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MUSIC LP

THE GRAIL SINGERS:

Grailville, Loveland Ohio

SING FOLK SONGS FROM

Poland
Germany
China
Uganda
South Africa
Eire
United States
Great Britain
Brazil
Mexico
Hungary
Macedonia



Cover design by Ronald Clyne

Photograph by Allan Kain

THE GRAIL SINGERS

Descriptive Notes are inside pocket

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Poland	Germany
China	Uganda
England	Brazil
Mexico	South Africa
United States	Macedonia
Africa (Zulu)	Hungary
Eire	

The production of the recording, which was made at Grailville, has in its own way been the result of international co-operation. Some of the instrumental accompaniment, advice on programming, help with translation and much needed encouragement have been given by students, professional musicians, working people and Grail movement personnel from various parts of the world. Since this generous help came from the common desire to contribute to better understanding among nations, it is the hope of all who worked on the record that it will convey some of the universal appeal of these songs of the family of man.

THE GRAIL SINGERS

The music on this record comes out of the living experience of members of the Grail Movement in building a true international community. The Grail includes Catholic young women of thirty-seven nationalities, working closely together in teams on all six continents, serving medical, social and cultural needs in an effort to incarnate the Christian ideal in all forms of modern society. The sharing of songs has proved to be one of the most effective ways of bringing about a real meeting of peoples. For music conveys what is deepest and most universal in the human heart, even where language fails and custom divides.

Therefore, wherever the Grail is, there also are songs of the whole human family. Those on this record have been culled from countless informal song presentations made at Grailville, in Loveland, Ohio, the main center of the Grail Movement in North America. All of them are songs as the people themselves like to sing them today; and all have repeatedly awakened an enthusiastic response on the part of the international groups who have experienced them.

The conscious effort being made by the Grail's cultural program to maintain the living song traditions of its members is happily in line with the contribution Folkways Recordings is making towards the preservation and communication of the vast international treasury of folk song. It is often the chance participation in a group sing at one of the Grail centers that has awakened a foreign student or visitor to the significance of his own musical heritage.

This recording includes many kinds of folk songs, dealing with universal human situations of courtship, work, play, death, home life, and contact with nature, treated in serious or humorous fashion. When possible, singable English translations have been worked out; otherwise, an English prose translation is provided with the original text. The refrains of songs in foreign languages are sometimes simple enough to be picked up by ear. Often the human experience which gives rise to the song is so vital that it evokes a response transcending the peculiarity of linguistic and musical idiom.

SIDE 1, BAND 1:

TO I HOLA (Poland)

Jada goście jada
 Kożo mego sadu,
 Do mnie nie przyjada
 Bo nie mam posagu.

To i hola, hola la la
 To i hola, hola la la

Choc' nie mam posagu
 Ani swego domu,
 Jeszcze mnie matula
 Nie da lada komu.

To i hola, hola la la
 To i hola, hola la la

Past my gate, all in state
 Ride the suitors merry.
 They won't knock on my door
 For I have no dowry.

To i hola, hola la la
 To i hola, hola la la

Kuscik sweet I can bake,
 Who could want a finer cake;
 Yet no call comes for me
 For I have no dowry.

To i hola, hola la la
 To i hola, hola la la

People say I'm too gay,
 Fickle as a feather;
 But I've learned more than they
 From my wise old mother.

SIDE 1, BAND 2:

HOPSA, SCHWABENLIESEL (Germany, Dance Song)

Hopsa! Schwabenliesel, dreh dich um und tanz a
 bissel!

Hopsa! Schwabenliesel, dreh dich um und tanz!

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, dreh dich um, tanz nach
 der Fiedel!

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, lupf den Fuss und tanz!

Hopsa! Hüben drüben, wo ist denn mein Schatz
geblieben?

Hopsa! Hüben drüben, wo ist denn mein Schatz?

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, tanz mir nicht mit Nachbars
Peter!

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, komm und tanz mit mir!

Hopsa! pretty Liesel, take your turn and dance
a little!

Hopsa! pretty Liesel, take your turn and dance!

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, take your turn, dance to
the fiddle!

