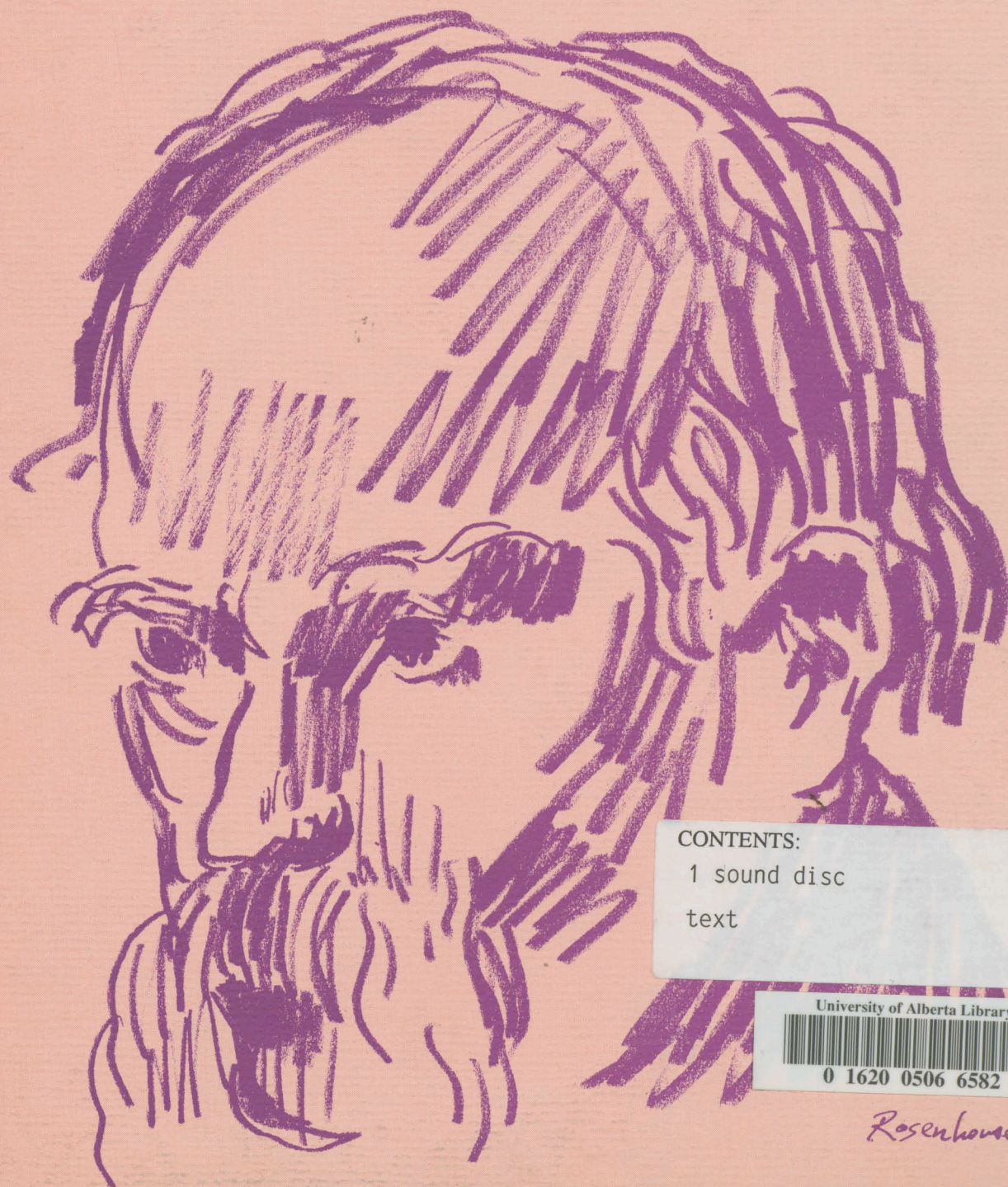


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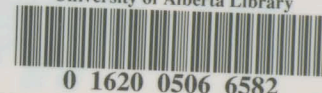
*readings*  
*from the*  
*works of* **TARAS**  
**SHEVCHENKO**  
*read in Ukrainian by artists of the Ukraine*



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*Natalia Uzhvy*  
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The Water Flows

*Dmitri Antonovich*  
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I'll Build a House

*Ivan Marianenko*  
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It's All The Same To Me

*Sokirko*  
MENI ZDAYETSYA  
It Seems To Me

Entr'acte and Excerpt  
from Act 3 of the Opera

## KATERINA

music by *ARKAS*

Based on the poem by  
*TARAS SHEVCHENKO*

Choir & Symphony Orchestra  
of The Kiev Radio

KATERINA: *Lilla Lobanova*  
*Konstantin Simonenko*, CONDUCTOR



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# readings from the works of TARAS SHEVCHENKO

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SIDE I, Band 1: TECHE VODA, (The Water Flows).

The river empties to the sea,  
But out it never flows;  
The Cossack lad his fortune seeks,  
But never fortune knows.  
The Cossack lad has left his home,  
He's left his kith and kind;  
The blue sea's waters splash and  
foam,  
Sad thoughts disturb his mind:

"Why, heedless, did you go away?  
For what did you forsake  
Your father old, your mother grey,  
Your sweetheart, to their fate?  
In foreign lands live foreign folks,  
Their ways are not your way:  
There will be none to share your  
woes  
Or pass the time of day."

Across the sea, the Cossack rests -  
The choppy sea's distraught.  
He thought with fortune to be  
blessed -  
Misfortune is his lot.  
In vee-formation, 'cross the  
waves

The cranes are off for home.  
The Cossack weeps - his beaten  
paths  
With weeds are overgrown.

Тече вода в синє море,  
Та не витікає;  
Шука козак свою долю,  
А долі немає.  
Пішов козак світ за очі;  
Грає синє море,  
Грає серце козацьке,  
А дума говорити:  
— Куди ти йдеш,

не спитавшись?  
На кого покинув  
Батька, неньку старенькую,  
Молоду дівчину?  
На чужині не ті люди,  
Тяжко з ними жити.  
Ні з ким буде поплакати,  
Ні поговорити.  
Сидить козак на тім боці —  
Грає синє море.  
Думав, доля зостріється —  
Спіткалося горе.  
А журавлі летять собі  
На той бік ключами.  
Плаче козак — шляхи биті  
Заросли тернами.

[С.-Петербург  
1838]

1

SIDE I, Band 2: POSTAVLYU KHATU I KIMNATU, (I'll Build Myself A House).

I'll build myself a cosy home  
And plant a lovely orchard 'round.  
And in my little paradise  
I'll rest or 'round my garden roam.  
Thus by myself, alone, I'll rest  
And in the orchard dream my dreams.  
Gay children laughing at their play,  
My mother's smiling face I'll see,  
Scenes that have long forgotten  
been,  
Sun-kissed, will people then my  
dreams!..  
And you too!... No, I'll never  
rest  
For you'll invade my dreams as  
well.  
You'll steal into my paradise  
And work your evil...  
My lonely haven turn to hell.

II. 1

Поставлю хату і кімнату,  
Садок-райочок насаджу.  
Посиджу я і походжу

В своїй маленькій благодаті  
 Та в одині-самотині  
 В садочку буду спочивати.  
 Присяється діточки мені,  
 Реселая присниться мати,  
 Давне-колишній та ясний  
 Присниться сон мені!.. і ти!..  
 Ні, я не буду спочивати,  
 Бо й ти приснився. І в малий  
 Райочок мій спідтиха-тиха  
 Підкрадешся, наробиш лиха...  
 Запалиш рай мій самотний.

27 Сентября [1860  
 С.-Петербург]

SIDE I, Band 3: MENI TRINADTSYATI  
MINALO, (When I  
Was Thirteen)

My thirteenth birthday soon would  
 come.

I herded lambkins on the lea.  
 Was it the magic of the sun,  
 Or what was it affected me?  
 I felt with joy all overcome  
 As though in heaven...  
 The time for lunch had long passed

by,  
 And still among the weeds I lay  
 And prayed to God I know not why  
 It was so pleasant then to pray  
 For me, an orphan peasant boy,  
 Or why such bliss so filled me  
 there?

The sky seemed bright, the village  
 fair,  
 The very lambs seemed to rejoice!  
 The sun's rays warmed but did not  
 sear!

But not for long the sun stayed kind,  
 Not long in bliss I prayed ...  
 It turned into a ball of fire  
 And set the world ablaze.  
 As though just wakened up, I gaze:  
 The hamlet's drab and poor,  
 And God's blue heavens - even they  
 Are glorious no more.  
 I look upon the lambs I tend -  
 Those lambs are not my own!  
 I eye the hut wherein I dwell -  
 I do not have a home!

God gave me nothing, naught at all!..  
 I bowed my head and wept,  
 Such bitter tears... And then a lass  
 Who had been sorting hemp  
 Not far from there, down by the path,  
 Heard my lament and came  
 Across the field to comfort me;  
 She spoke a soothing phrase  
 And gently dried my weeping eyes  
 And kissed my tear-wet face...

