

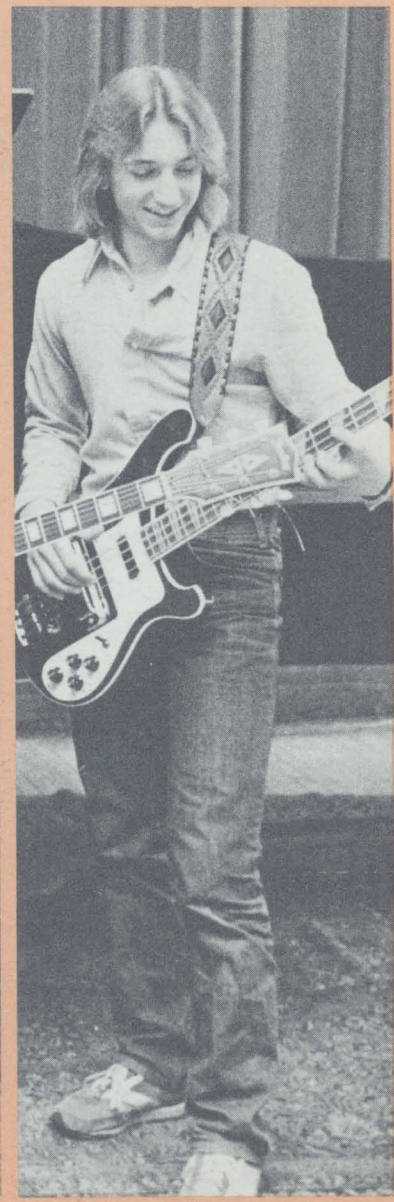
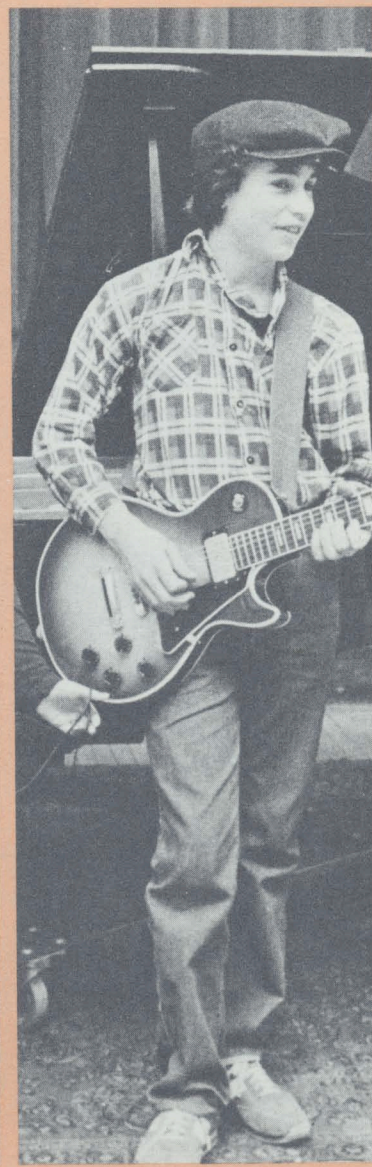
FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7780

The Young Composers Forum

Original Works of Children in Concert

A TRIBUTE TO THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE CHILD — 1979

PRODUCED BY ANNE MARFEY



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1979

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

MUSIC LP

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7780

SIDE 1

- 1a. My Problems
- 1b. The Gobbleman
Christina Marfey, 12
piano and voice
2. Contemplation Suite
Stuart Wylon, 13
guitar and piano: J.P. Bonn
3. Coming Home
Dona Oxford, 11
piano and voice
4. Song of Spring
Joan Esposito, 10
violin
- 5a. Etude for violin
- 5b. Three short piano pieces
Daniel Zimmerma, 15
violin and piano

SIDE 2

- 1a. Piece 1
- 1b. Piece 2
- 1c. Piece 3
Johan Marfey, 14
piano
2. My Book of Songs
Eddie Kilgallon, 13
piano and voice
3. The Bee and the Butterfly
Annette Wertalk
piano
4. Balloons, Big Balloons
Douglas McNaugh, 9
French Horn
- 5a. Valse Caprice
- 5b. Baccarolle
Lorraine Wolf, 17
piano
6. Rambling Woman
Laurie Ingalls, 17
guitar and voice

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., 10023 N.Y., U.S.A.

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7780
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Young Composers Forum

A Tribute to the International Year of the Child

When I got to know about the proclamation of 1979 as the Year of the child I decided to do something totally on my own. I got the idea to found a Young Composers Forum, which would make a concert with original music made by children and played by children as a tribute to the International Year of the Child, and to open children's eyes to the fact, that also they can do something for other children.

