

MORE SONGS TO GROW ON

Ha, Ha, This-A-Way

Up in a Balloon

How Old Are You?

Raisins and Almonds

Three Crow

Trip A Trop A Tronjes

There Was an Old Fish

We Wish You a
Merry Christmas

Carol of The Beasts

May Day Carol

New River Train

I Ride an Old Paint

The Big Corral

Haul Away, Joe

Donkey Riding

Two in the Middle

Little Lady from
Baltimore

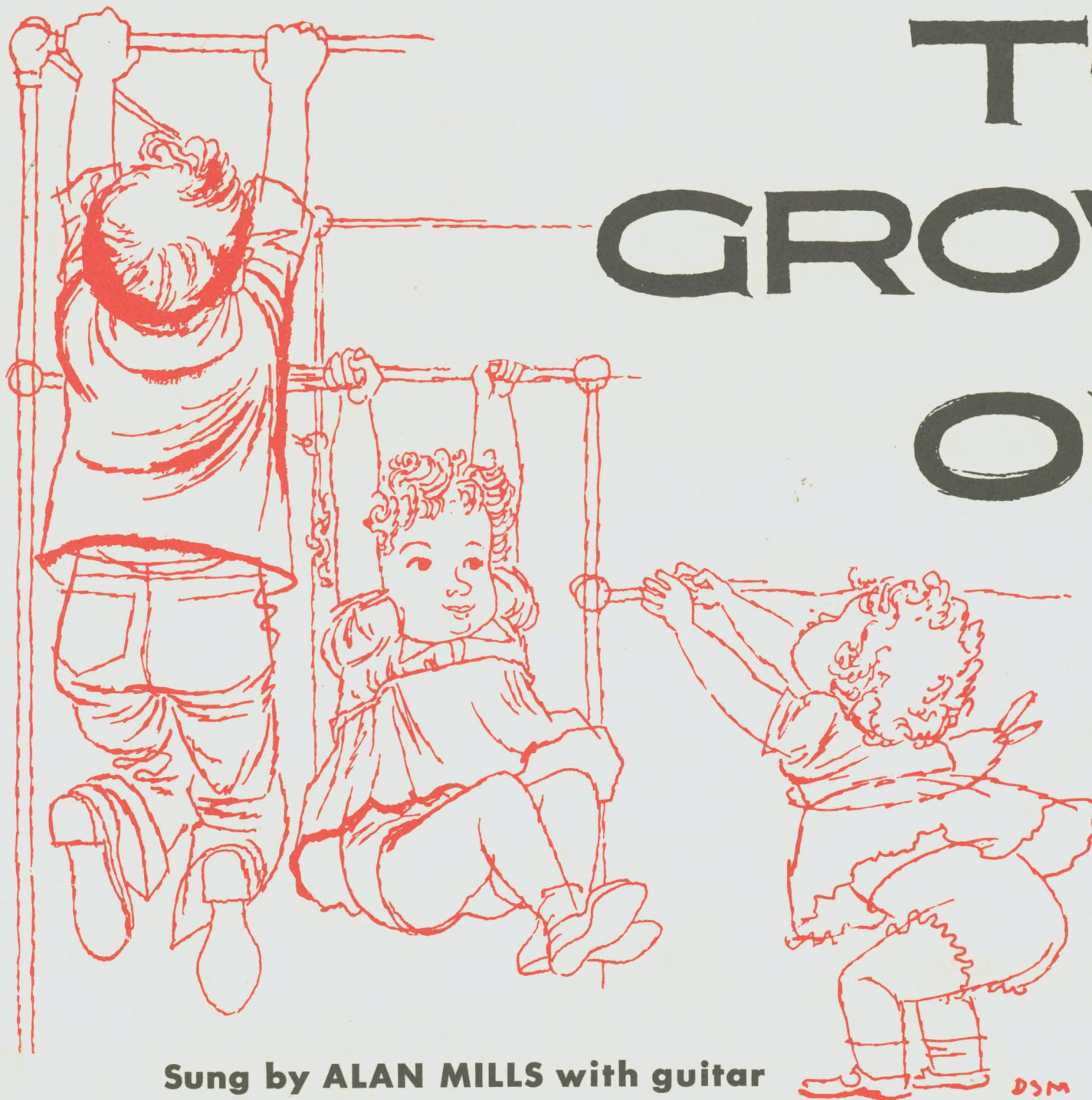
Risseldy, Rosseldy

The Bold Fisherman

The Old Man in the Wood

We Whooped and
We Hollered

Liza Jane



Sung by ALAN MILLS with guitar

AMERICAN FOLK SONGS FOR CHILDREN

collected by Beatrice Landeck from

"MORE SONGS TO GROW ON" E. B. Marks Music Publishers

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1997
M657
M835
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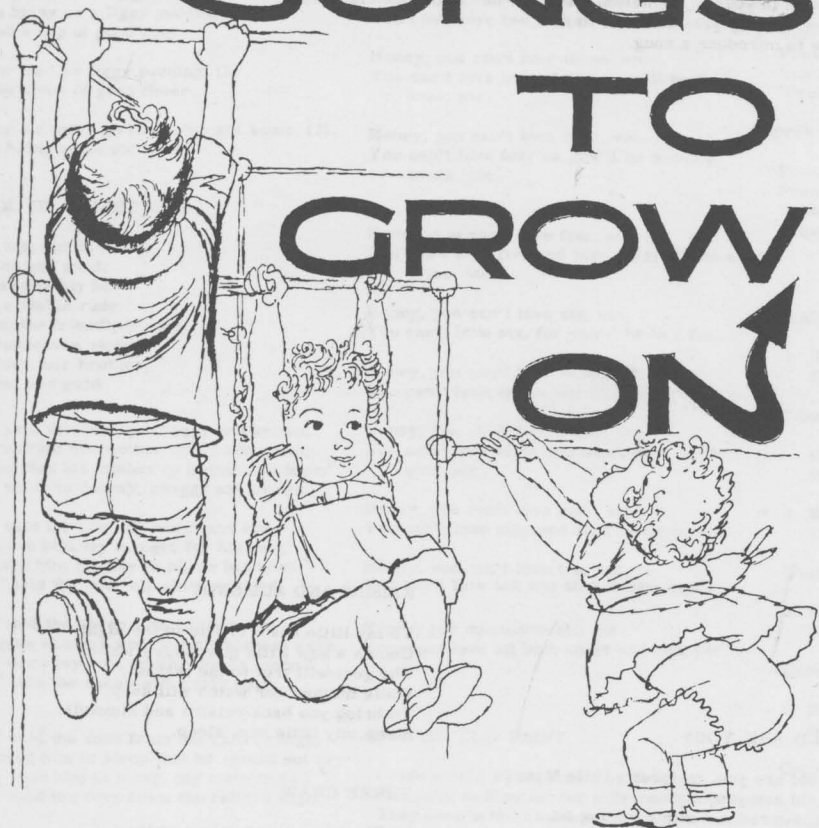
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MORE SONGS TO GROW ON



BEATRICE LANDECK is a distinguished music educator who gained first-hand experience through many years of working directly with children in the classroom. First at a boarding school in Connecticut and then at the Little Red School House in New York City, she originated a way of conducting music in schools so that it would be an important part of classroom life. Discarding obsolete methods, she introduced a new kind of song literature and new ways of interpreting it, in accordance with modern teaching techniques. The outstanding success of this fresh approach to music education is evidenced by the fact that the school walls could not contain the children's enthusiasm for music; the youngsters carried it into their homes where it captured the hearts of mothers and fathers as well.

Miss Landeck is on the faculty of the Mills College of Education in New York City and she has conducted summer workshops at other colleges and universities attended by classroom teachers and music specialists from all parts of the country. She has written innumerable reviews and articles, and is the compiler of four books of folk songs: the brand-new "More Songs To Grow On" and its predecessor "Songs to Grow On", both collections of American folk songs for children; "Git On Board," a collection of songs for group singing; and "Songs My True Love Sings," an album of love songs. She is also the author of a widely praised book for parents and teachers, entitled "Children and Music."

