

CHILDREN OF THE LORD
BINGO WAS HIS NAME
DAUGHTERS WILL YOU MARRY?
IF ALL THE RAIN DROPS
BE KIND TO YOUR TEACHERS
THE YOUNGER GENERATION
JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMITT
I WAS BORN 10,000 YEARS AGO
HAPPY JACKIE JUNIOR IS MY NAME
SPRING WOULD BE
THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN
O, WHEN POP WAS A LITTLE BOY
HARD LUCK BLUES
KEVIN BARRY
PUTTING ON THE STYLE
FINNEGAN BEGINIGIN

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7628

Cover design by Ronald Clyne

CAMP SONGS

With 6 to 11 year olds
Directed and Accompanied by
PETE SEEGER and **ERIK DARLING**
and the Song Swappers



M
1977
C3
C186
1955

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS FC 7628

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7628

CAMP SONGS

Descriptive Notes Are Inside Pocket
Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. RA 59-1

© 1959 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.
632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

FOLKWAYS FC 7628

SCHOLASTIC RECORDS Album No. FC 7628
Produced By Folkways Records, N.Y. ©1955
632 Broadway, NYC 10012 N.Y.

Camp Songs

CHILDREN OF THE LORD

Rise and shine and give God the glory, glory, (3)
Children of the Lord.

God said to Noah, there's going to be a
flood-y, flood-y, (2)
Get your children out of the mud-y, mud-y,
Children of the Lord.

God said to Noah to build him an ark-y, ark-y, (2)
Build it out of hickory rock-y, rock-y,
Children of the Lord.

The animals they came in, they came in by
twos-y, twos-y, (2)
The elephants and kangaroos-y, roos-y,
Children of the Lord.

It rained, it rained for forty days-y, days-y, (2)
Drove those counselors nearly crazy, crazy,
Children of the Lord.

Rise and shine, etc.

BINGO WAS HIS NAME

There was a farmer had a dog,
Bingo was his name, oh,
B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o, B-i-n-g-o
Bingo was his name oh.

DAUGHTERS WILL YOU MARRY?

Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a farmer?
Neh, father, neh.

A farmer's wife I will not be
Cleaning out stables is not for me,
Neh, father, neh.

Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a doctor?
Neh, father, neh.

A doctor's wife I will not be
Torturing people is not for me,
Neh, father, neh.

Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a teacher?
Neh, father, neh.

A teacher's wife I will not be
Punishing children is not for me,
Neh, father, neh.

Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a lawyer?
Neh, father, neh.

A lawyer's wife I will not be
Cheating people is not for me,
Neh, father, neh.

Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a fisherman?
Neh, father, neh.

A fisherman's wife I will not be
Digging up worms is not for me,
Neh, father, neh.

M
1977
C3
C186
1955

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

MUSIC LP

HARD LUCK BLUES
Daughters will you marry?
Yeh, father, yeh.
Will you marry a fiddler?
Yeh, father, yeh.

I'd like to be a fiddler's wife
Singing and dancing all of my life.
Yeh, father, yeh.

IF ALL THE RAINDROPS

If all the raindrops were lemondrops and
gumdrops,
Oh what a rain it would be!

I'd stand outside with my mouth open wide,
That's the weather for me, O baby!

I wouldn't care if the sun would never shine,
I'd keep on wishing for raindrops all the time.

If all the raindrops, etc.

BE KIND TO YOUR TEACHERS

Be kind to your teachers
Though they don't deserve it,
Remember the grown-ups
A difficult stage of life.

They're apt to be nervous
And over-excited,
Confused from their
Daily storm and strife.

Just keep in mind
Though it seems hard, I know,
Most teachers were students
Long ago - incredible!

So treat them with patience
And sweet understanding,
In spite of the foolish
Things they do.

Some day you may wake up
And find you're a teacher too.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

If I eat too much jam
Mother, look how young I am.
Father dear, please recall
That at one time you were small.
If I'm hard on my clothes
And I do not wipe my nose.
Parents dear, please recall
That at one time you were small.

