



Smithsonian Folkways



TOM

Glazer

SINGS

HONK-

Hiss-

Tweet-

GGGGGGGGGG

...and Other
Children's

Favorites

- | | | | |
|---|-------------|---|-------------|
| 1. Come Down the Aisle | 1:45 | 14. Little White Duck | 3:05 |
| (Tom Glazer / Songs Music Inc., ASCAP) | | (Walt Barrows – Bernard Zaritzky / Colgems EMI Music Inc., ASCAP) | |
| 2. The Bus Song | 1:53 | 15. Down by the Station | 1:49 |
| | | (Bruce Belland - Glen Larson / Unichappell Music Inc., BMI) | |
| 3. Three Crows | 3:11 | 16. Skip to My Lou | 3:14 |
| | | 17. The Fox | 2:57 |
| 4. The Big Rock Candy Mountain | 3:06 | 18. Put Your Finger in the Air | 2:44 |
| (Marshall P. Locke – Charles Tyner – new words by Tom Glazer / Songs Music Inc., ASCAP) | | (Woody Guthrie / TRO Folkways Music Publishers Inc., BMI) | |
| 5. Honk-Hiss-Tweet-GGGGGGGGGG | 1:32 | 19. Hush Little Baby | 2:47 |
| | | 20. Come On and Join into the Game | 1:58 |
| 6. This Old Man | 2:51 | (Pete Kameron / TRO Folkways Music Publishers Inc., BMI) | |
| 7. On Top of Spaghetti | 2:40 | 21. Little Bitty Baby | 3:30 |
| (Tom Glazer / Songs Music Inc., ASCAP) | | (Go, I Will Send Thee) | |
| 8. A Robin Sat in a Cherry Tree | 2:13 | 22. Now, Now, Now | 2:18 |
| 9. Haul Away Joe | 3:24 | (Tom Glazer – Lou Singer / Songs Music Inc. – Larry Spier Music LLC, ASCAP) | |
| 10. I Know an Old Lady | 3:18 | 23. The Frog Went A-Courtin' | 3:01 |
| (Alan Mills – Rose Bonne / Peer International Corp., BMI) | | 24. So Long, It's Been Good To Know You | 0:43 |
| 11. Jimmy Crack Corn | 2:49 | (Woody Guthrie / TRO Folkways Music Publishers Inc., BMI) | |
| (The Blue-Tail Fly) | | | |
| 12. Jennie Jenkins | 3:43 | | |
| 13. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer | 2:57 | | |
| (Johnny Marks / St. Nicholas Music Inc., ASCAP) | | | |

Honk-Hiss-Tweet-GGGGGGGGGG



Smithsonian Folkways

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Introduction

Children and their doting parents clamored backstage for an autograph from my father, Tom Glazer, after one of his countless live concerts “for and with children” (as he liked to say), usually in a school close to our Westchester County, New York, home. I, and later my younger brother Peter, sat in the front row, never quite comprehending—he was our *father*, not a celebrity—the power of the joy that poured forth from the audience of children to the man with the guitar on stage—and back from Tom to the children. The task of introducing my father, Tom Glazer, to the children of the 21st century is a celebration of the joy and timelessness of childhood itself. When the *New York Times* wrote of Tom being “able to speak to children as saints speak to birds,” the review captured the essence of his appeal: singing “for and with” children, uniquely responding to the commonality of their needs, interests, and joys.

In the introduction to his songbook *Music for Ones and Twos*, Tom writes: “[I]n examining many books and recordings for children, I have noticed that most of the material is written or performed from the point of view of what an adult thinks is children’s material. It happens, though, that only rarely is the child’s own point of view taken into consideration—a child’s vocabulary, a child’s style of speech, a child’s interests. Many prizewinning books (and recordings) for children have been issued that meet with little, or no, interest from the children themselves. On the other hand, take this line from one of the songs herein: *I roll the ball to Daddy/He rolls it back to me*. This is as boring to an adult as can be, but it is a thrilling line to a very young child. It emerges directly from the daily life and daily pleasure of a child: his daddy, a ball, rolling the ball back and forth. What could be of greater significance? And judging by changed attitudes on the part of parents, teachers, doctors, psychologists, we are more and more appreciating...the fundamental consequences of the earliest years.” Of course the early years are fundamental, and Tom captured them, remarkably enough, in the groups of children in his audiences. As Martin

Tolchin wrote in another *New York Times* review of a concert at New York’s Town Hall, “By treating them as individuals, and as equals, Mr. Glazer handily won the adoration of his young audience.” Childhood is not all fun and games, yet the need and capacity for play—through relationships with loved ones and friends and those outside the family who symbolize them—is fundamental, and that is what Tom Glazer captured in his songwriting and live children’s performances. In the following biographical sketch, look for the seeds in Tom’s own early life that bore fruit in the children’s entertainer he would become.

