


# PETE SEEGER

SING A LONG

Recorded Live  
Sanders Theatre  
Cambridge, MA  
1980

CRISTO YA NI  
EN PALACIO  
DEL CHEPE PA  
YUNA TAL MA



**PETE SEEGER SINGALONG****Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts 1980****Part One (SF 40027)**

1. **Introduction** 0:28
2. **John Henry** 3:50
3. **Introduction to song** 0:52
4. **Aunt Rhody** 2:25
5. **Lonesome Valley** 3:54
6. **Amazing Grace** 6:02
7. **Recorder improvisation - introduction to l'Internationale** 2:05
8. **l'Internationale** 5:12
9. **Old Time Religion** 3:11
10. **Introduction to song** 0:30
11. **Down-a-Down** 3:27
12. **Introduction of Louis Killen** 2:04
13. **Rothsay-O** 2:17
14. **Introduction to Song** 1:32
15. **Old Settler's Song** 3:04
16. **Introduction to song** 1:27
17. **Acres of Clams** 2:24
18. **Abiyoyo** 5:08
19. **Teaching Song** 3:15
20. **Cristo Ya Nació** 5:10

**Part Two (SF 40028)**

1. **Sicilian Tarantella (instrumental)** 1:35
2. **Introduction to song** 4:36
3. **Homestead Strike Song** 3:27
4. **Introduction to song** 0:40
5. **Young Woman Who Swallowed a Lie** 3:53
6. **Introduction to song** 2:42
7. **We Shall Not Be Moved** 4:19
8. **Introduction to song** 2:38
9. **Somagwaza** 1:34
10. **Introduction to song** 2:31
11. **Run Come See the Sun** 1:42
12. **If I Had a Hammer** 2:10
13. **Introduction to song** 1:52
14. **The Water Is Wide** 6:39
15. **Old Devil Time** 2:52
16. **Hole in the Bucket** 2:45
17. **Jacob's Ladder** 3:28
18. **Twelve Gates to the City** 3:40
19. **Song Introduction** 0:46
20. **Little Birdie** 2:42
21. **Greensleeves** 2:20



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Before my voice, memory, and sense of rhythm and pitch were too far gone, I decided, at age sixty, to ask Folkways Records to document one of my 2-hour "concerts" such as I have given for over twenty-five years, usually at colleges....In January, 1980, my wife Toshi once again put aside her own work to help me drive to Cambridge, Massachusetts.... The audience, mostly youthful, included parents, grandparents, and pre-schoolers. They all sang like angels.

*(Pete Seeger, from his extensive album notes)*



**Smithsonian  
Folkways**

Smithsonian/Folkways Recordings  
Office of Folklife Programs  
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Smithsonian Institution  
Washington DC 20560





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#### Pete Seeger Reissues

Part of the Folkways catalogue is being re-issued on the Smithsonian/Folkways label, including a number of titles by Pete Seeger. Ask for these in your record store or order by telephone from 1-800-443-4727:

SF 40024 *Pete Seeger Traditional Christmas Carols*

SF 40027/8 *Pete Seeger Singalong at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1980* (double CS, CD)

SF 40058 *American Industrial Ballads* (CS, CD) [autumn 1991]

For children:

SF 45001 *Abiyoyo and Other Story Songs for Children* (CS, LP, CD)

SF 45020 *American Folk Songs for Children* (CS, LP)

SF 45021 *Birds, Beasts, Bugs and Little Fishes* (CS)

SF 45022 *Birds, Beasts, Bugs and Bigger Fishes* (CS)

SF 45023 *Song and Play Time* (CS)

SF 45024 *Folk Songs for Young People* (CS)

SF 45025 *American Game and Activity Songs* (CS)

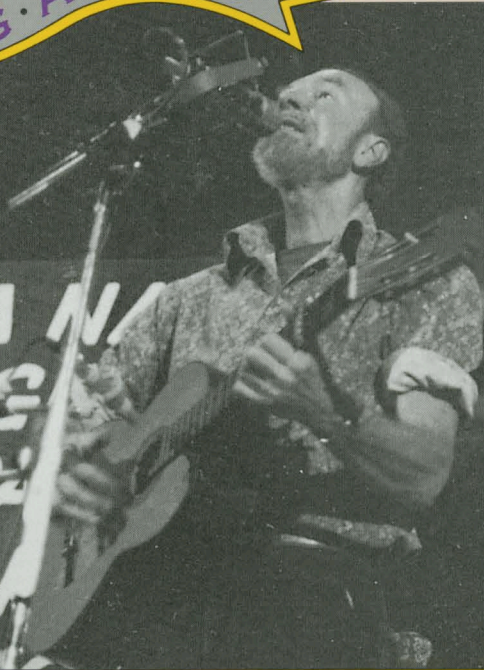
Others will appear in the future.

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## PETE SEEGER SINGALONG

### Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts 1980

#### Pete Seeger Singalong

Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, Massachusetts  
1980

Smithsonian/Folkways SF40027/28

*Previously issued in 1980 as Folkways 36055*

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Contains nearly 2 hours of recordings

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(Woody Guthrie TRO - Ludlow Music, Inc., BMI)
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7. **Recorder improvisation - introduction to l'Internationale** 2:05
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(new words by Judy Gorman Jacobs)
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(collected, adapted and arranged by John A. and Alan Lomax TRO - Ludlow Music, Inc. BMI)
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(new words by Charlie King)
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(Carlos Mejía Godoy, 1974)

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#### Pete Seeger on Folkways

Pete Seeger was one of the central figures in the development of Folkways Records from its early days through its transfer to the Smithsonian Institution. Once advisors to Folkways' founder Moses Asch, Pete and his wife Toshi currently serve on the Folkways Advisory Board at the Smithsonian. Moses Asch, the founder of Folkways, said of Pete: "Pete Seeger created my whole folk music concept—because he created ideas and songs. Every time he had an idea I went along with it....Every one [of those albums] is Pete's idea. I tried to work with all my artists that way—I wanted to know what they had to say and how they wanted to say it."

