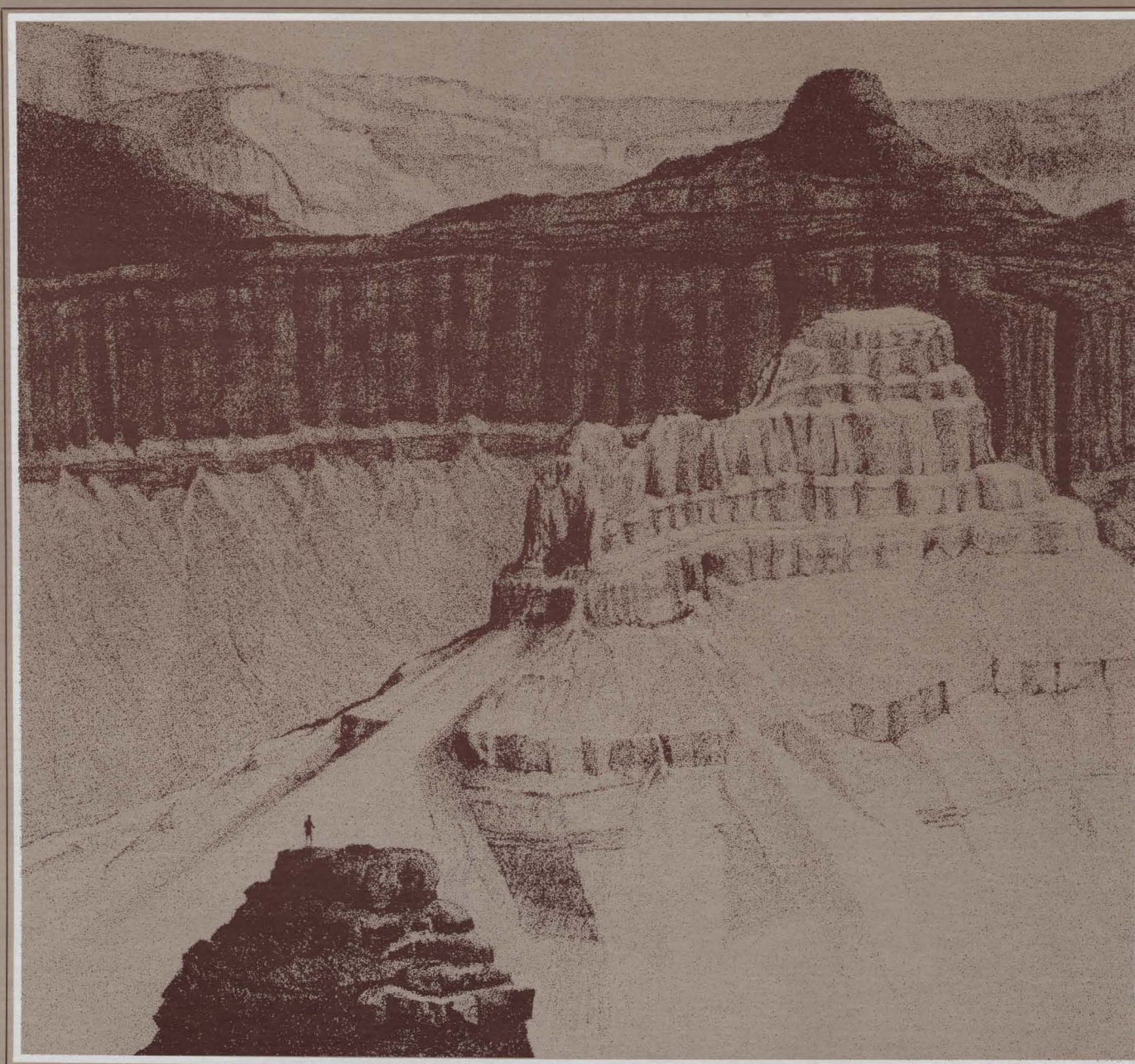


EQUILIBRIUM

The National Audubon Society's album of
Songs of Nature and Humanity

Narrated by Russell W. Peterson



DAVID LAING • TOM WISNER • PETE SEEGER • WOODY GUTHRIE

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Songs of Nature and Humanity

