FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31040 STEREO

Banks of Marble

PETE SEEGER

Yodel
Don't Ask What a River Is For
God Bless the Grass
Joy and Temperance
Young Woman Who Swallowed a Lie
3 Rules of Discipline and 8 Rules of Attention
Estadio Chile
Well May the World Go
Banks of Marble
This Is a Land
Garbage
My Father's Mansions
Precious Friend
Pigtown Fling
Quite Early Morning

PHOTO: MARTIN SCHNEIDER DESIGN: RONALD CLYNE

M
1629
S45
B219
1974

MUSIC LP

SIDE 1

1a. Yodel . . . . . :44
1b. Don't Ask What a River Is For* 2:21
(Pete Seeger)
2. God Bless the Grass** 2:07
(Malvina Reynolds)
3. Joy and Temperance 1:15
(Anon.)
4. Young Woman Who Swallowed a Lie*** 3:33
(Meredith Tax & Alan Mills)
5. Two Chinese Songs† 3:12
3 Rules of Discipline and
8 Rules of Attention 1:23
White Haired Girl 1:59
6. Estadio Chile†† 2:50
(Victor Jara & Pete Seeger)
7. Well May the World Go††† 2:42
(Pete Seeger)

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Produced by Fred Hellerman
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SIDE 2

1. Banks of Marble* 4:21
(Les Rice)
2. This Is a Land** 1:09
(Jacob Steendam & Pete Seeger)
3. Garbage*** 2:57
(Bill Steele)
4. My Father's Mansions† 2:08
(Pete Seeger)
5. Precious Friend†† 2:22
(Pete Seeger)
6. Pigtown Fling††† 1:25
(P.D.)
7. Quite Early Morning†††† 4:12
(Pete Seeger)

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***©Bill Steele
Fred Hellerman: Bass
†©1966 by Stormking Music Inc. (BMI)
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Nick Seeger: Vocal, Fred Hellerman: Bass
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Back during the 1950's I used to drop in to Moe Asch's office and recording studio (a couple small holes in the wall in huge vertical Manhattan) and I'd say, "Here's a new song I've been singing the past couple weeks." And he's stick a mike in front of me and my banjo and I'd record it, and every few months he'd be bringing out a new record. Sometime's he'd come to me with a special problem or idea: "Pete, some kids find your songs too fast to sing with. I'd like to try recording children's songs at quite a slow tempo." No sweat. It was done in a day.

Then I got working for Columbia, in a huge studio, with millions of dollars worth of equipment. It took longer and longer to make records, and was less and less fun. After ten years I guess Columbia realized I would never be a big money-maker for them, and we decided to call it quits. I'm glad to be back with Folkways, which has always kept everyone's records in the catalogue, no matter how little they sold.

My old colleague from Weaver days, Fred Hellerman, has one of these neat 8-track recording machines set up in his garage, and I must say it was intriguing to take the time to do this record just as well as I could, even if it took eight months. (Sounds like we needed a month for each track.) The delay was mainly in getting my own self-confidence back, helped along occasionally by some young friends and relatives who contributed extra voices and instruments. If the record is good, large credit should go to Fred, who mixed the masters, had suggestions on songs and arrangements, and filled in here and there with accompaniment.

The songs are a funny combination of ones I've known all my life (Joy and Temperance), ones I've picked up on travels (Three Rules of Discipline), and ones I've put together during the past few years (Quite Early Morning). Some of them I always get a crowd singing with me (Young Woman Who Swallowed A Lie) and it was a real problem to figure out how to carry the whole song without a chorus. Anyway, the best thing would be for people to sing along with the record. Or else to learn the songs off the record, and sing 'em yourself; then give the record away.

Books, TV, tapes, pictures–all our modern aids to communication are great, but the danger is that they become a substitute for the communication which people used to carry on with each other.

Folk music used to be the tunes you could whistle while walking down the road, the songs you could hum while washing the dishes, or putting the kids to sleep, or the sociable music you could make with friends and neighbors. Nowadays everything seems to come out of a loudspeaker, or be reproduced on a screen or a piece of paper. And that's too bad. I'd be proudest if my records were thought of as "demos"–demonstration records, just to listen to and learn the song.

In the long run, every nation in the world ought to be able to make its own music. Every community ought to have its own songs, which people learn from each other, and hand on from generation to generation. Just as "the prosperity of a nation should be judged not by the number of its millionaires, but by the absence of poverty" (W.E.B.DuBois) similarly the musicality of a nation should be judged not by the presence of a few highly expert musicians, but rather by the ability of the average rank and file man or woman to sing, or dance, or play some instrument.

Now, if we use our LPs and other technology in the right way, we can have a great wide choice, and end up singing some of the best songs in the world. "Best" is what you decide is best. You just have a bigger choice than ever before. Don't think you have to let someone else choose for you.