Hopsa! Lieselgretel, lift your foot and dance!

Hopsa! Right now, left now, Liesel, tell me
where you are now!

Hopsa! Right now, left now, Liesel, where are you?

Hopsa! Liesel darling, don't take Peter for your
partner,

Hopsa! Liesel darling, come and dance with me!

SIDE 1, BAND 3:

THE CARAVAN SONG (China, Mandarin language)

This is a dance song from the interior part of China. The song consists of five verses sung by two groups in question and answer form. The refrain is an expression from the language of the common people.

- a) Where does the caravan come from?
b) The caravan comes from "Dl Sar".
- a) What do the camels carry on their backs?
b) The camels carry fine hides and many other things on their backs.
- a) How much do ginger and pepper cost?
b) They cost 33.3¢
- a) Outside the trading place hangs a piece of worn skin.
b) Everybody, whether rich or poor, is invited to come in.
- a) The rich would sit upon the bamboo chair.
b) The poor then must sit on the floor.

Refrain:
Sar li houn bar hey ya hey.

SIDE 1, BAND 4:

MUZINGE (The Peacock)

Uganda

The search for the peacock, a rare and beautiful bird, requires the hunter to be patient, friendly and kind. Before he starts out, his family and friends all join in the effort to help him go out to his mission well prepared in mind, peaceful and confident. This encouragement and support, expressed by the verbs "Nakuba" and "nakubira", are traditionally given to those setting out on a serious enterprise.

Ogenda wa?
Ngenda okulaba ennyonyi Muzinge.
Mama nakuba!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Tata nakuba!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Baba nakuba!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Jjajja nakuba!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Owange nakuba!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Omwana nakubira!
Nakubira ennyonyi Muzinge.
Ogenda wa?
Ngenda okulaba ennyonyi Muzinge.

I asked my friend where he was going and he told me he was going to look for a bird called the Peacock.

Mama did all she could to prepare him. (Mama nakuba.) She prepared him to go and look for the peacock. (Nakubira etc.)

Father did all he could to prepare him. He prepared him to go and look for the peacock.

I asked my friend etc...

Sister did all she could to prepare him. She prepared him to go and look for the peacock.

Grandmother ...

A Friend ...

A Child ...

SIDE 1, BAND 5:

BILLY GRIMES

American

"Tomorrow morning I'm sweet sixteen,
And Billy Grimes, the drover,
Has popped the question to me, Ma,
And wants me for a lover.
He says, he's coming here, Mama,
Tomorrow morning quite early
To take a pleasant walk with me,
Across the fields of barley."

"You must not go, my daughter dear
It's no use now in talking,

You must not go across the field
With Billy Grimes a-walking.
To think of his presumption too,
The ugly, dirty drover!
I wonder where your pride has gone,
To think of such a lover."

"Old Grimes is dead, you know, Mama,
And Billy, he's so lonely,
Besides, of Grimes's whole estate
My Billy is the owner.
Surviving heir to all that's left,
The folks they say it's nearly
A good ten thousand dollars, Ma,
About six thousand yearly."

"I did not hear, my daughter dear,
Your last remark quite clearly.
But Billy he's a clever lad,
And no doubt loves you dearly.
Remember then, tomorrow morn
To be up bright and early,
To take a pleasant walk with him
Across the fields of barley."

SIDE 1, BAND 6:

FOI BÔTO, SINHÁ! (Brazil, Portuguese language)

Along the banks of the Amazon and Tocantin rivers
and their tributaries, is found the belief that
Bôto, a river spirit, comes out at the time of
full moon, disguised as a handsome young man, to
entice girls by dancing with them in the festival
that celebrates the end of coffee-drying time.
Tajá-panema, the soul of a plant growing along
the river, cries out on such nights to warn of
the approaching danger.

Tajá-panema chorou no terreiro,
Tajá-panema chorou no terreiro;
E a virgem morena fugiu no costeiro.

Foi Bôto, Sinhá, foi Bôto, Sinhô,
Que veio tentá e a moça levou.
No tar dansará aquelle doutô
Foi Bôto, Sinhá, foi Bôto, Sinhô!

