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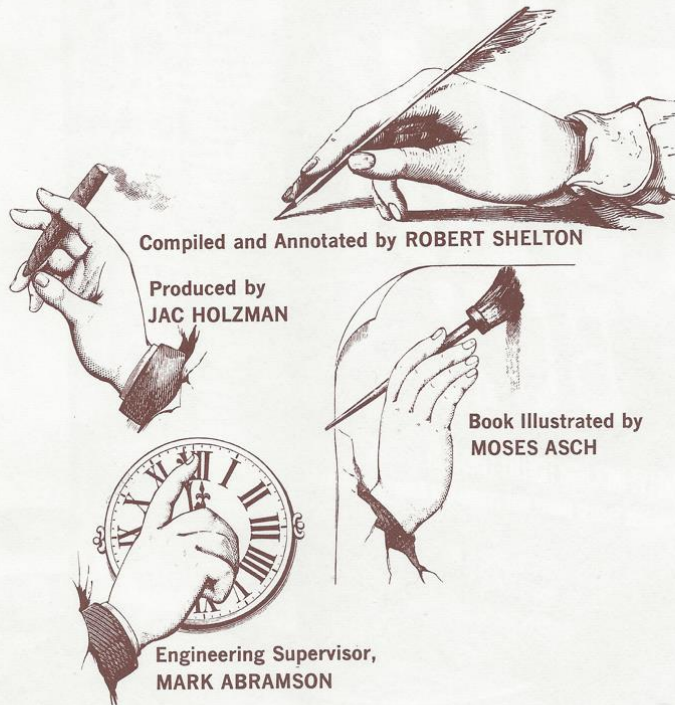
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A CROSS-SECTION OF AMERICAN FOLK MUSIC

There are many conceivable ways to draw a portrait of America — in paint, word or sound. But no more vibrant, polychrome picture of this complex society could be drawn than through its folk music. Once considered a primitive and inferior genre of antiquarianism that flourished only "in the sticks," folk music in the last ten years has become recognized as an important artistic entity of both city and country.

The four discs in *The Folk Box* are designed as a basic anthology of American folk expression. The cream of the Elektra and Folkways catalogues was used for selection. The singers are of every stripe: sophisticated urban professionals, unsophisticated rural laborers, talented city amateurs, country traditionalists-turned-entertainers. It is a large and variegated cast of performers. That a kindred sort of music can be made by people of such diverse backgrounds is not only one of the surface anomalies, but one of the deeper wonders of the urban folk revival or arrival, as some choose to call it.

WHAT BROUGHT THE FOLK SONG REVIVAL TO THE CITIES?

Although some authorities, including the collector-composer Béla Bartók, have always regarded folk song as a rural or peasant music, those who argue for its simultaneous growth in towns and cities have equally compelling evidence. As will be detailed below in the history of the current revival, what has been happening since the late nineteen-fifties is just the largest in a series of waves of intellectual interest in folk song.

But we are primarily interested at this point in what has happened in the last ten years, a curious, exciting, often ironic and inconsistently-laden movement. If we look to causes and effects of this revival it is possible to see it as one of the most wholesome trends to have ever effected American mass culture.

Folk song has never been a total stranger to city ears. There were urban song-makers and people moving from rural areas to keep the body of traditional music alive in the cities. Any child who had heard a lullaby, a skip-rope rhyme, a traditional song at school was exposed to folk music. Adults would absorb folk song almost as well in the city, sometimes with folk hymns at church or drinking songs or at community sings.

What has happened in the last decade, however, is a totally different development. For the first time of importance, folk music became popular music in the city as well as in less-populated areas.

Since the mid-fifties, folk song has become a major form of American popular music. The reasons are manifold:

1. The current folk revival-arrival was a musical reaction to the emptiness, vacuity and monotony of the five years of poor rock 'n' roll that preceded it.

2. The "revival-arrival" was a musical extension of the post-war do-it-yourself trend. Increasing reliance on machines and services by specialists had cut most Americans off the limb of self-reliance to which so many had clung since frontier days. The major trend away from being a mere recipient-spectator in life had its expression in all sorts of home crafts, the spread of photography as a mass artistic expression, for instance. Musically, this spurred the folk revival.

The simplicity of most folk melodies and the accessibility of a few simple chords on guitar or banjo have opened the way toward a mass music-making many never realized they were capable of.

3. The search for self-expression in music. In the rural folk tradition, a person would frequently sing about what he felt most keenly, or else retell some diverting, arresting or moral tale in ballad form.

Folk music, on closer examination, held more meaning than the factory-packaged, pat-formula, machine-tooled song written by some Tin Pan Alley songsmith.

At the core of most American folk song, aside from the purely instrumental, is a sort of directness of expression, a link-to-life that is rare in our popular music. The "pop" music purveyors are one arm of a predominately escapist-oriented mass entertainment industry, concerned with myth and romanticism rather than reality, enamored with life's fantasies rather than its hard facts.

Folk music is far from being a totally literal transcription of life. It is irradiated with symbol, metaphor, and legend and its own brand of romanticism. But its fealty to life and to genuine, not imagined, emotions is obvious. Folk song deals in passion rather than antiseptic hand-holding love. It does not shy from facing suffering, anger, social injustice head-on. Instead of the fanciful escapist fripperies that dominate Tin Pan Alley lyrics, folk song has its roots and its blossoms in the real world.

This has been a magnet for a generation growing up in the wake of World War II. "The time has come," the youngsters were saying, "for treating us like adults. Perhaps if our parents would have faced more facts and did less escaping there would have been a better world for us to be born into. We want to have sexual freedom, and freedom to know what the real story is. Don't treat us as children and we won't act like children . . ." This has been the thinking of a bold new generation of war babies now coming into their late teens and early twenties.

4. Social and political commitment. This search for a personal meaningfulness in music also leads to a demand by the new audience for a relation of their art to their social environment. The fear, conformity and silence of the early fifties, when McCarthyism frightened or inhibited social comment and political involvement, has ceased, at least for now. But the late fifties and early sixties saw a group of youngsters who weren't going to be silenced by anything or anyone. They spoke out boldly about the world's inequities and injustices. Folk music, in the form of topical songs and contemporary broadsides, was a logical outgrowth.

The local Americans who are involved in the folk revival-arrival are the sort of young activists who are joining the Peace Corps, are volunteering for the hazardous service with the Southern integration movement, and otherwise trying to do something about their world. This is the generation that is singing the songs of the poor and the downtrodden, and as such, they are going beyond the music to be interested in the lives of the two great unresolved groups in American life: those who suffer from poverty and those who suffer from discrimination.

5. It would be unrealistic to regard the folk revival-arrival as something that happened totally outside the mainstream of American business. Somewhere in the 1957-1958 period, when The Kingston Trio was scoring a tremendous popular success, the organized elements of the American music industry realized that "there was gold in them thar hillbillies."

Then ensued the giddiest part of the folk revival. A tasteless and superficial television show called "Hootenanny" started in the spring of 1963. Quickly it spurred a six month commercial debauch of American folk song. Dozens of touring troupes bearing the "hootenanny" banner spread around the land, going to auditoriums and colleges and places where only big dance bands and rock 'n' roll performers had been before. The recording market was glutted with folk music that was distorted, hoked-up, disguised, and destroyed. For a good six months of 1963, there was such folk music in the air of America as to nearly invalidate the whole movement.

But popularization did not do lasting harm. The vapidness of much of the pop "folk" music soon wore thin on the audience's ears, and a movement toward the better, more serious and esthetically valid folk music was under way. Not everything that had been done to exploit the popularity of folk music by the business interests had been to its detriment. In several instances, the popular folk arrangements of such groups as Peter, Paul and Mary and The Chad Mitchell Trio had made inroads on educating and elevating taste.

Even that goliath of Detroit, The Ford Motor Company, realized the appeal of folk music and the importance of the vast youth market by initiating a large series of traveling concerts called "The Ford CARavan of Music — Folk and Jazz Wing-Ding."

In spite of, not because of, the organized music industry, folk music grew in popularity and broadened the audience for serious folk song, of the sort contained in *The Folk Box*.

QUESTIONS OF STYLE

One of the things that has kept many lovers of fine music from an appreciation of folk song has been the strange breadth of "acceptable" vocal qualities. There is, indeed, tremendous latitude in vocal quality among native folk sing-

ers or even among the leaders in the urban revival.

A whole new set of standards must be taken into account in the appreciation of folk music. Granted, a beautiful voice and instrumental virtuosity are universally appealing, whether in the backwoods or the conservatory. Beyond that, standards for folk and primitive versus bel canto are worlds apart.

The voice of a native singer can be beautiful even if it is rough, scrappy, harsh, bellowing, lacking in nuance or subtlety. This is not to say that a Memphis Minnie, a Jean Ritchie, a Bulgarian peasant woman singing in incredibly complex intervals, a Tom Ashley or a Leadbelly are not capable vocalists. They are. So, too, are the "city" singers Joan Baez, Judy Collins, Ed McCurdy, Theodore Bikel and dozens of others.

But it is the middle-ground of stylists that seem to cause the greatest problems for those bringing a set of classical-operatic-bel canto standards to folk song. Other things than vocal polish are important. The content of the song, the expressiveness of the lyrics, the involvement of the singer with the meaning of the song, the method of delivery—whether dramatic or theatrical, or even in a traditional ballad-singer's deadpan absence of emotionalism—all these are more important in folk song than clarity of tone, subtlety of shading, range, etc.

Unfortunately, folk singers themselves have clouded the issue of standards in performance. Because of the looseness of measuring quality of rural singers, many professional singers of folk song have taken greater liberties than they should with matters of technique. Also, many youngsters singing mostly for themselves have been unwisely moved into seeking careers when the intrinsic talent was simply not there.

The standards for listening to folk music are diverse and must remain flexible. So many regional idiosyncracies enter into the picture—women in the mountains have nasal constricted voices, Negro women have large, sinuous, open-throated styles—that no one standard of esthetic merit can be applied. But even in the most primitive of native folk singers' voices there is a new sort of beauty to be discovered. The roughness or "crudeness" of some archaic styles have a distinct beauty of their own. Repeated listening and a resetting of standards to incorporate new elements of musical beauty will open the doors to a fascinating new language of musical expression.

THE URBAN FOLK MOVEMENT

For all the wholesome currents in the folk song movement, there are many strange and seemingly inconsistent elements that have also kept "outsiders" from understanding the social patterns and music of folk music.

There was a time when folk song was widely regarded as an adjunct of a left-wing political movement. At still another time, it was only the roseate, let's-all-pull-together world of the Campfire Boys and Girls. Today, the urban revival has borrowed from this past, but has gone on to incorporate other contemporary social movements.

For a time young intellectuals, despairing of any outlets for their art or philosophies, entered into a phase of nihilistic hedonism, the beatnik. The beats espoused freedom, anti-authoritarianism, unconventionality in dress, speech, manners. They saw their only salvation in "being on the road," talking the feeling-denying language of the jazz hipster, the liberation and the anti-social "kick" of smoking marijuana. The transcendence of the beat was to be found along the highways, outside the inhibiting, constraining city.

Some of the elements of the beat world have gravitated toward the urban folk revival. For them it is a better and more socially responsible outlet. There is still freedom, there is the romanticism of the primitive, the noble savage, there is the weapon of direct honesty in being and saying what is felt.

The unconventionality of some of the young urban folk leaders should not detract from their validity as people, artists, spokesmen, or leaders. The rigid, conformist world of Madison Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue has not done such a good job in running American life that it can dismiss a widespread current among the youth simply because of a few surface idiosyncracies.

Most important is that the young rebels who have found direction in folk music are maturing with the more basic,

less complicated standards of rural life and mores. They may feign the life of being Negro bluesmen or mountaineers, but it is an honest search for a better set of values than their middle-class life has presented them with.

BRIEF HISTORY OF THE FOLK SONG REVIVAL

In pre-history, all human knowledge and culture were transmitted by sign language, then through song and speech. Then the written word and the printed word were used as conveyor belts on which one generation would leave its accumulated learning, to pass on to future generations.

Until recently, folk song, tale, legend, myth and riddle were transmitted almost as they had been in pre-literate societies. The leap from mouth to ear, from elder to child was the route for passing a large body of music. But mass communication and electronics have changed all that. Folk song, ironically, was preserved and codified not only by rural singers, but by a few earnest scholars who saw here the profiles of an oral literature, an oral history that deserved preservation and study.

A brief history of the background of the present revival touches on many persons, but must simultaneously omit many. Only a few of the most important contributors to today's revival will be mentioned.

The most celebrated of the 19th-century ballad scholars in America was Francis James Child, a Harvard professor. His collection, *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*, is a landmark in poetry scholarship of the last century. Child, like other early folklore scholars, was primarily interested in the literary content of balladry, rather than the musical or sociological facets. He codified the 305 principal "classic" ballads of the English-speaking world, in a canon that is still used today to identify this or that ballad as Child #12 or Child #205. His work has recently undergone the long-needed revision—the addition of the music and variants—by a professor at the University of California at Berkeley, Bertrand Bronson, in an invaluable series being published by the Princeton University Press.

Another giant in the study of folk song, John A. Lomax, was a different sort of man completely. Lomax did not work in the library, but took his research into the field. Beginning with a fascination with cowboy songs and songs of the Texas Negroes, he began a lifetime of travel in search of Americana in the memories of the plain people of this country. He and his son, Alan Lomax, who continued and expanded on his work, are among the greatest collectors in the history of folk song. Long before the world recognized any intrinsic worth in these tunes and ditties, the Lomaxes had tried to light the fires of enthusiasm among the intellectual world for the riches existing in folk song.

Another famous collector was the Briton, Cecil Sharp, who carried his quest for old English songs to the Cumberland Mountains of Kentucky, where he was to find many intact in the daily singing of families such as the Ritchies of Viper, Ky.

Falling somewhere between the academics and the field collectors was Carl Sandburg. A poet in the vein of Walt Whitman, who also had "heard America singing," Sandburg could not avoid being fascinated by the poetic outpouring he heard in the farm-houses and on the ranchlands of America. While touring colleges in the late twenties amassing research for his famous Lincoln biography, Sandburg used to "sing for his supper"; inevitably, he sang folk songs.

Charles Seeger, head of the famous Seeger clan, was a musicologist at Harvard who was quick to sense the depth and substance of folk song. He went on to become one of the early "ethnomusicologists," a new breed of specialist who studied the musics of folk and primitive peoples stylistically, ethnologically and comparatively. The elder Seeger is the inventor of a still little-known device called the Melograph, a machine that has transformed the nature of studying non-Western music by visually recording music that could be notated on a graph.

During the thirties, there was a great deal of folk and topical song connected with the organizing of the labor movement. The names of Aunt Molly Jackson, Jim Garland, Harry McClintock and others dominate this era. Songs of an earlier era in labor history, those of the Wobblies, returned to popularity at this point, but there was much being written for

the struggles of the Kentucky and Pennsylvania coal miners, the textile and auto workers, and elsewhere around the country.

The early thirties saw no major "star" on the city scene, but there was one singer, Jimmie Rodgers, who dominated the popular music industry. Rodgers, born in Meridian, Miss., is known as the father of country music. Although he wrote and performed commercially-oriented popular songs in the hillbilly vein, he was essentially an outgrowth of mountain folk song.

Personalities of rural performers-turned-city-musicians began to appear in the late thirties and early forties. The Kentuckian, Burl Ives, was to make the first breakthrough to a mass audience for folk music with his easy, unpressured way with a folk melody. Josh White of Greenville, S. C., was to fuse an unbridled sexuality with a highly personalized vocal and guitar style and a musical expressiveness from out of youthful experience into a commanding vehicle for Negro music. With the heavy interest in Negro life and culture that developed in the Roosevelt era and the early years of World War II, Josh White was symbol, spokesman and interpreter for a vast reservoir of Negro blues and religious song. In Chicago, at about this time, Big Bill Broonzy, a sophisticated bluesman, was exploring other aspects of Negro thinking and music for a growing audience.

The development of professional folk singers or balladeers as nightclub and concert singers thus brought to the fore such figures as Richard Dyer-Bennet, Burl Ives, Cynthia Gooding and Oscar Brand. On another level, the first major group in the early forties were The Almanac Singers, a group that included Pete Seeger, Millard Lampell (the writer), Woody Guthrie and Butch Hawes. Indeed, out of Almanac House, their old residence on 10th Street in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, were to come many leaders in the subsequent folk revival.

Two of the strongest figures of this period were Woody Guthrie, the Oklahoma ballad-maker whom many regard as America's greatest writer of folk songs, and Leadbelly. The latter, as Huddie Ledbetter, was a dynamic, energetic font of song. He was discovered by John and Alan Lomax in a Louisiana State Prison at Angola in 1938. Leadbelly, with the assistance of the Lomaxes, sang his way to freedom, and was to invigorate the urban folk community with his personality and such songs as *The Midnight Special* and *Goodnight, Irene*.

Guthrie may yet be an even greater influence on American folk song. He wrote more than a thousand songs in his most creative period, 1938 to 1948, many of which already bear the stamp of classics: *So Long*, *It's Been Good to Know You*, *Pastures of Plenty*, *This Land Is Your Land*.

The year 1948 is a major year in American folk song. That year, when Henry A. Wallace ran unsuccessfully on the Progressive party third ticket for President, saw one of the greatest applications of topical songs to a political movement. But on the show business level, 1948 was historic for being the year that The Weavers were organized and the year that Hank Williams was moving into national prominence.

The Weavers grew out of such groups as The Almanac Singers and People's Artists, who had been deeply involved in the Wallace campaign. The original group, Pete Seeger, Lee Hays, Ronnie Gilbert and Fred Hellerman, were looking to carry on the earlier singing tradition and to bring a large body of international folk song to a wide audience. After making its debut at The Village Vanguard, the group jumped onto the Hit Parade with *Kisses Sweeter Than Wine* and *Goodnight, Irene*. Only the developing fury of political blacklisting was to derail the group's train toward success. The group reorganized in 1956 and finally disbanded in 1964, after fifteen successful years.

Williams was a product of, and a hero in, the commercial country music world of Nashville. The Nashville phenomenon had been developing alongside the folk music revival. Much of the composed songs from the Tennessee capital were banal and bore the relationship that pop art does to fine art. Still, a few performers were so infused with self-expression and so caught the imagination and served the needs of the "little" man in rural America, that it must be considered as part of the over-all popular musical culture allied to folk music. Williams continued the Jimmie Rodgers tradi-

tion, and like "The Singing Brakeman," died prematurely, in 1951, leaving a legacy of music and legend.

From such rivers have flowed thousands of tributaries. The Kingston Trio in 1957 were to do what The Weavers had done before them. With a song by Frank Proffitt, a North Carolina mountaineer, called *Tom Dooley*, The Kingston Trio started another, perhaps the greatest phase in urban popularity of folk song. Peter, Paul and Mary soon succeeded in reaching even more listeners and to deal in a music of greater depth.

Professional folk performers today must number in the hundreds, opposed to the few dozen who had specialized in folk song in the thirties and forties. This number keeps growing. The Newport Folk Festival of 1964, for example, attracted a total of 70,000 persons and offered 228 performers. This is the largest event of its kind, yet still did not encompass the mass of professional and traditional folk singers or the millions of fans.

WHERE TO HEAR FOLK MUSIC

Time was that a folk song devotee in an American city was an isolated aficionado who had to seek out rare recordings or rare concerts. This is no longer the case. Such recording companies as Jac Holzman's Elektra Records, Moe Asch's Folkways Records, Maynard and Seymour Solomon's Vanguard Records, and other labels such as Prestige, Arhoolie, Folk-Lyric, Folk-Legacy, Mercury, Delmark, as well as the four majors, Columbia, RCA-Victor, Decca and Capitol, have built a catalogue of folk LPs that staggers the imagination.

Live performances are easy to come by. Thanks to the dedicated efforts of such proponents of old-time music as John Cohen, Mike Seeger, Ralph Rinzler and Israel G. Young, one can hear almost as much good country music in the city as in the country.

Student festivals that have leaned toward authenticity have even helped change the attitudes of professional concert managers. Among the best of these festivals are those at the University of Chicago, Syracuse, the University of California at Berkeley and Los Angeles, Swarthmore and the University of Illinois, which have broadened the scope and deepened the understanding of the student audience. The Newport Folk Festival, now run by a board of seven singers and a nonprofit foundation that returns its profits to the field from which they came, promises to be a leading factor in perpetuating the folk music movement in the United States.

Countless nightclubs and coffeehouses have sprung up in the last few years specializing in good folk music. From coast to coast, new forms for listening to serious, and enjoyable (the terms are not mutually exclusive) folk song exist. One can hear folk song in the Sunday sings at Washington Square Park in Manhattan, at "Grand Ole Opry," the 39-year-old marathon radio show on station WSM in Nashville; in college dormitories, at Old-Time Fiddler's Conventions in Union Grove, N. C., or Galax, Va. The list is growing daily.

WHAT TO LISTEN FOR IN FOLK MUSIC

As comprehensive an anthology as the music on these four records provide, it must be considered as only a taste. Remember that for each song or artist chosen, another three were considered and had to be rejected. This is a basic collection for every home library, but one can continue to build from there. The discography and bibliography at the end of this book will open the door toward further exploration into a limitless world in traditional and contemporary folk music.

Folk song has great variety, in mood, expression and performing style. There is no such thing as a right way to interpret any song. The rural people perhaps deserve the closest attention, because to them folk song is no surface entertainment, but a deeper form of communication in a world whose communication media they do not have or have limited access to.

Here is a sample of America singing. Joy and sorrow, escape and protest, solace and anger, reverence and irreverence are all here. Listen for the people behind the song, for, in the final analysis, folk song is nothing more nor less than people talking of themselves and the things they hold dear.

Notes by Robert Shelton

SIDE 1—SONGS OF THE OLD WORLD AND MIGRATION TO THE NEW

The United States is a nation of immigrants. American civilization and culture are a fusion of nearly every other society in the world. To what went before, the immigrants and the immigrant's children added their own.

Driven by poverty, discrimination, wars and the hopelessness of their lives in Europe, millions flocked to ships bound for America. "I left Ireland and mother because we were poor" goes the line of an old song collected in the Carolinas.

But it was not just escape that pushed the immigrants across the sea. There was the magnetism of a new life in the New World: there was land, political and religious freedom, a wide-open frontier. A country of opportunity and of hope. These are the lineaments of the American dream that we learn in school. This generation knows all too well how that dream has turned into a nightmare for minority group members. This generation knows that the dream of 18th and 19th century immigrants has not always been realized.

Other millions came here in chains. The West African slave trade, a profitable traffic in human bodies, also imported the men and women who built the American civilization and culture. Although they may have traveled with little baggage to America, the settlers and the slaves carried their cultural luggage with them, the folkways, the legends and tales, the holidays and customs, and, inevitably, the songs.

A large legacy of folk culture came with the immigrants because so many of them were of the socio-economic classes to whom folk culture was a method of communication. The bulk of the settlers and slaves were of peasant or working class background.

Folk culture was especially well-suited for travel and the colonist's life here. How much easier it was to carry a tale in one's memory rather than a lot of bound books; how much easier to carry a ballad in the mind than a spinet and volumes of printed music.

The songs on Side 1 of The Folk Box were chosen to illustrate some of the contributing forces to the formation of an American folk music. Some will illustrate parent styles of ballad and folk-lyric in Scotland, Ireland and England, Africa, Minnesota or the chant of the Navajo Indians, who were here before the tide of immigration.



Although it is a generalization with many exceptions, American folk song is a product of the fusion of two major musical cultures: those of Scotland, Ireland and England as a unit, with that of West Africa. The exceptions to the generalization are a field that have yet to be fully explored by students or devotees of the folk revival. The Western half of the United States shows the strong influence of the songlore of Mexico and other Spanish-speaking lands. Parts of New England, Louisiana and the Champlain Valley still show strong French influence. In the Midwest, the impress of Scandinavian tradition is greatest. There are dozens of ethnic minorities in America, each of which still manages to retain its folk traditions.

Band 1 - GREENSLEEVES/Cynthia Gooding. A classic of Anglo-American folk song, with a melody that seems ageless. Little is known of its origin, except that it comes from England before the 17th century. As many as 40 verses have been collected, but this version pares it down to its most popular form in this country. Cynthia Gooding, who has studied old English ballads deeply, interprets it in a fashion that spans time and oceans. The song's rather earthy origins have disappeared in the face of its lyric beauty.

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously,
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

CHORUS:
Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady, Greensleeves.

If you intended thus to disdain,
It doth the more enrapture me,
And even so I still remain
A lover in captivity.

(Cho.)

Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity,
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity.
(Cho.)

Band 2 - DOWN IN THE COAL MINE/Ian Campbell Folk Group. The Ian Campbell Folk Group, a contemporary quintet from Britain, takes us into the work setting of the sort of person who emigrated to America. This song was collected by A. L. Lloyd and published first in Coal Dust Ballads (Workers Music Association). The words are believed to have been written by a Durham miner around 1885, to an Irish traditional tune known as The Roving Journeyman or The Red-Haired Boy.

I am a jovial collier lad as blithe as blithe can be,
And let the times be good or bad, it's all the same to me,
It's little of the world I know, and care less for its ways,

For where the dog star never glows, I wear away
me days.

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mine underneath the ground,
Where the gleam of sunshine never can be found,
Digging up the dusty diamonds all the season
round,
Deep down in the coal mine underneath the ground.

Me hands are horny, hard, and black through
workin' in the vein,
And like the clothes upon me back, me speech is
rough and plain,
Well, if I stumble with me tongue, I've one excuse
to say,
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong, it's
the head that goes astray.
(Cho.)

How little do the great ones care who sit at home
secure,
What hidden dangers colliers dare, what hardships
they endure,
The very fire they sit beside to cheer themselves
and wives
Was kindled at the cost of jovial miners' lives.
(Cho.)

Then, cheer up, lads, and make the most of every
joy ya can,
And always let your mouth be such that best befits
a man,
For let the times be good or bad, we'll still be
jovial souls,
For where would Britain be without the lads that
look for coals?
(Cho.)

Band 3 - GEORDIE/Ewan MacColl. Ewan MacColl, one
of the leaders in the British folk revival, offers
a classic ballad (Child 209) in a stark, unaccom-
panied style. It concerns the imprisonment of a
Scot, and the efforts of his admiring lady to save
him. It is believed to have been written about
George Gordon, the fourth Earl of Huntley, who died
in the battle of Corriishire in 1562. He was im-
prisoned in 1554 and released shortly thereafter.
An ingratiating melody with an opening verse that
is familiar on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Will ye gang tae the Hielands, my bonnie, bonnie
lass?
Will ye gang tae the Hieland wi' Geordie?
And I'll tak' the high road and ye'll tak' the
low,
And I'll be in the Hielands afore ye."

"I would far rather stay on the bonnie banks o'
Spey,
And see a' the fish boaties rowin',
Aford I would gang to your high Hieland hills,
And hear a' your white kye lowin'."

He hadna been on the high Hieland hills
A week but barely three, O,
Before he was cast into yon prison strang
For huntin' the deer and the roe, O.

His lady she got word o' it,
And quickly she made ready,
And she has rode into Edinburgh toon,
To plead for the life o' her Geordie.

"O, has he killed or has he robbed
Or has he injured ony?"
"No, he's been a-huntin' the king's ain deer
And he shall be hangit shortly."

"Will the yellow, yellow gowd buy off my bonnie
love?
Will the yellow gowd buy off my Geordie?"
"It's five hunder pounds ye maun pay for his
life,
And ye'll get the hat on your Geordie."

She's ta'en the kerchie frae aff her heid,
And she's spread it out sae bonnie;
And she's ta'en the hat frae her true love's hand,
And she's beggit for the life o' her Geordie.

And some gied her crowns and some gied her pounds
And some gied her perlins bonnie,
And the king himsel' gied a hantle o' gowd,
For to get the hat on her Geordie.

Then oot and spak' an auld Irish laird,
A bowdy-legged body,
Said, "For me, Gighty's laird had lost his heid,
If I had but gotten his lady."

She turned about her high horse heid,
And wow! but she was saucy;
"The pox be on your Irish face,
For you never could compare wi' my Geordie."

"First I was lady o' bonnie Auchindoon,
And then I was lady o' Gartly,
But now I'm guidwife o' the bonnie bog o' Gight,
And I beggit for the life o' my Geordie."

GLOSSARY:

kye	cattle
ain	own
hangit	hanged
gowd	gold
maun	must
aff	off
heid	head
gied	gave
perlins	small pearls
bowdy-legged	bow-legged
body	a person

Band 4 - WHISKEY IN THE JAR/Irish Ramblers. The
Irish Ramblers, a contemporary group of three
brothers named Clancy, offer this flavorful bit of
Old World whimsy. A catchy, infectious drinking
song, for fun, not analysis. The Irish, the whis-
key jar and versions of this song have all moved
to America.

As I was going over the far-famed mountain,
I met with Captain Farrell and his money he was
countin',
I first produced my pistol and I then produced my
rapier,
Saying, stand and deliver for you are my bold
deceiver.

CHORUS:

Whack-fol-de-diddle, oh whack-fol-de-diddle,
Thar's whiskey in the jar;
Whack-fol-de-diddle, oh whack-fol-de-diddle,
Thar's whiskey in the jar.

He counted out his money and it made a pretty
penny,

I put it in my pockets and I give it to my Jennie,
 She sighed and she swore that she would never
 betray me,
 But the devil take the women for they never can
 be easy.
 (Cho.)

I went into my chamber, oh, for to take a slumber,
 I dreamt of gold and jewels and sure it was no
 wonder,
 For Jennie drew my charges and she filled them up
 with water,
 And she sent for Captain Farrell to be ready for
 the slaughter.
 (Cho.)

'Twas early in the morning before I rose to travel
 Up comes a band of footmen and likewise Captain
 Farrell,
 I then produced my pistol for she stole away my
 rapier,
 But I couldn't shoot the water so a prisoner I was
 taken.
 (Cho.)

They put me into prison without a judge a-writin',
 For robbin' Captain Farrell on the far-famed Kerry
 Mountain,
 When I couldn't take me fists so I knocked the
 jailor down,
 And I bade farewell to the jail in Limerick town.
 (Cho.)

Now, there's some take delight in the fishin' and
 the bowlin'
 And others take delight in the carriage fast
 a-rollin'
 But I take delight in the juice of the barley
 And courtin' pretty lassies on the mountains of
 Killarney.
 (Cho.)



PLYMOUTH HOE, PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND

Band 5 - IRISH FAMINE SONG/Susan Reed. Susan Reed, who was an active figure in the revival of the forties, shows the sadder side of life in the Old World. The recurring famines of Ireland in the 19th century had only one benefit -- it greatly stimulated Irish emigration to America.

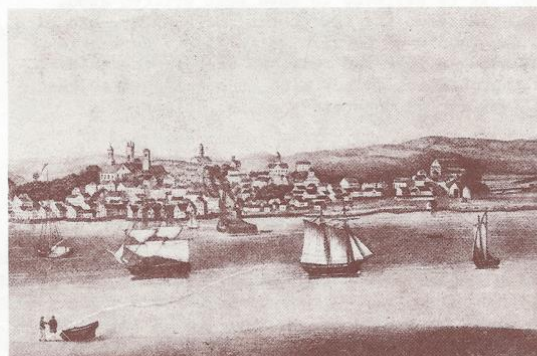
Oh, the praties they grow small over here, over here,
 Yes, the praties they grow small over here,
 Oh, the praties they grow small, but we eat them
 coats and all,
 Yes, we eat them coats and all over here.

Now, I wish that we were geese, night and morn,
 night and morn,
 Yes, I wish that we were geese, night and morn,
 Oh, I wish that we were geese, who can fly and
 take their ease,
 And can die and take their peace, eating corn,
 eating corn.

(Repeat first verse)

Band 6 - GYPSY LADDIE/Ed McCurdy. Ed McCurdy, the baritone with the big folk repertoire, gives us another side of the background for immigration, or, indeed, for leaving any place of established authority and responsibility for another life. The romanticism here is one that the peasant and working-classes could easily identify with. What better way to show contempt for a lord than to steal his lady?

It was late in the night when the squire came
 home,
 Inquiring for his lady;
 The watchman made a sure reply,
 She's gone with the Gypsy Davy.



PLYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

CHORUS:

Rattle tum a gypsy gypsy,
Rattle tum a Gypsy Davy.

Go catch me up my old gray horse,
My old gray horse so speedy,
I'll ride all night and I'll ride all day
And I'll overtake my lady.
(Cho.)

It's he rode up his old gray horse,
His old gray horse so speedy,
He rode all night and he rode all day
And he overtook his lady.
(Cho.)

It's come go back, my dearest dear,
It's come go back, my honey,
It's come go back, my dearest dear,
You never shall want for money.
(Cho.)

I won't go back, my dearest dear,
Nor I won't go back, my honey,
For I wouldn't give a kiss from the gypsy's lips
For you and all your money.
(Cho.)

It's go pull off those snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather,
And give to me your lily-white hand
And bid farewell forever.
(Cho.)

It's she pulled off them snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather.
She give to him her lily-white hand
And bid farewell forever.
(Cho.)

I once could have had as many fine things,
Fine feather beds and money,
But now my bed is made of hay
And the gypsies dance around me.
(Cho.)

Band 7 - TAE THE WEAVERS/Jean Redpath. Another Scottish song that gives an insight into the work and the ways of the European who was to be the American. Robert Burns, the bard of Ayreshire, wrote the verses, while the chorus is of folk origin. Jean Redpath of Leven, Fife, Scotland, who sings the ditty, says that "in the days before the big mills, journeyman weavers traveled from place to place, working in temporary quarters and were renowned for their amoristic tendencies."

My hert was aince as blythe an free
As simmer days are lang;
But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
Has gart me change my sang.

CHORUS:

Tae the weavers gin ye go, fair maids,
Tae the weavers gin ye go,
I rede ye richt, gan ne'er at nicht,
Tae the weavers gin ye go.

My mither sent me tae the toon
Tae warp a plaiden wab;
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab.
(Cho.)