Tom Glazer was born in Philadelphia in 1914 to Russian immigrants: Jacob, a ship’s carpenter, and Sophie, who devoted herself to raising their children, Sidney, Harry, and Tom. Jacob died in 1918 in the influenza pandemic, when Tom was only 4. Yet Tom later described his father’s collection of classical recordings as his first formative influence in loving and later making a career of music. Of his father, Tom told an interviewer at age 84, “He left a lot of classical music behind that I began listening to at an early age, so he must have been a music lover.... Music was around my family in two ways. My mother would occasionally sing to me, but not often after my father died. The songs she sang were nice, her voice was pleasant, but I was mostly stimulated by the classical music my father left behind.” Throughout his life, though his career was in children’s and “pop” music, Tom’s leisure hours were immersed in classical music listening and playing the figures of his beloved J.S. Bach on his Steinway baby grand.

If the musical legacy from his parents and the early loss of his classical music-loving father planted the seeds of the musician Tom would become, the Philadelphia schools nurtured them. Always generous in acknowledging those individuals and institutions that influenced and supported him, Tom often credited Philadelphia public schools’ excellent music education for his musical development during his youth. In an unpublished (and also unedited for grammar) “musical autobiography” Tom quipped that his first expression as a musician was at age 8 months, “when I sang ‘Mama’ in a clear descending minor third.” Thereafter, his Philadelphia school music education takes center stage. “In the 1st grade I was taught several songs, ‘Santa Lucia’ (which made me cry it was so pretty), ‘Funiculi-Funicula’ and many others. Age

10, taught the bass tuba and played later in the junior high orchestra and then the high school orchestra and football band. Also joined a high school jazz band.”

Tom’s entrée to formal public performance came early—he records his first “paid” performance at 16, when an informal trio he formed with two friends—Tom singing, the others on violin and guitar—were hired to perform on a Sunday morning children’s show on Philadelphia radio station WCAU. The program was sponsored by Horn & Hardart, the venerable chain of coin-operated “automat” restaurants. Tom’s compensation for the performance: a \$1.25

Horn & Hardart restaurant coupon, doubtless welcome in the depression year of 1930. Soon thereafter, Tom notes, “I made my first real singing money singing ‘O Promise Me’ by Reginald De Koven at a wedding at which time this number was very popular as a wedding song. I got ten bucks, having spent four hours painfully transposing the sheet music key to a more comfortable, lower range. I was accompanied by a violin and guitar.”

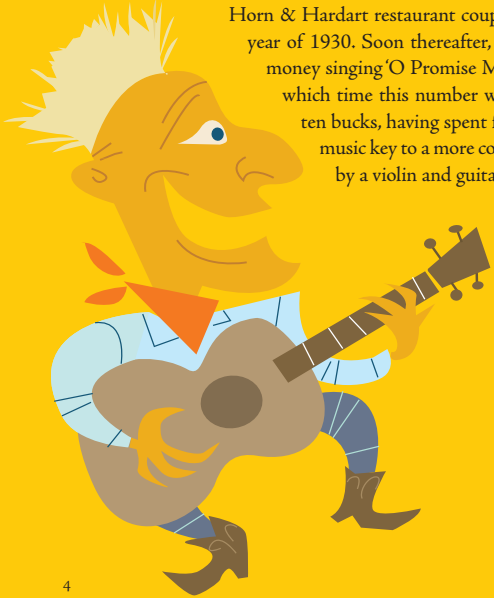
Out of job prospects in Philadelphia, at 17 Tom dropped out of high school, hitchhiked to New York where a friend’s apartment provided a roof over his head, got a sales job at Macy’s, and enrolled in “night school,” where at 20 he graduated from high school first in his class. Devoted to language and literature, Tom enrolled at City College of New York, his heart set on an academic career, and found employment singing in a Catholic church choir. However, economic conditions and the coming of war led him to

leave college before graduating to jump at full-time employment at the Library of Congress, and he moved to Washington at 26 in 1940.

Tom’s work at the Library of Congress was pivotal: There he met folklorist Alan Lomax, listened to field recordings he and father John Lomax had made in Appalachia, and Lomax taught Tom his first guitar chords. Tom’s “musical autobiography” continues at the point of learning guitar chords “which I quickly picked up...got turned on to the beginnings of big city folk music via the Almanacs, Richard Dyer-Bennet and Burl Ives,...got some folksinging jobs through my friendship with Dyer-Bennet,” and was sufficiently successful and sought after that he eventually left his academic hopes in English literature and music. As he put it, “I still wanted a college degree but dropped out of a registration line twice at George Washington University.” After moving back to New York, “made a date to explore Juilliard and cancelled.”

Tom’s formal public debut as a folk singer came on January 8, 1943, at New York’s Town Hall during a blizzard. Panicked that the weather would make for minimal attendance, he was greeted not only by an audience but “to my amazement a critic actually showed up from the *New York Times* and gave me a very favorable review. I was off and running, stumbling rather, as a folksinger.... My folksinging to my intense pleasure was immediately successful and [I] decided to forget Juilliard.”