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Side 1

- Band 1a **Gold in the Morning Sun**1:58
 sung by David Laing
 © 1979 David Laing
- Band 1b **Roving Mind**3:27
 sung by David Laing
 © 1977 David Laing
- Band 2 **Lazy Floating Feather**2:12
 sung by Teresa Whitaker
 © 1978 Tom Wisner
- Band 3 **Silver Bell**3:26
 sung by David and Robin Laing
 © 1977 David Laing
- Band 4 **Wild River**4:03
 sung by Tom Wisner and Teresa Whitaker
 © 1978 Tom Wisner
- Band 5 **Golden Stream: The Ballad of Glen Canyon**3:41
 sung by David Laing
 © 1977 David Laing
- Band 6 **Hypothermia Blues**2:49
 sung by David Laing
 © 1977 David Laing

Side 2

- Band 1 **My Flowers**3:30
 sung by David Laing
 © 1977 David Laing
- Band 2 **The Great Dust Storm**3:42
 sung by Woody Guthrie
 © 1960 Ludlow Music
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 sung by David and Robin Laing
 © 1977 David Laing
- Band 4 **One Grain of Sand**4:44
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 © 1958 Pete Seeger
- Band 5 **No Other Way**2:50
 sung by David Laing
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 sung by Tom Wisner and Teresa Whitaker
 © 1978 Tom Wisner
- Band 7 **House of Green**1:48
 sung by David Laing
 © 1977 David Laing

Dedication

To the memory of William O. Douglas, whose intimate relationship with the natural world created the strength of his convictions.

Reflections by William O. Douglas edited from *OF MEN AND MOUNTAINS*, and *EAST TO KATAHDIN*.

David Laing has lived off the land gathering wild foods when not sustaining himself as an environmental geologist, writer, and instructor. He is the author of *Aspen High Country*. His music, heard around many a western campfire, reflects his lifelong desire to "study wilderness with the hope that someday I can plant myself there again."

Tom Wisner (with Teresa Whitaker), research biologist turned environmental educator and artist, has established a strong relationship with the Chesapeake as he's discovered the essence of its ecosystem. His songs have been used for the audio portion of illustrated lectures which vividly convey the vital energy flow of the mid-Atlantic coast.

Pete Seeger is the John Muir of folk music. His musical creations and energies have, for decades, given vital support to an appreciative nationwide audience of environmentally responsible individuals.

Woody Guthrie, America's folk laureate, was always concerned about those things which threatened the well-being of the common man. The dust bowl balladeer lived through the disastrous effects of soil erosion. He knew, better than most, of the harm which results from disharmony between nature and humanity.

Dr. Russell W. Peterson narrates introductory reflections and observations of the late William O. Douglas. Dr. Peterson is the president of the National Audubon Society and a close friend of the Douglas family.

The artists listed above are performing songs they have written. Each has additional recordings on Folkways Records.

Music is a beckoning, vital part of the American environment. We create music with the same urgent sense that we create acres of pavement, oil spills, and polluting factories. It is a product of us.

What does our music reveal about our character? Unsurprisingly, nothing very different from that which pavement, oil spills, and factories reveal. Taking advantage of the natural world for profit has been the name of the game since we arrived here four centuries ago. In the process we have exploited each other as well, and that is reflected in our music. It too is exploitative. Isn't the word "sex" subliminally written in the fur of Bob Dylan's overcoat in the cover photograph of his widely distributed album called "Desire"? Why? Simply because it unconsciously manipulates us to buy Dylan's album whether or not we would otherwise want to. It is no different from singing commercials, Muzak, rock or martial music. Does it differ much from the legally sanctioned construction of a dam that will make an endangered fish extinct? In each case profit is the motivating force; living things and the land are reduced to grist for the money mill.