Pete Seeger

FOLKWAYS FTS 31040 STEREO

DON'T ASK WHAT A RIVER IS FOR
Words & new music adaptation by Pete Seeger
(based on traditional melody "Over the Waterfall")

On the Oregon-Idaho border you can find a big trickling stream.
They call her "Old Hell's Canyon" but to me she's a heavenly dream.

Chorus:
Come a rink-a-tink a tink tink bubbling on, don't ask what a river is for.
Come a rink-a-tink a think for a million years, let's ask for a million more.

Oh, the farmers down about Lewiston, they say "What a terrible waste;
That water sure could grow good crops," we say "Don't be in such haste."

Chorus:
And the power boys over in Portland Town say "We need electricity."
But you dammed the Snake ten times already, why don't you let the rest stay free?

Chorus:
And the power boys over in Idaho say "Oh, what a terrible waste"
We say "Take a trip to the Pentagon, if you like to do somet'n 'bout waste"

Chorus:

So come along to the Idaho border be you black or brown or just tanned
Take a trip on the old white water and be glad for a beautiful land.

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GOD BLESS THE GRASS
by Malvina Reynolds

God bless the grass that grows through the crack
They roll the concrete over it to try and keep it back
The concrete gets tired of what it has to do,
It breaks and it buckles and the grass grows through.
And God bless the grass.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it's growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that grows through cement
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent,
But after a while it lifts up its head
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
The roots they are deep and the will is to grow
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing 'round the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass

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JOY AND TEMPERANCE

Anon.

Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose
The doctor's nose, the doctor's nose
Slam, slam the door on the doctor's nose

(Repeat)

YOUNG WOMAN WHO SWALLOWED A LIE

Words by Meredith Tax
Music by Alan Mills

There was a young woman who swallowed a lie,
I don't know why she swallowed that lie,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was a young woman who swallowed a rule,
"Live to serve men," she learned it in school.
She swallowed the rule to prop up the lie,
But I don't know why she swallowed the lie,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was a young woman who swallowed some fluff
Lipstick and candy and powder and puff
She swallowed the fluff to follow the rule
"Live to serve men," she learned it in school.
She swallowed the rule to prop up the lie,
But I don't know why she swallowed the lie,
Perhaps she'll die.

There was a young woman who swallowed a line,
"I like 'em dumb, baby, you suit me fine."
She swallowed the line to follow the fluff, ...

There was a young woman who swallowed a pill,
Might have said "no" but she hadn't the will.
She swallowed the pill to follow the line, ...

There was a young woman who swallowed a ring,
Looked like a princess and felt like a thing.
She swallowed the ring to make up for the pill, . . .

One day this young woman woke up and she said
"I've swallowed so much I wish I were dead
She ran to her sisters, it wasn't too late
To liberate, regurgitate.
She threw up the ring; she threw up the pill;
She threw up the pill; she threw up the line;
She threw up the line; she threw up the fluff;
Threw up the fluff; she threw up the rule:
"Live to serve men," she learned it in school.
And last of all she threw up the lie.
Now she knows why she swallowed the lie.
And she'll not die!

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ESTADIO CHILE

By Victor Jara
& Pete Seeger

We are five thousand,
Here in this little part of the sky.
We are five thousand.
How many more will we be?
In the whole city and the country,
Ten thousand hands, which could seed the field,
Make run the factory.
How much humanity now
With pain, panic and terror?

We are six of us lost in space among the stars
One dead, one beaten like I never believed
A human being could be so beaten.
The other four wanting to leave all the terror–
One leaping into space
Others beating their heads against a wall,
All with gazes fixed on death.

The military carry out their plans with precision
blood is medals for them
slaughter is the badge of heroism.
Is this the world that you created, oh my God?
Was it for this the seven days
Of amazement and toil?

The blood of companero Presidente
is stronger than bombs and stronger than machine guns!
Oh you song, you come out badly when I must sing
The terror! What I see I never saw.
What I have felt and what I feel
Must come out
hará brotar el momento
hará brotar el momento

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WELL MAY THE WORLD GO

Words by Pete Seeger
Music trad.

Chorus:
Well may the world go, the world go, the world go
Well may the world go, when I'm far away

Well may the skiers turn
The lovers burn, the swimmers learn
Peace! May the generals learn
When I'm far away

Chorus:

Sweet may the fiddle sound
The banjo play the old hoedown
Dancers swing round and round
When I'm far away

Chorus:

Fresh may the breezes blow
Clear may the streams flow
Blue above and green below
When I.m far away

Chorus:

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BANKS OF MARBLE

By Les Rice

I've travelled around this country, from shore to shining shore
And it really made me wonder, the things I heard and saw.
I saw the weary farmer plowing his sod and loam
I heard the auction hammer a-knocking down his home

Chorus:
But the banks are made of marble with a guard at ev'ry door
And the vaults are stuffed with silver that the farmer sweated for.