Alan Mills, Canada's outstanding interpreter of folk-songs in that country's two official languages, is a native Montrealer; he has been singing folksongs for the past twenty years. He received much of his early training from the noted English singer and musicologist, the late John Goss, with whose quintet of London Singers, Mills toured the United States and Canada from 1935 to 1937. Since 1947, he has been a regular broadcaster on both the National and International (short wave) services of the Canadian Broadcasting Corp. His programs include: "Folk Songs for Young Folk" and "Songs Chez-Nous," both heard weekly on the Trans-Canada Network of the CBC, and "Songs of Canada" which is broadcast every week in several languages to countries in Europe and Latin America. He is particularly well-known to Canadian children through his program "Folk Songs for Young Folk," which has received high praise from educators. His work has won him one of Canada's top radio awards and has been featured by the National Film Board. He is the editor of the Alan Mills Book of Folk Songs & Ballads, published by Whitcombe & Gilmour Ltd., Montreal.

Sung by ALAN MILLS with guitar

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MUSIC LP

"MORE SONGS TO GROW ON"

by

Beatrice Landeck

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Dear Parent and Teacher,

Although this collection of songs is intended primarily for children, it is hoped that it will appeal to you as well, for it is good to feel strongly about music you sing with children, to enjoy its straightforwardness, and to appreciate its vitality. Your enthusiasm will be conveyed instantly to them; their voices will ring in imitation of yours and their bodies and minds will be enlisted in creative participation. In the sharing of music, age barriers are forgotten; children respond as their experience and their family and

classroom attitudes have prepared them to respond. Hence this choice is presented without age-level classification. Songs that have been sung for generations in real life situations bring human beings of all ages into harmony with each other and with the world around them. They have the power to release creative energy and to give both child and adult satisfaction in music expression.

It is a known fact that American folk songs offer opportunity for many different interpretations in the singing, dramatizing, and playing of any one of them. Aware of the functional meaning of a song, children are quick to adapt it in their play. There are, nevertheless, certain suggestions given here, not so much for the child as for you. It goes almost without saying that, unless you recognize the possibilities of interpretation, you will lack conviction in your presentation. The suggestions, then, merely give a hint as to how, when, and where to introduce a song.

Suggestions for use of rhythm instruments are included also only as a guide. Once the child is familiar with the idea that each rhythm instrument has its own distinctive "voice", he will want to choose the one that, in his opinion, best "sings" a particular song. Little by little, his ear becomes attuned to quality of sound with a sensitivity which, fully achieved, leads to musical growth. He may want to match his own interpretation with that printed in the book. Fine! Then he will recognize the meaning of rhythmic notation.

American folk songs have won wide acceptance as material for stimulating children's interest in music. I know the value of these songs and it is my earnest hope that, whether for pure pleasure or for the pleasurable musical growth they afford, you will welcome them into your home or classroom.

HA, HA, THIS - A - WAY

When I was a little (boy), little (boy)
When I was a little (boy), (four) years old.

Mama bought me a little sled, little sled,
little sled,
Mama bought me a little sled, then, oh, then.

Chorus:

Ha, Ha, this-a-way,
Ha, ha, that-a-way,
Ha, ha, this-a-way,
Then, oh, then.

UP IN A BALLOON

Up in a balloon, boys, Up in a balloon.
Sailing 'round the little stars And all around
the moon.
Up in a balloon, boys, Up in a balloon,
Won't we have a jolly time, Up in a balloon!

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

1. 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.

Chorus:

Make my living in sandy land,
Make my living in sandy land,
Make my living in sandy land,
Ladies, fare ye well.

2. Will you marry me, my pretty little miss?
Will you marry me, my honey?
She answered me with a ha, ha, ha,
"I'll run and ask my mommie."

Chorus:

3. Hie, come along, my pretty little miss,
Hie, come along, my honey,
Hie, come along, my pretty little miss,
I won't be home till Sunday.

RAISINS AND ALMONDS

To my little one's cradle in the night
Comes a new little goat snowy white.
The goat will trot to the market,
While mother her watch will keep
To bring you back raisins and almonds.
Sleep, my little one, sleep.