A bonny westlin weaver lad
Sat workin' at his loom,
He took my hert, as wi' a net,
In every knot an thrum.
(Cho.)

I sat beside my warpin' wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roon,
But every shock and every knock
My hert it gaed a stoun.
(Cho.)

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonny westlin weaver lad
Conveyed me through the glen.
(Cho.)

But what was said or what was done,
Shame fa' me gin I tell!
But, oh, I fear the kintry, sune,
Will ken as weel's mysel'.
(Cho.)

GLOSSARY:

hert	heart
aince	once
westlin	western
gart	made
gin	should
rede	advise
wab	web
sab	sob
thrum	loose end, tangle
ca'd	turned or spun
stoun	stound, pang
kintry	country
sune	soon
ken	know

Band 8 - AFRICAN TRAVELING SONG. Field recording by Harold Courlander, musicologist and former editor of the Folkways Ethnic Library, in 1942 in Eritrea, which then bordered on The Sudan. The male voices accompanied by a form of harp and drums were Sudanese itinerant laborers. They described the song to Mr. Courlander as one to be sung while traveling. Most of the Negroes impressed into slavery were from West and West-Central Africa, but this song seemed to catch the spirit of African music so well. We have no indication if this was of a genre brought over by the slaves, but their contribution to American folk music must never be overlooked.

Band 9 - NAVAJO NIGHT CHANT. This fragment from a ceremony of the largest tribe of Indians living in America today, is here as a reminder of the rich and variegated Indian music traditions that existed long before the colonizing and settlement of the United States by Europeans. A portion of the notes to this song on *Music of the Sioux and the Navajo* (Ethnic Folkways Library FE 4401) by Willard Rhodes says:

"The Night Chant, popularly known as the Yeibichai (Grandfather of the Gods) is an important nine-day ceremony which may not be performed until after the first killing frost. It is at this ceremony that boys and girls are initiated into the ceremonial life of the tribe by two masked dancers who impersonate the Grandfathers of the Monsters and the Male and Female Divinity. On the last night of the ceremony...Yeibichai appears with a company of masked gods and dancers. After a weird,

unearthly call of the gods, the dancers shake their rattles with a sweeping movement from the ground to their heads, then whirl to the opposite direction and repeat the rattling...The hypnotic power of this music is cumulative as an endless profusion of Yeibichai songs follow one another throughout the night..."

Band 10 - SKADA AT AMERICA/Gene Bluestein. Gene Bluestein found this little gem for his Minnesota Statehood Centennial album on Folkways. The delightful melody comes from a Swedish evangelical hymn, which emigrants adapted into its form here in the eighteen-fifties. Here is the embodiment of the settler's dream about the New World.

Broeder ve ha langt at go
Oever salte vaten
Ok sa fins America
In vid andre strander
Inte erdet moy-yeligt
Ok yo det er so froydeligt
Skada at America! Skada at America,
Lige skal so langt ifron.

Brothers, we have far to go
Across the salty waters;
There we'll find America,
On the other shore.

CHORUS:
Though you say it cannot be,
Take my word and you will see.
It's too bad America,
That wonderful America,
Should be so far away.

The trees which stand upon the ground
Are all as sweet as sugar,
And everywhere you look you'll find
Girls like pretty dolls.

(Cho.)

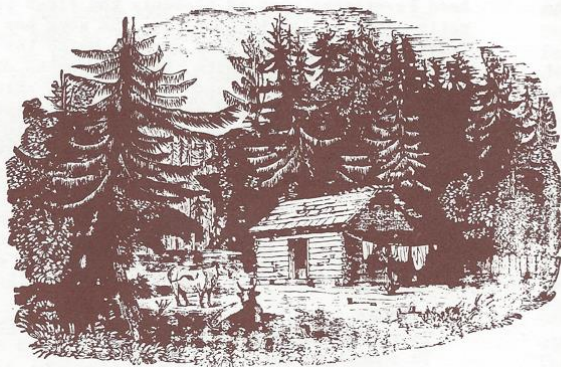
If you decide you want a wife,
Four or five will offer.
While on the ground and in the fields,
English money grows.

(Cho.)

When it rains, the poultry falls,
Ducks and chickens pour down.
Geese all fried, prepared to eat,
The fork is in the drumstick!

(Cho.)

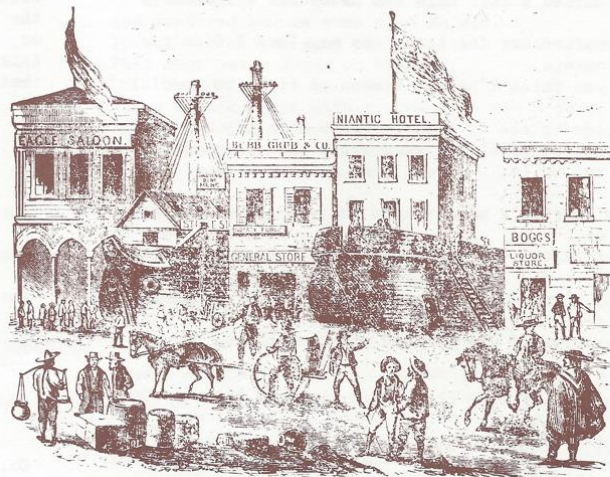




THE SQUATTER'S HOME.



SANTA FE.



STREET, SAN FRANCISCO

SIDE 2—SETTLING, EXPLORING AND GROWING IN THE NEW WORLD

The promise of immigration was followed by the realities of settling the wild new land. From the earliest landings at Plymouth and Jamestown, the colonists were to face hardships, tests to their endurance and their ingenuity. The pioneer spirit was born in or inculcated in the men who built this country.

The settling of the Eastern Seaboard and the Westward Expansion are among the most romantic sagas of the modern world. It has been such an epic struggle that countless films, novels, poems and songs have grown out of this adventuresome era.

Songs of the American tradition follow this story along, from the Revolution, through the early political problems, the War of 1812, the emergence of a formal city society and the continuing exploration of the frontier.

Here are a sampling of songs that give the flavor of the early years of life on this continent. The songs tell the story in a new way, with a new penetration. Wherever the American pioneer went, he found security, solace and self-expression in folk song. The songs document his movement, his growth and the growth of a new civilization around him.

Band 1 - WHEN FIRST TO THIS COUNTRY/New Lost City Ramblers. An unusual pioneer love song, with so many gaps in its narratives that large portions of the lyrics have obviously been dropped in oral transmission. Performed here in a Southern white mountain string band revival style by Tom Paley and Mike Seeger of The New Lost City Ramblers, a city trio that has consciously and successfully endeavored to re-create the music of the twenties and thirties for the audience of today:

Mike Seeger: Autoharp and voice.
Tom Paley: Banjo.

When first unto this country, a stranger I came.
I courted a fair maid and Nancy was her name.

I courted her for love, and her love I didn't
obtain.
Do you think I've any reason or right to complain?

I rode to see my Nancy, I rode both day and night
Till I spied a fine gray horse both plump-looking
and white.

The sheriff's men, they'd followed and overtaken
me.
They carted me away to the penitentiary.

They opened up the door and then they shoved me
in.
They cleared off my head and they shaved off my
chin.

They beat me and they banged me and they fed me on
dry beans
Till I wished to my soul I'd never been a thief.

With my hands in my pockets and my cap put on so
bold,
With my coat of many colors, like Jacob of old.

Band 2 - SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN/Susan Reed. Susan Reed re-creates what is probably the first popular native-born ballad in America. The song has had at least two lives, a serious version which the colonists could empathize with, because snakes did abound in New England, and the perils of nature were always at hand, and as a comic burlesque. This song springs from an actual episode, in 1761, when a Timothy Myrick of Springfield Mountain, Mass. (later Wilbraham), was killed by a rattle-snake.

On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A lovelie youth I knowed him well-el-el.

CHORUS:
Tu ruddie du tu ruddie day,
Tu ruddie du tu ruddie day.

This lovelie youth one day did go
Down to the meadow for to mow-i-o.
(Cho.)

He had scarce mowed half round the field
When a poison serpent bit at his heel-e-eel.
(Cho.)

They took him home to Mollie dear,
Which made him feel so verie queer-ear-ear.
(Cho.)

Now Mollie had two ruby lips
With which the poison she did sip.
(Cho.)

She also had a rotten tooth
And so the poison killed them both-o-oth.
(Cho.)

Band 3 - GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES/Ed McCurdy. Ed McCurdy sings a bantering tune popular in Britain and early America, also known as The Three Rogues. Recent research, Alan Lomax, the folklorist, has pointed out, indicates that the old belief that colonial New England knew only the staid hymns of the Puritans is quite incorrect. There was another, brighter and freer life for the Puritans, as this joggy tune illustrates. But the likelihood is that this English tune didn't get popular here until 1800, long after colony days.

In good old colony times, when we lived under the
king,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps, because
they could not sing.
Because they could not sing, because they could
not sing,
Three roguish chaps fell into mishaps, because
they could not sing.

Oh, the first he was a miller, and the second he
was a weaver,
And the third he was a little tailor, three
roguish chaps together...

Oh, the miller he stole corn, and the weaver he
stole yarn,
And the little tailor ran right away with the
broadcloth under his arm...

The miller was drowned in his dam, and the weaver
got hung in his yarn,
And the devil cleft his claws on the little tailor
with the broadcloth under his arm...

Band 4 - JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY/Oscar Brand. An election song of 1800 that may have come into popularity, or been changed, after Jefferson's election. It comments on the despised Alien and Sedition Acts. Oscar Brand sings this noblest of all political songs, which is to the tune of Alistair McAlister.

The gloomy night before us flies
The reign of terror now is o'er
No gags, inquisitors and spies
The herds of harpies are no more.

Rejoice, Columbia's sons, rejoice,
To tyrants never bend the knee
But join with heart with soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty.

No lordlings here with gorging jaws
Shall wring from industry the food
No bigots with their holy laws
Lay waste our fields and streets in blood.

Here strangers from a thousand shores
Compelled by tyranny to roam
Shall find amidst abundant stores
A nobler and happier home.

Band 5 - DARLING COREY/Pete Seeger. The frontier was a place for independence, and many a Pennsylvanian and Kentuckian wanted to be independent of paying Federal taxes on their home-made liquor. This bright little gem of rural moonshining is among the first songs to show a sharp break in American folk song from its British ancestors. Here is the hard-driving banjo, the fast tempo, the high, yodeling mountain singing that seems so appropriate for this tune about a hard-drinking, hard-gambling gal named Corey. Pete Seeger, who has done more to popularize American folk song than any other performer, is heard in a 1950 performance.

Wake up, wake up, Darling Corey,
What makes you sleep so sound?
Them highway robbers are coming,
Going to tear your still house down.

Wake up, wake up, my darling,
Quit hanging round my bed.
Bad liquor has ruined my body,
Pretty women have killed me most dead.

Wake up, wake up, my darling,
Go do the best you can.
I have got me another woman,
You can hunt you another man.

Oh yes, oh yes, my darling,
I will do the best I can,
But I'll never give my pleasure
To another gambling man.

Well, the last time I seen Darling Corey,
She was sitting by the banks of the sea,
A .45 strapped around her waist
And a banjo on her knee.

Band 6 - JESSE JAMES/Jack Elliott. Songs of American badmen, like the earlier English Robin Hood cycle, do much to explain the difference in values between middle-class and "folk." Many folk songs venerate mythical heroes such as Paul Bunyan and other super-men. But here, the reversal of values, as with later songs about Pretty Boy Floyd, Stagolee and other badmen, show a strange sympathy for the outlaw. This is the story of the betrayal of James by a "Judas" seeking a reward. Sung by Jack Elliott, one of the best of the city musicians, who went on to assimilate and master rural style.

Jesse James was a lad who killed many a man,
He robbed the Glendale train,
He stole from the rich and he gave to the poor,
He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

CHORUS:
Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,
Three children they were brave,
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard
Has laid Jesse James in his grave.

It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he does feel,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in
Jesse's bed,
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,
He'd never see a man suffer pain,
And with his brother Frank, he robbed the Galleton
Bank
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining
bright,
He stopped the Glendale train,
And the people they did say, for many miles away,
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.

It was a Saturday night, Jesse was at home,
Talking to his family brave,
Robert Ford come along like a thief in the night
And he laid Jesse James in his grave.

The people held their breath when they heard about
his death
And wondered how he ever came to die.
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford
That shot Jesse James on the sly.

Jesse went to rest with a hand upon his breast,
The devil will be upon his knee,
He was born one day in the county of Shea
And he came from a solitary race.

The song was made up by Billy Gachet
As soon as the news did arrive,
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
That could take Jesse James when alive.
(Cho.)

Band 7 - ROCK ISLAND LINE/Leadbelly. As much a symbol in the American mind of freedom as the rambling man is the railroad. Before the highways and the jet aircraft, the steel rails were a road away from something bad and toward something hopeful, a new job, a long-parted lover. Leadbelly, the giant of Negro folk song, catches all the dynamism, the strength of the iron horse strutting

down the rails. Here are two pinions of American folk music, Leadbelly and Rock Island Line, joined together with the cross-ties of music.

"...An' in that road man goin' talk to the depot agent when he come in...he's goin' tell him something..."

I got goats
I got sheep
I got hogs
I got cows
I got horses
I got all live stock
I got all live stock

"Depot agent goin' let him git by and when he git by, he goin' to tell him (he's gone on now)..."

I fooled you
I fooled you
I got iron
I got all pig iron
I got all pig iron

CHORUS:

Oh, the Rock Island Line,
It's a mighty good road,
Oh, the Rock Island Line,
It's a road to ride;
Oh, the Rock Island Line,
It's a mighty good road,
If you wants to ride it,
Got to ride it like you find it,
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line.

Jesus died to save our sins,
Glory to God, we gonna need him again.
(Cho.)

I may be right and I may be wrong,
You gonna miss me when I'm gone.
(Cho.)

A-B-C double X-Y-Z,
Cats in the cupboard, but they don't see me.
(Cho.)



Band 8 - OREGON TRAIL/Woody Guthrie. One of the lesser-known masterpieces of Woody Guthrie. Although Guthrie composed very few original tunes, his reworking and rewording of traditional melodies was so gifted that he created new entities. Here is a typical Guthrie veneration of the American soil, the beauty of moving around the landscape. A latter-day pioneer, he would not be chained in actuality or in his imagination to the life of the city.

I've been a-grubbin' on a little farm on a flat
and windy plain,
I've been a-listenin' to the hungry cattle bawl,
I'm gonna to pack my wife and kids, I'm gonna hit
that western road,
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall.

CHORUS:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall,
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall,
Where the good rain falls a-plenty and the crops
and orchards grow,
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall.

Well, my land is dry and cracklin' and my chickens
they are cacklin'
'Cause the dirt and dust is a-gettin' in their
craw,
They been layin' flint-rock eggs, I had to bust
them with a sledge,
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall.
(Cho.)

Well, the hogs and pigs are squealin', they're a-
rockin' and a-reelin'
'Cause there ain't no water to water in the draw,
I'm gonna grab one by his tail, I'm gonna take
him down a western trail,
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall.
(Cho.)

Now, my good old horse is boney, yes, he's dry and
hungry, too,
You can see his ribs three-quarters of a mile,
Throw the kids upon his back, and the bay, and
the black,
And we'll hit that Oregon Trail this coming fall.
(Cho.)

Well, my wife gets sort of ailin' when that mean
old dust is sailin'
And she wishes for the days beyond recall,
If the work there's in the future in that North
Pacific land,
So we'll hit the Oregon Trail this coming fall.
(Cho.)

OREGON TRAIL
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
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Band 9 - SWANNANOA TUNNEL/Erik Darling. A tunnel through Swannanoa Gap, North Carolina, was completed in 1883, and this Southern Mountain tune celebrates the event. Erik Darling, formerly of The Weavers, now of The Rooftop Singers, learned this version from Lee Haring and Frank Hamilton. Also known as John Henry's Hammer Song. Another evocation of the work and struggle that went into the building of America.

Asheville Junction, Swannanoa Tunnel,
All caved in, honey, all caved in.
I'm going back to Swannanoa Tunnel,
That's my home, honey, that's my home.

When you hear that hoot owl squalling,
Somebody's dying, honey, somebody's dying.
And when you hear that pistol growl, baby,
Another man's gone, another man's gone.

If I could gamble like Tom Dooley,
I'd leave my home, honey, I'd leave my home

Band 10 - KENTUCKY MOONSHINER/Ed McCurdy. Another famous American drinking song, also a descendant of an Irish song on the same delightful proposition. Sung by Ed McCurdy, this song has been compared by the poet Carl Sandburg to the keening of the Gaels.

I've been a moonshiner for seventeen long year,
I've spent all my money on whiskey and beer,
I'll go to some holler, I'll put up my still,
I'll make you one gallon for a two-dollar bill.

I'll go to some grocery and drink with my friends,
Where the women can't follow to see what I spends.
God bless them pretty women, how I wish they was
mine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the dew on the
vine.

I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry;
If moonshine don't kill me, I'll live till I die.

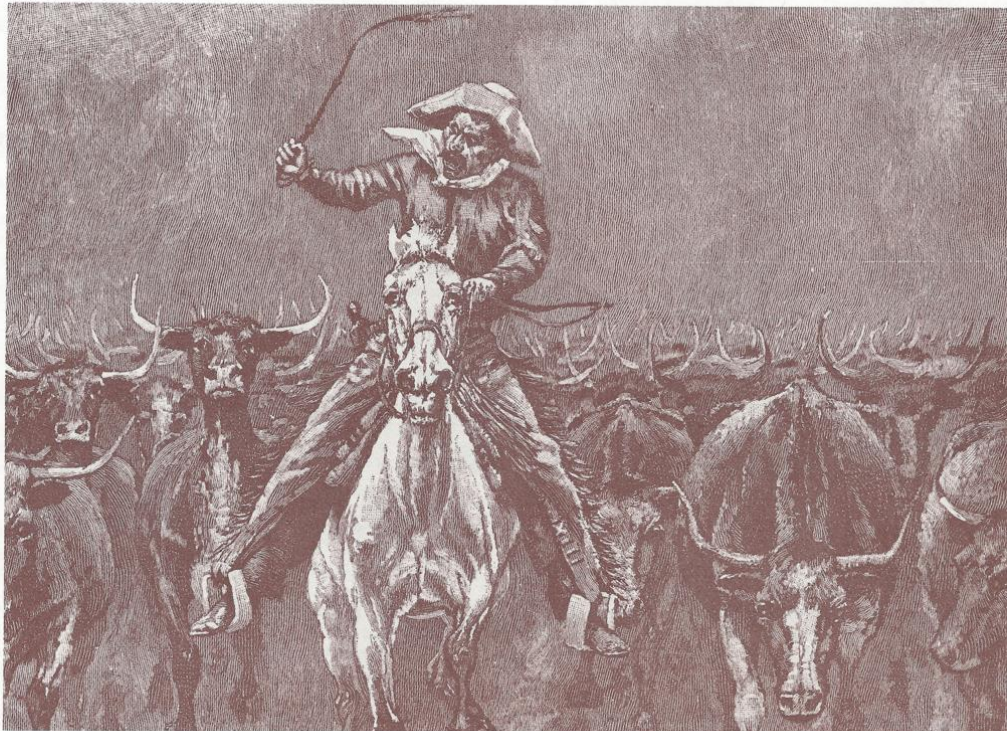
God bless those moonshiners, how I wish they was
mine,
Their breath smells as sweet as the good old
moonshine.

Band 11 - GREEN, GREEN, ROCKY ROAD/Alabama School Children. A children's ring game recorded at Lilly's Chapel School, in York, Alabama, in 1950 by Harold Courlander. An elaborate game played by Negro children in the South. An interesting commentary on the urban revival is that this song has been beautifully arranged by Len Chandler, a college-trained Negro singer, and the version by the pop-folk group, The New Christy Minstrels, became a national hit in 1963.

Green, green, rocky road,
Some lady's green, rocky road.
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road.
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road.

A name is called: "Minnie Town."

Dear Miss Minnie (name of child within circle),
your name's been called,
Come take a seat beside the wall.
Give her a kiss and let her go,
She'll never sit in that chair no more.



SIDE 3—WORK SONG

"Without singing, we have no strength," a Zulu work gang member once told Harold Courlander, an expert on Negro folk traditions. Although the laborer was an African, the sentiment is universal.

One of the most functional uses of folk song is in the day-to-day work situation. In many instances where group work is involved, the use of a work-call leader becomes a vital factor in completing the work on time. Setting a firm tempo, the leader has the members of the work gang respond antiphonally. Workers as well as bosses benefit.

Besides setting a rhythmic pace, the work song can be a great morale-builder, relieving drudgery with melody or a catchy lyric. While the most obvious link to Old World tradition is to be found in Negro work song, there are many instances of the work song still in use today in white tradition. Whether it is a shoeshine boy keeping time, or a cowboy soothing restless cattle, or Menhaden fishermen rhythmically pulling in a net, American music is strong in the traditional work song.

Two other bodies of folk song grew out of the work situation: songs about particular trades and crafts and the union songs which helped solidify the workers' movements. What a contrast between the songs of the 19th century wagoners, canal boatmen, railroad men, and the songs of union organizing!

Most of the descriptive songs about trades and crafts were in ballad form, descendants of English and Irish street ballads of the 18th century rather than of the classic ballads about lords and ladies.

A profile of America at work can be drawn through the songs the people have invented and passed on, the songs that helped the work go smoothly, and the songs that described the work, and then, finally, sought to improve the work situation through unions.

Band 1 - PICK A BALE OF COTTON/Leadbelly. Leadbelly had the qualities of a folk hero, beside being one of our greatest folk singers. His strength and virility were real, but they were in a direct line of descendancy from the folk heroes, John Henry and Paul Bunyan. He seemed to embody the indomitable pride of the Negro people. In this bright song of the cotton fields of East Texas, Leadbelly shows that the work song can be joyous. "I was picking a thousand pounds of cotton a day," he said, and this tune makes you believe him.

"Now, this was when I was around Dallas, Texas, picking cotton. I was pickin' a thousand pounds of cotton a day. And the way you get a thousand pounds of cotton a day, you've got to jump around to get it. You can't fool around and pick a thousand pounds of cotton a day."

Jump down, turn around, to pick a bale of cotton,
Jump down, turn around, pick a bale a day. (2)

CHORUS:
Oh, Lordy, pick a bale of cotton,
Oh, Lordy, pick a bale a day. (2)

Me and my gal can pick a bale of cotton,
Me and my gal can pick a bale a day. (2)
(Cho.)

Me and my wife...
(Cho.)

Me and my friend...
(Cho.)

Me and my poppa...
(Cho.)

Band 2 - HAUL ON THE BOWLINE/Seafarers Chorus. The Seafarers Chorus featuring Eugene Brice and conducted by Milt Okun perform this old shanty of sailing days. Although this is a very sophisticated setting, much of the drive and functionalism of the old sailor's song is re-created. This is believed to be a fragment of an Irish tune. James Goodfriend has written of this song: "'Sweating up' was what those short hard hauls to raise a top-gallant or a royal sail in a hard wind were called. It was 'haul on the bowline, the bowline haul' and everybody fell back with all his weight on the rope and then gasped for breath and scrambled for a new grip, while the canvas flapped a few feet higher in the wind and the shanteyman started the next verse."

CHORUS:
Haul on the bowline, oh, rock and roll me over,
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

Once I was in Ireland 'a digging turf and praties;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.
But now I'm on a Yankee ship 'a hauling sheets and braces;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

CHORUS:
Haul on the bowline, we'll bust or break or bend her,
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

CHORUS:
Haul on the bowline, we'll haul away for roses,
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

The last time I see my wife, she wasn't very civil;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.
So I stuck a plaster on her back and sent her to the devil;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

Sheepskin, pitch and bee's wax, they make a bully plaster;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.
The more she tries to get if off, it only sticks the faster;
Haul on the bowline, the bowline haul.

The work is hard, the voyage long,
The seas are high, the gales are strong,
The food is bad, the wages low,
But soon ashore again we'll go.

Band 3 - PADDY WORKS ON THE RAILWAY/Pete Seeger. Pete Seeger sings this fine testimonial to Irish-American rail gangs, also known as Paddy Works on the Erie. The potato famine of 1840 sent thousands of Irish to this country. Many ended up working on such rail lines as the Erie, the Pennsylvania and the Union Pacific. The first rail passenger service began around 1830, when there were only 23 miles of track. By 1860 America had more than 30,000 miles of track. This melody is presumably Irish, but the sentiments were sweated out on the plains of America.

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-one,
I put my cord'roy britches on,
Put my cord'roy britches on
To work upon the railway.

CHORUS:

Fil i me oo ree eye ri ay (3)
To work upon the railway.

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-two,
I left the Old World for the New,
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through
To work upon the railway.
(Cho.)

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-three,
'Twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee,
An elegant wife she's been to me
While working on the railway.
(Cho.)

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-five,
I thought myself more dead than alive,
I thought myself more dead than alive
While working on the railway.
(Cho.)

It's "Pat, do this" and "Pat, do that"
Without a stocking or a cravat,
Nothing but an old straw hat
While Pat worked on the railway.
(Cho.)

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-seven,
Sweet Biddy McGee, she went to heaven,
If she left one kid, she left eleven
To work upon the railway.
(Cho.)

Band 4 - I RIDE AN OLD PAINT/Harry Jackson. Harry Jackson, the Chicago-born artist who chose life on a Wyoming ranch when a young man and who has frequently returned to that life, here sings in definitive cowboy style a classic of the range. We have become so accustomed to hoked-up cowboy songs from film soundtracks that this interpretation might well come as a surprise with its heavy stamp of authenticity. This is a riding song, which lopes along with the gait of the singer's horse. Old Paint, especially its chorus, was used to calm cattle who were on the verge of stampeding.

I ride an old paint, I'm a-leading old Dan
I'm going to Montan' for to throw the hoolian.

CHORUS:

Ride around, little doggies, ride around kind-a
slow,
For the fiery and the snuffy, they're a-raring to
go.

Well, they feed in the coulees and they waters in
the draw,
Their tails are all matted and their backs are all
raw.
(Cho.)

Well, old Bill Jones had him two daughters and a
song,
One went to Denver and t'other went wrong;
Old Bill got shot in a pool-room fight,
And now he keeps a-singing most all of the night.
(Cho.)

Well, when I die, take my saddle from the wall,
Put it on to my tophorse, lead him out of the
stall;
Tie my bones to his back, turn our heads to the
West
And we'll ride the country that we know the best.
(Cho.)



Band 5 - ZEBRA DUN/Cisco Houston. Another side of cowboy life is revealed here by the late Cisco Houston, longtime traveling companion of Woody Guthrie. This is a delightful ballad about a practical joke at the expense of a newcomer to the cattle country, but, as the story will reveal, the greenhorn is not to be outsmarted. Folklorists have differed about the origins of this song. John Lomax ascribed it to a Negro camp cook on the Pecos River, but Kenneth S. Goldstein believes it is of white cowboy authorship.

We were camped on the bend of the head of the
Cimarron,
When along come a stranger, and he stopped to
argue some,
Well, he looked so very foolish, we began to look
around,
We thought he was a greenhorn just escaped from
town.

He said he'd lost his job upon the Sante Fe
And was going 'cross the prairie to strike the 7D,
He didn't say how it come, some trouble with the
boss,
And asked if he could borrow a fat saddle horse.

This tickled all the boys to death, they laughed
right up their sleeves,
Oh, we will lend you a fine horse, as fresh and
fat as you please,
Then Shorty grabbed the lariat and we roped the
Zebra Dun,
And he gave him to the stranger and waited for
the fun.

Now, old Dunny was an outlaw, he had grown so very
wild,
But he could paw the moon down, boys, he could
jump a mile,
Old Dunny stood right still as if he didn't know,
Until he was saddled and ready for to go.

When the stranger hit the saddle, well, old Dunny
quit the earth,
He traveled right straight upward for all that he
was worth,
A-bucking and a-squealing and having wall-eyed
fits,
His hind feet perpendicular, his front feet in the
bits.

We could see the tops of mountains over Dunny's
every jump,
The stranger he was glued there, like the camel's
hump,
The stranger sat upon him, and he curled his black
mustache,
Like a summer boarder who was waiting for his
hash.

Well, he thumped him in the shoulders, and he
spurred him when he whirled,
He hollered to the punchers, I'm the wolf of the
world,
And when he had dismounted, once more upon the
ground,
We knew he was a thoroughbred and not a gent from
town.

Now the boss who was a-standing 'round a-watching
of the show,
He walked up to the stranger and said he
needn't go,
If you can handle a lariat like you rode the
Zebra Dun,
You're the man that I've been looking for
since the year one.

Well, there's one thing, and a sure thing, I've
learned since I've been born,
That every educated feller ain't a plumb green-
horn.

Band 6 - FIELD HOLLER/Horace Sprott. Even though
some work was not of the rhythmic sort (chopping,
sail-lifting, spike-pounding), men could invent
music for passing the hours of lonesome work.
Another form of work song is sung by Horace Sprott
of Sprott, Ala., who was recorded by Fred Ramsey,
Jr. for his notable Music of the South series. The
field holler is one of the parent styles of the
blues, as this beautiful moaning wordless chant
will reveal. The field holler, also known as the
arhoolie, is one of the most beautiful forms of
American folk music.

Band 7 - LININ' TRACK/Koerner, Ray and Glover.
John Koerner, Dave Ray and Tony Glover are three
Minneapolis blues singers who have defied tradi-

tion by singing Negro songs. This romp was learned
from the work song repertoire of Leadbelly, demon-
strating one of the most interesting trends in the
current folk revival -- complete mastery of rural
style by city performers.

Ho, boys, is you right?
Done got right.

All I hate 'bout linin' track,
These old bars 'bout to bust my back.

CHORUS:
Ho, boys, can't you line 'em (jack-alack) (3)
See Eloise go linin' track.

Down in the hollow below the field,
Angels are workin' on the chariot wheel.
(Cho.)

Mary and the baby were sittin' in the shade,
Thinkin' on the money that I ain't made.
(Cho.)

Oughta been on the river in nineteen-ten,
Buddy Russell drove the women like they drive
the men.
(Cho.)

Moses stood on the Red Sea sho'
Goin' a-battin' at the water with a two-by-four.
(Cho.)

Well, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood.
(Cho.)

Mary, Marthy, Luke, and John,
Well, it's all them disciples are dead and gone.
(Cho.)

Well, you keep talkin' bout the break ahead,
Ain't seen nothin' of my hog and bread.
(Cho.)

(Repeat first two verses)

Band 8 - NOW YOUR MAN DONE GONE/Willie Turner.
Willie Turner, a Southern Negro, with his neigh-
bors, in a beautiful work song recorded by Harold
Courlander. In his book, Negro Folk Music U.S.A.
(Columbia), Courlander writes of the song: "Among
the gnawing fears and anxieties of the long-term
prisoners is the thought that when they return home
they may find that their women are no longer wait-
ing."

Now your man done gone (3)
To the county farm,
Now your man done gone.

Baby, please don't go (3)
Back to Baltimore,
Baby, please don't go.

Turn your lamp down low (3)
And baby, please don't go,
Baby, please don't go.

You know I loves you so (3)
And baby, please don't go,
Baby, please don't go.

I beg you all night long (3)
And night before,
Baby, please don't go.

Now your man done come (3)
From the county farm,
Now your man done come.

Baby, please don't go (3)
Back to Baltimore,
Baby, please don't go.

I'm goin' to walk your log (3)
And if you throw me off,
I'm goin' to walk your log.

Band 9 - TIMBER/Josh White. Written and sung by Josh White with Sam Gary in the late nineteen-forties. In their travels they had seen Negro convicts on country road gangs. They wondered how men could endure the sort of treatment that even a mule would balk at. Here the mule is the symbol of the convict.

Got to pull this timber
'Fore the sun go down,
Get it 'cross the river
'Fore the boss come round;
Drag it on down
That dusty road,
Come on, Jerry,
Let's dump this load.

CHORUS:
Hollering, "Timber,
Lord, this timber's got to roll."
Hollering, "Timber,
Lord, this timber's got to roll."

My old Jerry
Was an Arkansas mule.
Been everywhere
And he ain't no fool;
Weighed nine hundred and twenty-two,
Done everything
A poor mule could do.
(Cho.)

Jerry's old shoulder
Was six feet tall,
Pulled more timber
Than a freight can haul;
Work get heavy,
Old Jerry get sore,
Pulled so much
He wouldn't pull no more!
(Cho.)

Boss hit Jerry
And he made him jump,



Jerry reared
And kicked the boss on the rump;
Now, my old Jerry
Was a good old mule,
Had it been me, Lord...
I'd have killed that fool.

The boss tried to shoot
Old Jerry in the head,
Jerry ducked that bullet
And he stomped him dead;
Stomped that boss
Till I wanted to scream,
Should've killed him
'Cause he's so damn mean.
(Cho.)

TIMBER
Words and Music by Josh White and Sam Gary
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Band 10 - GRIZZLY BEAR/Negro Prisoners. Recorded in 1951 at a State Farm in Texas by Toshi and Pete Seeger, John Lomax, Jr., Chester Bower and Fred Hellerman. This is as strong an example of African survival in American Negro folk song as can be found. The meaning is not easy to discern. One version, reported by Courlander, says it refers to an escaped convict whose appearance was so wild that he resembled a grizzly bear.

I'm gonna tell you a story 'bout grizzly bear,
Jack o'Diamonds wasn't nothing but grizzly bear,
He come a-huffing and a-blowing like grizzly bear,
He had great long tushes like grizzly bear,
He come a-wobbling and a-squabbling like grizzly bear,
And Jack o'Diamonds was the great big grizzly bear.
He was a great big grizzly, grizzly bear,
He was the great big grizzly, grizzly bear,
Everybody was scared of that grizzly bear, (2)
Oh, the grizzly, grizzly, grizzly bear. (2)
Jack o'Diamonds was the great big grizzly bear,
He come a-wobbling and a-squabbling like grizzly bear,
He come a-huffing and a-blowing like grizzly bear,
He come a-walking and a-talking like grizzly bear,
He had great long tushes like grizzly bear,
He had big blue eyes like grizzly bear,
He had great long hair like grizzly bear,
Oh, the grizzly, grizzly, grizzly bear; (2)
I'm going to tell you people 'bout grizzly bear,
I'm gonna warn you and gonna tell you 'bout grizzly bear,
You better watch that grizzly, grizzly bear, (2)
Well, the bear's gonna get you now, grizzly bear.