For two centuries we've hunted the whale until its demise is apparent. While hundreds of thousands of whales were being slaughtered, hundreds of whaling songs were being written and sung by whalers. How many of the songs display a sensitivity toward the plight of the whale?

One? "The Wounded Whale."

Four centuries of exploitation of the incredible American wilderness resulted in thousands of extinct species along with

thousands of traditional songs about logging, farming, hunting, loving, leaving, weaving, and the like. How many of these songs show concern for the plight of the land, plants, animals, and their habitat? How many even recognize the ecosystem?

One? "Home on the Range."

It's not a pretty picture, is it? Neither is much of our present landscape nor our relationship to it.

Only recently has the science and romance of ecology had enough impact to produce individuals who are able to dedicate their lives and lifestyles to doing something about our ecological dilemma. These individuals have lived in a relationship with wilderness values that would be foreign to most Americans. From it they have created unprofessional yet refreshing folk songs which are foreign to the American tradition of exploitation and ecological ignorance. Their songs reflect a long-awaited equilibrium with nature, and constitute a major portion of this album.

Within this collection can be found the rarest of the rare: a song that dares to reveal remorse for a dead wolf, songs that carry respect for a river, love for a flower, and a righteous feeling of oneness with the natural world. Here, then, is music from a new, enlightened kind of people who can express a requiem for a canyon drowned by a dam, a yearning for a social setting in harmony with nature, an infatuation with mountains: people who can ask what makes nature's values so expendable. The songs are as much in equilibrium with nature as were the everyday songs of native American Indians who once lived a more balanced life with the land.

Perhaps these songs will do what seems impossible. Perhaps they will help reawaken the dormant respect each of us has for Mother Earth. Perhaps our awakened feelings will help guide our decisions and attitudes when we are led astray by power-hungry politicians and greedy business ventures. If so, then the music of a few ecologists and traditional singers will become a vital part of the conservation movement. Isn't that how it should be, must be, if we are to find new energies to turn the tide?

M. J. Cohen, June 1980

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EQUILIBRIUM

THE NATIONAL AUDUBON SOCIETY'S ALBUM OF SONGS OF NATURE AND HUMANITY

with David Laing, Tom Wisner, Pete Seeger,
Woody Guthrie and narrated by Russell W. Peterson,
president of the Audubon Society

Equilibrium - National Audubon Society's
Album of Songs of Nature and Humanity
FTS 37305

William O. Douglas loved and lived the message found within the songs of this album. His intimate relationship with the natural world created the strength of his conviction that man's greatest mission is to preserve life, not destroy it.

To Douglas, it was humanity's obligation to get on understanding terms with the universe. He considered it a human right to be able to put one's face in clear, pure water, to discover the wonders of sphagnum moss, and to hear the song of whip-poor-wills at dawn in a forest where the wilderness bowl is unbroken. These songs clearly reaffirm that right.

--W.P.C.

Side 1 Band 1A

Gold in the Morning Sun c 1979 David Laing
Sung by David Laing with guitar

I can't find the notes to sing the Mountain
Bluebird's song
I'll just climb the mountainside and listen
all day long

Some go to the concert hall to hear the music
ring
I'll just walk among the trees to hear the wild
birds sing

Those that ride may stay inside and shun the
winds that blow
Those that have to walk will see the flowers
where they grow

Wealthy peers and financiers, none so rich as I
Lying in a green grass field to watch the
clouds roll by

I am just a country boy, money have I none
But there's silver in the stars and gold in
morning sun

Side 1 Band 1B

Roving Mind c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David Laing with guitar

William O. Douglas loved and lived the message found within these songs. His introductions seem to become part of them. Of the first he said: "Just as violence seems to answer the needs of some, so does leveling a wilderness satisfy others. Our values were founded in reducing the wilderness, in turning every possible acre into some commercial use. That drive, indeed, built a nation."