Between 1947 and 1987 Pete Seeger was featured on over 50 different recordings—singing, reading, telling stories solo or with other artists. Every one of his Folkways Recordings is available by mail order from the Smithsonian Institution. For a complete catalogue of his recordings, write to Folkways Catalogue, Office of Folklife Programs, 955 l'Enfant Plaza Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, telephone 202/287-3262, or fax 202/287-3699.

## Introduction to the concert by Pete Seeger

Before my voice, memory, and sense of rhythm and pitch were too far gone, I decided, at age sixty, to ask Folkways Records to document one of my 2-hour "concerts" such as I have given for over twenty-five years, usually at colleges. They are not concerts so much as singalongs. My main purpose is to show people how good it is to sing together, and my main purpose on this record is to show future songleaders some of the techniques they can use in teaching songs without everyone's nose being buried in a sheet of paper. And if they listen critically, as they should, they can perceive some things worth not emulating.

I also wanted to show how there could be continuity as well as variety, as we circle a subject and then try to zero in on it. Usually by the end, as audience and singer get warmed to each other, we make some good music — at least the audience does, and I'm proud to be their songleader.

In January, 1980, my wife Toshi once again put aside her own work to help me drive to Cambridge, Massachusetts. The evening before the concert I met with about eighty members of the Boston Folk Music Society and Lowell House Singing Club. I taught them the choruses of a couple of unfamiliar songs, and emphasized how important is a good bass line. "You are my leaven in the loaf of bread. If you sing well, the rest of the crowd will rise to the occasion." (Occasionally I do this kind of pump-priming.)

Sanders Theatre, on the Harvard campus, is one of our best small auditoriums. Built a century ago, it holds 800 seats in semicircular rows: lots of wood panelling, with wonderful "live" acoustics for singing. John Nagy and crew brought in a half ton of recording equipment: 20-track tape recorder, dozens of microphones, filters, mixers, etc. Toshi helped set up the lighting. At 8 PM the doors opened to let people in. (It was cold and windy outside.) The audience, mostly youthful, included parents, grandparents, and pre-schoolers. They all sang like angels.

This record includes not only the singing, but most of the talking, tuning, the mistakes, fluffs, goofs. It would have made a more listenable record to scissor out the latter. I did cut out a botched up attempt to teach everyone how to beat a rhythm of "two against three." But aside from this, about the only thing cut from the tapes was excess applause and some introductory announcements.

Rob Joel, of the Folk Music Society, introduced me.

## Introduction

### John Henry

*The opening song of a concert, like the opening line of a play or a novel, is damn important. I used to start with a narrative ballad, and only ask folks to sing with me after several songs, after I had related what I was trying to say to the lives of the people sitting before me. But I found that this song, put together almost a hundred years ago by black workers blasting a West Virginia railroad tunnel, did it all, and also was easy to get people started singing. Lots of repetition. You'll see how important repetition is, as the evening progresses.*

*I've heard dozens of different verses and tunes for John Henry, since I first learned it from painter Tom Benton almost fifty years ago. I finally put together this relatively short version. It's in the key of B, with the banjo in G tuning, capoed four frets up.*

*The song means more to me with every passing year. Layers upon layers of different meanings: triumphant, tragic, bawdy, macho, sentimental. A good song is like a basketball backboard, bouncing back new meanings as it reflects one's changing life.*

John Henry was about two days old/Sitting on his papa's knee/Well he picks up a hammer and a little piece of steel/Cried a hammer's gonna be the death of me,

Hammer's gonna be the death of me, Lord,  
Lord/Hammer's gonna be the death of me.

John Henry said to his captain/A man ain't nothing but a man/But before I'd let your steam drill beat me down/I'd die with a hammer in my hand! Lord, Lord/I'd die with a hammer in my hand,

I'd die with a hammer in my hand! Lord,  
Lord/I'd die with a hammer in my hand.

Well, the man that invented the steam drill/He thought he was mighty fine/But John Henry drove fifteen feet/And the steam drill only made nine Lord, Lord/The steam drill only made nine, Yeah!/And the steam drill only made nine Lord, Lord/The steam drill only made nine.

John Henry hammered in the mountain/His hammer was striking fire/But he worked so hard, he broke his poor heart/And he lay down his hammer and he died, Lord, Yeah!/And he lay down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord./And he lay down his hammer and he died.

John Henry had a little baby/You could hold him in the palm of your hand/The last words I heard that poor boy say/My daddy was a steel driving man, Lord, Lord./My daddy was a steel driving man, Yeah!/My daddy was a steel driving man, Lord, Lord./My daddy was a steel driving man.

Well, every Monday morning/When the bluebird begin to sing/You can hear John Henry's hammer a mile or more/You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord./You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Yeah!/You can hear John



Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord/You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.

You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord/You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.

