

Swarthmore College

ALUMNI SONGBOOK



2019 Edition

Swarthmore College

ALUMNI SONGBOOK

Being a nostalgic collection of songs
designed to elicit joyful group singing
whenever two or three are gathered together
on the lawns or in the halls of Alma Mater.



NOTA BENE

June, 1999:

Our Folk Festival Group, the folk who keep the computer lines hot with their neverending conversation on the folkfestival listserv, the ones who have staged Folk Things the last two Alumni Weekends, decided that this year we'd like to have some song books to facilitate and energize singing.

The selection here is based on song sheets which Willa Freeman Grunes created for the War Years Reunion in 1992 with additional selections from the other participants in the listserv.

There are quite a few songs here, but many more could have been included.

We wish to say up front, that this book is intended for the use of Swarthmore College Alumni on their Alumni Weekend and is neither for sale nor available to the general public. We have not sought permission for the use of copyrighted material.

May, 2001:

A new edition with corrections of errors of spelling and/or words has been prepared for the June 2001 Alumni Weekend.

May, 2010:

The above notes were written by the original compiler and editor, Anne Matthews Rawson '50. The Swarthmore Folk logo was created by John Loven '70.

This expanded edition was compiled and edited by Fred Stollnitz '59, with technical assistance from Janet Stollnitz and Audree Penner. The Office of Alumni Relations facilitated publication of this edition.

May, 2016:

More songs were added in 2011, 2012, 2014, 2015, and this year. In 2011, 45 songs (including 11 Rounds) were added after 44 alumni suggested more than 155 songs. That edition included 121 songs.

In 2012, for the centennial of Woody Guthrie's birth, a note about his songs and 13 of the songs were added, making 18 in that section of the book. Eight other songs also were added, bringing the total to 142. As in previous years, Janet Stollnitz provided technical assistance, and Astrid Devaney of the Office of Alumni Relations facilitated publication.

The 2014 edition celebrated the College's sesquicentennial. It also honored the life and legacy of Pete Seeger with 21 of his songs, plus notes about his musical legacy. The total number of songs increased to 148.

In 2015, we observed several anniversaries. In honor of the 125th anniversary of the birth of Lead Belly and the 50th anniversary of the Selma-to-Montgomery march, Lead Belly's "Bourgeois Blues" was added, as well as a new section of 11 Civil Rights songs suggested by three alumni.

Willa Freeman Grunes '47 helped us celebrate the 70th anniversary of the first Swarthmore College Intercollegiate Folk Festival (and the 90th anniversary of her birth!) by telling us about the origins of the Festivals and about her role in booking the first two featured folk singers, Richard Dyer-Bennet and Lead Belly, in 1945 and 1946, respectively.

The section of More Songs increased to 74 with the addition of 19 songs suggested by three members of the Class of '65, making a total of 178 in the book. Thanks also to Wendy Waltman of the Office of Alumni Relations for facilitating production since Astrid Devaney retired in 2012.

For 2016, a new song has been added to the section of Civil Rights Songs: "One in Six Have Disappeared," which is being introduced to the Swarthmore community by Ken Giles '71 at the second year of an Alumni Weekend sing-along session of civil rights songs, an event that he inspired and Vaneese Thomas '74 led in 2015.

May, 2018:

In memory of Roger Abrahams '55, a section with four of his songs was added, as well as an appendix with a biography and an excerpt from a manuscript describing his recollections of Ralph Rinzler '56 and Pete, Mike, and Peggy Seeger.

The 183 songs in this book probably are a small fraction of those sung by Swarthmoreans over the years, but Swarthmore Folk hope that they bring back happy memories.

Many thanks to Janet Stollnitz for continued technical assistance with desktop publishing, including graphics, layout, and proofreading, and to Caitlin Halloran Edwards of the Office of Alumni and Parent Engagement for facilitating production of this and the previous edition.

—Fred Stollnitz '59

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SONGS BY SWARTHMORE AUTHORS

Swarthmore College Alma Mater

(Words: E. J. Taylor '02, perhaps written in 1900 or 1901.
Tune: "Annie Lisle," H. S. Thompson, 1857, arranged by H. L. Brown '16)

Staunch and grey thou stand'st before us,
On the campus fair,
Thy high spirit guarding o'er us,
Who thy blessings share.
Thee we praise with songs of gladness,
Name thy glories o'er,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail Swarthmore!



Ev'ry stone of Alma Mater
Holds a mem'ry dear;
Ev'ry ripple of Crum's water
Is a greeting clear.
Thee we praise with songs of gladness,
Name thy glories o'er,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail Swarthmore!

Though we leave thee and though sorrow
Still our laughter gay,
We will tender mem'ries borrow
From the past so gray.
Then you'll hear the old "grads" singing,
As they sang of yore,
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater!
Hail, all hail Swarthmore!

(New verses by Ken Hechler '35, Commencement Speech, 4 June 2001)

I
As we leave old Swarthmore College
and this campus fair,
Join the fight for racial justice,
show the world you care!

You will be remembered one day,
not for wealth or power,
But your work for all the people—
that's your finest hour.

II
There's a need for more crusaders;
give your heart and soul;
Fight against the special interests;
that should be your goal.

We must get along together,
with all peoples too;
Differences should be respected,
and their points of view.

III
Mother Earth needs conservation—
can't you hear her cry?
We must work for preservation,
or the earth will die.

Peace and freedom for all nations;
feed and house the poor.
Hail to thee, our Alma Mater,
Hail, All Hail, Swarthmore!

Yea, Morals Matter

(Original version 1936, lyrics by F. Dudley Perkins '37; one verse from the '40s, and then several more selected from the many written for the War Years Reunion in 1992 by Paul Zall '48 and friends. Tune: "Yes, Jesus Loves Me.")

Swarthmore girls abhor all sin
Drink no whiskey, beer or gin
But a few with morals loose
Slyly sip tomato juice

Chorus:

Yea, morals matter (3x)
No sin at old Swarthmore.

Swarthmore boys are good as gold
Never think of making bold
If the girls are slightly bored
They can go to Haverford

Chorus:

Crum Woods is the co-ed's doom
Whisp'ring shadows fill the gloom
Suddenly there falls a hush
Dean's inspecting underbrush

Chorus:

The Press Box is a sinful den
Not discussed by Swarthmore men
But those nasty boys from Penn
Call it Annex number ten.

Chorus:

1940s:

Mr. Gresley's got the key
But he won't give it up to me.
Now all I can do is hope
Mr. G. won't see this rope.

Chorus:

1992:

Homer Gresley kept the key
To Worth women's chastity
Making sure that they would be
Safe from sex and puberty.

Chorus:

Amy at the switchboard knew
What, where, when, and who with who;
Today they would hire her
At the National Enquirer.

Chorus:

Dragon of the dining room
Mrs. Selmes could spell our doom
On the days that we were late,
Those were days we never ate.

Chorus:

I've Been Sexin' on the Campus

(Tune: "I've Been Working on the Railroad." Words by ?)

I've been sexin' on the campus, all the live-long day.
I've been sexin' on the campus, just to pass the time away—I doubt it.
Can't you hear old Biehle* calling, "Dinah, you come home"?
Can't you hear the captain** shoutin', "Leave my boys alone!"
Dinah, won't you (*silence*) ... (3x) with me, with me? (*repeat line*)
Someone's in the cloisters with Dinah
Someone's in the cloisters, I know.
Someone's in the cloisters with Dinah — (*long whistle*)
Fee, fie, fiddle i-o (3x)
(*Whistle the last line.*)

*Miss Biehle was Assistant Dean of Women.

**a reference to the ruler of the Navy V12 unit on campus during World War II

Bland Brand Blanshard

(Words, Burnham Terrell '45. Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

Bland Brand Blanshard lies amouldring in his grave (3x)
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus:

Green and Bosanquet* forever! (3x)
The Ideal Will goes on!

Blanshard went to Heaven, met the ghost of William James.
The ghost he says to Blanshard, "You're a goddamn dirty name."
Blanshard says, "I'm pleased to meet you, hope you are the same."
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus:

Relations are, said Blanshard, an impossibility.
On that point, with Bradley, I confess I must agree.
Then how, if so, can I agree with him or he with me?
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus:

Blanshard drank a drop or two beyond his proper share.
He saw a purple walrus sitting in his favorite chair.
"Oh dear," he cried, "a horrid beast! I'm glad it isn't there!"
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus:

Verses by later philosophy students—circa 1948:

Bland Brand Blanshard had — Hegel in his head; (3x)
And so they rubbed it in with camphorated oil.

Chorus:

Mrs. Blanshard found him down in Crum, one dark and stormy night.
He said, "My love, I cannot move, 'cause logic true and tight
Has shown to me that Zeno must have been completely right."
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus::

Teddy** said to Brand, "I sadly must report to you:
Your wife was necking madly with a kid from Ethics II."
Said Brand, "I cannot picture it; therefore it is not true."
And the Ideal Will goes on.

Chorus:

* *Thomas Hill Green (1836–1882) and Bernard Bosanquet (1848–1923) were prominent British Idealists.*

** *Teddy Selmes*

Private Enterprise Forever

(Words, Burnham Terrell '45. Tune, "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

We built this mighty nation with our enterprise and cash,
And we've all become accustomed to a periodic crash;
So you really shouldn't grumble if it seems to go to smash,
For profit will prevail!

Chorus: Private enterprise forever (3x)
For profit must prevail!

Toward anarchistic, communistic, socialistic blah,
Revolution, insurrection, strikes, etcetera,
Our attitude will always be a loud and lusty HUAH!
For profit will prevail!

Chorus:

Our workers organize and strike and call us dirty names;
If their wives and kids are starving, we'll admit it is a shame,
But we wish they'd learn to understand

that we are not to blame,

For profit must prevail!

Chorus:

We've organized the N.A.M., the Junior C. of C.;
Our lobbyists are hard at work in Washington, D.C.,
To preserve Congressional confidence in a free economy,
Where profit will prevail!

Chorus:

New lyrics—1990:

The money-lenders loaded up the money-grubber's greed
When the deadbeats couldn't pay the bill,
they all began to bleed

Now the people have to bail them out
because they're guaranteed

Milkin' moolah from you and me.

Chorus: Mike and Ivan get the monee! (3x)
Milkin' moolah from you and me!

Housing, education, jobs, and rain that's acid-free—
It's too bad we can't afford them. Oh we're sad as sad can be,
But on our leader's eloquent lips, this is what we see:
Free of taxes we shall be!

Chorus: Read our lips—No, no new taxes! (3x)
Free from taxes we shall be!

South of the border, the arrangements are insane;
The peons make a living keeping Yankees in cocaine;
The padrones shoot the padres and the medics in the brain,
So the world will remain the same!

Chorus: Siempre power it is ours! (3x)
And the world must remain the same.

More lyrics (upbeat!)—1990:

Hungarians, Rumanians,
and Bulgars, Czechs, and Poles
And the Germans all lit candles
for to liberate their souls;
With a million tiny hammers
they have chipped away the walls;
Now the people must prevail.

Chorus:

Mir i svoboda forever!
Paz y Libertad forever!
Peace and freedom live forever.
Now the people must prevail!

Stalinism's gone to hell and
perestroika's here;
Vodka's out and Gorbys drinks
American root beer;
The guns and bombs are put away;
good will replaces fear;
And a better world is near!

Chorus:

Peace and amity forever! (3x)
A better world is near!

Don't Send My Boy to Haverford

"Don't send my boy to Haverford,"
the dying mother said.

"Don't send my boy to Haverford,
I'd rather see him dead.

Oh, send my boy to Swarthmore,
to Harvard or Cornell,

But don't send my boy to Haverford;
I'd see him first in Hell."