THREE CRAW

1. Three craw sat upon a wall,
Sat upon a wall,
Sat upon a wall.
Three craw sat upon a wall,
On a cold and frosty morning.
 2. The first craw couldna find his maw,
Couldna find his may,
Couldna find his maw;
The first craw couldna find his maw,
On a cold and frosty morning.
 3. The second craw couldna find his paw, etc.
 4. The third craw ate the other twa, etc.
 5. The fourth craw warnna there at aw, etc.
 6. And that's aw I hear about the craw, etc.
- "craw" is crow.

TRIP A TROP A TRONJES

Trip a trop a Tronjes,
Up and down and over;
The pigs are in the bean patch,
The cows are in the clover,
The ducks are in the water place,
The calf is in the long grass;
So big my baby is,
Pop-pe-jay bas.

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS

1. We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
We wish you a merry Christmas,
And a happy New Year.
2. Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
Oh bring us a figgy pudding,
And a cup of good cheer.
3. For we like figgy pudding, (3)
And a cup of good cheer.
4. And we won't go till we've got some, (3)
So bring some out here.

CAROL OF THE BEASTS

1. Jesus, our brother,
Kind and good,
Was humbly born
In a stable rude.
And the friendly beasts
Around him stood;
Jesus, our brother,
Kind and good.
2. "I" said the donkey, shaggy and brown,
"I carried his mother uphill and down;
I carried his mother to Bethlehem town."
"I" said the donkey, shaggy and brown.
3. "I" said the cow, all white and red,
"I gave him my manger for his bed,
I gave him my hay to pillow his head."
"I," said the cow, all white and red.
4. "I," said the sheep with curly horn,
"I gave him my wool for his blanket warn
He wore my coat on Christmas morn."
"I," said the sheep with curly horn.
5. "I," said the dove from the rafters high,
"Cooed him to sleep that he should not cry
We cood him to sleep, my mate and I."
"I," said the dove from the rafters high.
6. Thus every beast by some good spell,
In the stable dark was glad to tell
Of the gift he gave Emmanuel,
The gift he gave Emmanuel.

THE MAY DAY CAROL

Awake, awake, Oh, pretty maid,
Out of your drowsy dream
And step in to your dairy shed
And fetch me a bowl of cream.

If not a bowl of your sweet cream,
A mug of your brown beer;
For the Lord knows when we'll meet again
To be Maying another year.

A branch of May I've brought to you,
And at your door it stands.

'Tis but a sprout, well-budded out,
The work of godly hands.

My song is done, I must be gone,
No longer can I stay.
God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.

NEW RIVER TRAIN

I'm riding on that new river train,
I'm riding on that new river train;
Same old train that brought me here
Goin' to carry me back again.

Honey, you can't love one,
Honey, you can't love one;
You can't love one and have any fun,
Honey, you can't love one.

Honey, you can't love two, etc.
You can't love two and still be true, etc.

Honey, you can't love three, etc.
You can't love three 'cause you'll be up a
tree, etc.

Honey, you can't love four, etc.
You can't love four or you'll be wanting
more, etc.

Honey, you can't love five, etc.
You can't love five and take them all for a
drive, etc.

Honey, you can't love six, etc.
You can't love six, for you'll be in a fix,

Honey, you can't love seven, etc.
You can't love seven and still go to heaven,

Honey, you can't love eight, etc.
You can't love eight and meet them at the
gate, etc.

Honey, you can't love nine, etc.
You can't love nine and still be mine, etc.

Honey, you can't love ten, etc.
You can't love ten and sing it over again,

Honey, you must love all, etc.
You must love all both short and tall, etc.

I RIDE AN OLD PAINT

I ride an old Paint, I lead an old Dan,
I'm goin' to Montan' for to throw the hoolian,
They feed in the coulees, they water in the
draw,
Their tails are all matted, their backs are
all raw.

Ride around, little dogies, ride around them
slow,
For the fiery and snuffy are a-rarin' to go.