Tajá-panema se poz a chorá,
Tajá-panema se poz a chorá;
Quem tem filha moça é bom vigiá!

O Bôto não dorme no fundo do rio,
Seu dom é enorme, quem quer que o viu,
Que diga, que informe se lhe resistiu,
O Bôto não dorme no fundo do rio.

Tajá-panema wept in the yard,
And the dark-haired maiden fled to the river-bank.

It was Bôto, ma'am, it was Bôto, sir,
Who came to tempt and who took the girl away
with him.

In that dancing, that enticer -
It was Bôto, ma'am, it was Bôto, sir.

Tajá-panema began to weep,
Let whoever has a young daughter be vigilant!

Bôto is not asleep in the bottom of the river;
His charm is great - whoever has seen him
Could tell, could inform you, that you cannot
resist him.

Bôto is not asleep in the bottom of the river.

SIDE 1, BAND 7:

LA CALANDRIA (The Lark)

North America - New Mexico

Estaba una calandria pendiente de un balcón,
En una jaula de oro, llorando su prisión.

El gorrioncito de oro su palabra le dió,
"Te saco de prisiones, o en ellas quedo yo."

Alegre la calandria, así le respondió,
"Si cortas los alambres, contigo me voy yo."

El pájaro atrevido los alambres cortó, y entonces
La calandria voló, y voló, y voló.

El gorrioncito de oro prontito la siguió,
A que le hiciera bueno lo que ella prometió.

Entonces la calandria así le respondió,
"Jamás, jamás he side en jaulas presa yo."

Se vuelve le gorrioncito a donde su amor nació,
Y entro en aquella jaula y lloró, y lloró, y lloró.

Se vuelve la calandria y así lo consoló,
"Te quise y te quería, pero ahora no."

There was a lark in a golden cage, hanging from a
balcony, weeping over her imprisonment.

The golden sparrow gave her his word: "Either I
shall get you out of prison, or I shall stay there
myself."

The lark delighted, answered: "If you cut these wires,
I shall go away with you."

The daring bird cut the wires, and then the lark
flew away, and flew and flew and flew.

The golden sparrow followed straight after her, so
that she would make good her promise to him.

Then the lark answered him thus: "Never, never,
was I in prison."

The sparrow returned to the place where his love
was born, entered into the cage, and wept and wept.

The lark returned and consoled him thus: "I did
love you, I used to love you, but I do not love
you now."

SIDE 1, BAND 8:

LA PASTORELA (Shepherd's Song)

North America - New Mexico

The dwelling humorously described here is the type of temporary shelter erected out of branches, leaves and mud by the shepherd when he is pasturing his flock far from any villages.

Escuchen amigos y amigas que tengo,
Si acaso desean mi triste canción.
Con techo de rama mi casita es fea
Que solo se ocupa con la chimenea.

De ventanas tengo que son como estrellas;
Cuando no cae agua, pues...no se gotea.
Y de puertas tengo que es una zalea
Que ya los ratones me comen por ella.

Yo llego a mi campo rendido y cansado,
Debajo 'e mi almohada oigo estar tocando;
Las víboras pasan por allí galopeando,
Debajo 'e mi almohada forman su fandango.

Tengo unos vecinos que son los coyotes;
En noche de plata me dan serenata:
Redondos y valeses, quadrellas y chotes
También los zorrillos balsean al trote!

Y en un rincón tengo mi puela colgada,
Porque los ratones la usan pa' guitarra.
Forman su fandango sin duda con ella,
Porque allí en la harina se encuentra la huella.

Listen, ladies and gentlemen, if you desire, to
my sad song. My hut is ugly with its roof of
branches that has only room for the chimney.

My windows are numerous as the stars; when it's
not raining, there is no leaking. My door is a
sheepskin that the mice fight over with me.

I get back to my hut worn out and weary; under
my pillow I hear an orchestra. The snakes are
racing through at a gallop, and under my pillow
line up their fandango.

My neighbors are the coyotes, who serenade me on
moonlight nights. Waltzes and rounds, schottisches
and quadrilles, and the skunks too, cross over at
a trot.

