

STEREO

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32420

VOLUME FOUR

# Pack Up Your Sorrows The Bergerfolk





FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32420

**SIDE 1**

- Band 1 Pack Up Your Sorrows 2:20  
(P. Marden, R. Farina) Glenn Eberhardt: guitar  
Phoebe and family with Lisa Rosen
- Band 2 Until It's Time For You To Go 3:25  
(Buffy Sainte-Marie), Gypsy Boy Music, Inc. 1965 & 1973  
Glenn Eberhardt, guitar, sung by Phoebe
- Band 3 Times Are Gettin' Hard, Boys 2:20  
(trad. words by L. Hayes, G. Raskin, and O. Brand)  
Ludlow Music
- Band 4 Handsome Molly 2:00  
(trad./British Isles) sung by Jennifer with family chorus  
guitar—Jennifer, banjo—Steve
- Band 5 Loving Hannah 3:00  
(trad.: variation of Handsome Molly)  
sung by Margaret & Jennifer—a capella
- Band 6 Jesse James  
(trad.: American) sung by Jennifer and family  
guitar—Jennifer, auto harp—Phoebe, banjo—Steve
- Band 7 Roll On, Columbia 2:30  
(Woody Guthrie—Ludlow Music) sung by Jonathan and family  
mandolin—Margaret, guitar—Jonathan
- Band 8 The Rivers of Texas 3:10  
Texas folk song

**SIDE 2**

- Band 1 Banks Of The Ohio 4:00  
(trad. American) The family and Lisa Rosen.  
ld. gtr.—Glenn Eberhardt, gtr.—Phoebe, banjo—Steve,  
mandolin—Margaret
- Band 2 Ode To America 1:40  
(words & music by Phoebe Lou Berger, Lone Lake Songs,  
1974) soloist and gtr.—Phoebe, banjo—Steve & family
- Band 3 Universal Solider 2:35  
Buffy Sainte-Marie; Caleb Music)  
sung by Phoebe, gtrs.—Glenn & Phoebe
- Band 4 Fair Beauty Bride 2:00  
(Ozark vers. of English Fair Beauty Brite) sung by Jennifer  
& Margaret; dulcimer—Margaret
- Band 5 Three White Gulls 2:25  
(American trad.) Sung by Emily-Kate, gtr.—Phoebe
- Band 6 This Land Is Your Land 3:03  
(Woody Guthrie—Ludlow Music) The whole family with  
Lisa & Robert Samuels; gtrs.—Glenn & Phoebe,  
autoharp—Margaret, banjo—Steve
- Band 7 The Old Man's Courtship 2:00  
(Old Shoes and Leggins—1730?)  
Sung by Steve & Margaret, banjo—Steve
- Band 8 Amazing Grace 3:12  
(a Protestant hymn) Sung by the Family

*The Bergerfolk*, Phoebe and Steve and their children, Jennifer Ann, Margaret Louise, Jonathan Glenn and Emily-Kate, are here on their fourth Folkways album. Steve is a dentist in Spring Valley, N.Y. He also makes many of the instruments the family plays. Phoebe manages the group's bookings and takes care of the business end and their big A-Frame House...studies yoga, jazz guitar and weaving. The children go to school and all love to write and draw. The family has been singing together for 13 years and have traveled many times across the sea and across the land to present concerts...They sing at schools and churches and senior citizens centers, colleges, coffee houses...indoors...outdoors...everywhere and anywhere! And they LOVE to make music...to make joy...and know that through the music they are reaching to the very core of the people...each and everyone in their vast audience!

*Credits:*

Recorded at R.C.I. Studios, 4 William Street, Elmsford, N.Y.

Engineer: Ronnie Carpenter

Lead guitar on many songs: Glenn Eberhardt

Family chorus abetted by Lisa Rosen and Robert (Bob) Samuels

Cover Photo: De Witt Studios, Pearl River, N.Y.

Inside Photo: Photo Illusion II, Pearl River, N.Y.