Hard Travelling

(Words: Peter Bergman, David Tucker '58, Jonathan Eberhart, Paul Booth '64,
and Robert Gentile '64. Tune: "Hard Travelin'" by Woody Guthrie)

My name is Orval Faubus, I thought you knowed,
I live in that restricted district, way down the road.
If you act good and you behave, I'm going to make you an honorary slave.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

I've been doing some hard travelling, I thought you knowed,
I've been doing some hard travelling, way down the road.
Hard travelling, hard rambling, hard drinking and hard gambling,
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is Chiang Kai-Shek, I thought you knowed,
I live in Imperial Palace, way down the road.
Chinese Reds they get my praise when they only shell us on even days.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is Jacqueline Kennedy, I thought you knew,
I live in that great white mansion, way down the rue.
I never thought that I would see so many women looking just like me.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is Caroline Kennedy, I thought you knowed,
I live in that big white house, way down the road.
After a while it sure gets hard to play dolls with my security guard.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is William Buckley, I thought you knowed,
I live in that Paisley bomb shelter, way down the road.
Against dropping bombs I'll not agitate, as long as the bombs discriminate.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is Teddy Kennedy, I thought you knowed,
I'm going to live there in the White House, way down the road.
It sure is sad, you will agree, that the Divine Rights of Kings will end with me.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is Nikita Krushchev, I thought you knowed,
I live in Lenin's Tomb, way down the road.
I'd give up Berlin without a fight if I could have Jacqueline for just one night.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.

My name is David Ben-Gurion, I thought you knowed,
I live at the Wailing Wall, way down the road.
President Smith is really me; we've never denied it publicly.
I've been doing some hard travelling, Lord.



*Paul Booth '64, before
announcing the first
national march against
the war in Vietnam,
April 1965*

Waltzing St. Anselm

Lyrics by St. Anselm and Charles S. Harris '59 (1961)

To be sung (with some ingenuity) to the tune of "Waltzing Matilda"

(Underscore indicates accented syllable.)

If that than which nothing greater can be conceived
Can be conceiv-ed not to exist,
Then 'tis not that than which nothing greater can be conceived;
This is unquestionable, I insist.

Chorus:

Thus spake St. Anselm, thus spake St. Anselm—
Never forgotten, though centuries dead.
And we're awed as we read his proof so ontological;
How can we question a word that he said?

For in that case a being greater can be conceived,
Whose major traits we can easily list:
Namely, that than which nothing greater can be conceived,
And which can NOT be conceived not to exist.

Chorus:

Thus spake St. Anselm, thus spake St. Anselm—
Never forgotten, though centuries dead.
And we're awed as we read his proof so ontological;
How can we question a word that he said?

If that than which nothing greater can be conceived
Has no existence outside of Man's mind,
Then 'tis not that than which nothing greater can be conceived,
Due to the way that the words are defined.

For in that case a being greater can be conceived—
This is, of course, analytically true—
Namely, that than which nothing greater can be conceived,
And which exists in Reality, too.

Final chorus:

Thus spake St. Anselm, thus spake St. Anselm,
Thus spake St. Anselm, with weighty intent.
And we're awed as we read his proof so ontological;
Would that we could understand what he meant.

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Stewball

(Ralph Rinzler '56, Bob Yellin and John Herald wrote this version of an American song about a 1790 Irish horse race much heralded in 19th-century British broadside ballads.)

Oh, Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

His bridle was silver, his mane it was gold,
And the worth of his saddle has never been told.

Oh, the fairgrounds were crowded, and Stewball was there
But the betting was heavy on the bay and the mare.

And a-way up yonder, ahead of them all,
Came a-prancin' and a-dancin' my noble Stewball.

I bet on the grey mare, I bet on the bay.
If I'd have bet on ol' Stewball, I'd be a free man today.

Oh, the hoot owl, she hollers, and the turtle dove moans.
I'm a poor boy in trouble, I'm a long way from home.

Oh, Stewball was a racehorse, and I wish he were mine.
He never drank water, he always drank wine.

Hi Ho, Anybody Home

(Words by Claire Faust Stephens McMurray '61.

Tune: "Hey, Ho, Nobody Home"

*Parody based on Douglas Adams' book,
The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy)*

Hi Ho, Earth is really gone,
Cleared for a hyperspatial bypass by Vogon
Still we will not pa...nic

Hi Ho, drifting quite alone
Food nor air nor money have we none
For we scorned the Vogon captain's poems

Hi Ho, travel new and old
Hitched a ride aboard the Heart of Gold
Knew the crew, Improbably, in England

Hi Ho, missiles in a shoal
Change to a whale and petunias in a bowl
Crying "Why," and "Oh, no, not aga...in"

Hi Ho, answer 42
Ask the mice—they outrank me and you!
Maybe they could have Earth reconstructed...

Hi Ho, anybody home?
Hi Ho, anybody home?

Theory Boys

(Elizabeth Fein [formerly Elizabeth Nickrenz] '99, ca. 1998)

A E
Comes on the scene in a sharp wool coat

G D
Bright eyes, hair a little too long and big teeth
Wanna strip away the phrases he recites by rote
Wanna find out what's underneath

Don't want to talk about anything I think I know
It won't take long to see I'm hopelessly outclassed
And when you finally get him home
Has he got what it takes to last you?

A D E
One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys
One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys

D E
When they read Foucault for fun

A D
That's when you know it's time to run! If they're so much

D E
Smarter than me, why do they act so dumb?

Drinks enough coffee to choke a cow
Smokes so much the Fire Department thought his room was burning
At least he can speak his own language—no-one else knows how
Well that's a skill that's well worth learning—I guess

So we should live and we should love while we can
'Cause man is mortal, life is pointless, God is dead and stuff
Are you a textbook or are you a man?
There's a point after which I've had enough

One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys
One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys
When they've always got Nietzsche near
That's the time to run in fear
When did nihilism become endearing?

One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys
One of these days I'm gonna have to get away from theory boys
When they read Foucault for fun
That's when you know it's time to run
If they're so much smarter than me, why do they act so dumb?

COLLEGE SONGS

Apologies for the sexist lyrics to many of these old songs. The women of their day were nevertheless an independent and intellectual bunch, romantic, amused, no way put down.

A Man Without a Woman (Silver Dollar)

(Alfred Williams, ca. 1907)

A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder, a kite without a tail.
A man without a woman is like a wreck upon the sand,
And if there's one thing worse, in this universe,
It's a woman, I said, a woman, it's a woman without a man!

Now you can roll a silver dollar 'cross the bar-room floor,
And it'll roll, 'cause it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man she's got,
Until she puts him down!

So listen, my honey, listen to me,
I want you to understand,
Just like a silver dollar goes from hand to hand,
A woman goes from man to man (without a doubt).
A woman goes from man to man.

Pull Your Shades Down, Marianne

(Apparently a pre-1919 parody of "Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy," a British music-hall song recorded in 1913)

Pull your shades down, Marianne (2x)
Late last night, in the pale moonlight, I saw you, I saw you.
You were combing your golden hair; it was laid out on a chair.
If you want to keep your secrets from your future man,
Pull your shades down, Marianne.

Pull your shades down, Marianne (2x)
Late last night, in the pale moonlight, I saw you, I saw you.
You were rolling your eyes of blue; one fell out and broke in two.
If you want to keep your secrets from your future man,
Pull your shades down, Marianne.

Pull your shades down, Marianne (2x)
Late last night, in the pale moonlight, I saw you, I saw you.
You were brushing your teeth of pearl; they were there in a glass of 'earl.
If you want to keep your secrets from your future man,
Pull your shades down, Marianne.

Pull your shades down, Marianne (2x)
Late last night, in the pale moonlight, I saw you, I saw you.
You were touching your pretty leg; then you hung it upon a peg.
If you want to keep your secrets from your future man,
Pull your shades down, Marianne.

An Old Beer Bottle

(James Leisy & Charles Grean, 1954)

An old beer bottle came floating on the foam; Just like the empty bottle, I drift from beer to beer,
An old beer bottle a thousand miles from home. They're not as sweet as your sweet kiss,
And in it was a paper with these words written on: But a damn sight more sincere.
Whoever finds this bottle will find the beer all gone. *(Repeat first verse)*

By Phi Delt Doors

By Phi Delt doors we stand alone tonight
Singing songs of fellowship so bright
Brothers all stand fast and true, serenading just for you
So we pledge our love and then we'll keep
Phi Delt's friendship ever deep. We leave you now, so go to sleep.
We will sing again.

Sacred Seal of Phi Kappa Phi

Just put her in a corner, and hold her tight like thiss
Put your arms around her waist, and on her lips a kiss (if she'll let you)
And if she starts to murmur, or if she starts to cry
Just tell her it's the sacred seal of old Phi Kappa Phi

Show Me the Way to Go Home

(Reg. Connelly and Jimmy Campbell, 1925)

Show me the way to go home. I'm tired and I want to go to bed.
I had a little drink about an hour ago, and it went right to my head.
Wherever I may roam, o'er land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song:
Show me the way to go home ... oh—show me,
Show me the way to go home.

Tell Me Why

Tell me why the stars do shine
Tell me why the ivy twines
Tell me why the sky's so blue
And I will tell you just why I love you.
Because God made the stars to shine
Because God made the ivy twine
Because God made the sky so blue
Because God made you, that's why I love you.
I really think that God above
Created you for me to love.
He picked you out from all the rest
Because he knew, dear, I'd love you the best.

Fraternity Verses:

Tell me why she wears his pin
Tell me why she's strong for him.
Tell me why she is so true.
She told me why and I'll tell you.
Because he is a Phi Delt bold
Because he is a knight of old
Because he wears the sword and shield
That is the reason she had to yield.

Featured Performers at Swarthmore College Folk Festivals and in Swarthmore Folk Programs at Alumni Weekend

Folk Festivals:

- 1945 Richard Dyer-Bennet
- 1946 Lead Belly
- 1947 (no Festival)
- 1948 Susan Reed, Jerry Reed
- 1949 Woody Guthrie, John Jacob Niles
- 1950 Jerry Reed
- 1951 Oscar Brand, Keith Chalmers
- 1952 Richard Dyer-Bennet
- 1953 Pete Seeger
- 1954 Susan Reed
- 1955 Jean Ritchie, Josh White
- 1956 (no Festival)
- 1957 John Jacob Niles
- 1958 Odetta
- 1959 Roger Abrahams '55, Ralph Rinzler '56,
Robin Christenson '57
- 1960 The New Lost City Ramblers
- 1961 (no Festival; Jean Ritchie and others
appeared in concerts)
- 1962 Pete Seeger, Rev. Gary Davis,
Ellen Stekert
- 1963 Lightnin' Hopkins, Doc Watson,
Bonnie Dobson, Ramblin' Jack Elliott
- 1964 Jesse Fuller, The New Lost City Ramblers,
Billy Vanaver, Phil Ochs
- 1965 Doc Watson, Bill Monroe, Pat Sky,
Junior Wells' Chicago Blues group
- 1966 Son House, Tom Rush
- 1967 Skip James, Richie Havens

Alumni Weekends:

- 1998 Susan Reed
- 1999 Saul Broudy singing Lead Belly songs
- 2000 Jean Ritchie
- 2001 Mike Seeger
- 2002 John Wright '62 & Ellen Faber Wright '64
- 2003 Joe Hickerson
- 2004 Arnold Gessel '54, Ralph Lee Smith '51,
Marcy Gordon '78, Svitanje¹
- 2005 Chester Children's Chorus,
Richard & Jesse Lenatsky
- 2006 Merry Lyin' and Friends²
- 2007 Peter Schickele '57
- 2008 Three from Virginia: Ralph Lee Smith '51,
Madeline MacNeil, Lea Coryell
- 2009 Peggy Seeger
- 2010 Merry Lyin' and Friends²
- 2011 Doc Watson and David Holt
- 2012 Robby George ('77) and Friends³
- 2013 The Tungsten Trio⁴
- 2014 John Wright '62 & Ellen Wright '64;
Alan Hollister '69, Tom O'Donnell '69, &
John Loven '70; J.J. Johnson '79,
Emily Aubrey '89 & Melissa Running '94
- 2015 Robby George ('77) and Friends⁵
- 2016 Freebo (Daniel Friedberg '66) and His
Fabulous Friends, Roger North '66 and
Chad Watson
- 2017 Robby George ('77) and Friends⁶
- 2018 Marcy Gordon '78, John Loven '70 and
Chuck Kupferschmidt

¹ *Svitanje is an Eastern European women's vocal ensemble.*

² *Merry Lyin' is a folk trio formed in 1966 by Michael Greenwald '70, Laura Hassler '70, and Tony Barrant (Keele University Exchange Scholar 1966-'67). Performing with Merry Lyin' in 2006 and 2010 were the English folk duo John Roberts & Tony Barrant and Lé Lé Mam (women's chorus led by Laura Hassler).*

³ *Daniel Miner '77, Glenn Rosen '77, Robin Ringgold Cockey '77, and Douglas Greason '77*

⁴ *John Loven '70, Neal Collier, and Chuck Kupferschmidt*

⁵ *Daniel Miner '77, Charlie McGovern '80, and Glenn Rosen '77*

⁶ *Robin Ringgold Cockey '77, Daniel Miner '77, Charlie McGovern '80, and Glenn Rosen '77*

SONGS FROM FESTIVAL PERFORMERS



Richard Dyer-Bennet

Quaker Lover

(Richard Dyer-Bennet came to the 1945 Festival and sang us this version, and we adopted it.)