Tom’s musical career is best remembered for his children’s music, which came in the form of songbooks and musical finger-play collections, radio and television shows, recordings, and hundreds of live performances at schools, churches, and concert halls as varied as Town Hall, his sons’ classrooms and summer camp, and Philadelphia’s Academy of Music, then home of the Philadelphia Orchestra, where he performed a series of children’s concerts with that venerable musical institution. Yet the breadth of Tom’s musical sensibility and output is truly striking. At the earliest stage of his budding career as a folk singer in Washington, for example, Tom and several co-workers at the Library of Congress formed an amateur folk-singing group, one of whose performances was attended by First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt. This chance event led to her invitation for the group to perform on the White House back lawn to entertain and



honor the military detail assigned to protect President Roosevelt; it culminated in the thrill of the President himself making an appearance on a balcony overlooking the performance. In the 1950s, Tom wrote lyrics to several successful “pop” hits including his first, “Old Soldiers Never Die,” taken from General MacArthur’s address to Congress during the Korean War. “Old Soldiers” was recorded by Vaughn Monroe and was followed by “More” (Perry Como), “Till We Two Are One” (Georgie Shaw), and “Melody of Love” (many artists). Tom composed the songs and score for the Elia Kazan–Budd Schulberg film *A Face in the Crowd*. Finally, a musical accomplishment of which Tom and we as his sons are especially proud, which melded his love of folk and classical music, is his hymn to peace and freedom, “Because All Men are Brothers,” set to J.S. Bach’s famous chorale from the St. Matthew Passion. It was later recorded both by The Weavers and Peter, Paul and Mary (as “The Whole Wide World Around”).

Tom Glazer’s gift in communicating with children through music may be the stuff of minor legend. As John Glazer’s mentor (many years later), Dr. Albert Solnit, distinguished Yale child psychiatrist, put it in a blurb on Tom’s 1983 book *Music for Ones and Twos*, “Tom Glazer knows how to communicate with children and their parents in a delightful and effective manner.... His new book...is a highly useful extension of his creativity and talent, enabling parents and very young children to join him as active participants in the universal experience of songs and games.” Tom always said children taught him that, in order to be effective, he needed to sing WITH children, not simply FOR them. We hope this recording of Tom Glazer singing “for and with children” will bring you as much pleasure as it has given generations of children and families before you. Tom’s legacy to children is truly a living one; as his and our mother Mimi’s children and daughter-in-law, we celebrate the opportunity to share it.

*John, Peter, and Diana Wasserman Glazer
Shaker Heights, Ohio, and Berkeley, California, May 2008*



Song Notes

Diana Wasserman Glazer

1. Come Down the Aisle

Starting a concert while children were still arriving with their parents, Tom would often ad-lib a song like this one. The children were immediately engaged, as they knew that he was singing to them, in that moment, on that day.

Come down the aisle, we’ve got a little while,
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, take
your seat;
Come down the aisle, we’re gonna start in a
little while,
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up,
Daddy is beat.

Daddy is beat, Daddy is beat.
He’d rather be home, he’d rather be home,
resting his tired feet.

Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up,
come down the aisle.
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up; we’re gonna
start in a little while.

Here comes somebody; I think I saw her
before.
Last time I saw her she was on the nursery
floor.
She was a cute little bum; she was sucking
her thumb,
Hurry up, hurry up, hurry up, hurry up,
come down the aisle!

HI!

2. The Bus Song

Who hasn't sung "The Bus Song," bounced to it, rocked to it, on the way to school, to camp, or to town? Tom's verses got crazier and crazier as he sang in his concerts: the brake on the bus, the baby on the bus, the bus on the bus....

The people in the bus go up and down,
Up and down, up and down.
The people on the bus go up and down,
All around the town.

There's a brake in the bus goes "Roomp,
roomp, roomp,
Roomp, roomp, roomp; roomp, roomp,
crash!"
The brake in the bus goes
"Roomp, roomp, roomp!"
All around the town.

There's a wiper in the bus goes "Swish,
swish, swish,
Swish, swish, swish; swish, swish, swish!"
There's a wiper in the bus goes "Swish,
swish, swish!"
All around the town.

There's money in the bus goes "Clink, clink,
clink,
Clink, clink, clink; clink, clink, dollar bill!"
There's money in the bus goes "Clink, clink,
clink!"
All around the town.

There's a baby in the bus goes
"Wah, wah, wah,
Wah, wah, wah; wah, wah, wah!"
There's a baby in the bus goes
"Wah, wah, wah!"
All around the town.

There's a bus in the bus goes "Bus, bus, bus,
Bus, bus, bus; bus, bus, bus!"
There's a bus in the bus goes "Bus, bus, bus!"
All around the town.

3. Three Crows

In the traditional Scottish song, three *crows* (crows) sat upon a *wa'* (wall) on a *cauld* (cold) and frosty mornin'. Practice drawing out the *a's* as *aw's* and rolling the *r's* as *arrrr* to sound more authentically Scottish.

Three crows sat upon the wa',
sat upon the wa', sat upon the wa';
Three crows sat upon the wa',
on a cold and frosty mornin'.

The first crow could not find his ma, could
not find his ma, could not find his ma;
The first crow could not find his ma, on a
cold and frosty mornin'.

The second crow could not find his pa, could
not find his pa, could not find his pa;
The second crow could not find his pa, on a
cold and frosty mornin'.