It was as though the sun had smiled,  
 As though all things on earth were  
 mine,  
 My own...The orchards, fields and  
 groves!..

And, laughing merrily the while,  
 The master's lambs to drink we drove.  
 How nauseating!.. Yet, when I  
 Recall those days, my heart is sore  
 That there my brief life's span the  
 Lord

Did not grant me to live and die  
 There, plowing, I'd have passed away.  
 With ignorance my life-long lot,  
 I'd not an outcast be today,  
 I'd not be cursing Man and God!..

N. N.

Мені тринадцятий минуло.  
 Я пас ягнята за селом.  
 Чи то так сонечко сіяло,  
 Чи так мені чого було?  
 Мені так любо, любо стало,  
 Неначе в бога . . . . .  
 Уже прокликали до паю,  
 А я собі у бур'яні  
 Молюся богу... І не знаю,  
 Чого маленькому мені  
 Тоді так приязно молилось,  
 Чого так весело було?  
 Господне небо і село,  
 Ягня, здається, веселилось!  
 І сонце гріло, не некло!

Та недовго сонце гріло,  
 Недовго молилось...  
 Запекло, почервоніло  
 І рай запалило.  
 Мов прокинувся, дивлюся:  
 Село почорніло,  
 Боже небо голубее  
 І те помарніло.  
 Поглянув я на ягнята —  
 Не мої ягнята!  
 Овернувся я на хати —  
 Нема в мене хати!  
 Не дав мені бог нічого!..  
 І хлинули сльози,  
 Тяжкі сльози!.. А дівчина  
 При самій дорозі  
 Недалеко коло мене  
 Плоскінь вибирала  
 Та й почула, що я плачу,  
 Прийшла, привітала,  
 Утирала мої сльози  
 І поцілувала. . . . .  
 Неначе сонце засіяло,  
 Неначе все на світі стало  
 Моє... лани, гаї, сади!..  
 І ми, жартуючи, погнали  
 Чужі ягнята до води.

Бридня!.. а й досі, як згадаю,  
 То серце плаче та болить,  
 Чому господь не дав дожити  
 Малого віку у тім раю.  
 Умер би орючи на ниві,  
 Нічого б на світі не знав.  
 Не був би в світі юродивим,  
 Людей і [бога] не прокляв!..  
 [Орська кріпость  
 1847]

SIDE I, Band 4: YAKBI VI ZNALI  
PANICHI, (If You  
But Knew)

Young gentlemen, if you but knew  
 Where people weep their whole life  
 through  
 You'd not compose your rhapsodies  
 And God for nothing you'd not  
 praise --

And mock our tears and twit the truth.  
 The tranquil cottage in the grove  
 You call a paradise, I know.  
 In such a cottage once I dwelt  
 And there my first hot tears were  
 spilt,  
 My early tears! I know no vice,  
 No wrong or evil anywhere  
 That's not within that cottage fair..  
 And yet they call it paradise!

I do not speak of that wee house  
 Beside the village, by the copse,  
 As though 'twere paradise on earth.  
 'Twas there my mother gave me birth  
 And, singing as her child she nursed,  
 She passed her pain to me... 'Twas there,

In that wee house, that Eden fair,  
 That I saw hell... There people slave  
 Without a let-up night and day,  
 Not even given time to pray.  
 In that same village to her grave  
 My gentle mother, young in years,  
 Was laid by toil and want and cares.  
 There father, weeping with his brood  
 (And we were tiny, tattered tots),  
 Could not withstand his bitter lot  
 And died at work in servitude!..  
 And we -- we scattered where we could  
 Like little field mice. I to school --  
 To carry water for the class.  
 My brothers slaved on the estate  
 And then, conscripted, marched away!  
 And you, my sisters! Fortune has  
 Reserved for you the cruellest fate!  
 What is the purpose of your life?  
 Your youth in service slipped away,  
 Your locks in service will turn grey,  
 In service, sisters, you will die!

My blood runs cold when I recall  
 That cottage in the village fair!  
 Such deeds, O God, do we do there  
 Where piety rules over all  
 And all in paradise should dwell!  
 Of heaven we have made a hell,  
 Yet for another heaven call.  
 We with our brothers live in peace,  
 We with our brothers plow the fields  
 And water them with brothers' tears.  
 And also, maybe... Nay, I fear,  
 But so it seems... perhaps, O God  
 (Because without Thy will divine  
 We'd not in nakedness repine  
 In paradise), perhaps You mock  
 Us also, Father, from the sky  
 And with the masters You conspire  
 On how to rule us here below.  
 For look: there smiles a verdant

grove,  
 And from behind the grove a pool  
 Peeps shyly out, behind it stands  
 A row of willows washing hands,  
 Their branches, in the waters cool...  
 Is this not truly paradise?  
 Look once again until your eyes  
 See what has made this heaven cruel!  
 You'll see rejoicing, songs of praise  
 To Him, our God above, alone  
 For all the marvels He has made!  
 No, not a bit! There's praise for  
 none!

Just blasphemy and blood and wails --  
 All things are curst, all is  
 blasphemed!  
 There's nothing sacred left on earth..  
 And even Thee, it seems to me,  
 The people have already cursed!

\* \*

Якби ви знали, панніч.  
 Де люди плачуть живучи.  
 То ви б слегіи не творили  
 Та марне бога б не хвалили,  
 На наші сльози сміючись.  
 За що, не знаю, називають  
 Хатину в гаї тихим раєм.  
 Я в хаті мучився колись,  
 Мої там сльози протились.  
 Найперші сльози. Я не знаю,  
 Чи єсть у бога люте зло.  
 Іллі б у тій хаті не жило?  
 А хату раєм називають!

Не називаю її раєм,  
 Тії хатиночки у гаї  
 Над чистим ставом край села.



Мене там мати повила  
 І, повиваючи, співала,  
 Свою нудьгу переливала  
 В свою дитину... В тім гаю,  
 У тій хатині, у раю,  
 Я бачив пекло... Там неволя,  
 Робота тяжкая, ніколи  
 І помолитись не дають.  
 Там матір добрую мою.  
 Ще молодую — у могилу  
 Нужда та праця положила.  
 Там батько, плачучи з дітьми  
 (А ми малі були і голі),  
 Не витерпів лихої долі,  
 Умер на панщині!.. А ми  
 Розлізлися межи людьми.  
 Мов мишенята. Я до школи —  
 Носити воду школярам.  
 Брати на панщину ходили,  
 Поки лоби їм погодили!  
 А сестри! Сестри! Горе вам,  
 Мої голубки молодії,  
 Для кого в світі живете?  
 Ви в наймах виросли чужії,  
 У наймах коси побіліють,  
 У наймах, сестри, й умрете!

Мені аж страшно, як згадаю  
 Оту хатину край села!  
 Такії, боже наш, діла  
 Ми творимо у нашім раї  
 На праведній твоїй землі!  
 Ми в раї пекло розвели,  
 А в тебе другого благаєм,  
 З братами тихо живемо,  
 Лани братами оремо  
 І їх сльозами поливаєм.  
 А може й те ще... ні, не знаю,  
 А так здається... сам еси...  
 (Бо без твоєї, боже, волі  
 Ми б не нудились в раї голі)  
 А може й сам на небеси  
 Смієшся, батечку, над нами  
 Та, може, радишся з панями,  
 Як править миром! Бо дивись:  
 Он гай зелений похилився,  
 А он з-за гаю виглядає  
 Ставок, неначе полотно,  
 А верби геть понад ставом  
 Тихесенько собі купають  
 Зелені віти... Правда, рай?  
 А подивися та спитай!  
 Що там твориться у тім раї!  
 Звичайне, радість та хвала!  
 Тобі єдиному святому  
 За дивнії твої діла!  
 Отим-бо й ба! Хвали нікому,  
 А кров, та сльози, та хула,  
 Хула всьому! Ні, ні, нічого  
 Нема святого на землі...  
 Мені здається, що й самого  
 Тебе вже люди прокляли!

[Оренбург  
 1850]

# SIDE I, Band 5: SVITE YASNY, (Bright World)

O world of sunshine!. Peaceful world!  
 O world unhampered, freedom world!  
 Why in your spacious, cheery home,  
 That's but to live in, brother-world  
 All-powerful you're yet  
 enchained  
 (all wise, yet you're duped),  
 By royal purple mantle covered  
 And finished by the crucifix?

You are not finished! Wake and rise  
 And shed your brilliant light on us,  
 Light up our lives!.. From royal  
 cloak  
 We'll yet make foot-cloths for  
 ourselves,

We'll light our pipes from the  
 censers,  
 We'll light the stove with miracle  
 icons,  
 With priest's sprinklers, brother,  
 we shall set  
 To sweep our new house free of dirt!

Світе ясний! Світе тихий!  
 Світе вольний, несповитий!  
 За що ж тебе, світе-brate,  
 В своїй добрій, теплій хаті  
 Оковано, омурано  
 (Премудрого одурено),  
 Багрянцями закрито  
 І розп'ятиєм добито?

Не добито! Стрепенися!  
 Та над нами просвітися,  
 Просвітися!.. Будем, брате,  
 З багрянців онучі драти,  
 Люльки з кадил закурати,  
 Явленними піч топити,  
 А кропилом будем, брате,  
 Нову хату вимітати!