Once there was a Quaker lover, O dear, O dear me,
Courtied a Pres-by-terian's daughter, O dear, O dear me.

Here's a ring cost many a shilling, O dear, O dear me,
Take it and wear it if thou art willing, O dear, O dear me.

What do I care for you and your money, tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee
Want a man to call me "Honey," tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee.

Madam, I have house and land, O dear, O dear me,
Both shall be at thy command, O dear, O dear me.

What do I care for your house and land, tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee,
All I want's a handsome man, tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee.

Madam, I have come a courtin', O dear, O dear me,
'Tis not for pleasure nor for sportin', O dear, O dear me.

What do I care for your desire? tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee,
If you come you'll court the fire, tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee.

I'll go home and tell my mother, O dear, O dear me,
She'll go straight and find me another, O dear, O dear me.

What do I care for you and your mother? tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee,
She's an old Quaker and you're another! tee-i-dinktum, tee-i-dee.

Venezuela

(Jerry Reed sang a shorter version at the 1948 Festival.)

I met her in Venezuela
With a basket on her head.
If she loved others she did not say,
But I knew she'd do to pass away,
To pass away the time in Venezuela (2x)

I gave her a beautiful sash of blue,
A beautiful sash of blue,
Because I knew that she would do
With all the tricks I knew she knew
To pass away the time in Venezuela (2x)

And when the wind was out to sea,
The wind was out to sea,
And she was taking leave of me,
I said, "Cheer up, there'll always be
Sailors ashore on leave in Venezuela" (2x)

Her lingo was strange, but the thought of her smile,
The thought of her beautiful smile,
Will haunt me and taunt me for many a mile,
For she was my girl and she did the while
To pass away the time in Venezuela (2x)

The Auld Orange Flute

(Sung by Jerry Reed at the 1948 Festival)

In the County Tyrone, near the town of Dungannon
Where many a ruction meself had a hand in,
Bob Williamson lived, a weaver by trade,
And we all of us thought him a stout Orange blade.

On the 12th of July as it yearly did come,
Bob played on the flute to the sound of the drum,
You may talk of piano or fiddle or lute,
But there's nothin' could sound like the Old Orange Flute.

Now this cunning old Keogh boy surely took us all in,
He married a Papist named Bridget McGinn
Turned Papist himself and forsook the old cause
That gave us our freedom, religion and laws.

Now the boys in the town made much comment upon it
And Bob had to flee to the province of Connaught
He fled with his wife and his fixin's to boot,
And along with the rest took the Old Orange Flute.

To the chapel of a Sunday by the priest's own desire
Bob took the old flute for to play in the choir
He took the old flute for to play at the Mass,
But the instrument shivered and sighed, "Och, alas!"

Bob jumped up and started and got in a flutter,
And dipped the old flute in the bless'd holy water
But blow as he might, it would make not a sound
But "The Protestant Boys" or "Down, Fenians, Lie Down."

At a council of priests there was great disquisition;
They sentenced the flute to severe inquisition,
But the tortures of thumbscrew, of rack and of boot
Could not make a Papist of the Old Orange Flute.

The Old Orange Flute, oh, its fate was pathetic
'Twas branded and burned at the stake as heretic.
With the flames all around it there was heard a strange noise,
'Twas the old flute still playing "The Protestant Boys"!

Turtle Dove

(Also sung by Jerry Reed in 1948)

Tender little turtle dove
Settin' in the pine
Mournin' for his own true love
As I will do for mine, for mine
Why not me for mine?

Up on the mountain the other day
Pretty little flowers grew
Never did I know 'til the other day
What love, oh love could do, could do
What love, oh love could do.

Now she's gone and left me
Standin' in the rain
Cryin' for my own true love
Who's never gonna come again, again
Never gonna come again.

If I had a scolding wife
Tell you as sure as you're born
I'd take her down to New Orleans
Swap her off for corn, for corn
Swap her off for corn.

I am a poor country boy
Money I got none
But there's silver in the stars
And gold in the mornin' sun, sun
Gold in the mornin' sun.



Jerry Reed

Lead Belly Songs

Boll Weevil

(Lead Belly's version of traditional "Boll Weevil Holler")

You can talk about the latest,
The latest of your home,
These boll weevils,
They gonna rob you of a home,
They're a-lookin' for a home. (2x)

The firs' time I seen the boll weevil,
He was sitting on a square.
Next time I seen the boll weevil,
He had his whole family there,
He's a-lookin' for a home. (2x)

The farmer takes the boll weevil,
An' he put 'im on the sand,
The boll weevil he says to the farmer,
"You are treatin' me just like a man.
I'll have a home, I'll have a home.
Then I'll have a home,
then I'll have a home."

Then the farmer, he said to the merchant,
"I never made but one bale,
Before I let you have that last one,
I'll suffer and die in jail.
And I'll have a home, and I'll have a home."

An' the old lady says to her old man,
"I been tryin' that ol' level best,
Keep one o' these ol' boll weevils
Out o' my brand-new cotton dress.
And it's full of holes, and it's full of holes.
Yes, it's full of holes, yes, it's full of holes.
It is a-full o' holes, it is a-full o' holes."

Then the farmer take the boll weevil,
An' he put him in the ice,
The boll weevil said to the farmer,
"You is treatin' me mighty nice.
And I'll have a home, and I'll have a home."

If anybody should come ' long and ask you people,
Who composed this song,
Tell 'em it's Huddie Ledbetter,
He's done been here and gone,
He's a-looking for a home. (6x)

Bring Me Little Water, Sylvie

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------|
| Bring me little water, Sylvie | Sylvie come a-running |
| Bring me little water now | Bucket in her hand |
| Bring me little water, Sylvie | I will bring you water |
| Ev'ry little once in a while | Fast as I can |

| | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Can't you hear me calling you? | Can't you see me coming? |
| Can't you hurry now? | Can't you see me now? |
| I need a little bit o' water | I will bring you water |
| Ev'ry little once in a while | Ev'ry little once in a while |

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Bring it in a bucket, Sylvie | <i>(Repeat first verse)</i> |
| Bring it in a bucket now | |
| Bring it in a bucket, Sylvie | |
| Ev'ry little once in a while | |



*Huddie Ledbetter
(Lead Belly)*

Bourgeois Blues

(Huddie Ledbetter [Lead Belly], 1938)

Listen heah, people, listen to me,
Don't try to buy no home down in Washin' D.C.
'Cause it's a bourgeois town, (hoo) it's a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues, I'm gonna spread the news all aroun'

Me, my sweet wife an' Miss Barnacle run all over that town
Everywhere we go, the people they would turn us down
(Lawd) In a bourgeois town, (hoo) it's a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues, I'm gonna spread the news all aroun'

Some white folks in Wash'i'ton, they know just how
Call a colored man a nigger just to see him bow
(Lawd) In a bourgeois tow', (hoo) it's a bourgeois tow'
I got the bourgeois blues, I'm gonna spread the news all aroun'

Me an' my sweet wife Marthy w' standing upstairs
Heard a white man shoutin', "Want no negroes up there"
He was a bourgeois man (hoo) livin' in a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues, I'm gonna spread the news all aroun'

This is the home of the brave, land of the free
I don't wanta be mistreated by no bourgeoisie
(Lawd) In a bourgeois town, (hoo) it's a bourgeois town
I got the bourgeois blues, I'm gonna spread the news all aroun'

(Notes by Woody Guthrie from *Hard-Hitting Songs for Hard-Hit People*, published in 1967)

Don't run off, folks. That just means "bushwa." Bushwa means moneyed folks with a lot of high falooting notions. Think they're just a shade better than you and me, or that they got a perfect right to twist us loose from our money any old way they can, or that Negroes are "niggers" and are to be looked down on, or that colored people are all right so long as they "stay in their own place."

Bushwa folks are just a little tangled up in the head, that's all, you know, just sorta uppity or sissy or think they're smart. Leadbelly is a Negro Blues singer and "King of the Twelve String Guitar," and you can't fool him.

Here's a song he wrote after some business men and landlords in Washington, D.C. had insulted him, his wife, and a carload of friends, some white, some Negro. They refused to let him eat at the same cafe or stay in the same house. They tried several and was turned down. Leadbelly said, "What kind of town is this, anyhow?" and his friends said, "this is a bushwa town." So in a few minutes, Leadbelly exploded with this song and fired it into the faces of the stuck-up Bushwas at several of their very most elegant parties.

I've lived with Leadbelly and his wife Martha many weeks and they're 2 of as good a friends as I ever had. Lots of books have already been written about his prison life and his story and full page pictures has appeared in magazines. Leadbelly, to my notion, and his wife are Real Folks.

Goodnight, Irene

(Huddie Ledbetter and John A. Lomax, 1936)

Chorus (after each verse):

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

Last Saturday night I got married; me and my wife settled down.
Now me and my wife are parted; I'm gonna take another stroll downtown.

Sometimes I live in the country, sometimes I live in town,
Sometimes I have a great notion to jump in the river and drown.

Quit ramblin' and quit gamblin', quit staying out late at night,
Stay home with your wife and family; sit down by the fireside bright.

I asked your mother for you, she told me you was too young.
I wished to God I'd never seen your face, I's sorry you ever was born.

I love Irene, God knows I do, I'll love her 'til the seas run dry,
And if Irene turns her back on me, I'd take morphine and die.

You cause me to weep, you cause me to mourn, you cause me to leave my home,
But the very last words I heard her say was "Please sing me one more song."

Grey Goose

Well, las' Monday mornin',
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
Well, las' Monday mornin',
Lawd, Lawd, Lawd.

Similarly:

My daddy went a-huntin'.
Well, he carried along his zulu.
Well, along come a grey goose.
Well, he throwed it to his shoulder,
An' he ram his hammer way back.
Well, he pulled on de trigger.
Well, down he come a-windin'.
He was six weeks a-fallin'.
He was six weeks a-findin'.
An' he put him on de wagon,
An' he taken him to de white house.

Lordy, your wife an' my wife,
Oh, dey give a feather pickin'.
He was six weeks a-pickin'.
An' dey put him on to parboil.
He was six months a-parboil',
An' dey put him on de table,
Now, de fork couldn't stick him,
An' de knife couldn't cut him.
An' dey throwed him in de hog-pen,
An' he broke de ol' sow's jaw-bone.
An' dey taken him to de saw-mill,
An' he broke de saw's teeth out.
An' de las' time I seed him,
Well, he's flyin' across de ocean,
Wid a long string o' goslins,
An' dey all goin': Quink-Quank.

Midnight Special

(Huddie Ledbetter)

Well you wake up in the morning,
Hear the ding dong ring,
You go a-marching to the table,
See the same damn thing;
Well, it's on-a one table,
Knife, a fork and a pan,
And if you say anything about it,
You're in trouble with the man.

Chorus:

Let the Midnight Special
Shine her light on me;
Let the Midnight Special
Shine her ever-loving light on me.

If you ever go to Houston,
You better walk right;
You better not stagger,
You better not fight;
Sheriff Benson will arrest you,
He'll carry you down,
And if the jury finds you guilty,
Penitentiary bound.

Chorus:

Yonder come little Rosie,
How in the world do you know?
I can tell her by her apron,
And the dress she wore.
Umbrella on her shoulder,
Piece of paper in her hand,
She goes a-marching to the captain,
Says, "I want my man."

