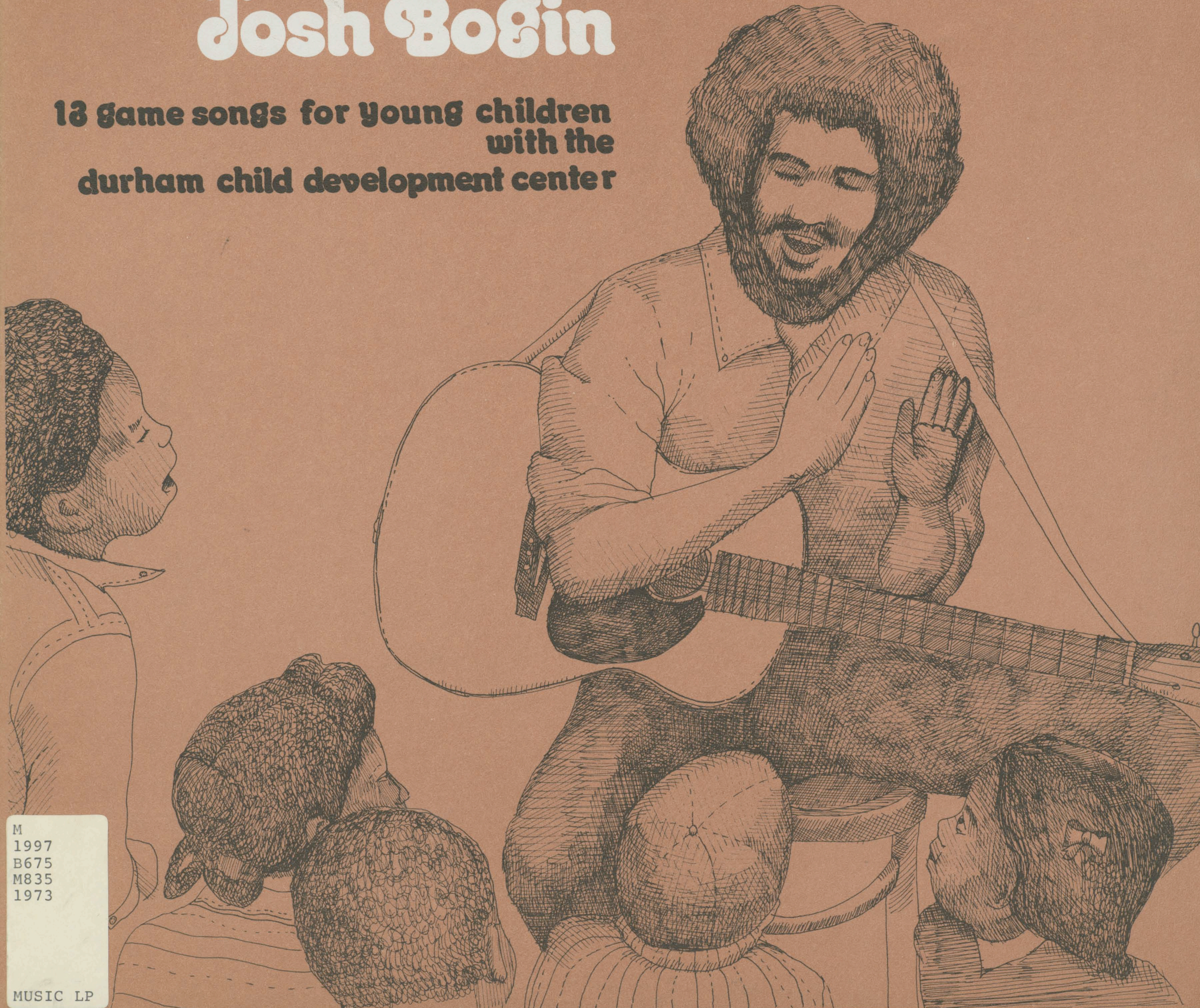


# More Good Time Music

## Josh Bogin

**13 game songs for young children  
with the  
durham child development center**



M  
1997  
B675  
M835  
1973

MUSIC LP

SIDE 1

- Band 1. Rock-a-my-soul, 4:10
- Band 2. Hey Lollie, 4:24
- Band 3. When I First Came to this Land, 3:10
- Band 4. Where Shall I Be — Traditional, 3:02
- Band 5. Mama Don't Allow, 2:40
- Band 6. Bring Me a Little Water Sylvie, 1:51  
(Ledbetter, Huddie)