27 люня [1860  
 С.-Петербург]

# SIDE I, Band 6: I VERIS VA NA CHUZHNYI (And I Grew Up In A Strange Land)

I grew up away from home  
 And I'm turning grey in foreign parts:  
 In my alone-ness it seems to me --  
 There's nothing more beautiful than  
 the Dnieper

And our famous country entire...  
 But I see -- it's good only there  
 Where we are not. At an evil hour  
 I recently got the opportunity  
 To visit Ukraine,  
 To visit that best of all villages...  
 The one where my mother cradled me  
 When I was small and in the night  
 Went to work to earn enough  
 To buy candles to God;  
 Kneelind and bowing in the church  
 She placed those candles before the  
 Virgin,

Praying that good fortune should  
 bless  
 Her child ... It is well, my mother,  
 'Tis well you early went to sleep,  
 Else you would have cursed God  
 If you knew my fortune.

It is terribly bad  
 In that fine village:  
 The people roam about blacker  
 Than the black soil. The green  
 orchards  
 Have withered, the white cottages  
 Have rotted and have tumbled down,  
 The fishponds with weeds are over-  
 grown.  
 It's as though the village had  
 burned down  
 And the people as though bereft of  
 mind  
 Silently march to toil on the lord's  
 estate  
 And even lead their children with  
 them!..

I dropped a bitter tear and then  
 Went back to foreign parts again.

It is not only in that one village  
 But everywhere in our famous Ukraine  
 The crafty masters have yoked up  
 The people in harness... They are  
 perishing!  
 The sons of knights are perishing  
 in yoke!  
 Meanwhile the despicable lords are  
 selling  
 To their brethren, the Jewish  
 entrepreneurs,  
 Their last pair of pants...

It's very bad, it's terrible  
 To perish in this wilderness!  
 But it's still worse in the Ukraine  
 To see, to weep and to keep silent!

When you don't look and see that evil  
 Everything appears so peaceful, fine  
 And good in the Ukraine.  
 Our ancient Dnieper 'tween steep  
 banks

Like a child swimming in milk  
 Is rejoicing in beauty  
 And all Ukraine is proud.  
 Above the Dnieper large villages  
 Are dressed in lush greens,  
 And in those happy villages  
 The people too are happy.  
 Perhaps it would really so become  
 If not a trace of the masters  
 Were left in the Ukraine...

І виріс я на чужині,  
 І сивію в чужому краї:  
 То одинокому мені  
 Здається — крашого немає  
 Нічого в бога, як Дніпро  
 Та наша славіная країна...  
 Аж бачу, там тільки добро,  
 Де нас нема. В лиху годину,  
 Якось недавно довелось  
 Мені заїхати в Україну,  
 У те найкраще село...  
 У те, де мати повивала  
 Мене малого і вночі  
 На свічку богу заробляла;  
 Поклони тяжкій б'ючі,  
 Пречистій ставила, молила,  
 Щоб доля добрая любила  
 Її дитину... Добре, мамо,  
 Що ти заранне спати лягла,  
 А то б ти бога прокляла  
 За мій талан.

Аж страх погано  
 У тім хорошому селі:  
 Чорніше чорної землі  
 Блукають люди; повсихали  
 Сади зелені, погнидлі  
 Біленькі хати, повалились,  
 Стави бур'яном поросли.  
 Село неначе погоріло,  
 Неначе люди подуріли,  
 Німі на панщину ідуть  
 І діточок своїх ведуть!..  
 . . . . .  
 І я, заплакавши, назад  
 Поїхав знову на чужину.

І не в однім отім селі,  
 А скрізь на славній Україні  
 Людей у ярма запрягли  
 Пани лукаві!.. Гинуть! Гинуть!  
 У ярмах лишарські сини,  
 А препоганії пани  
 Жидам, братам своїм хорошим,  
 Остатні продають штани...  
 . . . . .  
 Погано дуже, страх погано!  
 В оцій пустині пропадать.  
 А ще поганше на Україні  
 Дивитись, плакати — і мовчати!

А як не бачиш того лиха,  
То скрізь здається любо, тихо,  
І на Україні добро.  
Між горами старий Дніпро,  
Неначе в молоці дитина,  
Красується, кохується  
На всю Україну.  
А понад ним зеленіють  
Широкі села,  
А у селах у веселіх  
І люди веселі.  
Воно б, може, так і сталося,  
Якби не осталося  
Сліду панського в Україні.  
.....

[Кос-Арал  
1848]

SIDE I, Band 7: I ZOLOTOTYI I  
DOROHOTYI,  
(Golden and Dear)

I'd have you know, I don't regret  
My golen, precious youthful fate:  
Yet sometimes such sadness fills  
My soul that I am forced to weep.  
And what is more, where'er I see  
A little lad in a village.  
Like a bud torn from the bough,  
All alone he sits beside a hedge,  
Dressed in tatters there he sits.  
It seems to me that I'm that boy,  
That it's my own childhood sitting  
there.

It seems to me that lad will ne'er  
Know what it's like to live free,  
In sacred freedom. That just like  
that

His finest years will slip away  
Without a purpose, without use,  
That he won't know which way to  
turn

On this vast freedom world of ours,  
He'll first go into service, then  
In order that he should cease to  
fret,  
That he should have a place to lay  
his head,  
They'll conscript him into the army.

І золотої й дорогої  
Мені, щоб знали ви, не жаль  
Моєї долі молодой:  
А іноді така печаль  
Оступить душу, аж заплачу.  
А ще до того, як побачу  
Малого хлопчика в селі.  
Мов одірвалось од гіллі,  
Одно-однісіньке під тином  
Сидить собі в старій рядчині:  
Мені здається, що се я,  
Що це ж та молодість моя.  
Мені здається, що ніколи  
Воно не бачитиме волі,  
Святої воленки. Що так  
Даремне, марне пролетять  
Його найкращі літа,  
Що він не знатиме, де дітись  
На сім широкім вольнім світі,  
І піде в найми, і колись,  
Щоб він не плакав, не журивсь,  
Щоб він де-небудь прихилився,  
То оддадуть у москалі.

[Кос-Арал  
1849]

SIDE I, Band 8: MINAYUT INI,  
MINAYUT NOCHI,  
(The Days Gone  
By)

The days go by, the nights go by,  
The summer's passing; yellow leaves  
Are rustling; light deserts the eye,  
Thoughts fade away and feelings

sleep -  
All falls asleep. And I don't know  
If I'm alive or but so-so,  
Just floundering about the earth,  
For I know neither rue nor mirth...

Where art thou, Fate? Where art thou,  
Fate?

No fate have I at all!  
If You begrudge good fortune, Lord,  
Let evil fate befall!  
Don't let me walk around asleep,  
A dead heart in my breast,  
And roll about, a rotten log,  
A hindrance to the rest.  
Oh, let me live, live with my heart  
And love the human race,  
But if not that... then let me curse  
And set the world ablaze!  
It's terrible to lie in chains,  
To rot in dungeon deep,  
But it's still worse, when you are free  
To sleep and sleep and sleep -  
And then forever close your eyes  
And leave not even a trace,  
So that the fact you lived or died  
No whit of difference makes!  
Where art thou, Fate? Where art thou,  
Fate?

No fate have I at all!  
If You begrudge good fortune, Lord,  
Let evil fate befall!

Минають дні, минають ночі,  
Минає літо. Шелестить  
Пожовкле листя, гаснуть очі,  
Заснули думи, серце спить,  
І все заснуло, і не знаю,  
Чи я живу, чи доживаю,  
Чи так по світу волочусь,  
Бо вже не плачу й не сміюсь...

Доле, де ти! Доле, де ти?  
Нема ніякої;  
Коли доброї жаль, боже,  
То дай злої, злої!  
Не дай спати ходячому,  
Серцем замирати  
І гнилою колодою  
По світу валятись.  
А дай жити, серцем жити  
І людей любити,  
А коли ні... то проклинати  
І світ запалити!  
Страшно впасти у кайдани,  
Умирати в неволі,  
А ще гірше — спати, спати,  
І спати на волі —  
І заснути навік-віки,  
І сліду не кинуть  
Ніякого, однаково,  
Чи жив, чи загинув!

Доле, де ти, доле, де ти?  
Нема ніякої!  
Коли доброї жаль, боже,  
То дай злої! злої!

21 Декабря 1845  
Вьюниша

SIDE I, Band 9: DUMI MOYI, (My  
Thoughts)

My thorny thoughts, my thorny thoughts,  
You bring me only woe!  
Why do you on the paper stand  
So sadly row on row?...  
Why did the winds not scatter you  
Like dust across the steppes?  
Why did ill-luck not cradle you  
To sleep upon its breast?...

My thoughts, my melancholy thoughts,  
My children, tender shoots!  
I nursed you, brought you up - and now  
What shall I do with you?...  
Go to Ukraine, my homeless waifs!  
Your way make to Ukraine  
Along back roads like vagabonds,  
But I'm doomed here to stay.