My frying pan is hung in a corner, because the mice
use it as their guitar. They make up their fandango
with it, I know, because they leave their tracks in
the flour.

SIDE 1, BAND 9:

JIKEL 'EMAWENI (Work Song)

South Africa - Xhosa language

This is a song used to accompany the rhythmic
movements of a group employed in building,
digging, laying railroads, quarrying, etc.

Jikel' emaweni ndiyahamba.
Jikel' emaweni ndiyahamba.
Ajik' amadoola ajike' emgodini,
Ajikel' uRadebe ajikel'eziwemi

Throw it into the slope, I am leaving.
Throw it into the slope, I am leaving.
The men threw, threw it into the slope,
They threw it to Radebe, they threw it into the slope.

SIDE 1, BAND 10:

KAWAKAYIMA (The Clever Monkey)

Uganda, Africa

Kambalojjereko ku byennalaba edda;
Ku kasolo kaffe kawakayima.

Ref.

Akasolo ako kali kagezi'.
Amagezi gako gegasinga amanyi'.

Munkula yonna ne mundabika;
Ke kasolo kaffe kawakayima!

Wango ow'amanyi nakwata embuzi
Kawakayima ako nekakuba endulu walala!

Wango natya nnyo nadduka embiro;
Embuzi yasula eri busuzi!

Kambabuziyo akabuzo kamu;
Lwaki kalina omukira omuwanvu?

Kambabuzeyo ate akalala;
Lwaki kalya emmere nga kayimiridde?

Akasolo kaffe kawakayima;
Kalungi ddala naye tikesigwa!

Let me tell you what I learned long ago about our
little animal Wakayima.

Ref.

That little animal was very clever. His
cleverness was greater than his strength.

He grew up into a fine and clever creature. You
could tell by his appearance how good he was,
but he wasn't very strong.

The strong leopard caught a goat. Wakayima
raised an alarm.

The leopard was terrified. He dropped the goat
and ran away.

Let me ask you one simple question. Why does
he have a long tail?

Let me ask another one. Why does he eat
standing up?

Our little animal Wakayima is wonderful, but
he is untrustworthy.

SIDE 1, BAND 11:

SOONTREE LULLABY (Ireland)

My joy and grief go sleep and gather
Dreams from the tree where the dreams hang low,
Rounder than apples and sweeter than honey,
All to delight you, machree 'veen, ogh!

Shogh'een, shogh'een, shogh'een ogh!
Shogh'een, shogh'een, shogh'een ogh!

Reach to a star that hangs the lowest,
Tread down the rift from the apple blow,
Ride your ragweed horse to the Isle of Nobles,
But the 'sheen's wine drink not, machree 'veen, ogh!

shogh'een, shogh'een shogh'een ogh!
Shogh'een, shogh'een, shogh'een ogh!

SIDE 2, BAND 1:

EL VENADO Y LA VENADA (The Deer and the Doe)

North America - New Mexico

El venado y la venada
Se fueron pa' Santa Fe,
A vender a sus hijitos
Por azucar y café.

Ref. Tra - la - la etc...

De las barbas de Carranza
Voy a hacer una toquilla,
Pa' ponerle en el sombrero
A valedor de Panchovilla.

De los dientes de Pacheco
Voy a hacer un corralito,
Pa' encerrar mis venaditos
Cuando esté el tiempo muy seco.

De la leche de mis cabras
Voy a hacer cuajada y queso,
Pa' comer con pan de maíz
Cuando esté en invierno grueso.

Que la vida no es alfalfa
Que retoña cada mes,
Cuando la vida se acaba
Es solo por una vez.

The deer and the doe went to
Santa Fe to sell their little
ones for sugar and coffee.

From Carranza's beard I am
going to make a kerchief as
a hat for the brave Panchovilla.

From Pacheco's teeth I am
going to build a little corral
to put my deer in, in time of
drought.

From the milk of my goats I am
going to make curd and cheese to
eat with corn bread when the
winter gets heavy.

Life is not like alfalfa that
springs up again each month.
When it is over, it is for always.