The third crow ate the other twa', ate the
other twa', ate the other twa';
The third crow ate the other twa', on a cold
and frosty mornin'.

The fourth crow was not there at a', was not
there at a', was not there at a';
The fourth crow was not there at a', on a cold
and frosty mornin'.

4. The Big Rock Candy Mountain

This special lyric was written and recorded by Tom Glazer, especially for children, in 1950 or so. A children's utopia in the 21st century might include a few video games, cell phones, and other high-tech devices, but the desire to be bigger than adults, faster and stronger, and always the winner is universal and timeless.

On a sunny day in the month of May,
Oh a bunch of kids came loping.
Down a shady lane through the sugar cane,
For years they'd been hope, hope, hoping;
As they walked along, they sang a song
Of a land of cake and candy,
Where a kid can play when he wants to play,
And everything's just dandy.

Chorus:
Oh the buzzing of the bees in the bubble
gum trees
Near the soda water fountain
At the lemonade springs where the popsicle
sings
On that Big Rock Candy Mountain.

There's the ice cream hill where you have
your fill,
And the donuts grow like flowers.
You can play each day, ev'ry day's a holiday,
And the days have a hundred hours.
There you go to school in a swimming pool,
And your fav'rite cowboys teach you,
And you ride a horse, it's your own, of course;
You're so tall that your Daddy can't reach you.
(Chorus)

You'll have lots of fun, when you hit home
runs
Every time you come to bat.
When the doctor is ill, you will feed *him* pills.
What do you think of that?
And you'll take a trip in a rocket ship
A hundred miles a minute.
Every day you'll go to the rodeo,
And you'll be the hero in it.
(Chorus)

You'll be stronger than the strongest man,
And your bath you'll take in a Pepsi-cola lake,
And it never rains on the peppermint plains,
And you'll always win every game you're in
On the Big Rock Candy Mountain!

5. Honk-Hiss-Tweet-GGGGGGGGGG

What child doesn't laugh at the hilarity of different silly mouth sounds a singer may produce? Gargling, a lost art, always brings a giggle. "Honk-Hiss-Tweet-GGGGGGGGGG" also reminds kids of those not-so-acceptable noises the mouth can imitate, and brings on even more hilarity.

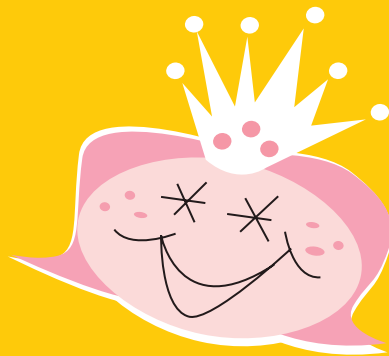
One day I met a wee little pig,
With a honk, hiss, tweet, g-g-g-g-g,
Walking along the road.

"Oh where are you going, my wee little pig?
With a honk, hiss, tweet, g-g-g-g-g,
Where are you going?" said I.

The little pig answered me, clear as a bell.
He said, "Honk, hiss, tweet, g-g-g-g-g."
That's what he said to me.

So if you ever meet a wee little pig,
With a honk, hiss, tweet, g-g-g-g-g,
Walking along the road

You'll go,
"Honk, hiss, tweet, g-g-g-g-g."
That's what you'll do, I know.



6. This Old Man

An old song of English origin, this hit was made popular worldwide when it was sung in an Ingrid Bergman movie in 1960–1961. It is a counting game and finger-play. As you sing along to it, knock on your shoe, your knee, your thumb, etc., and end each verse by rolling the hands over and over. Soon even the littlest tot will join in.

This old man, he played one,
He played knick-knack on my thumb,
With a knick-knack paddywack,
give the dog a bone,
This Old Man came rolling home.

This old man, he played two,
He played knick-knack on my shoe,
With a knick-knack paddywack,
give the dog a bone,
This Old Man came rolling home.

This old man, he played three, he played
knick-knack on my knee, etc.
This old man, he played four, he played
knick-knack on my door, etc.
This old man, he played five, he played
knick-knack on my hive, etc.

This old man, he played six, he played knick-knack on my sticks, etc.

This old man, he played seven, he played knick-knack up in heaven, etc.

This old man, he played eight, he played knick-knack on my plate, etc.

This old man, he played nine, he played knick-knack on my vine, etc.

This old man, he played ten, he played knick-knack all over again, etc.

7. On Top of Spaghetti

Here are new words to the popular folk tune, "On Top of Old Smokey." Tom Glazer's album, *On Top of Spaghetti*, recorded with the Do-Re-Mi Children's Chorus, was nominated for a Grammy Award in 1963 under the category "Best Recording for Children," and it remains one of his most enduring hits. This version was recorded in a 6th-grade classroom at his son's elementary school, with students singing along. The song has made appearances on playgrounds around the world as well as *Sesame Street*, popular TV sitcoms, and even a Calvin and Hobbes cartoon strip. A four-star Italian restaurant in New Jersey is named "On Top of Spaghetti."

On top of spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
I lost my poor meatball when somebody sneezed.

It rolled off the table and onto the floor,
And then my poor meatball rolled out of the door.