("Grizzly" is pronounced griz-ze-ly throughout.)



It has been estimated that more than half of all American folk songs are religious in content or origin. Certainly the history of organized religion has been a story of man's use of music to express prayers, hopes and devotion to his God.

The complexity of American religious folk song is readily apparent. Again, as with the bulk of secular folk song, there are two main influences: the Anglo-Scots-Irish and the West African. In this instance more than other genres of folk song, the printed song -- hymn, anthem or spiritual -- played a greater part than oral transmission. Frequently, the religious songs that were learned from the published hymnals, were to undergo changes through use as the early colonists broke out into the frontier wilderness. Many of these songs, differing regionally and in their texts and melodies, have been called "folk hymns."

One form of notated music that is still flourishing as a living tradition in the South is that of sacred harp singing. To make it easier for members of rural or frontier churches to follow the hymnals, a method of fa-sol-la notation with symbols rather than notes was used. This sacred harp singing leads to some wild and eerie dissonances and harmonies, quite unlike any other choral folk style in the United States.

A recurring, and often thankless, debate that goes on among folk song students is concerned with the origin of the Negro spiritual, which is felt by many to be our greatest form of religious music. One scholar, George Pullen Jackson, has contended persuasively that the Negroes on slave plantations heard the white European-derived religious songs, and "borrowed" them. Much more persuasive is the contention that no matter what the origin of Negro spirituals, the transformation made the songs into something new. The Negro spiritual has become a great treasury of world music, first spread to Europe by a chorus from Fisk University in 1871. Now, concert singers and even opera stars will sing these gems of lyricism and folk poetry. Rich in Biblical allusion and poetic expression, the spirituals are among the proudest product of the merger of European and African traditions into a new matrix of American folk song.



Nowhere does a musical integration exist in more dramatic form in the South than in its religious music. Segregated church congregations may be singing one hymn that another small Negro "praise house" may be singing at the same time. Although the churches may be embattled, the music can and does cross over.

The Negro church, during the crucial racial strife, is social center, command headquarters as well as house of worship. Out of the varied integration battles have grown many religious-inspired "freedom songs," of which there will be more to say on the last side of *The Folk Box*.

Enthusiasm over Negro religious music -- from "holy blues" to spirituals to modern gospel -- should not obscure the beautiful devotional group singing in the white mountain gospel tradition. A fine example of this is "Amazing Grace" on Side 5, grouped with other examples of country music.

Band 1 - MARY HAD A BABY/Marilyn Child and Glenn Yarbrough. A modern interpretation of an old Negro Christmas spiritual. Glenn Yarbrough and Marilyn Child have retained the spirit but enlarged the sweep of this tender, almost personal retelling of the birth of Jesus. As in many primitive peoples, religion had an immediacy to the Negroes in slavery that made the Christmas story no distant far-off happening, but an event that seemed recent and close.

Virgin Mary had a little baby,
Oh, oh, glory hallelujah,
Oh, oh, pretty little baby,
Glory be to the newborn king.

What will you name that pretty little baby?...

Some call him one thing, think I'll call him
David...

Some call him one thing, think I'll call him
Savior...

Some call him one thing, think I'll call him
Jesus...

(Repeat first verse)

Band 2 - JESUS GONNA MAKE UP MY DYING BED/Josh White. Josh White in a fairly recent recording of a spiritual he first recorded more than 20 years ago under the name of "The Singing Christian." This song is widely known throughout the South, and a particularly strong example of the poetic excellence and imagery of the Negro spiritual.

Now, in the time of dying,
I don't want nobody to mourn,
All I want my friends to do,
Come and fold my dying arms.

CHORUS:
Well, well, well,
So I can die easy, etc.
Jesus gonna make up
My dyin' bed.

Goin' on down to the river,
Stick my sword up in the sand,
Goin' shout, "My trouble's over,
I made it to the promised land."

CHORUS:

Well, well, well,
I've done crossed over...

Meet me, Jesus, meet me,
Meet me in the middle of the air,
And if these wings should fail me,
Lord, meet me with another pair.

CHORUS:

Well, well, well,
Won't you meet me, Jesus...

Meet me, Jesus, meet me,
Meet me in the middle of the air,
You promised me 10,000 years ago,
You'd be standing there.
(Repeat third cho.)

Goin' on down to the river,
Stick my sword up in the sand,
Goin' shout, "My trouble's over,
I made it to the promised land."
(Repeat second cho.)

Band 3 - DARK WAS THE NIGHT/Blind Willie Johnson.
A haunting cry by one of the great figures in American religious song, Blind Willie Johnson. Johnson, a blind Texas gospel singer, died in 1949. This song was first recorded on the Columbia label in 1927. Johnson was a member of the sect of "holy blues" men who used the musical structure of the blues with religious words. They would walk the streets of the South, missing the blind man's vocation of begging by virtue of the music they made from their curbstone pulpits.

Band 4 - TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY/Judy Collins.
Judy Collins, the fast-rising folk singer from Denver, demonstrates the affinity that many white city people bring to Negro country religious songs. This was learned from the singing of another great "holy blues" singer, the Rev. Gary Davis. The joy and affirmation of the song makes it a classic of its type.

Three gates in the east,
Three gates in the west,
Three gates in the north,
Three gates in the south,
That makes twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a beautiful city, (3)
There's twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

Walk right in, you're welcome to the city,
Step right up, welcome to the city,
Walk right through those gates to the city,
There's twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.
(Cho.)

Who are those children all dressed in red?
Twelve gates to the city,
Must be the children that Moses sent,
There's twelve gates...

Rich and the poor, welcome to the city,
Young and old, welcome to the city,
Weak and the strong, welcome to the city,
There's twelve gates...
(Cho.)

(Repeat chorus)



Band 5 - A ZEMER/Theodore Bikel. Being a country of many ethnic minorities and many faiths, other forms of religious music were to be heard. Here is a Jewish religious song sung by Theodore Bikel. This is a Chasidic song. The Chasidic sect was a pseudo-mystical group that flourished in the ghettos of Eastern Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries. It was the belief of these pious Jews that music was a divine expression, and that joyful music was a high form of expressing religious love. A Zemer means simply "A Song" and it contains such delightful pristine lines as "A good morning to you, my dear God."

Zogt der rebbe reb Montenyu -
A gutn morg'n dir Gotenyu,
Nem arop fun unz dein kaas) 2
Vet men ton kedin u-che-das)

CHORUS:

Oy, tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom,
Oy, reshoyim, reshoyim faln bom!
Bom, bom...

Zogt der rebbe reb Motenyu -
A Got helf dir Gotenyu
Der tog iz heys di melchome iz shver) 2
Nor men lozt nit aroys dos geve)
(Cho.)

Says the rebbe, Reb Motenyu -
A good morning to you, my dear God.
Take away your anger from us
And we will act to the letter of the law.

CHORUS:

Oh, righteous men, righteous men sing "bom,"
Oh, wicked men, wicked men fall "bom!"

Says the rebbe, Reb Motenyu -
May God help you, my dear God.
The day is hot, the struggle is hard,
But they never abandon their weapons.
(Cho.)

Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom.

Band 6 - THE WAYFARING STRANGER/Glenn Yarbrough. A widely-known religious ballad, sung here by Glenn Yarbrough. This beautifully evocative declaration of a lonely religious faith was once a theme song for Burl Ives. He spread this classic song's message to the cities of the North.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe,
But there's no sickness, toil, or trouble
In that bright world to which I go.

I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan,
I'm just a-going over home.

Band 7 - SIMPLE GIFTS/Ed McCurdy. If there is an American equivalent to the Jewish Chasidic sect, it may very well be the Shakers, or the Shaking Quakers, a radical sect that established its first colony in upstate New York the year of the American Revolution. This song, sung by Ed McCurdy, dates from 1848. The beautiful melody of Simple Gifts has been used by Aaron Copland in his Appalachian Spring suite.

'Tis the gift to be simple, 'tis the gift to be free,
'Tis the gift to come down where we ought to be,
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
It will be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend, we will not be ashamed,
To turn and to turn will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning, we come round right.

(Repeat first verse)

Band 8 - MEETIN' AT THE BUILDING/Leadbelly. The roots of modern Negro gospel singing, a very secular, jazz-inflected music, can be found in early religious shouts, anthems and jubilees. Leadbelly gives an insight into those roots with this rollicking, infectious expression of religious fervor.

Meeting at the building will soon be over,
Soon be over, soon be over.
Meeting at the building soon be over,
All over this world.

CHORUS:
All over this world, my Lordy,
All over this world.
All over this world, my Lordy,
All over this world.

Preaching at the building...
(Cho.)

Shouting at the building...
(Cho.)

Lying at the building...
(Cho.)

Band 9 - YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD/Bob Gibson. The rhythmic drive of Negro gospel has appealed to many professional folk singers. Bob Gibson, whose influence among city performers has been even greater than his own sizable reputation, gives his interpretation of a fine old proclamatory gospel tune, with The Gospel Pearls, adding to the excitement.

You can tell the world about this,
You can tell the nations about that,
Tell them what the Master has done,
Tell them the gospel has come,
Tell them that the big dream's been won.

CHORUS:

He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart.

My Lord spoke to you and me, yes, he did,
Talked about a man from Galilee, yes, he did,
My Lord spoke, he spoke so well,
Talked about a fire that flames in hell.

(Cho.)

I don't know, but I been told
Streets in heaven are paved with gold,
One of these mornings, won't be long,
You gonna call my name and I'll be gone.
(Cho.)

(Repeat entire song)

(Repeat first verse again)

Tell them what the Master has done,
Tell them the gospel has come,
That the big dream's been won.
(Cho.)

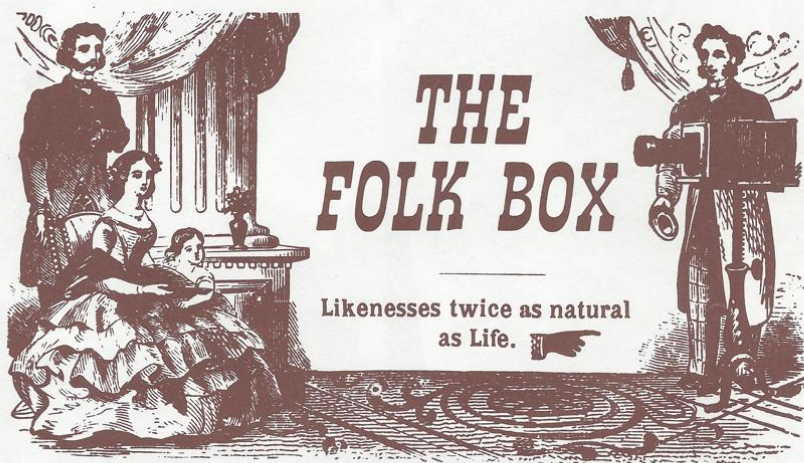
Band 10 - DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE/Christian Tabernacle Church. Modern gospel in all its blazing intensity, recorded by the Christian Tabernacle Church in Harlem. An old spiritual which retains the modernity of its appeal by the addition of jazz-like cadences and riffs. Notice the similarity of jazz phrasing, even in the sermonizing, as this old spiritual hurtles to a roaring crescendo.

"Finally, brethren, after while the battle will be over. And we all, like those that have gone on before us, will stop the busy with walks of men and stick our swords in the sand of time and finally study war no more, lookin' forward in this life and gettin' ready for the day when we shall lay down our burdens down by the riverside and study war no more."

Going to lay down my burdens,
Down by the riverside...

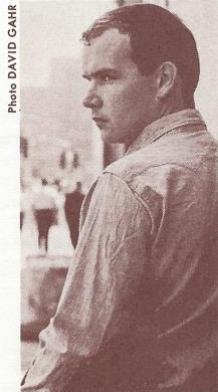
Going to play on my golden harp,
Down by the riverside...

Going to study war no more,
Down by the riverside...





Marshall Brickman Eric Weissberg



Tom Paxton



Leadbelly



Erik Darling



Irish Ramblers



Judy Collins



Bob Gibson



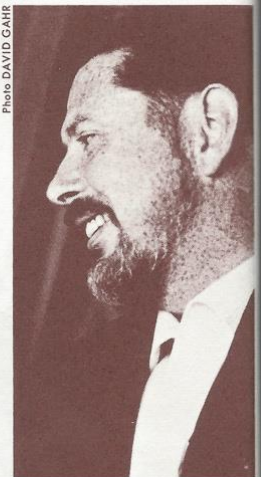
Horace Sprott



Doc Watson



Phil Ochs



Ewan MacColl

Photo DAVID GAHR



New Lost City Ramblers

Photo SING OUT



Pete Seeger



Dián & The Greenbriar Boys



Koerner, Ray & Glover



Cynthia Gooding

Photo DAVID GAHR



Dave Van Ronk

Photo SING OUT



Big Bill Broonzy



Susan Reed

Photo SING OUT



Cisco Houston

Photo SING OUT



Clarence Ashley



Josh White



The Dillards



Theodore Bikel



Glenn Yarbrough



Hamilton Camp



Mark Spoelstra

Photo SING OUT



Woody Guthrie



Oscar Brand



Limelites

Photo SING OUT



Jack Elliott

The soil of the American countryside was fertile for growing a native folk tradition. In early days, before roads, radios and films, rural folk had to be self-reliant in matters of entertainment and culture. No one would provide these diversions for them, so they learned how to provide them for themselves.

A direct line of development can be found in American country music, from the old fiddle-banjo combinations to the string bands of the nineteen-twenties and thirties, through such dominant commercial influences as The Carter Family up to the emergence of modern Bluegrass bands and the companion development of a popular country-music industry based in Nashville.

There have been pendulum swings of interest in American folk music between the rural Negro styles and those of the Southern white mountaineer. Negro music had been the dominant interest in the thirties and forties, when the collecting of the Lomaxes was to make such a great impress.

Since 1957, however, there have emerged several dedicated advocates of previously neglected aspects of white country music. This interest went beyond the readily accepted traditional balladeer or instrumentalist. It extended to the curious phenomenon known as "hillbilly" music -- that flourishing body of composed and commercial rural folk song that sprang from traditional roots into a new tributary of popular music.

Such collector-scholar-popularizers as Prof. D. K. Wilgus, Ralph Rinzler, John Cohen and Mike Seeger began to see great musical and human values in the "hillbilly" tradition that had been overlooked by many.

They began by closely studying the commercial country music recordings of the nineteen-twenties and thirties. They found an exciting ensemble style in such colorful old string bands as The Carolina Tarheels, The Skillet-Lickers and others. They traced the genealogy of these string bands right through the various bands of Bill Monroe, popularly known as "The Father of Bluegrass."

The city audience responded tentatively, then warmly, to the Bluegrass "movement." The instrumental splash, the interweaving ensembles, the high-pitched, athletic singing, the polish and professionalism of Bluegrass bands led to a whole new pantheon of favored musicians: Monroe, Earl Scruggs and Lester Flatt, Carter and Ralph Stanley, the Osborne Brothers, and countless others.

This side of *The Folk Box* surveys a vast field that the proponents of "hillbilly" music as serious folk expression have exposed us to. We start with the roots in Ireland, through banjo tunes and old-time ballads right up to modern Bluegrass. We stop the survey short of the whole Nashville phenomenon, the large industry spawned by "Grand Ole Opry" and other radio shows which took the old hill country music and made it into America's other popular music.

Band 1 - SLIGO REEL and MOUNTAIN ROAD/Willy Clancy. The roots of American hoedowns, fiddle-banjo combinations and Bluegrass were in Europe. Scottish and Irish pipers and fiddlers came to this country and soon their old jigs, hornpipes and schottiches began to develop American accents. These pipe tunes by Willy Clancy, recorded in Ireland, will show the affinity, rhythmically and in spirit, with the mountain music that was to follow.

Band 2 - OLD JOE CLARK/Eric Weissberg. A brilliant bit of banjo-playing by a city musician, Eric Weissberg, whom some regard the equal, if not the master, of traditional country banjo style. This breakdown is one of the longest and most popular of all Southern Mountain tunes. Verses have been collected in all parts of the United States. So have legends of who the real Joe Clark was. Suffice it to say that this catches the flavor of the rural hoedown.



Band 3 - COO-COO BIRD/Clarence Ashley. A beautiful old-time ballad with modal banjo-playing, performed by Clarence (Tom) Ashley. A re-discovery of 1960, Ashley had a long career in music, from the traveling medicine shows at the early part of the century through the string band era and then a new resurgence for appreciative city audiences in the sixties. With a face as beautifully gnarled as a contour map of his own beloved Southern Appalachians, Ashley is a fascinating remnant of another era. This superb song has been sung by hosts of city singers. The curious modal tuning, the wistfulness and unpressured manner of its vocal delivery, the esthetic richness of its symbolic words, all add up to a classic of old-time folk singing.

Gonna build me log cabin
On a mountain so high
So I can see Willie
As he goes passing by.

CHORUS:

Oh, the coo-coo, she's a pretty bird,
She wobbles as she flies.
She never says coo-coo
Till the fourth day July.

I've played cards in England,
I've played cards in Spain,
I'll bet you ten dollars,
I beat you next game.
(Cho.)

Jack-a-Diamonds, Jack-a-Diamonds,
I've known you from old,
You've robbed my poor pocket
Of my silver and my gold.

My horses ain't hungry,
They won't eat your hay,
I'll drive on little further,
I'll feed 'em on my way.

Band 4 - SHADY GROVE/Tom Paley. Tom Paley, an original member of The New Lost City Ramblers, in a fine example of a Southern Mountain courting lyric. Some of the stanzas of Shady Grove appear in other hoedowns such as Old Joe Clark and Cindy. It is also done in a modal scale. Paley learned the song from two New Yorkers who first heard it sung by Rufus Crisp of Kentucky.

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love,
Shady Grove, my honey,
Shady Grove, my true love,
Going to Shady Grove.

I wish I was in Shady Grove
Sitting in an old arm-chair
With one arm around my liquor keg
And the other around my dear.
(Cho.)

When I was a little boy,
All I wanted was a knife,
Now I am a great big boy,
I'm looking for a wife.
(Cho.)

When I was a little boy,
My mother told me,
If I did not kiss the girls,
My lips would soon grow moldy.
(Cho.)

The higher up the cherry tree,
The riper grow the cherries,
The more you hug and kiss the girls,
The sooner they get married.
(Cho.)

If I had a needle and thread,
As fine as I could sew,
I'd sew my pretty girl to my side
And down the road I'd go.
(Cho.)

When you got to catch a fish,
Fish with a hook and line,
When you go to court a girl,
Never look back behind.
(Cho.)



Band 5 - FLOP-EARED MULE/Eric Weissberg and Marshall Brickman. The greater the attention paid to mountain music and "hillbilly" style, the more complexity became evident. This banjo tune, again played by Eric Weissberg, with another talented city musician, Marshall Brickman, on guitar, demonstrates the most sophisticated of banjo techniques -- "Scruggs picking." A flurry of notes show the banjo's most virtuosic potential, sounds flurrying like confetti in the wind. A detailed explanation of this style of banjo-playing can be found in notes to Folk Banjo Styles (Elektra) and American Scruggs Banjo (Folkways).

Band 6 - NOTTAMUN TOWN/Jean Ritchie. When the famous British collector, Cecil J. Sharp, came to this country around the time of World War I, he was collecting English, not American folk songs. Because of the persistence of tradition, he was able to locate here, songs and styles he couldn't find in England. The Ritchie Family of Viper, Ky., were to be his principal informants. Here, the youngest daughter of the Ritchies, Jean, sings a song learned from her uncle Jason, a song she goes on to describe in its "strange combination of nonsense words and ethereal tune. We never knew where it came from nor what it meant, but in England I found the same kind of magic, upside-down, inside-out song being sung as part of the ancient, ritualistic Mummers' Plays. I am convinced that 'Nottamun Town' had such an origin." It is interesting to compare this song with Bob Dylan's Masters of War on Side 7. Dylan freely adapted this old melody to a new purpose.

In Nottamun Town not a soul would look up,
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town.

I rode a gray horse that was called a gray mare,
Gray mane and gray tail, green stripe down her back,
Gray mane and gray tail, green stripe down her back,
There wa'n't a hair on her be-what was coal black.

She stood so still she threw me to the dirt,
She tore-a my hide and bruised my shirt,
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

Met the king and the queen and a company more,
A-walking behind and a-riding before,
Come a stark-nekkid drummer a-beating a drum
With his hands in his bosom come marching along.

I bought me a quart to drive gladness away
And to stifle the dust, for it rained the whole day.

Sat down on a hard, hot, cold-frozen stone,
Ten thousand stood around me and yet I's alone.
Took my hat in my hands for to keep my head warm,
Ten thousand got drowned that never was born.

Band 7 - AMAZING GRACE/Doc Watson. A superb example of white mountain sacred singing, by Doc Watson and others. This folk hymn was first published in

Virginia Harmony in Winchester, Va., in 1831. It was found subsequently in various shape-note hymnals during the 19th century. The long, surging phrases are excellent examples of the enormous emotion that rural folk could pour into their sacred songs.

CHORUS:

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me,
I once was lost, but now I'm found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fear relieved,
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.
(Cho.)

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.
(Cho.)

Band 8 - CRIPPLE CREEK/Doc Watson. Doc Watson in an instrumental version of another old-time hoe-down and square-dance tune. Watson, a blind musician from the hills of western North Carolina, has been astounding city listeners with the fluidity and originality of his guitar technique. Here it flows in all its finery, showing some of the lengths to which the "simple" folk styles have evolved.

Band 9 - PRETTY POLLY/The Dillards. The Dillards, a celebrated Bluegrass band from the Ozarks, in a modern treatment of one of the most famous American murder ballads. It was originally a British come-all-ye called The Gosport Tragedy, but has undergone great transformations here. In this version, it gets the full Bluegrass treatment, contrapuntal instrumental weaving against the vocal line.

When I lived in London, a city, vale, and town,
When I lived in London, a city, vale, and town,
I met a beautiful lady, her beauty never did find.

They called her Pretty Polly, come go along with me, (2)
Before we get married, some pleasure we'll see.

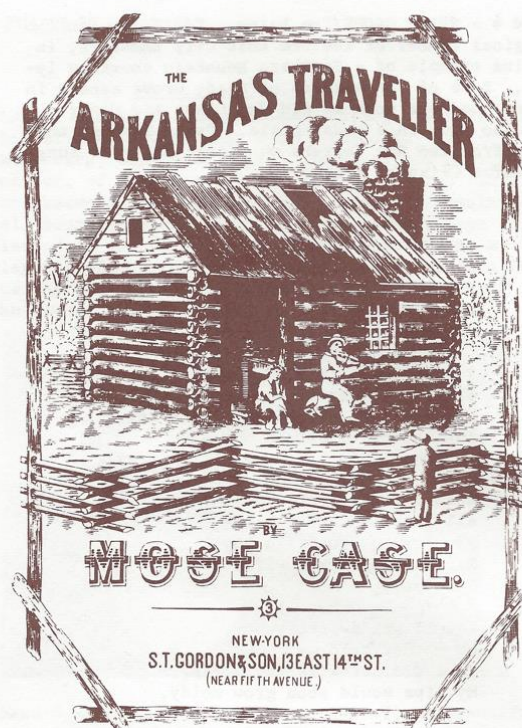
Willie, oh, Willie, I'm afraid of your ways, (2)
The way you been rambling, you'll lead me astray.

They went upon a mountain and what did they spy, (2)
A newly dug grave and a spade lying by.

Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right, (2)
I dug on your grave best part of last night.

He stabbed her heart, and her heart's blood did flow, (2)
And into the grave Pretty Polly did go.

He threw a little dirt over her and turned to go home, (2)
Leaving nothing behind but the wild birds to roam.



Band 10 - THE YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS/George Pegram and Walter Parham. A song dating from the Civil War era that has had a dozen lives, most recently as a popular hit. Because the text rarely varies, Kenneth S. Goldstein says, this "suggests a possible sheet music or book tradition rather than one resulting from oral circulation." It is performed by two North Carolinians, George Pegram and Walter Parham. Pegram's eccentric, lurching vocal adds considerable interest.

There's a yellow rose of Texas that I'm a-goin' to see,
No one will ever love her like a Texan oughta be,
You can talk about your Clementine and sing of Rosalie,
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the girl of Tennessee.

I'm a-goin' back to Texas; I'm a-goin' to see,
No one will ever love her like a Texan ought to do,
I pick my banjo gently and sing to Rosalie,
But the yellow rose of Texas beats the girl of Tennessee.

Band 11 - GREEN CORN/Dian and the Greenbriar Boys. The frequent interchange of songs between Negro and white performers has not stopped with the Bluegrass era. Here, a city Bluegrass aggregation, Dian and The Greenbriar Boys (Ralph Rinzler, John Herald and Bob Yellin), give a spirited interpretation of a song made popular by Leadbelly.

"Green corn, green corn..."

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn, come along Charlie (4)
Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly.

Way in the shade, the day is breakin',
Peas in the pod, hoecakes bakin',
Early in the morning, almost day,
If you don't come soon, I'm going to throw it
away.
(Cho.)

All I need in this creation,
Three months work and not a vacation,
Tell my boss any old time,
Day-time is his, night-time is mine.
(Cho.)

All I need to make me happy,
Two little kids to call me pappy,
One named Bill, the other named Davy,
Like their biscuits sopped in gravy.
(Cho.)

My true love's a brown-eyed daisy,
Courtin' in the green corn drives her crazy,
I like candy and green corn liquor,
Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker.
(Cho.)

(Repeat chorus several times)

Band 12 - OLD MAN AT THE MILL/The Dillards. From square-dance to Bluegrass was not a very big step, and this country music round-up ends with a dancing, almost frenzied whirl by The Dillards. The likeness of Bluegrass to the village orchestras of Eastern Europe and to the free-wheeling Dixieland bands of New Orleans becomes apparent here.

CHORUS:

Same old man livin' at the mill,
The mill turned around of its own free will,
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack,
Ladies, step forward, and the gents fall back.

Well, down sat an owl and he said all quiet,
A lonesome day and a lonesome night,
Thought I heard a pretty bird sneeze,
Lord Almighty, sleep next day.
(Cho.)

Well, if, said the raven, as she flew,
If I was a young one, I'd have two;
One for to kid and the other to sow,
And I'd have a string for my bubble bow.
(Cho.)

Well, my old man is in Kalamazoo,
He don't wear no yes I do,
First to the left and then to the right,
This old mill is going to stay all night.
(Cho.)



PHOTO / Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

Jazz, considered to be America's chief contribution to world music, is a step-child of folk music.

Although jazz modernists have carried the music far from its folk roots, jazz was born in the throats of countless Negro plantation workers and field-hands. The roots of jazz course back to the blues, not the city, sophisticated blues, but the country blues.

The blues form is quite distinct from any musical form to be found in other ethnic musics, but its emotional form is a cousin to many. American blues is comparable to the cante jondo of the Andalusian, the doina of the Rumanian peasant, the fado of the Portuguese.

All have a common emotional relationship. While all these song forms have variety of form and mood, they stress the emotion of sorrow and complaint. They are subjective statements, mostly, about trouble in the singer's life.

American blues is a product of two earlier folk music forms: the field-holler (or arhoolie) and the work song. At sometime in the 19th century -- no one can say for sure -- these two forms merged into a new style of singing born of trouble. The rhythm necessary for group work was not needed, but the fairly regular beat was there, as well as "the blue tonality," the jazz element that later spasm bands and brass bands were to use to evolve into New Orleans jazz.

After jazz developed into swing and the various permutations of pop music, it was easy to lose the thread of the blues. But countless jazz men have always said that the blues are basic, a jazz man had to have a feeling for the blues or he couldn't play jazz well.

It is worth remembering that the biggest interest in folk music followed hard after the rock 'n' roll craze of the early fifties. It was not surprising then that the young folk audience found the blues of great interest, because most rock 'n' roll was an extension of the blues.

Most unusual perhaps has been the development of a coterie of white city blues singers, some of whom hew closer to rural blues style than many Negro performers who went on to play rhythm and blues or rock 'n' roll. The purists here will still insist that only the Negro can lay claim to definitive blues interpretation.

We disagree with this narrow view, and offer on this side the dramatic evidence of blues by some of the giants of folk blues as well as some by outstanding latter-day interpreters. We feel the current city white interpreters have as much right to sing the blues as anyone. Perhaps not a birth-right, but certainly the qualities of identification and empathy that impel much of the urban folk song movement should not be cut off from country blues, and, in many ways, these white blues interpreters have done the blues a service, opening the door for another generation to discover the many faces of the blues.

Band 1 - LOST JOHN/Sonny Terry. One of the great country blues singers and mouth-harp (harmonica) players still on the performing scene is Sanders Terrell, better known as Sonny Terry. Blind from his birth in South Carolina, Terry has never lost the rough, grainy, deeply involved singing of the root blues players. Here, in a well-known prison-

er's escape song, he carries on a lively debate with his harmonica, whooping and yelling with a sort of wild joy. To many of the country blues men the guitar or mouth-harp was a second voice, and they would use the instrument to carry on a sort of antiphonal debate, as Sonny Terry does here.

Band 2 - I WONDER WHEN I'LL GET TO BE CALLED A MAN/Big Bill Broonzy. The late Big Bill Broonzy was a sophisticated blues writer and singer toward the end of his life. Although this song never gained wide currency as a folk blues, the clear statement of the singer's needs show an interesting side of the blues.

When I was born into this world
This is what happened to me,
I was never called a man
And now I'm 'round fifty-three.

CHORUS:

I wonder when, I wonder when,
I wonder when I get to be called a man;
I'd rather wait till I get to be ninety-three.

OR

Do I have to wait till I get ninety-three?

When Uncle Sam called me
I knowed I'd be called the real McCoy,
When I got in the army,
They just called me soldier boy.
(Cho.)

When I got back from overseas,
That night we had a ball,
Next day I met the old boss,
He said, "Boy, get you some overalls."
(Cho.)

I've worked on the levee camps
And worked on the extra gangs, too,
Black man's a boy,
I don't care what he can do.
(Cho.)

They said I was uneducated,
My clothes was dirty and torn,
Now I've got a little education,
But I'm still a boy, right on.
(Cho.)

Band 3 - BLACK SNAKE MOAN/Leadbelly. In a ringing, ebullient shout, Leadbelly blears out this blues plaint. The "black snake" reference is clearly sexual, and this has been a popular image among the blues men of East Texas and the Mississippi Delta, two areas particularly well-endowed with blues singers.

Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now,
Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now,
You told me late last night, you didn't need no
mammy no how.

Ooh-ooh, black snake crawlin' in my room, (2)
Better tell somebody, better come and get this
long black snake soon.

Ooh-ooh, must have been a bed-bug 'cause a chinch
couldn't bite me that hard, (2)
Had my sugar baby since I left; (ain't a child in
the yard).

Honey, that's all right, that's all right for
you, (2)
Darling, that's all right 'most any old way with
you.

I walked to my baby and I knowed anything she done
was all right with me,
It was okay with me, yes, anything she done was
sat right by me,
I walked up to her and I wanted to know what was
the matter.

Mmmmm-mmm, a-honey, what's the matter now? (2)
Darling, tell me what's the matter, don't like
no black snake no how.

Well, wonder where that black snake gone, (2)
I know black snake, mama, done run my darling
home.

(Repeat first verse)

Mmmmm-mmm, wonder where that black snake gone, (2)
I know that black snake, mama, done run my darling
home.

Band 4 - SEE THAT MY GRAVE IS KEPT CLEAN/Blind
Lemon Jefferson. A classic of the country blues
sung by one of its giants, Blind Lemon Jefferson
of East Texas. Jefferson, as equally revered by
jazz students as he is by folk devotees, had an
amazing ability to compress and convey emotion
into a few simple phrases. This selection is
taken from a 78 rpm disc he recorded in 1928. It
is believed to have been his last, or among his
last, recordings before his death in Chicago.
Notice how the guitar imitates the sound of a
church bell near the end of this famous blues.

Well, it's one kind favor I ask of you,
Well, it's one find favor I ask of you,
Lord, it's one kind favor I ask of you,
See that my grave is kept clean.

It's a long lane, it got no end, (3)
It's so bad when the devil came.

Lord, it's two white horses in a line, (3)
Goin' to take me to my buryin' ground.

My heart stopped beatin' and my hands got
cold, (3)
It was a long (journey) I been told.

Have you ever heard a coffin sound? (3)
Then you know that the poor boy's in the
ground.

Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade, (3)
You may leave me down with a golden chain.

Have you ever heard a church bell toll? (3)
Then you know that the poor boy's dead and gone.

Band 5 - HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN/Hally Wood.
Hally Wood sings a famous woman's blues song of
prostitution. When the country blues moved to New
Orleans and other cities, there was a great change
in its form and sophistication. Instead of being
a purely personal vehicle, it became a performer-
audience medium. This song falls into the early
city blues category. Its meaningful moral is torn
out of the pages of New Orleans' large brothel
area around the time of World War I. House of the
Rising Sun is a classic example of the passage
through tradition of a folk song. It has roots in
an English ballad of the 16th century called The
Unfortunate Rake. This earlier version traveled
to America and several centuries later was trans-
formed into a cowboy song, The Cowboy's Lament.
After the Civil War, Negro cowboys brought the
song back with them into the South where it has
attained, in part, this form.

There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun.
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, oh God, am one.

Well, if I had a-listened to what mama said,
I'd a-been at home today.
But being so young and foolish, poor girl,
I let a gambler lead me astray.

My mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans;
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,
Drinks down in New Orleans.

