Folkways Records Corp. N.Y. fl 9774

STEAMBOAT 'ROUND THE BEND

Songs and stories of the Mississippi

told by **BEN LUCIEN BURMAN**

music score composed and played on harmonica by Eddy Manson

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9774

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THE RIVER'S STILL RUGGED
THE SHANTY BOATS
HUMOR ON THE RIVER
SHOWBOAT
HOW FOLK SONGS GROW
PICTURESQUE CHARACTERS
UNNATURAL HISTORY
FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN
THE LOWER RIVER
CUMBERLAND RIVER JUSTICE

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES INSIDE POCKET

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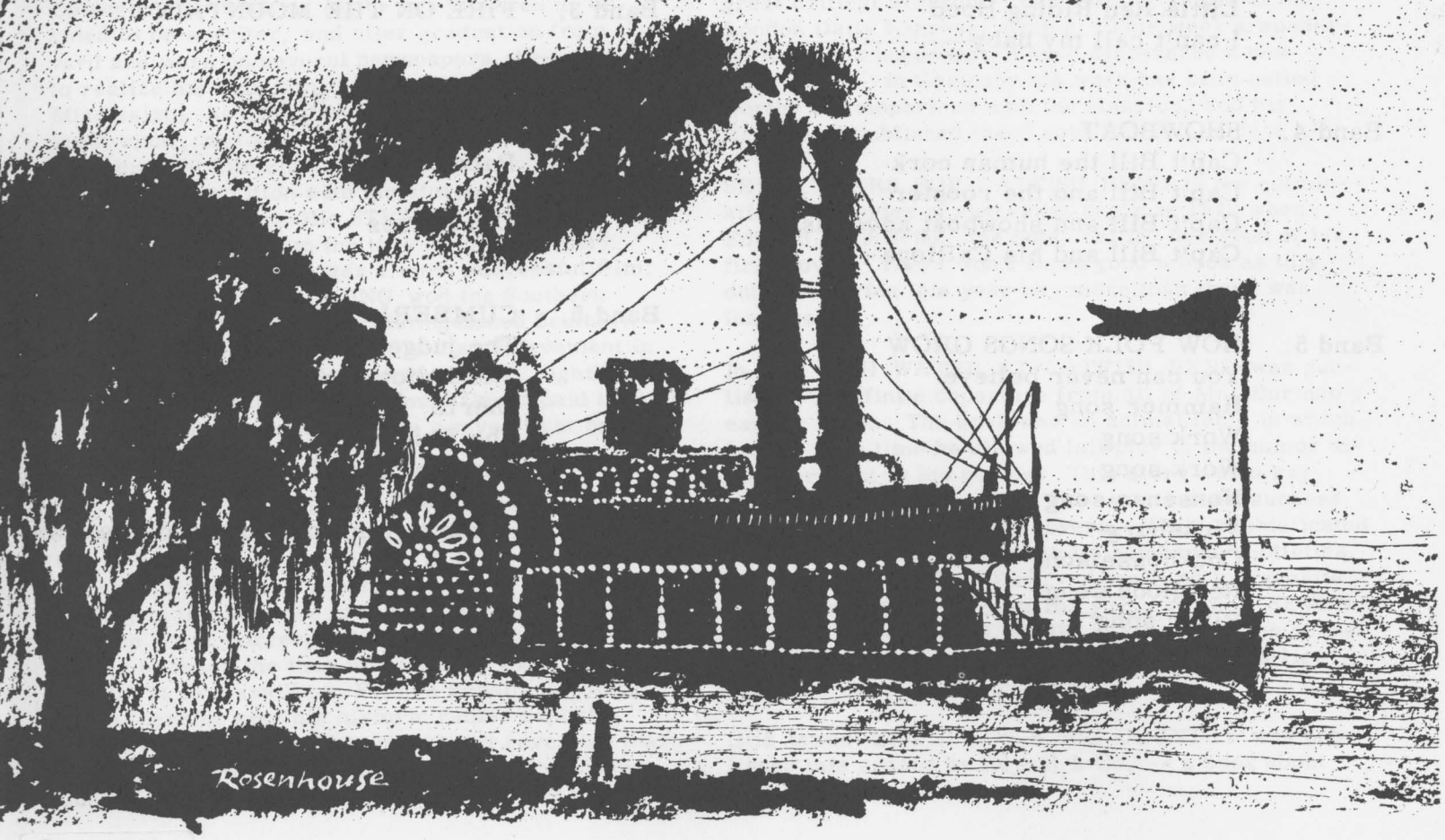


