

FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

SUNG BY PETE SEEGER

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7532

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID GAHR



M
1997
S454
1959

MUSIC LP

SKIP TO MY LOU
BLOW THE MAN DOWN
WORKING IN THE WEAVE ROOM
THE FARMER IS THE MAN
TREE CHOPPING SONG
THE WASHER LAD
HI LU LU
BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD

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632 Broadway, NYC, USA 10012

JOSHUA FOUGHT THE BATTLE OF JERICHO
"OH WORRY CARE"
(An Ibo Legend by Alan Lomax, adapted by Pete Seeger)
ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY
JOHN HENRY
HAD'YENU
IT WOULD BE A WONDERFUL WORLD
SO LONG

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

FOLK SONGS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

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FOLKWAYS RECORDS FC 7532

FOLKWAYS RECORDS Album No. FC 7532

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...in a hundred not one boy in a hundred.
...I can trust! a poor girl can trust.

For if I miss that six-foot piece of steel,
Tomorrow be your burying day, Lord, Lord,
Tomorrow be your burying day.

You know, there's a lot of good music in our country
you never hear on the radio. You don't hear it on
the juke boxes, or on television. Just ordinary old-
fashioned songs which one person teaches to another.
Old grandmothers teach it to their little grandchildren.
And the grandchildren grow old, and teach it to their
grandchildren. Let me show you what I mean.
Maybe you all know this one. . . . Hey, sing it with
me.

Hey, hey, skip to my Lou,
Hey, hey, skip to my Lou,
Hey, hey, skip to my Lou,
Skip to my Lou my darling.

Lost my partner, what'll I do. . . . Lord, Lord,

Little Red Wagon, painted blue. . .

Flies in the sugar bowl, shoo, shoo, shoo. . .

Well, now you know, there's so many different kinds
of songs that we could sing from now til next
Tuesday breakfast and wouldn't half cover all the
ballads, and love songs, and lullabies and marching
songs, and hymns, and blues, and silly songs and
sad songs people have made up.

And you know, every job of work there ever was
had a song made up to go along with it. Every job
of work a man or woman ever did. . . Everybody
knows the sailor songs.

Blow the man down, bullies, blow the man down,
To me way, hey, blow the man down;
Blow the man down, bullies, blow him away,
Give me some time to blow the man down.

As I was a'walking down Paradise street,
A pretty young damsel I chanced for to meet. . .

Not only sailors of course, everybody knows there
were cowboy songs too.

People working in factories have made up songs
telling all their troubles.

Working in the weave room, fighting for my life,
Trying to make a living for my kiddies and my wife,
Some are needing clothing, some are needing shoes,
But I'm getting nothing but the weave room blues.
I got the blues, I got the blues,
I got them awful weave room blues.
I've got the blues (yodel), the weave (yodel) room
blues.

There have been thousands of songs like that. Just
sitting, working at a job, getting kind of bored, and
you change around an old tune and put some new
words to it. . . People out in the country:

If each little kid could have fresh milk each day,
If each working man had enough time to play
If each homeless could have a good place to stay.
It could be. . . etc.

When the farmer comes to town, with his wagon
broken down,

The farmer is the man that feeds them all.
If you only look and see, I think you will agree,
The farmer is the man that feeds them all.
The farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,
Lives on credit til the fall,
With the interest rate so high, it's a wonder he
don't die,
The middle man's the one that gets it all.

Oh the banker says he's broke, and the merchant's
up in smoke,
But the farmer is the man that feeds them all,
It would put them to the test, if the farmer took a
rest,
Then they'd know that it's the farmer feeds them all.

Oh the farmer is the man, the farmer is the man,
Lives on credit till the fall,
And his pants are wearing thin, his condition its a sin,
He's forgot that he's the man that feeds them all.

Some of the work songs have a very definite rhythm.
Like this song, when a man is chopping. (Pete Seeger
recorded this work-song at home in the woods around
Beacon New York).