There you will find a heart that's true  
And words of welcome kind,  
There honesty, unvarnished truth  
And, maybe, fame you'll find...  
So welcome them, my Motherland,  
Ukraine, into your home!  
Accept my guileless, simple brood  
And take them for your own!

Думи мої, думи мої,  
Лихо мені з вами!  
Нашо стали на папері  
Сумними рядами?..  
Чом вас вітер не розвіяв  
В степу, як пилину?  
Чом вас лихо не приспало,  
Як свою дитину?..

Бо вас лихо на світ на сміх породило,  
Поливали сльози... чом не затопили,  
Не винесли в море, не розмили в полі?..  
Не питали б люди — що в мене болить?  
Не питали б, за що проклинаю долю,  
Чого нуджу світом? «Нічого робить», —  
Не сказали б на сміх...

Квіти мої, діти!  
Нашо вас кохав я, нашо доглядав?  
Чи заплаче серце одно на всім світі,  
Як я з вами плакав?.. Може, і вгадав.  
Може, найдеться дівоче  
Серце, карі очі,  
Що заплачуть на сі думи —  
Я більше не хочу...  
Одну сльозу з очей карих —  
І... пан над панами!..  
Думи мої, думи мої!  
Лихо мені з вами!..

Думи мої, думи мої!  
Квіти мої, діти!  
Виростав вас, доглядав вас —  
Де ж мені вас діти?..  
В Україну ідіть, діти!  
В нашу Україну,  
Попідтинню, сиротами,  
А я — тут загину.  
Там найдете шире серце  
І слово ласкаве,

Там найдете ширі правду,  
А ще, може, й славу...

Привітай же, моя ненько!  
Моя Україно!  
Моїх діток нерозумних,  
Як свою дитину.

[С.-Петербург  
1839]



SIDE I, Band 10: MENI ODNAKOVO,  
(It's All The Same  
To Me)

It makes no difference to me  
If in Ukraine I'll live or no.  
If I'm remembered or I'm doomed  
To be forgot in alien snows --  
It makes no difference to me.  
I grew up 'mid alien folk in bondage,  
And without tears from my own folk  
I'll die in prison, sad of heart,  
And everything will pass with me --  
Nor leave the very slightest trace  
In our good and famous Ukraine,  
In our land -- which is not ours.  
A father won't remind his son  
And say to him, "Oh, pray, my son,  
A long time ago they tortured him  
He died a martyr for Ukraine. --  
It makes no difference to me  
If that son prays or does not pray..  
But it does make a difference to me  
If evil and cunning men lull to sleep  
Ukraine and rob her and she will wake  
To flames about her...  
Oh, it makes a difference to me.

III

Мені однаково, чи буду  
Я жить в Україні, чи ні.  
Чи хто згадає, чи забуде  
Мене в снігу на чужині —  
Однаковісінко мені.  
В неволі виріс між чужими,  
І, неоплаканий своїми,  
В неволі, плачучи, уму,  
І все з собою заберу,  
Малого сліду не покину  
На нашій славній Україні,  
На нашій — не своїй землі.  
І не пом'яне батько з сином,  
Не скаже синові: — Молись.  
Молися, сину: за Україну  
Його замучили колись. —  
Мені однаково, чи буде  
Той син молитися, чи ні...  
Та не однаково мені,  
Як Україну злії люде  
Присплять, лукаві, і в огні  
Ії, окрадену, збудять...  
Ох, не однаково мені.

[В казематі  
1847]

SIDE I, Band 11: MENI ZDAYETSYA,  
(It Seems To Me)

I do not know, but it seems to me  
That maybe some people in truth  
don't die  
But still while living they crawl  
into  
A hog or some such beast, and live,  
Wallowing about in mud  
As formerly they wallowed in sin.  
It's really so. I'm not perturbed  
About the poor grey common folk --  
They are forgot by God Himself!  
So how can I avail them ought!  
But where are those others?...Can  
it be true  
Some churl has strung them in the  
smoke-house  
For bacon? May it not be so?  
They made  
A lot of good upon the earth,  
Spilled people's tears in rivers

And blood in seas. The people know  
Who 'tis they feed and whom they  
tend.  
And what d'ye think: Was it for  
fame  
They spilled those seas of blood,  
Or for themselves? No, 'twas  
for us!  
For us good folks they set the  
world afire!  
Until they were hung up in the  
smoke-house  
I'm sure a swineherd would have  
pastured them  
In the pasture-land. Oh cursed  
ones!  
Where is your fame? Only in words!  
Where is your gold, where are your  
palaces?  
Where is your great power? In  
vaults,  
In vaults lime-painted by hangmen  
Who are just as evil as you.  
You lived as wicked beasts of prey  
And turned to pigs!....  
Where are you

O sainted martyr?  
Divine prophet? You're among us,  
You are eternal, always with us  
Hovering o'er us like a saintly  
angel.  
Dear friend, you will speak to us  
Gently, gently...about love,  
About the ill-fated maiden, about  
grief,  
Or else about God, about the sea  
Or of the people's blood  
Illustrious hangmen shed for nought.  
You'll weep before us in great  
sorrow  
And we'll weep too... It is alive,  
The poet's sainted spirit lives,  
It lives in his sacred writings  
And reading them we come alive  
And get the feel of God on high.

Thank you, my poor friend!  
I know that you shared your mite,  
Shared all you had... Before God  
You've earned an awful lot, my  
brother!  
You sent to me in prison vile  
Our poet's works... You opened up  
The gates to me to freedom!  
Thank you, my friend! I will read  
(If but a little...) and revive...  
I'll welcome hope back to my  
heart,  
I'll gently-gently sing a song  
And speak of God as God again.

Мені здається, я не знаю,  
А люди справді не вмирають,  
А перелізе ще живе  
В свиню, абошо, та й живе,  
Купається собі в калюжі,  
Мов перш купалося в гріхах.  
І справді так. Мені байдуже  
За простих сірих сіромах,  
Вони і господом забуті!  
Так що ж мені тут гріти-дуги!  
А де оті??. Невже в сажах  
Годує хам собі на сало?  
А може й так? Добра чимало  
Вони творили на землі,  
Ріками сльози розлили,  
А кров морями. Люди знають,  
Кого годують, доглядають.  
І що ж ви скажете: за славу  
Лили вони моря кроваві

Або за себе? Ні, за нас!  
За нас, сердешних, мир палили!  
Поки їх в саж не засадили.  
Якби не те, то певне б пас  
Свинар в толоці. Кляті! кляті!  
Де ж слава ваша?? На словах!  
Де ваше золото, палати?  
Де власть великая? В склепах,  
В склепах, поваплених катами,  
Такими ж самими, як ви.  
Жили ви лютими звірми,  
А в свині перейшли!

Де ж ти?  
Великомучениче святий?<sup>1</sup>  
Пророче божий? Ти між нами,  
Ти, присносуший<sup>2</sup>, всюди з нами  
Витаєш ангелом святим.  
Ти, любий друже, заговориш  
Тихенько-тихо... про любов  
Про безталанну, про горе;  
Або про бога, та про море,  
Або про марне литу кров  
З людей великими катами.  
Заплачеш тяжко перед нами,  
І ми заплачемо. Жива  
Душа поетова святая,  
Жива в святих своїх речах,  
І ми, читая, оживаєм  
І чуєм бога в небесах.

Спасибі, друже мій убогий!  
Ти, знаю, лепту розділив  
Свою єдину... Перед богом  
Багато, брате, заробив!  
Ти переслав мені в неволю  
Поета нашого, — на волю  
Мені ти двері одчинив!  
Спасибі, друже! Прочитаю  
(Аби хоть мало...), оживу...  
Надію в серці привітаю,  
Тихенько-тихо заспіваю  
І бога богом назову.

[Оренбург  
1850]

SIDE II

## Katerina

III.

The owls hoot, the forest slumbers,  
Stars twinkle in splendour,  
Through amaranth, by the wayside,  
Gophers play and wander.  
Good folk have long gone to rest,  
Each his own way wearied:  
Some — from success, some — from tears,  
All by darkness cherished.  
Like a mother o'er her children,  
Night has spread her cover;  
How has she emhraced Katusya:  
In house, or in forest?  
In a meadow, beneath the sheaves  
With her small son playing,

Or in a grove beside a log  
A lone wolf awaiting?  
Better that these brows so dark,  
Should be owned by none,  
When because of them such sorrow,  
Such grief must be borne!  
And what further still awaits?  
More hardships, much more!  
Yellow sands will bar the way  
And folk that are foreign;  
A harsh winter to endure . . .

And he — should they meet,  
Will he welcome Katerina,  
Will his son he greet?  
With him all would be forgotten,  
Hardships, sands, misfortune,  
Like a mother, he'd receive her,  
Like a brother, welcome.