SIDE 2

- Band 1. Long John, 3:15
- Band 2. This little Light of Mine, 2:55
- Band 3. Join into the Game, 2:54
- Band 4. Stewball, 4:26
- Band 5. a) That's All Right,  
b) Five Wine Bottles, 5:08
- Band 6. Corrina, Corrina, 2:48

Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. 72-751150  
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701 SEVENTH AVE., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

**More Good  
Time Music/  
Josh Bogin**

*illustration and design - randi wasserman*

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7550  
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## MORE GOOD TIME MUSIC 13 game songs for young children with the durham child development center

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LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

Josh Bogin

In January of 1971 I spent the better part of my birthday making a very exciting discovery. In the context of a college urban studies program, I was doing a project which involved observing some of the various innovative educational programs in Philadelphia. On this particular day, I was visiting the Durham Child Development Center. After talking briefly with one of the directors, I was hurried upstairs to help out in a class in which the teacher was absent, and was told that I'd be "picked up" in an hour." As it turned out, I spent the whole day in that room, and was most startled by the kids' immediate trust and active acceptance of me. It wasn't just the fantastic collection of materials and supplies, the excellent use of room space, and the enthusiastic relationship between assistant teacher and children that excited me. It was something else, the facial expressions, the uninhibited dialogue and interplay, and most important, the trust and open affection for adults that told me I was seeing something very special and very unusual. I spent the next five months working as a student teacher at the Durham Center, and have not changed my initial feelings about the place, except perhaps that I now appreciate more fully why those feelings exist.

Within the Center is a public elementary school containing about 200 children of mixed social, economic and racial backgrounds. Gloria Bush, 'Head Teacher of the Kindergarten-5th grade Learning Center' has written a beautiful description of what the program is all about:

"Our first concern is that we really 'touch' the children:  
--to help them to feel and to interpret their feelings...  
--to bring children into contact with themselves, with each other, with us, and with their world;  
--to affect children positively through those contacts;  
--and to encourage children to taste the joy of learning..."

"...This touching of young humans, of awakening children to the unlimited possibilities for learning, requires a very special setting. The setting has little to do with how modern the building is, or the availability of commercially prepared instructional packages..."

"...In each of the classrooms, we are striving toward a climate in which teachers and children are sensitive to each other, capable of making sensible decisions, and increasingly able to acquire and use new skills..."

"...This climate demands certain freedoms for the children, while forcing more organizational and structural tasks on the teacher. Of the freedoms inherent in this setting, the most important seems to be that the children, for perhaps the first time in their school experience, are free to be themselves."

Part of my work at Durham involved singing with the kids. When I started, I'd had little experience at this. It's not an easy thing to do, and I learned this quickly. It took me a few weeks before I had any confidence at all - oh, I could handle folksinging fine, and had no trouble with the guitar, but it's the ability to make that direct emotional contact with a group and with individuals at the same time -- that is so difficult.

By June, things were pretty relaxed; I knew the kids really well, and they knew me pretty well, too. Singing became great fun, and very exciting for all of us.

"Wouldn't it be great to be able to capture that excitement on a record?" The thought first occurred in June, almost in passing. One thing that I had noticed was a great lack of records that really excited the kids. Take away the resident folksinger, and the school was musically barren. Music is one of the most basic and exciting forms of expression for people, particularly children. Yet music programs in schools lag farther behind the times than most other educational programs. And in these times, when music is one of the few things not denied black people, it is most important to acknowledge, encourage, and cultivate this love of music in children... Now someone else is the resident folksinger, but how many schools have them at all? And city kids, particularly black kids, are just not excited by the majority of children's recordings done up to now. Kids are now growing up in a radically different world from that of the 1950's or even the early 1960's. I had also noticed that even among the few good records, none that I knew of had been done in classrooms, under

natural conditions, with the children. Some had involved kids, but these had either been done in recording studios, with carefully selected groups, or in concert halls at a live performance. The spontaneous excitement, the comments that can never be done the same twice, the feeling of participating in a group sing, had never been captured.

When I first asked about it, seriously, in October, I was told that this would be very hard to do, that it had been tried before and was never successful. Perhaps this is true, but with the help of two friends and a simple taperecorder, we were able to make the tapes with little trouble at all. The recordings were done in six different classrooms with six different groups of kids. They are arranged pretty much by age, breaking down into Pre-Kindergarten, K-First graders; First-Second graders; and finally Second-Third and Fourth graders. There were about 25 kids in each group, and 2 or 3 adults...I've listened to the tapes maybe two-dozen times, and I still find myself singing along with some of these songs. Woody Guthrie once said, "You'll go higher, do better and live longer here amongst us, if you'll only jump in here and swim around in these songs and do like the kids do...I don't want the kids to be grownup, I want to see the grown folks be kids."

