PETE SEEGER
AND
SONNY TERRY
RECORDED AT THEIR CARNegie HALL CONCERT
PRESENTED BY HAROLD LEVENTHAL

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2412
Pete Seeger at Carnegie Hall
with Sonny Terry

NOTES ON BACKGROUND OF SONGS
BY P. SEGER

SIDE I, Band I. OPENING THEME
The tuning is A2 E2 C2 (Piano tuning Tone Off Suite). Anyone who doodles on a musical instrument, be it piano, guitar, or harmonica, knows what it is like to work out some pleasing sequence of notes, too short to be called a composition, too nice to forget. Here are two or three of my own.

KUM BA YA
A missionary returned from Angola, East Africa several years ago with this song. He had no translation for the title. It is a sort of spiritual sung by people around the mission. The song was published in one of the small camp songbooks put out by that remarkable man, Leo Rubenstein, who in his Ohio barn prints millions of songbooks and recreation handbooks for churches, Y's, and camps throughout the world. Within a couple of years it was being sung in the USA as 'an African song.'

In 1956, a Methodist minister and recreation leader, Rev. Larry Eisenberg, introduced the song in North Carolina. 'Why, we know this song!' his audience told him. 'It's Come By Here, Lord, Come By Here!' How it got to Africa in the first place no one yet knows for sure. Perhaps it was the Rev. Sam Cole, whose autobiography was published in 1957. Around the first World War Sam Cole graduated from Talladega College, Alabama (one of the oldest colleges for Negroes). He then spent his life as a teacher in a mission near Angola, Africa. Perhaps he took the song there.

At any rate, it is a beautiful example of how the world folk music continues to intermingle, sans passports or permission, across boundary lines of fear and prejudice.

TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY
I have heard this song sung many different ways, but the most beautiful rendition (which I have tried to recreate here), was that of Mrs. Marion Hicks, a cook, in Brooklyn, New York. After the supper dishes had been cleared away, she sat down and leaned worn work-worn hands on the table, and taught the Weavers, verse and chorus. Her voice, like many older women, was low, almost in a tenor's range.

THE COAL CREEK MARCH
This number has been most superlatively performed by Pete Steele, carpenter, of Hamilton, Ohio. His record is available from the Library of Congress folklore archives. I heard the record twenty years ago, and tried unsuccessfully to play the number. Finally last year I met Mr. Steele, now 65, and a great-grandfather. Revelation! He uses a D tuning (see below). And mostly double thumbing. This I have been unable to catch exactly, so the tablature as I give it is my fingering and arrangement, not exactly his, unfortunately.

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D O N ' T L E A V E M E , M Y L O V E

SIDE II, Band I. RONZIKES MIT MANDLEN
This song, composed for a Yiddish play in New York, in the latter part of the nineteenth Century, has sung many babies to sleep since then, and practically attained the status of a folk song.

TARRYTOWN
This Hudson Valley version of the famed old ballad "The Butcher Boy" has been collected and arranged by John Allanin. His own performance of it may be heard on a Picker LP "Heroes, Heroes and Outlaws."

CLEAN AND LADIES AUXILIARY
These songs illustrate the technique of Woody Guthrie, greatest American ballad maker of modern times. He faced a real situation needing comment, started strumming his guitar, and let the words flow, be they good or bad, whimsical or coarse. If the result was good enough to sing again, it might get improved in time. The tunes were based on old folk melodies of one sort or another, changed slightly if necessary.

The technique would be a good one for other would-be songwriters to follow.

THE BELLS OF RHYME
After this record was made, I learned that the correct pronunciation of rhyme is more like "Rummony," the Welsh 'n' being a sort of cross between the German o and the French e' (as in the article le'). Rheonda should also be pronounced 'Runditha,' and C.H. should be 'Cahphillyph,' not 'Cay-erphy.'

All the towns are in south Wales. The author was Idris Davies, who died while quite young, in the nineteen thirties. His poem was a direct paraphrasing of the famous Mother Goose Rhyme: "Oranges and Lemons, say the bells of St. Clements." It has never been published except in a volume of essays by Dylan Thomas, "So Early One Morning."

