

FOLKWAYS RECORDS STEREO FA 32415

# THE BERGERFOLK SING FOR JOY





FOLKWAYS RECORDS  
STEREO FA 32415

SIDE 1

- 1) I'll Fly Away
- 2) Who Killed Cock Robin
- 3) What'll We Do With The Drunken Sailor
- 4) What'll We Do With The Baby-o
- 5) The Bowery  
Yankee Doodle  
Tom Dooley
- 6) Cripple Creek
- 7) We Are Gong To The Zoo\*
- 8) Amazing Grace

SIDE 2

- 1) Deportee
- 2) I'm Gonna Mail Myself To You
- 3) Jesse James
- 4) Shule Aroon
- 5) Baby Tree
- 6) Plastic Grass\*
- 7) Day Is Done

© 1971 FOLKWAYS RECORDS & SERVICE CORP.  
701 Seventh Ave., NYC, USA.

\*Selection published by The Joyous Noise Co. (BMI)  
Produced by Howard Katz

"Folk music on stage tends to become pop music or art music. In kitchens and on back porches it is right at home. WONDERFUL! May they (the Bergerfolk) encourage many more families to do likewise."

Pete Seeger

# THE BERGERFOLK SING FOR JOY

COVER PHOTO BY MORT MACE

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS  
STEREO FA 32415



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FA 32415  
© 1972 Folkways Records and Service Corp., 701 Seventh Ave., NYC USA

# THE BERGERFOLK SING FOR JOY

produced by Howard Katz



It was the weekend of the 10th annual Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest. We received a message - the Bergerfolk were in town and wanted to join us on our folk music program.

We discussed the situation with Phoebe Berger on the phone. We had no program that week - but we invited the Bergerfolk to join us that Sunday at the Topanga Banjo and Fiddle Contest. They joined us in our back yard at 8:30 A.M. that Sunday for breakfast. We discussed folk music and the rigors of traveling with a family of seven. It was the start of a day we will long remember.

We proceeded in a two-car caravan to the University of California at Santa Barbara - spread our blankets - and relaxed in the picnic-like atmosphere. But the

best was yet to come. As noontime host of the contest I invited the Bergerfolk to perform. The audience echoed our feelings with their enthusiastic applause.

The contest ended. We all joined the Galligan Family at their home in Ventura for dinner. It was that dinner we will long remember. The warmth and coziness as we shared the food. We don't remember what was said that night - our only recollection is the Bergerfolk's warmth and sincerity. We get that same feeling everytime we hear the Bergerfolk. Now we can all share their good vibrations when we hear this record.

Peace, Love, and Good Things,  
Howard and Roz Larman  
KPFK-Folkscene Los Angeles



When Steve and I met at a camp just outside of White Plains back in 1950...we never realized that our family would turn into a travelling, singing "old fashioned" entourage....

Perhaps when we were riding on the train on our way to our honeymoon place in Cold-Spring-on-Hudson on Christmas Eve...and Pete Seeger was on the same train... singing and playing his guitar, it was a good omen! Perhaps when I used to listen to Susan Reed and Josh White...it was the beginning of something wonderful... who knows where it started...We have always loved music...and children...and so we make music and children...

Steve works as a dentist and I take care of the house and family and the baking of the bread...the children

go to school...we talk...we listen...to each other... we sing...we play...and on weekends...we go...in summers we go...we go to festivals...we sing at colleges, at churches, at camps for young and old...we travel...we meet people...we make music...we make friends...we've travelled to Europe to sing several times...we've travelled across the United States...to Canada... we've sung on small stages..on big ones..inside and out...and each time the joy mounts...the feeling we get when we are on stage singing with each other and to you...and with you...the warmth we feel when the children come onto the stage and play along with us... on their tambourines and wrist bells and triangles... but our greatest joy is to be together singing and to be with all people from all over...singing together... making love with music and making peace...and joy!

Phoebe Lou Berger

## SIDE ONE -

### Band One -

#### I'll Fly Away Traditional

Some bright morning when this life is over  
I'll Fly Away  
To a home on God's celestial shore  
I'll Fly Away

Chorus: I'll fly away, oh, glory...I'll fly away  
When I die hallelujah by and by  
I'll fly away

When the shadow of this life is over  
I'll Fly Away  
Like a bird from these prison walls I'll fly  
I'll Fly Away

Chorus:

Just a few more weary days and then  
I'll Fly Away  
To a land where joys will never end  
I'll Fly Away

Chorus:

Vocals: Claudia with Family on chorus  
Steve: banjo  
Claudia: guitar  
Phoebe: autoharp  
Jonathan: bongos

This Southern Mountain gospel song is sung in many churches...