I love singing these kids' songs. I hope when I'm 80 years old I'll still feel that excitement. Unfortunately, many of the great comments had to be cut for technical reasons. Listen to the spontaneity; it was terrific fun making the tapes, it's terrific fun whenever we sing together; for me it's terrific fun listening to it. I hope it is for you too.



Josh Bogin  
12/13/71



# Songs

## 1

### ROCK-A-MY-SOUL---Trad.

Chorus:

Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Oh, rock-a-my-soul!!!

(now sing the verse, ready...)  
So high, you can't get over it,  
So low you can't get under it  
So wide, you can't get around it,  
Oh, rock-a-my-soul!!

(do you know the third part that  
goes...)  
Rock-a-my-soul, rock-a-my-soul,  
rock-a-my-soul  
Oh, rock-a-my-soul!!

(let's do it with two parts and  
we'll try three later)  
(sing two parts simultaneously)  
(do it again, I can't hear you  
well enough!)  
(ok now SWITCH!!)

(Now we're gonna try three parts!!!)  
Oh rock-a-my soul!!!  
(try that one more time!)  
(now everybody Rock-a-my-soul, ready,  
everybody!!!)

Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Rock-a-my-soul in the bosom of  
Abraham  
Oh, rock-a-my-soul!!

(ok now I want everybody clapping  
their hands!!!)  
(chorus again)

2

(chorus)

I know a girl named Rachel and the  
only thing she likes to do  
Is read a book!!!

(chorus)

I know a boy named J.R., all he like  
is dinosaur

(chorus)

I know a man named Josh, and every  
time he comes to sing with us,  
He takes a wash!

(chorus)

Well I know a girl and she's twelve  
feet tall,  
Hey lollie lollie-lo  
She sleeps in the kitchen with her  
feet in the hall,  
Hey lollie lollie lo!

(chorus)  
(clap sing it again!!!)  
(chorus)

HEY LOLLIE--Trad.

Do you know this song...it goes like  
this...

Chorus:

Hey lollie, lollie, lollie, hey  
lollie-lollie lo  
Hey lollie, lollie, lollie, hey  
lollie-lollie lo.

(again)  
Hey lollie, lollie, lollie, hey  
lollie-lollie lo  
Hey lollie, lollie, lollie, hey  
lollie-lollie lo.

Well I know a guy and his name is  
Chance, hey lollie lollie lo.  
The last time I saw him he was  
drivin a car through France,  
Hey lollie lollie lo.

(chorus)

Yeah I know a guy and his name is  
Allie, hey lollie lollie lo  
And he has a big farm in the Tennessee  
Valley, hey lollie lollie lo.

(chorus)

Well I know a guy and his name is  
Thomas, hey lollie lollie lo  
And he keeps bombs in his house,  
Hey, lollie lollie lo.

(now you make up some verses)

I know a lady named Miss Sorkin,  
Hey lollie lollie lo  
And every time I see her she goes  
passin by with her car, hey lollie  
lollie lo.

(chorus)

I know somebody whose name is Sheldon  
And every time he eats ice-cream  
its always meltin'

(chorus)

I know a kid named J.R.  
And he always drives a car...  
Smokes a cigar

3

WHEN I FIRST CAME TO THIS LAND--Trad?

Chorus:

When I first came to this land,  
I was not a wealthy man  
So I got myself a shack, and I did  
what I could  
And I called my shack, break my back.  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could.

When I first came to this land,  
I was not a wealthy man  
So I got myself a farm and I did  
what I could.  
And I called my farm the muscle in  
my arm  
And I called my shack break my back.  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could

(chorus)

So I got myself a duck, and I did  
what I could.  
And I called my duck out of luck  
And I called my farm the muscle in my arm

And I called my shack break my back.  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could.

(chorus)

So I got myself a cow and I did what  
I could.  
And I called my cow "No Milk Now"  
And I called my duck "Out of Luck"  
And I called my farm "The Muscle in  
my Arm"  
And I called my shack "Break My Back"  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could.