©1978 FOLKWAYS RECORDS AND SERVICE CORP.  
43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

# Pack Up Your Sorrows The Bergerfolk

VOLUME FOUR

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

COVER PHOTO: DeWITT STUDIOS

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 32420



FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FTS 32420  
© 1978 by Folkways Records & Service Corp., 43 W. 61st St., NYC, USA

## Pack Up Your Sorrows- The Bergerfolk (Volume Four)



*The Bergerfolk, Phoebe and Steve and their children, Jennifer Ann, Margaret Louise, Jonathan Glenn and Emily-Kate are here on their fourth Folkways album. Steve is a dentist in Spring Valley, N. Y. He also makes many of the instruments the family plays. Phoebe manages the groups bookings and takes care of the business end and their big A-Frame House...studies yoga, jazz guitar and weaving. The children go to school and all love to write and draw. The family has been singing together for 13 years and have travelled many times across the sea and across the land to present concerts...They sing at schools and churches and ~~series~~ citizens centers, colleges, coffee houses...indoors...outdoors....every-*

*where and anywhere! And they LOVE to make music...to make joy.. and know that through the music they are reaching to the very core of the people...each and everyone in their vast audience!*

### *Credits:*

*Recorded at R. C. J. Studios. 4 William Street Elmsford N. Y.*

*Engineer: Ronnie Carpenter*

*Lead guitar on many songs Glenn Eberhardt*

*Family chorus abetted by Lisa Rosen and Robert (Bob) Samuels*

*Cover Photo: De Witt Studios, Pearl River, N. Y.*

*Inside Photo: Photo Illusion 11 Pearl River, N. Y.*



### *Pack Up Your Sorrows*

by Pauline Marden and Richard Farina  
Ryerson Music Publ. Inc. 1964

Glenn Eberhardt: Guitar

Phoebe and family with Lisa Rosen

No use cryin' talkin' to a stranger namin' the sorrows you've seen  
Too many bad times Too many sad times nobody knows what you mean  
But, if someday you could pack up your sorrows and give them all to me  
You would lose them..I know how to use them give them all to me.

No use ramblin' walkin' in the shadows trailin' a wanderin' star  
Noone beside you noone to hide you and nobody knows where you are.  
But, if somehow you could pack up your sorrows and give them all to me  
You would lose them I know how to use them give them all to me.

No use roamin' goin' by the roadside...seekin' a satisfied mind  
Too many highways too many byways and nobody's walkin' behind  
But if somehow you could pack up your sorrows and give them all to me  
You would lose them I know how to use them give them all to me.

### *Until It's Time For You To Go*

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Gypsy Boy Music, Inc. 1965 and 1973

Sung by Phoebe

Glenn Eberhardt Guitar

You're not a dream, you're not an angel, you're a man.  
I'm not a queen, i'm a woman, take my hand.  
We'll make a space in the lives that we had planned.  
And here i'll stay until it's time for you to go.  
Yes, we're different worlds apart, we're not the same.  
We laughed and played at the start like in a game.  
You could have stayed outside my heart but in you came.  
And here you'll stay until it's time for you to go.  
Don't ask why, don't ask how, don't ask for ever,  
love me now.

This love of mine had no beginning it has no end.  
I was an oak, now i'm a willow; now I can bend.  
And if I never in my life see you again.  
Still here i'll stay until it's time for you to go.  
Don't ask why of me, don't ask how of me, don't ask  
forever of me

Love me, love me now.

You're not a dream, you're not an angel, you're a man.  
I'm not a queen, i'm a woman, take my hand.  
We'll make a space in the lives that we had planned.  
And here i'll stay until it's time for you to go.

---

### *Times Are Gettin' Hard Boys*

Traditional Melody with words by  
Lee Hays, Gene Raskin and Oscar  
Brand Ludlow Music

Sung by Phoebe with Steve and Margaret Second Guitar Phoebe  
Guitar Lead Glenn Eberhardt Banjo Steve

Times are gettin' hard boys, money's gettin's scarce.  
Times don't get no better boys, gonna leave this place.  
Take my true love by the hand, lead him through the town.  
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.