SIDE I

Band 1. THE RIVER'S STILL RUGGED
River Soundings
First Steamboat
The Robert E. Lee
Chicago
The king of the river

Band 2. THE SHANTY BOATS
Shanty boat law
Neighbors
The little bee makes the honey

Band 3. HUMOR ON THE RIVER
Deck hands
The three pilots
Divorcee
Little Red Riding Hood
I can't call my baby

Band 4. SHOWBOAT
Cap't Bill the human cork
Cap't Bill and the rooster
Cap't Bill and showboat advertising
Cap't Bill and his Calliope

Band 5. HOW FOLK SONGS GROW
You can never believe
Hammer song
Work song
Work song
Nonsense song
Vicksburg
Cookhouse song
Religious song
River song

SIDE II

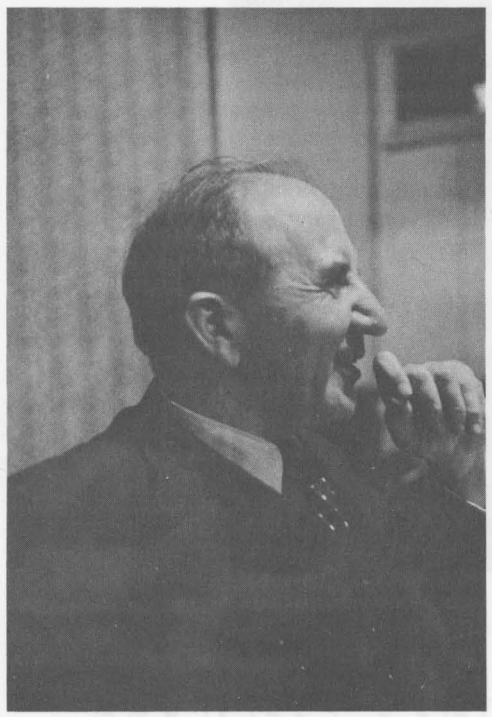
Band 1. PICTURESQUE CHARACTERS
Luck (Pathos)
The collection
Filtered water
Read and write
The Holy Rollers

Band 2. UNNATURAL HISTORY
Chinchilla dogs
Stinging snake
Whiphoop snake
Alligator
Porpoise
How to get rid of fleas
How to steal chickens

Band 3. FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

Band 4. THE LOWER RIVER
The platforms
Paper money
Fish
Log houses

Band 5. CUMBERLAND RIVER JUSTICE
The judge
The Indictment
Sheriff
The Prisoner
The change of trains
Jail song:
I ain't goin' to be treated this-away



Ben Lucien Burman was born in the river town of Covington, Kentucky. At the age of seven he decided to be a writer, and after graduation from Harvard and work on several newspapers, he proceeded to realize his ambition. Attracted by the life on the Mississippi, he began to voyage up and down the great river, and after several years of struggle that often brought him close to the hunger point, at last won wide recognition with his stories of steamboaters and shantymen. His STEAMBOAT ROUND THE BEND, which won him the title of the new Mark Twain, became Will Roger's most successful film; his BLOW FOR A LANDING won the Southern Authors Prize as the most distinguished Southern Book of 1938. In recognition of his achievement in making America "river conscious", the Lighthouse Service of the United States Coast Guard paid him the unique honor of naming for him a river light on the Mississippi near Baton Rouge.

Mr. Burman's life has been one of vigorous activity. Although still suffering from wounds received in World War I, when World War II broke out he tried to enlist in both the French and British Armies. Failing in this because of his previous injuries, he became a war correspondent and was the first writer to reach the then inaccessible Free French Capital at Brazzaville in French Equatorial Africa. From there he sent his historic cables exposing Petain and the Vichy Government and revealing that a new France was being born in the fever-ridden Congo. Traveling up the Congo River, accompanied by his wife and illustrator, Alice Caddy, he journeyed overland to the Lake Tchad country to find General Leclerc. After a stay in the desert with Leclerc's camel troops, he went on to Cairo and the anti-Vichy war in Syria, where he was attached to what later became the British Eighth Army.