We shall see, and we will hear,  
Presently — I'll rest,  
And the road to Moskovschina<sup>1)</sup>  
In the meantime ask.  
A long distance, gentlemen,  
I know, realize!  
Fairly makes the blood run cold  
When it comes to mind.  
Once I measured it myself —  
As if one could measure! . . .  
I'd describe that tale of woe,  
But who'd pay attention?  
— Lying, they'd say, the so-and-so!  
(But not to my face),  
Just abusing our fair language,  
Being irritating.  
Yours the truth, good folk, all yours,  
What's the use of knowing,  
That which I would lay before you  
With eyes overflowing?  
What's the use? All of us have  
Enough of our own . . .  
Begone with you! In the meantime  
A flint let us hone.  
Have a smoke, so that, you know,  
Worry is dispelled,  
For its wrong to talk of things  
That nightmares compel!  
Devil take the wretched mess!  
Better to return  
To where Katerina wanders  
With Ivas, her son.

Beyond Kiev and the Dnieper,  
Beside forest dark,  
A Chumak<sup>1)</sup> group wends its way  
Singing of Puhach.<sup>1)</sup>  
A young woman comes towards them,  
A pilgrim, they guess,  
But why the eyes red with weeping,  
Obvious distress?  
A patched overcoat she wears,  
A sack hangs behind,  
In one hand a staff, the other  
Bears a sleeping child.  
Encountering the Chumaks  
She covers the babe,  
Then turns to them with: — Good people,  
Does this highway lead  
To Moscow's lands? Yes, it does,  
Going far, young friend?  
Right to Moscow; for Christ's sake,  
Give a little help! —  
She takes the coin, shamed to take  
Bounty from another.

Well then, what for? . . . The child, of course,  
She's the baby's mother!  
Once more in tears she journeys on,  
In Brovaryakh rests,  
There, for her son, she spends the coin  
On some ginger-bread.  
A long time, the wretched maid  
Walked, and asked her way;  
And times there were when 'neath a fence  
She slept with her babe . . .

See what hazel eyes can lead to, when yearning:  
So that by strange fences their tears can be shed.  
Then beware, young maidens, repent while it's early,  
So that you, as well, to search won't be led,  
So that you won't seek, as Katrya is seeking . . .  
That you need not ask why people, ill-treating,  
Won't offer a pillow for a weary head.

Do not ask, O dark-browed maidens,  
For people won't tell;  
Whom God punishes on earth,  
They punish as well . . .  
People act just like those branches  
Bending in the breeze.  
The sun shines on the poor orphan  
(Shines, but gives no heat) —  
People would cut off the sunlight,  
Had they but the power,  
So its rays won't reach the orphan,  
Lighten the dark hour.  
But whatever for, good Lord!  
Why on earth to languish?  
What has she done to the people,  
What are they demanding?  
That she should weep! O my heart!  
Don't weep Katerina,  
Don't show the world your bitter tears,  
Endure, don't surrender!  
But so your sweet face won't fade,  
So dark-browed and fair,  
In the forest, just at sunrise,  
Bathe it with your tears.  
Bathing thus — you won't be seen,  
Won't be cause for glee;  
And the heart will find release,  
When tears can flow free.

Such is grief, misfortune, observe well, young maidens,  
Jesting, the Moscal, left Katrya behind.  
Trouble doesn't see, with whom it is jesting,  
And people, though seeing, will not sympathize.  
— Let her go to ruin, they say, the loose creature,  
If she couldn't keep her honour intact! —  
So keep your good name, loves, that some evil hour  
Won't lead you to searching a Moscal who left.

Where does Katrya wander?  
Her nights she spent under fences,  
Rising in the early dawn,  
Hastening to Moscovschina,  
When suddenly! . . . Winter comes.  
The storm whistles through the meadows,  
But Katrya plods on,  
Bast-shoes on her feet — what grief! —  
A thin coat for warmth.  
Limping now, Katrusya walks;  
Staring — in a daydream . . .  
Obviously — they're Moscals . . .  
Oh grief! Her heart fails her . . .  
She flew forward, to encounter,  
To ask — Is he here,  
My Ivan, my dark-browed one?  
— We don't know — they sneer.  
And as usual for Moscals,  
They clowned, laughed and jeered,  
— Oh you woman! Oh our lads!  
Who won't they mislead! —  
Katerina stood and gazed:  
— You're people, I see!  
Don't cry, my son, my disaster!  
What will be, will be.  
I'll go on — I will continue,  
And we may meet yet,  
Then, my dove, I'll hand you over,  
As for me, there's death. —

The blizzard howls, roars and thunders,  
Through the meadows sweeping;  
Katrya, standing in its centre,  
Can't control her weeping.  
The storm, finally exhausted,  
Breathes in deeper sighs;  
Katerina would weep further,  
But her tears have dried.  
She looks down upon her child,  
Showered by her woe,  
Blooming like a rosy flower  
In the morning dew.  
Katerina looks and smiles,  
A smile painful, torn,  
With bitterness — which by the heart  
Treacherously coils.  
Silently, she scans the scene;  
Ah — a grove looms black,  
And beside it, by the roadside,  
Perchance there's a shack.  
— Come, my son, the darkness falls,  
Maybe this homestead  
Will welcome us; And if not,  
Then outdoors we'll bed.  
Under its walls we will sleep.  
Ah Ivan, my son!  
Where will you be sleeping then,  
When your mother's gone?  
Outdoors, with the dogs, my son,  
Their affection seek!  
Dogs are vicious, they may bite,  
But they will not speak,  
Will not gossip, will not laugh . . .  
Sleep and share their food . . .  
Oh my poor, my aching head!  
What am I to do? —

A young orphan dog has his own cross to bear,  
Good words do exist for the orphan on earth;  
But he's sworn at, beaten, to bondage compelled,  
To ask of the mother, none will, e'en in mirth.  
But Ivas will be asked, very early indeed,  
Before the poor lad even learns how to talk.  
On whom do the dogs vent their spleen on the street?  
Who by the picket sits ragged and starved?  
And who leads the beggar? The dark bastard child . . .  
His only good fortune — his handsome dark eyes,  
But even with those jealous people find fault.

### III

Кричать сови, спать діброва,  
Зірочки сяють,  
Понад шляхом, щирцею,  
Ховрашки гуляють.  
Спочивають добрі люди;  
Що кого втомило:  
Кого — щастя, кого — сльози,  
Все нічка покрила.  
Всіх покрила темнісінька,  
Як діточок мати;  
Де ж Катрусю пригорнула:  
Чи в лісі, чи в хаті?  
Чи на полі під копою  
Сина забавляє,  
Чи в діброві з-під колоди  
Вовка виглядає?  
Бодай же вас, чорні брови,  
Нікому не мати,  
Коли за вас таке лихо  
Треба одбувати!  
А що дальше спіткається?  
Буде лихо, буде!  
Зострінуться жовті піски  
І чужії люди;  
Зострінуться зима люта...



А той чи зостріне,  
Що пізнає Катерину,  
Привітає сина?  
З ним забула б чорнобрива  
Шляхи, піски, горе:  
Він, як мати, привітає,  
Як брат, заговорить...

Побачимо, почувемо...  
А поки — спочину  
Та тимчасом розпитаю  
Шлях на Московщину.  
Далекий шлях, пани-брати,  
Знаю його, знаю!  
Аж на серці похолоне,  
Як його згадаю.  
Попоміряв і я колись —  
Щоб його не мірять!..  
Розказав би про те лихо,  
Та чи то ж повірять!  
«Бреше, скажуть, сякий-такий!»  
(Звичайно, не в очі),  
А так тільки псує мову  
Та людей морочить».  
Правда ваша, правда, люди!  
Та й нащо те знати,  
Що сльозами перед вами  
Буду виливати?  
Нащо воно? У всякого  
І свого чимало...  
Цур же йому!.. А тимчасом  
Кете лиш кресало  
Та тютюну, щоб, знаєте,  
Дома не журились.  
А то лихо розказувать,  
Щоб бридке приснилось!  
Нехай його лихий візьме!  
Лучче ж поміркую,  
Де то моя Катерина  
З Івасем мандрує.

За Києвом, та за Дніпром,  
Попід темним гаєм,  
Ідуть шляхом чумаченьки,  
Пугача співають.  
Іде шляхом молодиця,  
Мусить бути, з прощі.  
Чого ж смутна, невесела,  
Заплакані очі?  
У латаній свитиночці,  
На плечах торбина,  
В руці ціпок, а на другій  
Заснула дитина.  
Зострілася з чумаками,  
Закрила дитину,  
Питається: «Люди добрі,  
Де шлях в Московщину?»  
«В Московщину? оцей самий.  
Далеко, небого?»  
«В саму Москву. Христа ради,  
Дайте на дорогу!»  
Бере шага, аж труситься:  
Тяжко його брати!..  
Та й навіщо?.. А дитина?  
Вона ж його мати!  
Заплакала, пішла шляхом,  
В Броварах спочила  
Та синові за гіркого  
Медяник купила.  
Довго, довго, сердешная,  
Все йшла та питала;  
Було й таке, що під тином  
З сином ночувала...