Hey, didn't old John (chop) cross the water (chop)
Water on his knees (chop) Didn't old John (chop) cross
the water (chop)
On his knees (chop) Let's all (chop) bow down (chop)
come on and face (chop) the rising sun (chop) didn't
old John (chop) cross the water (chop) water on his
knee. (chop)

Let us all (chop) sing together (chop) together on our
knees (chop)

Let us all (chop) sing together (chop) on our knees
(chop)

Let us all (chop) bow down (chop) Oh, Lord, and face
the rising sun (chop)

Didn't old John (chop) cross the water (chop) on his
knees (chop)

Didn't old John (chop) wade the water (chop) water on
his knees (chop)

Didn't old John (chop) wade the water (chop) on his
knees (chop)

Let us all (chop) bow down (chop) Lie down and face
(chop) the rising sun (chop) Didn't old John (chop)
cross the water (chop) water on his knees (chop)

Let us all (chop) pray together (chop) together on
our knees (chop)

Let us all (chop) pray together (chop) on our knees
(chop)

Let us all (chop), bow down (chop) Lie down and
face (chop) the rising sun (chop) Didn't old John
(chop) cross the water (chop) water on his knee
(chop).

So long, it's been good to know you,
So long, it's been good to know you,
So long, it's been good to know you,
This dusty old dust is a getting my home
And I got to be drifting along.

Oh, let me see, all the different kinds of jobs to work. Even little children have had songs. Did you ever hear this one?

It's early in the morning, we rise at five o'clock,
And the little slaves come to the door and knock,
knock, knock,
Come ye little washer lad, come let's away,
We're bound down to slavery for four pence a day.

Here is a song, made up way back in the days when
little kids eight years old, nine years old, ten,
would have to go down and work in the mines.

My daddy was a miner, and lived down in the town,
Twas hard work and poverty that always kept him
down,
He aimed for me to go to school, but brass he
couldn't pay,
So I had to go to the washing rig, for four pence a
day.

Four pence a day, me lad, for working like a horse,
And never a pleasant word from my gruffy looking
boss,
His conscience it may fail, and his heart it may give
way,
And he'll raise us our wages, for nine pence a day.

Yep, and there has even been songs for baby-sitters.
I don't know all the words to this. But it goes some-
thing like this.

Vigndig a Fremd Kind (Words & music re-printed from Sing Out magazine.)

This can best be described as an old Yiddish "Baby Sitters' Song". So you thought that baby sitting was only a recent headache? Well, as a baby sitter (if you are one) you might try this song as a lullaby; in that way putting the baby to sleep and assuaging your own feelings at the same time.

Yiddish folk

Liltingly



Chorus:

Ay -lyu-lyu, Sha -sha -sha! Dayn ma-me-shi z'ge-gan-gen in marka-rayn.
Ay-lyu-lyu, shlof mayn kind, Di ma-me-shi vet ki-men gich un ge-shvind.

REFRAIN

Translation:

2. Zolst azoy lebn,
S'geyt mir derinen!
Dayn mameshi z'gegangen
In mark arayn fardinen.

1. May you live long and be well,
My lady, while I sit here and rock
your baby.

CHORUS: Hush, your mother's
gone to the marketplace,
Hush, mama will soon be back.

CHORUS:

3. Andere meydelech tants
Un shpringen
Un ich muz n'kind
Vign un zingen!

CHORUS:

4. Andere meydelech
Tsukerkelech nashn
Un ich muz n's'kind
Vindelech vashn!

CHORUS:

2. Long may you live, for I wish
it to be true, Mama's gone to
provide for you.

3. Other little girls can dance
and swing, but I must rock the ba-
by and sing!

4. Other girls can buy goodies and
candy, but I must wash the baby's
panties!



I guess, in every country around the world there
have been songs like that, where poor people have
had to go and take care of the rich people's
children. Right down in our own South you could
hear songs like that:

Baa, baa, black sheep, where'd you leave your lamb,
Way down yonder in the cornfield;
And the buzzards and the butterflies, a buzzing all
around,

The poor little thing cries "mammy."
My mama told me, before she went away,
Take good care of the baby,
But I went to play, and the baby went away,
The poor little thing cried "mammy."