Oh, it rolled in the garden and under a bush,
And then my poor meatball was nothing but mush.

Well, the mush was as tasty as tasty could be,
And early next summer it grew into a tree.

The tree was all covered with beautiful moss,
It grew lovely meatballs and tomato sauce.

So if you eat spaghetti, all covered with cheese,
Hold on to your meatballs and don't ever sneeze.

8. A Robin Sat in a Cherry Tree

While we are used to hearing folk singers take a stand on the issues of the day, most children's songs are not political. This one definitely carries a message.

A robin sat on a cherry tree
Singing a song of chip-chip-chee.
Along came a man with a dog and a gun,
And he shot the little robin just for fun.

At least that's all the man did say
As on the ground the birdy lay.
With a broken wing and a hole in its side,
It fluttered and chirped and then it died.

Oh I'd rather be a dog or a cat
Or the meanest kind of an old gray rat,
Than to be the man with the dog and the gun,
Who shot the little robin just for fun.

9. Haul Away Joe

Many folk songs originated as work songs. This is an example of a "short-drag" chantey, sung while sailors exerted themselves in repetitive motions, i.e., hoisting a sail, pulling a rope. The song helped the sailors work in uni-

son as the rope was pulled over and over.

When I was a little boy, me mother always told me:

"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"
She said, if I did not kiss the girls,
My lips would all grow moldy.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"

King Louis was the King of France
Before the Revolution.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"
But the people chopped his head off,
Which spoiled his constitution.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"

Once I had a Dobbs Ferry girl, but she was awful lazy.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"
And then I got an Ardsley girl,
She darn near drove me crazy.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"

Additional verse:

Way haul away, we'll haul for better weather,
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"
Way, haul away, we'll sail away together.
"Way, haul away; we'll haul away, Joe!"

10. I Know an Old Lady

Children love the absurdity of this favorite, written in the 1950s by Alan Mills with lyrics by Rose Bonne. As the story gets more and more farfetched, the children giggle and laugh in increasing crescendo until the expected—and delightfully gruesome—last line.

I know an old lady who swallowed a fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a bird,
Now, ain't it absurd to swallow a bird?

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a cat,
Now fancy that, to swallow a cat!
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a dog,
My, what a hog to swallow a dog!
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,

She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat,
She just opened her throat and swallowed
a goat.
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,

Perhaps she'll die.
I know an old lady who swallowed a cow,
I don't know how she swallowed a cow.
She swallowed the cow the catch the goat,
She swallowed the goat to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider
That wriggled and wriggled and tickled
inside her;
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why she swallowed the fly,
Perhaps she'll die.

Now, I know an old lady who swallowed a
horse—
(Spoken) SHE DIED, OF COURSE!

11. Jimmy Crack Corn (The Blue-Tail Fly)

“Jimmy Crack Corn,” also called “The Blue-Tail Fly,” is a folk version of a Dan Emmett minstrel song. Like so many minstrel songs, Emmett’s probably originated in African-American folk sources. Burl Ives learned it from Alex Lomax on a CBS radio show in 1940, and his frequent renditions made it a hit.

When I was young, I used to wait
Upon old master, and pass his plate,
And fetch the bottle when he got dry,
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Chorus:

Jimmy crack corn, and I don’t care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don’t care,
Jimmy crack corn, and I don’t care,
My master’s gone away.

We went riding one afternoon,
I followed with a hickory broom.
The pony being very, very shy
Got bitten by a blue-tail fly.
(Chorus)

The pony he did rear and pitch.
He threw old master into a ditch.
The jury asked the reason why,
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.
(Chorus)

So we laid old master down to rest,
And on a stone this last request,
“Beneath the earth, I’m forced to lie:
A victim of the blue-tail fly.”
(Chorus)

12. Jennie Jenkins

Called a nonsense song, “Jennie Jenkins” was a favorite at Tom Glazer concerts. It doesn’t matter where Jennie is going; everyone in the audience has a color to identify with. On this recording, Tom chides the women in the audience for not being able to decide what to wear. As male fashion has gotten more and more elaborate, the song might now be sung to the Jeffrey Jenkinsons of the world just as well.

Will you wear white, oh my dear, oh my dear,
Will you wear white, Jennie Jenkins?
No, I won’t wear white, for the color’s too bright,
I’ll buy me a fol-de-rol-de til-de-tol-de seek
a double

Use-a-cause-a-roll a-find-me-roll, Jennie
Jenkins, roll.

Will you wear blue, oh my dear, oh my dear,
Will you wear blue, Jennie Jenkins?
No, I won’t wear blue, ‘cause blue won’t do
I’ll buy me, etc.

Will you wear green, etc.
No, I won’t wear green; it ain’t fit to be seen, etc.

Will you wear red, etc.
No, I won’t wear red; it’s the color of my
head, etc.

Will you wear purple, etc.
No, I won’t wear purple; it’s the color of a
turkle, etc.

What will you wear, oh my dear, oh my dear,
What will you wear, Jennie Jenkins?
Don’t care what I wear, but I won’t go bare,
I’ll buy me a fol-de-rol-de til-de-tol-de seek
a double
Use-a-cause-a-roll a-find-me-roll, Jennie
Jenkins, roll.

13. Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer

Now over fifty years old, this song, with words and music by Johnny Marks, was originally recorded by Gene Autry in 1949. In the hearts of American children, Rudolph has earned his place alongside Santa’s traditional reindeer: Dasher, Dancer, Prancer, and Vixen, Comet, Cupid, Donner, and Blitzen.

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, had a very shiny nose,
And if you ever saw it, you would even say
it glows.
All of the other reindeer used to laugh and
call him names,
They never let poor Rudolph play in any
reindeer games.

Then one foggy Christmas Eve, Santa came
to say,
“Rudolph, with your nose so bright, won’t
you guide my sleigh tonight?”
Then how the reindeer loved him as they
shouted out in glee:
“Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer, you’ll go
down in history!”

14. Little White Duck

Children love animals, and who doesn't love the little white duck? Small animals are the focus in many children's folk songs: fuzzy, little, and cute, just like the traditional teddy bear, and when they are lost, the tot doesn't know what to do. "Boo, hoo, hoo." The words were written by Walt Barrows and the music by Bernard Zaretsky.

There's a little white duck sitting in the water,
A little white duck doing what he ought-er;
He took a bite of a lily pad,
Flapped his wings and he said,
"I'm glad I'm a little white duck sitting in the water.
Quack, quack, quack."

There's a little green frog swimming in the water,
A little green frog doing what he ought-er;
He jumped right off of the lily pad that
The little duck bit and he said, "I'm glad
I'm a little green frog swimming in the water.
Glumph, glumph, glumph."

There's a little black bug floating in the water,
A little black bug doing what he ought-er;
He tickled the frog on the lily pad
That the little duck bit and he said, "I'm glad
I'm a little black bug floating on the water.
Chirp, chirp, chirp."

There's a little red snake lying in the water,
A little red snake doing what he ought-er;
He frightened the duck and the frog so bad
He ate the little bug and he said, "I'm glad
I'm a little red snake lying in the water.
Sss, sss, sss."

Now there's nobody left sitting in the water,
Nobody left doing what he ought-er;
There's nothing left but the lily pad.
The duck and the frog ran away. It's sad
That there's nobody left sitting in the water.
"Boo, hoo, hoo."

15. Down by the Station

A classic "finger-play," preschoolers love to imitate the throttle being pulled downward to the beat of this song. Chug! Chug! Puff! Puff! Off we go. Try this one as a round. The words and music were written by Bruce Belland and Glen Larson in 1959.



Down at the station early in the morning,
See the little puffer bellies all in a row.
See the engine driver pull the little throttle,
Chug! Chug! Puff! Puff! Off we go.

Down at the station early in the morning,
See the little puffer bellies all in a row.
See the steam is hissing, hear the bell is ringing,
Chug! Chug! Puff! Puff! Off we go.

Down at the station early in the morning,
See the little puffer bellies all in a row.
See the nice conductor calling out the stations.
Chug! Chug! Puff! Puff! Off we go.

16. Skip to My Lou

Long after adults tire of this American classic, children keep singing it. The song's author is unknown. While some have considered "Lou" or "Loo," as it is sometimes spelled, a shortened form of the name Louise, the phrase most likely derives from the Scottish word, *loo*, for love.

Chorus:

Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou; Lou, Lou,
skip to my Lou;
Lou, Lou, skip to my Lou; skip to my Lou,
my darling.

I like me and you like you,
I like me and you like you,
I like me and you like you,
Skip to my Lou, my darling.

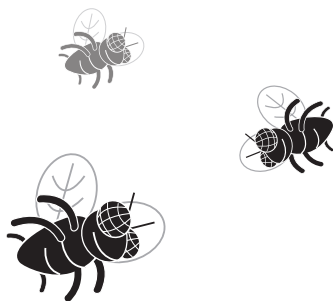
Lost my partner, what'll I do? (3 times)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.
(Chorus)

I'll get another one, prettier than you
(3 times)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.
(Chorus)

A little red wagon, painted blue (3 times)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.
(Chorus)

Fly's in the buttermilk, shoo, shoo, shoo
(3 times)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.
(Chorus)

Shoes in the buttermilk, fly, fly, fly (3 times)
Skip to my Lou, my darling.
(Chorus)
(Chorus) (faster)
(Chorus) (even faster)
(Chorus) (faster yet)
(Chorus) (how fast can you go?)



17. The Fox

Often vilified in our culture, in this old ballad, of English origin, the fox is the hero. How can we resist the story of a father providing for his children? "And the little ones chewed on the bones-o." The song became popular in the days of the American Revolution when battles won over the British depended on strategy and guile. "The Fox" spoke to the spirit of the early American colonists.

The fox went out in a chilly night,
And he prayed for the moon to give him
light;
He didn't have far to go that night
Before he reached the town-o, town-o,
town-o,
He didn't have far to go that night
Before he reached the town-o.

He ran till he came to a great big bin,
And the ducks and the geese were kept
there-in:
"A couple of you will grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o, town-o,
town-o," etc.