Tiddle-ee um, tiddle-ee um
Tiddle-ee um, tum, tum, tum, tum.
We're the younger generation
And the future of our nation

If I look as I pass
Into every looking-glass.
Parents mine, have no fears
Just go back some twenty years.
If I stay out of doors
And don't help with kitchen chores.
Parents mine, have no fears
Just go back some twenty years.

(repeat chorus)

Parents dear, use your tact
If you don't like how we act.
Do not fret, do not mourn
Is it our fault we were born?
Please forgive all we do
Someday we will suffer, too.
When in turn we shall groan
At some children of our own.

(repeat chorus)

JOHN JACOB JINGLEHEIMER SCHMITT

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmitt
His name is my name too.
And whenever we go out
The people always shout
"There goes John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmitt."

I WAS BORN 10,000 YEARS AGO (Just The Facts, Ma'am)

I was born about ten thousand years ago.
There ain't nothing in this world that I don't
know.
I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring-a-
round-the-rosie
And I can whip the guy that says it isn't so...

I'm just a lonesome traveler, the great
historical bum
Highly educated, from history I have come.
I built the Rock of Ages, it was in the
Year of One
And that's about the biggest thing that man
has ever done.

I saw Satan when he looked the Garden o'er.
I saw Eve and Adam driven from the door.
From behind the bushes peeping seen the apple
they was eating
And I'll swear that I'm the guy what ate the core.

Well, I built the Garden of Eden, it was in
the year of Two
Joined the apple pickers union, and I always
paid my dues.
I'm the man that signed the contract to
Raise the Rising Sun
And that's about the biggest thing that man
has ever done.

I taught Samson how to use his mighty hands
Showed Columbus - this happy land.
And for Pharoah's little kiddies built all the
pyramiddies
And to the Sahara carried all the sand.

I was straw boss on the pyramids, the Tower
of Babel, too
I opened up the ocean, let the migrant chil-
ren through.
Well, I fought a million battles, and I never
lost a one
And that's about the biggest thing that man
has ever done.

I taught Solomon his little ABC's
I was the first one ate Limburger cheese.
And while sailing down the bay with Methuselah
one day
I saved his flowing whiskers from the breeze.

Well, I was in the revolution, when we set
this country free
It was me and a couple of Indians that dumped
the Boston tea.
Well, I won the Battle of Valley Forge, and
the Battle of Bully Run
And that's about the biggest thing that man
has ever done.

Queen Elizabeth fell dead in love with me
We were married in Milwaukee secretly.
But I snuck around and shook her, to go with
General Hooker
To fight mosquitters down in Tennessee.

(The next two verses are sung simultaneous-
ly; one group singing one verse, another
singing the other verse at the same time.)

I... was born about ten thousand years ago
There ain't nothing in this world that I don't
know.

I saw Peter, Paul, and Moses playing ring-a
round-the-rosie
And I can whip the guy that says it isn't so...

I'm... just a lonesome traveler, the
great Historical Bum
Highly educated, from history I have
come.

I built the Rock of Ages, it was in the
Year of One

And that's about the biggest thing that
Man has ever done!

SIDE II

HAPPY JACKIE JUNIOR IS MY NAME

Happy Jackie Junior is my name,
Happy Jackie Junior is my cogniment;
Roses in the garden for you young man,
Robber at the key-hole, catch him if you can.

Happy Jackie Junior is my autograph,
Happy Jackie Junior is my signature;
I'd like to know what the possibilities are...
Kaiser, don't you want to buy a dog?

SPRING WOULD BE

Spring would be a dreary season
If 'twere nothing else but spring...

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

O, there was a little man
And he had a little can,
And he used to rush the growler.
He went to the saloon
On Sunday afternoon
And he had to hear the bartender holler!
"No booze today, no booze today,
No booze today on Sunday -
No booze today, no booze today,
Come around, get your can filled
Monday."