### Aunt Rhody

*Folk music should flow out of our lives, whatever we do. Once upon a time many a job of manual labor had a song to go along with it. In this "pushbutton age," it's more common to listen to a loud speaker. But until some fiendish scientist invents an automatic mother, there'll be a need for singing babies to sleep. And it's wonderful fun. Very satisfying. The best singing I have ever done is when my entire audience has gone sound asleep on me.*

*Note here, that you have to feed the lines to other singers without skipping a beat. It's not easy; will take some practice. Although this is a quiet song, I still keep a brisk tempo on the banjo, slowing down slightly, as we get into the song.*

*There are other times when repetitive worksongs are helpful: when one is doing manual chores, raking, sweeping, washing, peeling, scrubbing, digging, paddling, rowing, weeding, picking. The same people might sing a different song while riding in a car or in a picking-and-singing session in a kitchen or parking lot.*

Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/The old grey goose is dead.

The one she's been saving/The one she's been saving/The one she's been saving/To make a feather bed.

Old gander's weeping/Old gander's weeping/Old gander's weeping/ Because his wife is dead.

The goslings are mourning/The goslings are mourning/The goslings are mourning/Because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill pond/She died in the mill pond/She died in the mill pond/Standing on her head.

Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/Go tell Aunt Rhody/The old grey goose is dead.

### Lonesome Valley

Chorus:

You got to walk that lonesome valley,  
You got to walk it by yourself,  
Ain't nobody here can walk it for you,  
You got to walk it by yourself.

(You got to walk) You got to walk/(That lonesome valley) That lonesome valley/(You got to walk) You got to walk/(It by yourself) by yourself/(Nobody here) Ain't nobody here/(Can walk it for you) walk it for you/You got to walk - it by yourself.

(O Daniel was) Daniel was/(A bible hero) a bible hero./(Was a prophet) was a prophet/(Brave and true) brave and true./(In a den ) in a den/(Of hungry lions) hungry lions/(He showed what

faith) showed what faith/(Can do for you) can do for you.

Chorus

(Oh, some folks say) some folk say/(John was a Baptist) John was a Baptist/(Some folks say) some folks say/(He was a Jew) he was a Jew/(But the Holy) but the Holy/(Bible tells us) Bible tells us/(That he was) that he was/(A preacher too) a preacher too.

Chorus

(Now though the road) though the road/(Be rough and rocky) be rough and rocky/(And the hills) and the hills/(Be steep and high)/(You can sing) you can sing/(As we go marching) as we go marching/And we'll win that big union by and by.

Chorus: (X2)

*Like most white Americans, north and south, I have been profoundly influenced by Afro-American musical idioms. I may be singing in the English language, but the banjo and its driving rhythms are African. And slurring the third and seventh notes of the scale is almost a standard for Afro-American song. (I didn't slur the 3rd so much in "Aunt Rhody", though. Maybe I was unconsciously following its French heritage?)*

*"Lonesome Valley" I learned from Woody Guthrie, who probably learned it from some group such as the Carter Family. It's well known in southern churches, white and black. Woody undoubtedly adapted the last verse; how much I*

*don't know. There are a number of different versions of the song floating around these days. Us born-again atheists sing a lot of Christian hymns.*

### Amazing Grace

*"Amazing Grace", and this long-meter style of singing it, I learned forty years ago from Lee Hays, who also taught me the second verse. The song, with its better-known verses, which I don't sing here, was composed about 200 years ago by Andrew Newton, captain of a slave ship, who turned his ship around (you can!) and became a preacher.*

*I'm told that the verse "shall I be wafted . . ." was written earlier by Isaac Watts. As in blues and ballads, in religious folk music, we often find favorite phrases and verses re-appearing to different melodies.*

*Only five years ago I became confident enough to try such a slow song near the beginning of a concert.*

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.

Shall I be wafted to the skies/On flowery beds of ease/While other strive to win the prize/And sail through bloody seas.

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.

## Recorder Improvisation — L'Internationale

*Now, you know, you have to let people rest their vocal chords once in a while. I was going to play a longer piece on the recorder, but thought better of it, and decided to try and relate the famous old revolutionary song "L'Internationale" to the Christian hymns we just sang.*

*Words of this famous old song were written in 1871 by Eugene Pottier, and the music in 1887 by Pierre DeGeyter. It has been translated into several hundred languages around the world, sung officially by some people and avoided just as officially by other people. I try to rescue it from this trap by singing it as best I can in the original French. Poetry rarely translates well, and the English translation is not very good. I'm told that sixty years ago the Wobblies sang it simultaneously in many different languages, with everyone on their feet and fists high.*

*The three verses I omitted are good, too: "No rights without duties? We say no duties without rights."*

*Incidentally, I accompany this with the guitar tuned in D tuning, although it must be sung in the key of G (or, capoed, in A).*

Debout, les damnés de la terre!  
Debout, les forçats de la faim!  
La raison tonne en son cratère  
C'est l'éruption de la fin.

Du passé faisons table rase,  
Foule esclave, debout! debout!

Le monde va changer de bases  
Nous ne sommes rein, soyons tout!

C'est la lutte finale,  
Groupons nous, et demain (repeat twice after each verse)  
L'Internationale  
Sera le genre humain.

Wake up, you prisoners of hunger. The world is changing at the base. We who have nothing will be everything. Of the past we shall make clean slate (*still speaking French, of course*) he says, it's the final battle.

Then he says, "we need no supreme saviors. No God, no Caesar. Producers! Save yourselves! Heat up your own forge. Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge. Blow upon the forge and make it hot. Beat on the iron while it is hot."

Il n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes,  
Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun.  
Producteurs, sauvons-nous, nous-mêmes...  
Décrètons le salut commun!

Pour que le voleur rende gorge,  
Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot,  
Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge,  
Battons le fer quand il est chaud!