Invalided back to the United States because of anemia contracted in the jungle, he continued to champion the Free French cause in fiery newspaper articles, often against bitter opposition. A pleasant culmination to his wartime activities came in 1947, when he was decorated by the French Ambassador with the French Legion of Honor.

Though his work is intensely America on the surface, perhaps its chief quality, as The Saturday Review remarked, is its "universality that touches much of mankind." SEVEN STARS FOR CATFISH BEND is his eleventh book.

Publication of this book marked a new milestone in the career of Ben Lucien Burman, who to a constantly growing audience is "America's greatest living interpreter." Long the recipient of the most enthusiastic praise from such American critics as the late Joseph Henry Jackson, his reputation has been spreading more and more abroad. In England, his THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER, recently published in that country, has recieved great critical acclaim. Nancy Spain, critic of the London Daily Express, writes: "This week a wonderful thing has happened. I have discovered a new Huck Finn." In Germany his work has been called worthy of comparison with the classics, and his first novel published there sold 130,000 copies.

SEVEN STARS FOR CATFISH BEND is the culmination of a series of successes begun in 1929 when Edward J. O'Brien, the noted critic, declared of his first novel: "There won't be as good a book as this out of America this year any more than there was last year."

In 1952 HIGH WATER AT CATFISH BEND was published, a definite departure from all of Mr. Burman's earlier work. The book was an animal fable in which for the first time he allowed full play to the humor always present in his novels. This story was a gay satire on the human race. It was an instant success among all classes of book lovers. While sophisticated readers were chuckling over its humorous subtleties, the New York Public Library chose it as its favorite American book of the year for young people. SEVEN STARS FOR CATFISH BEND is a continuation of the adventures of the animals introduced in the earlier book.

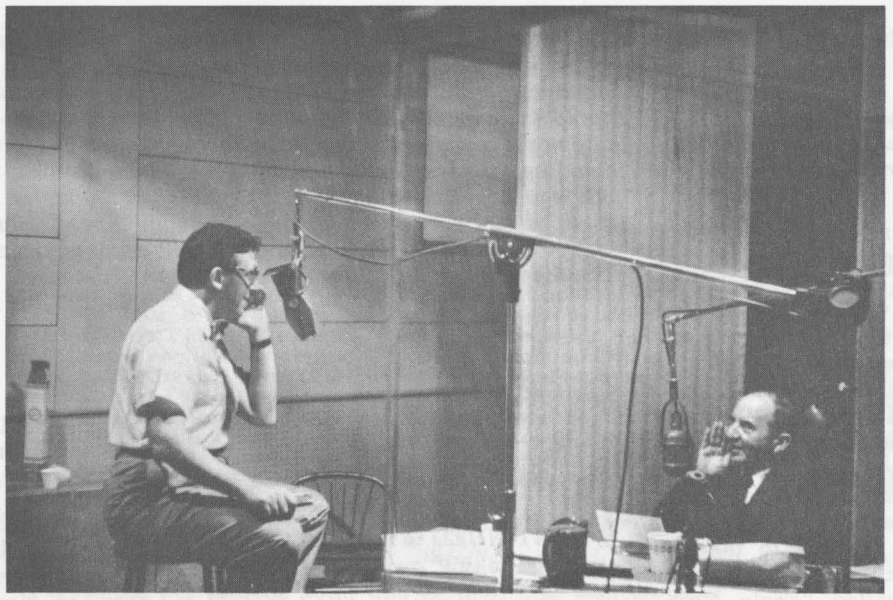
(His newest book -- IT'S A BIG COUNTRY was published this season by Reynal & Co. -- a book about unknown America.)

