE
BLESSSED OHIO.

YOU CAN COOK AND YOU CAN SEW AND THE BOYS
WILL HUNT AND HOE,
WE'LL WANDER THROUGH THE WILDWOOD AND
WE'LL CHASE THE BUFFALO.
WE'LL SHOOT THE BUFFALO, WE'LL SHOOT THE
BUFFALO,
WE'LL WANDER THROUGH THE WILDWOOD AND
WE'LL SHOOT THE BUFFALO.

"AND FORTY-NINERS PLODDING OVER THE LONG
ROUGH TRAILS TO THE GOLD FIELDS, OR BEAT-
ING THEIR WAY AROUND THE HORN ON THE FRISCO
CLIPPERS."

SANTY ANNO Band 5

THE SHANTYMAN WAS THE VERY HEARTBEAT OF
THE DRIVING WINDJAMMERS OF THE LAST CEN-
TURY. HIS UNCANNY SENSE OF TIMING COUPLED
WITH A SWIFT WIT AND KEEN IMAGINATION WAS
OFTEN ALL THAT SAVED A SHIP FROM GOING
UNDER. TO GET EVERY MAN TO THROW EVERY
OUNCE OF BEEF AND BONE AGAINST A LINE AT
PRECISELY THE RIGHT MOMENT REQUIRED SOME-
THING INNATE -- SOMETHING NOT INCLUDED IN

A MASTER'S TICKET. WEIGHING ANCHOR WAS A
MONOTONOUS JOB AT BEST, SO A GOOD SHANTY-
MAN WOULD MAKE UP VERSES REFERRING TO
EVENTS OF THE TIMES TO KEEP HIS CREW INTER-
ESTED. SANTY ANNO, IN ITS ENTIRETY TELLS
OF THE ROUT OF THE MEXICAN GENERAL SANTA
ANNA IN THE BATTLE OF MONTEREY, BUT SOME-
HOW THE BRITISH MERCHANT-MARINE, HEARD THE
STORY THE OTHER WAY AROUND. FOR THE SHANTY-
MAN OF THE ENGLISH CLIPPER IT WAS 'SANTY
ANO WON THE DAY', FOR THE YANKEE SHANTYMAN
'ZACHARIAS TAYLOR WON THE DAY'; AND SO THE
BATTLE WAS FOUGHT MANY TIMES OVER IN THE
TAVERNS WHERE THE TWO CREWS HAPPENED TO
MEET UP. 'AROUND CAPE HORN, UP FRISCO BAY'
WAS THE ROUTE OF THOSE CLIPPERS CARRYING
THEIR CARGOS OF PROSPECTORS AFTER GOLD..

AROUND CAPE HORN UP FRISCO BAY,
HEAVE AWAY, SANTY ANNO,
THERE'S PLENTY OF GOLD, OR SO THEY SAY,
WAY OUT IN CALIFORNIA-O.

SO HEAVE HER UP AND AWAY WE'LL GO,
HEAVE AWAY SANTY ANNO,
HEAVE HER UP AND AWAY WE'LL GO,
WAY OUT IN CALIFORNIA-O.

"MEANWHILE THE ORIGINAL AMERICANS, THE
INDIANS, STRUGGLED TO SURVIVE AS THE
SETTLERS SWEEP OVER THEIR LAND."

Band 6

HAPPINESS SONG

THIS SONG WAS SUNG BY THE NAVAJO WOMEN
TO SUSTAIN THE MORALE AND HOPE OF THEIR
MEN DURING THE PERIOD OF CONFINEMENT AT
FORT SUMNER FOLLOWING THE NAVAJO CAPITU-
LATION TO KIT CARSON IN 1864. THE SIMPLE
PHRASES REPEATED THROUGHOUT THE SONG SAY,
'EVERYWHERE I GO I AM SURROUNDED BY
HAPPINESS'.