(chorus)

So I got myself a wife and I did what  
I could.  
And I called my wife "Run for your  
Life"  
And I called my cow "No Milk Now"  
And I called my duck "Out of Luck"  
And I called my farm "The Muscle in  
my Arm"  
And I called my shack "Break My Back"  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could.

(chorus)

So I got myself a son and I did what  
I could.  
And I called my son "My Works Done"  
And I called my wife "Run for your  
"Life" etc.  
But the land was sweet and good and  
I did what I could.

4

WHERE SHALL I BE--Trad.,  
arr. by Lemon Jefferson

Chorus:

Where shall I be when the first  
trumpet sounds?  
Where shall I be when it sounds so  
loud?  
When it sounds so loud it wakes up  
the dead  
Where shall I be when it sounds?

(try it once, alright?)  
(repeat chorus)  
(wanna try it once more, to see if  
we got the words?)  
(repeat chorus)

Well I looked over yonder and what  
did I see?  
Where shall I be?  
A band of angels watchin me  
Where shall I be?

(chorus - everybody sing!)

Well I'll be trying on my robes when  
the first trumpet sounds  
Tryin on my robes when it sounds  
so loud  
Sounds so loud it wakes up the dead  
Where shall I be when it sounds?

(everybody, where shall I be..)  
(chorus)

Well God gave Noah the rainbow sign  
Where shall I be?  
No more water but the fire next time!  
Where shall I be?

5

MAMA DON'T ALLOW--Trad.

Well mama don't allow no clappin'  
your hands in here  
Mama don't allow no clappin' our  
hands in here  
We don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna clap our hands anyhow!  
Mama don't allow no clappin' hands  
in here...

Mama don't allow no knockin' our knees  
in here (2)  
We don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna knock our knees anyhow  
Mama don't allow no knockin' knees  
in here...

Well mama don't allow no reaching  
for the sky in here.  
Mama don't allow no reaching for  
the sky in here...  
We don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna reach for the sky anyhow  
Mama don't allow no reaching for the  
sky in here...

Well mama don't allow no snappin'  
our fingers in here (2)  
We don't care what mama don't allow  
We gonna snap our fingers anyhow  
Mama don't allow no snappin' our  
fingers in here...

Mama don't allow no breakin' our  
guitar strings in here (2)  
We don't care what mama don't allow  
Here's a broken guitar string anyhow  
Mama don't allow no breakin' guitar  
strings in here...

Well mama don't allow no sittin' back  
and yawning in here (2)  
Well we don't care what mama don't  
allow  
We're gonna sit back and yawn and  
take a deep breath anyhow  
Mama don't allow no sittin' back and  
yawning in here.

6

BRING ME LITTLE WATER, SYLVIE  
Huddie Ledbetter

Chorus:

Bring me little water Sylvie  
Bring me little water now  
Bring me little water Sylvie  
Every little once in awhile

(try it, just like that)  
(repeat chorus)  
(you must have the words by now)  
(repeat chorus)

Can't you hear me callin' Sylvie  
Can't you hear me callin' now?  
Can't you hear me callin' Sylvie  
Every little once in awhile?

Sylvie, Sylvie I'm so hot and dry!  
Sylvie, Sylvie a little glass just  
wouldn't satisfy me.

(chorus)

LONG JOHN--Trad.

I'm Long John (I'm Long John)  
I'm a long time gone (I'm a long  
time gone)  
Like a turkey through the corn  
(repeat)  
I got my long drawers on (repeat)

Chorus:

I'm Long John (repeat)  
I'm a long time gone (repeat)  
Like a turkey through the corn  
(repeat)  
I got my long drawers on (repeat)

Well if I'd a-listened (repeat)  
To what my mama said (repeat)  
Well I'd be sleeping (repeat)  
In a feather bed (repeat)

(chorus)

I got a pair of shoes (repeat)  
And they're hard to track (repeat)  
I got a heel in the front (repeat)  
I got a heel in the back (repeat)

(chorus)

Well I'm way out yonder (repeat)  
Way ahead of them hounds (repeat)  
There ain't a hound in town (repeat)  
Gonna run me down (repeat)

(chorus)

First verse - real soft  
(chorus - whisper)  
First verse  
(chorus - everybody sing)

8

THIS LITTLE LIGHT OF MINE--Trad.

Chorus:

This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine, oh, oh, oh  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
This little light of mine,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it  
shine...

(repeat chorus)

Well right in Durham School,  
I'm gonna let it shine (3)  
Let it shine, let it shine, let it  
shine...