Eddy Manson, reputedly, was born with a harmonica in his mouth instead of the proverbial silver spoon. His devotion to the instrument and to its genre, as he conceived it, has brought him due fame as a performer, composer and arranger. A good many of his thirty-seven years he has given to perfecting his style and technique, and to the study of theory, methods of composition and conducting. Born and reared in New York City (Brooklyn for the most part), he is a graduate of the Juilliard School of Music and in addition counts among his blessing performances with such ensembles as Borrah Minevitch and His Rascals. He also plays the piano, bass viol and clarinet. There was time for marriage and a son in his busy schedule which includes television, movies, theatres, nightclubs, radio, summer resorts, and concerts at such famed institutions as Town Hall and the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

"In his early days as a harmonica soloist, Eddy made frequent barnstorming excursions across the country, often performing at small town burlesque palaces. It was at one of these...that he became acquainted with the great Tangini. Tangini was a trick violinist whose act consisted of playing while standing on his head and in other unorthodox positions. Dressing for his own stint one day, Eddy heard music eminating from Tangini's dressing room, not the tid-bits offered on stage, but a surprisingly rich melody reminscent of the early classics. Investigating, Eddy discovered that the fiddler had a wealth of classical pieces stored among his effects -- works which included rare violin selections by Bach and other masters. Making a serious study of these pieces, Eddy Manson soon incorporated several of them into his harmonica repertoire. Playing them with amazing force and dynamic range for his instrument, he was soon invited to give recitals at leading concert halls across the nation. Climaxing these performances, Eddy appeared as a harmonica recitalist at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Here, he unveiled Darius Milhaud's "Suite for Harmonica." In addition, Mr. Manson has composed a chorale fantasy for orchestra, a fugue for woodwinds, a passacaglia for orchestra, a number of notable movie scores among them the "Little Fugitive," and "Lovers and Lollipops" and the background music for the forthcoming theatre production of "The Best of Steinbeck."

This album was conceived by Eddy Manson.

PRODUCTION DIRECTOR : EDDY MANSON
RECORDED AND MASTERED BY CUE RECORDINGS
ENGINEER : MEL KAISER
MUSIC COMPOSED AND PLAYED BY EDDY MANSON



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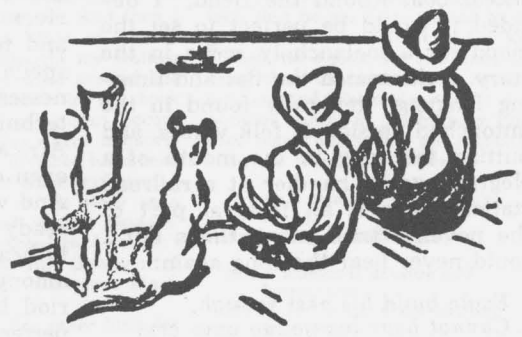

The "Father of Waters" has had many literary chroniclers—from DeSoto to the Mike Fink storyteller to Mark Twain, Longfellow, and Faulkner—but few living writers have done more to give Americans a picture of the specialness and community of the great Mississippi than Ben Lucien Burman, whose latest book, "Seven Stars for Catfish Bend" (to be published this spring by Funk and Wagnalls), is a sequel to "High Water at Catfish Bend," chosen by the New York Public Library as their favorite American juvenile of 1954.

By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

I THINK I was born with ballad music in my ears. And all during my childhood ballad singers from the mountains were a common sight on the streets of my home town of Covington, in Kentucky. Stopping before a busy cafe, they would strum a few chords on a battered guitar and drone out their doleful tale, the lament of a misguided youth who had killed his love and was now awaiting death in a bleak Kentucky jail. Occasionally some passerby would listen and give the singer a penny. But these more generous individuals were few, and I am sure the singers often went hungry.

America wasn't ballad-conscious in those days. As a boy I listened now and then, but I wish I'd had the sense to listen oftener. I'd have saved myself a lot of time and money. Afterward I traveled hundreds of miles and spent many months trying to find what in those days was directly before my door. Songs like "Clean Train," that the worshipers in some tiny church still sing reverently throughout the South today:

This train's a clean train,
Come on and ride.
This train's the Lord's train,
Come on and hide.

Ain't no tobacco smokers
or ain't no gamblers,
Ain't no drunkards or midnight
ramblers.
This train's the Lord's train.
Come on inside.