Chorus:

I don't believe that Rosie loves me.
"Well, tell me why."
She ain't been to see me
Since las' July.
She brought me little coffee
She brought me little tea
Brought me damn near ever'thing
But the jail house key.

Chorus:

Yonder comes Doctor Adams.
"How in the world do you know?"
Well he gave me a tablet
The day befo'.
There ain't no doctor
In all the lan'
Can cure the fever
Of a convict man.

Chorus:

Cotton Fields

When I was a little-bitty baby
My mama would rock me in the cradle
In them old cotton fields back home
Oh, [repeat the 3 lines]

Chorus:

Oh, when them cotton bolls get rotten
You can't pick very much cotton
In them old cotton fields back home

It was down in Lou'siana
Just a mile from Texarkana
In them old cotton fields back home.
Oh, [repeat the 3 lines]

Chorus:

I was over in Arkansas (Arkansaw)
People ask me what you come here for
In them old cotton fields at home
Oh, [repeat the 3 lines]

Chorus:

It may sound a little funny
But you didn't make very much money
In them old cotton fields at home
Oh, [repeat the 3 lines]

Chorus:

Pick a Bale of Cotton

(Repeat each verse before the chorus, also repeated)

Gotta jump down, turn around
to pick a bale of cotton

Jump down, turn around to pick a bale a day.

Chorus: Oh, Lord, I can pick a bale of cotton,
Oh, Lord, I can pick a bale a day.

Me and my gal can pick a bale of cotton

Me and my gal can pick a bale a day.

Chorus:

Me and my wife can pick a bale of cotton

Me and my wife can pick a bale a day.

Chorus:

Me and my buddy can pick a bale of cotton

Me and my buddy can pick a bale a day.

Chorus:

Me and my poppa can pick a bale of cotton

Me and my poppa can pick a bale a day.

Chorus:

Takes a might big man to pick a bale of cotton

Takes a might big man to pick a bale a day.

Chorus:

(Repeat first verse)

Rock Island Line

Chorus: Oh, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road

Oh, the Rock Island Line is the road to ride

Oh, the Rock Island Line is a mighty good road

If you want to ride, you gotta ride it like you find it

Get your ticket at the station on the Rock Island Line.

A-B-C double X-Y-Z

Cat's in the cupboard and she cain't see me.

Chorus:

Jesus died to save our sins

Glory to God, we're gonna need Him again

Chorus

I may be right and I may be wrong,

Lawd, you gonna miss me when I'm gone.

Chorus

Moses stood on the Red Sea shore

Smitin' the water with a two-by-four.

Chorus

Take This Hammer

Take dis hammer (huh!), carry it to the captain (huh!) (3x)

You tell him I'm gone (huh!), tell him I'm gone (huh!).

If he asks you (huh!), was I runnin' (huh!) (3x)

You tell him I was flyin' (huh!), tell him I was flyin' (huh!).

If he asks you (huh!), was I laughin' (huh!) (3x)

You tell him I was cryin' (huh!), tell him I was cryin' (huh!).

I don't want no (huh!), cornbread and molasses (huh!) (3x)

They hurt my pride (huh!), they hurt my pride (huh!).

Take dis hammer (huh!), carry it to the captain (huh!) (3x)

You tell him I'm gone (huh!), tell him I'm gone (huh!).

Woody Guthrie Songs



Woody Guthrie Publications, headed by Woody's daughter, Nora Guthrie, maintains "The Official Woody Guthrie Website" at <www.woodyguthrie.org>. The site includes an "alphabetical listing of published and recorded lyrics. In most cases Woody's stylized spelling, punctuation, and grammar have been retained. Like the nasal twang in his singing voice, he meant it that way."

On the Woody Guthrie Website, the page of lyrics for each song gives copyright dates and information about recordings, but not the date when the song was written. In most cases, it also gives no indication of Woody's sources. Many of his lyrics were original, but some were adaptations of other songs. Some of his tunes may have been original, but many were from other songs, with little or no change. In this Alumni Songbook, information about dates and sources is given when available from Wikipedia, from the Mudcat Café <www.mudcat.org>, or from documentation of Smithsonian Folkways Recordings.

Deportee

(Words, Woody Guthrie, 1948

Often sung to tune by Martin Hoffman)

The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting
The oranges are piled in their creosote dumps
You're flying them back to the Mexican border
To pay all their money to wade back again

Chorus:

Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita
Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria
You won't have a name

when you ride the big airplane
And all they will call you will be deportee.

My father's own father, he waded that river
They took all the money he made in his life
My brothers and sisters come working the fruit trees,
And they rode the truck till they took down and died.

Chorus:

Some of us are illegal, and some are not wanted,
Our work contract's out and we have to move on;
Six hundred miles to the Mexican border
They chase us like outlaws, like rustlers, like thieves.

Chorus:

We died in your hills, we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys and died on your plains,
We died 'neath your trees and we died in your bushes,
Both sides of the river, we died just the same.

Chorus:

The sky plane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon
A fireball of lightning which shook all our hills
Who are these friends, all scattered like dry leaves?
The radio says they are just deportees.

Chorus:

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To fall like dry leaves and rot on my topsoil
And be called by no name except deportees?

Do Re Mi

(Woody Guthrie, 1937)

Lots of folks back East, they say
Is leavin' home every day,
Beatin' the hot old dusty way to the California line.
'Cross the desert sands they roll
Gettin' out of that old dust bowl,
They think they're goin' to a sugar bowl
But here's what they find
Now, the police at the port of entry say,
"You're number fourteen thousand for today."

Oh, if you ain't got the do re mi, folks,
You ain't got the do re mi,
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.
California is a garden of Eden,
A paradise to live in or see;
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot
If you ain't got the do re mi.

You want to buy you a home or a farm
That can't deal nobody harm,
Or take your vacation by the mountains or sea.
Don't swap your old cow for a car,
You better stay right where you are,
You better take this little tip from me.
'Cause I look through the want ads every day
But the headlines on the papers always say:

If you ain't got the do re mi, boys,
You ain't got the do re mi,
Why, you better go back to beautiful Texas,
Oklahoma, Kansas, Georgia, Tennessee.
California is a garden of Eden,
A paradise to live in or see;
But believe it or not, you won't find it so hot
If you ain't got the do re mi.

Goin' Down the Road Feeling Bad

(Woody's 1939 version of a song
from the late 1800s or earlier)

I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road,
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this a-way.

I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine,
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine,
I'm a-goin' where the water taste like wine, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

I'm a-goin' where the dust storms never blow,
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow,
I'm a-goin' where them dust storms never blow,
blow, blow,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

They say I'm a dust bowl refugee,
Yes, they say I'm a dust bowl refugee,
They say I'm a dust bowl refugee, Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay,
I'm a-lookin' for a job at honest pay, Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

My children need three square meals a day,
Now, my children need three square meals a day,
My children need three square meals a day, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet,
It takes a ten-dollar shoe to fit my feet, Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

Your a-two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,
Your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,
Yes, your two-dollar shoe hurts my feet,
Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

I'm a-goin' down this old dusty road,
I'm blowin' down this old dusty road,
I'm a-blowin' down this old dusty road, Lord, Lord,
An' I ain't a-gonna be treated this way.

Grand Coulee Dam

(Woody Guthrie, 1941. Tune, "Wabash Cannonball")

Well, the world has seven wonders that the trav'lers always tell,
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well,
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land,
It's the big Columbia River and the big Grand Coulee Dam.

She heads up the Canadian Rockies where the rippling waters glide,
Comes a-roaring down the canyon to meet the salty tide,
Of the wide Pacific Ocean where the sun sets in the West
And the big Grand Coulee country in the land I love the best.

In the misty crystal glitter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave,
Well, she tore their boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream
Of the day the Coulee Dam would cross that wild and wasted stream.

Uncle Sam took up the challenge in the year of 'thirty-three,
For the farmer and the factory and all of you and me,
He said, "Roll along, Columbia, you can ramble to the sea,
But river, while you're rambling, you can do some work for me."

Now in Washington and Oregon you can hear the factories hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum,
And there roars the flying fortress now to fight for Uncle Sam,
Spawned upon the King Columbia by the big Grand Coulee Dam.

Hard, Ain't It Hard

(Woody's adaptation, around 1938, of "There Is a Tavern in the Town")

There is a house in this old town,
And that's where my true love lays around.
And he takes other women right down on his knee
And he tells them a little tale he won't tell me.

Chorus: It's a-hard and it's hard, ain't it hard
To love one that never did love you?
It's a-hard, and it's hard, ain't it hard, great God,
To love one that never will be true?

First time I seen my true love
He was walkin' by my door.
The next time I saw his false-hearted smile
He was layin' dead and cold on the floor.

Chorus:

Well, who's goin' to kiss your ruby lips,
And who's goin' to hold you to his breast?
And who will talk your future over
While I'm out ramblin' in the West?

Chorus:

Don't go to drinkin' or to gamblin',
Don't go there your sorrows to drown.
That hard-liquor place is a low-down disgrace,
It's the meanest old place in this town.

Chorus:

Hard Travelin'

(Woody Guthrie, 1941)

I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed
I've been havin' some hard travelin', way down the road
I've been havin' some hard travelin',
 hard ramblin', hard gamblin'
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been ridin' them fast rattlers, I thought you knowed
I've been ridin' them flat wheelers, way down the road
I've been ridin' them blind passengers,
 dead-enders, kickin' up cinders
I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard-rock minin',
 I thought you knowed
I've been leanin' on a pressure drill, way down the road
Hammer flyin', air-hose suckin',
 six foot of mud and I shore been a muckin'
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been hittin' some hard harvestin',
 I thought you knowed
North Dakota to Kansas City, way down the road
Cuttin' that wheat, stackin' that hay,
 and I'm tryin' to make about a dollar a day
And I've been havin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been working that Pittsburgh steel,
 I thought you knowed
I've been a dumpin' that red-hot slag, way down the road
I've been a blasting, I've been a firin',
 I've been a pourin' red-hot iron
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been layin' in a hard-rock jail, I thought you knowed
I've been a laying out 90 days, way down the road
Damned old judge, he said to me,
 "It's 90 days for vagrancy."
And I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

I've been walking that Lincoln highway,
 I thought you knowed,
I've been hittin' that 66, way down the road
Heavy load and a worried mind,
 lookin' for a woman that's hard to find,
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', lord

Hobo's Lullaby

(Goebel Reeves, 1934.

*Tune is a harmony of "Just Before the
Battle, Mother," by George F. Root)*

Go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Can't you hear the steel rails hummin'
That's the hobo's lullaby

I know your clothes are torn and ragged
And your hair is turning gray
Lift your head and smile at trouble
You'll find peace and rest someday

Now don't you worry 'bout tomorrow
Let tomorrow come and go
Tonight you're in a nice warm boxcar
Safe from all that wind and snow

I know the police cause you trouble
They cause trouble everywhere
But when you die and go to Heaven
You'll find no policemen there

So go to sleep you weary hobo
Let the towns drift slowly by
Listen to the steel rails hummin'
That's a hobo's lullaby

The Ladies' Auxiliary

(Woody Guthrie)

Well, the Ladies' Auxiliary
It's a good auxiliary.
'Bout the best auxiliary
That you ever did see.
If you need an auxiliary,
See the Ladies' Auxiliary.
It's the Ladies' Auxiliary.

I Ain't Got No Home

(Woody Guthrie, ca. 1938. Tune adapted from "This World Is Not My Home," an old Southern gospel song.)

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters
are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home
and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares,
and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker's store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I mined in your mines and I gathered in your corn
I been working, mister, since the day I was born
Now I worry all the time like I never did before
'Cause I ain't got no home in this world anymore

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich
an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Pastures of Plenty

(Woody Guthrie, 1941. Tune, "Pretty Polly")

It's a mighty hard row
that my poor hands have hoed
My poor feet have traveled a hot dusty road
Out of your Dust Bowl and Westward we rolled
And your deserts were hot
and your mountains were cold

I worked in your orchards of peaches and prunes
I slept on the ground in the light of the moon
On the edge of the city you'll see us and then
We come with the dust and we go with the wind

California, Arizona, I harvest your crops
Well it's North up to Oregon to gather your hops
Dig the beets from your ground,
cut the grapes from your vine
To set on your table your light sparkling wine

Green pastures of plenty from dry desert ground
From the Grand Coulee Dam
where the waters run down
Every state in the Union us migrants have been
We'll work in this fight and we'll fight till we win

It's always we rambled, that river and I
All along your green valley, I will work till I die
My land I'll defend with my life if it be
'Cause my pastures of plenty must always be free

Philadelphia Lawyer

(Woody Guthrie, 1937. Tune, "The Jealous Lover [Florella]")

Way out in Reno, Nevada,
Where the romances bloom and fade,
A great Philadelphia lawyer
Was in love with a Hollywood maid.