Right here in Miss Bush's room,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Right in Miss Melvin's room,  
I'm gonna let it shine  
Right here in this room,  
I'm gonna let it shine, let it shine,  
let it shine

(Ok, next to last time, everybody  
sing -- chorus)

(Ready, last time, everybody!!!)  
(chorus)

Come everyone smile like me...  
Come everyone smile like me...  
Come on and join the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

Come everyone lean their head to  
one side like Erica...  
Come everyone lean their head to  
one side like Erica...  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the  
same.

Come everyone put their hands on top  
of their heads like James  
Come everyone put their hands on top  
of their heads like James  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

Come everyone straighten their hat  
like Adrian...(2)  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

Come everyone yawn like me...  
Come everyone yawn like me...  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

Come everyone snore like me...  
Come everyone snore like me...  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

First verse...

9

JOIN INTO THE GAME--Trad.

Come everyone clap hands with me...  
Come everyone clap hands with me...  
Come on and join into the game,  
You'll find that it's always the same.

10

STEWBALL--Trad.

Well Stewball (uh-huh) was a  
racehorse (uh-huh)

And Molly (uh-huh) was too  
(was too!)  
So they put them (uh-huh)  
together (uh-huh)  
To see what (uh-huh) they'd do

Chorus:

Well bet on Stewball and you will  
win, win, win  
Bet on Stewball and you will win.  
Bet on Stewball and you will win  
win, win.  
Bet on Stewball and you will win.

Now the Jockey's (uh-huh) name was  
Herman (uh-huh)  
And Herman (uh-huh) was an ace  
(was an ace)  
And he promised (uh-huh) to put  
Stewball (uh-huh)  
Right into (uh-huh) first place  
(first place)

(chorus)

Well the horses (uh-huh) were even  
(uh-huh)  
Right up to (uh-huh) the first curve  
(first curve)  
And then Stewball got disgusted and  
he started (uh-huh)  
To swerve (to swerve)  
Now Stewball (uh-huh) got disgusted)  
(uh-huh)  
Went back to (uh-huh) his stall  
(his stall)  
And he ate up (uh-huh) his feed bag  
(uh-huh)  
The leather (uh-huh) and all (and  
all!)

(chorus)

Now Stewball (uh-huh) felt better  
(uh-huh)  
Went back to (uh-huh) the race  
(the race)  
And he passed all (uh-huh) the  
horses (uh-huh)  
And he came in (uh-huh) first place  
(first place!!!)

(chorus)

# 11

(Let's hear the bells and woodblocks)

Four wine bottles standing on the wall

Four wine bottles standing on the wall

If one of those bottles should accidentally fall

There'd be three wine bottles standing on the wall.

Three wine bottles standing on the wall

Three wine bottles standing on the wall

If one of those bottles should accidentally fall

There'd be two wine bottles standing on the wall.

(Play it, tambourines)

Two wine bottles standing on the wall

Two wine bottles standing on the wall

If one of those bottles should accidentally fall

There'd be one wine bottle standing on a wall.

(let's hear it drums!!!)

(can you sing that?)  
(repeat)

I got a bird that whistles,  
I got a bird that sings (2)  
But I ain't got Corrina and life  
don't mean a thing.

(now sing the chorus, everybody)

Well I left Corrina she was way out  
across the sea (2)  
She didn't write me no letters, no,  
she didn't care for me.

(everybody sing)  
(chorus)

## THAT'S ALRIGHT--Trad.

Chorus:

That's alright, that's alright,  
Gonna be alright, gonna be alright  
Since my soul got a feeling in the  
morning, that's alright.

(repeat)  
(repeat)  
(Ok, you got the words? -- chorus)  
(now listen to the verses)

Jordan's river chilly and cold,  
Well it chills the body  
But not the soul.  
Since my soul got a feeling in the  
morning, that's alright.

(chorus)  
(Ok, I want everybody singing now,  
everybody singing!)

(chorus)

# 12

# 13

## FIVE WINE BOTTLES--Trad.

(Ok wanna do one with the instruments?)

Five wine bottles standing on the wall

Five wine bottles standing on the wall

If one of those bottles should accidentally fall

There'd be four wine bottles standing on the wall.

## CORRINA, CORRINA--Trad.

(Do any of you know Corrina, Corrina?  
It goes like this...)

Chorus:

Corrina, Corrina, where have you  
been so long?

Corrina, Corrina, where have you  
been so long?

We'll I've been worried about you  
babes,

Honey won't ya please come home?



design randi wasserman

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