SHEE NA SHA, SHEE NA SHA, SHEE NA SHA,
NA HAY NA HO, NA HAY NA HAY, NADA.
MANA HADA NO NA SHA,
MANA HADA NO NA SHA. [REPEAT]

"BUT NOT ALL PIONEERS WERE ADVENTURERS.
THE HOMESTEADERS STAUNCHLY DUG INTO THE
TOUGH PRAIRIE SOD SEEKING A NEW LIFE ON
THEIR GOVERNMENT CLAIMS."

MY GOVERNMENT CLAIM Band 7

AT THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR MANY VETERANS
TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE HOMESTEAD ACT PASSED
BY CONGRESS IN 1862, ENTITLING ALL CITIZENS,
TWENTY ONE YEARS OF AGE OR OVER, WHO HAD
NOT BORNE ARMS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT, TO
160 ACRES OF LAND IN KANSAS, IOWA, OR
NEBRASKA FOR THE FEE OF EIGHTEEN DOLLARS.
HOWEVER TO HOLD ON TO HIS CLAIM THE OWNER
HAD TO BUILD A HOUSE WITH AT LEAST ONE
DOOR AND ONE WINDOW AND LIVE IN IT FOR

FIVE YEARS. SOME MET THESE REQUIREMENTS
BY DIGGING INTO THE SIDE OF A HILL AND
LEANING UP AGAINST THE HOLE A DOOR AND A
WINDOW BOUGHT FOR TWO DOLLARS AND EIGHTY-
SEVEN AND A HALF CENTS; OTHERS PLOWED UP
THE TOUGH PRAIRIE SOD AND LAID IT BRICK-
WISE TO BUILD THE SOD SHANTIES OF THE
WEST.

HURRAH FOR GREER COUNTY, THE LAND OF THE FREE,
THE HOME OF THE BED BUG, GRASSHOPPER AND FLEE,
I'LL SING OF ITS PRAISES, I'LL TELL OF ITS FAME
WHILE STARVING TO DEATH ON MY GOVERNMENT CLAIM

MY HOUSE IT IS BUILT OUT OF NATIONAL SOIL,
ITS WALLS ARE ERECTED ACCORDING TO HOYLE,
ITS ROOF HAS NO PITCH, IT'S AS FLAT AS THE PLAIN
I ALWAYS GET WET WHEN IT HAPPENS TO RAIN.

HOW HAPPY AM I AS I CRAWL INTO BED,
A RATTLESNAKE HISSES A TUNE AT MY HEAD,
A GAY LITTLE CENTIPEDE, ALL WITHOUT FEAR,
CRAWLS OVER MY PILLOW AND INTO MY EAR.

NOW ALL YOU CLAIM HOLDERS YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY
TO CHEW YOUR HARD TACK 'TIL YOU'RE TOOTHLESS
AND GRAY,
BUT AS FOR MYSELF, I WILL NOT REMAIN,
TO STARVE LIKE A DOG ON MY GOVERNMENT CLAIM.

"WHO BUILT AMERICA? AMERICANS, WHICH IS TO SAY
MOST OF THE PEOPLES ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
THE IRISH, FOR INSTANCE, IMMIGRATED BECAUSE OF
A POTATO FAMINE ON THE EMERALD ISLE."

THE PRAETES Band 8

OH THE PRAETES THEY GROW SMALL OVER HERE,
OH THE PRAETES THEY GROW SMALL AND WE PLUCK
THEM IN THE FALL,
AND WE EAT THEM COATS AND ALL OVER HERE.

OH I WISH THAT WE WERE GEESE NIGHT AND MORN,
OH I WISH THAT WE WERE GEESE, FOR THEY LIVE
THEIR LIFE AT EASE,
AND THEY LIVE AND DIE IN PEACE EATING CORN.

"SO OFF TO AMERICA TO BUILD THE RAILROADS"

DRILL YE TARRIERS Band 9

EVERY MORNING AT SEVEN O'CLOCK
THERE WERE TWENTY TARRIERS A-WORKING AT THE ROCK
AND THE BOSS COME ALONG AND SAYS KEEP STILL!
AND COME DOWN HEAVY ON THE CAST IRON DRILL.