I saw the seamen standing, idly by the shore
And I heard the bosses saying, "Got no work for you no more."

Chorus: ". . . that the seamen sweated for."

I saw the weary miner scrubbing coal dust from his back
And I heard his children crying "Got no coal to heat the shack."

Chorus: ". . . that the miner sweated for."

I've seen good people working throughout this might land
And I prayed we'd get together, and together make a stand.

Final Chorus: repeat
Then we might own those banks of marble with no guard at any door.
And we would share those vaults of silver that we have sweated for!

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THIS IS A LAND

Words by Jacob Steendam
Melody from a hymn adapted
by Pete Seeger

This is a land with milk and honey flowing
With healing herbs like thistles freely growing
Where buds of Aaron's Rods are blowing
Oh, this is Eden

This is a land with milk and honey flowing
With healing herbs like thisties freely growing
Where buds of Aaron's Rods are blowing
Oh, this is Eden

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GARBAGE
by Bill Steele

Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and baked potater.
But he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats the skin.
The bus boy comes and takes it, with a cough contaminates it;
He puts it in a can with coffee grounds and sardine tins.
And the truck comes by on Friday, and carts it all away.
A thousand trucks just like it are converging on the bay, oh,

Chorus:
Garbage, (garbage, garbage)
We're filling up the seas with garbage, (garbage, garbage)
What will we do, when there's no place left to put all the garbage?

Mister Thompson starts his Cadillac and winds it down the freeway track
Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon haze;
He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending gasses to the stars
There to form a seething cloud that hangs for thirty days.
And the sun looks down upon it with an ultra-violet tongue,
Till it turns to smog and settles down and ends up in our lungs, oh,

Chorus:

Getting home and taking off his shoes he settles with the evening news,
While the kids do homework with the T.V. in one ear;
While Superman for the thousandth time sells talking dolls and conquers crime,
They dutifully learn the date-of-birth of Paul Revere.
In the papers there's a piece about the Mayor's middle name,
And he gets it read in time to watch the all-star bingo game.

Final Chorus:
Garbage, (garbage, garbage, garbage) garbage (garbage, garbage, garbage)
We're fillin' up our minds with garbage (garbage, garbage, garbage)
Garbage, (garbage, garbage, garbage) Garbage, (garbage, garbage, garbage)
What will we do when there's nothing left to read
And nothing left to need,
And nothing left to watch,
And nothing left to touch,
And there's nothing left to walk upon.
And there's nothing left to talk upon,
And there's nothing left to see,
And there's nothing left to be but garbage? (Garbage, garbage, garbage)

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MY FATHER'S MANSION'S

By Pete Seeger

My father's mansion has many rooms
With room for all of his children
As long as we do share his love
And see that all are free

And see that all are free to know
And see that all are free to grow
And free to open or to close
The door of their own room

What is a room without a door
Which sometimes locks or stands ajar?
What is a room without a wall
To keep out sight and sound from all?

The choice is ours to share this earth
With all its many joys abound
Or to continue as we have
And burn God's mansion down.

My father's mansion's many rooms
Have room for all of his children
As long as we do share his love
And see that all are free.

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PRECIOUS FRIEND

By Pete Seeger

Just when I thought all was lost
You changed my mind
You gave me hope (not just the old soft soap)
You showed that we could learn to share in time
(you and me and Rockefeller)
I'll keep pluggin' on
Your face will shine through all our tears
And when we sing another little victory song
Precious friend you will be there (singing in harmony)
Precious friend you will be there

(repeat)

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QUITE EARLY MORNING

By Pete Seeger

You know it's darkest before the dawn,
this thought keeps me moving on.
If we could heed those early warnings,
The time is now, quite early morning.
If we could heed those early warnings,
The time is now, quite early morning.

Some say that mankind won't long endure,
But what makes them feel so doggone sure?
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing.
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing.

And so we keep on while we live,
Until we have no, no more to give.
And when these fingers can strum no longer,
Hand the old guitar to young ones stronger.
And when these fingers can strum no longer,
Hand the old guitar to young ones stronger.

So though it's darkest before the dawn,
This thought keeps us moving on,
Through all this world of joy and sorrow,
We still can have singin tomorrows.
Through all this world of joy and sorrow,
We still can have singing tomorrows.

Yes, though it's darkest before the dawn,
This thought keeps us moving on.
If we could heed those early warnings,
The time is now, quite early morning.
If we could heed those early warnings,
The time is now, quite early morning.

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