Бач, на що здалися карі оченята:  
Щоб під чужим тином сльози вилигати!  
Отож-то дивиться та кайтесь, дівчата,  
Щоб не довелося москаля шукать,  
Щоб не довелося, як Катря шукає...  
Тоді не питаєте, за що люди лають,  
За що не пускають в хату ночувать.  
Не питаєте, чорнобриві,  
Бо люди не знають;  
Кого бог кара на світі,  
То й вони карають...  
Люди гнутья, як ті лози,

Куди вітер віє.  
Сиротині сонце світить  
(Світить, та не гріє) —  
Люди б сонце заступили,  
Якби мали силу,  
Щоб сироті не світило,  
Сльози не сушило.  
А за віщо, боже милій!  
За що світом пудять?  
Що зробила вона людям,  
Чого хотять люди?  
Щоб плакала!.. Серце моє!  
Не плач, Катерино,  
Не показуй людям сльози,  
Терпи до загибуні!  
А щоб личко не марніло  
З чорними бровами,—  
До схід сонця в темнім лісі  
Умійся сльозами.  
Умийся — не побачать,  
То й не засміються;  
А серденько одпочине,  
Поки сльози ллються.

Отаке-то лихо, бачите, дівчата,  
Жартуючи кинув Катруско москаль.  
Недоля не бачить, з ким їй жартувати;  
А люди хоч бачать, та людям не жалю.  
«Нехай, кажуть, гине ледача дитина,  
Коли не зуміла себе шанувать».  
Шануйтеся ж, любі, в недобру годину  
Щоб не довелося москаля шукать.

Де ж Катруся блудить?  
Попідтинню ночувала,  
Раненько вставала,  
Поспішала в Московщину;  
Аж гульк — зима впала.  
Свище полем завірюха,  
Іде Катерина  
У личаках — лихо тяжке! —  
І в одній свитині.  
Іде Катря, шкандибає;  
Дивиться — щось мріє...  
Либонь ідуть москальки...  
Лихо!.. серце мліє...  
Полетіла, зострілася,  
Пита: «Чи немає  
Мого Івана чорнявого?»  
А ті: «Ми не знаєм».  
І, звичайно, як москалі,  
Сміються, жартують:  
«Ай да баба! ай да наші!  
Кого не надує!»  
Подивилась Катерина:  
«І ви, бачу, люде!  
Не плач, сину, мое лихо!  
Що буде, то й буде.  
Піду дальше — більш ходила...  
А може й зостріну;  
Оддам тебе, мій голубе,  
А сама загину».

Реве, стогне хуртовина,  
Котить, верне полем;  
Стоїть Катря серед поля,  
Дала сльозам волю.  
Утомилась завірюха,  
Де-де позіхає;  
Ще б плакала Катерина,  
Та сльоз більш немає.  
Подивилась на дитину:  
Умите сльозою,  
Червоніє, як квіточка  
Вранці під росою.  
Усміхнулась Катерина,  
Тяжко усміхнулась:  
Коло серця — як гадина  
Чорна повернулась.  
Кругом мовчки подивилась;  
Бачить — ліс чорніє,  
А під лісом, край дороги,  
Либонь курінь мріє.  
«Ходім, сину, смеркається,  
Коли пустять в хату;  
А не пустять, то й надворі

Будем ночувати.  
Під хатою заночуєм,  
Сину мій Іване!  
Де ж ти будеш ночувати,  
Як мене не стає?  
З собаками, мій синочку,  
Кохайся надворі!  
Собаки злі, покусують,  
Та не заговорять,  
Не розкажуть, сміючися...  
З псами їсти й пити...  
Бідна моя головонько!  
Що мені робити?»

Сирота-собака має свою долю,  
Має добре слово в світі сирота;  
Ного-б'ють і лають, закують в неволю,  
Та ніхто про матір на сміх не спита,  
А Івася питають, заранше питають,  
Не дадуть до мови дитині дожити.  
На кого собаки на улиці лають?  
Хто голій, голодний під тином сидить?  
Хто лобуря водить? Чорняві байстрята..  
Одна його доля — чорні бровенята.  
Та й тих люди заздрі не дають носити.



# FOLKWAYS RECORDS NUMERICAL LISTING

## AMERICANA 10"

FA2001 Sa, Dances, Piute Pete  
FA2002 Xmas Carols, Summers  
FA2003 Darling Corey, Seeger  
FA2004 Take This Hat, Leadbelly 2  
FA2005 Am. Flings, Seeger  
FA2006 Washburn Band, Terry  
FA2007 Cumberland Gap, Clayton  
FA2008 Creole Songs, Van Wey  
FA2009 Loneone, Gully, Seeger, others  
FA2010 Dust Bowl, Gully, Seeger, others  
FA2011 Rock n' Roll, Line, Leadbelly 2  
FA2012 Sea & Logger Sigs, Eskin  
FA2013 Seeds of Love, Summers  
FA2014 Cowboy Ballads, Cisco Houston  
FA2015 Solomon Valley, Jemison  
FA2016 Leadbelly Legacy 3, Early years  
FA2017 Ohio Valley, Folkmasters  
FA2018 Get On Board, Folkmasters  
FA2019 Brownie McGhee, Blues  
FA2020 Martha's Vine Song, Leadbelly 4  
FA2021 Harmonica, Sonny Terry  
FA2022 Norron Songs, Hilton  
FA2023 Anglo-American, Nye  
FA2024 Negro Spirit, I. Need  
FA2025 Joe Hill Sigs., Glazer  
FA2026 Smoky Mts., Lumford  
FA2027 Lady Gay, Summers  
FA2028 Hard Travelin', Houston  
FA2029 Sampler, Seeger  
FA2030 Ials, Laidy, Summers  
FA2031 Goofing-Off Suite, Seeger  
FA2032 N. W. Ballads, Robertson  
FA2033 Peggy Seeger, I. Jones  
FA2034 Little Lullaby, Eddie Mamson  
FA2035 Ottawa, Ill., Keith Clark

## SONGS OF THE STATES 10"

FA2106 Mass., Clayton  
FA2110 Virginia, Clayton  
FA2112 N. Carolina, Moser  
FA2128 T. ex., Nye  
FA2132 Minnesota, Bluestein  
FA2134 Kansas, O'Byan  
FA2136 Kentucky, English

## AMERICAN HISTORICAL # 10"

FA2131 Revolution I, House  
FA2132 Revolution II, House  
FA2133 War 1812 1, House  
FA2134 War 1812 2, House  
FA2135 Frontier, Seeger 1  
FA2136 Frontier, Seeger 2  
FA2137 Civil War 1, Nye  
FA2138 Civil War 2, Nye  
FA2139 Heritage USA 1, Morrison  
FA2140 Heritage USA 2, Morrison  
FA2141 Heritage Speeches 1, Kurian  
FA2142 Heritage Speeches 2, Kurian

## MUSIC U.S.A. 10"

FA2201 Curry Dance, Seeger, Terry  
FA2202 Creole Sigs., Van Wey  
FA2204 Span Sigs., of N. M., Iurd  
FA2213 Penn. Dutch Sigs.  
FA2220 Drums, Baby Dodds  
FA2222 Mary Lou Williams  
FA2230 Art Tatum Trio

## AMERICANA 12"

FA2305 'Ballads Reliques, Nye  
FA2310 Anglo-Am. Ball., Clayton  
FA2312 Sea Songs  
FA2314 Banjo, Scruggs Style  
FA2315 Stoneman Family Banjo  
FA2316 Ritchie family, doc  
FA2317 Mt. Music of Kentucky  
FA2318 Mt. Music, Bluegrass  
FA2319 Am. Ballads, Seeger  
FA2320 Fav. Amer., Seeger  
FA2321 Fav. Amer., 2, Seeger  
FA2322 Fav. Amer., 3, Seeger  
FA2324 Walk in Sun, Robinson  
FA2326 Country Blues, Boonay  
FA2327 McGhee, Terry, Blues  
FA2330 Walt Robertson  
FA2333 Women's Love Songs, Marshall  
FA2334 Men's Love Songs, Roy  
FA2338 American Ballads, O'Byan  
FA2346 Cisco Houston, folksongs  
FA2348 Andrew Rowan Summers, Songs  
FA2354 N. Y. Lumberjack, Stekler  
FA2356 Old Harp Singing  
FA2357 Gospel Songs, West  
FA2358 Amer. Flang fest., Thomas  
FA2361 Hymns and Carols, Summers  
FA2364 Unquiet Grave, Summers  
FA2369 Sonny Terry, J. C., Sticks  
FA2372 Folk Jubilee  
FA2380 Cat Iron, Blues & Hymns  
FA2383 Mickey Miller, folksongs  
FA2386 New Lost City Ramblers  
FA2397 New Lost City Ramblers, V. 2  
FA2407 FolkMiths  
FA2409 Country Genr. (Bluegrass)  
FA2412 Seeger at Carnegie, Terry  
FA2416 Rolf Calif. Concert  
FA2421 Trad. Blues #1, B. McGhee  
FA2428 Ritchie, Brand Concert  
FA2429 Fox's songs, Clayton  
FA2430 Nonesuch, Seeger, Hamilton  
FA2434 Freedom Songs, B. McAdon  
FA2442 Song with Pete Seeger  
FA2443 Love Songs, Seeger  
FA2444 Rainbow Quest (Seeger)  
FA2461 Music New OrL. 1, St. Music  
FA2462 Music New OrL. 2, Dureka Band  
FA2463 Music New OrL. 3, Dance Halls  
FA2464 Music New OrL. 4, Jazz Orig.  
FA2465 Music New OrL. 5, Flowering  
FA2476 Smokey Eaglein, Blues  
FA2480 Songs Open Road, Cisco Houston  
FA2481 Bound for Glory, Guthrie