--William O. Douglas

Monday, crossed the wide Missouri;
The prairie grass and the buffalo,
and the bit hot sun everywhere I'd go;
Everywhere I'd go

Chorus:

Over hill and dale where the wagons wind,
Through the wind and rain, got a roving mind;
Got a roving mind.

Daybreak on the wild frontier;
Look out west 'cause here I come.
There's a whole lot more comin' on the run;
Comin' on the run.

Chorus

Rockies, how we used to hate you;
There was gold and silver all around.
And we tore it out of your cold hard ground.

Chorus

Sunset on the Powder River;
What a sight and it sure is grand,
To be the first in a virgin land.

Chorus

Make way for the axe and plowshare;
It won't be long 'fore we cut the wood.
And the wild frontier will be gone for good.

Chorus

Westward, can't go any further;
We're backed up against the Pacific shore,
And the wild frontier I'll see no more.

Chorus

Side 1 Band 2

Lazy Floating Feather c 1978 Tom Wisner
Sung by Teresa Whitaker unaccompanied

The warm wind became for that night a measure of the kindness of the universe to man. It became for me a promise of the fullness of life to him who, instead of shaking his fist at the sky, looks to it for health and strength and courage. Man is part of a plan only a fraction of which he, perhaps, can ever comprehend.
--William O. Douglas

My life has been a mystery
Wonderin' what was real
A stranger to myself
I often wonder what I feel

Chorus 1

And the geese come down from Hudson
To Chesapeake and then return
Lazy floatin' feather, watch it turn
Watch it turn
Lazy floatin' feather, watch it turn

Gentle waters magic patterns
Push the sand up to the shore
Forming mounds of smooth white earth
To absorb Nor'wester's roar

Chorus 2

Life revives through cycles
Composition and decay
Each life must fit a pattern
Come what may, come what may
Each life must fit a pattern
Come what may (and the...
return to Chorus 1)

Side 1 Band 3

Silver Bell c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David and Robin Laing with guitar
and banjo

One of our deepest conflicts is between the preservation of wildlife and the profits of a few men. The coyote, with his wise, doglike face and his haunting call, is gone. Fox, marten and bears have been sacrificed. Mountain sheep are doomed. Is there no place left for any life except man and his greed?

--William O. Douglas

Scared and alone on a lonesome desert plain;
Orphaned by a stockman who lives upon the hill;
I picked her up and gave her shelter from the rain;
A wild little puppy, and I called her Silver Bell.

Lo-o dee, dee, dee; Yo-del-ay-ee-dee-dee-oh;
Lo-o dee, dee, dee; Yo-del-ay-ee-dee-dee-oh,
lo-o dee.

Come roll me over; scratch behind my ear;
Run through the clover; watch me wag my tail;
Take a little walk down the road in the sun-shine;
Carefree and gay was my pretty Silver Bell.

You know if you keep her she'll turn on you
one day;
The game warden told me, "I know the wolf too
well;
Better put her down, boy, or give her to a zoo,
Before you are betrayed by your pretty Silver Bell."

Two years went by, and I knew she must go free,
Far from the livestock of the ranch upon the hill;
I took her to a wild place, and hoped that she
would stay,
And there I bid farewell to my pretty Silver Bell.

Then in my sorrow, riding out alone;
Rode up the canyon to the ranch upon the hill;
There I found a wolf lying cold my a fence-line;
Homeward bound was my pretty Silver Bell.

Side 1 Band 4

Wild River c 1978 Tom Wisner
Sung by Tom Wisner and Teresa Whitaker
with guitar

I felt a warm glow of peace spread over me.
I was at ease in this unknown wilderness. I
felt at home. Only those who return to the
elemental world can know its beauty and grandeur--and man's essential unity with it.
--William O. Douglas

Hey there wild river teach me to flow!
Tell me your poems 'n all the songs that you
know!
Touch me and wash me 'n let me lie down!
By the peace of your waters at night on the
ground!

