WH0 BUILT AMERICA

AMERICAN HISTORY THROUGH ITS FOLKSONGS

sung by BILL BONYUN with guitar

CONTENTS:
1 sound disc
1 folded sheet text
WHO BUILT AMERICA

INTRODUCTION BY BEATRICE LANDFORD
AUTHORITY ON FOLK SONGS IN EDUCATION

The early settlers, the explorers and pioneers, the forty-niners, the homesteaders and the immigrant farmers of the last century, the levee workers and the cowboys and other people built America with labor, and struggle and staunch devotion to conviction. The songs in this album are the spontaneous expression of these people whose experiences are the substance of history, ranging from the 17th century to the present day, they voice the inner feelings of millions of human beings who's energy and heartache made America possible. The simple words, without scholarly pretension and full of laughter, reveal the deeper meanings of history as no written record can possibly reveal it.

Here are songs that define our democracy -- all nationalities, races and creeds living together in one peaceful community -- striving for similar goals, maintaining through law and custom the kind of peace the world is longing for. These are the people who built America and are still building America -- they are the very bones of our democracy.

Bill Bomyun understands the songs in this album -- he understands them because he has lived and worked with the same kind of people who made them -- from the banks of Nova Scotia to the tropic climate of the British West Indies. He has heard work songs in action, hauling lobster traps with the fishermen on the great Atlantic. He has picked up songs while farming in Maine -- some familiar, all molded by the environment in which he found them. He has listened to the calypso songs in the Barbados and learned how and why people make songs. He has listened and learned and sung whenever and wherever he found songs, until now they just come naturally to him.

This wide experience with people and singing gives him an insight into the significance and meaning of folk songs in an historical setting. His sincerity and deep faith in what he is doing makes it possible for him to project the bigger meaning of the songs both in this album and to audiences everywhere. In addition to the usual performances of a professional singer, Bill Bomyun gives ballads and folk songs programs to

THE FIRST GREAT LINK -- THE ERIE CANAL

THE ERIE CANAL

I've got a mile, her name is Sal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal,
She's a good old worker and a good old pal,
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal.

We've towed some barges in our day,
Filled with lumber, coal and hay,
And we know every inch of the way,
From Albany to Buffalo.

Low bridge, everybody down, low bridge
For we're coming to a town.

"Everestward, explorers making their way through the wilderness, pioneers rolling over the plains in ox drawn wagons,

SHOOT THE BUFFALO

Originally a Cumberland Gap song of the settling of Ohio, this rousing little tune eventually became a favorite play-party song of 19th century America, and is still used today.

Come all you fine young fellows who have got a mind to range,
Into some far off country your fortune for to change.

Come all you fine young women who have got a mind to go,
We'll build you fine log cabins on the blessed Ohio.

You can cook and you can sew and the boys will hunt and hoe,
We'll wander through the wildwood and we'll chase the buffalo.

"And forty-niners padding over the long rough trails to the gold fields, or beating their way around the horn on the frisco clippers."

SAYING ANO

The shantyman was the very heartbeat of the driving windjammer of the last century. His uncanny sense of timing coupled with a swift wit and keen imagination was often all that saved a ship from going under, to get every man to throw every ounce of beef and bone against a line at precisely the right moment required something innate -- something not included in

BAND 3

BAND 4

BAND 5

BAND 6

BAND 7
A master's ticket, weighing anchor was a monotonous job at best, so a good shantyman would make up verses referring to events of the times to keep his crew interested. "Randy Ann," in its entirety tells of the courtship of the Mexican General Santa Anna in the battle of Monterrey, but somehow the British merchant-marine heard the story the other way around. For the shantyman of the English clipper it was "Randy and Ann," so the song was sung by the Yankee shantyman, "Jadwin was the day," and so the battle was fought many times over in the taverns. Around Cape Horn, up Frisco Bay was the route of those clipper ships carrying their cargoes of prospectors after gold.

Around Cape Horn up Frisco Bay, Heave away, Randy Ann, There's plenty of gold, Or so they say, Way out in California-o.

So heave her up and away we'll go, Heave away, Randy Ann, Heave her up and away we'll go, Way out in California-o.

Meanwhile the original Americans, the Indians, struggled to survive as the settlers swept over their land.

Band 6

Happiness Song

This song was sung by the Navajo women to sustain the morale and hopes of their men during the period of confinement at Fort Sumner following the Navajo capitulation to Kit Carson in 1864. The simple phrase repeated throughout the song is:

 Everywhere I go I am surrounded by happiness.