## TOPICAL SERIES 12"

FN2501 Gazette, Pete Seeger  
FN2511 Hootenanny Tonight  
FN2512 Hootenanny Carnegie Hall  
FN2524 Another Country, Malvina Reynolds

## MUSIC U.S.A. 12"

FA2601 South Jersey Band  
FA2605 1-Man Band, Blackman  
FA2610 Amer. Skiffle Bands  
FA2625 Music from South 1  
FA2631 Music from South 2  
FA2632 Music from South 3  
FA2633 Music from South 4  
FA2634 Music from South 5  
FA2635 Music from South 6  
FA2636 Music from South 7  
FA2637 Music from South 8  
FA2638 Music from South 9  
FA2639 Been Here & Gone (Music fr South 10)  
FA2671 6 & 7/8 String Band

## JAZZ SERIES 12"

FB2801 Anth. 1, The South  
FB2802 Anth. 2, Blues  
FB2803 Anth. 3, New Orleans  
FB2804 Anth. 4, Jazz Singers  
FB2805 Anth. 5, Chicago 1  
FB2806 Anth. 6, Chicago 2  
FB2807 Anth. 7, New York  
FB2808 Anth. 8, Big Bands  
FB2809 Anth. 9, Piano  
FB2810 Anth. 10, Boogie, K.C.  
FB2811 Anth. 11, Adlibs

## AMERICANA 2-12"

FA2941 Leadbelly Legacy 1  
FA2942 Leadbelly Legacy 1  
FA2951 Am. Folkmusic 1  
FA2952 Am. Folkmusic 2  
FA2953 Am. Folkmusic 3

## WORLD HISTORICAL and SPECIALTY 12"

FW3000 Canada in Story & Song, Mills 2-12"  
FW3001 O'Canada, Mills  
FW3002 Irish Rebellion, House

FW3006 Scottish War Ballads, Dunbar  
FW3007 Israel Army Sigs., Hillel  
FG3502 Recording Indians, Barbeau  
FG3503 Newfoundland, Peacock  
FG3508 Amer. folksongs, John Lomax  
FG3515 Folk Songs Sussex Eng.  
FG3517 Scottish folksongs, Holland  
FG3518 Irish folksongs, Holland  
FG3524 Boogie Woogie, Memphis Slim  
FG3525 Elie, Conton, Anglo-Guitar  
FG3530 Indian Ragas, Balakrishna  
FG3534 Am. Guitar, Bidaux  
FG3535 Memphis Slim, Vol. 2  
FG3538 Tambourines to Glory  
FG3540 Andy Blues, Keith, Handy  
FG3544 Guy Carawan Sigs.  
FG3548 Guy Carawan II  
FG3552 Guy Carawan III  
FG3557 Brownie McGhee, Blues  
RG3560 French Canada, Labrecque  
FG3562 Jon, Lamb, Bagpipe Piano  
FG3564 Eng. Sigs., Shirley Collins  
FG3568 Sngt. W. Pa., Richman  
FG3576 Netherlands Sng., Kunst  
FG3585 Blind Willie Johnson  
FG3586 Big Bill Broonzy Story  
FG3591 Story of Theodor Herzl

## FOLKWAYS SPECIAL 12"

FT3602 Instr. of Orchestra  
FT3704 John Cage, Indetern., 2-12"  
FS3001 Jewish Life, documentary  
FS3010 Buell H. Kasee  
FS3017 Bill Miller, McGhee  
FS3018 Ballads, Blues, Van Ronk  
FS3022 Lightnin' Hopkins, Blues  
FS3023 Hury Lewis, Blues  
FS3028 Pete Steele, banjo  
FS3034 Williwag Steel Band  
FS3037 Accordian, Tony Lawell  
FS3044 Bahamas Music, Spencer 1  
FS3045 Bahamas Music, vocal 2  
FS3046 Bahamas Music, instr. 3  
FS3051 Indian Summer Filmcore (Seeger)  
FS3052 Cannoville Story  
FS3053 The Veep, interview  
FS3057 Piano pieces, Gerzhwin, Kern  
FS3058 Song & Dance Man, Meehan  
FS3059 My True Love, vocal, sax  
FS3060 Picasso Film Music  
FS3061 Henry Jacob's program  
FS3062 Rawhide, program 1  
FS3063 Courlander's Almanac  
FS3064 Seeger & Boonay interview  
FS3065 Gregorian Chants, documentary  
FS3066 W. Coleville Story  
FS3070 The Veep, interview  
FS3072 Rawhide, No. 2  
FS3073 Rawhide, No. 3  
FS3081 Nat'l Anthems 1  
FS3082 Nat'l Anthems 2  
FS3090 Telemann Sngs., Wolff

## ETHNIC MONOGRAPH LIBRARY

FM4000 Hungarian Folk Songs 12"  
FM4001 Wolf River Songs  
FM4002 Songs from Iran  
FM4003 Great Lakes Indians  
FM4005 Folk Songs of Ontario  
FM4006 Nova Scotia Folkmusic  
FM4007 Lappish Folk Songs  
FM4008 Folkmusic of Norway  
FM4009 Lithuanian Songs U. S. A.  
FM4011 \*Drum Dance, Carisiacou  
FM4014 Songs & Pipes, Brittany

## ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY

FE4356 Trad. Dances, Japan 12"  
FE4380 Music of Assam  
FE4387 Rumanian Songs, Dances  
FE4401 Sioux & Navajo Music  
FE4402 Equatorial Africa  
FE4403 Drums of Haiti  
FE4404 Music of Turkey  
FE4405 Folk Music of Ethiopia  
FE4406 Music of Indonesia  
FE4407 Folk Music of Haiti  
FE4408 Folk Music of Palestine  
FE4409 Folk Music of India  
FE4410 Cult Music of Cuba  
FE4411 Folk Music of Spain  
FE4413 Folk Music of Mexico  
FE4414 Folk Music of France  
FE4415 Music of Peru  
FE4416 Music Russian Middle East  
FE4417 Negro Music Ala., secular  
FE4418 Negro Music Ala., religious  
FE4419 Folk Music of Rumania  
FE4420 American Indian S. W.  
FE4421 Music of South Arabia  
FE4422 Traditional Music of India  
FE4423 Music of Southeast Asia  
FE4424 Folk Music from Korea  
FE4425 Folk Music of Pakistan  
FE4426 Spanish Music New Mexico  
FE4427 Folk Music Western Congo  
FE4428 Songs of the Watusi  
FE4430 Folk Music of Japan  
FE4431 Songs & Pipes Hebrides  
FE4431 Religious Music of India  
FE4432 Songs and Dances of Haiti  
FE4433 Maori Songs New Zealand  
FE4434 Folk Music of Yugoslavia  
FE4435 Black Caribs, Honduras  
FE4436 Burmese Folk & Trad. Music  
FE4437 Flamenco Music  
FE4438 Cajun Songs Louisiana  
FE4439 Tribal Music of Australia  
FE4440 Religious Songs Bahamas  
FE4441 Drums of Yoruba Nigeria  
FE4442 Music of the Palahis  
FE4443 Music of the Uraline  
FE4444 Eskimos, Alaska, Hudson Bay  
FE4445 Flathead Indians Montana  
FE4446 Music from Mato Grosso  
FE4447 Music from South Asia  
FE4448 Folk Music Amami Islands  
FE4449 Japanese Buddhist Rituals  
FE4450 Songs Cape Breton Isl.  
FE4451 Buli Songs Cameroons  
FE4452 Folk Music of Jamaica  
FE4454 Folk Music of Greece  
FE4456 Music of Peru, No. 2  
FE4457 Pygmies of the Iuri Forest  
FE4458 Ind. Music Upper Amazon  
FE4460 Temiar Dream Sigs Malaya  
FE4461 Jamaican Cult Rhythms  
FE4462 Wolof Music Senegal, Gambia  
FE4463 Music of Thailand  
FE4464 Indian Canadian Plains  
FE4465 Folk Music of Liberia  
FE4466 Hainuoo Music Philippines  
FE4467 Folk Dances of Greece  
FE4468 The Greek Epics  
FE4469 Kurdish Music from Iraq  
FE4470 Taureg Music  
FE4471 Negro Music Ala., 3  
FE4472 Negro Music Ala., 4  
FE4473 Negro Music Ala., 5  
FE4474 Negro Music Ala., 6  
FE4475 Negro Prison Work Songs  
FE4476 Beoule Music Ivory Coast  
FE4477 Topoke People Congo  
FE4478 Ritual Music, Manipur  
FE4480 Arabic and Druse Music  
FE4482 Folk Songs of French Canada  
FE4483 Music of the Iuri Forest People  
FE4501A-B Music Mediterranean, 1  
FE4501C-D Music Mediterranean, 2  
FE4502A-B African Drums, 1  
FE4502C-D Afro-American Drums, 2  
FE4502A-B Folk Music Italy, 1  
FE4502C-D Folk Music Italy, 2