(repeat chorus twice)

I won't sing all six verses, but it says — "The Kings intoxicate us with gunsmoke. If they insist upon making heroes of us, they will learn that our bullets are for our own generals.

"Workers, peasants are we all. The world belongs to everyone. How many feed upon our flesh. But if one day these buzzards, these vultures, would all disappear, the sun will shine always."

Ouvriers, paysans, nous sommes  
Le grand parti des travailleurs;  
La terre n'appartient qu'aux hommes,  
L'oisif ira loger ailleurs.

Combien de nos chairs se repaissent!  
Mais se le corbeaux, les vautours  
Un de ces matins disparaissent  
Le soleil brillera toujours.

(repeat chorus twice)

## Old Time Religion

*Humor is the best antidote for the oversimplifications of our serious songs. "Strive for simplicity, and learn to mistrust it (Whitehead)." Perhaps every great song is a triumph of oversimplicity. So I feel ambivalent about 'em all. And I try to balance the situation by singing songs that seem to contradict each other — or at least complement each other.*

*Humor often reminds us that every word can be misunderstood. Scientists and lawmakers try doggedly to narrow limits, to what can be agreed upon and patrolled. But poets (and ordinary people) keep defeating them by stretching the limits out of shape again.*

*Judy Gorman-Jacobs taught me this song. Again, I talked too much. This song would have*

*been more effective had I just sung it with no spoken words to introduce. There's lots of other good verses floating around. Incidentally, it should be "prepare animals for slaughter."*

Chorus:  
Give me that old time religion (3X)  
It's good enough for me.

We will pray with Aphrodite/We will pray with Aphrodite/She wears that see-through nightie/And it's good enough for me.

Chorus

We will pray with Zarathustra/We'll pray just like we use ta/I'm a Zarathustra booster/And it's good enough for me.

Chorus (2X)

We will pray with those Egyptians/Build pyramids to put our crypts in/Cover subways with inscriptions/And it's good enough for me.

Chorus

We will pray with those old druids/They drink fermented fluids/Waltzing naked through the woo-ids/And it's good enough for me.

Chorus

We do dances to bring water/Sacrifice animals for slaughter/Sacrifice our sons and daughters/And it's good enough for me.

## Chorus

I'll arise at early morning/When my Lord gives me the warning/That the solar age is dawning/And it's good enough for me.

## Chorus (2X)

## Down-a-Down

*Matt McGinn's widow sent me the words of the next song, which I fitted to a traditional melody. Matt was a wonderful, short, scrawny fellow, always rhyming and joking, like Woody. I sang this in Newcastle-on-Tyne a few months after his death, and a shout came from the audience, "Matt McGinn lives!"*

*You know there's so many different kinds of songs in the world and we are now mixing them all up and entangling them. We forget that sometimes it's best not to tangle things too much. Here's a song that's not supposed to have any harmony whatsoever. It's actually some words Matt McGinn put together. A wonderful songwriter who is dead now. An old, old tune.*

Here's a song for one and all/Down-a-down and down-a-down/Here's a song for one and all/With a down/Here's a song for one and all/About a man just two feet tall/With a down, derry, derry, down, down.

He met a dame on Blitheswood Square/Down-a-down and down-a-down/He met a dame on Blitheswood Square/With a down/He met a dame on Blitheswood Square/and she was forty, fat and fair/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

She says to him with tender smile/Down-a-down and down-a-down/She says to him with tender smile/With a down/She says to him with tender smile/"Would you be free for a wee short while?"/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

His evil mind began to roam/Down-a-down and down-a-down/His evil mind began to roam/With a down/His evil mind began to roam/When she said "Dearie come on home."/With a down, derry derry, derry, down, down.

She showed him to her room and said/Down-a-down and down-a-down/She showed him to her room and said/With a down/She showed him to her room and said/"Put all your clothes upon that bed."/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

She said "I'll be right back in a tick"/Down-a-down and down-a-down/She said "I'll be right back in a tick"/With a down/She said "I'll be right back in a tick"/The wee man threw his clothes off quick/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

She brought her seven children in/Down-a-down and down-a-down/She brought her seven children in/With a down/She brought her seven children in/Said "See that ruckle of bone and skin."/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

Said she, destroying all his courage/Down-a-down and down-a-down/Said she, destroying all his courage/With a down/Said she, destroying all his courage/"That's what you get when you don't eat porridge!"/With a down, derry, derry, derry, down, down.

## Rothesay-O (sung by Louis Killen)

*Ah, thanks to Louis Killen, originally from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and later a chanteyman on the sloop Clearwater.*

Last Saturday night a the Glasga Fair/There was me mysel and several mair/We all went off to ha'e a tear/And spend the night in Rothesay-O/We sauntered through the Broomie law/Midst rain and hail and sleet and snaw/And at forty minutes after twa/We got the length o' Rothesay-O.

## Chorus:

Dirum a doo, a dirum a day, a dirum a doo a daddy O

Dirum a doo, a dirum a day, the day we went to Rothesay-O.

Well me and a chap called Rutherglen Will/Who was stationed up at Mary Hill/We went off wi' a tanner to get a gill/In a public hoose in Rothesay-O/Says he "Be Christ, I'd like to sing"/Says I "Ye'll do no sich a thing"/He said "Clear the room and mak' a ring/And I'll fecht youse a' in Rothesay-O."

## Chorus

In search of lodgings we did slide/To find a place where we could bide/There was eight-four o' us inside/In a single-end in Rothesay-O/We a' lay doon to tak' our ease/When someone happened for to sneeze/And he wakened half-a-million fleas/In the single-end in Rothesay-O.