### Band Two-

#### Who Killed Cock Robin? Traditional English

Who killed Cock Robin? "I", said the sparrow,  
"With my bow and arrow...I killed Cock Robin."

Chorus: All the birds in the air fell a sighin'  
And a sobbin' when they heard of the  
death of poor Cock Robin  
When they heard of the death of poor  
Cock Robin

Who saw him die? "I", said the fly "with my little  
eye  
I saw him die."

Chorus:

Who'll toll the bell? "I", said the bull,  
"Because I can pull...I'll toll the bell."

Chorus:

Who'll be the Parson? "I", said the rook  
"With my bell and book, I'll be the Parson."

Chorus:

Who'll dig the grave? "I", said the owl  
"With my little trowel, I'll dig the grave."

Chorus:

Who'll be chief mourner? "I", said the dove  
"I'll mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourner."

Phoebe with family on chorus  
Guitar: Phoebe  
Banjo: Steve  
Flute: Claudia

This old nursery rhyme is more than three hundred years old. There are many versions of it. This is our favorite.

### Band Three -

#### What'll We Do With The Drunken Sailor? Traditional American

What'll we do with the drunken sailor?  
What'll we do with the drunken sailor?  
What'll we do with the drunken sailor?  
What'll we do with the drunken sailor...earl-eye  
in the morning?

Put him in the long boat 'til he gets sober  
Put him in the long boat 'til he gets sober  
Put him in the long boat 'til he gets sober...  
earl-eye in the morning

Chorus: Way, hey and up she rises  
Way, hey and up she rises



Way, hey and up she rises  
Earl-eye in the morning

Put him in the skuppers with the hose pipe on him  
Put him in the skuppers with the hose pipe on him  
Put him in the skuppers with the hose pipe on him  
Earl-eye in the morning

Chorus:

Pull out the plug and wash him all over  
Pull out the plug and wash him all over  
Pull out the plug and wash him all over  
Earl-eye in the morning

Chorus:

Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Shave his belly with a rusty razor  
Earl-eye in the morning

Chorus:

That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor  
Earl-eye in the morning

Jonathan and family...with Esther Mair helping in  
the hand-clapping.  
Banjo: Steve

#### Band Four -

What'll We Do With The Baby-O?  
Traditional - from Ritchie Family

Chorus: What'll we do with the baby-o?  
What'll we do with the baby-o?  
What'll we do with the baby-o?  
She won't go to sleep-y-o

Wrap her up in calico  
Wrap her up in calico  
Wrap her up in calico  
Send her to her mammy-o

Chorus:

Wrap her up in a table cloth  
Wrap her up in a table cloth  
Wrap her up in a table cloth  
Throw her in the nummin' loft

Chorus:

Dance her north and dance her south  
Dance her north and dance her south  
Dance her north and dance her south  
Pour a little moonshine in her mouth  
Entire family  
Dulcimer: Claudia

#### Band Five -

The Bowery  
by Charles H. Hoyt

The Bowery, the Bowery, they say such things  
and they do strange things  
But the Bowery, the Bowery, I'll never go  
there anymore

Yankee Doodle Boy  
George M. Cohan

Yankee doodle went to town, just to ride a pony  
I am a yankee doodle boy  
I have a yankee doodle sweetheart  
He's my yankee doodle joy

Yankee doodle went to London just to ride a pony  
I am that yankee doodle boy

Tom Dooley  
Traditional American

Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
Hang down your head and cry  
Hang down your head Tom Dooley  
Poor Boy you're bound to die

I met her on a mountain  
There I took her life  
I met her on a mountain  
And stabbed her with my knife

All three by Emily-Kate

#### Band Six -

Cripple Creek  
Traditional American

I got a gal at the head of the creek  
Goin' down to meet her 'bout the middle of the week  
Kiss her on the mouth just as sweet as any wine  
Wrap herself around me like a sweet potato vine

Chorus: Goin' down to Cripple Creek  
Goin' at a run  
Goin' down to Cripple Creek  
Have a little fun  
Goin' down to Cripple Creek  
Goin' at a whirl  
Goin' down to Cripple Creek  
See my girl

Girls on the Cripple Creek about half-grown  
Jump on a boy like a dog on a bone  
Roll my britches up to my knees  
Gonna wade old Cripple Creek whenever I please

Chorus:

Cripple Creek's wide and Cripple Creek's deep  
Gonna wade old Cripple Creek afore I sleep  
Roads are rocky and the hillside's muddy  
And I'm so drunk I can't stand steady

Chorus:

Claudia with family on chorus  
Banjo: Steve  
Mouth-bow: Claudia

#### Band Seven -

Sing Along To The Zoo  
by Phoebe Lou Berger

Chorus: We are going to the zoo, we'll be leaving  
soon  
Come and get dressed and come along, leaving  
before noon



When we get to the zoo ...what do you think'll  
be there?  
Elephants and kangaroos, lions, tigers, bears  
(everybody sing)

Chorus:

Jonathan - Bears are big and full of fur  
Some are black some white  
If I take a walk with one  
I'd better hold on tight

Chorus:

Margaret - Monkey see, monkey do, monkey copy me  
Monkey why are you up there  
Hanging from that tree?