SIDE 2, BAND 2:

COME ALL YOU FAIR AND TENDER LADIES

North American (Appalachian)

Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men;
They're like a star on a summer's morning,
They'll first appear and then they're gone.

They'll tell to you some loving story,
They'll declare to you their love is true;
Straightway they'll go and court some other,
And that's the love they'll have for you.

I wish I was some little sparrow,
That I had wings, could fly so high;
I'd fly away to my false true lover,
And when he's talking I'd be by.

But I am not a little sparrow,
And neither have I wings to fly;
I'll sit down here in grief and sorrow
To weep and pass my troubles by.

If I'd a'known before I courted,
I never would have courted none;
I'd a'locked my heart in a box of golden,
And pinned it up with a silver pin.

SIDE 2, BAND 3:

ORO SE VIJE (Dancing the Oro)

Macedonia

Oro se vije kraj manastira.
Provoto oro se mladi momci.
Drugoto oro se mladi momi.
Trekjoto oro mladi nevesti.

Ref.

Da idam, Gana mome, da vidam, da idam,
Gana mome, da vidam.

Dancing the oro near to the cloister.
First in the oro here are the young men.
There in another maidens are dancing.
Brides in a third ring dancing the oro.

Ref.

Go, I must go, my Gana, go see them!
Go, I must go, my Gana, go see them!

SIDE 2, BAND 4:

NTABEZIKUDE (Distant Mountains)

South Africa - Zulu

A girl is singing about the distant mountains
which separate her from her lover.

Ntabezikude wema! Zingumasithela wema!
Ntabezikude wema! Zingumasithela wema!

Akasabali wema! Nominwad'encane wema!
Ukuthembu'muntu wema! Ukuthemb'ilitshe wema!

Ungathembi qola wema! Logxuma lihambe wema!
Ungathembi qola wema! Logxuma lihambe wema!

Ntabezikude wema! Zing' khumbuzu' baba noma!
Yeka bazali wema! Ngabashiy' ekhaya wema!

'Bake babonana wema! Bophinde babonane wema!
Ntabezikude wema! Zingumasithela wema!

Distant mountains
I can't see beyond them. (2)

He doesn't write any more,
Not even a little note.
To trust a person
Is to trust a stone.

Don't trust a vagrant.
He'll just get up and leave you. (2)

Distant mountains
Make me think of my father and my mother.
Oh! my parents
Whom I left at home.

Those who once met will meet again.
Distant mountains
Beyond which I cannot see.

SIDE 2, BAND 5:

KUCKUCK (Germany)

Kuckuck hat sich zu Tod gefallen von einer hohlen
Weiden.
Wer soll uns diesen Sommer lang die Zeit und Weil
vertreiben?
Ei, das soll tun Frau Nachtigall, die sitzt auf
grünem Zweige.
Sie singt und springt, ist allzeit froh, wenn all
die Vöglein schweigen.

The cuckoo's dead; he took a fall out of his willow
bower.
Now who will with his merry call beguile the summer
hours?
Dame Nightingale will lift her voice to fill the
wood with gladness,
She'll dance and prance and raise a song to drive
away our sadness.

My true love sent a note to me the message plainly
bearing
That she loved someone in my stead - as if I should
be caring!
If you love someone more than me that is no cause
for sorrow.
I'll mount upon my dappled steed and ride away
tomorrow.

As I went riding through the town, I left my true
love weeping.
You'll find young men in ample store, don't hold
what's not for keeping.
This song we now pass on to you, it's yours just for
the taking.
And if you use it well, it may keep young girls'
hearts from breaking.

SIDE 2, BAND 6:

THE NEW FLOWER DRUM SONG (North China)

Song of itinerant musicians and entertainers,
complaining of damages wrought by war. "Flower
Drum" indicates that the drum is played by a girl.

Let me tell you about Fong Yang. Fong Yang used
to be a good place to live, but since the coming
of the enemy, we have hardly had anything but
famine.

Refrain:
Dohng, dohng dohng, tsang, tsang,
Dohng, dohng dohng, tsang, tsang
Dohng, dohng dohng tsang dohng tsang
dohng tsang, dohng tsang.