## Chorus

There were several different kinds o' bugs/Some had feet like dyer's clogs/And they sat on the bed and they cockit their lugs/And cried "Hurray for Rothesay-O!"/I said "I think it's time for us to slope/Let's gae and join the Band o' Hope"/But the polis wouldn't let us stop/Another night in Rothesay-O.

## Chorus

## The Old Settler's Song

Prospecting and digging for gold/I've tunnelled, hydraulicked and cradled/And I have been fequently sold (3X)/I've tunnelled, hydraulicked and cradled/And I have been fequently sold.

For one that gets riches by mining/Perceiving that hundreds go poor/I made up my mind to try farming/The only pursuit that is sure (3X)/I made up my mind to try farming/The only pursuit that is sure.

So rolling my grub in my blanket/I left all my tools on the ground/I started one morning to shank it/For a country they called Puget Sound (3X)/I started one morning to shank it/For a country they called Puget Sound.

Arriving flat broke in midwinter/I found it enveloped in fog/And covered all over with timber/Thick as hair on the back of the dog (3X)/And covered all over with timber/Thick as hair on the back of the dog.

I staked out a claim in the forest/And set myself down to hard toil/For two years I chopped and I logged/But never got down to the soil (3X)/For



two years I chopped and I logged/But never  
got down to the soil.

### Acres of Clams

No longer the slave of ambition/I laugh at the  
world and its sham/I think of my happy  
condition/Surrounded by acres of clams (3X)/I  
think of my happy condition/Surrounded by  
acres of clams.

I've lived all my life in this country/I love every  
flower and tree/I expect to live here 'till I'm  
ninety/It's the nukes who must go and not me  
(3X)/I expect to live here 'till I'm ninety/It's the  
nukes who must go and not me.

I've swallowed enough radiation/It's time I was  
standing my ground/I'm joining that great  
occupation/We're shutting that power plant  
down (3X)/I'm joining that great  
occupation/We're shutting that power plant  
down.

Now Seabrook, New Hampshire's a swell  
town/It's here that we're taking our stand/Why  
stay home and wait for a melt down/Come fight  
for your freedom and land (3X)/Why stay home  
and wait for a melt down/Come fight for your  
freedom and land.

We're seizing this land with a vision/Exposing  
the PSC sham (Public Service Commission)/So I  
think of my happy condition/Surrounded by  
acres of clams (3X)/So I think of my happy  
condition/Surrounded by acres of clams.  
© copyright by Charlie King

### Abiyoyo

Abiyoyo, Abiyoyo  
Abiyoyo, Abiyoyo  
Abiyoyo, bi-yo-yo, yo-yo-yo  
Abiyoyo, bi-yo-yo, yo-yo-yo

*I had not originally intended to tell this song-  
story tonight, but someone with a small child  
requested it. And usually in every concert I try  
to do something especially for kids. I learned the  
tune in New York, 1952. Mrs. Z.K. Mathews,  
then in exile from her South African homeland,  
gave me a volume of African folksongs, saying,  
"You should learn some of our older songs.  
These are in danger of dying out in our own  
country, as people have to leave the villages for  
the cities and their lives change."*

*The footnote said, "this song is part of an old  
story about a monster who eats children up. The  
parents get it dancing, and when it falls down in  
a fit, it is dispatched by the parents." So,  
innocently, I improvised a story one night for my  
children, and was asked to repeat it. I have been  
doing it ever since. At the time I made it up, I  
was unconscious of the political symbolism. By  
now, the performance is aided by much gesture  
and mime. Other storytellers have made up their  
own versions.*

### Cristo Ya Nació

*We've eaten their bananas, drunk their coffee.  
It's about time we learned one of their songs. As  
the USA becomes more bilingual, this may  
become one of our favorite Christmas carols. It*

*fits right in with an ancient tradition of  
localizing the 2000-year-old story. The complete  
words, music and translation to "Cristo Ya  
Nació" are in Sing Out! Magazine, P.O. Box 5253,  
Bethlehem, PA 18015-5253*

Chorus:  
Cristo ya nació en Palacagüina/Del Chepe Pavón y  
una tal María/Ella va a planchar muy  
humildemente/La ropa que goza la mujer  
ociosa/Del terrateniente.

*It means "Christ is already born here in  
Palacagüina. Of Joe Pavone and that gal Maria.  
She's the one who goes so humbly to iron  
clothing for the lazy wife of the landlord." And  
here's how the tune goes. I'll do it very slowly.*

En el cerro de la Iguana/Montaña adentro de la  
Segovia/Se vio un resplandor extraño/Como una  
aurora de medianoche/Los maizales se  
prendieron/Los quiebraplatas se  
estremecieron/Llovió luz por Moyogalpa/Por  
Telpaneca y por Chichigalpa

*In the hills of the Iguana Mountains, there was a  
strange splendor like a midnight dawn. It lit up  
the corn plants. Bolts of lightning showered  
light on Moyogalpa, Telpaneca and Chichigalpa.  
Christ is already born, in Palacagüina of Joe  
Pavone. The second verse says, the Indians,  
that is, the peasants gathered on the hills to  
watch. Joaquin brought bread and cheese from  
Nagarote. There was no gold, no incense, no  
myrrh. They brought sweets from Diriomo, and  
those little fried donuts from Guadalupe.*

Chorus

José el pobre jornalero/Se mecateia todito el  
día/Lo tiene con reumatismo/El tequío de la  
carpintería/María sueña que el hijo/Igual que al  
tata sea carpintero/Pero el cipatillo  
piensa/"Manaña quiero ser guerrillero."