Chorus:

Jennifer - See giraffe with his long neck, spotted,  
dotted, skin  
His mouth is big, so are his teeth  
So's the rest of him

Chorus:

Additional verses:

The camel has a great big hump  
And he's very tall  
If I sit on top of one  
I'll try hard not to fall

Hippo with the baggy skin  
He looks very sloppy  
His mouth is very, very big  
His teeth are long and choppy

Balloons are part of zoo fun too  
Some are red, some blue  
Hold on tight to your balloon  
It'll fly away from you

Elephants are very big  
Most of them are gray  
Elephants have long thin trunks  
And too and fro they sway

Seals like swimming in the water  
They jump in and out  
With all the exercise they get  
You'd think they'd be less stout

Lion king of all the zoo  
Back and forth goes he  
Even with his big loud roar  
I know he does like me

Zebra looks just like a horse  
Excepting for his cover  
He wears a coat that's black and white  
In fact, he's striped all over

Entire family  
Guitar: Phoebe  
Banjo: Steve

Band Eight -

Amazing Grace  
Gospel Traditional

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
To save a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see

That precious day, that shining night  
The hour I first believed  
'Twas Grace that taught my heart to fear  
And Grace my fears relieved

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound  
To save a wretch like me  
I once was lost, but now I'm found  
Was blind but now I see

Entire family...a capella

\*\*\*\*\*

## SIDE TWO

### Band One -

#### Deportees

Words by Woody Guthrie  
Music by Marty Hoffman

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting  
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps,  
You're flying them back to the Mexico border  
To pay all their wages to wade back again

Chorus: Goodbye to my Juan...goodbye Rosalita  
Adios, my amigo...Jesus y Maria  
You won't have a name when you ride the  
big airplane  
And all they will call you will be  
deportees

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon  
Like a fireball of lightning that shook all our  
hills

Who are these dear friends now scattered like  
dry leaves

The radio says they were just deportees

Chorus:

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts  
We died in your valley's, we died in your plains  
We died by your bushes, we died by your mountains  
Both sides of the border, we died both the same

Chorus:

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?  
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruits?  
To fall like dry leaves and rot on my topsoil  
And be known by no name except deportees

Solos: Claudia and Phoebe...family on chorus  
Banjo: Steve  
Guitar: Claudia

When the west was settled, land owners and farmers  
discovered the migrant workers were good for cheap  
labor. Mexican families were smuggled across the  
border, paid a meager wage for hard labor, then  
deported.

Set to music by Marty Hoffman, the words were  
composed about twenty years ago by Woody Guthrie.  
We learned it from his son Arlo and Pete Seeger  
at a Chicago Benefit Concert.



## Band Two -

### I'm Gonna Mail Myself To You

by Woody Guthrie

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper  
I'm gonna daub myself in glue  
Stick some stamps on top of my head  
I'm gonna mail myself to you

I'm gonna tie me up in red string  
I'm gonna tie blue ribbons too  
I'm gonna climb up in my mailbox  
I'm gonna mail myself to you

When you see me in your mailbox  
Cut the string and let me out  
Wash the glue off of my fingers  
Stick some bubble gum in my mouth

Take me out of my wrapping paper  
Wash the stamps off of my head  
Pour me full of ice-cream soda  
Stick me in my nice warm bed

I'm gonna wrap myself in paper  
I'm gonna daub myself in glue  
Stick some stamps on top of my head  
I'm gonna mail myself to you

Margaret and Jennifer  
Guitar: Jennifer

Who else could say such a beautiful  
thing so simply?

## Band Three -

### Jesse James

Traditional, American

Jesse James was a man knowed through all the land...  
For Jesse he was bad and bold and brave  
And the dirty little coward that shot down Mr. Howard  
Has went and laid poor Jesse in his grave

Chorus: Oh, I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone  
Oh, I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone  
I will meet him in that land where I've  
never been before  
And I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone

Jesse and his brother Frank...they robbed the Galligan  
bank  
They carried the money from the town  
It was in that very place that they had a little race  
And they shot Captain Shinks to the ground.