All the rich families are changing their
occupations, and some of the poor families are
selling their children. But I have no child
to sell; I can only carry my flower drum on my
back and go singing from place to place.

SIDE 2, BAND 7:

IHASHI - ELIMHLOPHE (The White Horse)

South Africa - Zulu wedding dance song.

A girl is telling this to her mother: "My beloved
had a white horse which moved like this," (the
rhythm illustrates the movement of the horse.)

Ulavi wayenehashi elimhlophe
Ulavi ma! elalihamba lenze-nje.
Ulavi wayenehashi elimhlophe
Ulavi ma! elalihamba lenze-nje.
Ethangagibela elalihamba lenze-nje.

SIDE 2, BAND 8:

ERDŐ (Hungary)

Erdő, erdő, erdő, maroszeiki kerek erdő,
Madár lakja aztat, madár lakja tizenkettő.
Cukrot adnék annak a madárnak dalolja ki nevét a
babámnak,
Csárdás kis angyalom, érted fáj a szívem nagyon!

Buza, buza, buza, de szép tábla buza,
Közepébe, sej, haj, két szál levendula.
Ki fogja azt learatni, ha el fogok masérozni?
Ne hagyjél, angyalom, fáj a szívem nagyom!

Green grove, wide grove, deep grove, growing by
Marosek, green grove.
Birds are in your branches, dozen birds a-tweeting
fair love.
Sweets I'll take to that bird in the forest who'll
sing out in praises of my fairest.
Sprightly steps my darling; breaking is my heart
with longing.

Wheat field, growing wheat field, see the lovely
grain field.
Growing in the wheat, hey! lavender is hidden.
Should I march away and leave it, who will be the
one to reap it?
Leave me not, my darling; worn I'll be with longing.

SIDE 2, BAND 9:

SWEET WILLIAM (American)

Sweet William down in town one day,
He's down in town a-drinking;
He passed his wine to the ladies all,
He slighted Barbara Allan.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds all were swelling,
Young William on his deathbed lay
For love of Barbara Allan.

When he was sick, so very sick,
Death on his brows was dwelling,
He sent for the only one he loved,
Her name was Barbara Allan.

If death be printed in his face
And sorrow in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allan.

"You remember the day, the brightgroom day,
When you passed your drinks so willing?
You gave your drinks to the ladies all,
You slighted Barbara Allan."

"I remember the day, the brightgroom day,
When I passed my drinks so willing.
I gave my drinks to the ladies all
And my love to Barbara Allan."

"If on your deathbed you lie down,
What's that to Barbara Allan?
I cannot keep you from your death.
Farewell," said Barbara Allen.

She rode, she rode a mile from town,
The small birds they were singing,
They sung so loud, they sung so swift:
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allan."

SIDE 2, BAND 10:

OMWOKI WA GONJA (Roasting Gonja)

Uganda, Africa

This song tells the story of one forced by his
mother's death to roam about begging for food.
Gonja is a type of banana used for roasting.
The sea represents heaven.

Nsanga ayokya gonja.

Asigala enkoto gwendya.

Obugoma nsanga bulege;

Ewa namasale e Lukuli.

Nantawongerwa katonu;

Bwomuwongera e bbuzi eddene.

Ajula kwesala ekyambe!

Olumbe olwatta bannyaffe!

Lwatulekera okulira!

Tulinnye mu ggulu tuluwone!

Ebyayo binatumala.

Ebinnyonyi byokunnyanja;

Bisula bisindogoma.

Bireke bikabe bityo, o, o, o!

Nenkya binagenda.

I lost my mother long ago and I am left with no one
to give me food.

One day I went looking for someone to give me food
and I found someone roasting gonja.

This person gave me what was left over from his
own meal.

I moved on to the king's mother's home, where I
found the drums tightened and ready to play. I
played for something to eat.

But the one who had given me the gonja came by and
told a story about me, saying I would never be
satisfied with anything!

That made me think of death which had killed my
mother.

I decided that I would go to heaven to my mother
where there is no want of anything.

It is wonderful there and even the birds are happy
at the sea; I hope to go there tomorrow.