Chorus:

That last verse said "José is a poor carpenter,  
sick from the dust in the carpentry shop. María,  
she's dreaming that the kid, her son, will be a  
carpenter like his daddy. But the kid, *el cipatillo*,  
he's thinking, 'tomorrow, I want to be a guerrilla  
fighter.'"

Chorus (2X)

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### [Intermission]

*So now came a fifteen-minute intermission.  
Looking back on it, that's a strange collection of  
songs for the first half of a concert. I was  
striving for a flow, with contrasts and with  
continuity. Messages contradicted and  
supported each other. I may never in my life  
hear again such a good singing chorus. (But you  
will, if you keep on getting better and better.)  
We're still weak in the bass department. More of  
this later.*

*Several songs I had intended to sing I didn't  
have time for. During the intermission I tried to  
think of what I should do in the second half.  
Decided to start off with a solo on the recorder,  
to get things quieted down. The song after that  
started OK. Then I made the mistake again of*

*talking too much. I should have just said, "This took place at the Carnegie Steel Mill, near Pittsburgh, in 1892." At the end we should have repeated the chorus. Oh well, "Too late, too late . . . too late, too late, too late."*

### Sicilian Tarantella

*(Solo on the alto recorder. Introductory announcements here were omitted from the recording.)*

### Homestead Strike Song

We are asking one another as we pass the time of day/Why working men resort to arms to get their proper pay/And why our labor unions should not be recognized/Whilst the actions of a syndicate must not be criticized.

Now the troubles down at Homestead were brought about this way/When a grasping corporation had the audacity to say/"You must all renounce your union and forswear your liberty/And we will give you a chance to live and die in slavery."

#### Chorus

Now the man that fights for honor none can blame him/May luck attend wherever he may roam/And no son of his will ever live to shame him/Whilst liberty and honor rule our home .

When a band of sturdy working men started out at break of day/Determination in their face which plainly meant to say/"No one shall come and take our homes for which we have toiled so

long/No one shall come and take our place, no it's here that we belong."

A woman with a rifle spied her husband in the crowd/She handed him the weapon and they cheered her long and loud/He kissed her and said, "Mary, you stay home until we're through/When the trouble's over, then I'll return to you."

#### Chorus

When a bunch of bum detectives came without authority/Like thieves at night while decent men were sleeping peacefully/Can you wonder why all honest hearts with indignation burn/And why the worm that treads the ground when trod upon will turn.

When they locked men at Homestead then they were face to face/With a grasping corporation and they knew it was their place/To protect their homes and families and this was neatly done/And the public will reward them for the victory they won.

#### Chorus

### Young Woman who Swallowed a Lie

*The genealogy of this song is interesting. The late Canadian singer, Alan Mills, once read, in a magazine, words of an old English children's rhyme "There was an old lady who swallowed a fly." He wrote some extra verses, and a good tune, and copyrighted it. Years later, in Boston, these new words were written, and Alan graciously gave permission for me to record them.*

There was a young woman who swallowed a lie/I don't know why she swallowed the 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 . . (etc. as before).

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 . . (etc.).

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 . . (etc.).

One day this young woman she woke up and 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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### We Shall Not Be Moved

#### Chorus:

We shall not, we shall not be moved/We shall not, we shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

#### Repeat chorus

We're young and old together/We shall not be moved — Yeah!/We're young and old together/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

We're women and men together/We shall not be moved — Yeah!/We're women and men together/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

We're city and country together/We shall not be moved — Yeah!/We're city and country together/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

#### Chorus

We're black and white together/We shall not be moved — Yeah!/We're black and white together/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

Yes, we're straight and gay together/We shall not be moved — Yeah!/We're straight and gay together/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

Chorus

Well, it's no nukes is good nukes/We shall not be moved/It's no nukes is good nukes/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

Yes, split wood not atoms/We shall not be moved/Split wood not atoms/We shall not be moved/Just like a tree that's standing by the water/We shall not be moved.

Chorus (2X)

### Somagwaza

1st part: Ha-weh, ha-weh so-ma-gwa-za  
2nd part: Somagwaza ma yo-weh, yo-weh  
3rd part: Hey ma yo-weh, hey ma yo-weh  
somagwaza

*I've been kidded a lot for sometimes dividing up an audience in sections to sing parts. But with certain songs it seems to be the only way to keep people from being confused as to which part they're singing. Normally it shouldn't be*

*necessary. In a small group it isn't necessary because individuals can move about till they find the right voice to sing near.*

### Run Come See the Sun

*If you have a gang that loves to sing harmony, try rehearsing the following song for your next solar energy demonstration.*

The first part: Run come and look out; look out and see. Run come see the sun!

The second part: Run come see the sun!

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### If I Had a Hammer

*Too bad this song has to come at the beginning of one side of a disk [referring to LP and cassette editions]. In fact, these days I nearly always start it right over the applause of the previous song, hoping to catch the momentum and the energy, and raising it a notch higher.*

*Lee Hays and I wrote "Hammer" in 1949. It was the very first song recorded by the Weavers. A collector's item. ("No one but collectors ever got it.") But nine years later a brand new group of singers—Peter, Paul and Mary—put it on every radio in the country. They rewrote my melody slightly, and most people nowadays sing it as they heard it on PPM's record. I made an interesting discovery though: both versions can be sung at the same time, and they harmonize with each other. A moral there.*

If I had a hammer/I'd hammer in the morning/I'd hammer in the evening/All over this land/I'd hammer out danger/I'd hammer out warning/I'd hammer out love between my brothers and sisters/All— over this land.