Chorus:

It was on a Wednesday night..the moon was shining  
bright  
They robbed the Glendale train..and the agent on  
his knees  
Delivered of the keys to the out-laws..Frank and  
Jesse James

Chorus:

It was on a Friday night..the moon was shining  
bright

Bob Ford had been hiding in a cave  
He had ate of Jesse's bread..he had slept in  
Jesse's bed  
And he went and laid poor Jesse in his grave

Chorus:

Jesse James was alone..a straightening up his  
home  
Stood on a chair to dust a picture frame  
When Bob Ford fired the ball..that tore Jesse  
from the wall  
And he went and laid poor Jesse in his grave

Chorus:

Jennifer lead singer...Family on chorus

Guitar: Claudia

Autoharp: Phoebe

Mandolin: Margaret

Banjo: Steve

Tambourine: Jonathan

## Band Four -

### Shule Aroon

Irish Traditional

Chorus: Shule, shule, shule aroon  
Shule a rackshack..shul a baba coo  
When I saw my sally babby beal...come  
bibble in the boo shy laurie...

Here I sit on Buttermilk Hill...who can blame me?  
Cry my fill, every tear would turn a mill...  
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Chorus:

Me on my I loved him so...broke my heart to see  
him go  
Only time will heal my woe  
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Chorus:

Oh my baby..oh, my love..gone the rainbow gone the  
dove  
Your father was my only love..  
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Claudie and Phoebe

Governments never seem to consider soldiers as our  
loved ones...our sons...our brothers...husbands...  
The chorus is a corrupted version of the old Gaelic..  
meaning...(according to Alan Lomax) "come with me...  
my love".

## Band Five -

### The Baby Tree

by Rosalie Farrells

There's an island way out in the sea  
Where the babies they all grow on trees  
And it's jolly good fun to swing in the sun  
But you'd better watch out if you sneeze, sneeze  
You'd better watch out if you sneeze  
Yeah you gotta watch out if you sneeze  
For swingin' up there in the breeze  
You're liable to cough you might very well fall off  
And tumble down flop on your knees, knees  
Tumble down flop on your knees



And when the stormy winds wail  
The breezes blow high in a gale  
There's a curious dropping and flopping and plopping  
And fat little babies just hail  
And the babies lie there in a pile  
And the grown-ups they come after a while  
And they always pass by the babies that cry  
And take only babies that smile - smile  
They take only babies that smile  
Even triplets and twins if they smile

Sung by Steve and Emily and Phoebe  
Banjo: Steve

#### Band Six -

##### Plastic Grass

by Phoebe Lou Berger

Plastic grass and plastic flowers  
Plastic dummies in a row  
Plastic glasses, plastic dishes  
Where did the real people go?

Plastic hot dogs, TV dinners  
Plastic burgers on plastic buns  
Plastic ice-cream in plastic stemwear  
Do they think it's really fun?

Wrap your life up in a baggie  
Get a plastic heart right now  
Drink your milk from a plastic bottle  
From the udders of a plastic cow

Once upon a time it happened  
Plastic was a word unknown  
Soon I think there'll come a time when  
plastic grass seed will be sown

Let's get back to real flowers  
Real glass bottles we can return  
And no more plastic Disneyland grass  
Maybe someday we will learn!

Phoebe - with guitar

A trip across country to California and a trip to  
Disneyland and then to Sausalito inspired this song.

#### Band Seven -

##### Day Is Done

by Peter Yarrow

Tell me why you are crying my son  
I know you're frightened like everyone  
Is it the thunder in the distance you fear?  
Will it help if I stay very near? I am here

Chorus: And if you take my hand my son  
All will be well when the day is done  
And if you take my hand my son  
All will be well when the day is done  
Day is done...day is done...day is done

Do you ask why I'm sighing my son  
You shall inherit what mankind has done  
In a world filled with sorrow and woe  
If you ask me why this is so  
I really don't know

Chorus:

Tell me why you're smiling my son  
Is there a secret you can tell everyone  
Do you know more than men that are wise  
Can you see what we all just disguise  
through your loving eyes?

Chorus:

Claudia and family on chorus  
Guitar: Claudia  
Banjo: Steve

"And if you take my hand my son...all will be well  
when the day is done!"...oh how we wish it were all  
that simple.....

recorded at the studios of  
Magnagraphic Enterprises  
72 Bedford Street  
New York, N.Y. 10014

engineer: Robert Prewitt  
cover photo: Mort Mace

Special thanks to Mo, Johanna, Bob, Esther and Pete.

The Bergerfolk:

Phoebe Lou Berger: guitar, autoharp  
Steve Berger: banjo  
Claudia Jane Berger: dulcimer, guitar, mouthbow, flute  
Jennifer Ann Berger: guitar  
Margaret Louise Berger: guitar, mandolin  
Jonathan Berger: bongos, tambourines, limberjacks  
Emily Kate Berger: rhythm

For Additional  
Information About  
**FOLKWAYS RELEASES**  
of Interest  
write to

**Folkways Records  
and Service Corp.**

701 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036