She's the only gal I love
With a face like a horse and buggy,
Leaning up against the barn - oh
Fireman save my child,
Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the
way,
Oh what fun it is to ride on a one-horse
open sleigh...
Oh a chamber-maid come to my door
Says get up you lazy sinner,
We need those sheets for a table cloth
And it's almost time for dinner.

O, WHEN POP WAS A LITTLE BOY

O, when pop was a pretty little boy like me
He used to go in swimming, in swimming, in
swimming.
He used to go way up the stream
Where there was no fear of wimming, of
wimming, of wimming.

One day some folks they came along
And stole my pop's apparel, apparel,
apparel.

So pop he stayed in the water all day,
And at night he came home in a barrel, a
barrel, a barrel.

When pop was a pretty little boy like me
He used to be fond of melon, of melon, of
melon.

He used to go into a neighbor's yard,
Steal one, and come home a-yellin, a-yellin,
a-yellin.

But one day a man came with a gun
And told my pop to halt, to halt, to halt.
But the fence was high and the powder was
dry
So my pop got a dose of salt, of salt, of
salt.

HARD LUCK BLUES

Let me tell you: I was born in hard luck.
Last month of the year; last week of the
month.

Last day in the week, last hour of the day.
Last minute of the hour, last second of the
minute.

Last tick of the second.
The truth about the whole thing really is,
Better if I just hadn't got here.

Well, old Brother Paley, got on a
great big freight train out of Tennessee.
Train going like this....

KEVIN BARRY

Early on a Sunday morning,
High upon a gallows tree,
Kevin Barry gave his young life
For the cause of liberty.
Only a lad of eighteen summers,
Yet there's no one can deny
That he went to death that morning
Nobly held his head up high.

Chorus: Shoot me like an Irish soldier
Do not hang me like a dog,
For I fought for Ireland's freedom
On that dark September morn.
All around that little bakery
Where we fought from hand to hand,
Shoot me like an Irish soldier
For I fought to free Ireland.

Just before he faced the hangman
In his lonely prison cell,
British soldiers tortured Barry
Just because he would not tell.
All the names of his companions
Other things they wished to know.
"Turn informer, and we'll free you."
Proudly Barry answered "No!"

Chorus

Another martyr for old Ireland,
Another murder for the crown,
Well, they can kill the Irish
But they can't keep spirits down.

Chorus

PUTTING ON THE STYLE

Young man in a carriage, driving like he's mad,
With a pair of horses he borrowed from his dad.
He cracks his whip so lively, just to watch his
lady smile,
But she knows he's only putting on the style.

Chorus: Putting on the agony, putting on the style,
That's what all the young folks are doing
all the while.

And as I look around me, I'm very apt to
smile,

To see so many people putting on the
style.

Young man in a restaurant, smokes his dirty
pipe,

Looking like a pumpkin that's only halfway ripe.
Smoking, drinking, chewing, and thinking all the
while

That there's nothing equal to putting on the style.

Chorus

Sweet sixteen goes to church just to see the boys,
Laughs and gigles at every little noise.

She turns this way a little, then turns that way a
while,

But the boys all know she's only putting on the
style.

Chorus

FINNEGAN BEGINIGIN

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He had whiskers on his chinigan.
Along came the wind and blew them in again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, begin again:

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He got drunk through drinking ginigin.
So he wasted all his tinigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan, beginigin:

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He kicked up an awful dinigin.
Because they said he must not sinigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan, beginigin:

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He went fishing with a pinigin.
Caught a fish but dropped it inigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan, beginigin:

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
Climbed a tree and barked his shinigin.
Took off several yards of skinigin
Poor old Michael Finnegan, beginigin:

There was an old man named Michael Finnegan
He grew fat and then grew thin again.
Then he died and had to begin again
Poor old Michael Finnegan, beginigia.

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother
She lives in a swamp all alone
Where it's always cold and damp.
You may think that this is the end
Well it is.