I grew a little older, and heard how an Englishman had traveled through the Highlands of Scotland, writing down the songs the people sang in the cottages far up the misty valleys. In 1921 I decided I would go on a similar expedition to the folk who lived in the remote cabins of my own Kentucky hills. I had been somewhat involved with a high explosive shell at Soissons, France, in the First World War a few years earlier, and as a consequence riding horseback was something of a problem. But I was young and I could tinkle "Peer Gynt" and "Old Black Joe" on a mandolin; I hired a mare at the little mountain town of Pineville and started gaily up the rocky trails of the Cumberlands. I took the mandolin chiefly, I think, as a symbol, a sort of peace-pipe to smoke before any moonshiners I might encounter. Revenue officers, I knew, did not usually carry musical instruments. I was sure that the playing of "Kentucky Home" would always be more welcome than a shot from a revenuer's rifle.

The trip was as fruitful as I expected. Each day I would seek out some bearded musician on a lonely farm, and listen while he played an

old song whose beginnings no mountaineer knew.

You can't never believe
What a young man tells you,
Unless he's on the gallows
And wishing he was down.

I surrendered my horse after some months of pleasant exploration and, leaving the hills, began wandering far down the river valleys toward New Orleans, riding the packetboats and listening to the singing of the Negro roustabouts as they carried their loads up the muddy levees.

I remember one of the most poignant songs I came on in those days, a melody sung to me by a poor, crazy Negro one hot afternoon when the *Tennessee Belle* stopped to take on some cattle waiting at the Natchez wharf. It was called "Eagle Nest," and long after, when I was writing "Steamboat Round the Bend," I decided it would be perfect to set the mood for a melancholy scene in the story. I eliminated the flat and limping language generally found in the untouched version of folk verses, and putting the song in the mouth of a Negro baggage-handler at a railroad station made it an integral part of the novel. I tried many times but I could never hear the song again:

Eagle build his nest so high,
Cannot hear his young ones cry,
Dark and Cloudy.
He can hardly see the day,
Please, O Lord, then show me
the way,
Dark and Cloudy.
I'm trying to go where my young
ones is,
And my home is hard to find.

Even when I would walk ashore there was always some song, some rhythmic beat as the Negroes labored in the fields of cotton to make the work go faster. I happened to be standing one day near a group of black men pulling a willow mat hundreds of feet long over a levee to protect it from the attacks of the river. They were chanting:

Shake, Mattie
Lawd, Lawd.
Quake, Mattie
Lawd, Lawd.
Step it, fetch it
Lawd, Lawd.
Shake it, break it
Lawd, Lawd.

I CONTINUED to travel on the packet-boats, taking my hand at steering now and then as cub pilot, so that I could know from actual experience the unpredictability and the power of the river. I bought the roustabouts candy and tobacco. I cast a few beneficent spells to cure them of fancied illnesses—I knew a bit of witch-doctor technique from a considerable stay in Africa. Once at his own request I even cured a roustabout of gambling. And wherever I went I kept my eyes ready to see and my ears wide open to hear. I am certainly not numbered among those who believe that the period before our time was an era of perfection, "the good old days" without a flaw; there was too much that was uncomfortable and ignorant and cruel. But there can be no doubt that with the passing of the paddlewheel steamboat we have suffered an artistic loss in our lives as grievous as the loss of the sailing ship was to the life of the sea. To sit on the bow of a packet on a moonlight night, listening to the black roustabouts pouring out the pent-up sorrows of their race in song, was an experience which even the dullest and the most hardened could never forget.

These roustabout songs went on endlessly, and I used them often in my stories, to capture some subtle quality that I could accomplish in no other way.

Nigger he ain't got no home
Makes his living from his
shoulder bone.
Break a line, buy another.
Nigger die, hire his brother.

But sometimes the songs had a definite gaiety, like those that I inserted now and then in the pages of "Children of Noah" and "Big River to Cross."

Buy me a pistol
Shoot from town to town.
Going to shoot you, baby.
Jar your grandma, down.

Captain, captain is your money
come?
I jes wants to know, 'cause I
wants to borrow some.