Well, the only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

He'll fill his glasses to the brim
And he passes them around,
And the only pleasure that he gets out of life
Is a-hoboing from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister,
Never do what I have done,
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

Well, it's one foot on the platform
And the other one on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans,
My time is almost done,
I'm going there to spend my days
Beneath that Rising Sun.

Band 6 - FRANCE BLUES/Mark Spoelstra. Jazz and
folk fans have seen several revivals of the rag-
time jug bands, a down-to-earth, home-made music
that flourished around Memphis in the nineteen-
teens and twenties. The most recent revival of
interest in blues jug band was in 1963, and the
full effect of this fascinating, colorful music
has still to be measured. Here, Mark Spoelstra
sings and plays guitar in the rural manner. He is
assisted in this frolic by Fritz Richmond on wash-
tub bass and Doug Pomeroy on washboard and kazoo.

Ever take a trip, baby, down on the Mobile line?
 Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa,
 All about the Mobile line,
 That's the road to ride, baby, to ease your
 troublin' mind.

I got a letter, this is the way it read...
 Said, come on home, baby, 'cause your love is
 dead.

Well, I packed my suitcase and bundled all up my
 clothes...
 And when I got there, she was laying on the cool-
 ing board.

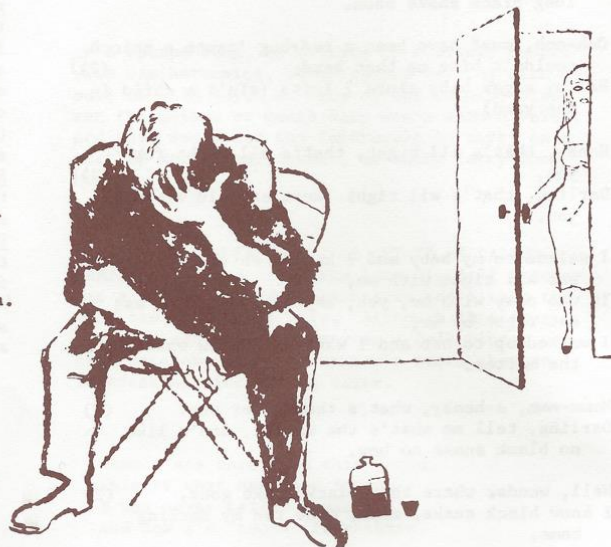
So I took my baby to the burying ground...
 You oughta heard me cryin' when they let her down.

Now when I die, don't bury daddy at all...
 Just bury my bones, keep 'em in alcohol.

When I die, put my picture in a frame...
 So when I'm gone, you can see me just the same.

Oh, when I die, I'm a-goin' to stop by France...
 Just to give all the women a chance.

Hello, heaven, I want to use your telephone...
 So I can talk to my baby anytime she's gone.



Band 7 - CARTER BLUES/New Lost City Ramblers. The current city blues revival is nothing unique in the history of the blues. Countless white hill country musicians, from The Carter Family to Jimmie Rodgers to Merle Travis, were fascinated with the sound of Negro blues, and the form quickly spread to white music. Here The New Lost City Ramblers re-create a famous white blues, written by the late A. P. Carter. This fusion of an old Anglo-American folk-lyric style with a blues flavor is one of the most beautiful examples of the cross-fertilizations that went on between ethnic musics in the South. Mike Seeger plays autoharp and sings.

Mike Seeger: Autoharp and voice.

As I walked out one morning fair
 To view the fields and take the air
 For to view the fields and meadows around
 I thought I heard some lonesome sound
 I thought I heard my true love say
 Oh, to turn and come this way.

You love some other, you don't love me
 You care not for my company
 You love some other and I know why
 Because he has more gold than I
 But gold will melt and silver will fly
 My love for you will never die.

There is a flower I've heard them say
 That can be seen from day to day
 And if that flower I only could find
 To cure this aching heart of mine.

So fare you well, my charming little love,
 Oh, meet me in that land above
 And when we meet there in that land
 We'll shake no more this parting hand.

Band 8 - SLAPPIN' ON MY BLACK CAT BONE/Dave Ray. Dave Ray, a Minneapolis performer who has carefully studied the vocal and instrumental styles of country blues singers, here performs a bit of blues mysticism. The references to conjuring in the song, delivered in an almost deadpan fashion, are reinforced by the brilliant play of the 12-string guitar in the background.

Now you can see me comin', baby, from a long ways
 away,
 I was changin' that mama bag into day,
 'Cause I'm here, long ways from home,
 But you can see me comin', mama, by the flashin'
 on my black cat bone.

Now I would drink my whiskey, mama, I would drink
 my gin,
 When the other mens is finished, that's when I
 begin,
 'Cause I'm here, long ways from home,
 You can hear me comin', baby, by the slappin' on
 my black cat bone.

Now I do some things, baby, that other mens won't
 do,
 They can't get the numbers, mama, can't work the
 conqueroo,
 But I can, 'cause I'm a long ways from home...

So it's all you women now, get down with me,
 'Cause Snaker's talkin', baby, just as mean as I
 can be...

SLAPPIN' ON MY BLACK CAT BONE
 Words and Music by Dave Ray
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Band 9 - DON'T YOU LEAVE ME HERE/Dave Van Ronk. Not all blues were steeped in sorrow or remorse. Dave Van Ronk, in the blues revival in New York, growls out a blues learned from the singing of Henry Thomas. This student of country blues shows some of the complex shadings and vocal effects the country blues men were able to achieve.

CHORUS:
Don't you leave, don't you leave,
Don't you leave me here.
Spent all night long comin',
Don't you leave me here.

Sometimes I walk,
Sometimes I fly,
Sometimes I take a notion
Goin' to lay down and die.
(Cho.)

Well, the rooster crowed
And the hen ran around,
Well, if you want my fricassees,
You gotta run to town.
(Cho.)

I was standing on the corner
Talkin' to Mary Brown,
When I turned around,
I was a-workhouse bound.
(Cho.)

Well, she brought me coffee,
Well, she brought me tea,
Well, she brought me damn near everything
But the workhouse key.
(Cho.)

I ain't never had
A woman at a time,

I always had success
At eight or nine.

CHORUS:
Don't you leave, don't you leave,
Don't you leave me here.
Well, I gotta go, sweet babe,
Leave a dime for beer.

(Repeat regular chorus)

Band 10 - SOUTHERN EXPOSURE/Josh White. In contrast, Josh White, a noted singer who left his rural style behind him, sings a stylized modern blues, the biting lyrics following a stunning guitar introduction.

I work all the week in the blazing sun,
I work all the week in the blazing sun,
Lord, I work all week in the blazing sun,
Can't buy my shoes, Lord, when my payday comes.

I ain't treated no better than a mountain goat (3)
The boss takes my crop and the poll tax takes
my vote.

I'm leavin' here 'cause I just can't stay (3)
I'm going where I'll get some decent pay.



This is an omnibus grouping of songs touching on a variety of emotional chords. Folk song is a tricky subject that defies pigeonholing or categorization. The minute you have a song neatly parcelled and labeled, it has a way of unwrapping itself and reappearing in a different locale with a different set of lyrics and meanings for people who sing it.

But no comprehensive view of American folk song could avoid touching on the music that springs from war and the hatred of war, from romantic love and patriotic love.

Probably every war in history has employed music to whip up fervor, to build morale and to trumpet the slogans men fight for. We've had our share of marching songs, sentimental songs and tunes that allayed some of the misery that war causes. Because of separation, loneliness and death, man's instinctive grasping for the solace of music seems to grow in intensity during war-time.

In American history, no war seems to have inspired more song-writing than the Civil War. Herewith are three songs, two from the time of the war and one of recent origin. With the splits that the Civil War rent in the fabric of the American personality, the recent Civil War Centennial served to bring back the whole Civil War era in song. A masterful anti-war song written by Bob Dylan closes the section.

The romantic love songs speak pretty much for themselves. Some commentators on social patterns have found a great deal about American character and attitudes toward sex, morality and marriage revealed in American folk song. Certainly they could find a great deal more reality in folk rather than popular song. The latter stressed the romantic over the realistic, the fantasy over the actuality. Folk songs and blues touching on love know very few taboos -- passion, pregnancy, infidelity, incest are all touched upon in American folk song. We've taken a somewhat lighter view of love, however, in choosing the four selections.

Patriotic love is an equally important subject, and in folk song there can be found repeated statements espousing Brotherhood and the American Dream.

OF WAR

Band 1 - JOHN BROWN'S BODY/Ed McCurdy. A widely known song of the Civil War, sung here by Ed McCurdy. This version celebrates the famed abolitionist martyr who was hung for a raid on Harper's Ferry, Va., in a vain effort to dramatize the righteousness of his fight against slavery. He was hung, but his memory and this song live on. The same melody is known as The Battle Hymn of the Republic.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul goes marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

Stars from heaven, they are looking kindly
down, (3)

On the grave of old John Brown.
(Cho.)

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the
lord, (3)

His soul goes marching on.
(Cho.)

Band 2 - VIRGINIA'S BLOODY SOIL/Frank Warner. A stark and gory song of the Civil War sung by Frank Warner, who has done extensive collecting and research on this period of American history. This song was inspired by the Battle of the Wilderness of May, 1864, and was written by an unknown ballad-maker of Minerva, N. Y., who died in that battle a hero. Warner learned it from the singing of "Yankee" John Galusha of Minerva.

Come all ye loyal unionists wherever you may be,
I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me,
For well you know the blood and woe the misery,
the toil
It took to down secession on Virginia's bloody
soil.

When our good old flag, the Stars and Stripes,
from Sumter's walls was hurled,
And high o'erhead on the farthest walls, the
rebels their flag unfurled,
It aroused each loyal Northern man and caused his
blood to boil,
To see that flag, secession's rag, float o'er
Virginia's soil.

Then from o'er the hills and mountain tops, there
came that wild alarm,
Rise up you gallant sons of North, our country
calls to arms,
Come from the plains o'er hill and dale, ye
heartied sons of toil,
For our flag is trampled in the dust on Virginia's
bloody soil.

And thousands left their native homes, some never
to return,
And many is the wife and family dear were left
behind to mourn,
There was one who went amongst them, who from
danger would ne'er recoil,
Now his bones lie bleaching on the fields of
Virginia's bloody soil.

When on the field of battle, he never was afraid,
Where cannons loud would rattle, he stood there
undismayed,
When bullets rained around him, he stood there
with a smile,
Saying, we'll conquer, boys, or leave our bones on
Virginia's bloody soil.

In the great fight of the wilderness, there's
 many the brave man fell,
 Our captain led his comrades on through rebels'
 shot and shell,
 The wounded around, they strewed the ground, the
 dead lay heaped in piles,
 The comrades weltered in their blood on Virginia's
 bloody soil.

Now, the rebels fought like fury or tigers drove
 to bay,
 They knew full well if the truth they'd tell, they
 could not win the day,
 It was hand-to-hand they fought them, the struggle
 was fierce,
 Till a bullet pierced our captain's wild brain on
 Virginia's bloody soil.

And now our hero's sleeping with thousands of the
 brave,
 No marble slab does mark the place that shows
 where he was laid,
 He died to save our union, he's free from care and
 toil,
 Thank God, the Stars and Stripes still wave above
 Virginia's bloody soil.

Band 3 - TWO BROTHERS/Theodore Bikel. Theodore
 Bikel sings a modern song in the folk vein about
 the Civil War, written by Irving Gordon. The con-
 vulsion of the Civil War and the deep-seated feel-
 ings behind it continue to affect the lives of
 Americans, and are stated here with beautiful
 understatement.

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 owner was unable to grant permission to print
 the text.)

Band 4 - MASTERS OF WAR/Judy Collins. Too many
 songs of war and not enough against war, some of
 the young song-writers of today are saying. Judy
 Collins sings the dramatic anti-war song by Bob
 Dylan, his poem to the melody of Nottamun Town
 (see Jean Ritchie's version of Nottamun Town on
 Side 5). Miss Collins has abbreviated the origi-
 nal Dylan version because she did not accept the
 retribution sentiment of the final verse.

Now you masters of war
 You that build all the guns
 You that build the death planes
 You that build the big bombs
 You that hide behind walls
 You that hide behind desks
 I just a-want you to know
 I can see through your masks,

You that never done nothin'
 But build to destroy
 You play with my world
 Like it's your little toy
 You put a gun in my hand
 And you hide from my eyes
 And you turn and run farther
 When the fast bullets fly.

Like Judas of old
 You lie and deceive
 A world war can be won
 You want me to believe
 But I see through your eyes
 And I see through your brain
 Like I see through the water
 That runs down my drain.

You fasten the triggers
 For others to fire
 Then you sit back and watch
 When the death count gets higher
 You hide in your mansion
 As young people's blood
 Flows out of their bodies
 And is buried in the mud.

He's thrown the worst fear
 That can ever be hurled
 Fear to bring children
 Into the world
 Or threatenin' my baby
 Unborn and unnamed
 You ain't worth the blood
 That runs in your veins.

How much do I know
 To talk out of turn
 You might say I'm young
 You might say I'm unlearned
 But there's one thing I know
 Though I'm younger than you
 Even Jesus would never
 Forgive what you do.

Let me ask you one question
 Is your money that good
 Will it buy you forgiveness
 Do you think that it could
 I think you will find
 When your death takes its toll
 All the money you made
 Will never buy back your soul.

And I hope that you die
 And your death'll come soon
 I will follow your casket
 On a pale afternoon
 And I'll watch while you're lowered
 Down to your death bed
 And I'll stand o'er your grave
 Till I'm sure that you're dead.

MASTERS OF WAR
 Words and Music by Bob Dylan
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OF LOVE

Band 5 - BLOW THE CANDLES OUT/Theodore Bikel.
 Theodore Bikel, in a jauntier mood, sings this
 widely known Anglo-Scots-Irish courting song. The
 melody is believed to be Irish, from The Winding
 Banks of Erne.

When I was apprentic'd in London, I went to see
 my dear,
 The candles, they were burning, the moon shone
 bright and clear.
 I knocked upon her window to ease her ache and
 pain.
 She rose, she let me in, then she barred the door
 again.

I like your well behavior and thus I often say,
I won't rest contented, love, while you are far
away.

The roads, they are so muddy, we cannot gang
about,
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow the
candles out.

Your father and your mother in yonder room do lie
A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?
A-hugging one another without no fear nor doubt,
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow the
candles out.

And if we prove successful, love, pray name it
after me,
Keep it neat and kiss it sweet and dap it on your
knee,
When my three years are ended, my time it will
be out,
Then I'll double my indebtedness by blowing the
candles out.

Band 6 - LOVE IS TEASING/Jean Redpath. A com-
mentary on the transitory nature of love, sung by
Scotland's Jean Redpath. Parts of the chorus are
found in many Anglo-American songs. This version
was collected in Somerset, in the south of England.

I wish, I wish though I wish in vain,
I wish I was a maid again.
But a maid again I'll never be
Till apples grow on an orange tree.

CHORUS:
For love is teasin' and love is pleasin'
Just like a jewel when first it's new,
But as it grows older, love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew.

When my apron, it hung low,
My true love would follow through wind and snow,
But now that my apron is to my knee,
He cares no more what becomes of me.
(Cho.)

I wish, I wish that my babe were born
And smiling on my mother's knee,
And I, poor girl, were dead and gone
With the long green grass growing over me.
(Cho.)



PHOTO / Phil Schultz, Magnum

Band 7 - SALLY ANN/Clarence Ashley and Doc Watson,
others. Love goes to a hoedown at Clarence
Ashley's, with Clint Howard taking the lead vocal.
Just for fun, like most hoedowns.

Going to the wedding, Sally Ann (repeat)
Sift that meal and save your bran,
I'm going home with Sally Ann.

Did y'ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann (repeat)
Dragging its slick tail through the sand?
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann.

Shake that little foot, Sally Ann (repeat)
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann,
I'm going home with Sally Ann.

Pass me the brandy, Sally Ann (repeat)
I'm going 'way with Sally Ann,
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann.

Band 8 - LITTLE DEVILS/Jean Ritchie. The shrewish
housewife has been the butt of many a folk song
and folk tale back to the Middle Ages. This song,
performed by Jean Ritchie, is a cousin of The
Farmer's Curst Wife and Eggs and Marrowbone. Not
all love, the folk seem to be saying, ends in
ideal marriage.

There was an old man, he lived near hell,
(Whistle)
He had a little farm and upon it did dwell.
Sing hi oh rattle ding day.

Oh, the devil came to him one day at his plow...
There's one in your family I have to have now...

Oh, it's neither your son nor your daughter I
crave...
It's your old scolding wife and it's her I must
have...

So he hobbs't her up all on his back...
And like a bold peddler went packing his sack...

As they drew near the high gates of hell...
Sing, rake back the coals and we'll roast her
real well...

Two little devils came rattling their chains...
She hauled back her cudgel and knocked out
their brains...

Two more little devils peeped over the door...
She hauled back her cudgel, killed ninety-nine
more...

Two more little devils peeped over the wall...
Said, take her back, Daddy, or she'll kill us
all...

So he hobbs't her up all on his back...
And like a bold peddler went packing her back...

Here's your old scolding wife and it's her I
won't have...
She ain't fit for heaven, she shan't stay in
hell...

Oh, the women they are so much better than men...
When they go to hell, they get sent back again...

OF HOPE

Band 9 - THE HAMMER SONG/Limelitters. Also known as If I Had a Hammer. This song was composed in the late forties by Pete Seeger and Lee Hays of The Weavers. It is a bright statement of brotherhood, here performed by The Limelitters. The song has enjoyed popularity in the North, was a national hit in the recorded version by Peter, Paul and Mary in 1963 and even appears among the "freedom songs" in the Citizenship Handbook of the Southern Christian Leadership Council.

If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the morning,
I'd hammer in the evening, all over this world,
I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning,
I'd hammer out love between all of my brothers,
all over this world.

If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the morning...

If I had a song, I'd sing it in the morning...

Well, we got a hammer, and we got a bell,
And we got a song we're singing, all over this world,
It's the hammer of justice, it's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between all of my brothers, all over this world.

(Repeat last two lines)

THE HAMMER SONG
(If I Had A Hammer)
Words and Music by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger
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Band 10 - THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND/Woody Guthrie. Woody Guthrie sings his famous declaration of love to America. To many, this stirring song is the "folk national anthem," being even more in the language and cadences of Americans than The Star-Spangled Banner. It is infused, as are many folk songs, with the undying spirit of democracy, for all men not just the propertied and the powerful.

CHORUS:

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway,
I saw below me that golden valley,
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled, and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
All around me, a voice was sounding,
This land was made for you and me.
(Cho.)

When the sun come shining and I was strolling,
The wheat fields waving, the dust clouds rolling,
A voice was chanting and the fog was lifting,
This land was made for you and me.

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
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Until a very few years ago, the popular notion of a folk song was that it had to be antique. This misconception has been cleared up by further redefinitions of folk song as well as by a healthy spate of recent song-writing in the folk vein.

To the folklorist, a song is not truly a folk song until it enters "oral transmission," and begins its circuitous passage from mouth to ear around a region or a nation. But the whole process of "oral transmission" has been speeded up in the urban revival by records, radios and publication of the songs, as well as by a great number of folk concerts. Today, a song can enter the oral conveyor belt in a matter of weeks or months.

There is, then, little danger that American folk song has reached its nadir. New songs are appearing, songs that reflect the whole new consciousness of the young city people who have found music an ideal vehicle for expressing their ideas about the world.

The urban revival-arrival has been an incubator for dozens of able song-writers. Many are extremely talented and they are conceivably writing the folk songs of tomorrow. The whisper of topical-protest song in the thirties, which became a shout in the early forties has, in the nineteen-sixties, become a major cultural trend.

Even the entertainment trade papers were taking cognizance of this phenomenon in the summer of 1963. *Variety* gave a lead story to the activity among folk song-writers and *Cash Box* hailed the era of "the message song." With the nationwide success of *Blowin' in the Wind*, Bob Dylan's reworking of the old Negro spiritual, *No More Auction Block for Me*, we witnessed a topical-protest song becoming a popular hit. Similarly, the Pete Seeger-Lee Hays *If I Had a Hammer* was popularized by Peter, Paul and Mary, and was on the lips of hundreds of thousands of young Americans.

One of the focal points of the feverish song-writing activity of recent years has been *Broadside* magazine in New York, a humble, mimeographed bi-weekly edited by Agnes (Sis) Cunningham. *Broadside* became a forum for new songs and helped organize the many voices of city writers into a new singing movement.

Perhaps the greatest functional use of topical-protest songs in the United States since the days of the organizing of the labor movement in the thirties has been in the Southern integration movement. Of course, Negro folk song had always been a principal outlet for the goals and frustrations of the Negro-American. But, coincident with the start of the sit-in movement in Greensboro, N. C., and Nashville, Tenn., an organized effort to use re-worked spirituals or even pop songs with integration themes got under way. Guy Carawan played a strong role in the early phases of the "freedom song" movement, but it swept the South so quickly that scores of jailed demonstrators were writing songs to fill the needs of their campaign. "Freedom songs play a vital role in our movement," the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. has said, and all the integration leaders are in agreement. Thus we are seeing the continuation in our own time of an age-old function of folk song.

In the United States in 1964, folk song is still being created. The leaves of tradition are being kept green by the younger generation. The spiritual children of Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Big Bill Broonzy and Leadbelly are finding new musical

ways to speak about their world of 1964.

Tradition is one of man's stabilizing guideposts. It points to the future with the experiences of the failures and the triumphs of the past.

Band 1 - WHICH SIDE ON YOU ON?/Pete Seeger, Almanac Singers, with audience. Pete Seeger and The Almanac Singers were the strongest voices of labor song in the World War II period. From an old 78 disc we hear one of the most famous of all union songs. It was written in 1932 by Mrs. Florence Reece, wife of a leader of the National Miners Union in Harlan County, Kentucky, during the bitter struggles in the organizing of the coal miners. She used the melody of an old Baptist hymn. This beautiful pledge of allegiance is sung today in the Southern integration movement with such lines as "Will you be an Uncle Tom, or will you be a man?"

Come all you good workers,
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in here to dwell.

CHORUS:
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son
And I'll stick with the union
Till every battle's won.
(Cho.)

They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there,
You'll either be a union man
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.
(Cho.)

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can?
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you be a man?
(Cho.)

Don't scab for the bosses,
Don't listen to their lies.
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize.
(Cho.)

Band 2 - NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN/New Lost City Ramblers. Mike Seeger and Tom Paley of The New Lost City Ramblers re-create a "hillbilly" song of the nineteen-thirties. This call for relief from the grinding poverty of the thirties was written by A. P. Carter of The Carter Family.

For fear the hearts of men are failing
For these are latter days we know
The great Depression is now spreading
God's word declared it would be so.

CHORUS:

I'm going where there's no Depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in heaven, I'm going there.

In that bright land there'll be no hunger
No orphan children cryin' for bread
No weeping widows, toil or struggle
No shrouds, no coffins and no death!
(Cho.)

This dark hour of midnight nearing
And tribulations time will come
The storms will hurl in midnight fear
And sweep lost millions to their doom.
(Cho.)

Band 3 - TALKING DUST BOWL/Woody Guthrie. Woody Guthrie was to become a voice of conscience and justice during the worst days of the Depression. He was a displaced Oklahoman who hoboed and rode the freights all over the United States. Guthrie was to articulate what the little man, the migrant farmer, the displaced refugee from the Dust Bowl was thinking. While Steinbeck spoke eloquently in The Grapes of Wrath, Guthrie spoke with equal eloquence in such talking blues as these.

Back in 1927, I had a little farm
And I called it heaven...
Prices up and the rain come down,
And I hauled my crops all into town.
I got the money...
Bought clothes and groceries,
Fed the kids,
Took it easy...

The rain did quit and the wind got high,
And the black old dust storms filled the sky,
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine
And I filled it full of this gas-i-line
And started...
Rollin' and a-driftin' to California...

Way up yonder on the mountain top,
I had a hot motor and a heavy load,
I was a-goin' pretty fast, I wasn't even stoppin',
I was a-bouncin' up and down like popcorn
a-poppin',
Had a breakdown...sort of a nervous bustdown
Of the mechanism there...some kind of engine
trouble...

It was a-way up yonder on the mountain road,
I wasn't feelin' so very good,
And I give this rollin' Ford a shove,
And I was gonna coast as far as I could...
Commenced rollin', pickin' up speed,
And there was a hairpin turn and I couldn't make
it...

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you,
The fiddles and the guitars really flew.
That Ford took off like a flyin' squirrel
And it flew halfway around the world,
Scattered wives and childrens all over
The side of that mountain...

We got to old Los Angeles broke,
So dad-gum hungry we thought we'd choke,
And I bummed up a spud or two
And my wife cooked up potater stew...

Fed the kids a big batch of it,
But that was mighty thin stew...
So dad-gum thin you could pretty nearly
Read a magazine through it...

If it had been just a little thinner,
I have always believed,
If that stew had been just a little bit thinner,
Some of our senators could have seen through it.

TALKING DUST BLUES
Words and Music by Woody Guthrie
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Band 4 - BLACK, BROWN AND WHITE/Big Bill Broonzy. Big Bill Broonzy was a country blues singer who moved to Chicago in the thirties, became an articulate spokesman for the blues and for the Negro. He composed more than 350 songs, and none cuts more deeply to the heart of the racial crisis than this slightly truculent, sardonic blues. It bears as much relevance today as when Broonzy wrote it, in 1946.

This little song that I'm singin' to you,
People, you know is true;
If you're black and gotta work for a livin',
Now, this is what they'll say to you.

CHORUS:

Says, if you was white, you're all right,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you is black, get back, get back, get back.

I was in a place one night,
They was all having fun,
They was all buying beer and wine,
But they would not sell me none.

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white...

Then, went to an employment office,
The number I got in line,
They called everybody's number,
But they never did call mine.

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white...

Me and a man was workin' side by side,
This is what it meant;
They was payin' him a dollar an hour,
They was payin' me fifty cents.

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white...

I helped build this country,
And I fought for it, too;
Now I guess that you can see
What a black man have to do.

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white...

I helped win sweet victory,
With my little plow and hoe;
Now I want you to tell me, brother,
What you goin' to do about the old Jim Crow.

CHORUS:

Now, if you was white...

Band 5 - TALKING ATOMIC BLUES/Oscar Brand. Until 1948, topical-political songs were a widespread phenomenon. People's Songs and People's Artists were to try to supply the organizing songs for the ill-fated Third Party movement behind Henry A. Wallace in 1948. It was the last major thrust of topical-protest songs before the chilling silence of the fifties brought on by McCarthyism. Here, Oscar Brand gives a clever commentary on the atom bomb, written by Vern Partlow, a newspaperman, in 1946.

"I'd like to sing for you, Verne Partlow's Atomic Talkin' Blues, which I learned 32nd-hand."

I'm going to preach you a sermon about ol' man Atom,
And I don't mean Adam in the Bible datum,
Don't mean Adam that mother Eve mated,
But I do mean Atom science liberated;
You know Einstein said he was scared,
Einstein says he's scared, I get scared,
Green is not my natural complexion.
Stop the world, I want to get off!
Scared of the atom bomb, all you gotta do
Is get the people in the world together with you,
'Cause if you don't get together and do it,
Well, one of these days, you'll be shot to hell,
And that's no future for a growing boy.
The moral of my sermon I'm tryin' to say
Is the atom bomb is here to stay,
It's going to stay fixed, that's plain to see,
But, oh, my dearly beloveds, are we?
We hold these truths to be self-evident:
All men can be cremated equal!
You know, life used to be a simple joy
And the cyclotron a super-toy,
You get born and live, sometimes marry,
And atom was a word in the dictionary;
But it was one of them four-letter words
They're always talkin' about.

Then, some science boys from every clime,
They got together and worked for overtime,
Worked and worked and when they were done,
Why, they harnessed up the power of the doggone sun,
They were splittin' atoms --
You can hear them at universities,
They mumble, look, I'm splittin' at atom! --
The diplomats are still splittin' hairs!
Then, the jingo boys they put on a show
To turn back the clock on the UNO,
To get a corner on atoms,
Maybe extinguish every doggone atom that couldn't speak English;
Down with foreign-born atoms!
America is for American atoms!
Well, the atom's international, in spite of hysteria,
It flourishes in Utah and even in Siberia,
And whether you're black, white, red, or brown,
The question is the same when you boil it down:
To be or not to be, that is the question!
It isn't a question of military data
Like who gets there firstus with the mostus atoms,
It's the people of the world must decide their fate,
Stick together or disintegrate!
It's up to the people 'cause the atom don't care,
He just flits around as free as the air,
He doesn't give a darn about politics
Or who gets whom into whatever fix,
All he wants to do is sit around
And have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons!
Well, I come to the end,
I hope I made it clear
About what you gotta do
And what you gotta fear;
I'm finished now and here's my thesis:
Peace in the world, or
The world in pieces!

TALKING ATOMIC BLUES
Words and Music by Vern Partlow
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Band 6 - GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY/Hamilton Camp. It is generally conceded that the ablest young song-writer of the nineteen-sixties is Bob Dylan, the poet-performer from Hibbing, Minnesota. Dylan has become a voice for his generation much as Guthrie had been for his generation. But not all of Dylan's material is concerned with poverty, war or discrimination. He has a lyrical, personal side, as in this love song sung by Hamilton Camp.

If you're travelin' to the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the border line
Remember me to the one who lives there
For she was a true love of mine.

Well, if you go in the snowflake storm
Where the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see she has a coat so warm
Keep her from the howlin' winds.

Please see for me if her hair hangs long
If it rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me her hair hangs long
That's the way I remember her best.

I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all
Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day.

So if you're travelin' to the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the border line
Remember me to one who lives there
For she was once a true love of mine.

GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY
Words and Music by Bob Dylan
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Band 7 - THE DOVE/Judy Collins. One of the leading forces in song-writing in Britain is the playwright-singer-documentarian Ewan MacColl. On the subject of peace, which is international, he has interestingly employed a Southern Appalachian tune, *The Coo-Coo Bird* (sung on Side 5 by Tom Ashley), to which he has added the words of this evocative paean to peace. *The Dove* is sung, unaccompanied, by Judy Collins.

The dove she is a pretty bird,
She sings as she flies.
She brings us glad tidings
And tells us no lies.

She drinks the spring waters
For to make her voice clear;
When her nest she is building
And summer is near.

Come all you young fellows,
Take warning by me.
Don't go for a soldier,
Don't join no army.

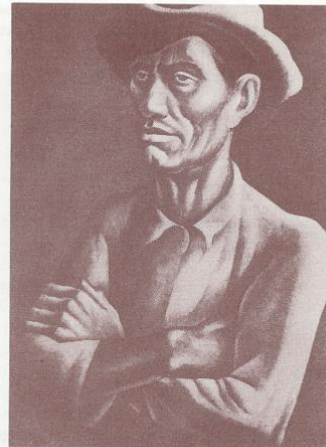
For the dove she will leave you,
The raven will come,
And death will come marchin'
At the beat of the drum.

Come all you pretty fair maids,
Come walk in the sun;
And don't let your young man
Ever carry a gun.

For the gun it will scare her
And she'll fly away;
And then there'll be weeping
By night and by day.

(Repeat first two verses)

THE DOVE
Words by Ewan MacColl
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Band 8 - HIGH SHERIFF OF HAZARD/Tom Paxton. Another young writer, Tom Paxton, hails from Guthrie's home state of Oklahoma. Paxton is a gifted melodist and poet with a fine sense of controlled craft. He has traveled widely throughout the United States and has involved himself with the plight of the Southern Negro and with the tragedy facing the starving miners of Kentucky. In Hazard, Kentucky, a man is forced to work in a non-union mine, putting in a 12-hour shift for from three to eight dollars a day. All of this with the blessing of the "High Sheriff of Hazard." The song is performed by the writer.

Now, the high sheriff of Hazard is a hard-working man,
To be a fine sheriff is his only plan,
He digs in our pockets and takes what he can,
For he's the high sheriff of Hazard.
He looked through my pockets, he's searched them with care,
But nary a nickel or penny was there,
So I got thirty days and some bumps in my hair,
God bless the high sheriff of Hazard.

He caught me one evening and here's what he said:
"You look like a Russian, you look like a Red,
And if you are fond of your skin and your head,
Beware the high sheriff of Hazard."
I thanked him politely, I thanked him for all,
And five minutes later, I made a phone call
To have a strike meeting at our union hall,
And damn the high sheriff of Hazard.

Now, men there are plenty who sweat out their
lives
To scratch out a living for children and wives,
They sweat for their pennies while the mine
owner thrives
With the blessings of the high sheriff of Hazard.
When union men strike and troubles come on,
The high sheriff's word is the mine owner's bond,
He's a mine owner, too, you know which side he's
on,
He's the wealthy high sheriff of Hazard.

It seems to be so since this old world began,
That some folks are willing to scheme and to plan,
To gouge out a fortune from the poor working man,
For example, the high sheriff of Hazard.
But the answer is simple, the answer is clear,
Let's all get together with nothing to fear,
And throw the old bastard right out on his ear,
Farewell to the high sheriff of Hazard.

HIGH SHERIFF OF HAZARD
Words and Music by Tom Paxton
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Band 9 - THE THRESHER/Phil Ochs. Phil Ochs, a former journalism student who decided to write his editorials in song rather than in print, describes himself as a "topical singer" rather than a folk singer. His concentration has been on converting news events of the day into songs, a direct continuation of the British broadside tradition of the 18th and 19th centuries. (The writers of British broadsides were not always concerned with political matters, but would hack out poems and songs on any topic they felt might interest the buyers of their penny poems.) Here is Ochs's commentary on the loss of an American nuclear submarine in a test dive. This episode moved from the headlines to song form in a very short time.

In Portsmouth town on the eastern shore where many
a fine ship was born,
The Thresher was built and the Thresher was
launched and the crew of the Thresher was
sworn,
She was shaped like a tear, she was built like a
shark, she was made to run fast and free,
And the builders shook their hands and the
builders shared their wine, thought they has
mastered the sea.