If I had a bell/I'd ring it in the morning/I'd ring it in the evening/All over this land/I'd ring out danger/I'd ring out warning/I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters/All— over this land.

If I had a song/I'd sing it in the morning/I'd sing it in the evening/All over this land/I'd sing out danger/I'd sing out warning/I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters/All— over this land.

Well I got a hammer/And I got a bell/And I got a song to sing/All over this land/It's the hammer of justice/It's the bell of freedom/It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters/All— over this land.

### The Water is Wide

*The last song, for me, would normally be the ending of a concert. Several sure-fire songs in a row, with no talking. But I decided tonight to extend the customary quiet encore to a whole series of songs.*

*Note that the song started before the talking. And, I confess, it was many years before I learned it's worth keeping a good long song going even longer. But you better be sure everyone agrees.*

*Again, here, what was once sung as a solo lament becomes a mass singalong. Songs do tend to change when new groups of people sing them. Still, one should recognize the element of tragedy in the poetry. An English folk song collector noted the melody down in the early years of this century. I suspect I am not even singing the right set of verses, much less the "authentic" time value for the notes. I don't have the sustained voice to sing it properly, so I try to get audiences to sing it for me. (In trying to encourage them to harmonize, I didn't hold to the melody enough myself.)*

The water is wide, I cannot cross over/Neither have I wings to fly/Give me a boat that can carry two/And both shall row, my love and I.

A ship there was and she sails the sea/She's loaded deep as deep can be/But not so deep as the love I'm in/And I know not how I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against some young oak/Thinking he was a trusty tree/But first he bended, and then he broke/And thus did my false love to me.

I put my hand into some soft bush/Thinking the sweetest flower to find/I pricked my finger to the bone/And left the sweetest flower alone.

(humming and whistling)

The water is wide, I cannot cross over/Neither have I wings to fly/Give me a boat/Give me a boat that can carry two/And both shall row, my love and I.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine/Gay as a  
jewel when first it is new/But love grows old and  
waxes cold/And fades away/Like summer dew.

The water is wide, I cannot cross over/Neither  
have I wings to fly/Give me a boat that can carry  
two/And both shall row, my love and I.

### Old Devil Time

*I am thinking of dear old friends, like Moses and  
Frances Asch, and Lee Hays, as I sing this. I  
wrote the song, curiously enough, on assignment  
for a Hollywood movie, of all things; only time  
anything like that has happened to me.*

Old devil time, I'm goin' to fool you now/Old  
devil time, you'd like to bring me down/And  
when I'm feeling low my lovers gather  
'round/And help me rise to fight you one more  
time.

Old devil fear, you with your icy hands/Old devil  
fear, you'd like to freeze me cold/Now when I'm  
sore afraid my lovers gather 'round/And help me  
rise to fight you one more time.

Old devil hate, I knew you long ago/Then I found  
out the poison in your breath/Now when we hear  
your lies my lovers gather 'round/And help me  
rise to fight you one more time.

No storm or fire can ever beat us down/No wind  
that blows but carries us further on/And you  
who fear, oh lovers, gather 'round/And we can  
rise and sing it one more time. (repeats)

### Hole in the Bucket

*The next song is a classic, of course. I think it is  
a translation from the Pennsylvania Dutch, but I  
don't know. Hits the nail right on the head. The  
accompaniment is purposely sparse. Since there  
are several versions of the song commonly  
known, I have to start it off firmly, so at least we  
all sing the same version.*

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear  
Liza/There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a  
hole.

Then fix it, dear Willie, dear Willie, dear  
Willie/Then fix it, dear Willie, dear Willie, fix it.

But how shall I fix it, dear Liza, dear Liza/But  
how shall I fix it, dear Liza, but how.

With straw, dear Willie, dear Willie, dear  
Willie/With straw, dear Willie, dear Willie, with  
straw.

But how shall I cut it, dear Liza....

With a knife, dear Willie....

But the knife needs shapening, dear Liza....

Then sharpen it, dear Willie....

But how shall I sharpen it, dear Liza....

With a stone dear Willie....

But the stone needs water, dear Liza....

Then fetch it, dear Willie....

But how shall I fetch it, dear Liza....

In a bucket, dear Willie....

There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, dear  
Liza/There's a hole in the bucket, dear Liza, a  
hole.

### Jacob's Ladder

(We are) we are (Climbing) climbing/(Jacob's)  
Jacob's (Ladder) Oh yeah!/(We are) we are  
(Climbing) climbing (Jacob's) Ladder/ (Brothers)  
brothers (Sisters) sisters (All) all.

Ev'ry rung goes higher, higher (3X)/Brothers,  
sisters, all

Every new one makes us stronger (3X)/Brothers,  
sisters, all

We are climbing Jacob's Ladder (3X)/Brothers,  
sisters, all

### Twelve Gates to the City

*Marion Hicks, who worked as a cook in  
Brooklyn, taught this to the Weavers as we sat  
around her table in the mid-1950's. How I wish  
she could hear us sing it now. I've sung it  
around the world. In Japan, a man told me, "I  
know what you are singing about: the city of the  
world."*

*That off-beat handclapping, so overdone at rock  
concerts, is perfect here. The feet take the  
downbeat, the hands the offbeat, the banjo*

*usually plays only two notes, a fifth apart,  
leaving room for the (sung) melody note in the  
center.*

Three gates in the East, three gates in the  
West/Three gates in the North, three gates in the  
South/There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-  
yah.

Chorus:  
Oh, what a beautiful city (3X)/Twelve gates to the  
city, Hal-le-loo-yah.