Oh, when I die, take my saddle from the wall
Put it on my pony, lead him out of his stall.
Tie my bones to his back, turn our faces to
the west.
And we'll ride the prarie that we love the
best.

Ride around, little dogies, ride around them
slow,
For the fiery and snuffy are a-rarin' to go.

THE BIG CORRAL

1. That big husky brute from the cattle chute,
Press along to the Big Corral,
He should be branded on the snout,
Press along to the Big Corral.

Chorus:

Press along, Cowboy,
Press along with a cowboy yell,
Press along, cowboy,
Press along to the Big Corral.

2. The food we got isn't fit to eat;
Press along to the Big Corral.
There's rocks in the beans and sand in the
meat.
Press along to the Big Corral.

Chorus:

3. Early in the morning 'bout half past four,
Press along to the Big Corral,
You'll hear him open his face to roar,
"Press along to the Big Corral."

Chorus:

Press along, Cowboy,
Press along with a cowboy yell,
Press along, cowboy,
Press along to the Big Corral.

HAUL AWAY, JOE

1. Way, haul away,
Oh, haul and sing together;

Chorus:

Way, Haul away,
We'll haul away, Joe!

2. Way, haul away,
The packet is a-rollin'.

Chorus:

3. Way, haul away,
We'll haul for better weather.

Chorus:

4. King Louis was the king of France,
Afore the revolush-i-on.

Chorus:

5. But Louis got his head cut off.
Which spoiled his Constitush-i-on.

Chorus:

6. Way, haul away,
We'll haul away the bowlin'.

Chorus:

Way, haul away,
We'll haul away, Joe!

DONKEY RIDING

1. Were you ever in Quebec
Stowing timber on the deck,
Where there's a king with a golden crown
Riding on a donkey.

Chorus:

Hey ho, away we go,
Donkey riding, donkey riding;
Hey ho, away we go,
Riding on a donkey.

2. Were you ever off the Horn
Where it's always fine and warm;
Seen the lion and the unicorn
Riding on a donkey.

Chorus:

3. Were you ever in Cardiff Bay
Where the folks all shout, "Hooray,
Here comes John with his three months' pay
Riding on a donkey."

Chorus:

Hey ho, away we go,
Donkey riding, donkey riding;
Hey ho, away we go,
Riding on a donkey.

TWO IN THE MIDDLE

Two in the middle and you can't jump, Josie,
Two in the middle and you can't jump, Josie,
Two in the middle and you can't jump, Josie,

To the Ohio.

Choose your partner and then jump, Josie,
Choose your partner and then jump, Josie,
Choose your partner and then jump, Josie,
To the Ohio.

Four in the middle and you can't jump, Josie,
(3)
To the Ohio.

Hold my mule while I jump, Josie, (3)
To the Ohio.

Get out of there if you can't jump, Josie,
To the Ohio.

LITTLE LADY FROM BALTIMORE

Chorus:

I know a little lady from Baltimore,
Baltimore, Baltimore.
I know a little lady from Baltimore;
Let's see what she can do.

1. Oh, she can't dance,
I know she can't,
Know she can't,
Know she can't,
Oh, she can't dance,
I know she can't,
Let's see what she can do.
2. Oh, she can't do the Samba,
I know she can't,
Know she can't,
Know she can't,
Oh, she can't do the Samba,
I know she can't,
Let's see what she can do.
3. Oh, she can't do the Lindy, etc.
4. Oh, she can't do the Rhumba, etc.
5. Oh, she can't do the Ickaboga, etc.

I know a little lady from Baltimore,
Baltimore, Baltimore.
I know a little lady from Baltimore;
Let's see what she can do.

RISSELDY, ROSSELDY

1. I married my wife in the month of June.
Risseldy, rosseldy, mow, mow, mow.
I carried her off in a silver spoon.
Risseldy, rosseldy, hey bombassity.
Nickety, nackety, retrical quality,
Willowby, wallowby, mow, mow, mow.
2. She combed her hair but once a year, etc.
With every rake she shed a tear, etc.
3. She swept the floor but once a year, etc.
She swore her broom was much to dear, etc.
4. She churned her butter in Dad's old boot, etc.
And for a dasher used her foot, etc.
5. The butter came out a grizzly gray, etc.
The cheese took legs and ran away, etc.