CHORUS:
Yes, she'll always run silent and she'll always
run deep,
Though the ocean has no pity, though the waves
will never weep, they'll never weep.

And they marveled at her speed and they marveled
at her depth, they marveled at her deadly
design,
And they sailed to every land and they sailed to
every port just to see what faults they could
find,
Then they put her on the land for nine months to
stand, and they worked on her from stem to
stern,
But they could never see it was their coffin to
be, for the sea was waitin' for their return.
(Cho.)

On a cold Wednesday morn, they put her out to sea
when the waves they were nine feet high,

And they dove 'neath the waves and they dove to
their graves and they never said a last
goodbye,
And it's deeper and deeper and deeper they dove,
just to see what their ship could stand,
But the hull gave a moan and the hull gave a
groan and they plunged to the deepest darkest
sand,
Now she lies in the depths of the darkened ocean
floor, covered by the waters cold and still,
Oh, can't you see the wrong, she was a death ship
all along, died before she had a chance to
kill.

CHORUS:
And she'll never run silent and she'll never run
deep,
For the ocean had no pity, and the waves they
never weep, they never weep.

THE THRESHER
Words and Music by Phil Ochs
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Band 10 - WE SHALL OVERCOME/Pete Seeger. Pete Seeger appropriately closes this anthology of American folk song with a work that has become the anthem of the integration movement. Some have called We Shall Overcome the Marseillaise of the integration struggle. The song has had a curious history. The melody is believed to have been taken from a 17th century Sicilian fisherman's song, transported to Germany, where it became a Protestant hymn, then gravitated to white Protestant congregations in the Southern United States. It was first published as a Negro hymn in a changed version attributed to C. Albert Tindley in the early years of this century. It was then used by union members of the Food and Tobacco Workers union in South Carolina in the nineteen-forties, taken by unionists to the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, where it achieved its present form. The current song shows some alterations by Pete Seeger, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and the late Zilphia Horton, wife of the director of the Highlander School. It is traditionally used to close all integration meetings, usually with the audience linking hands and swaying slowly in time to its slow, majestic, confidence-inspiring phrases.

We shall overcome,
We shall overcome,
We shall overcome, some day.

CHORUS:
Oh, deep in my heart,
I do believe,
We shall overcome, some day.

We'll walk hand in hand...
(Cho.)

We shall live in peace...
(Cho.)

We shall all be free...
(Cho.)

We are not afraid...today.
(Cho.)

We shall overcome...
(Cho.)

WE SHALL OVERCOME
Words and Music by Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton,
Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger
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ANIMAL KINGDOM / THE AMERICAN DREAM



PHOTO / U. S. Indian Service

RECOMMENDED BOOKS

The following list is, of course, far from complete. We feel that the books in Group A are basic to any folk song library. Get those first. You can supplement your collection with selected items from Group B as your budget and interest in the field expand.

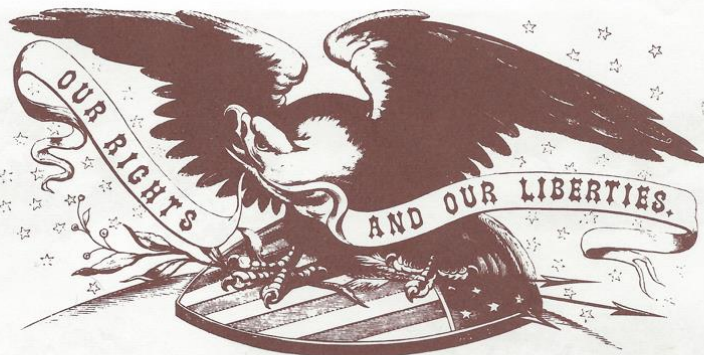
Group A

FOLK SONGS OF NORTH AMERICA by Alan Lomax (Doubleday)
 STORY OF AMERICAN FOLK SONG by Russell Ames (Grosset and Dunlap)
 WOODY GUTHRIE FOLK SONGS (Ludlow)
 THE LEADBELLY SONGBOOK edited by Moses Asch and Alan Lomax (Oak)

Group B

MEANING OF THE BLUES by Paul Oliver (Collier)
 INTRODUCTION TO FOLK MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES by Bruno Nettl (Wayne)
 ENGLISH FOLKSONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHIANS by Cecil Sharp (Oxford)
 ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR BALLADS collected by Francis James Child
 (Folklore Associates)
 AMERICAN FAVORITE BALLADS AS SUNG BY PETE SEEGER (Oak)
 TREASURY OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE by B. A. Botkin (Crown)
 NEGRO FOLK MUSIC, USA by Harold Courlander (Columbia)
 WE SHALL OVERCOME by Guy and Candie Carawan (Oak)





BASIC RECORD LIBRARY

At this printing, all of the following long-playing folk music records are available. Those marked with an asterisk are excellent choices for the new collector. All companies are represented.

- *The Weavers at Carnegie Hall (Vanguard 9010)
- *Leadbelly Legacy, Volume One (Folkways FA 2004)
- *Pete Seeger - American Favorite Ballads (Folkways FA 2320/1/2/3)
- *Pete Seeger - Darling Corey (Folkways FA 2003)
- *Jean Ritchie Sings (Elektra 125)
- *Richard Dyer-Bennet, Volume One (Dyer-Bennet 1000)
- *Odetta - Ballads and Blues (Tradition 1010)
- *Josh White - Josh at Midnight (Elektra 102)
- *Woody Guthrie - Talking Dust Bowl (Folkways FA 2011)
- *Ed McCurdy - Blood, Booze 'n Bones (Elektra 108)
- *Judy Collins #3 (Elektra 243)
- *Koerner, Ray and Glover - Blues, Rags and Hollers (Elektra 240)
- *Joan Baez (Vanguard 9078)
- Joan Baez in Concert, Part 2 (Vanguard 9113)
- The Blues Project (Elektra 264)
- Anthology of American Folk Music (3 Folkways 2-record sets, 2951/3)
- Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem - The Rising of the Moon (Tradition 1006)
- Erik Darling - True Religion (Vanguard 9099)
- The Dillards - Back Porch Bluegrass (Elektra 232)
- Bob Dylan - Freewheelin' (Columbia 1986)
- Bob Gibson and Bob Camp - At the Gate of Horn (Elektra 207)
- Woody Guthrie - The Library of Congress Recordings (3 LPs, Elektra 271/2)
- Lightnin' Hopkins (Folkways 3822)
- Cisco Houston - Railroad Songs (Folkways FA 2013)
- Burl Ives - The Wayfaring Stranger (Stinson 1)
- Leadbelly's Last Sessions (Folkways 2941/2)
- Leadbelly Legacy, Volume Two (Folkways FA 2014)
- Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee (Folkways 2327)
- Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger - New Briton Gazette (Folkways 8732)
- Ian and Sylvia - Four Strong Winds (Vanguard 9133)
- Mississippi John Hurt (Piedmont 13157)
- Negro Prison Songs (Tradition 1020)
- New Lost City Ramblers (Folkways FA 2396)
- Newport Folk Festival 1963 (6 LPs, Vanguard 9144/5/6/7/8/9)
- Mike Seeger - Hello Stranger (Vanguard 9150)
- Pete Seeger - We Shall Overcome (Columbia 2101)
- Pete Seeger - Broadside, Vols. 1/2 (Broadside 301/2)
- The Great Carl Sandburg (Lyricord 66)
- Jean Redpath - Songs of Love, Lilt and Laughter (Elektra 224)

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and many others

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- 8—LITTLE DEVILS / Jean Ritchie
- 9—THE HAMMER SONG / Limelitters
- 10—THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND / Woody Guthrie

SIDE 8 — BROADSIDE, TOPICAL SONGS, PROTEST SONGS

- 1—WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON? / Pete Seeger, Almanac Singers, with audience
- 2—NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN / New Lost City Ramblers
- 3—TALKING DUST BOWL / Woody Guthrie
- 4—BLACK, BROWN AND WHITE / Big Bill Broonzy
- 5—TALKING ATOMIC BLUES / Oscar Brand
- 6—GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY / Hamilton Camp
- 7—THE DOVE / Judy Collins
- 8—HIGH SHERIFF OF HAZARD / Tom Paxton
- 9—THE THRESHER / Phil Ochs
- 10—WE SHALL OVERCOME / Pete Seeger

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

01 (01 of 83) GREENSLEEVES/Cynthia Gooding.

A classic of Anglo-American folk song, with a melody that seems ageless. Little is known of its origin, except that it comes from England before the 17th century. As many as 40 verses have been collected, but this version pares it down to its most popular form in this country. Cynthia Gooding, who has studied old English ballads deeply, interprets it in a fashion that spans time and oceans. The song's rather early origins have disappeared in the face of its lyric beauty.

Alas, my love, you do me wrong
To cast me off discourteously
And I have loved you so long
Delighting in your company

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my lady, Greensleeves

If you intended thus to disdain
It doth the more enrapture me
And even so I still remain
A lover in captivity

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my lady, Greensleeves

Alas, my love, that you should own
A heart of wanton vanity
So must I meditate alone
Upon your insincerity

CHORUS:

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight
Greensleeves was my heart of gold
And who but my lady, Greensleeves

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cynthia_Gooding
- <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Greensleeves>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P807Xg3JX8w> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C8MP-ynMkAo> —Same in stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OBGtG0pHp4I> —Cynthia Gooding live
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Greensleeves

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

02 (02 of 83) DOWN IN THE COAL MINE/Ian Campbell Folk Group.

The Ian Campbell Folk Group, a contemporary quintet from Britain, takes us into the work setting of the sort of person who emigrated to America. This song was collected by A. L. Lloyd and published first in Coal Dust Ballads (Workers Music Association). The words are believed to have been written by Joseph Bryan Geoghegan; a Durham miner around 1885, to an Irish traditional tune known as The Roving Journeyman or The Red-Haired Boy.

I am a jovial collier lad
As blithe as blithe can be
And let the times be good or bad
It's all the same to me
It's little of the world I know
And care less for its ways
For where the dog star never glows
I wear away me days

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground
Where the gleam of sunshine
Never can be found
Digging up the dusty diamonds
All the season round
Deep down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground

Me hands are horny, hard, and black
Through workin' in the vein
And like the clothes upon me back
Me speech is rough and plain
Well, if I stumble with me tongue
I've one excuse to say
It's not the collier's heart that's wrong
It's the head that goes astray

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground
Where the gleam of sunshine
Never can be found
Digging up the dusty diamonds
All the season round
Deep down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground



How little do the great ones care
Who sit at home secure
What hidden dangers colliers dare
What hardships they endure
The very fire they sit beside
To cheer themselves and wives
Mayhap was kindled at the cost
Of jovial miner's lives

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground
Where the gleam of sunshine
Never can be found
Digging up the dusty diamonds
All the season round
Deep down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground

Then, cheer up, lads, and make the most
Of every joy ya can
And always let your mouth be such
That best benefits a man
For let the times be good or bad
We'll still be jovial souls
For where would Britain be without
The lads that look for coals?

CHORUS:

Down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground
Where a gleam of sunshine
Never can be found
Digging up the dusty diamonds
All the season round
Deep down in the coal mine
Underneath the ground

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ian_Campbell_Folk_Group
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cb9LzsDTQXQ> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=14OIJxvNwig> —Ian Campbell Folk Group live
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tP1WgQvIp8I> —Ian Campbell in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Down+in+the+coal+mine

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

03 (03 of 83) GEORDIE/Ewan MacColl.

Ewan MacColl, one of the leaders in the British folk revival, offer a classic ballad (Child 209) in a stark, unaccompanied style. It concerns the imprisonment of a Scot, and the efforts of his admiring lady to save him. It is believed to have been written about George Gordon, the fourth Earl of Huntly, who died in the battle of Corrishire in 1562. He was imprisoned in 1554 and released shortly thereafter. An ingratiating melody with an opening verse that is familiar on both sides of the Atlantic.

"-Will ye gang tae the Hielands
My bonnie, bonnie love?
Will ye gang tae the Hieland
Wi' Geordie?
And I'll tak' the high road
And ye'll tak' the low
And I'll be in the Hielands
Afore ye"

"-I would far rather stay
On the bonnie banks o'Spey
And see a'
The fish boaties rowin'
Aford I would gang to
Your high Hieland hills
And hear a'
Your white kye lowin'"

He hadna been on
The high Hieland hills
A week but barely
Three, O
Before he was cast into
Yon prison strang
For huntin' o' the deer
And the roe, O

His lady she
Got word o' it
And quickly
She made ready
And she has rode
Into Edinburgh toon
To plead for the life
O' her Geordie

"-O, has he killed
Or has he robbed
Or has he injured ony?"
"-No, he's been a-huntin'
The king's ain deer
And he shall be hangit shortly"

"-Will the yellow, yellow gowd
Buy off my bonnie love?
Will the yellow gowd
Buy off my Geordie?"
"-It's five hunder pounds
Ye maun pay for his life
And ye'll get the hat
On your Geordie"

She's ta'en the kerchief
Frae aff her heid
And she's spread it out
Sae bonnie
And she's ta' en the hat
Fae her true love's hand
And she's beggit for
The life of her Geordie

And some gied her crowns
And some gied her pounds
And some gied her
Perlinds bonnie
And the king himsel'
Gied a hantle o' gowd
For to get the hat
On her Geordie

Then oot and spak'
An auld Irish laird
A bowdy-legged body
Said, "-For me, Gighty's laird
Had lost his heid
If I had but gotten his lady"

She turned about
Her high horse heid
And wow! but she was saucy
"-The pox be on your Irish face
For you never could
Compare wi' my Geordie"

"First I was lady
O' bonnie Auchindoon
And then I was lady o' Gartly
But now I'm guidwife
O' the bonnie bog o' Gight
And I beggit for the life
O' my Geordie"

GLOSSARY:

kye = cattle
ain = own
hangit = hanged
gowd = gold
maun = must
aff = off
heid = head
gied = gave
perlins = small perls
bowdy-legged = bow-legged
body = a person

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ewan_MacColl
- <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Geordie>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7UtXQDJNRgA> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZIJ6P9EkoWw>
—Ewan MacColl singing My Old Man
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jAMcyD-RCBQ>
—Daddy What Did You Do In The Strike? Part 1. (Documentary)
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QFDqMlabA1M>
—Ewan MacColl—Geordie (w banjo)
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Geordie+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Geordie+(song))

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

04 (04 of 83) WHISKEY IN THE JAR /Irish Ramblers.

The Irish Ramblers, a contemporary group of three brothers named Clancy, offer this flavorful bit of Old World whimsy. A catchy, infectious drinking song, for fun, not analysis. The Irish, the whiskey jar and versions of this song have all moved to America.

As I was going over
The far-famed Kerry Mountain
I met with Captain Farrell
And his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol
And I then produced my rapier
Saying, stand and deliver
For you are my bold deceiver

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

He counted out his money
And it made a pretty penny
I put it in my pockets
And I gave it to my Jennie
She sighed and she swore
That she never would betray me
But the devil take the women
For they never can be easy

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

I went into my chamber
Oh, for to take a slumber
I dreamt of gold and jewels
And sure it was no wonder
For Jennie drew my charges
And she filled them up with water
And she sent for Captain Farrell
To be ready for the slaughter

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

'Twas early in the morning
Before I rose to travel
Up comes a band of footmen
And likewise Captain Farrell
I then produced my pistol
For she stole away my rapier
But I couldn't shoot the water
So a prisoner I was taken

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

They put me into prison
Without a judge a-writin'
For robbin' Captain Farrell on the
Far-famed Kerry Mountain
When they couldn't take me fists
So I knocked the jailor down
And I bad' farewell
To the jail of Limerick town

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Oh, whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

Now, there's some take delight
In the fishin' and the bowlin'
And others take delight
In the carriage fast a-rollin'
But I take delight
In the juice of the barley
And courtin' pretty lassies
In the mountains of Killarney

CHORUS:

Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar
Whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh whack-fol-de-diddle
Oh, there's whiskey in the jar

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Whiskey_in_the_Jar
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hk42yfCia1U> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FWXNXBtlfzg> —Sheridan Rúitín stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Whiskey+in+the+jar

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

05 (05 of 83) IRISH FAMINE SONG/Susan Reed.

Susan Reed, who was an active figure in the revival of the forties, shows the sadder side of life in the Old World. The recurring famines of Ireland in the 19th century had only one benefit—it greatly stimulated Irish emigration to America.

O, the praties they grow small
Over here, over here
Yes, the praties they grow small
Over here
Oh, the praties they grow small
But we eat them coats and all
Yes we eat them coats and all
Over here—over here

Now, I wish that we were geese
Night and morn, night and morn
Yes, I wish that we were gees
Night and morn
Oh, I wish that we were geese
Who can fly and take their ease
And can die and take their peace
Eating corn—eating corn

O, the praties they grow small
Over here, over here
Yes, the praties they grow small
Over here
Oh, the praties they grow small
But we eat them coats and all
Yes we eat them coats and all
Over here—over here

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Susan_Reed_\(singer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Susan_Reed_(singer))
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Famine_Song
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ISMOXBWTIQ> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GPO_e49qLTw —Mary O'Hara stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Irish+Famine+Song

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

06 (06 of 83) GYPSY LADDIE/Ed McCurdy.

Ed McCurdy, the baritone with the big folk repertoire, gives us another side of the background for immigration, or indeed, for leaving any place of established authority and responsibility for another life. The romanticism here is one that the peasant- and working classes could easily identify with. What better way to show contempt for a lord than to steal his lady?

It was late in the night
When the squire come home
Inquiring for his lady
The watchman made a sure reply
She's gone with the Gypsy Davy
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

Go catch me up
My old gray horse
My old gray horse so speedy
I'll ride all night
And I'll ride all day
And I'll overtake my lady
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

As he caught up
His old gray horse
His old gray horse so speedy
He rode all night
And he rode all day
And he overtook his lady
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy



It's come go back
My dearest dear
It's come go back, my honey
It's come go back
My dearest dear
You never shall want for money
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

I won't go back
My dearest dear
Nor I won't go back, my honey
For I wouldn't give a kiss
From the gypsy's lips
For you and all your money
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

It's go pull off
Those snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather
And give to me
Your lily-white hand
And bid farewell forever
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

It's she pulled off
Them snow-white gloves
That's made of Spanish leather
She give to him
Her lily-white hand
And bid farewell forever
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

I once could have had
As many fine things
Fine feather beds and money
But now my bed
Is made of hay
And the gypsies
Dance around me
 Rattle tum a gypsy, gypsy
 Rattle tum a gypsy Davy

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_McCurdy
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YLCqEQu10Rs> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Gypsy+Laddie

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

07 (07 of 83) TAE THE WEAVERS/Jean Redpath.

Another Scottish song that gives an insight into the work and the ways of the European who was to be the American. Robert Burns, the bard of Ayreshire, wrote the verses, while the chorus is of folk origin. Jean Redpath of Leven, Fife, Scotland, who sings the ditty, says that "...in the days before the big mills, journeyman weavers traveled from place to place, working in temporary quarters and were renowned for their Amoritic tendencies. "

My hert was aince
As blythe an free
As simmer days are lang
But a bonnie westlin weaver lad
Has garth me change my sang
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

My mither sent me tae the toon
Tae warp a plaiden wab
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gart me sigh and sab
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

A bonny westlin weaver lad
Sat working' at his loom
He took my hert, as wi' a net
In every knot an thrum
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

I sat beside my warpin' wheel
And aye I ca'd it roon
But every shock and every knock
My hert it gaed to a stoun
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

The moon was sinking
In the west
Wi' visage pale and wan
As my bonny westlin'
Weaver lad
Conveyed me through the glen
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

But what was said
Or what was done
Shame fa' me gin I tell!
But, oh, I fear the kintry, sune
Will ken as weel's mysel'
Tae the weavers gin ye go
Fair maids
Tae the weavers gin ye go
I rede ye richt
Gan ne'er at night
Tae the weavers gin ye go

GLOSSARY:

hert = heart
aince = once
westlin = western
gart = made
gin = should
rede = advice
wab = web
sab = sob
thrum = loose end, tangle
ca'd = turned or spun
stound = stound, pang
kintry = country
sune = soon
ken = know

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean_Redpath
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LdczT5HO6so> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RP97n0MOpao> —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Tae+The+Weavers

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

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TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

08 (08 of 83) AFRICAN TRAVELING SONG.

Field recording by Harold Courlander, a musicologist and a former editor of the Folkways Ethnic Library, in 1942 in Eritrea, which then bordered on The Sudan. The male voices accompanied by a form of harp and drums were Sudanese itinerant laborers. They described the song to Mr. Courlander as one to be sung while traveling. Most of the Negroes impressed into slavery were from West and West-Central Africa, but this song seemed to catch the spirit of African music so well. We have no indication if this was of a genre brought over by the slaves, but their contribution to American folk music must never be overlooked.



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harold_Courlander
- <https://www.discogs.com/label/221873-Ethnic-Folkways-Library>
- <https://folkways.si.edu/folkways-records/smithsonian>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oAkooKhddxc> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=African+Traveling+Song

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

09 (09 of 83) NAVAJO NIGHT CHANT.

This fragment from a ceremony of the largest tribe of Indians living in America today, is here as a reminder of the rich and variegated Indian music traditions that existed long before the colonizing and settlement of the United States by Europeans. A portion of the notes to this song on *Music of the Sioux and the Navajo* (Ethnic Folkways Library FE 4401) by Willard Rhodes says:

"*The Night Chant*, particularly known as the Yeibichai (Grandfather of the Gods) is an important nine-day ceremony which may not be performed until after the first killing frost.

It is at this ceremony that boys and girls are initiated into the ceremonial life of the tribe by two masked dancers who impersonate the grandfathers of the Monsters and the Male- and the Female Divinity.

On the last night.

Of the ceremony...

Yeibichai appears with a company of masked gods and dancers.

After a weird, unearthly call of the gods, the dancers shake their rattles with a sweeping movement from the ground to their heads, then whirl to the opposite direction and repeat the rattling...

The hypnotic power of this music is cumulative as an endless profusion of Yeibichai songs follow one another throughout the night..."



- <https://encyclopedia2.thefreedictionary.com/Navajo+Night+Chant>
- <https://www.brownielocks.com/nightchant.html>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZEMtXcoY9k> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dk0SjgOZ8Ew> —Rec in 1943
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nWNLYPuIhdg> —Alternate
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=navajo+night+chant

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB1 Songs of the old world and migration to the new

10 (10 of 83) SKADA ATT AMERIKA/Gene Bluestein.

Gene Bluestein found this little gem for his *Minnesota Statehood Centennial* album on Folkways. The delightful melody comes from a Swedish evangelical hymn, which emigrants adapted into its form here in the eighteen-fifties. Here is the embodiment of the settler's dream about the New World.

Bröder vi har långt att gå
Över salta vatten
Också finns Amerika
In vid andra stranden
REFRÄNG:
Inte är det möj-e-ligt
Ack jo det är så fröjd-e-ligt
Skada att Amerika
Skada att Amerika
Ligga skall så långt ifrån!

Brothers, we have far to go
Across the salty waters
There we'll find America
On the other shore.
CHORUS:
Though you say it cannot be
Take my word and you will see
It's too bad America
That wonderful America
Should be so far away!

(Träden som på marken står
Söta är som socker
Landet är av flickor fullt
Dej-e-liga dockor)

The trees which stand
Upon the ground
Are all as sweet as sugar
And everywhere you look
You'll find
Girls like pretty dolls
CHORUS:
Though you say it cannot be
Take my word and you will see
It's too bad America
That wonderful America
Should be so far away!

(Önskar man sig en av dem,
Får man straks en fyra-fem
Ut på mark och ängar
Växer engelska pengar

REFRÄNG:

Inte är det möj-e-ligt
Ack jo det är så fröjd-e-ligt
Skada att Amerika
Skada att Amerika
Ligga skall så långt ifrån!)

If you decide you want a wife
Four or five will offer
While on the ground
And in the fields
English money grows

CHORUS:

Though you say it cannot be
Take my word and you will see
It's too bad America
That wonderful America
Should be so far away!

(♪

Höns och änder regnar ner
Stekta gäss och ännu fler
Flyga in på bordet med
Kniven uti låret)

When it rains, the poultry falls
Ducks and chickens pour down
Gees all fried, prepared to eat
The fork is in the drumstick

CHORUS:

Though you say it cannot be
Take my word and you will see
It's too bad America
That wonderful America
Should be so far away!

(Solen, den går aldrig ner
Släcka varje människa
Här i Monter är på sång
Källare full Champagne)

Bröder vi har långt att gå
Över salta vatten
Också finns Amerika
In vid andra stranden

REFRÄNG:

Inte är det möj-e-ligt
Ack jo det är så fröjd-e-ligt
Skada att Amerika
Skada att Amerika
Ligga skall så långt ifrån!

- <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Banjo> – Gene Bluestein mentioned
- <https://finding-aids.lib.unc.edu/20379/> – Gene Bluestein Collection
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YdacDYWMzYk> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Skada+att+Amerika
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gta--Q_z69U —Gene Bluestein
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QOkjZb6K5Ps> —Här sjunger Anne-Charlotte Harvey den svenska versionen ovanför (i parenteserna) av sången
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gRFEMrWW-5A> —Same in stereo

"Sung in Swedish. Also known as 'Amerikavisan' ('The American Ballad') or 'Lovsång över det fjärran Amerika' ('Praise of the distant America'), this alluring description of America from the 1850's was probably written in Denmark. Later brought to Sweden and then to America, it survived in Minnesota Swedish-language oral tradition until recently. The song superimposes an El Dorado image on a picture of the real America for satirical effect.

'Trees that grow up from the ground are as sweet as sugar,
And the country's full of girls as beautiful as dolls.'

(The trees 'as sweet as sugar' are probably sugar maples, to the Scandinavian immigrant one of the many wonders of the New World.) —Stephen, guitars; Craig, bass; Maury, accordion."

-

The "fields where English money grows" were during the 17th to the 19th centuries; fields of hemp cannabis, that all farms were obliged or forced to grow every second time with all food plants; firstly, to maintain the soil to keep it nutritious and yielding, and secondly, to pay parts of the hemp fiber, seeds and cannabis medicine as tax; said to support the rest of the population, but mainly went to the English king annoying the taxpayers.

Due to the suppression of hemp to gain the value of nylon from dirty crude oil, cotton with its inevitable pesticide-industry, sheep wool to replace the hemp's insulating clothes in the colder latitudes, wood into paper that inevitably rot within 500 years, while hempen paper can be made to last on for millennia, and addictive opioids to replace the almost non-addictive natural ecological cannabis medicine with THC and CBD, to name just a few. All far inferior and more poisonous or addictive substitutes for the in all ways far superior hemp plants. There are many and they are male and female, dependent upon each other and by producing seeds to survive the winters. I've got more source material about hemp and cannabis here: <https://bearcy.no/hamp.html>

Please do forgive them, for they haven't got the slightest idea of the horrid karma they create for their eternal souls; that they believe that they have sold to some devil, are innocent and know not what they are doing.

Rather than incarcerating them in a prison, please care for them by putting them in something like "The Fletcher Memorial Home for Incurable Tyrants and Kings", sung by Roger Waters in The Pink Floyd-album The Final Cut.

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

01 (11 of 83) WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS COUNTRY/New Lost City Ramblers.

An unusual pioneer love song, with so many gaps in its narratives that large portions of the lyrics have obviously been dropped in oral transmission. Performed here in a Southern white mountain string band revival style by Tom Paley and Mike Seeger of The New Lost City Ramblers, a city trio that has consciously and successfully endeavored to re-create the music of the twenties and thirties for the audience of today.

Mike Seeger: Autoharp and voice.

Tom Paley: Banjo.

When first unto this country
A stranger I came
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name

I courted her for love
And her love I didn't obtain
Do you think I've any reason
Or right to complain?

I rode to see my Nancy
I rode both day and night
I courted dearest Nancy
My own hearts to delight

♪

I rode to see my Nancy
I rode both day and night
Till I spied a fine gray horse
Both plump-looking and white

The sheriff's men, they followed
And overtaken me
They carted me away
To the penitentiary

They opened up the door
And then they shoved me in
They cleared off my head
And they shaved off my chin



They beat me
And they banged me
And they fed me
On dry beans
Till I wished
To my own soul
I'd never been a thief

With my hands in my pockets
And my cap put on so bold
With my coat of many colors
Like Jacob of old

(When first unto this country
A stranger I came
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Lost_City_Ramblers
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ei8QMrWdt5k> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=N9OnbG76kH8> —The Wayfarers stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=When+First+Unto+This+Country

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

02 (12 of 83) SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN/Susan Reed.

Susan Reed re-creates what is probably the first popular native-born ballad in America. The song has had at least two lives, a serious version which the colonists could empathize with, because snakes did abound in New England, and the perils of nature were always at hand, and as a comic burlesque. This song springs from an actual episode, in 1761, when a Timothy Myrick of Springfield Mountain, Mass. (later Wilbraham), was killed by a rattlesnake.

On Springfield Mountain

There did dwell

A lovelie youth

I knowed him we-e-ell

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

This lovelie youth

One day did go

Down to the meadow

For to mow-i-o

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

He had scarce mowed

Half round the field

When a poison serpent

Bit at his hee-ee-eel

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

They took him home
To Mollie dear
Which made him feel
So verie quee-ea-ear

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay
Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

Now Mollie had
Two ruby lips
With which the poison
She did see-ee-ip

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay
Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

She also had
A rotten tooth
And so the poison
Killed them bo-o-oth

CHORUS:

Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay
Tu ruddie nu tu ruddie nay

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Susan_Reed_\(singer\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Susan_Reed_(singer))
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/On_Springfield_Mountain
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VMtoAmVG_U0 —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k4dusudt0MM> —Kelly Kennedy in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Springfield+Mountain

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

03 (13 of 83) GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES/Ed McCurdy.

Ed McCurdy sings a bantering tune popular in Britain and early America, also known as *The Three Rogues*. Recent research, Alan Lomax, the folklorist, has pointed out, indicates that the old belief that colonial New England knew only the staid hymn of the Puritans is quite incorrect. There was another, brighter and freer life for the Puritans, as this jaggy tune illustrates. But the likelihood is that this English tune didn't get popular here until 1800, long after colony days.

In good old colony times
When we lived under the king
Three roguish chaps
Fell into mishaps
Because they could not sing...
Because they could not sing
because they could not sing
Three roguish chaps
Fell into mishaps
because they could not sing

Oh, the first he was a miller
and the second was a weaver
And the third he was
A little tailor
three roguish chaps together...
Three roguish chaps
Together
Three roguish chaps
Together
And the third he was
A little tailor
Three roguish chaps
Together

Oh, the miller he stole corn
and the weaver he stole yarn
And the little tailor
Ran right away
with the broadcloth under his arm...

With the broadcloth
Under his arm
With the broadcloth
Under his arm,
And the little tailor
Ran right away
With the broadcloth
Under his arm

The miller was drowned
In his dam
and the weaver got hung
In his yarn
And the devil kept his claws
On the little tailor
with the broadcloth
Under his arm...

With the broadcloth
Under his arm
With the broadcloth
Under his arm
And the devil kept his claws
On the little tailor
With the broadcloth
Under his arm

(In good old colony times
When we lived under the king
Three roguish chaps
Fell into mishaps
Because they could not sing)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_McCurdy
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Three_Jolly_Rogues
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=o1YXJr6IEZ0> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mz5lySkW9jY> —Bobby Horton in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Good+Old+Colony+Times

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

04 (14 of 83) JEFFERSON AND LIBERTY /Oscar Brand.

And election song of 1800 that may have come into popularity, or been changed, after Thomas Jefferson's election. It comments on the despised Alien and Sedition Acts. Oscar Brand sings this noblest of all political songs, which is to the tune of *Allistair McAlistair*.

The gloomy night before us flies
The reign of terror now is o'er
No gags, inquisitors and spies
The herds of harpies
Are no more.

Rejoice, Columbia's sons
Rejoice, to tyrants
Never bend the knee
Join with heart
With soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty

No lordlings here
With gorging jaws
Shall wring from
Industry the food
No bigots
With their holy laws
Lay waste our fields
And streets in blood

Rejoice, Columbia's sons
Rejoice, to tyrants
Never bend the knee
Join with heart
With soul and voice
For Jefferson and Liberty

Here strangers
From a thousand shores
Compelled by
Tyranny to roam
Shall find
Amidst abundant stores
A nobler and happier home
 Rejoice, Columbia's sons
 Rejoice, to tyrants
 Never bend the knee
 Join with heart
 With soul and voice
 For Jefferson and Liberty

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oscar_Brand
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Thomas_Jefferson
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=P50VUyI28UE> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pa9C-P2tMmk> —Same artist in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Jefferson+and+Liberty

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

05 (15 of 83) DARLING COREY/Peter Seeger.

The frontier was a place for independence, and many a Pennsylvanian and Kentuckian wanted to be independent of paying Federal taxes on their home-made liquor. This bright little gem of rural moonshining is among the first songs to show a sharp break in American folk song from its British ancestors. Here is the hard-driving banjo, the fast tempo, the high yodeling mountain singing that seems so appropriate for this tune about a hard-drinking, hard-gambling gal named Corey. Pete Seeger, who has done more to popularize American folk song than any other performer, is here heard in a 1950 performance.



Wake up, wake up
Darlin' Corey
What makes
You sleep so sound?
Them highway
Robbers are comin'
Gonna tear your
Still house down



Wake up, wake up
My darlin'
Quit hangin'
Around my bed
Bad liquor has
Ruined my body
Pretty women
Have killed me
Most dead



Wake up, wake up
My darlin'
Go do the best
You can
I've got me
Another woman,
You can hunt you
Another man



Oh yes, oh yes
My darlin'
I'll do the best I can
But I'll never give
My pleasure
To another
Gambellin' man



Well, the last
Time I seen
Darlin' Corey
She was sittin'
By the banks
Of the sea
A .45 strapped
Around her waist
And a banjo
On her knee

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete_Seeger
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Darlin%27_Cory
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fdC7HXVzYw> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ukAvUDkSpIM> —Live
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Darling+Corey

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

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TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

06 (16 of 83) JESSE JAMES/Jack Elliott.