"Come, love, and we'll go rambling
Down where the lights are so bright.
I'll win you a divorce from your husband,
And we can get married tonight."

Wild Bill was a gun-totin' cowhand,
Ten notches was carved in his gun.
And all of the boys around Reno
Left Wild Bill's sweetheart alone.

One night when Bill was returnin'
From ridin' the range in the cold,
He thought of his Hollywood sweetheart,
Her love was as lasting as gold.

As he drew near to her window,
Two shadows he saw on her shade;
'Twas the great Philadelphia lawyer
Makin' love to Bill's Hollywood maid.

The night was as still as the desert,
The moon hangin' high overhead.
Bill listened awhile through the window,
He could hear ev'ry word that they said:

"Your hands are so pretty and lovely,
Your form is so rare and divine.
Come go back with me to Philadelphia
And leave this wild cowboy behind."

Now tonight back in old Pennsylvania,
Among those beautiful pines,
There's one less Philadelphia lawyer
In old Philadelphia tonight.

Roll On, Columbia

(Words, Woody Guthrie, 1941. Tune based on "Goodnight, Irene")

Chorus:

Roll on, Columbia, roll on
Roll on, Columbia, roll on
Your power is turning our darkness to dawn
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Green Douglas firs where the waters cut through
Down her wild mountains and canyons she flew
Canadian Northwest to the ocean so blue
Roll on Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

Other great rivers add power to you
Yakima, Snake, and the Klickitat, too
Sandy, Willamette and Hood River too
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

Tom Jefferson's vision would not let him rest
An empire he saw in the Pacific Northwest
Sent Lewis and Clark and they did the rest
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

It's there on your banks
 that we fought many a fight
Sheridan's boys in the blockhouse that night
They saw us in death but never in flight
So roll on Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

Remember the trial when the battle was won?
The wild Indian warriors to the tall timber run
We hung every Indian with smoke in his gun
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

Year after year we had tedious trials
Fighting the rapids and cascades and downs
Indians rest peaceful on Mamelou sound
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

At Bonneville now there are ships in the locks
The waters have risen and cleared all the rocks
Shiploads of plenty will steam past the docks
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

And on up the river is Grand Coulee Dam
The mightiest thing ever built by a man
To run the great factories and water the land
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:

These mighty men labored by day and by night
Matching their strength
 'gainst the river's wild flight
Through rapids and falls, they won the hard fight
So roll on, Columbia, roll on

Chorus:



So Long, It's Been Good to Know Yuh

(Woody Guthrie, 1940)

I've sung this song, but I'll sing it again,
Of the place that I lived on the wild windy plains,
In the month called April, county called Gray,
And here's what all of the people there say:

Chorus:

So long, it's been good to know yuh;
So long, it's been good to know yuh;
So long, it's been good to know yuh.
This dusty old dust is a-gettin' my home,
And I've got to be driftin' along.

A dust storm hit, an' it hit like thunder;
It dusted us over, an' it covered us under;
Blocked out the traffic an' blocked out the sun,
Straight for home all the people did run, singin':

Chorus:

We talked of the end of the world, and then
We'd sing a song an' then sing it again.
We'd sit for an hour an' not say a word,
And then these words would be heard:

Chorus:

The sweethearts they sat
in the dark and they sparked.
They hugged and they kissed in that dusty old dark.
They sighed and they cried

and they hugged and they kissed,

But instead of marriage they talked like this: Honey,

Chorus:

Now, the telephone rang, an' it jumped off the wall,
That was the preacher, a-makin' his call.
He said, "Kind friends, this may be the end;
An' you got your last chance of salvation from sin!"

Well, the churches was jammed,
and the churches was packed,
But that dusty old dust storm blowed so black
That the preacher could not read a word of his text,
So he folded his specs, took up a collection, said:

Chorus:

Stepstone

(Woody's adaptation of "Old Step Stone"
by J. O. Webster, 1880)

I stood on the stepstone when school days was o'er
And longed for the time to go by,
Now that it's gone I stand here tonight
To bid this old stepstone goodbye.

Chorus:

Goodbye to my stepstone, goodbye to my home,
God bless the ones that I leave with a sigh;
Fields will be whitening
And I will be gone to ramble this wide world alone.

I stand on my stepstone at eventide now,
The wind whistles by with a moan;
How did it start and I stand here tonight,
Goodbye to my stepstone and home.

Chorus:

It's hard to be parted from those that we love,
When reverses in fortune have come;
The world's strongest heart strings
have broken in twain,
By the absence of loved ones and home.

Chorus:

This Land Is Your Land

(Woody Guthrie, 1940 to 1944. Tune adapted from the African-American gospel song, "When the World's on Fire")

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 was 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.

Chorus:

I've roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts,
While all around me a voice was sounding:
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus:

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,
And the wheatfields waving and the dust clouds rolling,
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting:
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus:

As I went walking, I saw a sign there
And on the sign it said "No Trespassing."
But on the other side it didn't say nothing,
That side was made for you and me.

Chorus:

In the squares of the city, in the shadow of a steeple,
By the relief office, I saw my people;
As they stood there hungry, I stood there asking
Is this land made for you and me?

Chorus:

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking that freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me.

Chorus:

This Train Is Bound For Glory

(Woody's adaptation of a traditional gospel song)

This train is bound for glory, this train.
This train is bound for glory, this train.
This train is bound for glory,
Don't carry nothing but the righteous
and the holy.
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train;
This train don't carry no gamblers, this train;
This train don't carry no gamblers,
Liars, thieves, nor big shot ramblers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

This train don't carry no liars, this train;
This train don't carry no liars, this train;
This train don't carry no liars,
She's streamlined and a midnight flyer,
This train don't carry no liars, this train.

This train don't carry no smokers, this train;
This train don't carry no smokers, this train
This train don't carry no smokers,
Two bit liars, small time jokers,
This train don't carry no smokers, this train.

This train don't carry no con men, this train;
This train don't carry no con men, this train;
This train don't carry no con men,
No wheeler dealers, here and gone men,
This train don't carry no con men, this train.

This train don't carry no rustlers, this train;
This train don't carry no rustlers, this train;
This train don't carry no rustlers,
Sidestreet walkers, two bit hustlers,
This train is bound for glory, this train.

Union Maid

(Woody Guthrie, 1940. Tune, "Red Wing")

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of goons and ginks and company finks
And deputy sheriffs who made the raids
She went to the union hall
When a meeting it was called
And when the Legion boys came 'round
She always stood her ground.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Oh, you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to the union
I'm sticking to the union,
I'm sticking to the union
Oh, you can't scare me,
I'm sticking to the union
I'm sticking to the union till the day I die.

This union maid was wise
To the tricks of company spies
She couldn't be fooled by a company stool
She'd always organize the guys
She always got her way
When she struck for better pay
She'd show her card to the National Guard
And this is what she'd say:

You gals who want to be free
Just take a little tip from me:
Get you a man who's a union man
And join the Ladies' Auxiliary.
Married life ain't hard
When you got a union card
And a union man has a happy life
When he's got a union wife.

Walt Whitman's Niece

(Words: Woody Guthrie, 1946; Music: Stephen William Bragg, 1998)

Last night or the night before that,
I won't say which night,
A seaman friend of mine,
I'll not say which seaman,
Walked up to a big old building,
I won't say which building,
And would not have walked up the stairs,
not to say which stairs,
If there had not been two girls,
leaving out the names of those two girls.

I recall a door, a big long room,
I'll not tell which room,
I remember a big blue rug,
but I can't say which rug,
A girl took down a book of poems,
not to say which book of poems,
And as she read I laid my head,
and I can't tell which head,
Down in her lap, and I can mention which lap.

My seaman buddy and girl moved off
after a couple of pages and there I was,
All night long, laying and listening
and forgetting the poems.
And as well as I could recall,
or my seaman could recollect,
My girl had told us that she was a niece
of Walt Whitman, but not which niece,
And it takes a night and a girl
and a book of this kind
A long, long time to find its way back.

Pete Seeger Songs



Pete Seeger

May 3, 1919 – January 27, 2014

The centennial of Pete Seeger's birth is being celebrated in numerous events around the world in 2019. Many of them are listed on the Smithsonian Institution's website at <spiritofseeger.com>.

Pete Seeger's life, music, and legacy encapsulated nearly a century of American history and culture. He has immersed himself in folk music and used it, like Johnny Appleseed, to "plant the seeds of a better tomorrow in the homes across our land."

—Smithsonian Folkways

Pete's repertoire was huge, and encompassed many of the songs in this book. This section has a few that he wrote, adapted, or popularized.

The Bells of Rhymney

(Words, Idris Davies, 1938.)

Music, Pete Seeger, recorded 1958)

Oh what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.
Is there hope for the future?
Cry the brown bells of Merthyr.
Who made the mineowner?
Say the black bells of Rhondda.
And who robbed the miner?
Cry the grim bells of Blaina.

They will plunder willy-nilly,
Say the bells of Caerphilly.
They have fangs, they have teeth!
Shout the loud bells of Neath.
Even God is uneasy,
Say the moist bells of Swansea.
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Throw the vandals in court!
Say the bells of Newport.
All would be well if, if, if,
Cry the green bells of Cardiff.
Why so worried, sisters, why?
Sing the silver bells of Wye.
And what will you give me?
Say the sad bells of Rhymney.

Delia's Gone

(A Bahaman version of an American honky-tonk ballad. Recorded by Pete Seeger, 1954.)

Tony shot his Delia
On a Christmas night;
First time he shot her,
She bowed her head and died.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Delia's gone, one more round,
Delia's gone, one more round,
Delia's gone, one more round,
Delia's gone, one more round.

Sent for the doctor,
Doctor came too late.
Sent for the minister
To lay out Delia straight.

Delia, oh Delia,
Where you been so long?
Everybody's talkin' about
Poor Delia's dead and gone.

Die Gedanken Sind Frei

(An old German folksong, perhaps of Swiss origin. A popular version was published early in the 19th Century. The song became popular again in the period before World War II, and was banned by the Nazis. This English version was popularized by Pete Seeger and was sung as a leftist protest song during the McCarthy era.)

Die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts freely flower,
Die Gedanken sind frei, my thoughts give me power.
No scholar can map them, no hunter can trap them,
No man can deny: Die Gedanken sind frei! (2x)

I think as I please, and this gives me pleasure,
My conscience decrees, this right I must treasure;
My thoughts will not cater to duke or dictator;
No man can deny: Die Gedanken sind frei! (2x)

And should tyrants take me and throw me in prison,
My thoughts will burst free like blossoms in season.
Foundations will crumble and structures will tumble,
And free men will cry: Die Gedanken sind frei! (2x)

If I Had a Hammer

(Words, Lee Hays. Music, Pete Seeger. 1949)

| | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| If I had a hammer, I'd hammer in the mornin', I'd hammer in the evenin', All over this land. I'd hammer out danger, I'd hammer out a warning, I'd hammer out love between My brothers and my sisters, All over this land. | If I had a song, I'd sing it in the mornin' I'd sing it in the evenin', All over this land. I'd sing out danger, I'd sing out a warning, I'd sing out love between My brothers and my sisters All over this land. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| If I had a bell, I'd ring it in the mornin' I'd ring it in the evenin', All over this land. I'd ring out danger, I'd ring out a warning, I'd ring out love between My brothers and my sisters, All over this land. | Well, I got a hammer, And I got a bell And I got a song—to—sing All over this land, It's the hammer of justice, It's the bell of freedom, It's the song about love between My brothers and my sisters All over this land. |
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Get Up and Go

(Anonymous poem, arranged and set to music by Pete Seeger, 1960)

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

How do I know my youth is all spent?
My get up and go has got up and went
But in spite of it all, I'm able to grin
And think of the places my get up has been.