Chorus:

Risseldy, rosseldy, hey bombossity,
Nickety, nackety, retrical quality.
Willowby, wallowby, mow, mow, mow.

THE BOLD FISHERMAN

There was a bold fisherman who sailed out from
Pimbeco
To slay the wild codfish and bold mackerel.
When he arrived off Pimbeco, the stormy winds
did wildly blow.
His little boat went wibble wobble and over-
board went he.

Chorus:

"Twink-i-doodle-dum, Twink-i-doodle-dum,"
'Twas the highly interesting song he sung.
"Twink-i-doodle-dum, Twink-i-doodle-dum,"
Sang the bold fisherman.

He wriggled and scriggled in the waters so
briny-o.
He yellowed and bellowed for help, but in vain.
Then downward he did gently glide to the bottom
of the silv'ry tide;
But previously to this he cried, "Fare thee well,
Mary Jane!"

Chorus: Repeat above chorus.

THE OLD MAN IN THE WOOD

There was an old man that lived in the wood,
As you can plainly see,
Who said he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
"If that be so," the old woman said,
"Why this you must allow
That you shall do my work for a day
While I go drive the plow."

"You must milk the Tiny cow,
For fear she will go dry,
And you must feed the little pigs
That are within the sty.
And you must watch the bracket hen,
Lest she should lay astray,
And you must wind the reel of yarn
That I spun yesterday."

The old woman took the staff in her hand
And went to drive the plow.
The old man took the pail in his hand
And went to milk the cow.
But Tiny hunched and Tiny flinched
And Tiny wrinkled her nose,
And Tiny hit the old man such a kick
That the blood ran down to his hose.

'Twas "Hey, my good cow," and "Ho, my good
cow,"
And "Now, my good cow, stand still.
If I ever milk this cow again,
'Twill be against my will."
And when he'd milked the Tiny cow,
For fear she would go dry,
Why, then he fed the little pigs
That were within the sty.

And then he watched the bracket hen,
Lest she should lay astray.
But he forgot the reel of yarn
His wife spun yesterday.
He swore by all the leaves on the tree
And all the stars in heaven
That his wife could do more work in a day
Than he could do in seven.

WE WHOOPED AND WE HOLLERED

We whooped and we hollered
And the first thing we did find
Was a barn on the hill
And that we left behind.
Look-a there now.
Some said it was a barn.
Some said, "Nay".
Some said it was a church
With the steeple cut away
Look-a there now.

We whooped and we hollered
And the thing that we did find
Was a pig in a lane
And that we left behind.
Look-a there now.
Some said it was a pig.
Some said, "Nay."
Some said it was an elephant
With his trunk cut away.
Look-a there now.

We whooped and we hollered
And the thing that we did find
Was the moon in the tree
And that we left behind.
Look-a there now.
Some said it was the moon.
Some said, "Nay."
Some said it was a cheese
With its half cut away.
Look-a there now.

We whooped and we hollered
And the thing that we did find
Was a frog in the well
And that we left behind.
Look-a there now.
Some said it was a frog.
Some said, "Nay."
Some said it was a jaybird
With the feathers plucked away.
Look-a there now.

We whooped and we hollered
And the thing that we did find
Was an owl in the tree
And that we left behind.
Look-a there now.
Some said it was an owl.
Some said, "Nay."
Some said it was a bogeyman
And so we ran away.
Look-a there now.

LIZA JANE

Our horse fell down the well,
Around behind the stable.
Our horse fell down the well,
Around behind the stable.
But he didn't fall clear down,
But he fell, fell, fell, fell, fell,
As far as he was able.
Oh, it's goodbye, Liza Jane.

My gal crossed the bridge,
So she wouldn't get her feet wet,
My gal crossed the bridge,
So she wouldn't get her feet wet.
Well, she didn't cross the bridge,
But she would, would, would, would, would,
But the bridge it wasn't built yet.
Oh, it's goodbye, Liza Jane.

LITHOGRAPHED IN U.S.A.