Songs of American badmen, like the earlier English Robin Hood cycle, do much to explain the differences in values between middle-class and "folk". Many folk songs venerate mythical heroes such as Paul Bunyan and other super-men. But here, the reversal of values, as with later songs about Pretty Boy Floyd, Stagolee and other badmen, show a strange sympathy for the outlaw. This is the story of the betrayal of James by a "Judas" seeking a reward. Sung by Jack Elliott, one of the best of the city musicians, who went on to assimilate and master rural style.

Jesse James was a lad
Who killed many a man
He robbed the Glendale train
He stole from the rich
And he gave to the poor
He'd a hand and
A heart and a brain
 Jesse had a wife
 To mourn for his life
 Three children
 They were brave
 But the dirty little coward
 That shot Mr. Howard
 Has laid Jesse James
 In his grave

It was Robert Ford
That dirty little coward
I wonder how he does feel
For he ate of Jesse's bread
And he slept in Jesse's bed
And he laid Jesse James
In his grave
 Jesse was a man
 A friend to the poor
 He'd never see a man
 Suffer pain
 And with his brother, Frank
 He robbed the Galleton bank
 And stopped
 The Glendale train

It was on a Wednesday night
The moon was shining bright
He stopped the Glendale train
And the people they did say
For many miles away
It was robbed by Frank
And Jesse James.



It was on a Saturday night
Jesse was at home
Talking to his family brave
Robert Ford come along
Like a thief in the night
And he laid Jesse James
In his grave

The people held their breath
When they heard about his death
And wondered how he ever
Came to die.

It was one of the gang
Called little Robert Ford
That shot Jesse James
On the sly

Jesse went to rest
With a hand upon his breast
The devil will be upon his knee
He was born one day
In the county of Shea
And he came from a solitary race

The song was made up
By Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive (Monday, April the 3rd in 1882)
He said there was no man
With the law in his hand
That could take Jesse James
When alive.

Jesse had a wife
To mourn for his life
Three children
They were brave
But the dirty little coward
That shot Mr. Howard
Has laid Jesse James
In his grave

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ramblin%27_Jack_Elliott
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jesse_James_\(folk_song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jesse_James_(folk_song))
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jesse_James
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VoonJdh66UY> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zzaDQV1mjew> —Same artist in stereo
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Jesse+James+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Jesse+James+(song))

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

07 (17 of 83) ROCK ISLAND LINE/Lead Belly.

As much a symbol in the American mind of freedom as the rambling mind is the railroad. Before the highways and the jet aircraft, the steel rails were a road away from something bad and toward something hopeful, a new job, a long-parted lover. Lead Belly, the giant of Negro folk song, catches all the dynamism, the strength of the iron horse strutting down the rails. Here are two pinions of American folk music, Lead Belly and *Rock Island Line*, joined together with the crossties of music.

(Via the YouTube link below; this introduction starts somewhat earlier, and is therefore greyed out here: "...That's Rock Island Line, these boys are cuttin' with pool-light, this man cut right hand, he stand up beside this other man hasn't got left hand, he stand on the other side. ")

That boy is going to sing about that Rock Island Line, which is a mighty good road to ride.

And in that road the man going to talk to the depot agent when he's coming out to cook with the Rock Island Line free train, coming back from new lanes, just you wait.

That man blows his whistle down there differently than people blow their whistles here.

Because he's going to talk to the depot agent ...he's going to tell him something when that switch keeps following that line, that means that freight train is going whole, man, going to talk to him...

I got goats
I got sheep
I got hogs
I got cows
I got horses
I got all livestock
I got all livestock

The depot agent is going to let him git by; and when he git by, he is going to tell him (-He's gone on, now!)

I fooled you
I fooled you
I got iron
I got all pig iron
I got all pig iron
"Oh, Rock Island Line"

CHORUS:

Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a road to ride
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
If you wants to ride it
Got to ride it like you find it
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line!

Jesus died
To save our sins
Glory to God
We gonna need him again

CHORUS:

Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a road to ride
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
If you wants to ride it
Got to ride it like you find it
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line!

I may be right
And I may be wrong
You gonna miss me
When I'm gone

CHORUS:

Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a road to ride
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
If you wants to ride it
Got to ride it like you find it
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line!

A-B-C double X-Y-Z
Cats in the cupboard
But they don't see me

CHORUS:

Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a road to ride
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
If you wants to ride it
Got to ride it like you find it
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line!

Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a road to ride
Oh, the Rock Island Line
It's a mighty good road
If you wants to ride it
Got to ride it like you find it
Git your ticket at the station
For the Rock Island Line!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lead_Belly
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rock_Island_Line
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WpNVBI-1i0U> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7IkWo17NIk> —Rec. starting earlier
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Rock+Island+Line

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

08 (18 of 83) OREGON TRAIL/Woody Guthrie.

One of the lesser-known masterpieces of Woody Guthrie. Although Guthrie composed very few original tunes, his reworking and rewording of traditional melodies was so gifted that he created new entities. Here is a typical Guthrie veneration of the American soil, the beauty of moving around the landscape. A latter-day pioneer, he would not be chained, neither in actuality, nor in his imagination to the life of the city.

I've been a-grubbin' on a little farm
On a flat and windy plains
I've been a-listenin'
To the hungry cattle bawl
I'm going to pack my wife and kids
I'm gonna hit that western road
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

CHORUS:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Where the good rain falls a-plenty
And the crops and orchards grow
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

♪

Well, my land is dry and cracklin'
And my chickens they are cacklin'
'Cause the dirt and dust is
A-getting' in their craw
They been layin' flint-rock eggs
I had to bust them with a sledge
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

CHORUS:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Where the good rain falls a-plenty
And the crops and orchards grow
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

Well, the hogs and pigs are squelin'
They're a-rockin' and a-reelin'
'Cause there ain't no water
To water in the draw
I'm gonna grab one by his tail
I'm gonna take him
Down a western trail
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

Now, my good old horse is boney
Yes, he's dry and hungry, too
You can see his ribs
Three-quarters of a mile
Throw the kids upon his back
And the bay, and the black
And we'll hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

CHORUS:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Where the good rain falls a-plenty
Where the crops and orchards grow
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

Well, my wife gets sort of ailin'
When that mean old dust is sailin'
And she wishes for the days
Beyond recall
If the work there's in the future
In that North Pacific land
So we'll hit the Oregon Trail
This coming fall

CHORUS:

I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall
Where the good rain falls a-plenty
And the crops and orchards grow
I'm gonna hit that Oregon Trail
This coming fall

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Woody_Guthrie
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oregon_Trail
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L2KI4sQgxdA> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Oregon+Trail+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Oregon+Trail+(song))

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TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

09 (19 of 83) SWANNANOA TUNNEL/Erik Darling.

A tunnel through Swannanoa Gap, North Carolina, was completed in 1883, and this Southern Mountain tune celebrates the event. Erik Darling, formerly of The Weavers, now of The Rooftop Singers, learned this version from Lee Haring and Frank Hamilton. Also known as John Henry's Hammer Song. Another evocation of the work and struggle that went into the building of America.

Asheville Junction
Swannanoa Tunnel
All caved in, honey
All caved in
I'm going back to
Swannanoa Tunnel
That's my home, honey
That's my home



When you hear that
Hoot owl squalling
Somebody's dying, honey
Somebody's dying
And when you hear that
Pistol growl, baby
Another man's gone
Another man's gone



If I could gamble
Like Tom Dooley
I'd leave my home, honey
I'd leave my home

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Erik_Darling
- <https://balladofamerica.org/swannanoa-tunnel/>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ewG4lCw1GS4> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Swannanoa+Tunnel
- <https://www.wral.com/swannanoa-tunnel-an-engineering-feat-that-ended-in-unimaginable-tragedy/20187268/>
- <https://www.dncr.nc.gov/blog/2016/03/11/convict-labor-constructed-swannanoa-tunnel>
- <https://tribpapers.com/archive/2023/06/community/swannanoa-gap-tunnel-a-shocking-construction-history/55091/>

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TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

10 (20 of 83) KENTUCKY MOONSHINER/Ed McCurdy.

Another famous American drinking song, also a descendant of an Irish song on the same delightful proposition. Sung by Ed McCurdy, this song has been compared by the poet Carl Sandburg to the keening of the Gaels.

I've been a moonshiner
for seventeen long years
I've spent all my money
On whiskey and beers
I'll go to some hollow
I'll put up my still
I'll make you one gallon
For a two-dollar bill

I'll go to some grocery
And drink with my friends
Where the women can't follar *)
To see what I spends
God bless them, pretty women
How I wish they was mine
Their breath smells as sweet as
The dew on the vine

I'll eat when I'm hungry
I'll drink when I'm dry
If moonshine don't kill me
I'll live till I die
God bless those moonshiners
How I wish they was mine
Their breath smells as sweet as
The good old moonshine

*) "follar" has here got the meaning of the word "follow"; this is another example of a so called "sloppiness-language", otherwise known as socio-, dialect-, and slang words.

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_McCurdy
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Moonshiner
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3eijxQKKhLE> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Kentucky+Moonshiner
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pxr22ih0r9A> —Bob Dylan
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eZLAKruls8> —The Irish Rovers
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_PSf3yfKYIU —The Clancy Brothers
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X6QUMe7VQsM> —The Clancy Brothers

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TFB2 Settling Exploring and growing in the new world

11 (21 of 83) GREEN, GREEN, ROCKY ROAD/Alabama School Children.

A children's ring game recorded at Lilly's Chapel School, in York, Alabama, in 1950 by Harold Courlander. An elaborate game played by Negro children in the South. An interesting commentary on the urban revival is that this song has been beautifully arranged by Len Chandler, a college-trained Negro singer, and the version by the pop-folk group, The New Christy Minstrels, became a national hit in 1963.

Green, green
Rocky road
I'm a lady's queen
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road

(A name is called) "-Call Minnie Town!" (the name of a child within the circle)

Dear miss Minnie
Your name's been called
Come take a seat
Beside the wall
Give her a kiss
And let her go
She'll never sit
In that chair no more
Green, green
Rocky road
I'm a lady's queen
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road

-Call Gine!

Dear miss Gine
Your name's been called
Come take a seat
Beside the wall
Give her a kiss
And let her go
She'll never sit
In that chair no more

Green, green
Rocky road
I'm a lady's queen
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road
Tell me who you love?
Rocky road

-Call Hone!

Dear miss Hone
Your name's been called
Come take a seat
Beside the wall
Give her a kiss
And let her go
She'll never sit
In that chair no more
 Green, green
 Rocky road
 I'm a lady's queen
 Rocky road
 Tell me who you love?
 Rocky road
 Tell me who you love?
 Rocky road

-Call Jive!

Dear miss Jive
Your name's been called
Come take a seat
Beside the wall
Give her a kiss
And let her go
She'll never sit
In that chair no more

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=swl9Kj98lkY> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1Q5m2DEf7ag> —Oscar Isaac
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Green%2C+Green%2C+Rocky+Road

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

01 (22 of 83) PICK A BALE OF COTTON/Leadbelly.

Leadbelly had the qualities of a folk hero, besides being one of our greatest folk singers. His strength and virility were real, but they were in direct line of descendency from the folk heroes, John Henry, and Paul Bunyan. He seemed to embody the indomitable pride of the Negro people. In this bright song of the cotton fields of East Texas, Leadbelly shows that the work song can be joyous. "I was picking a thousand pounds of cotton a day" he said, and this tune makes you believe him.

-Now, this was when I was around Dallas, Texas.

Picking cotton, I was pickin' a thousand pounds of cotton a day.

And the way you get a thousand pounds of cotton a day,
you've got to jump around to get it.

You can't fool around and pick a thousand pounds of cotton a day...

Jump down, turn around
To pick a bale of cotton
I jump down, turn around
And pick a bale a day
I jump down, turn around
To pick a bale of cotton
I jump down, turn around
And pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton!
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day!
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton!
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day!

Now, me and my gal can
A pick a bale of cotton
I mean my gal can
A pick a bale a day
I mean my gal can
A pick a bale of cotton
I mean my gal can
A pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day

Now, me and my wife can
Pick a bale of cotton
I mean my wife can
A pick a bale a day
I mean my wife can
Pick a bale of cotton
I mean my wife can
A pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day

Me and my friend can
Pick a bale of cotton
I mean my friend can
Pick a bale a day
I mean my friend can
Pick a bale of cotton
I mean my friend can
Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day

I mean my poppa can
Pick a bale of cotton
I mean my poppa can
A pick a bale a day
I mean my poppa can
A pick a bale of cotton
I mean my poppa can
A pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a day
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale of cotton
 Oh, Lordy!
 Pick a bale a daaay!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lead_Belly
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pick_a_Bale_of_Cotton
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=45CpT-FFbz0> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-ILbUduwBkg> —Lonnie Donegan
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Pick+a+bale+of+cotton

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

02 (23 of 83) HAUL ON THE BOWLINE/Seafarers Chorus.

The Seafarers Chorus featuring Eugene Brice and conducted by Milt Okun perform this old shanty of sailing days. Although this is a very sophisticated setting, much of the drive and functionalism of the old sailor's song is re-created. This is believed to be a fragment of an Irish tune. James Goodfriend has written of this song: "Sweating up" was what those short hard hauls to raise a top-gallant or a royal sail in a hard wind were called. It was "haul on the bowline, the bowline haul" and everybody fell back with all his weight on the rope and then gasped for breath and scrambled for a new grip, while the canvas flapped a few feet higher in the wind and the shanteyman started the next verse.

Haul on the
Haul on the bowline haul-ah!

Haul on the bowline
Oh, rock and roll me over
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

Once I was in Ireland
'A digging turf and praties
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

But now I'm on a Yankee ship
'A hauling sheets and braces
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

Haul on the bowline
We'll bust or break or bend her
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

Haul on the bowline
We'll haul away for roses
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

The last time I see my wife
She wasn't very civil
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

So, I stuck a plaster on her back
And sent her to the devil
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

Sheepskin, pitch and bee's wax
they make a bully plaster
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

The more she tries to get it off
It only sticks the faster
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

Haul on the bowline
Haul on the bowline
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

The work is hard
The voyage long
The seas are high
The gales are strong

The food is bad
The wages low
But soon ashore
Again we'll go

Haul on the bowline
Rock and roll me over
Haul on the bowline
The bowline haul

...Rock and roll me over
...The bowline haul!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sea_shanty
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D80hzULTYp0> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=frtqbwcWw_U —Bob Neuwirth stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Haul+on+the+bowline

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

03 (24 of 83) PADDY WORKS UPON THE RAILWAY/Pete Seeger.

Pete Seeger sings this fine testimonial to Irish American rail gangs, aka (also known as) *Paddy Works on the Erie*, the Pennsylvania, and the Union Pacific. The first rail passenger service began around 1830, when there were only 23 miles of track. By 1860 America had more than 30,000 miles of track. This melody is presumably Irish, but the sentiments were sweated out on the plains of America.

In eighteen-hundred-and-fourty-one
I'm puttin' my cord'roy briches on
Puttin' my cord'roy briches on
To work upon the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-two
I left the Old World for the New
Bad cess to the luck that brought me through
To work upon the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway

In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-three
'Twas then I met sweet Biddy McGee
An elegant wife she's been to me
While working on the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway



In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-five
I thought myself more dead than alive
I thought myself more dead than alive
While working on the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway

It's "Pat, do this", "Pat, do that"
Without a stocking or a cravat
Nothing but an old straw hat
While Pat worked on the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway



In eighteen-hundred-and-forty-seven
Sweet Biddy McGee, she went to heaven
If she left one kid, she left eleven
To work upon the railway

CHORUS:

Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
Filli me oo ree oo ree ay
To work upon the railway

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete_Seeger
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Poor_Paddy_Works_on_the_Railway
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_na8SWn1GX8 —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Paddy+works+upon+the+railway

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

04 (25 of 83) I RIDE AN OLD PAINT/Harry Jackson.

Harry Jackson, the Chicago-born artist who chose life on a Wyoming ranch when a young man and who has frequently returned to that life, here sings in definitive cowboy style a classic of the range. We have become so accustomed to hoked-up cowboy songs from film soundtracks that this interpretation might well come as a surprise with its heavy stamp of authenticity. This is a riding song, which lopes along with the gait of the singer's horse. *Old Paint*, especially its chores, was used to calm cattle who were on the verge of stampeding.

I ride an old paint
I'm a-leading old Dan
I'm going to Montan'
For to throw the hooligan
 Ride around, little doggies
 Ride around kind-a slow
 'Cause the fiery and the snuffy
 they're a-rarin' to go

Well, they feed in the coulees
And they waters in the draw
Their tails are all matted
And their backs are all raw
 Ride around, little doggies
 Ride around kind-a slow
 'Cause the fiery and the snuffy
 They're a-rarin' to go

Well, old Bill Jones
Had him two daughters and a song
One went to Denver
And t'other went wrong

Old Billy got shot
In a pool-room fight
And now he keeps a-singeing
Most all for the night.
 Ride around, little doggies
 Ride around kind-a slow
 'Cause the fiery and the snuffy
 They're aming to go

Well, when I had died
Take my saddle from the wall
Put it on to my tophorse
Lead him out of the stall

Tie my bones to his back
Turn our heads to the West
And we reigns the country
That we know the best
 Ride around, little doggies
 Ride around kind-a slow
 'Cause the fiery and the snuffy
 They're fixing to go
Ooh-har-oohah!

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harry_Jackson_\(artist\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Harry_Jackson_(artist))
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/I_Ride_an_Old_Paint
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fPC1Waa3FSQ> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qUFbDqp28so> —sung by Johnny Cash
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=I+ride+an+old+paint

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

05 (26 of 83) ZEBRA DUNN/Cisco Houston.

Another side of cowboy life is revealed here by the late Cisco Houston, longtime traveling companion of Woody Guthrie. This is a delightful ballad about a practical joke at the expense of a newcomer to the cattle country, but, as the story will reveal, the greenhorn is not to be outsmarted. Folklorists have differed about the origins of this song. John Lomax ascribed it to a Negro camp cook on the Pecos River, but Kenneth S. Goldstein believes it is of white cowboy authorship.

We were camped on the bend
At the head of Cimarron
When along come a stranger
And he stopped to argue some
Well, he looked so very foolish
We began to look around
We thought he was a greenhorn
Just escaped from town

He said he'd lost his job
Upon the Santa Fe
And was going 'cross the prairie
To strike the 7D
He didn't say how come it
Some trouble with the boss
And asked if he could borrow
A fat saddle horse

This tickled all the boys to death
They laughed right up their sleeve
Oh, we will lend you a fine horse
As fresh and fat as you please
Then shortly grabbed the lariat
And we roped the Zebra Dun
And gave him to the stranger
And waited for the fun

Now, old Dunny was an outlaw
He had grown so very wild
But he could paw the moon down
Boys, he could jump a mile
Old Dunny stood right still
As if he didn't know
Until he was saddled
And a-ready for the go

When the stranger hit the saddle
Well, old Dunny quit the earth
He's traveled right straight upwards
For all that he was worth
A-buckin' and a-squealin'
And havin' wall-eyed fits
His hind feet perpendicular
His front feet in the bits

We could see the tops of mountains
Over Dunny's every jump
The stranger he was glued there
Like the camel's hump
The stranger sat upon him
And he curled his black mustache
Just like a summer boarder
Who was waiting for his hash

Well he thumped him in the shoulders
and he spurred him when he whirled
He hollered to the punchers
I'm the wolf of the world
And when he had dismounted
Once more upon the ground
We knew he was a thoroughbred
And not a gent from town

Now, the boss, who was a-standing
'Round a-watching of the show
He walked up to the stranger
And he said he needn't go
If you can handle a lariat
Like you rode the Zebra Dun
You're the man that I've been looking for
Since the year of one

Well, there's one thing
And a sure thing
I've learned since I've been born
That every educated feller
Ain't a plump greenhorn

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cisco_Houston
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Zebra_Dun
- <https://secondhandsongs.com/work/243676/versions>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JYhMQozvf3M> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xjivD5X2bLg> —Sung by Adam Miller
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Zebra+Dunn

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

06 (27 of 83) FIELD HOLLER/Horace Sprott.

Even though some work was not of the rhythmic sort (chopping, sail-lifting, spike-pounding), men could invent music for passing the hours of lonesome work. Another form of work song is sung by Horace Sprott of Sprott, Ala., who was recorded by Fred Ramsey, Jr. for his notable *Music of the South* series. The field holler is one of the parent styles of the blues, as this beautiful moaning wordless chant will reveal. The field holler, also known as the arhoolie, is one of the most beautiful forms of American folk music.

Oo-au-oo—oo-au-oo
Oo-au-oo—oo-au-oo
Ee-a-ee—ee-a-ee
Oo-au-oo—oo-au-oo
Ee-a-ee—ee-a-ee
Oo-au-oo-oo—oo-au-oo
Ee-a-ee—ee-a-ee
Oo-au-oo-oo—oo-au-oo
Ee-a-ee-ee—ee-a-ee-ee-ee!

(Norsk—Norwegian:

O-å-o - o-å-o
O-å-o - o-å-o
I-e-i - i-e-i
O-å-o - o-å-o
I-e-i - i-e-i
O-å-o-o - o-å-o
I-e-i - i-e-i
O-å-o-o - o-å-o
I-e-i-i - i-e-i-i-i!

<https://bearcy.no/pronunciation.html> —this is an explanatory page on how to learn to pronounce Norwegian words correctly without getting mistaken for being a foreigner, explained for- and seen from a US-English point of view. Also linked to from the bottom of the last page of this sing-along songbook.)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Horace_Sprott
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Field_holler
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IFo1DcR3AJw> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Field+holler

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

07 (28 of 83) LININ' TRACK/Koerner, Ray and Glover.

John Koerner, Dave Ray and Tony Glover are three Minneapolis blues singers who have defied tradition by singing Negro songs. This romp was learned from the work song repertoire of Leadbelly, demonstrating one of the most interesting trends in the current folk revival—complete mastery of rural style by city performers.

Ho, boys, is you right?
Done gone right

All I hate 'bout
Linin' track
These old bars
'Bout to bust my back
CHORUS:
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
See Eloise go linin' track

Down in the hollow
Below the field,
Angels are workin'
On the chariot wheel
CHORUS:
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
See Eloise go linin' track

Mary and the baby
Were sittin' in the shade
Thinkin' on the money
That I ain't made

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Oughta been on the river
In nineteen-ten,
Buddy Russell drove the women
Like they drive the men.

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Moses stood
On the Red Sea sho'
Goin' a-battin' at the water
With a two-by-four

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Well, if I could
I surely would
Stand on the rock
Where Moses stood

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Mary, Marthy,
Luke and John,
Well, it's all them disciples
Are dead and gone

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Well, you keep talkin'
'Bout the break ahead
Ain't seen nothin'
Of my hog and bread

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' track

Ho, boys, is you right?
Done gone right

All I hate
'Bout linin' track
These old bars
'Bout to bust my back

CHORUS:

Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)
Ho, boys
Can't you line 'em
(Jack-alack)

See Eloise go linin' traaack

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Koerner
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dave_%22Snaker%22_Ray
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tony_Glover
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Koerner,_Ray_%26_Glover
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_train_songs
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5v3ytM46GZs> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L0BdNQvkxsM> —Same in stereo
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Linin%27+Track+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Linin%27+Track+(song))

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

08 (29 of 83) NOW YOUR MAN DONE GONE/Willie Turner.

Willie Turner, a Southern Negro, with his neighbors, in a beautiful work song recorded by Harold Courlander. In his book, *Negro Folk Music, U.S.A.* (Columbia), Courlander writes of the song: "Among the gnawing fears and anxieties of the long-term prisoners is the thought that when they return home they may find that their woman are no longer waiting".

Now your man done gone
Now your man done gone
Now your man done gone
To the county farm
Now your man done gone

Baby, please don't go
Baby, please don't go
Baby, please don't go
Back to Baltimore
Baby, please don't go

Turn your lamp down low
Turn your lamp down low
Turn your lamp down low
And baby, please don't go
Baby please don't go

You know I loves you so
You know I loves you so
You know I loves you so
And baby, please don't go
Baby, please don't go

I beg you all night long
I beg you all night long
I beg you all night long
And night before
Baby, please don't go

Now your man done come
Now your man done come
Now your man done come
From the county farm
Now your man done come

Baby, please don't go
Baby, please don't go
Baby, please don't go
Back to Baltimore
Baby, please don't go

I'm goin' to walk your log
I'm goin' to walk your log
And if you throw me off
I'm goin' to walk your log

- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=djeST_oPBbQ —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Now+your+man+done+gone

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

09 (30 of 83) TIMBER/Josh White.

Written and sung by Josh White with Sam Gary in the late nineteen-forties. In their travels they had seen Negro convicts on country road gangs. They wondered how men could endure the sort of treatment that even a mule would balk at. Here the mule is the symbol of the convict.

Got to pull this timber
'Fore the sun go down
Get it 'cross the river
'Fore the boss come 'round
Drag it on down
That dusty road
Come on, Jerry
Let's dump this load

CHORUS:

Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"
Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"

My old Jerry
Was an Arkansas mule
Been everywhere
And he ain't no fool
Weighed nine hundred
And twenty-two
Done everything
A poor mule could do

CHORUS:

Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"
Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"

Jerry's old shoulder
Was six feet tall
Pulled more timber
Than a freight can haul
Work get heavy
Old Jerry get sore
Pulled so much
He wouldn't pull no more!

CHORUS:

Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"
Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"



Boss hit Jerry
And he made him jump
Jerry reared
And kicked the boss on the rump
Now, my old Jerry
Was a good old mule,
Had it been me, Lord...
I'd have killed that fool

The boss tried to shoot
Old Jerry in the head
Jerry ducked that bullet
And he stomped him dead
Stomped that boss
Till I wanted to scream
Should've killed him
'Cause he's so damn mean

CHORUS:

Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll"
Hollering, "Timber
Lord, this timber's got to roll
Lord, this timber's got to roll
Lord, this timber's got to roll!"

TIMBER

Words and Music by Josh White and Sam Gary
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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Josh_White
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XQX5n7WXns0> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IB3nFYRq73U> —Josh White live
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Timber+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Timber+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB3 Work song

10 (31 of 83) GRIZZLY BEAR/Negro Prisoners.

Recorded in 1951 at a State Farm in Texas by Toshi and Pete Seeger, John Lomax, Jr., Chester Bower and Fred Hellerman. This is as strong an example of African survival in American Negro folk song as can be found. The meaning is not easy to discern. One version, reported by Courlander, say it refers to an escaped convict whose appearance was so wild that he resembled a grizzly bear.

I'm gonna tell you
A story 'bout
Grizzly bear

Jack o'Diamonds
Wasn't nothing but
Grizzly bear

He come a-huffing
And a-blowing like
Grizzly bear

He had great long
Tushes like
Grizzly bear

He come a-wobbling
And a-squabbling like
Grizzly bear

And Jack o'Diamonds
Was the great big
Grizzly bear

He was a great big grizzly
Grizzly bear
He was the great big grizzly
Grizzly bear

Everybody was
Scared of that
Grizzly bear
Everybody was
Scared of that
Grizzly bear

Oh, the grizzly, grizzly
Grizzly bear
Oh, the grizzly, grizzly
Grizzly bear

Jack o'Diamonds
Was the great big
Grizzly bear

He come a-wobbling
And a-squabbling like
Grizzly bear

He come a-huffing
And a-blowing like
Grizzly bear

He come a-walking
And a-talking like
Grizzly bear

He had great long
Tuches, like
Grizzly bear

He had big blue
Eyes like
Grizzly bear

He had great long hair like
Grizzly bear
Oh, the grizzly, grizzly
Grizzly bear
Oh, the grizzly, grizzly
Grizzly bear

I'm going to tell
You people 'bout
Grizzly bear

I'm gonna warn you
And gonna tell you 'bout
Grizzly bear

You better watch that grizzly
Grizzly bear
You better watch that grizzly
Grizzly bear

Well, the bear's gonna
Get you now
Grizzly bear

Oh, the grizzly, grizzly
Grizzly bear
Oh, the great big, grizzly
Grizzly bear

Oh, Jack o'Diamonds
Was nothing but
Grizzly bear

("Grizzly" is pronounced griz-ze-ly throughout.)

- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FkTBIsuPB-I> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wm3ZOiMiEyU>
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xyuTQ3aidLs> —Gubben Noah
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Grizzly+bear+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Grizzly+bear+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

01 (32 of 83) MARY HAD A BABY/Marilyn Child and Glenn Yarbrough.

A modern interpretation of an old Negro Christmas spiritual. Glenn Yarbrough and Marilyn Child have retained the spirit but enlarged the sweep of this tender, almost personal retelling of the birth of Jesus. As in many primitive peoples, religion had an immediacy to the Negroes in slavery that made the Christmas story no distant far-off happening, but an event that seemed recent and close.

Virgin Mary had a little baby

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah

Oh, oh, pretty little baby

Glory be to the newborn king

What will you name that

Pretty little baby?

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah

Oh, oh, pretty little baby

Glory be to the newborn king

Some call him one thing

Think I'll call him David

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah

Oh, oh, pretty little baby

Glory be to the newborn king

Some call him one thing

I'll call him savior

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah

Oh, oh, pretty little baby

Glory be to the newborn king

Some call him savior
Think I'll call him Jesus

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah
Oh, oh, pretty little baby
Glory be to the newborn king

Virgin Mary had a little baby

CHORUS:

Oh, oh, glory hallelujah
Oh, oh, pretty little baby
Glory be to the newborn king

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glenn_Yarbrough
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KFqtzsv_yfQ —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Mary+had+a+Baby

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

02 (33 of 83) JESUS GONNA MAKE UP MY DYING BED/Josh White.

Josh White in a recent recording of a spiritual he first recorded more than 20 years ago under the name of "The Singing Christian". This song is widely known throughout the South, and a particularly strong example of the poetic excellence and imagery of the Negro spiritual.



Now, in the time of dying
I don't want nobody to mourn
All I want my friends to do
Come and fold my dying arms
Well, well, well
So I can die easy
Well, well, well ♪
Well, well, well ♪
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

Goin' on down to the river
Stick my sword up in the sand
Gonna shout, "My trouble's over
I made it to the promised land"
Well, well, well
I've done crossed over
Well, well, well
I've done crossed over
Well, well, well
I've done crossed over
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed



Well, well, well ♪
Well, well, well ♪
Well, well, well ♪
I've done crossed over
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

Meet me, Jesus, meet me
Meet me in the middle of the air
And if these wings should fail me
Lord, meet me with another pair
Well, well, well
Won't you meet me, Jesus
Well, well, well ♪
Well, well, well
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

Meet me, Jesus, meet me,
Meet me in the middle of the air,
You promised me 10,000 years ago,
You'd be standing there
Well, well, well
Won't you meet me, Jesus
Well, well, well ♪
Well, well, well
Won't you meet me, Jesus
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

♪
Won't you meet me, Jesus
Well, well, well?
Yes, meet me, Jesus
Well, well, well?
Won't you meet me, Jesus?
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

Goin' on down to the river
Stick my sword up in the sand
Shout, "My trouble's over
I made it to the promised land"
Well, well, well
I've done crossed over
Well, well, well
I've done crossed over
Well, well, well
Jesus gonna make up
My dying bed

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Josh_White
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/In_My_Time_of_Dying
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FJoTYPzCWhI> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=In+My+Time+of+Dying
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=m8O4C1wcXs0> —Ari Eisinger singing

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

03 (34 of 83) DARK WAS THE NIGHT/Blind Willie Johnson.

A haunting cry by one of the great figures in American religious song, a blind Texas gospel singer, died in 1949. This song was first recorded on the Columbia label in 1927. Johnson was a member of the sect of "holy blues" men who used the musical structure of the blues with religious words. They would walk the streets of the South, missing the blind man's vocation of begging by virtue of the music they made from their curbstone pulpits.



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blind_Willie_Johnson
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dark_Was_the_Night,_Cold_Was_the_Ground
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RZ3TYD5nfFw> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=dark+was+the+night

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

04 (35 of 83) TWELVE GATES TO THE CITY/Judy Collins.

Judy Collins, the fast-rising folk singer from Denver, demonstrates the affinity that many white city people bring to Negro country religious songs. This was learned from the singing of another great "holy blues" singer, the Rev. Gary Davis. The joy and affirmation of the song makes it a classic of its type.

Three gates in the east,
Three gates in the west,
Three gates in the north,
Three gates in the south, that makes
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

Walk right in
You're welcome to the city,
Step right up
Welcome to the city,
Walk right through those
Gates to the city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

Who are those children
All dressed in red?
Twelve gates to the city,
Must be the children
That Moses sent, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

Rich and the poor
Welcome to the city,
Young and the old
Welcome to the city,
Weak and the strong
Welcome to the city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.

CHORUS:

Oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city,
oh, what a beautiful city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah.
Oh, what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city,
Oh, what a beautiful city, there
Twelve gates to the city, hallelujah!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Judy_Collins
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Golden_Apples_of_the_Sun_\(album\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Golden_Apples_of_the_Sun_(album))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1cGB7k53z1o> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q2_kGFcj3J4 —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Twelve+Gates+to+the+City

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

05 (36 of 83) A ZEMER/Theodore Bikel.

Being a country of many ethnic minorities and many faiths, other forms of religious music were to be heard. Here is a Jewish religious song sung by Theodore Bikel. This is a Chasidic song. The Chasidic sect was a pseudo-mystical group that flourished in the ghettos of Eastern Europe in the 18th and 19th centuries. It was the belief of these pious Jews that music was a high form of expressing religious love. A Zemer means simply "A Song" and it contains such delightful pristine lines as "A good morning to you, my dear God".

Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bim bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bim bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

Zogt der rebbe reb Montenyu
A gutn morg'n dir Gotenyu
Nem arop fun unz dein kaas
Vet men ton dedin u-che-das
Nem arop fun unz dein kaas
Vet men ton dedin u-che-das

CHORUS:

Oy, tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom
Oy, reshoyim, reshoyim faln bom!

Bom, bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

Zogt der rebbe reb Motenyu
A Got helf dir Gotenyu
Der tog iz heys di melchome iz shver
Nor men lozt nit aroys dos geve
Der tog iz heys di melchome iz shver
Nor men lozt nit aroys dos geve

CHORUS:

Oy, tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom
Oy, reshoyim, reshoyim faln bom!

Bom, bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom
Bom bom hoy bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom

TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH:

Says the rebbe, Reb Motenyu –
A good morning to you, my dear God
Take away your anger from us
And we will act to the letter of the law

CHORUS:

Oh, righteous men, righteous men sing "bom",
Oh, wicked men, wicked men fall "bom"!

Says the rebbe, Reb Motenyu –
May God help you, my dear God
The day is hot, the struggle is hard
But they never abandon their weapons

CHORUS:

Oy, tsadikim, tsadikim geyen bom
Oy, reshoyim, reshoyim faln bom!

Bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom bom
Bom bom bom bom bi-ri-bi-ri-bom...
Et cetera...

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theodore_Bikel
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1ZWgj-eJkSY> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kHnEDhoz-hc> —Same in stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2ecS8mWNNyo> —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=A+Zemer

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

05 (37 of 83) THE WAYFARING STRANGER/Glenn Yarbrough.

A widely known religious ballad, sung here by Glenn Yarbrough. This beautiful evocative declaration of a lonely religious faith was once a theme song for Burl Ives. He spread this classic song's message to the cities of the North.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of woe
But there's no sickness, toil, or trouble
In that bright world to which I go

I'm going there to see my father
I'm going there no more to roam
I'm just a-going over Jordan
I'm just a-going over home

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Glenn_Yarbrough
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Wayfaring_Stranger_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Wayfaring_Stranger_(song))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vb-dLsxyqJ8> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=n_tKhAE90vw —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_618PnQ-fwA —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=The+wayfaring+stranger

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

07 (38 of 83) SIMPLE GIFTS/Ed McCurdy.

If there is an America equivalent to the Jewish Chasidic sect, it may very well be the Shakers, or the Shaking Quakers, a radical sect that established its first colony in upstate New York the year of the American Revolution. This song, sung by Ed McCurdy, dates from 1848. The beautiful melody of *Simple Gifts* has been used by Aaron Copland in his *Appalachian Spring* suite.

'Tis the gift to be simple
'Tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down
Where we ought to be
 And when we find ourselves
 In the place just right
 It will be in the valley
 Of love and delight

When true simplicity
Is gained
To bow and to bend
We will not be ashamed
 To turn and to turn
 Will be our delight
 Till by turning, turning
 We come round right

'Tis the gift to be simple
'Tis the gift to be free
'Tis the gift to come down
Where we ought to be
 And when we find ourselves
 In the place just right
 It will be in the valley
 Of love and delight

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_McCurdy
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Simple_Gifts
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_PAWHMyjg6g —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Simple+Gifts+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Simple+Gifts+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

08 (39 of 83) MEETIN' AT THE BUILDING/Leadbelly.

The roots of modern Negro gospel singing, a very secular, jazz-inflected music, can be found in early religious shouts, anthems, and jubilees. Leadbelly gives an insight into those roots with this rollicking, infectious expression of religious fervor.

Meeting at the building
Will soon be over
Soon be over
Soon be over
Meeting at the building
Will soon be over
That's all over this world
 All over this world
 My Lordy, all over this world
 All over this world
 My Lordy, all over this world

Preaching at the building
Will soon be over
Soon be over
Soon be over
Preeching at the building
Will soon be over
That's all over this world
 All over this world
 My Lordy, all over this world
 All over this world
 My Lordy, all over this world

Shouting at the building
Will soon be over
Soon be over
Soon be over
Shouting at the building
Will soon be over,
That's all over this world.

Lying at the building
Will soon be over
Soon be over
Soon be over.
Lying at the building
Will soon be over
That's all over this world.

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lead_Belly
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PsjFgcPJdts> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Meeting+at+the+building

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

09 (40 of 83) YOU CAN TELL THE WORLD/Bob Gibson.

The rhythmic drive of Negro gospel has appealed to many professional folk singers. Bob Gibson, whose influence among city performers has been even greater than his own sizeable reputation, gives his interpretation of a fine old proclamatory gospel tune, with The Gospel Pearls, adding to the excitement.

You can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell them what the Master has done
Tell them that the gospel has come
Tell them that the victory's been won
 He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart

My lord spoke to you and me, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Talked about a man from Galilee, yes, he did, yes, he did!
My Lord spoke, he spoke so well, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Talked about a fire that flames in hell, yes, he did, yes, he did!

I don't know, but I been told, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Streets in heaven are paved with gold, yes, he did, yes, he did!
One of these mornings, won't be long, yes, he did, yes, he did!
You gonna call my name and I'll be gone, yes, he did, yes, he did!
 He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart

Yes, you can tell the world about this
You can tell the nation about that
Tell them what the Master has done
Tell them the gospel has come
Tell them that the victory's been won
He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart

My lord spoke to you and me, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Talked about a man from Galilee, yes, he did, yes, he did!
My Lord spoke, he spoke so well, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Talked about a fire that flames in hell, yes, he did, yes, he did!

I don't know, but I been told, yes, he did, yes, he did!
Streets in heaven are paved with gold, yes, he did, yes, he did!
One of these mornings, won't be long, yes, he did, yes, he did!
You gonna call my name and I'll be gone, yes, he did, yes, he did!
He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart

Yes, you can tell the world about this
You can tell the nations about that
Tell them what the Master has done
Tell them the gospel has come
Tell them that the big dream's been won
Tell them what the Master has done
Tell them the gospel has come
Tell them that the victory's been won
He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart
He brought joy, joy, joy into my heart!

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bob_Gibson_\(musician\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bob_Gibson_(musician))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UZRAIfa4qLw> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=You+Can+Tell+The+World

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB4 Many worshippers one God

10 (41 of 83) DOWN BY THE RIVERSIDE/Christian Tabernacle Church.

Modern gospel in all its blazing intensity. Recorded by the Christian Tabernacle Church in Harlem. An old spiritual which retains the modernity of its appeal by the addition of jazz-like cadences and riffs. Notice the similarity of jazz phrasing, even in the sermonizing, as this old spiritual hurtles to a roaring crescendo.

-Finally, brethren, after a while ♪ the battle will be over. ♪ And we all, like those that have gone on before us, ♪ we'll stop the busy with walks of men and ♪ stick our swords in the sand of time, ♪ finally study war no more, ♪ lookin' forward in this life and gettin' ready ♪ for that day ♪ when we shall lay down our burdens, ♪ down by the riverside, and study war no more...

♪

Going to lay down
My sword and shield
(Down!) Down by the riverside
(Down!) Down by the riverside
(Down!) Down by the riverside
Going to lay down
My burdens
(Down!) Down by the riverside
Study war no more

Going to put on
My long white robe
(Down!) Down by the riverside
(Down!) Down by the riverside
(Down!) Down by the riverside
Going to play on
My golden harp
(Down!) Down by the riverside
Study war no more

Going to study war no more - Haaa
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war, study war
Study war no more

Study war no more - Haaa
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war no more
Study war, study war
Study war no more

Down-down-down-down
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Down by the riverside
Study war, study war
Study war no more



Down by the riverside... (× 28)

Study war, study war
Study war no more!

- <https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCXDYggdGTBI8Q52MYkL7Hzw>
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Down_by_the_Riverside
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YRRf4pttgm4> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8ybxQ2vF-Bw> —Same in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Down+by+the+riverside

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music From ballads to bluegrass

01 (42 of 83) SLIGO REEL and MOUNTAIN ROAD/Willy Clancy.

The roots of American hoedowns, fiddle-banjo combinations and Bluegrass were in Europe. Scottish and Irish pipers and fiddlers came to this country and soon their old jigs, hornpipes and schottisches began to develop American accents. These pipe tunes by Willy Clancy, recorded in Ireland, will show the affinity, rhythmically and in spirit, with the mountain music that was to follow.



- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Willie_Clancy_\(musician\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Willie_Clancy_(musician))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=675pc8YTATE> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZMIwwzQBVfU> —Same tune in stereo
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Sligo+Reel+and+Mountain+Road

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music From ballads to bluegrass

02 (43 of 83) OLD JOE CLARK/Eric Weissberg.

A brilliant bit of banjo-playing by a city musician, Eric Weissberg, whom some regard the equal, if not the master, of traditional country banjo style. This breakdown is one of the longest and most popular of all Southern Mountain tunes. Verses have been collected in all parts of the United States. So have legends of who the real Joe Clark was. Suffice it to say that this catches the flavor of the rural hoedown.



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eric_Weissberg
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Old_Joe_Clark
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ci5syPluKI0> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zghnLDPA7VI> —Same in stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xkhKuezc6HA> —With description lyrics
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zZkGLcQRCvA> —Sung with written lyrics
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Old+Joe+Clark

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

03 (44 of 83) COO-COO BIRD/Clarence Ashley.

A beautiful old-time ballad with modal banjo-playing, performed by Clarence (Tom) Ashley. A re-discovery of 1960, Ashley had a long career in music, from the traveling medicine shows at the early part of the century through the string band era and then a new resurgence for appreciative city audiences in the sixties. With a face as beautifully gnarled as a contour map of his own beloved Southern Appalachians, Ashley is a fascinating remnant of another era. This superb song has been sung by hosts of city singers. The curious modal tuning, the wistfulness and unpressured manner of its vocal delivery, the esthetic richness of its symbolic words, all add up to a classic of old-time folk singing.

Gonna build me
'Log cabin
On a mountain
So high
So I can
See Willie
As he goes
Passing by

Oh, the co-coo
She's a pretty bird
She wobbles
As she flies
She never
Says coo-coo
Till the fourth day
July

I've played cards
In England
I've played cards
In Spain
I'll bet you
Ten dollars
I beat you
Next game



Jack-a-Diamonds
Jack-a-Diamonds
I've known you
From old
You've robbed my
Poor pocket
Of my silver
And my gold

My horses
Ain't hungry
They won't eat
Your hay
I'll drive on
Little further
I'll feed 'em
On my way

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clarence_Ashley
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_of_Diamonds_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jack_of_Diamonds_(song))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=b6r2J8LiadM> —This version
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VwIOO8RG-og?t=210> —Live version
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Coo+coo+bird+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Coo+coo+bird+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

04 (45 of 83) SHADY GROVE/Tom Paley.

Tom Paley, an original member of The New Lost City Ramblers, in a fine example of a Southern Mountain courting lyric. Some of the stanzas of *Shady Grove* appear in other hoedowns such as *Old Joe Clark* and *Cindy*. It is also done in a modal scale. Paley learned the song from two New Yorkers who first heard it sung by Rufus Crisp of Kentucky.

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

I wish I was in Shady Grove
Sitting in an old armchair
With one arm around my liquor keg
And the other around my dear

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

When I was a little boy
All I wanted was a knife
Now I am a great big boy
I'm looking for a wife

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

When I was a little boy
My mother told me
If I did not kiss the girls
My lips would soon grow moldy

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

The higher up the cherry tree
The riper grow the cherries
The more you hug and kiss the girls
The sooner they get married

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove



If I had a needle and a thread
As fine as I could sew
I'd sew my pretty girl to my side
And down the road I'd go

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

When you got to catch a fish
Fish with a hook and line
When you go to court a girl
Never look back behind

CHORUS:

Shady Grove, my true love
Shady Grove, my honey
Shady Grove, my true love
Going to Shady Grove

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tom_Paley
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shady_Grove_\(song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Shady_Grove_(song))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=T5Br0c3NQ2M> —This version
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qeCb379HKso> —16 verses with lyrics
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Shady+Grove

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

05 (46 of 83) FLOP-EARED MULE/Eric Weissberg and Marshall Brickman.

The greater the attention paid to mountain music and "hillbilly" style; the more complexity became evident. This banjo tune, again played by Eric Weissberg, with another talented city musician, Marshall Brickman, on guitar, demonstrates the most sophisticated of banjo techniques—"Scruggs picking". A flurry of notes shows the banjo's most virtuosic potential, sounds flurrying like confetti in the wind. A detailed explanation of this style of banjo-playing can be found in notes to *Folk Banjo Styles* (Elektra) and *American Scruggs Banjo* (Folkways).



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Eric_Weissberg
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Marshall_Brickman
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s9hbubMR52s> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nO9-AEMJegM> —Stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B4DNGqmtBrk> —Stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BoLP3a-2Y8Q> —Stereo
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CUjqwx8JAKo> —Stereo
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=FLOP-EARED+MULE et cetera](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=FLOP-EARED+MULE+et+cetera)

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

06 (47 of 83) NOTTAMUN TOWN/Jean Ritchie.

When the famous British collector, Cecil J. Sharp, came to this country around the time of World War I, he was collecting English, not American folk songs. Because of the persistence of tradition, he was able to locate here, songs and styles he couldn't find in England. The Ritchie Family of Viper, Ky., were to be his principal informants. Here, the youngest daughter of the Ritchie's, Jean, sings a song learned from her uncle Jason, a song she goes on to describe in its "strange combination of nonsense words and ethereal tune. We never knew where it came from, nor what it meant, but in England I found the same kind of magic, upside-down, inside-out song being sung as part of the ancient, ritualistic Mummers' Plays. I am convinced that "*Nottamun Town*" had such an origin". It is interesting to compare this song with Bob Dylan's *Masters of War* as number 67 of 83. Dylan freely adapted this old melody to a new purpose.

In Nottamun Town
not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look up
not a soul would look down
Not a soul would look up
not a soul would look down
To show me the way to
Fair Nottamun Town

I rode a gray horse
that was called a gray mare
Gray mane and gray tail
green stripe down her back
Gray mane and gray tail
green stripe down her back
There wan't a hair on her
Be-what was coal black

She stood so still
she threw me to the dirt
She tore-a my hide
and bruised my shirt
From saddle to stirrup
I mounted again
And on my ten toes
I rode over the plain

Met the king and the queen
and a company more
A-walking behind
and a-riding before
Come a stark-nekkid drummer
a-beatin' a drum
With his hands in his bosom
Come marching along

I bought me a quart
to drive gladness away
And to stifle the dust
For it rained the whole day

Sat down on a hard
hot, cold-frozen stone
Ten thousand stood around me
and yet I's alone
Took my hat in my hands
for to keep my head warm
Ten thousand got drowned
That never was born

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean_Ritchie
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Nottamun_Town
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K5urRvgxPso> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NQbGe4zFDho> —Stereo version
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Nottamun+Town

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

07 (48 of 83) AMAZING GRACE/Doc Watson.

A superb example of white mountain sacred singing, by Doc Watson and others. This folk hymn was first published in *Virginia Harmony* in Winchester, Va., in 1831. It was found subsequently in various shape-note hymnals during the 19th century. The long, surging phrases are excellent examples of the enormous emotion that rural folk could pour into their sacred songs.

Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me
I once was lost, but now I'm found
Was blind, but now I see

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear
And grace my fear relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed

Through me the badge just called and snared
I have already come
This grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace believed me home

(When we've been there ten thousand years
Bright shining as the sun
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doc_Watson
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amazing_Grace
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bn6LCQRXnoo> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CDdvReNKKuk> —With sing-along lyrics
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Amazin+Grace

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

08 (49 of 83) CRIPPLE CREEK/Doc Watson.

Doc Watson in an instrumental version of another old-time hoe-down and square-dance tune. Watson, a blind musician from the hills of western North Carolina, has been astounding city listeners with the fluidity and originality of his guitar technique. Here it flows in all its finery, showing some of the lengths to which the "simple" folk styles have evolved.



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doc_Watson
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cripple_Creek_\(folk_song\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cripple_Creek_(folk_song))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=h4-3k2dOV3g> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ew6DS2bXYmk> —With description lyrics
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Cripple+Creek

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

09 (50 of 83) PRETTY POLLY/The Dillards.

The Dillards, a celebrated Bluegrass band from the Ozarks, in a modern treatment of one of the most famous American murder ballads. It was originally a British come-all-ye called *The Gosport Tragedy* but has under-gone great transformations here. In this version it gets the full Bluegrass treatment, contrapuntal instrumental weaving against the vocal line.

When I lived in London, a city, vale, and town
When I lived in London, a city, vale, and town
I met a beautiful lady, her beauty never did found

They called her Pretty Polly, come go along with me
Polly, Pretty Polly, come go along with me
Before we get married, some pleasure we'll see

Willie, oh, Willie, I'm afraid of your ways
Willie, oh, Willie, I'm afraid of your ways
The way you've been rambling, you'll lead me astray

♪

They went upon a mountain and what did they spy?
They went upon a mountain and what did they spy?
A newly dug grave and a spade lying by

Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right
Polly, Pretty Polly, your guess is about right
I dug on your grave best part of last night

♪

He stabbed her through her heart, and her heart's blood did flow
He stabbed her through her heart, and her heart's blood did flow
And into the grave Pretty Polly did go

He threw a little dirt over her and turned to go home
He threw a little dirt over her and turned to go home
Leaving nothing behind but the wild birds to roam

Pretty Polly, Polly, Polly!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Dillards
- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pretty_Polly_\(ballad\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pretty_Polly_(ballad))
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YxA6PpmsAOA> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=pretty+polly+\(+ballad\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=pretty+polly+(+ballad))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

10 (51 of 83) YELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS/George Pegram and Walter Parham.

A song dating from the Civil War era that has had a dozen lives, most recently as a popular hit. Because the text rarely varies, Kenneth S. Goldstein says, this "suggests a possible sheet music or book tradition rather than one resulting from oral circulation". It is performed by two North Carolinians, George Pegram and Walter Parham. Pegram's eccentric, lurching vocal adds considerable interest.

There's a yellow rose of Texas
That I'm a-goin' to see
No one will ever love her
Like a Texan oughta be
You can talk about
Your Clementine
And sing of Rosalie—
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the girl of Tennessee

I'm a-goin' back to Texas
I'm a-goin' to see
No one will ever love her
Like a Texan ought to do—
I pick my banjo gently
And sing to Rosalie
But the yellow rose of Texas
Beats the girl of Tennessee

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Rounder_Records#1970s%3A_George_Pegram%2C_Norman_Blake%2C_Rounder_0044%2C_George_Thorogood
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fUkWOz5T3hE> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=LArGlFVYqM> —With description lyrics
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Yellow+Rose+of+Texas

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

11 (52 of 83) GREEN CORN/Dián and The Greenbriar Boys.

The frequent interchange of songs between Negro and white performers has not stopped with the Bluegrass era. Here, a city Bluegrass aggregation, Dián and the Greenbriar Boys (Ralph Rinzler, John Herald and Bob Yellin), give a spirited interpretation of a song made popular by Leadbelly.

Green corn

Green corn

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn

Green corn

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly

Way in the shade, the day is breakin'

Peas in the pod, hoecakes bakin'

Early in the morning, almost day

If you don't come soon, I'm going to throw it away

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly

♪

All I need in this creation

Three months work and not a vacation

Tell my boss any old time

Daytime is his, nighttime is mine

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn

Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie

Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly

Yeah!



All I need to make me happy
Two little kids to call me pappy
One named Bill, the other named Davy
Like their biscuits sopped in gravy

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn
Green corn, green corn, come along, Charlie
Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly



My true love's a brown-eyed daisy
Courtin' in the green corn drives her crazy
I like candy and green corn liquor
Candy is dandy but liquor is quicker

CHORUS:

Green corn, green corn...
Green corn, green corn...
Green corn, green corn, yeahhoohoo!
Green corn, green corn, come along Charlie
Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly
Green corn, green corn, come along Charlie
Green corn, green corn, don't you tell Polly

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Greenbriar_Boys
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6dqG1CeyqnA> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=green+corn+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=green+corn+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB5 Country music, From ballads to bluegrass

12 (53 of 83) OLD MAN AT THE MILL/The Dillards.

From square-dance to Bluegrass was not a very big step, and this country music round-up ends with a dancing, almost frenzied whirl by The Dillards. The likeness of Bluegrass to the village orchestras of Eastern Europe and to the free-wheeling Dixieland bands of New Orleans become apparent here.

CHORUS:

Same old man livin' at the mill
The mill turned around of its own free will
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies, step forward, and the gents fall back

Well, down sat an owl and he said all quiet
A lonesome day and a lonesome night
Thought I heard a pretty bird sneeze
Lord Almighty, sleep next day

CHORUS:

Same old man livin' at the mill
The mill turned around of its own free will
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies, step forward, and the gents fall back



Well, if, said the raven, as she flew
If I was a young one, I'd have two
One for to kid and the other to sow
And I'd have a string for my bubble bow

CHORUS:

Same old man livin' at the mill
The mill turned around of its own free will
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies, step forward, and the gents fall back



Well, my old man is in Kalamazoo
He don't wear no yes I do
First to the left and then to the right
This old mill is going to stay all night

CHORUS:

Same old man livin' at the mill
The mill turned around of its own free will
Hand in the hopper and the other in the sack
Ladies step forward, and the gents step back

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Dillards
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CP-P-YZGxtw> —This recording

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

01 (54 of 83) LOST JOHN/Sonny Terry.

One of the great country blues singers and mouth-harp (harmonica) players still on the performing scene is Sanders Terrell, better known as Sonny Terry. Blind from his birth in South Carolina, Terry has never lost the rough, grainy, deeply involved singing of the root blues players. Here, in a well-known prisoner's escape song, he carries on a lively debate with his harmonica, whooping and yelling with a sort of wild joy. To many of the country blues men the guitar or mouth-harp was a second voice, and they would use the instrument to carry on a sort of antiphonal debate, as Sonny Terry does here.



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sonny_Terry
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ghu3oDdb4mc> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Lost+John+\(tune\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Lost+John+(tune))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

02 (55 of 83) I WONDER WHEN I'LL GET TO BE CALLED A MAN/Big Bill Broonzy.

The late Big Bill Broonzy was a sophisticated blues writer and singer toward the end of his life. Although this song never gained wide currency as a folk blues, the clear statement of the singer's needs shows an interesting side of the blues.

When I was born into this world, this is what happened to me
I was never called a man and now I'm 'round fifty-three
I wonder when, I wonder when
I wonder when will I get to be called a man
I'd rather wait till I get to be ninety-three

When Uncle Sam called me, I knowed I'd be called a real McCoy
When I got in the army, they just called me soldier boy
I wonder when, I wonder when
I wonder when will I get to be called a man
Do I have to wait till I get ninety-three?

When I got back from overseas, that night we had a ball
Next day I met the old boss, he said, "Boy, get you some overalls"
I wonder when, I wonder when
I wonder when will I get to be called a man
I'd rather wait till I get to be ninety-three

I've worked on the levee camps and worked on the extra gangs, too
Black man's a boy, I don't care what he can do
I wonder when, I wonder when
I wonder when will I get to be called a man
Do I have to wait till I get ninety-three?

They said I was uneducated, my clothes was dirty and torn
Now I've got a little education, but I'm still a boy, right on
I wonder when, I wonder when
I wonder when will I get to be called a man
Do I have to wait till I get ninety-three?

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big_Bill_Broonzy
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sVP5SGslWPM> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=I+wonder+when+I%27ll+get+to+be+called+a+man

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

03 (56 of 83) BLACK SNAKE MOAN/Leadbelly.

In a ringing, ebullient shout, Leadbelly blares out this blues plaint. The "black snake" reference is clearly sexual, and this has been a popular image among the blues men of East Texas and the Mississippi Delta, two areas particularly well-endowed with blues singers.



Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now
Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now
You told me late last night, you didn't need no mammy no how

Ooh-ooh, black snake crawlin' in my room
Ooh-ooh, black snake crawlin' in my room
Better tell somebody, better come and get this long black snake soon

Ooh-ooh, must have been a bed-bug
'cause a chinch couldn't bite me that hard
Ooh-ooh, must have been a bed-bug
'cause a chinch couldn't bite me that hard
Had my sugar baby since I left; (ain't a child in the yard)

Honey, that's all right, that's all right for you
Honey, that's all right, that's all right for you
Darling, that's all right 'most any old way with you

I walked to my baby and I knowed anything
she done was all right with me
I was okay with me, yes, anything she done was sat right by me
I walked up to her and I wanted to know what was the matter

Mmm-mmm, a-honey, what's the matter now?
Mmm-mmm, a-honey, what's the matter now?
Darling, tell me what's the matter, don't like no black snake no how



Well, wonder where that black snake gone
Well, wonder where that black snake gone
I know black snake, mama, done run my darling home

Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now
Ooh-ooh, I ain't got no mammy now
You told me late last night, you didn't need no mammy no how

Mmm-mmm, wonder where that black snake gone
Mmm-mmm, wonder where that black snake gone
I know that black snake, mama, done run my darling home



- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lead_Belly
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/That_Black_Snake_Moan
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZSSkihw0YEg> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=black+snake+moan

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

04 (57 of 83) SEE THAT MY GRAVE IS KEPT CLEAN/Blind Lemon Jefferson.

A classic of the country blues sung by one of its giants, Blind Lemon Jefferson of East Texas. Jefferson, as equally revered by jazz students as he is by folk devotees, had an amazing ability to compress and convey emotion into a few simple phrases. This selection is taken from a 78 rpm disc he recorded in 1928. It is believed to have been his last, or among his last, recordings before his death in Chicago. Notice how the guitar imitates the sound of a church bell near the end of this famous blues.

Well, it's one kind favor I ask of you
Well, it's one kind favor I ask of you
Lord, it's one kind favor I'll ask of you
See that my grave is kept clean

It's a long lane, it got no end
It's a long lane, it got no end
It's a long lane, it got no end
It's so bad when the devil came

Lord, it's two white horses in a line
Well, it's two white horses in a line
Well, it's two white horses in a line
Gonna take me to my buryin' ground

My heart's stopped beatin' and my hands are cold
My heart stopped beatin' and my hands got cold
Well, my heart's stopped beatin' Lord, my hands are cold
It was a long journey I've been told

Have you ever heard a coffin sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin sound?
Have you ever heard a coffin sound?
Then you know that the poor boy is in the ground

Oh, dig my grave with a silver spade
Well, dig my grave with a silver spade
Well, dig my grave with a silver spade
You may leave me down with a golden chain

Have you ever heard a church bell toll?
Have you ever heard a church bell toll?
Have you ever heard a church bell toll?
Then you know that the poor boy's dead and gone

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Blind_Lemon_Jefferson
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XB_k5sI5g4s —This recording

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

05 (58 of 83) HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN/Hally Wood.

Hally Wood sings a famous woman's blues song of prostitution. When the country blues moved to New Orleans and other cities, there was a great change in its form and sophistication. Instead of being a purely personal vehicle, it became a performer-audience medium. This song falls into the early city blues category. Its meaningful moral is torn out of the pages of New Orleans' large brothel area around the time of World War I. *House of the Rising Sun* is a classic example of the passage through tradition of a folk song. It has roots in an English ballad of the 16th century called *The Unfortunate Rake*. This earlier version traveled to America and several centuries later was transformed into a cowboy song, *The Cowboy's Lament*. After the Civil War, Negro cowboys brought the song back with them into the South where it has attained, in part, this form.

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
It has been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, oh God, am one

Well, if I had listened to what mama said
I'd a-been at home today
But being so young and foolish, poor girl
Let a gambler lead me astray

My mother is a tailor
She sews those new blue jeans
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord
Drinks down in New Orleans

Well, the only thing that a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

He'll fill his glasses to the brim
And he passes them around
And the only pleasure that he gets out of life
Is a-hoboing from town to town

Go tell my baby sister
Never do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun

Well, it's one foot on the platform
And the other one on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

I'm going back to New Orleans
My time is almost done
I'm going there to spend my days
Beneath that Risin' Sun

(Please do remember that this record was first published and released for sale in 1964, and after that time, there has been several other editions of this song released, that all have got a simpler melody or tune and even different lyrics; and most told out of the eyes of the son of a prostitute, rather than the prostitute herself, as portrayed here in this earlier version. Please do have a look via the links below.)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hally_Wood
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_House_of_the_Rising_Sun
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L13SavuLMmY> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=House+of+the+Rising+Sun

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

06 (59 of 83) FRANCE BLUES/Mark Spoelstra.

Jazz and folk fans have seen several revivals of the ragtime jug bands, a down-to-earth, home-made music that flourished around Memphis in the nineteen teens- and twenties. The most recent revival of interest in blues jug band was in 1963, and the full effect of this fascinating, colorful music has still to be measured. Here, Mark Spoelstra sings and plays guitar in the rural manner. He is assisted in this frolic by Fritz Richmond on washtub bass and Doug Pomeroy on washboard and kazoo.

Ever take a trip, baby, down on the Mobile line?
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about the Mobile line?
Well, that's the road to ride, baby, to ease your troublin' mind

I got a letter, this is the way it read:
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about the way it read?
Said, come on, come on, baby, 'cause your love is dead

Well, I packed my suitcase and bundled all up my clothes
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about my bundle of clothes?
And when I got there, she was laying on the cooling board

So I took my baby to the burying ground
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about the burying ground?
You oughta heard me cryin' when they let her down



Now when I die, don't bury daddy at all
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about your daddy at all?
Just bury my bones, keep 'em in alcohol

When I die, put my picture in a frame
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about my picture in a frame?
So when I'm gone, you can see me just the same

Oh, when I die, I'm a-goin' to stop by France
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about to stop by France?
You wanna stop by France just to give all the women a chance

Hello, heaven, I want to use your telephone
Hey Lordy mama mama, Hey Lordy papa papa
How about your telephone?
So I can talk to my baby anytime she's gone

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Mark_Spoelstra
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kCN1HcOZHCK> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=France+Blues

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

07 (60 of 83) CARTER BLUES/New Lost City Ramblers.

The current city blues revival is nothing unique in the history of the blues. Countless white hill country musicians, from The Carter Family to Jimmie Rodgers to Merle Travis, were fascinated with the sound of Negro blues, and the form quickly spread to white music. Here the New Lost City Ramblers re-create a famous white blues, written by the late A. P. Carter. This fusion of an old Anglo-American folk-lyric style with a blues flavor is one of the most beautiful examples of the cross-fertilizations that went on between ethnic music styles in the South. Mike Seeger plays autoharp and sings.

As I walked out one morning fair
To view the fields and take the air
For to view the fields and meadows around
I thought I heard some lonesome sound
I thought I heard my true love say
Oh, to turn and come this way

You love some other, you don't love me
You care not for my company
You love some other and I know why
Because he has more gold than I
But gold will melt, and silver will fly
My love for you will never die

There is a flower I've heard them say
That can be seen from day to day
And if that flower, I only could find
To cure this aching heart of mine

So fare you well, my charming little love
Oh, meet me in that land above
And when we meet there in that land
We'll shake no more this parting hand

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Lost_City_Ramblers
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aDh80F8WDy4> —This recording
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=216JUgPCZx0> —By Carter family
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Carter+Blues+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Carter+Blues+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

08 (61 of 83) SLAPPIN' ON MY BLACK CAT BONE/Dave Ray.

Dave Ray, a Minneapolis performer who has carefully studied the vocal and instrumental styles of country blues singers, here performed a bit of blues mysticism. The references to conjuring in the song, delivered in an almost deadpan fashion, are reinforced by the brilliant play of the 12-string guitar in the background.



Now you can see me comin', baby, from a long ways away
I was changin' that mama bag into day
'Cause I'm here, ♪ long ways from home ♪
But you can see me comin', mama, by the flashin' on my black cat bone



Now I would drink my whiskey, mama, I would drink my gin
When the other mens is finished, that's when I begin
'Cause I'm here, ♪ long ways from home ♪
You can hear me comin', baby, by the slappin' on my black cat bone



Now I do some things, baby, that other mens won't do
They can't get the numbers, mama, can't work the conqueroo
But I can, ♪ 'cause I'm a long ways from home ♪
But you can hear me comin', baby, by the slappin' on my black cat bone



So it's all you women now, get down with me
'Cause Snaker's talkin', baby, just as mean as I can be
And I'm here, ♪ long ways from home ♪
But you can hear me comin', mama, by the slappin' on my black cat bone

SLAPPIN' ON MY BLACK CAT BONE

Words and music by Dave Ray

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dave_%22Snaker%22_Ray
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lots_More_Blues,_Rags_and_Hollers
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RuFnkqjzRWI> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Slappin%27+on+my+black+cat+bone

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

09 (62 of 83) DON'T LEAVE ME HERE/Dave van Ronk.

Not all blues were steeped in sorrow or remorse. Dave van Ronk, in the blues revival in New York, growls out a blues learned from the singing of Henry Thomas. This student oof country blues shows some of the complex shadings and vocal effects the country blues men were able to achieve.



Don't you leave, don't you leave, well, don't you leave me here
Spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

Sometimes I walk
Sometimes I fly
Sometimes I take a notion gonna lay down and die
Don't you leave, don't you leave, don't you leave me here
I spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

Oh well, the rooster crowed
And the hen ran around
Well, if you want my fricassee, you gotta run to town
Well, don't you leave, don't you leave
Well, don't you leave me here-here
Spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

I was standing on the corner
Talkin' to Mae Brown
When I turned around, I was a-workhouse bound
Don't you leave, don't you leave, well don't you leave me here
I spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

Well, she brought me coffee
Well, she brought me tea
Well, she brought me damn near everything
But the workhouse key
Don't you leave, don't you leave, well, don't you leave me here
I spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

I ain't never had
A woman at a time
I always had success at eight or nine
Don't you leave, don't you leave, well, don't you leave me here
Well, gotta go, sweet babe; leave a dime for beer
Well, don't you leave, don't you leave. Don't you leave me here
I spent all night long comin', don't you leave me here

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dave_Van_Ronk
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BRw1BvTL7i0> —This recording

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB6 Nothing but the blues

10 (63 of 83) SOUTHERN EXPOSURE/Josh White.