The melody I put together myself. I say 'put together' because I sat down and thought it up, and then later realized that the opening phrase is nothing more than another variation on the ancient theme better known as "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." Every country in Europe has versions of it. Observe its appearance in the following melodies: Gheana, Hatikvah, Kum Ba Ya. Mozart also made use of it.

The twelve string guitar, used here for accompaniment, is tuned a third lower than the standard six string guitar. The lowest four pairs are tuned in octaves, the top two pair in unison. In addition, the lowest pair of strings is tuned till one whole note lower, to B flat. The chord progressions used are as follows:

Progression used in last line of every verse.

Progression used in 2nd and 3rd lines.

The FOX CHASE along with Lost John, and The Lonesome Freight Train, is one of the standard virtuoso pieces which players of the French Harp want to learn. It describes a type of fox hunt little known outside the south. The men sit around the fire most of the evening and let the dogs do the work. By listening carefully, they can tell by the way their hounds bark, how the chase is going, and from the tone of the bark, when the quarry is caught up with.

RIGHT ON THAT SHORE, AND PICK A BALE OF COTTON
The first of these is a gospel song, the second a work song. Both are good examples of a type of antiphonal singing which, ethnomusicologists generally agree, is basically African in origin. It is a style of singing also ideally suited to a songleader and group that wants to sing along, but has never heard the song before, or at least does not know the words of the verses.
THE REUBEN JAMES

This was written in Early 1942 (or late 1941?) by Woody Guthrie, with some slight help from the rest of the Almanac Singers following the sinking of the US destroyer Reuben James by the Nazis.

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY

Alan Mills, singer of Montreal, came across this poem in a magazine, and fitted the melody to it, and also added the sixth and seventh verses. The eighth and ninth verses were suggested to me by people I have sung for. The original idea for the song seemed to be a relatively ancient nursery rhyme, and I have seen several other versions of it. One was West African (probably introduced from England by missionaries) called "Mrs. Johnson swallowed a fly."

STUDY WAR NO MORE

This spiritual was first transcribed in the years following the Civil War. Like all good poetry, however, its lines seem to take on new meaning as life itself dictates a new frame of reference. The third verse, therefore, was added by myself.

The three short selections of poetry, introducing the last three songs, are all from "Leaves Of Grass", by Walt Whitman. One word was changed ('tant' to 'tant' or 'pissure') and one line was transposed in order, by mistake.

PASSING THROUGH

In 1949 a young Chicago University graduate student, Dick Blakeslee, borrowed the melody of a gospel song, and wrote "Passing Through." It was used widely during the campaign of 1948 by the followers of Henry Wallace, but now has fair to outlaw all present generations, adding new verses as it goes along, like any folksong.

SIDE 1.

GOOFIN' OFF THEME (Intrumental)

KUM BA YA

Kum-ba-ya, my Lord, kum-ba-ya.
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Someone's sleeping"

Kum-ba-ya, my Lord, kum-ba-ya.
Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

"Someone's praying"

Oh, Lord, kum-ba-ya.

Buddy, won't you roll down the line.
Buddy, won't you roll down the line.
Yonder come my darling, coming down the line.
Buddy, won't you roll down the line.
Yonder come my darling, coming down the line.

RUDDY WON'T YOU ROLL DOWN THE LINE

Way back yonder in Tennessee, They leased the convicts out, Put them working in the mines, Against free labor stout. Free labor rebelled against it, To win it took some time, But when the lease was in effect, They made 'em rise and shine.

Buddy, won't you roll down the line, Buddy, won't you roll down the line. Yonder come my darling, coming down the line. Buddy, won't you roll down the line. Yonder come my darlign, coming down the line.

Early Mornin' Monday, They get you up on time, Send you down to Lone Rock, Just to look into that mine, Send you down to Lone Rock, Just to look into that hole, Very next thing the Captain says, You better get your pole.

FOX CHASE (Instrumental)

RIGHT ON THAT SHORE

Oh, we're gonna shout (right on that shore).
Oh, we're gonna shout (right on that shore).
We're going to shout for my Jesus, talking 'bout my Jesus evanmore.

We're going to sing (right on that shore).
We're going to sing (right on that shore).
SIDE II.

ROZHINKES MIT MANDLEN
(Chali solo)

TARRYTOWN
In Tarrytown there did dwell
A lovely youth, i knew him well,
He courted me and made me his life stay,
But now with me he will no longer stay.