Old age is golden, so I've heard said
But sometimes I wonder as I crawl into bed
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup
My eyes on the table until I wake up.
As sleep dims my vision, I say to myself:
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?
But though nations are warring and business is vexed
I'll still stick around to see what happens next.

When I was young, my slippers were red
I could kick up my heels right over my head.
When I was older, my slippers were blue,
But still I could dance the whole night through.
Now I am older, my slippers are black,
I huff to the store and I puff my way back.
But never you laugh; I don't mind at all,
I'd rather be huffing than not puff at all.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Open the paper and read the obits.
If I'm not there, I know I'm not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and go back to bed.

Guantánamera

(Chorus: José Fernández Díaz, 1929. Verses: José Martí, adapted by Julián Orbon, 1949.
Music by José Fernández Díaz, 1929, adapted by Julián Orbon, 1949, and Pete Seeger, 1961.)

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Guantánamera! Guajira! Guantánamera!
Guantánamera, Guajira, Guantánamera

Peasant girl from Guantánamo!
Peasant girl from Guantánamo

Yo soy un hombre sincero
De donde crece la palma,
Y antes de morirme quiero
Echar mis versos del alma.

I am an truthful man,
From the land of the palm.
Before dying, I want
To share these poems of my soul.

Mi verso es de un verde claro
Y de un carmín encendido:
Mi verso es de un ciervo herido
Que busca en el monte amparo.

My verses are light green,
But they are also flaming red.
My verses are like a wounded fawn
Seeking refuge in the mountain.

Cultivo una rosa blanca,
En julio como en enero,
Para el amigo sincero
Que me da su mano franca.

I cultivate a white rose
In July as in January
For the sincere friend
Who gives me his hand.

Y para el cruel que me arranca
El corazón con que vivo
Cardo ni ortiga cultivo:
Cultivo la rosa blanca.

And for the cruel one who would tear out
The heart with which I live,
I cultivate neither thistles nor nettles,
I cultivate a white rose.

Con los pobres de la tierra
Quiero yo mi suerte echar:
El arroyo de la sierra
Me complace más que el mar.

With the poor people of the earth
I want to share my lot.
The mountain stream
Pleases me more than the sea.

John Riley

(Traditional ballad, as sung by Pete Seeger)

As I went walking one Sunday morning,
To breathe the sweet and pleasant air,
Who should I spy but a fair young maiden;
Whose cheek was like the lily fair.

I stepped up to her so quickly saying,
"Would you like to be a sailor's wife?"
"Oh no kind sir," she quickly answered,
"I choose to lead a sweet single life."

"What makes you different from other women?
What makes you different from other kind?
For you are young, sweet, beautiful and handsome,
And for to marry you, I might incline."

"It's now kind sir that I must tell you.
I might have been married three years ago
To one John Riley who left this country.
He's been the cause of my overthrow."

"He courted me both late and early.
He courted me both night and day.
And when he had once my affections gained,
He left me here and he went away."

"Oh, never mind for this Johnny Riley,
Oh, come with me to the distant shore.
Why, we'll sail o'er to Pennsylvania,
And bid adieu to Riley forever more."

"I shan't go with you to Pennsylvania,
Or go with you to the distant shore.
My heart is with Riley, my long-lost lover
Although I'll never see him no more."

Oh, when he saw that her love was loyal,
He gave her kisses one, two, and three,
Saying, "I'm the man you once called Johnny Riley,"
Saying, "I'm the cause of your misery."

"I've sailed the ocean, gained great promotion,
I've laid my money on the English shore,
And now we'll marry, no longer tarry,
And I shall never deceive you any more."

Kisses Sweeter Than Wine

(Words, Lee Hays & Pete Seeger, 1950; music, Huddie Ledbetter, 1940s.)

When I was a young man and never been kissed
I got to thinkin' over what I had missed.
I got me a girl, I kissed her and then
Oh Lord, I kissed her again.

Chorus:

Oh . . . oh, kisses sweeter than wine,
Oh . . . oh, kisses sweeter than wine.

I asked her to marry and be my sweet wife,
And we would be so happy the rest of our life.
I begged and I pleaded like a natural man, and then
Oh Lord, she gave me her hand.

Chorus:

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife,
Workin' hand in hand to make a good life.
Corn in the fields and wheat in the bins, I was
Oh Lord, the father of twins.

Chorus:

Our children numbered just about four,
And they all had sweethearts knockin' at the door.
They all got married and didn't hesitate; I was
Oh Lord, the grandfather of eight.

Chorus:

Now we are old, and ready to go,
We get to thinkin' what happened a long time ago.
Had a lot of kids, trouble and pain, but,
Oh Lord, we'd do it again.

Chorus:

Die Moorsoldaten

(Words: Johann Esser und Wolfgang Langhoff
Music: Rudi Goguel. 1933)

Wohin auch das Auge blicket,
Moor und Heide nur ringsherum.
Vogelsang uns nicht erquicket,
Eichen stehen kahl und krumm.

Chorus:

Wir sind die Moorsoldaten,
Und ziehen mit dem Spaten ins Moor.

Hier in dieser oden Heide
Ist das Lager aufgebaut,
Wo wir fern von jeder Freude
Hinter Stacheldraht verstaut.

Chorus:

Morgens ziehen die Kolonnen
In das Moor zur Arbeit hin.
Graben bei dem Brand der Sonne,
Doch zur Heimat steht der Sinn.

Chorus:

Heimwärts, heimwärts! Jeder sehnet,
Zu den Eltern, Weib und Kind.
Manche Brust ein Seufzer dehnet,
Weil wir hier gefangen sind.

Chorus:

Auf und nieder geh'n die Posten,
Keiner, keiner kann hindurch.
Flucht wird nur das Leben kosten!
Vierfach ist umzäunt die Burg.

Chorus:

Doch für uns gibt es kein Klagen,
Ewig kann's nicht Winter sein.
Einmal werden froh wir sagen:
"Heimat, du bist wieder mein!"

Dann zieh'n die Moorsoldaten
Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor!

Dann ziehn die Moorsoldaten
Nicht mehr mit dem Spaten ins Moor!

Peat Bog Soldiers

The first, fifth, and sixth verses of Die Moorsoldaten make a shorter version usually sung in performance. Those are the verses translated here.

Far and wide as the eye can wander,
Heath and bog are everywhere.
Not a bird sings out to cheer us.
Oaks are standing gaunt and bare.

Chorus:

We are the peat bog soldiers,
Marching with our spades to the bog.

Up and down the guards are pacing,
No one, no one can get through.
Flight would mean a sure death facing,
Guns and barbed wire block our view.

Chorus:

But for us there's no complaining,
Winter will in time be past.
One day we shall cry, rejoicing.
"Homeland, dear, you're mine at last."

Then no more the peat bog soldiers
Will march with our spades to the bog!

Then no more the peat bog soldiers
Will march with our spades to the bog!

This song was written by prisoners in a Nazi moorland labor camp in Lower Saxony, Germany. Political opponents of the Third Reich, the prisoners were banned from singing existing political songs, so they wrote their own.

The song has a slow, simple melody, reflecting a soldier's march, and is deliberately repetitive, echoing and telling of the daily grind of hard labor in harsh conditions. It was popular with German refugees in London in the Thirties and was used as a marching song by the German volunteers of the International Brigades during the Spanish Civil War. It was soon picked up by other nationalities, and it appears in almost all the collected anthologies of Spanish Civil War songs.

The French Foreign Legion also use the French version of the song, "Le Chant des Marais," as one of its marching songs.

Pretty Saro

Down in some lone valley, in some lonesome place
Where the wild birds do whistle and their notes do increase
Farewell pretty Saro, I'll bid you adieu
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go

My love, she won't have me, so I understand
She wants a freeholder and I have no land
I cannot maintain her with silver and gold
Nor buy all the fine things that a big house can hold

If I were a merchant and could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter so she'd understand
But I'll wander by the river where the waters o'erflow
And I'll dream of pretty Saro wherever I go

Si Me Quieres Escribir

*(One of the most popular songs from the Spanish Civil War.
Recorded by Pete Seeger in the 1940s.)*

Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero,
Si me quieres escribir, ya sabes mi paradero,
En el frente de Gandesa primera linea de fuego.
En el frente de Gandesa primera linea de fuego.

Si tu quieres comer bien, barato y de buena forma. (2x)
En el frente de Gandesa, alli tienen una fonda. (2x)

En la entrada de la fonda, hay un moro Mojama (2x)
Que te dice, "Pasa, pasa que quieres para comer." (2x)

El primer plato que dan, son grenadas rompedoras (2x)
El segundo de matralla para recordar memorias. (2x)

If You Want To Write Me

If you want to write me a letter, you already know my whereabouts.
I'm on the Gandesa Front, in the first line of the fighting.

If you want to eat your fill, good food and not too many pesos,
On that bloody battlefield stands an inn where you are welcome.

At the entrance of this inn there waits a moor by name Mohammed,
Who warmly greets you, "Hurry, hurry, rare and spicy food awaits you."

The first dish which they serve is hot grenades in quick succession,
Followed by a burst of shrapnel, makes a meal you'll all remember.

Solidarity Forever

(Words, Ralph Chaplin, 1915. Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic")

When the union's inspiration through the workers' blood shall run,
There can be no power greater anywhere beneath the sun,
Yet what force on earth is weaker than the feeble strength of one,
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Solidarity forever! Solidarity forever! Solidarity forever!
For the Union makes us strong.

Is there aught we hold in common with the greedy parasite,
Who would lash us into serfdom and would crush us with his might?
Is there anything left to us but to organize and fight?
For the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

It is we who ploughed the prairies, built the cities where they trade,
Dug the mines and built the workshops, endless miles of railroad laid;
Now we stand outcast and starving, 'mid the wonders we have made,
But the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

All the world that's owned by idle drones is ours and ours alone,
We have laid the wide foundations, built it skyward, stone by stone.
It is ours not to slave in, but to master and to own
While the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

They have taken untold millions that they never toiled to earn,
But without our brain and muscle not a single wheel can turn;
We can break their haughty power, gain our freedom when we learn
That the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

In our hands is placed a power greater than their hoarded gold,
Greater than the might of armies magnified a thousand-fold;
We can bring to birth a new world from the ashes of the old,
For the Union makes us strong.

Chorus:

Swinging on a Scab

(Tune: "Swinging On A Star.")

*Sung by Pete Seeger and The Berries,
for the Motion Picture Workers strike of 1948.)*

Chorus:

Are you gonna stick on the line
Till we force the bosses to sign?
This is your fight, brother, and mine,
Or would you rather be a scab?

A scab is an animal that walks on his knees.
He sniffs every time the bosses sneeze.
His back is brawny and his brain is weak;
He's just plain stupid with a rotten streak,
But if you don't care whose back it is you stab,
Go right ahead and be a scab.

Chorus:

... Or would you rather be a fink?

A fink is an animal that smells like a skunk.
He's two brackets lower than a punk.
He's makes his living on breaking strikes,
'Cause busting unions is the job he likes
But if you get so you kinda like to stink
Go right ahead and be a fink.

Chorus:

... Or would you rather be a stool?

A stool is an animal with long hairy ears
He runs back with everything he hears
He ain't no bargain though he can be bought
Though he's slippery he still gets caught
But if you're cut out to be a dirty tool
Go right ahead and be a stool.

Chorus:

... Or would you rather be a goon?

A goon is an animal that's terribly shy.
He can't stand to look you in the eye.
He rides to work on a cop's coattails,
And wears brass knuckles to protect his nails.
But if your head's like a hole in a bassoon,
Go right ahead and be a goon.

Last Chorus:

You dont have to lead with your chin;
You can pick your side and pitch in,
'Cause the union's going to win.
Until the day the bosses sign,
We're gonna stick right on the line.

Turn, Turn, Turn

Words from the Bible (Ecclesiastes 3, verses 1-8)

Music and additional words by Pete Seeger (1959)

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

To everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time for every purpose
under heaven.

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To everything (Turn, Turn, Turn)
There is a season (Turn, Turn, Turn)
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together.

A time of war, a time of peace
A time of love, a time of hate
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain. . .from embracing.

