

VOLUME 2

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32416

STEREO

The Bergerfolk

Happy Landings



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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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"If family singing was all that was left of most families the world would be a better place, and the Bergerfolk make the world a better place by teaching all of us that music can be made and bridges can be built by harmonizing around the kitchen table."

Don McLean

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The Storms Are On The Ocean Carter Family

I'm going away to leave you now
I'm going away for a while
And I'll return to you some day
If I go ten thousand miles
And who will shoe your pretty little foot
And who will glove your hand
And who will kiss your red ruby lips 'til
I return again

Chorus: The storms are on the ocean
The heavens may cease to be
This world will lose its motion, love
If I prove false to thee

Oh, have you seen the white turtle dove that
Flies from pine to pine
A mourning for his own true love
Just as I pine for mine

Chorus:

I love you, I love you my sailor boy
I love you so true
Always remember wherever you go
I'll never stop praying for you

Chorus:

I'll never go back on the ocean love
I'll never go back on the sea
I'll never go back on the one I love
'Til he goes back on me

Chorus:

Phoebe--lead singer
Phoebe--guitar
Jennifer--auto harp
Steve--banjo
Margaret--fiddle
Claudia--dulcimer
Jonathan--tambourine
Emily-Kate--extra rhythm

Soldier's Joy Traditional

Fiddle Tune

Margaret--fiddle
Jennifer--banjo
Claudia--dulcimer

Golden Thread by Pete Seeger

Oh, had I a golden thread and needle so fine
I'd weave a magic strand of rainbow design
Of rainbow design

In it I'd weave the bravery of women giving birth
In it I'd weave the innocence of children over the
earth
Children over the earth

Far over the waters, I'd reach my magic band
To every human being, to every single land
To every single land

Show my brothers and sisters my rainbow design
Bind up this sorry world with hand and heart and
mind
Hand, heart and mind

Far over the waters, I'd reach my magic strand
To every human being, to every single land
To every land

Album number two is here one year and a little more
after "The Bergerfolk Sing For Joy". We hope we
can convey our feelings of joy and love and hope
and peace in our songs. The world is still being
molested with President Nixon's "peace at hand"
(pray it is over by the time you read this).
muggings and killings and rapes go on--rivers are
being ruined by factory slime--chemicals and
pollutants of one sort or another--fish are dying.
The air is filled with smoke--from smokers and
factories' chimneys and incinerators--and car
fumes. Trees are being chopped down to make room
for more "little boxes". Morals are down--loose
and free. People push and shove.

But believe it or not, I believe a beautiful
world is happening. I see blue skies--pink clouds
and clean waters. I feel love and warmth and
joy--most especially when I am singing and giving
our music away. I hope my family feels it too.
And I hope you capture it--hold it and entwine it
into the fabric of your lives so the beauty will
be near for all.

Love and Peace

Phoebe Lou Berger

Amelia Earhart by Red River Dave MacGarry

Just a ship out on the ocean
Just a speck against the sky
Amelia Earhart's flying sad that day
With her partner Captain Noonan on the second of
July
Her plane fell in the ocean far away...

Chorus: And there's a beautiful, beautiful field..
Far away in a land that is fair
Happy landings to you Amelia Earhart
Farewell first lady of the air...

Well, a half an hour later an S.O.S. was heard...
The signal weak, but still her voice was brave
And in shark infested waters
Her plane went down that night
To the blue Pacific to a watery grave...

Chorus:

Now you have heard my story of that awful tragedy
We pray that she may fly home safe again
And in years to come though others
Blaze the trail across the sea
We'll never forget Amelia and her plane

Chorus:

Claudia--lead singer--family on chorus
Claudia--guitar
Jonathan--percussion

Oh, had I a golden thread, and needle so fine
I'd weave a magic strand of rainbow design
Of rainbow design

Phoebe--vocal and guitar

Aunt Rhody Traditional

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody, the old grey goose is dead
She died in the millpond, she died in the millpond
She died in the millpond, standing on her head

The goslings are crying, the goslings are crying
The goslings are crying because their mother's dead
The one that she's been saving, the one that she's
been saving
The one that she's been saving, to make a feather
bed

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody, the old grey goose is dead

Emily-Kate--vocal
Steve--banjo
Claudia--dulcimer

Annie Laurie From a poem written by William Douglas Of Fingland in 1685

Maxweltons braes are bonnie where early falls the
dew
And it's there that Annie Laurie gave me her
promise true
Gave me her promise true, which ne'er forget
will be
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon
and dee

Her brow is like the snow-drift
Her throat is like the swan
Her face it is the fairest
That e're the sun shone on
That e're the sun shone on
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon
and dee