Shoo Na Shoo, Shoo Na Shoo, Na Hay Na Ho, Na Hay Na Hay, Nada, Manka Nada Nada Nada.

"But not all pioneers were adventurers. The homesteads started out into the tough prairie sod seeking a new life on their government claim."

Band 7

My Government Claim

At the end of the Civil War many veterans took advantage of the Homestead Act passed by Congress in 1862, entitling all citizens, twenty-one years of age or over, who had not borne arms against the government, to 160 acres of land in Kansas, Iowa, or Nebraska, for the fee of sixteen dollars. However, to hold on to his claim the owner had to build a house with at least one door and one window and live in it for five years. Some met these requirements by digging into the side of a hill and leaning up against the hole a door and a window bought for two dollars and eighty-seven and a half cents; others piled up the tough prairie sod and laid it brickwise to build the sod shanties of the west.

Hurray for Green County, the land of the free, The home of the bed bug, gizzard hopper and flea, I'll sing of its praises, I'll tell of its fame While staring to death on my government claim.

My house it is built of national soil, Its walls are erected according to Hoyle, Its roof was no pitch, it's so flat as the plain I always get wet when it happens to rain.

How happy am I as I crawl into bed, A rattlesnake hinders a tune at my head, A gnat little centipede, all without fear, Grips all over my pillow and into my ear.

Now all you claim holders you're welcome to stay To chew your hard task 'til you're toothless and gray, But as for myself I will not remain To starve like a dog on my government claim.

"Who built America? Americans, which is to say most of the peoples on the face of the earth. The Irish, for instance, immigrated because of a potato famine on the Emerald Isle."

The Praetexes

On the prairie they grow small over here, On the prairie they grow small and we pluck them in the fall, And we eat them coats and all over here.

Oh I wish that we were green right and soon, Oh I wish that we were green, For they live their life at ease, and they live and die in peace eating corn.

"So off to America to build the railroads."

Drill Ye Tarriers

Every morning at seven o'clock there were twenty tarriers a-working at the rock And down come along and rats keep still And down come heavy on the cast iron drill, And drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill.

On it's work all day for sugar in your tea, Down behind the railway, And drill ye tarriers drill, and blast, and fire.

The new foreman was sick and kann, By gad he was a blamed mean man, One day a premature blast went off, And a mile in the sky went big Jim goff, And drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye tarriers drill, drill ye..."

Tarriers drill, drill ye."

When the next pay day came around, Jim goff a dollar short was found. When he asked what for? Came this reply, You're docked for the time that you spent in the sky.

Side II Band 1

"Who built America? The Negro, in bondage and as a free man."

Auction Block

No more auction block for me, no more, No more auction block for me, many thousands gone.

No more driver's lash for me, no more, No more driver's lash for me, many thousands gone.

"Marching on, against incredible odds, With courage and conviction and an unfailing sense of humor."

The Roll Weevil

Oh the first time I saw the roll weevil, He was standing on the square, And the next time I saw the roll weevil, He had his whole family there, Just a looking for a home, Just a looking for a home.

On the farmer took the roll weevil, And he put him on the ice, And the roll weevil said to the farmer, This is mighty cool and nice, This'll be my home, This'll be my home.

Only one bail of cotton, The roll weevil got the rest, All that's left for poor wife, Is a poor old cotton dress, And it's full of holes, And it's full of holes.

How if anybody should come along and ask you, Who it was that made this song, Just tell him 'twas a poor old black skin farmer, With a pair of blue dinkings on, Aint got no home, Aint got no home.

"The cow was the symbol of the bigness of the west, and the outlaw of its growing pains."
THE OLD CHISHOLM TRAIL  Band 3

The trail stretched all the way from San Antonio to the Railroad at Dodge City, Kansas, and often the herd would travel farther north into the grazing lands of Montana and the Dakotas. The rhythm was adjusted to the page, from a walk to a wild gallop after a long stretch.

Come along boys and listen to my tale, I'll tell you 'bout my trouble on the old Chisholm Trail.

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

I started up the trail October twenty-third, started up the trail with the two ty' herd,

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

I jumped in the saddle, grabbed hold of the horn,

Best darned cow puncher ever was born,

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

Feet in the stirrups and seat in the saddle,

I hung and rattled with them gol'durned cattle.

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

We rounded them up and put 'em on the car,

And that was the last of the old two bars.

Come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey, come a ty yi yippi yippi ty yi yey.

JESSE JAMES  Band 4

Jesse came to his end April 2, 1882.