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of peace. . .I swear it's not too late.

Waist Deep in the Big Muddy

(Pete Seeger, 1967)

It was back in nineteen forty-two,
I was a member of a good platoon.
We were on maneuvers in-a Loozianna,
One night by the light of the moon.
The captain told us to ford a river,
That's how it all begun.
We were—knee deep in the Big Muddy,
But the big fool said to push on.

The sergeant said, "Sir, are you sure,
This is the best way back to the base?"
"Sergeant, go on! I forded this river
'Bout a mile above this place.
It'll be a little soggy but just keep slogging.
We'll soon be on dry ground."
We were—waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

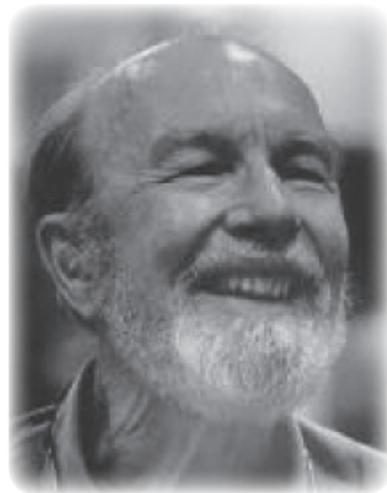
The sergeant said, "Sir, with all this equipment
No man will be able to swim."
"Sergeant, don't be a Nervous Nellie,"
The captain said to him.
"All we need is a little determination;
Men, follow me, I'll lead on."
We were—neck deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool said to push on.

All at once, the moon clouded over,
We heard a gurgling cry.
A few seconds later, the captain's helmet
Was all that floated by.
The sergeant said, "Turn around men!
I'm in charge from now on."
And we just made it out of the Big Muddy
With the captain dead and gone.

We stripped and dived and found his body
Stuck in the old quicksand.
I guess he didn't know that the water was deeper
Than the place he'd once before been.
Another stream had joined the Big Muddy
'Bout a half mile from where we'd gone.
We were lucky to escape from the Big Muddy
When the big fool said to push on.

Well, I'm not going to point any moral;
I'll leave that for yourself
Maybe you're still walking, you're still talking
You'd like to keep your health.
But every time I read the papers
That old feeling comes on;
We're—waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.

Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.
Waist deep in the Big Muddy
And the big fool says to push on.
Waist deep! Neck deep! Soon even a
Tall man'll be over his head, we're
Waist deep in the Big Muddy!
And the big fool says to push on!



Pete Seeger

Viva la Quince Brigada

(Spanish Civil War song, derived from an old Spanish folk song)

Viva la quince brigada,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Viva la quince brigada,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Que se ha cubierto de gloria,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!
Que se ha cubierto de gloria,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!

Luchamos contra los moros,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Luchamos contra los moros,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Mercenarios y fascistas,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!
Mercenarios y fascistas,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!

Solo es nuestro deseo,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Solo es nuestro deseo,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Acabar con el fascismo,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!
Acabar con el fascismo,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!

En los frentes de Jarama,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
En los frentes de Jarama,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
No tenemos ni aviones,
Ni tanques, ni cañones, ¡Ay, Manuela!
No tenemos ni aviones,
Ni tanques, ni cañones, ¡Ay, Manuela!

Ya salimos de España,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Ya salimos de España,
Rùmbala, Rùmbala, Rùmbala
Para luchar en otros frentes,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!
Para luchar en otros frentes,
¡Ay, Manuela! ¡Ay, Manuela!

Long Live the Fifteenth Brigade!

Long live our Fifteenth Brigade, boys,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
Long live our Fifteenth Brigade, boys,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
For her name is grand and glorious,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!
For her name is grand and glorious,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!

We are fighting against the Moors,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
We are fighting against the Moors,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
Death to the hirelings of the Fascists,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!
Death to the hirelings of the Fascists,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!

We have only one desire,
Rumba la, rumba la, rumba la,
We have only one desire,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
Forever end the Fascist terror,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!
Forever end the Fascist terror,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!

At Jararna we are standing,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
At Jararna we are standing,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
And we have no planes above us,
Not a tank, nor any cannons, Ay Manuela!
And we have no planes above us,
Not a tank, nor any cannons, Ay Manuela!

We have left the Spanish trenches,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
We have left the Spanish trenches,,
Rumbala, rumbala, rumbala
To fight the Fascists where we find them,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!
To fight the Fascists where we find them,
Ay, Manuela! Ay, Manuela!

Wasn't That a Time

(Lee Hays & Walter Lowenfels. First three verses, first and last choruses written for Henry Wallace's Progressive Party presidential campaign, 1948)

Our fathers bled... at Valley Forge...
The snow was red with blood,
Their faith was warm... at Valley Forge,
Their faith... was brotherhood!

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Wasn't that a time! Wasn't that a time!
A time to try... the soul of man.
Wasn't that a terrible time!

Brave men who fought... at Gettysburg...
Now lie in soldiers' graves,
But there they stemmed... the rebel tide,
And there... the faith was saved.

The fascists came... with chains and war...
To prison us in hate.
And many a good... man fought and died,
To save... the stricken faith.

(Lee Hays & Walter Lowenfels, 1957)
Informers took their Judas pay
To tell their sorry tale,
The gangs in Congress had their way
And free souls went to jail.

How many times we've gone to kill
In freedom's holy name
And children died to save the pride
Of rulers without shame.

(Peter, Paul & Mary)

The wars are long, the peace is frail,
The madmen come again.
There is no freedom in a land
Where fear and hate prevail.

(Lee Hays & Walter Lowenfels)

New chorus:

Isn't this a time! Isn't this a time!
A time to try... the soul of man.
Isn't this a terrible time!

Our faith cries out, we have no fear,
We dare to reach our hand
To other neighbors far and near,
To friends in every land.

Last chorus:

Isn't this a time! Isn't this a time!
A time to free... the soul of man.
Isn't this a wonderful time!
ISN'T THIS A WONDERFUL TIME!

We Shall Overcome

(Adapted by Lucille Simmons, Zilphia Horton, Pete Seeger, Guy Carawan and Frank Hamilton, from words of the African-American gospel song "I'll Be Alright" and Charles Tindley's 1903 gospel song "I'll Overcome Some Day," and from melody of the 19th-century pre-Civil War spiritual "No More Auction Block for Me.")

We shall overcome, we shall overcome,
We shall overcome someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

We'll walk hand in hand, we'll walk hand in hand,
We'll walk hand in hand someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

We shall live in peace, we shall live in peace,
We shall live in peace someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

We shall brothers be, we shall brothers be,
We shall brothers be someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

The truth shall make us free, truth shall make us free,
The truth shall make us free someday
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

We are not afraid, we are not afraid,
We are not afraid today
Oh, deep in my heart, I do believe
That we shall overcome someday

Where Have All the Flowers Gone

(Pete Seeger, 1955; last two verses by Joe Hickerson, 1960)

Where have all the flowers gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the flowers gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the flowers gone?
Girls have picked them ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

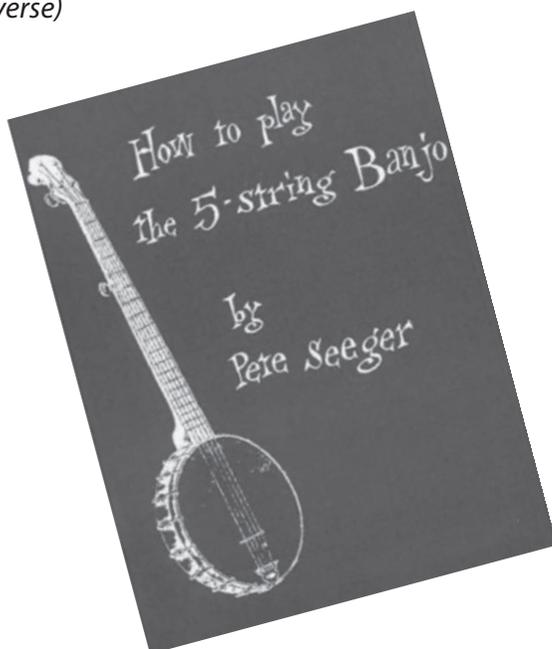
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the young girls gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the young girls gone?
They've taken husbands ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the young men gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the young men gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the young men gone?
Gone for soldiers ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Gone to graveyards ev'ry one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time passing.
Where have all the graveyards gone? Long time ago.
Where have all the graveyards gone?
Covered with flowers ev'ry one.
When will we ever learn? When will they ever learn?

(Repeat first verse)



Which Side Are You On?

(Words: Florence Reece, 1931. Tune: Traditional.
As sung by Pete Seeger & Almanac Singers, 1941.)

Come all of 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
'Til every battle's won.

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus:

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

Chorus (2 times)

Phil Ochs Songs

Draft-Dodger Rag

(Phil Ochs, 1964)

I'm just a typical American boy
From a typical American town.
I believe in God and Senator Dodd
And keeping old Castro down,
'n' when it came my time to serve,
I knew "better dead than red,
But when I got to my old draft board,
Buddy, this is what I said:

Sarge, I'm only eighteen, I got a ruptured spleen,
And I always carry a purse.
I got eyes like a bat and my feet are flat,
And my asthma's getting worse.
O, think of my career, my sweetheart dear,
And my poor old invalid aunt.
Besides, I ain't no fool, I'm a-goin' to school,
And I'm working in a defense plant.

I've got a dislocated disc and a racked-up back,
I'm allergic to flowers and bugs,
And when bombshells hit, I get epileptic fits,
And I'm addicted to a thousand drugs.
I got the weakness woes and I can't touch my toes,
I can hardly reach my knees,
And if the enemy came close to me,
I'd probably start to sneeze.

I hate Chou En-Lai, and I hope he dies,
But one thing you gotta see,
That someone's gotta go over there,
But that someone isn't me.
So I wish you well, Sarge, give 'em Hell,
Yeah, kill me a thousand or so,
And if you ever get a war without blood and gore,
Well, I'll be the first to go.

I Ain't Marchin' Anymore

(Phil Ochs, 1964)

Oh, I marched to the battle of New Orleans
At the end of the early British war.
The young land started growin',
The young blood started flowin',
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

For I've killed my share of Indians
In a thousand different fights.
I was there at the Little Big Horn.
I heard many men a-lyin',
I saw many more a-dyin',
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

Chorus:

'Cause it's always the old to lead us to the war.
It's always the young to fall.
Now look at all we've won
with the sabre and the gun.
Tell me, is it worth it all?

For I stole California from the Mexican land,
Fought in the bloody Civil War.
Yes, I even killed my brothers
And so many others,
But I ain't a-marchin' anymore

And I marched to the battles of
the German trench
In a war that was bound to end all wars.
Oh, I must have killed a million men,
And now they want me back again,
But I ain't marchin' anymore.

Chorus:

For I flew the final mission in the Japanese sky,
Set off the mighty mushroom roar.
When I saw the cities burnin',
I knew that I was learnin'
That I ain't marchin' anymore

Now the labor leader's screamin' when they
close the missile plants,
United Fruit screams at the Cuban shore.
Call it "Peace" or call it "Treason,"
Call it "Love" or call it "Reason,"
But I ain't a-marchin' any more.

No, I ain't a-marchin' any more.

Outside of a Small Circle of Friends

(Phil Ochs, 1967)

C D C D
Look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed.
C Em F G
They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
E Am
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain,
F Am Dm G
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,
C Am Eb
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Cm F
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Riding down the highway, yes, my back is getting stiff.
Thirteen cars are piled up, they're hanging on a cliff.
Maybe we should pull them back with our towing chain,
But we gotta move and we might get sued and it looks like it's gonna rain,,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Sweating in the ghetto with the colored and the poor.
The rats have joined the babies who are sleeping on the floor.
Now wouldn't it be a riot if they really blew their tops?
But they got too much already and besides we got the cops
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Oh, there's a dirty paper using sex to make a sale.
The Supreme Court was so upset, they sent him off to jail.
Maybe we should help the fiend and take away his fine,
But we're busy reading Playboy and the Sunday New York Times,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Smoking marihuana is more fun than drinking beer,
But a friend of ours was captured and they gave him thirty years.
Maybe we should raise our voices, ask somebody why,
But demonstrations are a drag, besides we're much too high,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Oh, look outside the window, there's a woman being grabbed.
They've dragged her to the bushes and now she's being stabbed.
Maybe we should call the cops and try to stop the pain,
But Monopoly is so much fun, I'd hate to blow the game,
And I'm sure it wouldn't interest anybody
Outside of a small circle of friends.