And the buzzards and the butterflies,
A'buzzing all around,
The poor little thing cried "mammy."

Do you know who made up this song? Oh, I don't
know who, exactly, but it was made up by some
woman who was a slave, way back in slavery days.
And she'd have to go up to the big house and take
care of the master's children all day long. And
her own children were down at the slave cabin
with nobody to take care of them, except maybe an
older brother or an older sister. You can
imagine how their mother felt up there. Worrying,
wondering how her little baby's getting along all
day long. Who's keeping the flies off? Anybody
rocking it to sleep?

Baa, baa black sheep, where'd you leave your lamb,
Way down yonder in the cornfield,
And the buzzards and the butterflies, were buzzing
all around,
The poor thing cried "mammy."

My mama told me, before she went away,
To take good care of the baby,
But I went to play, and the baby went away,
And the poor little thing cried "mammy."
And the buzzards and the butterflies,
A'pecking on its eyes. The poor little thing
cried "mammy."

Did you ever wonder who it is makes up all these songs. The people who made up these songs were just ordinary folks like you and me, and millions of others like us. And they didn't make up a song all together. They'd take over an old tune and change it. There was some cowboy. He was singing a song called, "Bury Me Not on the Deep Blue Sea," an old English sailor's song. Of course, by the time he got through with it it was called, "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie." Ah, you've probably done the same thing. You know the song that goes:

Pepsi Cola hits the spot, 12 full. . .

I was singing that to some kids in school, explaining that that came from an old English folk song,

Do you ken John Peel at the break of day,
Do you ken John Peel when he's far away.
With his hounds and his horns in the morning.

Oh, the kids say, "you're not singing it right.
This is the way we sing it."

SIDE I, Band 2:

Yep, you make them up all the time. Silly things that go on around you. If the song is a good enough one, why someone will pick it up from you, and he'll hand it on to someone else, and maybe they'll change verses a little bit, change the tune a little bit, and hundreds of different people might have had a hand in putting it together. You know, you put all these songs together, they're better than a whole shelf of history books. They'll tell you everything that ever went on. The good times, and the bad times, and all the work people had to do to make this a good country to live in. And the fights and the troubles they had. Think of the days when there was slavery, and a child could be taken and sold, just like a pound of bacon, sold to some stranger he never saw before. Never see its mother again.

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
A long way from home, a long way from home.

Sometimes I feel like a feather in the air. . .

Sometimes I feel like I'm almost gone. . .

Well, you know how we got rid of slavery, don't you. It wasn't one person, it wasn't two. Took a whole lot of people, all working together, just like that old song, you know. Joshua, telling how if you wanted to break down those walls of Jericho, everybody has to blow the trumpet the exact same time. You know it. Sing it along with me:

Joshua came to Jericho, took his horn and gave a
blow,
Said that city had to go, that's the end of Jericho.

Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, Jericho, Jericho,
Joshua fought the battle of Jericho, and the walls
come a'tumbling down.

That morning, Joshua fought, etc.

Now up to those walls of Jericho, he marched with a
spear in hand,

Go blow those ram horns Joshua cried, for the battle
is in my hands.

(That morning) Joshua fought, etc.

Then the lamb, ram, sheep horns began to blow, the
trumpets began to sound,

Old Joshua commanded the children to shout, and the
walls come'a tumbling down.

Now there's no man like Joshuay, no man like Saul,
No man like Joshuay, at the battle of Jericho.

(CHORUS)

SIDE II, Band 1:

Oh Worry Care, an Ibo legend by Alan Lomax
adapted by Pete Seeger.

Oh, Worry Care, oh, Worry Care,
Countryman they're gonna kill me, to kill me,
The Ibo land they're gonna show me the gal they
call Worriycare.

Show me the gal they call Worriycare, show me
the gal they call Worriycare.