In contrast, Josh White, a noted singer who left his rural style behind him, sings a stylized modern blues, the biting lyrics following a stunning guitar introduction.



I work all the week in the blazing sun
I work all the week in the blazing sun
Lord, I work all the week in the blazing sun
Can't buy my shoes, Lord, when my payday comes

I ain't treated no better than a mountain goat
I ain't treated no better than a mountain goat
I ain't treated no better, Lord, than a mountain goat
The boss takes my crop, and the poll tax takes my vote



I'm leaving here 'cause I just can't stay
I'm leaving here, I just can't stay
Lord, I'm leaving here 'cause I just, I just can't stay
I'm going where I'll get some decent pay

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Josh_White
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4WshJNnPMPQ> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Southern+Exposure

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

01 (64 of 83) JOHN BROWN'S BODY/Ed McCurdy.

A widely known song of the Civil War, sung here by Ed McCurdy. This version celebrates the famed abolitionist martyr who was hung for a raid on Harper's Ferry, Va., in a vain effort to dramatize the righteousness of his fight against slavery. He was hung, but his memory and this song live on. The same melody is known as *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*.

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave
His soul goes marchin' on

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His soul goes marchin' on

Stars from heaven, they are looking kindly down
Stars from heaven, they are looking kindly down
Stars from heaven, they are looking kindly down
On the grave of old John Brown

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His soul goes marchin' on

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord
His soul goes marchin' on

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His soul goes marchin' on

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ed_McCurdy
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Brown%27s_Body
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=slsEP9vLaH0> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=John+Brown%27s+Body

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

02 (65 of 83) VIRGINIA'S BLOODY SOIL/Frank Warner.

A stark and gory song of the Civil War sung by Frank Warner, who has done extensive collecting and research on this period of American history. This song was inspired by the Battle of the Wilderness of May 1864, and was written by an unknown ballad-maker of Minerva, N. Y., who died in that battle a hero. Warner learned it from the singing of "Yankee" John Galusha of Minerva.

Come all ye loyal unionists
wherever you may be
I hope you'll pay attention
and listen unto me
For well you know the blood and woe
the misery, the toil
It took to down secession on
Virginia's bloody soil

When our good old flag; the Stars and Stripes
from Sumter's walls was hurled
And high o'erhead on the farthest walls
the rebels their flag unfurled
It aroused each loyal Northern man
and caused his blood to boil
for to see that flag, secession's rag
float o'er Virginia's soil

Then from o'er the hills and mountain tops
there came that wild alarm
Rise up ye gallant sons of North
our country calls to arms
Come from the plains o'er hill and dale
ye heartied sons of toil
For our flag is trampled in the dust on
Virginia's bloody soil

And thousands left their native homes
some never to return
And many is the wife and family dear
were left behind to mourn
There was one who went amongst them
who from danger would ne'er recoil
Now, his bones lie bleaching on the fields of
Virginia's bloody soil

When on the field of battle
he never was afraid
Where cannons loud would rattle
he stood there undismayed
When bullets rained around him
he stood there with a smile
Saying, we'll conquer, boys, or leave our bones on
Virginia's bloody soil

In the great fight of the wilderness
where's many the brave man fell
Our captain led his comrades on
through rebels' shot and shell
The wounded 'round, they strewed the ground
the dead lay heaped in piles
The comrades weltered in their blood on
Virginia's bloody soil

Now, the rebels fought like fury
or tigers drove to bay
They knew full well if the truth they'd tell
they could not win the day
It was hand-to-hand they fought them
the struggle was fierce and wild
'Till a bullet pierced our captain's brain on
Virginia's bloody soil

And now, our hero's sleeping
with thousands of the brave
No marble slab does mark the place
that shows where he was laid
He died to save our union
he's free from care and toil
Thank God, the Stars and Stripes still wave
above Virginia's soil

- [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frank_Warner_\(folklorist\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frank_Warner_(folklorist))
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_folk_songs_by_Roud_number
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vDmkJUBpPEE> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Virginia%27s+Bloody+Soil

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

03 (66 of 83) TWO BROTHERS/Theodore Bikel.

Theodore Bikel sings a modern song in the folk vein about the Civil War, written by Irving Gordon. The convulsion of the Civil War and the deep-seated feelings behind it continue to affect the lives of Americans and are stated here with beautiful understatement.

Two brothers on their way
Two brothers on their way
Two brothers on their way
One wore blue and one wore grey

CHORUS:

One wore blue and one wore grey
As they marched along their way
The fife and the drum began to play
All on that beautiful morning

One was gentle, one was kind
One was gentle, one was kind
One came back, one stayed behind
Cannon ball don't pay no mind

CHORUS:

Cannon ball don't pay no mind
If you're gentle, if you're kind
It don't care for the folks behind
All for a beautiful morning

Two girls waiting at the railroad track
Two girls waiting at the railroad track
Two girls waiting at the railroad track
One wore blue and one wore black

CHORUS:

One wore blue and one wore black
Waiting there at the railroad track
For their sweethearts to come back
All on that beautiful morning

Note: Due to other commitments, the copyright owner was unable to grant permission to print the text in the album booklet.

—So, these grammatically incorrect lyrics, are transcribed by bearcy.no.

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theodore_Bikel
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X5IQWQZA0cE> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Two+Brothers+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Two+Brothers+(song))

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

04 (67 of 83) MASTERS OF WAR/Judy Collins.

Too many songs of war and not enough against war, some of the young songwriters of today are saying. Judy Collins sings the dramatic anti-war song by Bob Dylan, his poem to the melody of *Nottamun Town* (see Jean Ritchie's version of *Nottamun Town*, as song 47 of this 83 song collection). Miss Collins has abbreviated the original Dylan version because she did not accept the retribution sentiment of the final verse.

Now you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just a-want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
"A world war can be won"
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You fasten their triggers
For others to fire
Then you sit back and watch
When the death counts gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
The fear to bring children
Into the world
Or threatenin' my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

How much do I know
to talk out of turn?
You might that say I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
There's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question:
Is your money that good?
Will it buy you forgiveness?
Do you think that it could?
I think you will find
when your death takes its toll:
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

(Bob Dylan's last verse was too hard to stomach for Judy Collins to sing:)

And I hope that you die
and your death will come soon
I will follow your casket
on a pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
down to your death bed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
Till I'm sure that you're dead

MASTERS OF WAR

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bob_Dylan
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tams-Witmark_Music_Library
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/M._Witmark_%26_Sons
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Judy_Collins
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Masters_of_War
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WuXnjAcFkJ8> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Masters+of+War

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

05 (68 of 83) BLOW THE CANDLES OUT/Theodore Bikel.

Theodore Bikel, in a jauntier mood, sings this widely known Anglo'Scots-Irish courting song. The melody is believed to be Irish, from *The Winding Banks of Erne*.

When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear
The candles, they were burning, the moon shone bright and clear
I knocked upon her window to ease her ache and pain
She rose, she let me in, then she barred the door again

I like your well behavior and thus I often say
I won't rest contented, love, while you are far away
The roads, they are so muddy, we cannot gang about
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow
The candles out

Your father and your mother in yonder room do lie
A-hugging one another, so why not you and I?
A-hugging one another without no fear or doubt
Come roll me in your arms, love, and blow
The candles out

And if we prove successful, love, pray name it after me
Keep it neat and kiss it sweet and dap it on your knee
When my three years are ended, my time it will be out
Then I'll double my indebtedness by blowing
The candles out

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Theodore_Bikel
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hA5jLR2rFqw> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=blow+the+candles+out+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=blow+the+candles+out+(song))

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

06 (69 of 83) LOVE IS TEASING/Jean Redpath.

A commentary on the transitory nature of love, sung by Scotland's Jean Redpath. Parts of the chorus are found in many Anglo-American songs. This version was collected in Somerset, in the South of England.

I wish, I wish though I wish in vain
I wish I was a maid again
But a maid again I'll never be
Till apples grow on an orange tree

CHORUS:

For love is teasin' and love is pleasin'
Like a jewel when first it's new
But as it grows older, love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew

When my apron, it hung low
My true love would follow through wind and snow
But now that my apron is to my knee
He cares no more what becomes of me

CHORUS:

For love is teasin' and love is pleasin'
Like a jewel when first it's new
But as it grows older, love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew

I wish, I wish that my babe were born
And smiling on my mother's knee
And I, poor girl, were dead and gone
With the long green grass growing over me

CHORUS:

For love is teasin' and love is pleasin'
Like a jewel when first it's new
But as it grows older, love grows colder
And fades away like the morning dew

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean_Redpath
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=6y5WIUORCac> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Love+is+Teasing
-

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

07 (70 of 83) SALLY ANN/Clarence Ashley and Doc Watson, others.

Love goes to a hoedown at Clarence Ashley's, with Clint Howard taking the lead vocal. Just for fun, like most hoedowns.

7/8th stroke song.

"There's a whole game fiddeling Fred Cross and Sally Ann"

Going to the wedding, Sally Ann?
Going to the wedding, Sally Ann?
Sift that meal and save your bran
I'm going home with Sally Ann

Did y'ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann?
Did y'ever see a muskrat, Sally Ann?
Dragging its slick tail through the sand?
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann

Shake that little foot, Sally Ann
Shake that little foot, Sally Ann
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann
I'm going home with Sally Ann

Pass me the brandy, Sally Ann
Pass me the brandy, Sally Ann
I'm going 'way with Sally Ann
Great big wedding up, Sally Ann

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clarence_Ashley
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Doc_Watson
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YNd6LzzXqc4> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Sally+Ann

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

08 (71 of 83) LITTLE DEVILS/Jean Ritchie.

The shrewish housewife has been the butt of many a folk song and folk tale back to the Middle Ages. This song, performed by Jean Ritchie, is a cousin of *The Farmer's Curst Wife* and *Eggs and Marrowbone*. Not all love, the folk seem to be saying, ends in ideal marriage.

There was an old man, he lived near hell

(Whistle)

He had a little farm and upon it did dwell

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Oh, the devil come to him one day at his blow

(Whistle)

There's one in your family I have to have now

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Oh, it's neither your son nor your daughter I crave

(Whistle)

It's your old scolding wife and it's her I must have

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

So he hobbs't her up all on his back

(Whistle)

And like a bold peddler went packing his pack

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

As they drew near the high gates of hell

(Whistle)

Sing, rake back the coals, boys, and we'll roast her well

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Oh, two little devils came rattling their chains

(Whistle)

She hauled back her cudgel and knocked out their brains

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Two more little devils peeped over the wall

(Whistle)

Said, take her back, Daddy, or she'll kill us all

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

So he hobbs't her up all on his back

(Whistle)

And like a bold peddler went packing her pack

Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Here's your old scolding wife and it's her I won't have
(Whistle)

She ain't fit for heaven, she shan't stay in hell
Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Oh, it's seven years going and seven years comin' back
(Whistle)

She called for the back or she left in the crack
Sing hi ho rattle ding day

Oh, the women they are so much better than men
(Whistle)

When they go to hell, they get sent back again
Sing hi ho rattle ding day

(She hauled back her cudgel, killed ninety-nine more
(Whistle)

Two more little devils peeped over the door
Sing hi ho rattle ding day)

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jean_Ritchie
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XRFK6ejlsOo> —This recording
- [https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Little+Devils+\(song\)](https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Little+Devils+(song))

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

09 (72 of 83) THE HAMMER SONG/Limelitters.

Also known as *If I Had A Hammer*. This song was composed in the late forties by Pete Seeger and Lee Hays of The Weavers. It is a bright statement of brotherhood, here performed by The Limelitters. The song has enjoyed popularity in the North, was a national hit in the recorded version by Peter, Paul and Mary in 1963 and even appears among the "freedom songs" in the *Citizenship Handbook* of the Southern Christian Leadership Council.

If I had a hammer
I'd hammer in the mornin'
Hammer in the evenin'
All over this world
I'd hammer out danger
I'd hammer out a warnin'
I'd hammer out love between all of my brothers
All over this world

Well, if I had a bell
I'd ring it in the mornin'
Ring it in the evenin'
All over this world
I'd ring out danger
I'd ring out a warnin'
I'd ring out love between all of my brothers
All over this world

Now, if I had a song
Well, I would sing it in the mornin'
I'd sing it in the evenin'
All over this world
I'd sing out danger
I would sing out a warnin'
I would sing out love between all of my brothers
All over this world

Well, we got a hammer
And we got a bell
And we've got a song we're singin'
All over this world
It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between all of my brothers
All over this world

It's the hammer of justice
It's the bell of freedom
It's the song about love between all of my brothers
All over this world

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Limeliter
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/If_I_Had_a_Hammer
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mCQZaJChQD8> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=The+Hammer+Song

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB7 Of war Love and hope

10 (73 of 83) THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND/Woody Guthrie.

Woody Guthrie sings his famous declaration of love to America. To many, this stirring song is the "folk national anthem", being even more in the language and cadences of Americans than are The Star-Sprangled Banner. It is infused, as are many folk songs, with the undying spirit of democracy, for all men not just the propertied and the powerful.

CHORUS:

This land is your land
And this land is my land
From the California
To the New York Island
From the redwood forest
To the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went a-walking
That ribbon of highway
I saw above me
That endless skyway
'Saw below me
That golden valley
This land was made for you and me



I roamed and rambled
And I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of
Her diamond deserts
All around me
A voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining
And I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting
And the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

CHORUS:

This land is your land
And this land is my land
From California
To the New York Island
From Redwood Forest
To the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining
And I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving
And the dust clouds rolling
A voice commin' chanting
And the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Woody_Guthrie
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/This_Land_Is_Your_Land
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Hg1cKKfR8W0> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=This+Land+is+Your+Land

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

01 (74 of 83) WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?/Almanac Singers with audience.

Pete Seeger and The Almanac Singers were the strongest voices of labor song in the World War II period. From an old 78 rpm. disc we hear one of the most famous of all union songs. It was written in 1932 by Mrs. Florence Reece, wife of a leader of the National Miners Union in Harlan County, Kentucky, during the bitter struggles in the organizing of the coal miners. She used the melody of an old Baptist hymn. This beautiful pledge of allegiance is sung today in the Southern integration movement with such lines as "Will you be an Uncle Tom, or will you be a man?"

Come all you good workers
Good news to you I'll tell
Of how the good old union
Has come in her to dwell
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

My daddy was a miner
And I'm a miner's son
And I'll stick with the union
Till every battle's won
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there
You'll either be a union man
Or a thug for J. H. Blair
Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?

Oh, workers, can you stand it?
Oh, tell me how you can?
Will you be a lousy scab
Or will you be a man?
 Which side are you on?
 Which side are you on?

Don't scab for the bosses
Don't listen to their lies
Us poor folks haven't got a chance
Unless we organize
 Which side are you on?
 Which side are you on?
 Which side are you on?
 Which side are you on?

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Almanac_Singers
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Which_Side_Are_You_On%3F
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qWwXSmJIRxE> —This recording
- <https://youtu.be/Nzudto-FA5Y> —Sung by Mrs. Florence Reese
- <https://youtu.be/aJGleVt1UeM> —Sung by The Almanac Singers
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Which+Side+Are+You+On%3F

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

02 (75 of 83) NO DEPRESSION IN HEAVEN/New Lost City Ramblers.

Mike Seeger and Tom Paley of The New Lost City Ramblers re-create a "hillbilly" song of the nineteen-thirties. This call for relief from the grinding poverty of the thirties was written by A. P. Carter of The Carter Family.

For fear the hearts of men are failing
For these are latter days we know
The great Depression now is spreading
God's word declared it would be so

CHORUS:

I'm going where there's no Depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in heaven, I'm a-going there

♪

In that bright land there'll be no hunger
No orphan children cryin' for bread
No weeping widows, toil or struggle
No shrouds, no coffins and no death!

CHORUS:

I'm going where there's no Depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in heaven, I'm a-going there

♪

This dark hour of midnight nearing
And tribulations time will come
The storms will hurl in midnight fear
And sweep lost millions to their doom

CHORUS:

I'm going where there's no Depression
To the lovely land that's free from care
I'll leave this world of toil and trouble
My home's in heaven, I'm a-going there

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Lost_City_Ramblers
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/No_Depression_in_Heaven
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Joq9TYqD6k> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=No+Depression+in+Heaven

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

03 (76 of 83) TALKING DUST BOWL/Woody Guthrie.

Woody Guthrie was to become a voice of conscience and justice during the worst days of the Depression. He was a displaced Oklahoman who hoboed and rode the freights all over the United States. Guthrie was to articulate what the little man, the migrant farmer, the displaced refugee from the Dust Bowl was thinking. While Steinbeck spoke eloquently in *The Grapes of Wrath*, Guthrie spoke with equal eloquence in such talking blues as these.

Back in 1927, I had a little farm
And I called it heaven...
Prices up and the rain come down
And I hauled my crops all into town
I got the money...
Bought clothes and groceries
Fed the kids
Took it easy...

The rain did quit and the wind got high
And the black old dust storms filled the sky
And I swapped my farm for a Ford machine
And I filled it full of this gas-i-line
And started...
Rollin' and a-driftin' to California...

Wake up yonder on the mountain top
I had a hot motor and a heavy load
I was a-goin' pretty fast, I wasn't even stoppin'
I was a-bouncin' up and down like popcorn a-poppin'
Had a breakdown...sort of a nervous bustdown
Of the mechanism there...some kind of en-gine trouble...

It was a-way up yonder on the mountain road
I wasn't feelin' so very good
And I give this rollin' Ford a shove
And I was gonna coast as far as I could...
Commenced rollin', pickin' up speed
And there was a hairpin turn and I couldn't make it...

Man alive, I'm a-tellin' you
The fiddles and the guitars really flew
That Ford took off like a flyin' squirrel
And it flew halfway around the world
Scattered wives and childrens all over
The side of that mountain...

We got to old Los Angeles broke
So dad-gum hungry we thought we'd choke
And I bummed up a spud or two
And my wife cooked up potator stew...

Fed the kids a big bate of it
But that was mighty thin stew...
So dad-gum thin you could pretty nearly
Read a magazine through it...

If it had been just a little thinner
I have always believed
If that stew had been just a little bit thinner
Some of our senators could have seen through it

TALKING DUST BLUES

Words and Music by Woody Guthrie

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Woody_Guthrie
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dust_Bowl_Ballads
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j97il_QtRbE —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Talking+Dust+Bowl

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

04 (77 of 83) BLACK, BROWN AND WHITE/Big Bill Broonzy.

Big Bill Broonzy was a country blues singer who moved to Chicago in the thirties, became an articulate spokesman for the blues and for the Negro. He composed more than 350 songs, and none cuts more deeply to the heart of the racial crisis than this slightly truculent, sardonic blues. It bears as much relevance today as when Broonzy wrote it, in 1946.

-This song in fact, was written about my life. There's a lot of people who don't like it, because of the word: Get back. Well, there's a lot of people in the world, who have never had to get back. But, I wrote it, because I had to get back...

This little song that I'm singin' about
People, you know'r, it's true
If you're black and gotta work for a livin'
Now, this is what they will say to you

CHORUS:

They says, if you was white, you'd be all right
If you was brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh brother
Get back, get back, get back!

I was in a place one night
They was all havin' fun
They was all buying beer and wine
But they would not sell me none

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white, you'd be all right
If you was brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh brother
Get back, get back, get back!

Then, went to an employment office
The number I got in line
They called everybody's number
But they never did call mine

CHORUS:

They said, if you was white, you'd be all right
If you was brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh brother
Get back, get back, get back!

Me and a man was working side by side
This is what it meant
They was payin' him a dollar an hour
They was payin' me fifty cents

CHORUS:

They says, if you was white, you'd be all right
If you was brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh brother
Get back, get back, get back!

I helped build this country
And I fought for it, too
Now I guess that you can see
What a black man have to do

CHORUS:

They says, if you was white, it's alright
If you was brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh brother
Get back, get back, get back!

I helped win sweet victory
With my little plow and hoe
Now I want you to tell me, brother
What you goin' to do about the old Jim Crow

CHORUS:

Now'r, if you is white, you's alright
If you is brown, stick around
But as you's black, ooh, brother
Get back!
Get back!
Get ba-a-ack!

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Big_Bill_Broonzy
 - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZgvY4GC3MIM> —This recording
 - <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MsnVKmYnDYY&t=692s>
- Big Bill Broonzy live in 1953
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Black%2C+Brown+and+White

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

05 (78 of 83) TALKING ATOMIC BLUES/Oscar Brand.

Until 1948, topical-political songs were a widespread phenomenon. People's Songs and People's Artists were to try to supply the organizing songs for the ill-fated Third-Party movement behind Henry A. Wallace in 1948. It was the last major thrust of topical-protest songs before the chilling silence of the fifties brought on by McCarthyism. Here, Oscar Brand gives a clever commentary on the atom bomb, written by Vern Partlow, a newspaperman, in 1946.

"I'd like to sing for you, Verne Partlow's *Atomic Talkin' Blues*, which I learned 32nd-hand".

I'm going to preach you a sermon about ol' man Atom
And I don't mean the Adam in the Bible datum
Don't mean the Adam that mother Eve mated
But I do mean the Atom science liberated
You know Einstein said he was scared
Einstein says he's scared, I get scared
Green is not my natural complexion
Stop the world, I want to get off!

Scared of the atom bomb? All you gotta do
Is get the people in the world together with you
'Cause if you don't get together and do it well
One of these days, you'll be shot to hell
And that's no future for a growing boy!

The moral of my sermon I'm tryin' to say
Is the atom bomb is here to stay
It's going to stay fixed, that's plain to see
But, oh, my dearly beloveds, are we?
We hold these truths to be self-evident:
All men can be cremated equal!

You know, life used to be a simple joy
And the cyclotron a super-toy
You get born and live, sometimes marry
And atom was a word in the dictionary
But it was one of them four-letter words
They're always talking about

Then some science boys from every clime
They got together and worked for overtime
Worked and worked and when they were done
Why, they harnessed up the power of the doggone sun
They were splittin' atoms!
You can hear them in the university:
"Say, mamma, I'm splittin' an atom!"
The diplomats are still splittin' hairs!

Then, the jingo boys they put on a show
To turn back the clock on the UNO
To get a corner on atoms
Maybe extinguish every doggone atom that couldn't speak English
Down with foreign-born atoms!
America is for American atoms!

Well, the atom's international, in spite of hysteria
It flourishes in Utah and even in Siberia
And whether you're black, white, red, or brown
The question is the same when you boil it down:
To be or not to be, that is the question!

It isn't a question of military data
Like who gets there firstus with the mostus atoms
It's the people of the world must decide their fate
Stick together or disintegrate!

It's up to the people 'cause the atom don't care
He just flits around as free as the air
He doesn't give a darn about politics
Or who gets whom into whatever fix
All he wants to do is sit around
And have his nucleus bombarded by neutrons!

Well, I come to the end, I hope I made it clear
About what you gotta do and what you gotta fear
I'm finished now and here's my thesis:
Peace in the world, or the world in pieces!

TALKING ATOMIC BLUES
Words and Music by Vern Partlow
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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Oscar_Brand
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uJH6NtohdmI> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Talking+Atomic+Blues

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

06 (79 of 83) GIRL FROM THE NORTH COUNTRY/Hamilton Camp.

It is generally conceded that the ablest young songwriter of the nineteen-sixties is Bob Dylan, the poet-performer from Hibbing, Minnesota. Dylan has become a voice for his generation. But not all of Dylan's material is concerned with poverty, war or discrimination. He has a lyrical, personal side, as in this love song, sung by Hamilton Camp.



If you're travelin' to the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the border line
Remember me to one who lives there
For she was a true love of mine

If you go in snowflake storm
Where the rivers freeze and the summer ends
Please see she has a coat so warm
Keep her from the howlin' winds

Please see for me that her hair's hanging long
That it rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me her hair's hanging long
That's the way I remember her best

I'm wonderin' if she remembers me at all?
And many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day



So, if you're travelin' to the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the border line
Remember me to one who lives there
For she was a true love of mine

GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hamilton_Camp
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Girl_from_the_North_Country
- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Wq_CTAJD8Sw —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=Girl+of+the+North+Country

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

07 (80 of 83) THE DOVE/Judy Collins.

One of the leading forces in songwriting in Britain is the play-wright-singer-documentarian Ewan MacColl. Regarding peace, which is international, he has interestingly employed a Southern Appalachian tune, *The Coo-Coo Bird* (sung on number 44 by Tom Ashley), to which he has added the words of this evocative paean to peace. *The Dove* is sung, unaccompanied, by Judy Collins.

The dove she is a pretty bird
She sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings
And tells us no lies

She drinks the spring waters
For to make her voice clear
When her nest she is building
And summer is near

Come all you young fellows
Take warning by me
Don't go for a soldier
Don't join no army

For the dove, she will leave you
The raven will come
And death will come marchin'
At the beat of the drum

Come all you pretty fair maids
Come walk in the sun
And don't let your young man
Ever carry a gun

For the gun, it will scare her
And she'll fly away
And then there'll be weeping
By night and by day

The dove she is a pretty bird
She sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings
And tells us no lies

She drinks the spring waters
To make her voice clear
When her nest she is building
And summer is near

THE DOVE

Words by Ewan MacColl

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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Judy_Collins
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Uf548TRiww> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=The+Dove+-+song

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

08 (81 of 83) HIGH SHERIFF OF HAZARD/Tom Paxton.

Another young writer, Tom Paxton, hails from Guthrie's home state of Oklahoma. Paxton is a gifted melodist and poet with a fine sense of controlled craft. He has traveled widely throughout the United States and has involved himself with the plight of the Southern Negro and with the tragedy facing the starving miners of Kentucky. In Hazard, Kentucky, a man is forced to work in a non-union mine, putting in a 12-hour shift for from three to eight dollars a day. All of this with the blessings of the "High Sheriff of Hazard". The song is performed by the writer.

Now, the high sheriff of Hazard is a hard-working man
To be a fine sheriff is his only plan
With his hands in our pockets, he'll take what he can
For he's the high sheriff of Hazard
He went through my pockets and searched them with care
But nary a nickel or penny was there
So, I got thirty days and some bumps in my hair
God bless the high sheriff of Hazard

He caught me one evening, and here's what he said:
"You look like a Russian, you look like a Red
And if you are fond of your skin and your head
Beware the high sheriff of Hazard"
I thanked him politely, I thanked him for all
And five minutes later, I made a phone call
To call a strike meeting at our union hall
And damn the high sheriff of Hazard

Now, men, there are many who sweat out their lives
To scratch out a living for children and wives
They sweat for their pennies while the mine owner thrives
With the blessings of the high sheriff of Hazard
And when union men strike and troubles come on
The high sheriff's word is the mine owner's bond
He's a mine owner, too, you know which side *he's* on
He's the wealthy high sheriff of Hazard

Well, it seems to be so, since this world first began
That some men are willing to scheme and to plan
To gouge out a fortune from the poor working man
For example, the high sheriff of Hazard
But the answer is simple, the answer is clear
We'll all get together with nothing to fear
And throw the old bastard right out on his ear
Farewell to the high sheriff of Hazard

HIGH SHERIFF OF HAZARD
Words and Music by Tom Paxton
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- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Tom_Paxton
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fc81tXXOiXw> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=High+Sheriff+of+Hazard

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

09 (82 of 83) THE THRESHER/Phil Ochs.

Phil Ochs, a former journalism student who decided to write his editorials in song rather than in print, describes himself as a "topical singer" rather than a folk singer. His concentration has been on converting news events of the day into songs, a direct continuation of the British broadside tradition of the 18th and 19th centuries. (The writers of British broadsides were not always concerned with political matters but would hack out poems and songs on any topic they felt might interest the buyers of their penny poems). Here is Ochs's commentary on the loss of an American nuclear submarine in a test dive. This episode moved from the headlines to song form in a very short time.

In Portsmouth town on the eastern shore
Where many a fine ship was born
The Thresher was built
And the Thresher was launched
And the crew of the Thresher was sworn
She was shaped like a tear
She was built like a shark
She was made to run fast and free
And the builders shook their hands
And the builders shared their wine
Thought that they had mastered the sea

CHORUS:

Yes, she'll always run silent
And she'll always run deep
Though the ocean has no pity
Though the waves will never weep
They'll never weep

And they marveled at her speed
And they marveled at her depth
They marveled at her deadly design
And they sailed to every land
And they sailed to every port
Just to see what faults they could find
Then they put her on the land
For nine months to stand
And they worked on her from stem to stern
But they could never see
It was their coffin to be
For the sea was waiting for their return

CHORUS:

Yes, she'll always run silent
And she'll always run deep
Though the ocean has no pity
Though the waves will never weep
They'll never weep

On a cold Wednesday morning
They put her out to sea
When the waves they were nine feet high
And they dove 'neath the waves
And they dove to their graves
And they never said a last goodbye
And it's deeper and deeper
And deeper they dove,
Just to see what their ship could stand

But the hull gave a moan
And the hull gave a groan
And they plunged to the deepest darkest sand
Now, she lies in the depths
Of the darkened ocean floor
Covered by the waters cold and still
Oh, can't you see the wrong
She was a death ship all along
Died before she had a chance to kill?

CHORUS:

And she'll never run silent
And she'll never run deep
For the ocean had no pity
And the waves they never weep
They never weep

THE THRESHER Words and Music by Phil Ochs © Copyright 1963 by Appleseed Music

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phil_Ochs
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Permit-class_submarine
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xyixJ73QnoY> —This recording

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The Folk Box 1964 ELK-BOX

TFB8 Broadside—Topical- and protest songs

10 (83 of 83) WE SHALL OVERCOME/Pete Seeger.

Pete Seeger appropriately closes this anthology of American folk song with a work that has become the anthem of the integration movement. Some have called *We Shall Overcome* the *Marseillaise* of the integration struggle. The song has had a curious history. The melody is believed to have been taken from a 17th century Sicilian fisherman's song, transported to Germany, where it became a protestant hymn in a changed version attributed to C. Albert Tindley in the early years of the 20th century. It was then used by union members of the Food and Tobacco Workers union in South Carolina in the nineteen-forties, taken by unionists to the Highlander Folk School in Tennessee, where it achieved its present form. The current song shows some alternations by Pete Seeger, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and the late Zilphia Horton, wife of the director of the Highlander School. It is traditionally used to close all integration meetings, usually with the audience linking hands and swaying softly in time to its slow, majestic, confidence-inspiring phrases.

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome some day
CHORUS:
Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand
We'll walk hand in hand some day
CHORUS:
Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace
We shall live in peace some day
CHORUS:
Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We shall all be free
We shall all be free
We shall all be free some day

CHORUS:

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We are not afraid
We are not afraid
We are not afraid today

CHORUS:

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

We shall overcome
We shall overcome
We shall overcome

CHORUS:

Oh, deep in my heart
I do believe
We shall overcome some day

WE SHALL OVERCOME—Words and Music by
Zilphia Horton, Frank Hamilton, Guy Carawan and Pete Seeger
© Copyright 1960 & 1963 LUDLOW MUSIC, INC.

- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Pete_Seeger
- https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/We_Shall_Overcome
- <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CIT8dVY-DGk> —This recording
- https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=We+Shall+Overcome

Copied from the sing-along songbook at <https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.pdf>

Having had to limit myself to an old annoyingly bad mono recording, done by my father on old reel tapes at its lowest speed during the late 1960s. This via a microphone in front of his loudspeaker; included with child screams and -laughter from me and my siblings. I have therefore searched through the Internet for a fresh copy of this album for as long as I can remember but have not yet succeeded in neither discovering who owns the copyright to the material, nor how to acquire a new unused copy.

I have for this volunteer production, therefore bought two used copies of the album via eBay but have still failed to get a noise free recording out of it. I have not used any noise filtering or changed anything beyond the RIAA-amplification, and at last amplified it by normalizing the whole LP-side sound files in post-production, before separating out the individual tracks.

These are the MP3Pro music files from The Folk Box 4LP-album, to which this sing-along booklet is tailormade. Until this album again becomes commercially accessible to buy, a copy of it is freely downloadable from:

<https://bearcy.no/5/thefolkbox1964.zip>

Whenever someone should complain to me about this; and give me an address from where to buy this album in a higher quality, I will delete the .mp3-content in the .zip-file and edit the link above to wherever they will get worldwide access to be bought from. Since I haven't got any copyright on the content, I can't charge anyone for downloading what I've made.

These Fraunhofer-encoded MP3Pro-files were all encoded in 48kHz 16b 96kbps, which is reported by any player-app as 24kHz, but the sound quality does equal with sound encoded in 48kHz 16b 256kbps MP3Lame.

kHz = kilo Hertz ($\times 1000$) — b = bits (0/1) — kbps = kilobits per second
2/4/6/8/12/16/24/32/48/64/96/128/256/360/512/1024 etc. bits (b) = 1 Byte (B)
8b per 1B is most common regarding measuring data storage.

These 4 LP records were all recorded in 1 channel mono. Played back on my trusty old stereo direct drive record player; a *Technics 1310 MkII*, with a new *Shure Hi-Track* Moving Magnet-pickup, run through a *NAD Preamplifier PP4's* analog output, and digitalized with a *Terratec AureonXfire 8.0 HD* via USB 2.0 in 96kHz 24b uncompressed .m4a-format in the Boson-app on a freshly restarted 2018 Mac mini. Which later were converted into uncompressed PCM Wave format in the Boson-app.

The .mp3Pro-files were later encoded from the Wave-files in my old 2012 Windows 11 HP mini-PC with the assistance of the German freeware-app *Nero WaveEditor*, into 48kHz 16b 96kbps stereo with two therefore almost identical audio channels.

To enter in the meta data with the album cover picture and the lyrics to each song, I used the Russian freeware app *TagScanner* in Windows.

Respectfully, Bjørn (pronounced b-yearn, meaning an animal bear) at Romsås (pronounced room-sauce, meaning gypsy's hill) in Oslo (pronounced oosloo, meaning meadow of the gods). If you're curious on more Norwegian pronunciation explained in English and mainly for US-English speaking people, please do feel free to check out:

<https://bearcy.no/pronunciation.html>