Mr. Howard was one of Jesse's pseudonym.

Jesse James was a lad who killed men and cars,

He robbed the Glendale train,

He took from the rich and gave to the poor.

He had a hand and a heart and a brain.

Jesse has a wife to mourn for his life,

The children they were brave,

But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,

Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, shot Jesse in the back,

I wonder how he does feel,

He ate of Jesse's bread and slept in Jesse's bed,

And he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,

The children they were brave.

But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard,

Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Band 5

"But the wild west finally settled down,

Peaceful farms dotted the countryside and of course, children sang about their beloved animals."

MI CHADRA

This song is sung by the children of most of the South American nations as well as some of the Spanish speaking children of our own Southwest. Compare it with old Mr. Donald's song and you'll agree that despite differences in languages and nationalities, people the world over are pretty much alike.

Y el tomo hace abajo:

Y el burro hace abajo: He can

El caballo hace abajo: Neigh

Le gondolito hace abajo: Oink

El patito hace abajo: Quack quack

El pollito hace abajo: PEEP PEEP

AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA AH VA AH VA AH VA

AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA CAMARAD, AH VA AH VA AH VA AH VA

(ENGLISH TRANSLATION)

Come and see my farm which is so beautiful

Come and see my farm which is so beautiful.

And the bull goes like this: Roar

And the donkey goes like this: Hee haw

The little horse goes like this:

The little pig goes like this:

The little duck goes like this:

The little chick goes like this:

PEEP

Ah go my friend, ah go my friend, ah go ah go, ah go.

Ah go my friend, ah go my friend, ah go, ah go.

"And at dusk, all over our land, mothers and fathers are singing songs of the day's end:

Lullabies they heard their mothers sing."

SHUF MINE KIND  Band 6

SHUF, MINE KIND, SHUF KESANDER, ZINGEN VEL INN DIR A LIEB;

AZ DU, MINE KIND, VEST ELTER VEHRIN, VESTU VYSEN UN AN UNTERHEERD.

AZ DU, MINE KIND, VEST ELTER VEHRIN, VESTU VYSEN UN AN UNTERHEERD.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

SLEEP, MY CHILD, SLEEP WITHOUT WAKING,

I WILL SING A SONG FOR YOU;

WHEN YOU, MY CHILD, WILL GROW OLDER,

YOU WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

WHEN YOU, MY CHILD, WILL GROW OLDER,

YOU WILL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

SALANGADOU  Band 7

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU,

GOTE PITE FILLE LA YE?

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU,

WHERE HAS MY LITTLE GIRL GONE?

SALANGADOU, SALANGADOU.

KLEINE JONGES  Band 8

KLEINE JONGES, WOETEN SLAPEN GAAN,

ALS SNARETES AAN DE HEMEL STAAN.

KLEINE JONGES, WOETEN SLAPEN GAAN,

GOEDEN NACHT, LEIE BOAT, GOEDEN NACHT.

[ENGLISH TRANSLATION]

LITTLE BOYS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP,

THE STARS IN THE HEAVEN THEIR VIGIL KEEP.

LITTLE BOYS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO SLEEP,

GOOD NIGHT, LITTLE ONES, GOOD NIGHT.

SO LONG, BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YOU  Band 9

"DUST-STORMS IS NOT EXACTLY A NEW THING --

BUT UP TILL FIVE OR SIX YEARS AGO THEY WERE FINE,

AND FARM MACHINERY, AND CHICKEN HOUSES,

DUSTED UNDER, WHY, YOU SCRATCH YOUR HEAD,

AND YOU HEAR OF ANOTHER PLACE, SAY CALIFORNIA, AND YOU SEE HERDS AND HERDS OF

PEOPLE A PICKIN' UP AND LEVIN' OUT --

AND YOU JUST SORRY SAY "WELL, I AIN'T GOT NOVIN' TO LORE, SO HERE GOES."

BY WOODY GUTHRIE "DUST BOWL BALLADS"

RCA VICTOR, 1940; RECORD ALBUMS P-27,28
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 GETTING MY HOME,
AND I'VE GOT TO BE DRIFTING ALONG.

I'LL SING THIS SONG AND I'LL SING IT AGAIN,
OF THE PLACE WHERE I LIVED ON THE WILD
WINDY PLAIN.

THE MONTH CALLED APRIL, THE COUNTY
CALLED GREY,
THIS IS WHAT ALL OF THE PEOPLE THERE SAY.

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 GETTING MY HOME,
AND I'VE GOT TO BE DRIFTING ALONG.