You know where that song came from. Long, long, long time ago, there was a king. And he had a beautiful daughter. But this daughter gave him so much trouble. She wouldn't mind. And she kept getting into scrapes, and she...she declared she wouldn't marry anybody. And the king was just in a terrible fix. He advertised all around the kingdom. He wanted to get a suitor for her. He wanted to get a husband for her. And he had a contest. He advertised "anybody who can guess the name of my daughter, my own private name for my daughter, can have her hand in marriage." And his private name for his daughter was Worry-care because she caused him so much worry, so much care. Well, the rich and the fine people came from all around the country. The princes, and the dukes. And they'd go up and try and guess the name. And one would say "Estelle," the other'd say, "Mary," and the other'd say, "Topsy." And the other'd say, "Goldilocks." Nope. They wouldn't guess right, and off would go their heads. Just like that, because they didn't guess right. Now it just so happened that in this big city was a young man who often admired the princess, when she rode down the street in her fine carriage. He thought she was the most beautiful thing in the entire world he'd ever seen. He certainly wanted to marry her. But he was scared to go up and try, and just guess, and get his head chopped off like everybody else. So he decided he would be a little clever. He said, "after all, you know. You don't have to go to school to be clever always, and I've a little native wit that comes from a long time ago. My grand-

mother she came from Ibo land, and she said, if you want to find something out you go very quietly. You don't let anybody know you are there. And you listen and keep your ears open. So my grandmother from Ibo land, I'm going to take her advice. He snuck down to the side of the ocean, where the princess used to go in swimming. And he hid there in the bushes, and there she was in swimming. None of the servants around knew that he was there, except her little dog. The little dog, I guess, could sniff the air and tell some stranger was there. And the dog went to the bush and started barking. And he didn't know what would happen. If they discovered him they'd chop his head off anyway. The dog was barking at him, and the princess came and said, "Go away from that bush. Go away, from that bush. What are you making such a fuss about. If my name wasn't 'Worrycare' I'd give you a good spanking." "Ah, hah," he says, "now I know. Or do I?" he says. "Maybe I didn't hear right." He went back to his home and he thought I know what I'll do. And he got all his friends together. And he said, "Let's have a parade. Downtown. And I'll teach you my new song." And they made a big Conga line like a snake, and he had a big drum at the head of it. He made up a song. And he taught them the song. (Oh, Worrycare, etc.) You see, he says "the countryman they gonna kill me, they kill me, right here in my own country. But the Ibo land, where my grandmother came from, ah, Ibo land is gonna show me how to tell the real name of the princess. (Sings)

Well, you know the king leaned out of his window, and he heard this whole long line of people snaking down the main street of town with the drummer at the head. And they were all singing so loud, he said, "Who gave them the name of my daughter. He has guessed it. And he called them all into the palace. And there were all the ragamuffins, and all the gay people dressed up in many colors, and the princess came in, and she looked around, and she was scared. She'd never seen so many strange people, and all their ragged clothes. But the king says, "You guess the name of my daughter, and I'll keep the bargain. Here she is. They all sang:

SIDE II, Band 2:

(from children's concert of Town Hall)
On Top of Old Smokey

The grave will decay you, (and turn you to dust) and
turn you to dust
(Not one boy in a hundred) not one boy in a hundred.
(A poor girl can trust) a poor girl can trust.

(They'll hug you and kiss you) They'll hug you and
kiss you,
(And tell you more lies) And tell you more lies.
(Than crossties on a railroad) Than crossties on a
railroad,
(Or stars in the skies) Or stars in the skies.
(So come all you maidens) So come all you maidens.
(And listen to me) And listen to me.
(Never place your affections) Never place your
affections
(On a green willow tree) On a green willow tree
(For the leaves they will wither) For the leaves
they will wither,
(The roots they will die) The roots they will die,
(You'll all be forsaken) You'll all be forsaken,
(And never know why) And never know why.