## ETHNIC FOLKWAYS LIBRARY 2-12"

FE4500 Negro Music Africa & America  
FE4501 African & Afro-Amer. Drums  
FE4502 African Music South of Sahara  
FE4504 Music of World's People, 1  
FE4505 Music of World's People, 2

FE4506 Music of World's People, 3  
FE4507 Music of World's People, 4  
FE4510 World's Vocal Arts  
FE4520 Folk Music from Italy  
FE4525 Man's Early Music Instr.  
FE4530 American Folk Songs  
FE4533 Caribbean Music (2-12")  
FE4535 USSR Folk Music (2-12")

## AMERICAN HISTORICAL 2-10"

PH5001 Ballads Revolution (2151 & 2152)  
PH5002 Ballads War of 1812 (2163 & 2164)  
PH5003 Frontier Ballads, (2175 & 2176)  
PH5004 Ballads Civil War (2187 & 2188)  
PH5005 Colonial Speeches (2189 & 2190)  
PH5006 Heritage Speeches (2191 & 2192)

## AMERICAN HIST and DOCUMENTARY 12"

PH5217 Ballads of Ohio, Grimes  
PH5232 Talking Blues, Greenway  
PH5245 War Ballads, U. S. A., Nye  
PH5251 Amer. Indus. Ballads, Seeger  
PH5252 Negro Slave Songs, LaRue  
PH5253 Days of '49 English, - Faler  
PH5258 Pittsburgh, Pa., Schmetz  
PH5264 Depression Sng., N.C. Rambler  
PH5261 Songs of Suffragettes, Knight  
PH5285 Talking Union, Seeger  
PH5293 Folk Songs Maine, S. Ives  
PH5294 Missouri Flings, Canler  
PH5481 Ballads Sacco-Vanzetti, Guthrie  
PH5481 Unipolical African, Speeches  
PH5481 Human Rights, Mrs. Roosevelt  
FD5558 New York 1917 Schwartz  
FD5559 Nueva York 1917 Schwartz  
FD5560 Millions of Musicians, Schwartz  
FD5562 Exchange, Schwartz  
FD5563 A Day's Life  
FD5581 Music in the Streets, Schwartz  
FD5589 Gang Songs of NY  
FD5590 Patriot Plans 2-12", House  
FH5717 Sigs of Civil War, 2-12"  
FH5723 Cowboy, Jackson 2-12"

## SCIENCE SERIES 12"

FX6007 Science of Sound (2-12")  
FX6100 Sounds of Frequency, Bartok  
FX6101 Science in Our Lives, Calder  
FX6104 Sounds of Self-Hypnosis  
FX6105 Sounds of Camp, documentary  
FX6106 Sounds of South Am. Rain Forest  
FX6121 Sounds in the Sea  
FX6122 Sounds of the American Southwest  
FX6123 Vox Humana, vocal extensiv  
FX6124 Sounds of Animals, zoo & farm  
FX6125 Sounds of Sea Animals  
FX6126 Sounds of Carnival, Mills  
FX6127 Sounds of Medicine  
FX6130 Sound Patterns  
FX6136 Short version of FX6007  
FX6140 Sounds of Sports Car Races  
FX6151 Sounds of African Home  
FX6152 Sounds Steam Locomotives, 1  
FX6153 Sounds Steam Locomotives, 2  
FX6154 Sounds Steam Locomotives, 3  
FX6155 Sounds N. Y. Central Locomotives  
FX6160 Sound of New Music  
FX6166 Sounds N. Amer. Frogs  
FX6170 Sound Effects, No. 1  
FX6178 Insect Sounds

## STEREO 12"

FS5601 Highlights of Vortex

## DANCES 12"

FD6501 Folk Dances World's Peoples, 1  
FD6502 Folk Dances World's Peoples, 2  
FD6503 Folk Dances World's Peoples, 3  
FD6504 Folk Dances World's Peoples, 4  
FD6510 N. Amer. Indian Dances

## INTERNATIONAL SERIES 10"

FW6802 (Not available) China  
FW6803 Folk Songs of Hungary  
FW6804 Folk Music of Colombia  
FW6805 Songs & Dances Yugoslavia  
FW6806 Songs & Dances of Armenia  
FW6807 Folk Songs of Switzerland  
FW6808 Calypso & Meringues  
FW6809 Jewish Freilich Songs  
FW6810 Argentine Folk Songs  
FW6811 Haitian Folk Songs  
FW6812 Chinese Classic Music  
FW6814 Songs & Dances of Greece  
FW6815 Songs of Mexico  
FW6816 Guitar Solo, Montoya  
FW6817 Scottish Bagpipe  
FW6818 Irish Popular Dances  
FW6819 Irish Jigs & Reels  
FW6820 Russian Chor., Patriarchy  
FW6821 Northwoods, Hemworth  
FW6822 Haitian Guitar, D. Kuevinsky  
FW6823 Eng. Folk Songs, House  
FW6824 Gospel Songs, Bahamas  
FW6825 Camorialis, D. Kuevinsky  
FW6826 Jewish Folk Songs, Off  
FW6827 Jewish Folk Songs, 2, Off  
FW6828 Jewish Christmas Songs  
FW6830 Songs and Dances of Basque  
FW6831 Songs Newfoundland, Mills  
FW6832 French folksong  
FW6833 Creole Songs of Haiti  
FW6834 Folk Music of Honduras  
FW6835 Welsh Folk Songs, Evans  
FW6836 Christmas Songs of Spain  
FW6837 Haitian Plans  
FW6838 Dutch Folk Songs, Noorman  
FW6839 Irish Hood Ballads, House  
FW6840 Caribbean Dances  
FW6841 Shepherd, other Songs, Israel  
FW6842 Bible Sng., Hillel, Aviva  
FW6843 German Songs, Schlamme  
FW6844 Swedish, Sven-B., Taube  
FW6845 Xmas Songs of Portugal  
FW6846 Jamaican Folk Songs, Bennett  
FW6847 Songs of Israel, Hillel, Aviva  
FW6848 Polish Songs, Danes  
FW6852 Mexican Folk Songs  
FW6856 Finnish Folk Songs  
FW6857 Danish Folk Songs

# FOLKWAYS RECORDS



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Canada: 1437 Mackay St.  
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FW6862 Steel Band of Trinidad  
FW6871 Bolivia Sigs. & Dances  
FW6880 Man of the Wide World, Samuels  
FW6891 Songs of our Continents  
FW6912 Bantu Choral - o/s Songs  
FW6913 Mexican Corridos  
FW6914 Calypso with Lord Invader  
FW6915 Italian Folk Music, Songs  
FW6916 Folk Music of Middle East  
FW6917 English Folk Songs, Coppard  
FW6918 Diet Songs of French Canada  
FW6919 Czechoslovak Folk Songs  
FW6920 Flemenco Guitar, Escudero  
FW6922 German Fav. Sngs. Wolff  
FW6923 French Folk Songs of Acadia  
FW6925 Guy Carawan Sigs.  
FW6927 Scottish Ballads, Ewan  
FW6928 Hebrew Folk Songs  
FW6929 French Canadian Songs, Mills  
FW6930 Scottish Ballads, 2 McEwan  
FW6935 Israeli Dances, Tashar  
FW6937 Cantorials for High Holidays  
FW6947 German Christmas Songs, Wolff  
FW6952 Negro Slave Songs of Quebec  
FW6953 Songs and Dances of Brazil  
FW6957 Yaqut Dances of Mexico

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FC7003 1, 2, 3 & 4 Sing, Schwartz  
FC7004 Alabama Ring, Sings  
FC7005 Songs to Grow On, 1 Nursery  
FC7009 More Songs to Grow On, Mills  
FC7010 Little Fiddlers, Seeger  
FC7011 Bigger Fiddlers, Seeger  
FC7015 Songs to Grow On, 0, Guthrie  
FC7018 French Songs in Eng. Mills  
FC7020 Schoolyards, Seeger, others  
FC7021 Animal Songs, 1, Mills  
FC7022 Animal Songs, Mills  
FC7023 Activity Songs, Berman  
FC7025 Wonderful World, Sloot  
FC7026 All Year Around  
FC7027 This Land is My Land  
FC7028 Camp Songs, Seeger, Others  
FC7029 Skip Rope Games  
FC7030 Folk Songs for Camp  
FC7039 Children's Songs, Richardson  
FC7041 Animal Songs for Children  
FC7053 American Xmas Songs, Seeger  
FC7054 South Mt. Songs, Ritchie  
FC7054 Old Time Sngs., N.C. Rambler  
FC7070 Downtown Story, songs & sounds  
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FC7108 Klondike, Berton  
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FC7225 Israeli Songs, Ben-Zur  
FC7229 French Songs, child.  
FC7234 Yiddish Songs (Off)  
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FC7270 German Songs, Wolff  
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FC7351 Interview, Robert M. Hutchins  
FC7352 Ser. Margaret Smith  
FC7353 Interview, Al Capp  
FC7354 Interview, Margaret Mead  
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