There is so much we can do in our lives, right where we happen to live. The year of the child gives everybody a chance to be active and to work for a good cause, the future of our societies, our children. They must learn to receive and to give to be able to live full lives in a spirit of love, of peace and universal brotherhood.

Anne Marfey



Christina Marfey

Side I.

I. Christina Marfey, age 12 years
piano and voice

My Problems

I'm always being insulted.
I'm told to watch my weight.
And sometimes the teacher slaps me,
Because I'm so very late.
I walk to school in the morning
without my lunch or bag.
An when I get there, oh she is such a hag.
She stands there waving her hands at me.
I'm horrified, so I look at my knee.
She says, "Stand up and you go home!
And don't ever come back with such a moan."
I start to cry.
She sends me home,
but the next day I'm back with a moan.

The Gobbleman

The wife and the gobbleman went once for a walk
The wife and the gobbleman went once for a walk,
and all they did was talk and talk.
The wife said, "ho,ho,ho
it began to snow, snow, snow
it began to snow, snow, snow, ow."
The gobbleman said, "no,no,no
It cannot snow in the middle of June.
You are a little too soon,
just a little too soon
just a little too soon."

So the wife and the gobbleman continued their walk and
were talking and talking and talking.

And all they did was talk and talk.

So the wife said, "ho, ho, o,

it began to snow, snow

it began to snow, snow, snow, ow.

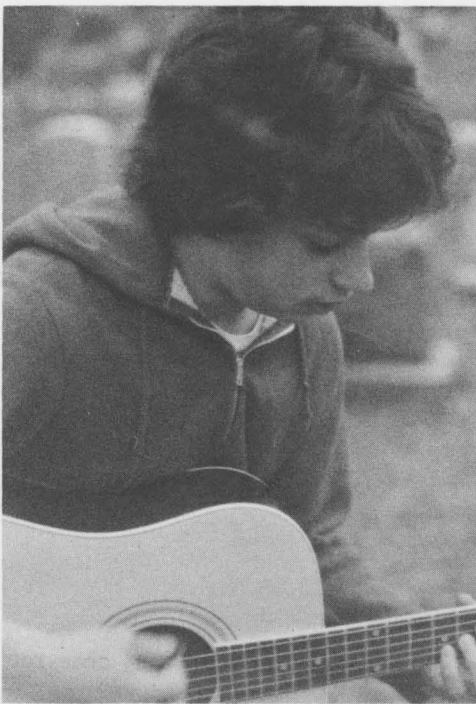
So the gobbleman said: "I told you...one hundred, 33,37,

38,75,56,41,58 that it cannot snow in the middle

of June."

You are a little too soon.

Christina Marfey



Stuart Wylon

II. Stuart Wylon, age 13 years

Contemplation Suite

Guitar and piano - J.P. Bonn



Dona Oxford

III. Dona Oxford, age 11 years

Piano and voice

Coming Home

You're straying so far from the fold.

Will I ever see you grow old-er?

Since you have been out on your own

where is the place you call home.

The mem'ries of when you were small

are haunting me now. Have I faltered?

I fear that I haven't done well.

I miss you and wish you could tell

that I'm always thinking of you

and I'll always love you.

Tho' it's hard to show it, I want you to know it.

If you need some caring, I could do some sharing.

'tho my heart is wearing thin.

I don't know, if I hurt you.

Should have been alert to all the re-arranging.

How your ways were changing.

How I failed to see, you wanted to be free,

to find yourself another whim.

It's too late to review the past.

I thought it was nice while it lasted.

But now as I sit here alone.

I'm wondering, if you're coming home.

Dona Oxford



Joan Esposito

IV. Joan Esposito, age 10 years

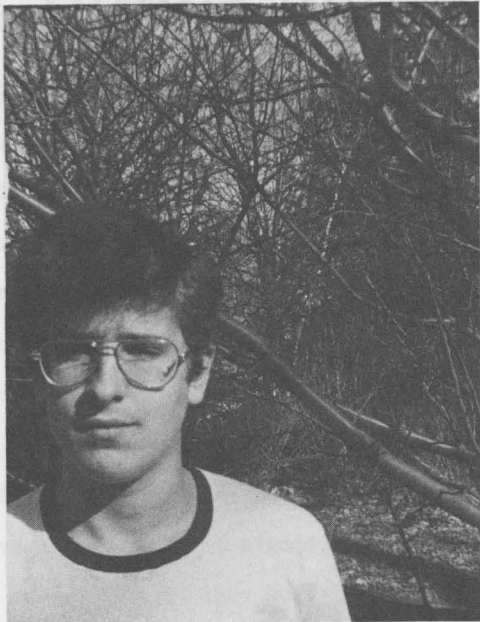
violin

Song of Spring

V. Daniel Zimmerman, age 15 years

violin and piano

1. Etude for Violin
2. Three short piano pieces



Daniel Zimmerman

Side II

1. Johan Marfey, age 14 years

Piano

Piece nr. 1.