So he grabbed a gray goose by the neck
And threw a duck across his back;
He didn't mind their "quack, quack, quack"
And their legs all dangling down-o, down-o,
down-o, etc.

Then old Mother Flipper-Flopper jumped
out of bed
And out of the window she stuck her head;
Said, "John, John, the gray goose is gone,
And the fox is in the town-o, town-o,
town-o," etc.

John he ran till he came to the top of the hill,
And he blew his horn both loud and shrill;
The fox he said, "I better flee with my kill
For they'll soon be on my tail-o, tail-o,
tail-o," etc.

He ran till he came to his cozy den,
And there were his little ones, eight, nine, ten;
They said, "Daddy, you better go back again
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o,
town-o, town-o," etc.

So the fox and his wife without any strife,
They cut up the goose with a fork and a knife;
They never had such a supper in their lives
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o,
bone-o, bones-o, etc.



18. Put Your Finger in the Air

This favorite Woody Guthrie ditty appeals to kids from toddler to teen. Tom adds his own concert embellishments. Woody, Woodrow Wilson Guthrie, wrote it in 1954.

Put your finger in the air, in the air,
Put your finger in the air, in the air;
Put your finger in the air.
Tell me, how is the air up there?
Put your finger in the air, in the air.

Put your finger on your chin, on your chin,
On your chinny, chinny, chinny, chin-chin-
chin;
Put your finger on your chin;
That's where the soup slips in.
Put your finger on your chin, on your chin.

Put your finger on your nose, on your nose,
On your rosy, rosy, nosy, nosy, nose;
Put your finger on your nose;
That's where the cold wind blows.
Put your finger on your nose, on your nose.

Put your finger on your cheek, on your cheek,
On your cheek, cheek, cheek, cheek, cheeky,
cheek, cheek;

Put your finger on your cheek,
And leave it about a week.
Put your finger on your cheek, on your cheek.

Put your finger on your head, on your head,
On your hairy, hairy, very hairy, head, on
your head;
Put your finger on your head,
Tell me, is it green or red?
Put your finger on your head, on your head.

Put your finger on your finger, on your finger,
Put your finger on your finger, on your finger;
Put your finger on your finger,
And there let it linger.
Put your finger on your finger, on your finger.

Put your finger on your daddy or mommy, on
your daddy or mommy,
Put your finger on your daddy or mommy, on
your daddy or mommy;
Put your finger on your daddy or mommy,
Tell them it's getting very late in the morning,
you're getting very hungry,
You'd like a big fat sandwich made out of
strawberries and salami,
With mustard, and pickles, and mud pies;
Put your finger on your daddy or mommy;
put it down.

19. Hush Little Baby

After exciting his audience with songs that brought out everyone's silliness, Tom knew when it was time to shift to a beautiful and melodic piece such as this Southern lullaby. "Hush Little Baby" began as an old English nursery rhyme, and its simple lyrics may be easily altered to fit the whims and wishes of your child.

Hush little baby, don't say a word,
Mama's gonna buy you a mockingbird.

If that mockingbird don't sing,
Mama's gonna buy you a diamond ring.

If that diamond ring turns brass,
Mama's gonna buy you a looking-glass.

If that looking-glass gets broke,
Mama's gonna buy you a billy goat.

If that billy goat don't pull,
Mama's gonna buy you a cart 'n' bull.

If that cart 'n' bull turns over,
Mama's gonna buy you a dog named Rover.

If that dog named Rover don't bark,
Mama's gonna buy you a horse 'n' cart.

If that horse 'n' cart falls down,
You'll be the sweetest little baby in town.

20. Come On and Join into the Game

This song, adapted and arranged by Tom Glazer, was included in his 1973 collection of musical finger-plays, *Eye Winker, Tom Tinker, Chin Chopper* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday). Pete Kameron, a.k.a. Paul Campbell, wrote the song in the early 1950s. Kameron, manager of the folk group The Weavers, was not only a music manager, producer, and publisher, but also a generous philanthropist. In 2008 a 1.5 million-dollar gift established the Pete Kameron Endowed Chair in Law at the University of California's Los Angeles campus.

Let everyone clap hands like me,
(Clap! Clap!)
Let everyone clap hands like me,
(Clap! Clap!)
Come on and join into the game,
You'll find that it's always the same.
(Clap! Clap!)

Let everyone laugh like me, (Ha! Ha!)
Let everyone laugh like me, (Ha! Ha!)
Come on and join into the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. (Ha! Ha!)

Let everyone cry like me, (Boo! Hoo!)
Let everyone cry like me, (Boo! Hoo!)
Come on and join into the game,
You'll find that it's always the same.
(Boo! Hoo!)

Let everyone yawn like me, (Yawn!)
Let everyone yawn like me, (Yawn!)
Come on and join into the game
You'll find that it's always the same. (Yawn!)

Let everyone sleep like me, (Yawn!)
Let everyone sleep like me, (Yawn!)
Come on and join into the game,
You'll find that it's always the same. (Yawn!)