To me a novel is closely related to music. I plan all my novels like a symphony. As a matter of fact this bond between music and literature is a fundamental human conception. The storyteller in Africa often narrates his tales to the accompaniment of a tiny orchestra made up of a flute and a drum. I became so attached to the idea of using an old river song to express the theme of a story that when I couldn't find one to fit "Blow for a Landing," a novel about the shantyboat people on the Mississippi, I decided to write one in the exact manner of an old Mississippi ballad. The result was a little composition, "Shantyman's Daughter." It rather pleased me, after the book's publication, that some of the experts thought it was a ballad going back several hundred years. Actually I wrote it in 1938:

I took to the water when I was
too young,
Drifting O drifting all down the
brown water.
Don't tell my old mother I'm
jailed to be hung,
Because I have loved a shanty-
man's daughter,
Loved, O loved the shantyman's
daughter.

I needed another song for a tragic mood in the same novel, and again none existed. So with a slight change I borrowed the opening line of a re-

vival hymn and then wrote the following chant, giving the words to some Negroes toiling near the shantyboat to repair the damage from a devastating storm.

De gospel boat am coming,
Brother, are you sinking down?
Who's dat in de pilot house?
It's Jesus wid a golden crown.

I spent as much time with the shantyboaters as I had with the steamboatmen. Happily, the shantyboaters are still easy to find on the Mississippi. They are as picturesque and fascinating as any storied figure who flourished in the golden days of the river. They lead a life as apart from their fellow Americans as though they were in a different century. With no rent to pay, living by hunting and fishing, sometimes trading part of their catch for flour and sugar at a neighboring plantation, they are America's most rugged individualists. They take orders from no man; they are unknown even to the tax collector. Their music, which is rapidly merging into the hillbilly tune, once had its own peculiar quality, like that of the roustabouts. Their songs, like most folk songs, were generally mournful; often they were grim. I remember once coming on a scene, which I later reproduced in a story, where an old woman lay desperately ill on a shantyboat. Her family and neighbors, all Holy Rollers, sat around the bed and chanted in hypnotic rhythm the strange ritual song "O Death." The chant was a plea to Death to stay away and thus save the sick one from dying:

"What is this that I can see
With icy hands taking hold
of me?"
"I am Death and none can't tell.
I open doors to Heaven and Hell.
I'll fix your feet so you can't walk.
I'll lock your jaws so you
can't talk.
I'll close your eyes so you
can't see.
This very hour come and go
with me."

And then the strange pleading chorus, repeated over and over:

"O Death! O Death! O Death!
Please spare me over till another
year."

Oddly enough, as I remember, the old lady survived.

For a person who has never run afoul of the law it seems to me that I have spent an unusual amount of time in jail. Long ago I discovered that a jail is a wonderful place for material. Writing as I do about simple, primitive people, I find it a sort of Union Station, a Grand Theatre where the climax of the life of a quick-tempered deckhand or some erring member of a mountain family is enacted. Some of the best folksongs I ever came upon I owe to a visit to a jail.

I needed a song to express a mood in "Everywhere I Roam." I found it in some verses sung to me by a moonshiner in a jail far back in the Cumberlands, a lanky, long-unshaven individual who accompanied himself on a guitar made of a cigar box. I transferred his song in the novel to a record played by a wandering showman on a battered phonograph.

The big bee makes the honey
The little bee makes the comb.
The poor man fights the battle
The rich man stays at home.
Sparrow on the mountain
A sparrow trying to crow.
A dead man trying to shave
himself
And a blind man trying to sew.

SOMETIMES I think it's a miracle that I'm alive. Not because of any particular dangers I've gone through, though my life hasn't been exactly placid, but rather because of the terrible food I've eaten. I must have the digestion of a goat, who I believe has one of the hardiest stomachs. For jail food is not epicurean. And despite the truthful legend of wonderful Southern cooking, the legend applies only to the homes; the food in small-town Southern restaurants is appalling. I haven't figured it out exactly, but the bowls of dreadful soup and the plate dinners I consume in finding the material for a single novel would probably reach from here to the rings of Saturn. But in the end it's worth the price.