AND DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, DRILL YE
TARRIERS DRILL,
OH IT'S WORK ALL DAY FOR SUGAR IN YOUR
TEA,

DOWN BEHIND THE RAILWAY,
AND DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, AND BLAST,
AND FIRE.

THE NEW FOREMAN WAS GENE MC KANN,
BY GAD HE WAS A BLAMED MEAN MAN.
ONE DAY A PREMATURE BLAST WENT OFF,
AND A MILE IN THE SKY WENT BIG JIM GOFF.

AND DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, DRILL YE

TARRIERS DRILL,
OH IT'S WORK ALL DAY FOR SUGAR IN YOUR
TEA,
DOWN BEHIND THE RAILWAY,
AND DRILL YE TARRIERS DRILL, AND BLAST,
AND FIRE.

WHEN THE NEXT PAY DAY CAME AROUND,
JIM GOFF A DOLLAR SHORT WAS FOUND.
WHEN HE ASKED 'WHAT FOR?' CAME THIS REPLY,
YOU'RE DOCKED FOR THE TIME THAT YOU SPENT
IN THE SKY.

Side II Band 1

"WHO BUILT AMERICA? THE NEGRO, IN BONDAGE
AND AS A FREE MAN."

AUCTION BLOCK

NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK FOR ME, NO MORE,
NO MORE.

NO MORE AUCTION BLOCK FOR ME, MANY
THOUSANDS GONE.

NO MORE DRIVER'S LASH FOR ME, NO MORE,
NO MORE.

NO MORE DRIVER'S LASH FOR ME, MANY
THOUSANDS GONE.

"MARCHING ON, AGAINST INCREDIBLE ODDS,
WITH COURAGE AND CONVICTION AND AN UNFAIL-
ING SENSE OF HUMOR."

THE BOLL WEEVIL Band 2

OH THE FIRST TIME I SAW THE BOLL WEEVIL,
HE WAS STANDING ON THE SQUARE,
AND THE NEXT TIME I SAW THE BOLL WEEVIL,
HE HAD HIS WHOLE FAMILY THERE,
JUST A LOOKING FOR A HOME,
JUST A LOOKING FOR A HOME.
OH THE FARMER TOOK THE BOLL WEEVIL,
AND HE PUT HIM ON THE ICE,
AND THE BOLL WEEVIL SAID TO THE FARMER,
THIS IS MIGHTY COOL AND NICE,
THIS'LL BE MY HOME, THIS'LL BE MY HOME.

ONLY ONE BAIL OF COTTON,
THE BOLL WEEVIL GOT THE REST.
ALL THAT'S LEFT FOR HIS POOR WIFE,
IS A POOR OLD COTTON DRESS,
AND IT'S FULL OF HOLES,
AND IT'S FULL OF HOLES.

NOW IF ANYBODY SHOULD COME ALONG AND
ASK YOU,
WHO IT WAS THAT MADE THIS SONG,
JUST TELL HIM 'T WAS A POOR OLD BLACK
SKIN FARMER,
WITH A PAIR OF BLUE DUCKINGS ON.
AIN'T GOT NO HOME, AIN'T GOT NO HOME.

"THE COWBOY WAS THE SYMBOL OF THE BIGNESS
OF THE WEST, AND THE OUTLAW OF ITS GROWING
PAINS."

THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL Band 3

THE TRAIL STRETCHED ALL THE WAY FROM SAN ANTONIO TO THE RAILROAD AT DODGE CITY, KANSAS, AND OFTEN THE HERDS WERE DRIVEN FARTHER NORTH INTO THE GRAZING LANDS OF MONTANA AND THE DAKOTAS. THE RHYTHM WAS ADJUSTED TO THE PACE, FROM A WALK TO A WILD GALLOP AFTER A LOGO STEER.

COME ALONG BOYS AND LISTEN TO MY TALE,
I'LL TELL YOU 'BOUT MY TROUBLES ON THE
OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL.
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.