SIDE II, Band 3: Good Night Irene

Well, Irene, goodnight. Irene goodnight.
Goodnight Irene, goodnight Irene, I'll see you in
my dreams.

Last Saturday night I got married, Me and my wife
settled down.

Now me and my wife are parted, I'm gonna take
another stroll downtown.

You caused me to weep, you caused me to morn.
You caused me to leave my home.
But the very last words I heard her say,
Was please sing me one more song.

SIDE II, Band 4: John Henry

And they used to have songs about famous people that
did great things. I'm not just talking about George
Washington, or Abraham Lincoln, but lets sing a
song about a very famous man who did a very great
thing:

John Henry was about two days old, sitting on his
poppa's knee,
He picks up a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Cried this hammer's gonna be the death of me,
Lord, Lord,
This hammer's gonna be the death of me.

Now the captain he said to John Henry, I'm gonna
bring me a steam drill 'round,
I'm going to bring the steam drill out on the job,
I'm gonna whup that steel on down, down, down,
I'm gonna whup that steel on down.
John Henry said to his captain, bring me a thirty
pound hammer around,
Yeah, a thirty pound hammer with a five foot handle,
And I'll beat your steel drill down, down, down,
Beat your steam drill down.

Now John Henry said to his shaker, said shaker you
better pray,
For if I miss that six-foot piece of steel,
Tomorrow be your burying day, Lord, Lord,
Tomorrow be your burying day.

Now 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,
 Steam drill only made nine.

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

John Henry had a little woman, and her name was
 Polly Ann,
 John Henry took sick and he went to his bed,
 And Polly Ann drove steel like a man, Lord, Lord,
 And Polly Ann drove steel like a man.

Now, John Henry had a little baby, you could hold him
 in the palm of your hand,
 And 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.

So every Monday morning, when the bluebirds began
 to sing,
 You can hear John Henry about a mile or more,
 You can hear John Henry's hammer ring, Lord, Lord,
 You can hear John Henry's hammer ring.



SIDE II, Band 6:

So you see, what we're saying this afternoon. All
 the songs together, they say something like this.

If we consider each other, a neighbor, a friend or
 a brother,
 It could be a wonderful, wonderful world,
 It could be a wonderful world, it could be a wonderful
 world.

If each little kid could have fresh milk each day,
 If each working man had enough time to play
 If each homeless could have a good place to stay,
 It could be. . . etc.

SIDE II, Band 5: Dayenu

Well, not only did working people help to make this
 world what it is, but many different kinds of working
 people made it. Let's sing a song in another language
 but English. How many of you know?

(Words & music re-printed from
 Sing Out magazine.)

Fairly Fast

I - lu ho - tsi, ho - tsi - a - nu, ho - tsi - a - nu mi - Mits - ra - yim,
 I - lu na - tan, na - tan la - nu, na - tan la - nu et ha Sha - bat,
 Ho - tsi - a - nu mi - mits - ra - yim, Da - ye - nu: Da - da - ye - nu ----
 Na - tan la - nu et ha Sha - bat.
 da-da-ye - nu --- da-da-ye - nu, da - ye - nu, da - ye - nu ---- ye - nu, da - ye - nu:
 Ilu hichni hichnisanu
 Hichnisanu L'Eretz Yisral
 Hichnisanu L'Eretz Yisral.
 DAYENU, etc.

And the words say: If the Lord had only given us the
 toil, that would have been fine, but he gave us so
 much more. And the next verse says: If the Lord
 had only given us the Sabbath that would have been
 fine, but he gave us so much more.

If there were no poor, and the rich content,
 If strangers were welcome wherever they went,
 If each of us knew what true brotherhood meant,
 It could be a wonderful world, it could be a
 wonderful world.

Words & music by Hy Zaret and Lou Singer

SIDE II, Band 7: So long by Woody Guthrie

So long, it's been good to know you,
 So long, it's been good to know you,
 So long, it's been good to know you,
 This dusty old dust is a getting my home,
 And I got to be drifting along.