Like the dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet
And like winds of the summer sighing
Her voice is low and sweet
Her voice is low and sweet
And she's all the world to me
And for bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me doon
and dee

Claudia and Jennifer--vocals
Claudia--guitar

Poor Howard Traditional Hoe-down

Poor Howard's dead and gone
Left me here to sing this song
Poor Howard's dead and gone
Left me here to sing this song
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone
Left me here to sing this song

Who's been here since I've been gone
Great big man with a derby on
Great big man with a derby on
Left me here to sing this song
Great big man with a derby on
Great big man with a derby on
Great big man with a derby on
Left me here to sing this song

Who's been here since I've been gone
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Left me here to sing this song
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Pretty little girl with the red dress on
Left me here to sing this song

How I wish my train would come
How I wish my train would come
How I wish my train would come
Take me back where I come from
How I wish my train would come
How I wish my train would come
How I wish my train would come
Take me back where I come from

Poor Howard's dead and gone
Left me here to sing this song
Poor Howard's dead and gone
Left me here to sing this song
Poor Howard's dead and gone
Poor Howard's dead and gone
Poor Howard's dead and gone
Left me here to sing this song

Steve--Banjo
Entire family singing
Claudia - guitar

Masters Of War words by Bob Dylan From the traditional music Nottingham Town-Irish

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build all the planes,
You that build the death bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You who never do nothing
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
Put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run fast
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
Well I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs in your veins

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness?
Do you think that it could?
Well, there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

And I hope that you die
And your death will come soon
I will walk by your casket
On a pale afternoon
And I'll watch as you're lowered
Into your death bed
And I'll stand and I'll wait
Till I'm sure you are dead

Claudia--Vocal and guitar

Bright Morning Stars Origin unknown

Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Day is a breaking in my soul

Oh, where are our dear fathers?
Oh, where are our dear fathers?
Oh, where are our dear fathers?
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Some are down in the valley prayin'
Some are down in the valley prayin'
Some are down in the valley prayin'
Day is a breaking in my soul

Some are gone to the heavens shouting
Some are gone to the heavens shouting
Some are gone to the heavens shouting
Day is a-breaking in my soul

Entire family singing

Erie--Ee Canal
Traditional, New York State

We were forty miles from Albany
Forget it I never shall
What a terrible storm we had that night
On the Erie-i-ee canal, on the Erie-i-ee canal

Chorus: Oh, the Erie-i-ee was a rising
And the gin was getting low
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink
'Til we get to Buffalo-o-o
'Til we get to Buffalo

Our captain he came out on deck
With a spy glass in his hand
And the fog it was so gosh-darn thick
That it could not spy the land
That it could not spy the land

Chorus:

Our cook she was a grand old gal
She wore a ragged dress
We hoisted her up on to a pole
For a signal of distress, for a signal of distress

Chorus:

Our captain he got married
And the cook she went to jail
And I'm the only son of a gun
Who is left to tell this tale
Who is left to tell this tale

Chorus:

Jonathan--lead singer--family on chorus
Jonathan--banjo

Orphans of Wealth
by Don McLean

There is no time to discuss or debate
What is right, what is wrong for our people
Time has run out for all those who wait
With bent limbs and minds that are feeble

Chorus: And the rain falls and blows through
their windows
And the snow falls and blows through
their door
And the seasons revolve mid their sounds
of starvation
When the tides rise, they cover the floor

And they come from the North
And they come from the South
And they come from the hills and the valleys
They're migrants and farmers and miners and humans
Our census neglected to tally

Chorus:

And they're African, Mexican, Caucasian, Indian
Hungry and hopeless Americans
The orphans of wealth and of adequate health
Disowned by this country they live in
And with weather worn hands on the breadline
they stand

Yet but one more degradation
And they're treated like tramps while we sell
them food stamps
This thriving and prosperous nation

Chorus:

And with roaches and rickets and rats in the
thickets
Infested, diseased and decaying
With rags and no shoes and skin sores that ooze
By the poisonous pools they are playing
In shacks of two rooms that are rotting wood tombs
With corpses breathing inside them
And we pity their plight as they cry in the night
And we do all we can do to hide them

Chorus: And the rain falls and blows through
their windows
And the snow falls in white drifts that
fold
And the tides rise with floods in the
nursery
And a child is crying, he's hungry and
cold
His life has been sold
His young face looks old
It's the face of America
Dying

Phoebe--vocal
Phoebe--guitar
Jonathan--percussion

Doney Gal
Traditional cowboy song

Chorus: Rain or shine, sleet or snow
Me and my Doney Gal are bound to go
Rain or shine, sleet or snow
Me and my Doney Gal are bound to go