Now and then during my explorations I've come on a fascinating fragment of a song, a few cryptic verses full of suggestion and mystery. But search as I might the rest of the ballad always eluded me. I would put the lines away in my notes, certain that one day I would fit them in somewhere. Such was the case with "Black Nance," the ballad of a Negress burned to death when the jail where she was imprisoned caught fire. All I had heard were these three lines:

Black Nance is dead
And the last words she said
How long has the train been gone

For twenty-five years I'd been saving "Black Nance," waiting for the proper place to use her. And then I wrote "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," and I thought my waiting was ended. I had what seemed the exact spot, an episode in the book suggested by several recent occurrences in the hills, where a courthouse and the jail attached have been burned to destroy some evidence. I put Black Nance in the story as a shadowy figure off in the distance. But, much as I wanted to, I couldn't make her ballad fit. However, I haven't despaired. I'll use Black Nance's song yet.

I'd been saving two other lines for as long a time or even longer, and these I did find a place for in the same novel, a couplet that ran:

Don't trust a yellow-haired
woman
Don't trust her if her hair is
brown.

I needed something to establish a feeling of disillusionment when Mundy Tolliver, just out of the Army, feels that he has been tricked by the girl he loves. I couldn't find a song I liked. So I took the two lines and, using them as a foundation, wrote a song entitled "False-Hearted," a composition typical of the hillbilly tunes that blare out today on jukeboxes from the Carolinas to Texas:

A man'll stand by while you're
dying,
And a dog he will cry by
your bed.
But a woman'll deceive and
betray you,
While her hands are a-cooling
your head.
Don't trust a yellow-haired
woman,
Don't trust her if her hair is
brown.
Don't trust no kind of woman,
She'll always let you down.

The paddlewheels of the packetbooks are quiet now and clanking steel cranes have taken the place of the roustabouts rolling their bales of cotton down the steep gangplanks. But when the streamlined towboats of today with their huge tows of grain and automobiles come around a bend into deep water the leadsman can still be heard chanting "No-o-o Bottom." And somewhere I am sure on the winding levee a young Negro looks out at the Mississippi and sings as his father sang before him:

River is so deep and wide
Can't call my baby from the
other side.

Illustrations by Alice Caddy (Mrs. Burman): Page 15 from "Blow for a Landing," this page (column one) from "The Four Lives of Mundy Tolliver," and (column two) "Big River to Cross."

SOCIAL STUDIES

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FA2354 SONGS OF A NEW YORK LUMBERJACK, sung by Ellen Stekert with Guitar. Bounding the U.S., The Hills of Glenshee, The Western Pioneers, The Two Sisters, Johnny Troy, Poor Old Anthony Rolly, Pat Murphy of the Irish Brigade, The Drummer Boy, The Trouble Down at Homestead, The Fox, The Cumberland and the Merrimac, The Singular Dream, The lake of Ponchatrain, The Black Cook, Abe Lincoln Went to Washington, The Shanty Boy and the Farmer's Son, The Raftaman's Song, The Jealous Lover. Notes by Kenneth Goldstein and song texts.

FA2429 FOC'SLE SONGS & SHANTIES sung by Paul Clayton & The Foc'sle Singers. Rio Grande, Haul On The Bowline, Haul Away Joe, Leave Her Johnny, Fire Down Below, Banks of the Sacramento, others. Texts.

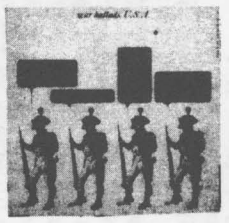
FA2480 CISCO HOUSTON SINGS SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD; hobo and "Wobbly" songs incl. Mule Skinner Blues, Pie in the Sky, Beans, Bacon and Gravy, Soup Song, others. Song texts.

FH5210 CHAMPLAIN VALLEY SONGS sung by Pete Seeger; from the Marjorie L. Porter collection of North Country Folklore; Seneca Canoe Song, Isabeau S'y Promeneau, The Valiant Soldier, Elder Bordee, John Riley, The Banks of Champlain, Roslin Castle, Boyne Water, Un Canadien Errant, Once More A-Lumbering Go, The Shantyman's Life, Les Raftsmen (Mother Gauthier's), Lily of the Lake, Vive La Canadienne, How're You On For Stamps Today, Clara Nolan's Ball, Young Charlotte, John Brown's Body. Accompanying booklet includes notes on the songs by Marjorie L. Porter and Kenneth Goldstein, song texts, illustrations, and New York State folklore map.