Hand a job a year ago, had a little home.  
Now i've got no place to go, guess i'd better roam.  
Take my true love by the hand, lead him through the town.  
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.  
Every breeze that blows boys, every breeze that blows.  
Carries me to some strange place, heaven, only knows.  
Take my true love by the hand, lead her through the town.  
Say goodbye to everyone, goodbye to everyone.



Handsome Molly

Traditional/ British Isles

To little Molly Persons...a VERY special Molly!

Sung by Jennifer      Banjo    Steve  
Guitar Jennifer      Chorus   Family

I wish I was in London or some other seaport town.  
I'd set myself on a steamship and sail the ocean 'round.  
While sailing 'round the ocean. While sailing 'round the sea.  
I'd think of handsome Molly wherever she may be.  
Do you remember, Molly? You gave me your right hand.  
You said if you'd ever marry that I would be the man.  
Now, you've broke your promise go home with whom you please.  
While my poor heart is achin't here lying at your ease.  
Now, Molly's fair and handsome her hands are neat and small  
And she is quite good looking and that's the best of all.  
I'll go down to the river when everyone's asleep  
I'll think of handsome Molly and then sit down and weep.  
I wish I was in London or some other seaport town.  
I'd set myself on a steamship and sail the ocean 'round.  
While sailing 'round the ocean. While sailing 'round the sea.  
I'd think of handsome Molly wherever she may be.

---

Loving Hannah

Traditional    A variation of Handsome  
Molly

Sung by Margaret and Jennifer  
A Capella

I went to church last Sunday my true love passed me by.  
I knew her love was a changing by the roving of her eyes.  
By the roving of her eyes by the roving of her eyes.  
I knew her love was a changing by the roving of her eyes.  
My love she's fair and handsome her hands are neat and small.  
And she is quite good looking and that's the best of all.  
And that's the best of all and that's the best of all.  
And she is quite good looking and that's the best of all.

Oh, Hannah loving Hannah come give to me your hand.  
You said if you'd ever marry that I would be the man.  
That I would be the man that I would be the man.  
You said if you'd ever marry that I would be the man.

I'll go down to the river when everyone's asleep.  
I'll think of loving Hannah and then set down and weep.  
And then set down and weep and then set down and weep.  
I'll think on loving Hannah and then set down and weep.  
I went to church last Sunday my true love passed me by.  
I knew her love was a changing by the roving of her eyes.

---

Jesse James

Traditional American

Sung by Jennifer      Guitar    Jennifer      Banjo    Steve  
And Family      Autoharp    Phoebe

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.  
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 outlaws Frank and Jesse  
James.  
It was on a Friday night the moon was shining bright..Bob Ford was  
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.



Roll On Columbia

Woody Guthrie

Ludlow Music

The Rivers of Texas

A Texas Folk Song  
composer unknown

Sung by Jonathan  
Mandolin Margaret  
Guitar Jonathan  
Chorus Family

Green Douglas fir where the waters cut through down her wild  
mountains the canyons she flew.

Canadian Northwest to the ocean so blue it's roll on Columbia  
roll on.

Roll on, Columbia, roll on Roll on, Columbia, roll on.  
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn so roll on, Columbia  
roll on.

Other great rivers add power to you. Yakima, Snake and the  
Klickitat too.

Sandy, Willamette and the Hood River, too. So roll on, Columbia  
roll on.

Roll on, Columbia, roll on Roll on, Columbia, roll on.  
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn so roll on, Columbia  
roll on.

At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks.  
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks.  
Ship loads of plenty will steam past the docks So  
Roll on, Columbia roll on.

Chorus

And on up the river is Grande Coulee 'am the mightiest  
thing ever built by a man.

To run the great factories and water the land it's roll on,  
Columbia, roll on.

Chorus

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest. An empire he saw  
in the Pacific Northwest.

Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest.  
So roll on, Columbia, roll on.

Chorus

Sung by The Bergerfolk  
Guitar Phoebe  
Banjo Steve

We cross the broad Pecos, we forded the Ruedes.  
Swum the Guadalupe, we followed the Brazos.  
Red River runs rusty, the Wichita clear.  
But, down by the Brazos I courted my dear.

Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
There's many a river that waters the land.

The sweet Angelena runs glossy and gliding.  
The crooken Colorado runs weaving and winding.  
The slow San Antonio courses the plain.  
But, I never will walk by the Brazos again.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand etc.

The girls in Little River they're plump and they're pretty.  
The Sabine and Sulphur have many a beauty.  
And down by the Natchez there's girls by the score.  
But I never will walk by the Brazos no more.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand etc.

She hugged me and kissed me and called me her dandy.  
The Trinity is muddy, the Brazos quicksandy.  
I hugged her and kissed her and called her my own.  
But, down by the Brazos she left me alone.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
Li li li lee lee lee give me your hand.  
There's many a river that waters the land.



## Banks of The Ohio

American Traditional

Lead Guitar Glenn Eberhardt

Banjo Steve

Guitar Phoebe

Mandolin Margaret

The family and Lisa Rosen

I asked my love to take a walk to take a walk just a little ways  
And as we walked and as we talked about our golden wedding day.  
Then only say that you'll be mine...in no other arms entwined.  
Down beside where the waters flow down by the banks of the Ohio.

I asked your mother for you dear and she said you were too young  
Only say that you'll be mine. Happiness in your arms i'll find.  
I held a knife against her breast as gently in my arms she pressed.  
Crying "Willie, don't murder me, i'm not prepared for eternity."  
Then only say that you'll be mine..in no other arms entwined.  
Down beside where the waters flow down by the banks of the Ohio.  
I took her by her lily-white hands and led her down where the waters  
stand

I picked her up and pitched her in and watched her as she floated  
down.

Then only say etc.

I wandered home 'twixt twelve and one crying, "My god, what have I  
done."

"I've murdered the only woman I loved because she would not be my  
bride."

Then only say etc.

---

## Ode To America

words and music by Phoebe Lou Berger

Lone Lake Songs 1974

Soloist Phoebe

Banjo Steve

Guitar Phoebe

And the Family

If you're taking a trip to California on your way out West.  
You won't need a road map brother, just follow the littered mess.  
From New York to Wisconsin and through the desert sands.  
Soon you'll see the Rockies and all the littered lands.

Keep dumping all of your papers from the windows of your car.  
Soon the litter will be piled so high, you'll barely see the stars.  
The neon signs will beckon, they are all around.  
When you finish having refreshments dump your garbage on the ground.  
Drop your papers, napkins and soda cans and the wrappers from your  
straws.

Dump your anything that you don't need and sing with me, because:  
If you're taking a trip to California on your way out West.  
You won't need a road map brother, just follow the littered mess.

---

## Universal Soldier

Buffy Sainte-Marie

Caleb Music

Sung by Phoebe

Guitars Glenn and Phoebe

He's five foot two and he's six feet four, he fights with missiles  
and with spears.

He's all of thirty-one and he's only seventeen, he's been a soldier  
for a thousand years.

He's a catholic, a hindu, an athiest, a jain, a buddhist and a  
baptist and a few.

And he knows he shouldn't kill and he knows he always will kill me  
for you my friend and me for you.

He's fighting for Canada, he's fighting for France, he's fighting  
for the U. S. A.

He's fighting for the Russians and he's fighting for Japan and  
he thinks we'll put an end to war this way.

He's fighting for democracy, he's fighting for the reds, he thinks  
it's for the peace of all.

He's the one who must decide who's to live and who's to die and  
he never sees the writing on the wall.



But, without him how would Hitler have condemned them at Dachau.  
Without him Caesar would have stood alone.  
He's the one who gives his body as a weapon of the war and without him

all this killing can't go on.

He's the Universal Soldier and he really is to blame.  
His orders come from far away no more. They come from him and you and me  
And brothers, can't you see?  
This is not the way we put an end to war!

---

### Fair Beauty Bride

Ozark Mountains version of English  
Fair Beauty Brite.