A cowboy's life is a weary thing
For it's rope and brand and ride and sing
Day or night, in rain or hail
He'll stay with his dogies out on the trail

Chorus:

A cowboy's work is never done
He'll ride the range from sun to sun
He's up and gone at the break of day
Driving them dogies on their weary way

Chorus:

We whoop at the sun
Yell through the hail
But we drive the poor dogies on down the trail
We'll laugh at the storm, sleet and snow
When we reach the little town of San Antonio

Chorus:

Margaret--lead singer--family on chorus
Margaret--banjo
Claudia--guitar

My Pigeon House
Words by Win Stracka
German Folk Tune

My pigeon house, I open wide
And set all my pigeons free
They all fly around and up and down
And sit on the tallest tree
And when they return
From their merry, merry flight
They shut their eyes and say good-night
Ku-ru, ku-ru, ku-ru, ku-ru, ku-ru, ku-ru

Emily-Kate--vocal
Steve--banjo

My Biggest Dream
by Emily-Kate Berger

The biggest sky I ever seen
The biggest house I ever seen
The biggest horse I ever seen
That's all my dream

Emily-Kate--vocal

Free Little Bird
Traditional Mountain Song

I'm a free little bird as I can be
I'm a free little bird as I can be
I'm free at my age as a bird in a cage
I'm a free little bird as I can be

Take me home little birdie, take me home
Take me home by the light of the moon
The moon is shining bright
The stars are out tonight
Take me home little birdie, take me home

If I was a little bird
I would not build my nest on the ground
I'd build my nest in a sour apple tree
So the wild boys wouldn't tear it down

I'm a free little bird as I can be
I'm a free little bird as I can be
I'm free at my age as a bird in a cage
I'm a free little bird as I can be

Jennifer and Steve--lead singers joined by entire family

Jennifer--guitar
Steve--banjo
Margaret--mandolin
Phoebe--autoharp
Claudia--dulcimer

Circus Song
by Don McLean

Cotton candy, two for a quarter
See if the fat man can guess your weight
A big stuffed tiger is what I bought her
And I'm going home cuz it's late
Roller coasters make me dizzy
And cotton candy makes me sick
I wish I had some bromo fizzy
That would do the trick

Everyone knows that the clowns aren't happy
And everyone knows that the people don't care
I wish I could laugh at the way they are acting
But I'm so sick I just don't dare to
High wire dancers kick and balance
And white silk horses step in time
The tattooed man displays his talents
But I'm not the talented kind

I always go to the circus on Sunday
And there I can laugh at the people I see
When I leave home in the morning on Monday
Everybody laughs at me
Well I make other people nervous
I guess that's why they laugh at me
But to me my life is a three ring circus
And I can see it for free

Have you seen my wife Elvira
She can tame a lion, you know
Well I once had a long bushy mane
But that was so darn long ago
Tight collared clowns in plastic buildings
Have happy families as their fate
Happy jobs and happy clubs and happy people
they hate
Everyone's juggling and everyone's acting
With smiles of greasepaint three feet wide
Everyone's riding a carousel pony and one time
Around is a life-time ride

Claudia--vocal and guitar

The Thinnest Man
Traditional, American

The thinnest man I ever knew
Lived somewhere near Hoboken
If I ever told you how thin he was
You'd think that I was joking
He was as thin as a postage stamp
Or the skin of a new potato
For exercise he'd take a ride
Through the holes of a nutmeg grater

Oh me, oh my, he was the thinnest man
Thin as the soup in a boarding house
Or the skin of a soft shelled clam

He never went out on a stormy night
He never went out alone
For fear that some poor hungry dog
Would mistake him for a bone

While sitting by the fire one night
The lamp was a shining dimly
A bed-bug grabbed him by the hair
And yanked him up the chimney

Oh me, oh my, he almost lost his breath
Fell through the hole in the seat of his pants
And choked himself to death

Jennifer--vocal and guitar

Weave Me The Sunshine
by Peter Yarrow

Chorus: Weave, weave, weave me the sunshine
Out of the falling rain
Weave me the hope of a new tomorrow
And fill my cup again

I've seen the steel and the concrete crumble
Shine on me again
The proud and the mighty all have stumbled
Shine on me again

Chorus: Twice

They say that the tree of loving
Shine on me again
Grows on the bank of the river of suffering
Shine on me again

Chorus: Twice

If only I can heal your sorrow
Shine on me again
I'd help you to find a new tomorrow
Shine on me again

Chorus: Twice

Only you can climb that mountain
Shine on me again
If you want to drink of the golden fountain
Shine on me again

Chorus: Twice

Phoebe--lead singer--family on chorus
Phoebe--guitar

CREDITS

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