I STARTED UP THE TRAIL OCTOBER TWENTY-
THIRD,
STARTED UP THE TRAIL WITH THE TWO 'U'
HERD,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.

THE WIND COMMENCED TO BLOW AND THE RAIN
BEGAN TO FALL,
AND IT LOOKED BY GRAB WE WERE GOING TO
TO LOSE 'EM ALL.
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.

I JUMPED IN THE SADDLE, GRABBED HOLD OF
THE HORN,
BEST DURNED COW PUNCHER EVER WAS BORN.
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.
FEET IN THE STIRRUPS AND SEAT IN THE
SADDLE,
I HUNG AND RATTLED WITH THEM GOL'DURNED
CATTLE.
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.

WE ROUNDED THEM UP AND PUT 'EM ON THE
CARS,
AND THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE OLD TWO
BARS.
COME A TY YI YIPPI YIPPI TY YI YEY,
COME A TY YI YIPPI YI YEY.

JESSE JAMES Band 4

JESSE CAME TO HIS END APRIL 2, 1882.
MR. HOWARD WAS ONE OF JESSE'S PSEUDONYMS.

JESSE JAMES WAS A LAD WHO KILLED MANY
A MAN,
HE ROBBED THE GLENDALE TRAIN.
HE TOOK FROM THE RICH AND GAVE TO THE
POOR,
HE HAD A HAND AND A HEART AND A BRAIN.

JESSE HAS A WIFE TO MOURN FOR HIS LIFE,
THE CHILDREN THEY WERE BRAVE.
BUT THAT DIRTY LITTLE COWARD THAT SHOT
MR. HOWARD,
HAS LAID POOR JESSE IN HIS GRAVE.

IT WAS ROBERT FORD, SHOT JESSE IN THE

BACK,
I WONDER HOW HE DOES FEEL.
HE ATE OF JESSE'S BREAD AND SLEPT IN
JESSE'S BED,
AND HE LAID POOR JESSE IN HIS GRAVE.

JESSE HAD A WIFE TO MOURN FOR HIS LIFE,
THE CHILDREN THEY WERE BRAVE.
BUT THAT DIRTY LITTLE COWARD WHO SHOT
DOWN MR. HOWARD,
HAS LAID POOR JESSE IN HIS GRAVE.

Band 5

"BUT THE WILD WEST FINALLY SETTLED DOWN.
PEACEFUL FARMS DOTTED THE COUNTRYSIDE AND
OF COURSE, CHILDREN SANG ABOUT THEIR
BELOVED ANIMALS."

MI CHACRA

THIS SONG IS SUNG BY THE CHILDREN OF MOST
OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN NATIONS AS WELL AS
SOME OF THE SPANISH SPEAKING CHILDREN OF
OUR OWN SOUTHWEST. COMPARE IT WITH OLD
MC DONALD HAD A FARM AND YOU'LL AGREE THAT
DESPITE DIFFERENCES IN LANGUAGES AND
NATIONALITIES, PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER ARE
PRETTY MUCH ALIKE.

YENGAN A VER MI CHACRA QUE ES HERMOSA
YENGAN A VER MI CHACRA QUE ES HERMOSA

Y EL TORO HACE ASI: ROAR
Y EL BURRO HACE ASI: HE HAW
EL CABALLO HACE ASI: NEIGH
LE CHONCHITO HACE ACI: OINK
EL PATITO HACE ASI: QUACK QUACK
EL POLLITO HACE ASI: PEEP PEEP

AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA AH
VA, AH VA.

AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA AH
VA, AH VA.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

COME AND SEE MY FARM WHICH IS SO BEAUTIFUL
COME AND SEE MY FARM WHICH IS SO BEAUTIFUL.