Chorus:
Deep flowin' river, where are you bound?
Tell me a story, teach me your sound!
Hey there wild river, teach me to flow!
Won't you stop a lazy moment
While you're rollin' along
And sing me your song?

You're reborn each moment, yet old as the
land
No longer flowin' when cupped in my hand
Join with my body as I drink life's fill
And rejoin with the waters and flow as you
will.

Chorus

Side 1 Band 5

Golden Stream: The Ballad of Glen Canyon
c 1977 David Laing. Sung by David Laing
with guitar

Man is capable of care as much as he is of
destruction. Preservation of beauty, tenderness
in relation to other life, communication with
nature--these too can be awakened. Once a person
breaks through to the level where love of
beauty is the ideal, he will worship the rocks
and plains that are America.

--William O. Douglas

Golden stream, gleaming in the dawn;
By you alone, this labyrinth in stone was
drawn;
Shadows flee the sun, color floods the land;
Westward the river rools, sheltered by the
trees on the strand.

Few have seen beyond these walls supreme;
Their splendors hide the living land beside
the stream;
Tamarisk and oak, cottonwoods grow green;
Life on every hand thrives within this land
unseen.

Ten million years the Colorado ran,
Wild and free, 'till conquered by the greed
of man;
We have made the stream drown in its own blood;
Traces of living things, whirl in aimless rings
on the flood.

There is no end to the shame of man;
We spurn the laws of nature just because we
can;
Life on Earth must bear a tyrant and no king;
When will we ever learn the world is not our
plaything.

Side 1 Band 6

Hypothermia Blues c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David Laing with guitar

Elton came back and stood beside me. Throw-
ing his arms toward the sky he yelled, "How
wonderful to feel the wind blowing through
you on a high ridge." This wind was not only
tireless, it was timeless. It was the wind
that had carried the chill of glaciers over
the region. --William O. Douglas

On a lonesome ridge where the cold wind blows,
There's a wind chill factor of ten below;
And the cold air tickling my naked shins,
In my cotton shirt I'm gonna get my grins.

Chorus:
And I'm freezin',
With the season,
And this cold mean breeze is gonna freeze my
knees;
And I've got the Hypothermia Blues

Well I left my mittens and a brand new watch,
Where I left them sittin' on a high Sawatch;
And my old down parka so worn and thin,
With the cold wind blowin' through the holes
therein.

Chorus

Well I crossed the river on an old pine log;
Couldn't see too well through the morning fog;
I forgot to loosen that old waistband;
And I drifted on down to the Rio Grande.

Chorus:
And I'm freezin',
In the season,
This icy river's gonna freeze my liver;
And I've got the Hypothermia Blues.

Up on Mount Rainier I was doing swell,
Crossing a glacier when the snowbridge fell;
Now I'm in the bottom of this blue cravass,
With my ice ax stickin' through my left eye-
glass.

Chorus

Grandpa's sleeping bag was made in 1910;
It contained three pounds of goose down then;
But we like to wash it so it doesn't smell;
And there's nothing left but a cotton shell.

Chorus

Now if you find a hiker whose heat is gone;
Join them in the sack with no clothes on;
So there's one conclusion I would like to draw;
Never go a-hikin' with your mother-in-law.

Chorus:
Cause she'll be freezin',
With the season,
And that old mean breeze is gonna freeze her
knees;
And she'll get the Hypothermia Blues.
(To share with you.)

Side 2 Band 1

My Flowers c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David Laing with guitar

She worshipped mountain flowers which, in
her words, are "the spirit of those children
whose footsteps have passed from the earth
but reappear each spring to gladden the path-
ways of those now living."
--William O. Douglas

Daisy-o, Daisy-o;
In the morning, hazy-o;
Your eye's the prettiest one,
Waiting for the sun.