Wide and deep, my grave will be,
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.
Wide and deep, my grave will be,
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.

Oh, when I wore, my apron low,
He'd follow me, through ice and snow,
Now that I wear, my apron high,
He goes right down my street and passes by.

There is an inn, in Tarrytown,
Where my love goes, and he sits him down,
He takes another, on his knee,
For she has gold and riches more than me.

Wide and deep (wide and deep),
My grave will be (my grave will be)
With the wild goose grasses growing over me.

In Tarrytown (in Tarrytown)
There was a lovely girl (there did dwell)
A lovely youth (a lovely youth),
I knew him well (I knew him well).
He courteed me (he courteed me),
My life away (my life away),
But now with me he will no longer stay.

Wide and deep, etc.
Oh, when I wore (oh, when I wore)
My apron low (my apron low)
He'd follow me (he'd follow me),
Through ice and snow (through ice and snow).
Now that I wear (now that I wear)
My apron high (my apron high).
He goes right down my street and passes by.

Wide and deep, etc.
"You know, that's a real old ballad. Maybe some of you heard it with a different melody. Used to... go in Jersey, where I did dwell... he courteed me, my life away. Woody Guthrie used that melody for about five of his best tunes."

CLEAN-O
Mama, oh mama, come wash my face,
Come wash my face, come wash my face.
Oh, mama, oh mama, come wash my face.
And make it nice and clean-o.
Brother, oh brother, come scrub my back,
Come scrub my back, come scrub my back.
And make it nice and clean-o.

Oh, clean-o, clean-o, oh, clean-o clean,
Oh, clean-o clean, oh, clean-o clean,
Scrub-bitty, scrub-bitty, and Rub-bitty-dub-ditty,
Oh make 'em nice and clean-o.

Oh, sweetie, oh sweetie, come smell me now,
Come smell me now, come smell me now.
Oh, sweetie, oh sweetie, come smell me now,
Don't I smell nice and clean-o?

"Woody wrote that song, and a lot of others, for his little girl Kitty, and she'll live forever in the songs that he wrote for her. Like I say, he liked the tune so much he made up many other songs to it. A famous song about the Ladies Auxiliary. Way back in the year 1941 the CIO Ladies Auxiliary came to Woody, and me, and the rest of the Almanac Singers, and said they wanted us to write them atheme song. Woody says, "it's wrong with the Union Maid? We wrote that for you.
And they said, 'Well, it wasn't dignified enough. And, besides, they said, 'it doesn't have the words 'Ladies auxiliary' in the chorus.' So Woody wrote them a song.

LADIES AUXILIARY
Oh, the ladies auxiliary, is a good auxiliary,
It's the best auxiliary, that you ever did see;
If you need an auxiliary, see the ladies auxiliary,
It's the ladies, auxiliary.

THE BELL OF RHYNMNEY
Oh, what will you give me,
say the bells of Rhynmney.
Is there hope for the future?
say the brown bells of Merthyr.
Who made the mine set
say the black bells of Rhonda.
And who robbed the miners
say the grim bells of Blaina.
They will plunder wildy, nilly,
say the bells of Caerphilly.
They have fanged, they have teeth,
say the iron bells of Neath.
Even God is uneasy,
say the moust bells of Swansea.
And what will you give me,
say the bells of Rhynmney.
Throw the vandal in court,
say the bells of Newport.
Would be well, if, if, if, if, if, if,
say the green bells of Cardiff.
Why so worried, sisters why,
sang the silver bells of Wye.
Oh, what will you give me,
say the bells of Rhynmney.

(SPOKEN)
"Have you heard that it was good to gain the day? I also say it is good to fail, battles are lost in the same spirit in which they are won. Vivis to those who have fail'd!
And to those whose war-vessels sink in the sea! And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest heroes known!"

THE REUBEN JAMES

Have you heard of the ship
called the good Reuben James?
Maned by hard fighting men,
both of honor and fame.
She flew the stars and stripes of the land of the free,
But tonight she's in her grave at the bottom of the sea.
Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
It was there in the dark
of that uncertain night,
That we watched for the light,
and waited for the fight.
Then the fire, and the rock,
and the great explosion roared,
They laid the Reuben James
on the cold ocean floor.
Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
Now tonight there are lights
in our country so bright.
In the farms and in the cities,
The singing of the fight,
And now our mighty battleships will steam the bounding main,
And remember the name of that good Reuben James.
Tell me what were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James?
What were their names,
tell me what were their names,
Did you have a friend
on the good Reuben James.