FH5217 BALLADS OF OHIO. Collected and sung by Anne Grimes with Dulcimer. Pleasant Ohio, Battle of Point Pleasant, Logan's Lament, Lass of Roch Royal (Child No. 76) St. Clair's Defeat, Portsmouth Fellows (Sir Raynard), Christ in The Garden, The Farmer's Crust Wife (Child No. 278) Girls Of Ohio, Alphabet Song, Darling Nelly Gray, The Underground Railroad, My Station's Gonna Be Changed, O Ho! The Cooper-heads, The Dying Volunteer, Ohio Guards, Ohio River Blues, Up On The Housetops, Old Dan Tucker, Boatman's Dance. Notes and complete Texts.

FH5232 TALKING BLUES. John Greenway with guitar accompaniment. Talking Guitar, Original Talking Blues, Talking Butcher, New Talking Blues, Talking Dust Bowl, Dry Voters, Wet Drinkers, Talking Miner, Talking Union, Talking Sailor, Talking Social Worker, Talking Subway, Talking Inflation, Old Man Atom. I Like Ike. Illustrated, notes by Kenneth Goldstein.

FH5249 WAR BALLADS U.S.A. Sung by Hermes Nye, with guitar. Ballad of the Tea Party, Why, Soldiers, Why, Free America, Bennington Skirmish, The Battle of Saratoga, Butternut Hill, Constitution and Guerrier, If You Want to Know Where the Privates Are, I Landed in London, Mademoiselle from Armentiers, How Happy the Soldier, Benny Haven, The Boys of the Thirsty First, The Regular Army, Oh! Saro Jane, Mustang Grey, The Cavalry Remount, I Got Sixpence, I Don't Want to Join the Army, Gee But I Want to Go Home, The One-Eyed Riley, Bell Bottom Trousers, The Officers Ride the Whale Boats, Were You With The Marines, The Engineers, The Fighting Q.M.C.



FH5251 AMERICAN INDUSTRIAL BALLADS sung by Pete Seeger with Banjo. Includes songs written and sung as a result of US industrial era during the past 100 years, by coal miners, textile workers, farm workers. "Peg and Awl." "The Blind Fiddler," "The Buffalo Skinners," "Eight Hour Day," "Hard Times in the Mill," "Roll Down The Line," "Hayseed Like Me," "The Farmer is the Man," "Come All You Hardy Miners," "He Lies in the American Land," "Casey Jones," "Let Them Wear Their Watches Fine," "Weave Room Blues," "Seven Cent Cotton," "Mill Mother's Lament," "Fare Ye Well, Old Ely Branch," "Beans, Bacon and Gravy," "The Death of Harry Simms," "Winsboro Cotton Mill Blues," "Ballad of Barney Graham," "My Children Are Seven in Number," "Raggedy," "Pittsburgh Town," "Sixty Per Cent." Introduction 1. Silber and song texts.

FH5252 AMERICAN NEGRO SONGS FROM SLAVERY TIMES, sung by Michael LaRue; Over 30 authentic slave songs incl. Link O' Day, Good News, Stars Begin to Fell, etc. Texts and documentary notes by Ralph Knight.

FH5255 THE DAYS OF '49 (Songs of the Gold Rush), with Logan English, accompanied by Billy Faier. Notes by Kenneth S. Goldstein. What Was Your Name in the States? Sacramento, A Ripping Trip, Sweet Betsy From Pike, Crossing the Plains, Prospecting Dream, Life in California, I Often Think of Writing Home, The Days of '49, He's the Man for Me, Clementine, California Bloomer, Sacramento Gals. Illustrated text.

FH5258 SING OH! THE CITY OH! Songs of early Pittsburgh written by Robert Schmertz and sung by Mr. Schimertz with Vivien Richman, Eero Davidson, Gretchen Jacob, Jo Davidson, Jack Schmertz. Sing O the City O!, Celoron, The Ohio Company, Forks of the Ohio, La Vierge de la Bele Riviere, Mon Petit Lapin, Braddock's Defeat, General John Forbes, The Lonely Grenadier, Flintlock Finnegan, The Battle of Bushy Run, Prettiest Girl in Pittsburgh Town. With notes and texts.

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