I know my Daisy-o;
I can find her where I go;
Blue rays and golden eye
Smile as I go by.

Lily-o, Lily-o;
In the morning, chilly-o;
Dawn brings the frozen land
Gold for your white hand.

I know my Lily-o;
I can find her where I go;
High on a mountainside
Upon the Great Divide.

Laurel-o, Laurel-o;
Pentagons of coral-o;
Cups for the gentle rain
When it falls again.

I know my Laurel-o;
I can find her where I go;
Lakes of the timberline
Join her love with mine.

Thistle-o, Thistle-o;
Set with spine and bristle-o;
No lover's hand would dare
Touch the dress you wear.

I know my Thistle-o;
I can find her where I go;
Trailside and meadowland,
And by the water strand.

Repeat first verse.

Side 2 Band 2

The Great Dust Storm c 1964 Woody Guthrie
Sung by Woody Guthrie with guitar

I saw refugees from the dustbowl where they
had sweated and slaved and seen their crops
parch and blow away, put their spades into the
rich volcanic ash of Yakima, reach down and
scoop both hands full; and stand with tears
streaming down their faces as the soft loamy
soil ran through their fingers.

--William O. Douglas

On the 14th day of April
of 1935, there struck
The worst of dust storms
That ever filled the sky.

You could see that dust storm coming,
The cloud looked death-like black,
And through our mighty nation
It left a dreadful track.

From Oklahoma City
To the Arizona line,
Dakota and Nebraska
To the lazy Rio Grande.

It fell across our city
Like a curtain of black rolled down,
We thought it was our judgement
We thought it was our doom.

The radio reported,
We listened with alarm,
The wild and windy actions
of this great mysterious storm.

From Albuquerque and Clovis
And old New Mexico,
They said it was the blackest
That ever they had saw.

From old Dodge City, Kansas,
The dust had rung their knell,
And a few more comrades sleeping
On top of old Boot Hill.

From Denver, Colorado,
They said it blew so strong,
They thought that they could hold out
They did not know how long.

Our relatives were huddled
Into their oil-boom shacks
And the children they was crying
As it whistled through the cracks.

And the family was crowded
Into their little room,
They thought the world had ended
And they thought it was their doom.

The storm took place at sundown
It lasted through the night.
When we looked out next morning
We saw a terrible sight.

We saw outside our window
Where wheatfields they had grown,
Was now a rippling ocean
Of dust the wind had blown.

It covered up our fences,
It covered up our barns,
It covered up our tractors
In this wild and dusty storm.

We loaded our jalopies
And piled our families in,
We rattled down the highway
To never come back again.

Side 2 Band 3

Magic Mountain c 1977 David Laing

Sung by David and Robin Laing with guitar
and banjo

These early hikes put me on intimate terms
with the hills. I discovered many of their se-
crets. I learned that they were always clothed

in garments of delicate hues. Though they
seemed to be barren, they teemed with life and
had many moods. --William O. Douglas

Steep rock and water falling; birds in the
timber calling;
Mountain stillness and the magic of the rising
sun, in the morning;

I've got no time to spend on things that I
can't depend on;
Everything is always as I know it ought to be,
in the mountains;

La, la, la, yo-o-ti, yo-lo-lo-u, ti-o-lo-1,
ti-o-lo-1, ti, yo-lo-lo-o, di, di-di.
La, la, la, yo-o-ti, yo-lo-lo-u, ti-o-lo-1,
ti-o-lo-1, ti, yo-lo-lo-u, di.

Gold in the aspen burning: sign of the season
turning;
Soon the powder snow will deck the mountain-
sides again, in the winter;

That is the time I break away through the hills
and take a
Long, quiet trail through the stillness of the
snow, singing,

La, etc.