Piece nr. 2.

Piece nr. 3.



Johan Marfey

II. Eddie Kilgallon, age 13 years

Piano and voice

My Book of Songs

Time and again I try to write

A song just for you.

But when my pen starts to glide

The memories glide on too.

I try to tell the world

That your the best lookin' girl,

But time will tell

My songs might sell,

But they won't bring back you.

I wrote in my book of songs

The stories that you told,

About how you loved me once

And then you left me cold.

Of all the things in the world

You had to leave me alone,

Why couldn't we be in love

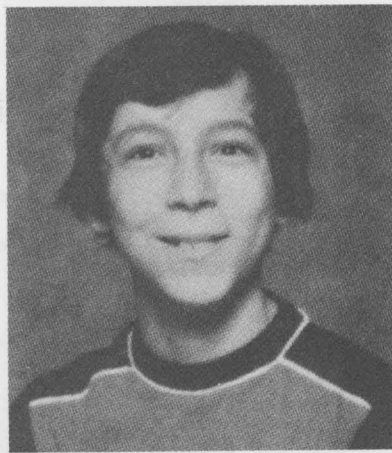
Like my dreams remind me of.

Oh, please come back to stay

Don't go throw my dreams away

Your my world, my life, my dreams, my nights

Your my girl, well you were.



Eddie Kilgallon

My pen stopped there you may know why
 I couldn't hold back I had to cry.
 I couldn't keep up with all my dreams.
 The world will be here today and there tomorrow
 it's here to stay.

But me, I'll be movin' along.

My songs won't sell

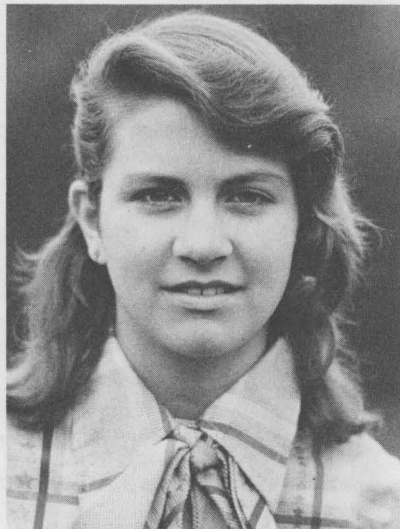
My pen won't write.

And I'm all alone every night

She was my girl, it isn't right I know.

Then I closed my book and dreamed, all alone.

Eddie Kilgallon



Annette Wertalk

III. Annette Wertalk, age 10 years.

Piano

The Bee and the Butterfly



Douglas McNaugh

IV. Douglas McNaugh, age 9 years.

French Horn

Balloons, Big Balloons



Lorraine Wolf

V. Lorraine Wolf, age 17 years.

Piano

1. Valse Caprice

2. Baccarolle

VI. Laurie Ingalls, age 17 years.

Guitar and voice.

Rambling Woman

I'm a rambling woman

People keep asking, "Girl why don't you settle down,
 find yourself a rich guy, who won't mess around,
 but I just say "No thank you!"

That kind of life ain't for me.

A family's fine, but now I just want to be free.

Chorus:

I'm a rambling woman

Well I'll keep going from town to town.

I'm a rambling woman.

It just isn't time for me to settle down.



Laurie Ingalls

.....

I just want to roam this big old spacious world alone,
and go and seek the places unknown.

I just wanna have fun and do as I please, fly skies,
sail oceans and ride on a breeze.

Chorus:

Back In The West

I want to go back, and live the history. Days that
started a country,
to be with the horses, that run so free and buffalo
that ran the country.
To be with the Indians and the wagon trains too, see
mud covered wagons and the dust claim the sky so blue,
where it was wild, but innocent as a child, for the land
that nobody knew.

Chorus:

Back in the West it was a test
for everyone, with sweat, blood and tears and many
years that made America find freedom.

Do....da....de da.....

But now there's nothing to live for
the world's a mess. It was tough back in those days
of gold, but they pulled through back in the west.
They stood together side by side, and law was then
along with each man's pride.

They had a country to make.

It was for generations ahead sake.

Chorus 2:

Some Day

Some day I'm going to become a super star uh-hut
and some day I'm gonna travel this world
yeah-oh-yeah and some day I'm going to make it
and some day, some day I'll be a country hit.

But for now I'm just a big old country hick and I'll
tell you something.

There ain't thing that I can't lick and some day,
some day this old world's gonna shake and sit and
watch this old gal become a super hit.

When this old world will see me, well, I'm a gonna
shake - a up a society a singing and a dancing and
doing my bit, well some day, some day I'll be,
a country hit.

Laurie Ingalls