AND THE BULL GOES LIKE THIS: ROAR
AND THE DONKEY GOES LIKE THIS: HE HAW
THE LITTLE HORSE GOES LIKE THIS: NEIGH
THE LITTLE PIG GOES LIKE THIS: OINK
THE LITTLE DUCK GOES LIKE THIS: QUACK
THE LITTLE CHICK GOES LIKE THIS: PEEP

AH GO MY FRIEND, AH GO MY FRIEND, AH GO
AH GO, AH GO.

AH GO MY FRIEND, AH GO MY FRIEND, AH GO,
AH GO, AH GO.

"AND AT DUSK, ALL OVER OUR LAND, MOTHERS
AND FATHERS ARE SINGING SONGS OF THE DAY'S
END; LULLABIES THEY HEARD THEIR MOTHERS
SING."

SHLUF MINE KIND Band 6

SHLUF, MINE KIND, SHLUF KESAYDER,
ZINGEN VEL ICH DIR A LIED;

AZ DU, MINE KIND, VEST ELTER VEHREN,
VESTU VISSEN AN UNTERSHEED.
AZ DU, MINE KIND, VEST ELTER VEHREN,
VESTU VISSEN AN UNTERSHEED.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

SLEEP, MY CHILD, SLEEP WITHOUT WAKING,
I WILL SING A SONG FOR YOU;
WHEN YOU, MY CHILD, WILL GROW OLDER,
YOU WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.
WHEN YOU, MY CHILD, WILL GROW OLDER,
YOU WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

SALANGADOU Band 7

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.
COTE PITI FILLE LA YE?
SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.
WHERE HAS MY LITTLE GIRL GONE?
SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.

KLEINE JONGES Band 8

KLEINE JONGES, MOETEN SLAPEN GAAN,
ALS STERRETJES AAN DE HEMEL STAAN.
KLEINE JONGES, MOETEN SLAPEN GAAN,
GOEDEN NACHT, LEIVE SCHAT, GOEDEN NACHT.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

LITTLE BOYS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP,
THE STARS IN THE HEAVEN THEIR VIGIL KEEP.
LITTLE BOYS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP,
GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE ONES, GOOD NIGHT.

SO LONG, BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU Band 9

"DUST-STORMS IS NOT EXACTLY A NEW THING --
BUT UP TILL FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO THEY WAS
MIGHTY FEW AND FAR BETWEEN. THIS BUSINESS
OF SUCH AWFUL AND TERRIBLE DUST STORMS,
SO BLACK YOU CANT SEE YOUR HAND BEFORE
YOUR EYES, OR A LIGHT IN YOUR ROOM.....
THAT'S WHAT'S NEW, THAT'S WHAT THE OLD
TIMERS CANT FIGGER OUT. AND YOU MIGHT BE
ABLE TO STAND THE DUST, IF IT WAS DUST
ALONE, 'CAUSE YOU'RE MADE OUT OF DUST,
AND CAN TAKE A LOT OF IT FOR A LITTLE
WHILE, OR A LITTLE OF IT FOR A LONG TIME,
BUT WHEN THINGS JUST SORT OF FLY LOOSE AND
ALL HAPPEN AT ONCE, LIKE AN OLD CLOCK, WHY
-- EVERYTHING GOES HAYWIRE, AND EVERYTHING
SEEMS FUNNY, AND YOUR LAND TURNS INTO A
SAND DUNE, AND YOUR BARN IS HALF COVERED
UP, AND YOU SEE TRACTORS COVERED UNDER,
AND FARM MACHINERY, AND CHICKEN HOUSES
DUSTED UNDER, WHY, YOU SCRATCH YOUR HEAD,
AND YOU HEAR OF ANOTHER PLACE, SAY CALI-
FORNIA, AND YOU SEE HERDS AND HERDS OF
PEOPLE A PICKIN' UP AND LEAVIN' OUT --
AND YOU JUST SORTA SAY "WELL, I AINT GOT
NOTHIN' TO LOSE, SO HERE GOES."

BY WOODY GUTHRIE "DUST BOWL BALLADS"
RCA VICTOR, 1940; RECORD ALBUMS P-27,28