Then from a mountaintop on old, battered skis
I drop on
Down through the deep powder, winding through
the glades, to the woodland;

Snow-covered firs are handsome; fill me with
wonder and some
Wild mountain madness for singing to the hills,
and they answer,

La, etc.

Side 2 Band 4

One Grain of Sand c 1958 Pete Seeger
Sung by Pete Seeger unaccompanied

The great dark shoulders of lava rock stood
stark and naked--mightier than any fortress.
Alongside that view I felt I was no more than
the pint of dust to which someday every man
will be reduced. That dust, I thought, when
scattered on the gargantuan shoulders of
Rainier would be as insignificant as a hand-
ful of sand in an endless ocean.

--William O. Douglas

One grain of sand
One drop of water in the sea
One grain of sand,
One little you, one little me.

One grain of sand
One lonely star up in the blue
One grain of sand
One little me, one little you

One grain of sand
One grain of grass upon the plain
One grain of sand
I'll sing it now again, and again and again

One grain of sand
One grain of sand is all my joy
One grain of sand
One little girl one little boy

One leaf of grass
One leaf of grass upon the plain
One leaf of grass
We come and go again and again and again

The sun will rise
The sun will rise and then go down
The sun will rise
One little world go round and round and
round

One grain of sand
One grain of sand is all my own
One grain of sand
One grain of sand is home sweet home

Side 2 Band 5

No Other Way c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David Laing with guitar

This forest was primeval, untouched, unseen.
Trees fell, new trees sprang from fallen an-
cestors, reached with their thin tips through
a colonnade of evergreens for a slit in the
sky, and in time were reclaimed, by mother
earth. --William O. Douglas

Watch the purple martins as they wheel in
the Sun;
Redwing blackbirds calling as the day is
begun;

And you will know that there is no other Way.

Climb upon a mountain where the blueberries
grow;
Flaxen grasses waving where the south wind
blows;

And you will know that there is no other Way!

Willows bend before the wind and die when
they're old;
Squirrels gather acorns when the days turn
cold;

And you will know that there is no other Way.

In a turning cycle, Now and Then are the same;
And when you are safely home again, you'll lose
your name;

And you will know that there is no other Way.

Side 2 Band 6

Made of Water c 1978 Tom Wisner
Sung by Tom Wisner and Teresa Whitaker
unaccompanied

Presently we heard the murmur of the stream
that ran down the ravine to the Ranier Fork.
We made our way to it. There on a spit of sand
we threw down our packs, lay on our stomachs,
put our faces into the clear, cool water and
drank as young animals. --William O. Douglas

Chorus:
I'm made of water, flowin' water
Sun and salt and winds that blow.
Though my bones were
Formed in mountains
It's through my blood
This river flows

Drivin' down, the wind will sound
Rain will fall and roll on by
Lord I'm mighty grateful for
Love I see in my darlin's eye
And for the mighty river bringin'
Life a rollin' from the sky (cause I'm...)

Chorus

Silver mountain flowing down
Join with me and circle round
Circle with my spirit free
Golden water, made of me
Build my bones and build me right
And flow to mornin' through
The night (cause...)

Chorus

Side 2 Band 7

House of Green c 1977 David Laing
Sung by David Laing unaccompanied

We have reached the point where only a few
precious islands of wilderness are left. If
we behave in the future as we have in the past,
they will be depleted or nibbled at until they
too are gone. --William O. Douglas

Once I had a house of green
A fairer house you'd never seen
Through ages gone I kept it well
And there in beauty I did dwell

And then I built a house of stone
I thought it would be more my own
A proud defense against the wind
A dwelling worthy of my mind

I made a tool and when I could
I built myself a house of wood
They mighty forests I cut down
To build myself a pretty town

And then I built a house of steel
And cities stood in every field
No beauty there could then be seen
Where once I had a house of green

And when I saw what I had done
I burnt my cities every one
And beauty evermore shall reign
For now my house is green again

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