"I think I could turn, and live with animals, they are so placid and self-containing.
They do not sweat and whim about their condition, they do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins."

"If I could I would live with the animals, they are so placid and self-contain'd.)"
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the
mania of owning things.
Not one kneels to another, nor to his own kind that
lived thousands of years ago.
Not one is respectable, or unhappy the whole world
over.

THERE WAS AN OLD LADY WHO SWALLOWED A FLY
I know an old lady, that swallowed a fly;
I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

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

I know an old lady, who swallowed a bird,
How absurd, to swallow a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a cat,
Imagine that, she swallowed a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
That wriggled, and jiggled, and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

I know an old lady that swallowed a dog,
Wanna eat her dog, 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 jiggled, and tickled inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a goat,
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 jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

I know an old lady, who swallowed a rhinoceros,
How preposterous, to swallow a rhinoceros.
She swallowed the rhinoceros to catch the cow,
She swallowed the cow to 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 jiggled, and tickled inside her,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
But I don't know why, she swallowed the fly.
I guess she'd die.

I know an old lady who swallowed a minister,
How sinister! It finished her.
"I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-
work of the stars,
And the ant is equally perfect,
And the egg of the wren, and a grain of sand,
And the smallest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all
machinery,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of
heaven,
And a cow crunching with depressed head surpasses
any statue
And a horse is miracle enough to stagger sentivities of
ofideels.

STUDY WAR NO MORE
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
down by the riverside,
I'm gonna lay down my sword and shield,
down by the riverside,
And study war no more. ("Sing it out now!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
doing by the riverside,
I'm gonna walk with the Prince of Peace,
down by the riverside,
And study war no more. ("Everybody sing out!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

Yes, I'm a gonna shake hands around the world,
down by the riverside,
down by the riverside,
doing by the riverside,
I'm gonna shake hands around the world,
down by the riverside,
And study war no more. ("One more time!")

I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more. (Study war no more)
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more,
I ain't gonna study war no more.

Friends, you know at the end of a play you hear shouts of "author, author!" Well, I think tonight we ought to
thank all the folks who make this program possible,
as there is nothing more important...and to all the band director's, members, and folks who
write all these songs, we'll dedicate this program.

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side, just a while before
he died.
He said one world must come out of World War II;
Yes, the human race or to be,
Lord a man is in just a man.
We're all brothers and we're all passing through.
Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

God's Own Theme
(Song)
Kum Ba Ya
(courtesy of Coop. Recreation Serv.)
In Tarantola
(Allison) (Howard Richmond)
Clean-O, Ladies Auxiliary, Reverend James
(Willie Guthrie)
The Bell of Rhymes
(Davies) (Seger)
The Old Lady Who Swallowed A Fly
(Alan Mills) (Fox)
Passing Through
(Biskalakusy) (Northwestern Univ.)
Fox Contra
(Terry)
Pay Day At Coal Creek
from the singing of Pete Steele
Recorded and mastered by Peter Bartok
Production Director, Moses Asch
Concert was presented by Harold Levcheno
Photos by Lawrence

SIDE II, Band B: PASSING THROUGH
I saw Jesus on the Cross, on that hill called Calvary,
Do you know mankind for what they done to you?
He said talk of love, not hate,
Things to do it's getting late,
I've so little time and I'm just passing through.

Passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Yes, I see Adam leave the garden, with an apple in
his hand,
I said "now you're out, what are you going to do?"
"Plant my crops, pray for rain,
Maybe raise a little corn,
I'm an orphan now, and I'm only passing through."

I'm passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.

Well, I shivered with George Washington, one night
at Valley Forge,
Why do the soldiers freeze here like they do?
He said men will suffer, fight,
Even die for what is right,
Even though they know they're only passing through.

I'm passing through, passing through,
Sometimes happy, sometimes blue,
Glad that I ran into you.
Tell the people that you saw me passing through.