Sung by Jennifer and Margaret

Dulcimer Margaret

Oh I once loved an courted a most fair Beauty Bride, courted her by day  
and I courted her by night.  
Her parents said, "no" They never would agree. They locked her in a tower  
and threw away the key.  
I rapped on her window just to let her know. I rapped on her window as  
hard as I could go.  
I mapped on her window, she answered me and cried.  
"I never will forget you until the day I did."  
Then to the wars to the wars I did go. To see if I could forget my  
beauty bride or no.  
Seven long years I fought the wars in vain. Seven long years 'til I  
returned again.  
Then to my true loves house I was wont to go to see if my beauty would  
marry me or no.  
Her parents saw me coming, they wrung their hands and cried.  
"Our daughter loved you dearly and for your sake she died."  
There I stood struck like a man gone insane. Tears from my eyes fell  
like showers of rain.  
Crying, "lord, have mercy on me and tell me what to do, my true loves  
in her grave and I wish that I was too."

### Three White Gulls

American Traditional

Sung by Emily-Kate

Guitar Phoebe

There were three white gulls a flying.  
There were three white gulls a flying.  
There were three white gulls a flying.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.  
In the waves they dipped their soft wings.  
In the waves they dipped their soft wings.  
In the waves they dipped their soft wings.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.  
In the clouds they danced and tumbled.  
In the clouds they danced and tumbled.  
In the clouds they danced and tumbled.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.  
And they soared through the sky.



*This Land Is Your Land*

Woody Guthrie Ludlow Music

The whole family

And Lisa Rosen and Robert Samuels

Guitars Glenn and Phoebe

Autoharp Margaret

Banjo Steve

*This land is your land, this land is my land.*

*From California to the New York Island.*

*From the redwood forests to the gulf stream waters.*

*This land was made for you and me.*

*I roamed and rambled and followed my footsteps.*

*To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts.*

*And all around me a voice was singing.*

*This land was made for you and me.*

*As I went walking that ribbon of highway.*

*I saw above me that endless skyway.*

*I saw below me those golden valleys.*

*This land was made for you and me.*

*As I went walking that ribbon of highway.*

*I saw above me that endless skyway.*

*I saw below me those golden valleys.*

*This land belongs to you and me.*

*The sun was shining as I was strolling.*

*The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.*

*As a cloud was lifting a voice was saying.*

*This land was made for you and me.*

---

*The Old Man's Courtship (Old Shoes and Leggins)*

An English Song from 1730

Sung by Steve and Margaret

Banjo Steve

*A man who was old came a'courting one day. All three girls  
wouldn't have him.*

*He came down the land on a walking cane with his old shoes  
on and his leggings.*

*Mother told me to hang up his hat. All three girls wouldn't have him.*

*I hung up his hat and he kicked the cat with his old shoes on and  
his leggings.*

*Mother told me to give him some meat. All three girls wouldn't have  
him.*

*I gave him some meat and oh, how he did eat with his old shoes on and  
his leggings.*

*Mother told me to show him the saw. All three girls wouldn't have him.  
I showed him the saw and he danced "Rye Straw" with his old shoes on  
and his leggings.*

*Mother told me to put him to bed. All three girls wouldn't have him.  
I put him to bed and he stood on his head with his old shoes on and his  
leggings.*

*Mother told me to send him away. All three girls wouldn't have him.  
I sent him away and he left us to stay with his old shoes on and his  
leggings.*

---

*Amazing Grace a Protestant Hymn*

The family

*Amazing grace how sweet the sound,*

*That saved a wretch like me,*

*I once was lost but now I'm found*

*Was blind but now I see.*

*'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,*

*And grace my fears relieved,*

*How precious did that grace appear,*

*The hour I first believed.*

*Through many dangers, toils and snares,*

*We have already come,*

*'Twas grace that led us on thus far*

*And grace will lead us home.*

*When we've been there ten thousand years,*

*Bright shining as the sun,*

*We've no less time to sing Gods praise.*

*Then when we first begun.*



For Additional Information About  
FOLKWAYS RELEASES  
of Interest

write to



**Folkways Records  
and Service Corp.**

43 WEST 61 ST STREET NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10023