Let everyone clap hands like me,
(Clap! Clap!)
Let everyone clap hands like me,
(Clap! Clap!)
Come on and join into the game,
You'll find that it's always the same.
(Clap! Clap!)

21. Little Bitty Baby (Go, I Will Send Thee)

This song, also known as "Born in Bethlehem," "Go, I Will Send Thee," and "Itty Bitty Baby," is another African-American spiritual that has been sung by folk artists, pop musicians, and gospel choirs. Tom learned it in the early 1940s while working in the Library of Congress and was taken with its subtle rhythms and bright harmonies.

Listen, oh listen,
All you children, listen to me.
Children, go, I will send thee.
How will I send thee?
I'm a-gonna send thee one by one.
One's for the little bitty Baby
Who's born, born, born in Bethlehem.

Children, go, I will send thee,
How will I send thee?
I'm a-gonna send thee two by two,
Two's for Joseph and Mary,
One's for the little bitty Baby
Who's born, born, born in Bethlehem.

Three's for the three old wise men . . .
Four's for the four who stood at the door . . .

Five's for the Hebrew children . . .
Six for the six who had to get fixed . . .
Seven for the seven who went to heaven . . .

22. Now, Now, Now

A popular Israeli folk song, "Hava Nagilah" is sung throughout the world at Jewish weddings and family celebrations. The Hebrew words were written in 1918, while this version by Tom Glazer and Lou Singer uses all English lyrics. The literal translation, "Let Us Rejoice," shares the sentiment of this lilting, happy "song of gladness."

Come, let's be happy, come, let's be happy,
Come, let's be happy, now, now, now!
No time for sorrow, too late tomorrow,
Come, let's be happy, now, now, now!

There is no time to lose, put on your dancing shoes,
Sing a song of gladness, let the trumpets blow;
Let's have a little fling; life is a precious thing,
On your mark, get ready, get set, go.
Now, now, now, now, now, now!

Now the song that hasn't been sung,
Now the fling that hasn't been flung,
Too many hours wasted, too many lips untasted,
Now is the time, now is the time,
the only time is now!
(Repeat)

23. The Frog Went A-Courtin'

Tom wrote, "This is the kind of song whose many versions each have their adherents. I adhere to this one, but I like them all." The original English ballad dates back hundreds of years. Some say the words refer to a palace romance.

The Frog went a-courtin', he did ride,
Ha, ha; ha, ha;
The Frog went a-courtin', he did ride
With a sword and a pistol by his side,
Ha, ha; ha, ha, ho, ho; ho, ho.

He rode 'til he came to Miss Mousie's den,
Ho, ho; ho, ho;
He rode 'til he came to Miss Mousie's den,
Said, "Please, Miss Mousie, won't you let me in?"
Ha, ha; ha, ha, hee, hee; hee, hee; hi, hi.

"Miss Mousie, dear, won't you marry me?"
Ho, ho; ho, ho;
"Miss Mousie, dear, won't you marry me
Way down under the apple tree?"
Ho, ho; ho, ho; ha, ha; ha, ha; hi, hi...

"Where will the wedding supper be?"
Hi, hi; hi, hi;
"Tell me, where will the wedding supper be?"
"Way down under the apple tree."
Ho, ho; ho, ho; ha, ha; ha, ha.

"What will the wedding supper be?"
Hee, hee; hee, hee;
"Oh, what will the wedding supper be?"
"An ounce of mud and the black-eyed pea."
Ugh, ugh; ugh, ugh; ha, ha; ha, ha.

Now, the first come in was a bumblebee,
bzzzz, bzzzz; bzzzz, bzzzz;
The first come in was a bumble bee
With a big bass fiddle on his knee,
bzzzz, bzzzz; bzzzz, bzzzz; buzz, buzz...

The last come in was a mockingbird,
mock, mock; mock, mock;
The last come in was a mockingbird
And said, "This marriage is too absurd."
Mock, mock; mock, mock; hi, hi; my, my;
bye, bye...

24. So Long

Tom had a group of end-of-concert songs, but after the encores, the goodbyes, and the bows, this Woody Guthrie favorite let his young audiences know that it really was time to drift along and go home.

So long, it's been good to know ya;
So long, it's been good to know ya;
So long, it's been good to know ya;
I've gotta be drifting along.

Credits

Originally produced by CMS Records

Tracks 1–10 issued on *Activity and Game Songs Volume II: On Top of Spaghetti, Played and Sung by Tom Glazer with Hundreds of Children*. CMS Records 1973.

Tracks 11, 12, and 16–24 issued on *Activity and Game Songs Volume I: Come on and Join into The Game, Played and Sung by Tom Glazer with Hundreds of Children*. CMS Records [early 1970s].

Tracks 13, 14, and 15 issued on *Children's Greatest Hits, Volume I: Tom Glazer, vocals and guitar and His Friends*. CMS Records 1977.

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Photo courtesy of the Glazer Family

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Special thanks to Lisa and Rebecca Glazer, Carol Hernandez, and M. William Krasilovsky. The Glazer family would also like to express their gratitude to Daniel Sheehy, Atesh Sonneborn, and Jeff Place, whose enthusiasm and persistence made this project possible.

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