Who are those children there, dressed in  
red?/There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-  
yah/It must be the children that Moses  
led/Twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-yah.

Chorus

When I git to heaven, going to sing and  
shout/There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-  
yah/Ain't nobody there going to keep us  
out/There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-  
yah.

Chorus  
Three gates in the East, three gates in the  
West/Three gates in the North, three gates in the  
South/There's twelve gates to the city, hal-le-loo-  
yah.

Chorus



## Little Birdie

*"Little Birdie" I learned almost forty years ago from a recording by Lilly Mae Ledford of the Coon Creek Girls, Renfrew Valley Barn Dance, Kentucky. I can't "drop-thumb" in her elegant way, but I use her tuning: lower the second string one whole tone.*

*Lilly Mae, a teenager then, is a grandmother now, and has come out of "retirement" to tour colleges and folk festivals. She was raised in the backwoods, and knows the real old time style; compared to an eclectic like me, trying to perform in half a dozen styles. But still I hope I capture a bit of that galloping-horse rhythm.*

Little birdie, little birdie/What makes you fly so high/It's because I'd be a true little bird/And I do not fear to die.

Little birdie, little birdie/What makes your wings so blue/It's because I've been a-grievin'/Grievin' after you.

Little birdie, little birdie/Come sing to me a song/I've a short whole to be here/And a long time to be gone.

Little birdie, little birdie/What makes your head so red/Well, after all that I been through/It's a wonder I ain't dead.

Little birdie, little birdie/What makes you fly so high.

## Greensleeves (instrumental solo on the alto recorder)

### Epilogue

Well, this concert was over. People got their coats, greeted friends, went out into the cold wind. Toshi and friends helped me tie the plywood sign (words of Cristo Ya Nació) to the roofrack of the car.

Little by little we're rebuilding a tradition of singing together. Actually, we're pulling several traditions together. Our greatest songs are yet unsung. Our greatest singers are yet unborn.

Some of my favorite songs were not on this concert: "Wimoweh" (Mbube, from South Africa), "Hard Rain's Gonna Fall," "I'm Gonna be an Engineer," "In the Evening" (a blues) and others. My voice was over-tense, and even more wobbly than usual, but the crowd sang so well and the old wooden auditorium reverberated so, that it was a real pleasure for me to listen to them.

My biggest mistake, as I realized while listening to these tapes, was that I still talk too much. Listening to the tapes I felt like turning to the loudspeaker and saying, "Shut up and sing!" Well, you can copy onto your own tape what you want and forget the rest [note: on the CD version, the longer introductions have separate numbers, so listeners can skip around more].

The record cannot show how a wave of the hand or some other gesture can indicate a refrain, or repeat, to join in on. I hope I have shown,

though, why I don't like to use songsheets, but would rather let folks listen, and see my rhythm, and pretty soon they're singing in spite of themselves. Ten or twenty years ago I would have done more solo songs, and only as the audience warmed up, tried to get them singing with me. But in recent years, I've dived in more boldly, and asked them to help out all the way through.

No two concerts are alike, though no two are very different. I often start with a banjo song, something fairly brisk, vigorous. It relaxes me. I may have jotted down some song titles, but purposely I rarely plan a whole program. The improvised ones seem to flow better. Often I walk out on the stage with only the first song planned. While I'm singing, I'm thinking what might be a good song to follow. I can choose it out of 100 songs I do often, or 300 songs that I do rarely. Sometimes I get a request for one of several hundred that I have forgotten. Then I must apologize. But though I'm no good at remembering shopping lists, songs seem to flow out even after I think I have forgotten them.

Many record buyers would rather listen to one person singing a song (assuming she/he is a good singer) rather than a large untrained group. But I find group sounds inspiring, especially "untrained" voices. I often think, as I face an audience, that here are people whose great-grandfathers were trying to chop off each other's heads. Yet here we all are, harmonizing. Likewise, who knows if one hundred years from now the descendants of present-day Americans, Russians, Chinese, Jews, Arabs, Pakistanis, Hindu, Afrikaners, Bantu, indigenous and invaders, may sometimes sing together. Though

let's hope the world will not become too mixed up. People should stubbornly defend their own language, ways of dressing and eating and dancing. Even so, I suspect we'll have a lot of fun getting acquainted with each other's customs.

Technology and industrialization, if used right, could free us and not destroy us. So far, the profit motive has proved too powerful. But countertrends are everywhere. Perhaps some of the ideas in this record may encourage those who are working on those countertrends.

Pete Seeger 1981

### Credits:

Recorded and mixed by John Nagy, the Mixing Lab  
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### Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

Folkways Records was one of the largest independent record companies of the mid-twentieth century. Founded by Moses Asch in 1947 and run as an independent company until its sale in 1987, Folkways was dedicated to making the world of sound available to the public. Nearly 2,200 titles were issued, including a great variety of American folk and traditional music, children's songs, world music, literature, poetry, stories, documentaries, language instruction and science and nature sounds.

The Smithsonian acquired Folkways in order to ensure that the sounds and the genius of the artists would continue to be available to future generations. Every title is being kept in print and new recordings are being issued. Administered by the Smithsonian's Office of Folklife Programs, Folkways Records is one of the ways the Office supports cultural conservation and continuity, integrity, and equity for traditional artists and cultures.

Several hundred Folkways recordings are distributed by Rounder Records. The rest are available on cassette by mail order from the Smithsonian Institution. For information and catalogs telephone 202/387-3262 or write Folkways, Office of Folklife Programs, 955 L'Enfant Plaza, Suite 2600, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. 20560, U.S.A.