Ochs was inspired to write "Outside of a Small Circle of Friends" by the case of Kitty Genovese, who was stabbed to death in 1964 outside her home in Queens, New York, while dozens of her neighbors reportedly ignored her cries for help.

Roger Abrahams Songs

Roger D. Abrahams

June 12, 1933 – June 20, 2017

Roger Abrahams '55, Swarthmore's most famous academic folklorist, was also a performer of traditional songs during and after his student years. He returned to Swarthmore for the Folk Festivals, where WSRN staff members recorded him and other outstanding performers, outdoors in 1958 and in concert with Robin Christenson '57 and Ralph Rinzler '56 in 1959. The songs in this section are a small sample from those recordings, which are available on CDs in the Folk Festival archives in the Friends Historical Library.

(For more about and by Roger, see Appendix A in this *Songbook*.)

Kentucky Moonshiner

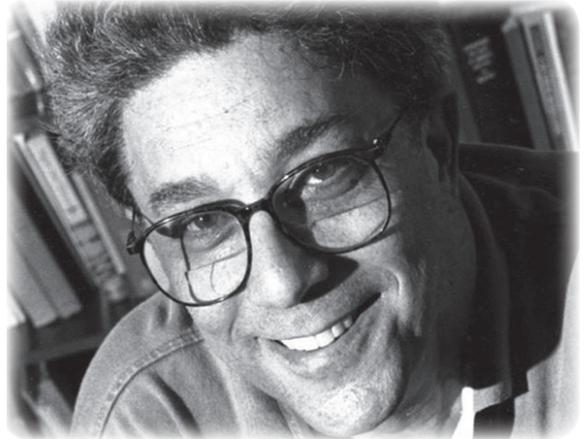
*(As arranged and sung by Roger Abrahams '55
at the 1958 Folk Festival)*

I've been a moonshiner for many long years.
I spend all my money on whiskey and beers.
In a wild lonesome holler I'll build me a still.
And I'll sell you a gallon for a five-dollar bill.

If the ocean was whiskey and I was some duck,
I could dive to the bottom and drink my way up,
But the ocean ain't whiskey and I ain't a duck,
So I'll play Jack of Diamonds and trust to my luck.

Jack o' Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, I've knowed you of old,
For you robbed my poor pockets of silver and gold.
Well, I play cards in England and I play cards in Spain,
But I'll bet you ten dollars I can beat you next game.

I've been a moonshiner for many long years.
I spend all my money on whiskey and beers.
In a wild lonesome holler I'll build me a home,
And them that don't like me, they can leave me alone



I'm a Rambler, I'm a Gambler

(As sung by Roger Abrahams '55 at the 1959 Folk Festival)

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler, I'm a long way from home,
And if you don't like me, just leave me alone.
I'll eat when I'm hungry, I'll drink when I'm dry,
And if the whiskey don't kill me, I'll live till I die.

I had me a pretty little sweetheart; her age it was 19.
She's the flower of Denton, Lord, the rose of Saline.
But her parents were against me and now she is the same.
If I'm on your books, Lord, won't you blot out my name.

ROUNDS

Chairs to Mend

(From "Three Oxford Cries" 1786; made into a round by W. Hayes)

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!
Mackerel, fresh mackerel!
Any old rags? Any old rags?

Chairs to mend, old chairs to mend!
Mack - er - el, fresh mack - er - el! An - y
old rags, an - y old rags!

Come Follow

John Hilton (17th Century)

Part I:

Come, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow me.

Part II:

Whither shall I follow, follow, follow,
Whither shall I follow, follow thee.

Part III:

To the greenwood, to the greenwood,
To the greenwood, greenwood tree.

Dona Nobis Pacem

Dona nobis pacem, pacem
Dona nobis pacem

Do - na no - bis pa - cem, pa - cem,
Do - na no - bis pa - cem.
Do - na no - bis pa - cem.
Do - na no - bis pa - cem.
Do - na no - bis pa - cem.

Hineh Ma Tov

(M. Yacovson)

From Psalm 133: "How good and pleasant it is when brothers dwell together in unity."

Hineh ma tov u'ma na'im
Shevet ach-im gam ya-chad.

Hineh ma tov u'ma na'im
Shevet ach-im gam ya-chad.

Lai, lai lai lai, lai lai lai lai lai
lai lai lai, lai lai lai lai.

Lai, lai lai, lai, lai lai lai lai lai
lai lai lai, lai lai lai lai.

Hey, Ho, Nobody Home

(Traditional England)

Hey, ho, nobody home
Meat nor drink nor money have I none
Yet will I be merry

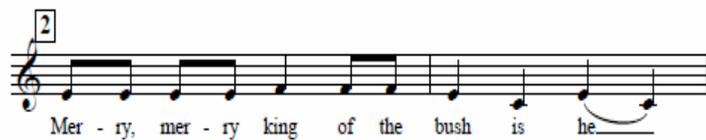
Kookaburra

(Australian Children's Song, Marion Sinclair, 1936)

Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Merry, merry king of the bush is he
Laugh, Kookaburra! Laugh, Kookaburra!
Gay your life must be.



Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Eating all the gum drops he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
Leave some there for me!



Kookaburra sits in the old gum tree
Counting all the monkeys he can see
Stop, Kookaburra! Stop, Kookaburra!
That's not a monkey, that's me!



Oh, How Lovely

Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the evening,
When the bells are sweetly ring - ing sweetly ring - ing!
Ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong.

Rose, Rose, Rose



Rose, rose, rose, rose, shall I e- ver see the wed?



Aye, mar- ry, that thou wilt If thou but stay.

The melody for the first six notes (through "shall I") can be sung parallel to the melody shown, but a third higher—so, in solfège, the first line would be: do, ti, do, sol, do-do ti-ti do-re ti.

Different singers could sing either one in the same performance.

Rose, rose, rose, rose,
Shall I ever see the wed?
Aye, marry, that thou wilt
If thou but stay.

Another version:

Rose, rose, rose, rose
Shall I ever see thee red
Aye, marry, that thou wilt
When thou art dead.*

* i.e., when I bloom on your grave

Scotland's Burning

Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning,
Look out! Look out!
Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!
Pour on water. Pour on water.



Scot - land's burn - ing, Scot - land's burn - ing.



Look out! Look out!



Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!



Pour on wa - ter. Pour on wa - ter!

Shalom Chaverim

1
2
3

Sha - lom chaverim, Sha-lom chaverim, Sha - lom, sha-
lom! Le- hit-ra-ot, le- hit-ra-ot, Sha- lom, sha- lom!

White Coral Bells

White coral bells upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the Valley deck my garden walk.
Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
That will happen only when the fairies sing.



① White cor - al bells Up - on a slen - der stalk,
② Oh, don't you wish That you could hear them ring?



② Lil - ies of the val - ley deck my gar - den walk.
That will hap - pen on - ly when the an - gels sing.

CIVIL RIGHTS SONGS

Many of these songs are “zipper songs,” into which verses (traditional or new) can be “zipped” as he occasion warrants. Verses here are examples, not definitive texts.

Ain't Gonna Let Nobody Turn Me Around

(This song, an activist hymn from the civil rights and labor movements, apparently was adapted from “I Ain't Gonna Let Ol' Satan Turn Me 'Round,” recorded in 1936 by Jimmie Davis. In view of the later adaptation, it's ironic that his second successful run for Louisiana governor was on a racist platform, pledging resistance to integration. Davis presumably based his song on the African-American spiritual “Don't You Let Nobody Turn You 'Round.”)

Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,
Turn me around, turn me around.
Ain't gonna let nobody turn me around,
(I'm gonna) Keep on a-walkin', keep on a-talkin',
Marchin' up to Freedom Land.

Similarly:

Ain't gonna let no jailhouse turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let no police dogs turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let no fire hose turn me around . . .

Ain't gonna let red-baitin' turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let no injunction turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let oppression turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let segregation turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let injustice turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let little Jim Clark turn me around . . .
Ain't gonna let Mississippi turn me around . . .

(Repeat first verse)

Black, Brown and White

(Big Bill Broonzy, 1940s)

This little song that I'm singin' about,
People, you know that it's true,
If you're black and gotta work for a livin',
Now, this is what they would say to you,
They says: “If you was white, you're alright,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you's black, oh, brother,
Get back, get back, get back.”

I was in a place one night,
They was all havin' fun,
They was all buyin' beer and wine,
But they would not sell me none.
They said: “If you was white, you're alright,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you's black, oh, brother,
Get back, get back, get back.”

I went to an employment office,
Got a number 'n' I got in line,
They called everybody's number,
But they never did call mine.
They said: “If you was white, you're alright,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you's black, oh, brother,
Get back, get back, get back.”

Me and a man was workin' side by side,
This is what it meant:
They was payin' him a dollar an hour,
And they was payin' me fifty cents.
They said: “If you was white, be alright,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you's black, oh, brother,
Get back, get back, get back.”

I helped build the country,
And I fought for it, too,
Now, I guess that you can see
What a black man have to do.
They says, “If you was white, you's alright,
If you was brown, stick around,
But as you's black, oh, 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 gonna do 'bout the old Jim Crow?
Now, if you is white, you's alright,
If you's brown, stick around,
But if you's black, oh, brother,
Get back, get back, get back.

Ella's Song

(Ella Baker's words set to music by Bernice Johnson Reagon)

Refrain (after each verse):

We who believe in freedom cannot rest
We who believe in freedom cannot rest until it comes

Until the killing of Black men, Black mothers' sons
Is as important as the killing of White men, White mothers' sons

That which touches me most is that I had a chance to work with people
Passing on to others that which was passed on to me

To me young people come first; they have the courage where we fail
And if I can but shed some light as they carry us through the gale

The older I get, the better I know that the secret of my going on
Is when the reins are in the hands of the young who dare to run against the storm

Not needing to clutch for power, not needing the light just to shine on me
I need to be just one in the number as we stand against tyranny

Struggling myself don't mean a whole lot, I've come to realize
That teaching others to stand up and fight is the only way my struggle survives

I'm a woman who speaks in a voice, and I must be heard
At times I can be quite difficult; I'll bow to no man's word

Refrain (2x)

I Wish I Knew How It Would Feel To Be Free

(Billy Taylor and Richard Carroll Lamb ["Dick Dallas"], 1954)

I wish I knew how it would feel to be free
I wish I could break all the chains holding me
I wish I could say all the things that I should say
Say 'em loud, say 'em clear,
for the whole round world to hear

I wish I could share all the love that's in my heart
Remove all the bars that keep us apart
I wish you could know what it means to be me
Then you'd see and agree
that every man should be free

I wish I could give all I'm longing to give
I wish I could live like I'm longing to live
I wish I could do all the things that I can do
Though I'm way overdue, I'd be starting anew

Well, I wish I could be like a bird in the sky
How sweet it would be if I found I could fly
I'd soar to the sun and look down at the sea
Then I'd sing 'cause I'd know
how it feels to be free

In G:

G B7 Em G7 C D9 G
I wish I knew how it would feel to be free;
C G D A D
I wish I could break all the chains holding me.
G B7 Em G7 C D9 G
I wish I could say all the things that I should say
C#dim G B7 Em C#dim G D9sus4 G
Say 'em loud, say 'em clear for the whole round world to hear.

If You Miss Me at the Back of the Bus

(Carver Neblett)

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' up there
I'll be ridin' up there, I'll be ridin' up there
Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' up there

If you miss me on the picket line, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the city jail, I'll be roomin' over there
I'll be roomin' over there, I'll be roomin' over there
Come on over to the city jail, I'll be roomin' over there

If you miss me in the Mississippi River, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to the swimmin' pool, I'll be swimmin' right there
I'll be swimmin' right there, I'll be swimmin' right there
Come on over to the swimmin' pool, I'll be swimmin' right there

If you miss me at Jackson State, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on over to Ole Miss, I'll be studyin' over there
I'll be studyin' over there, I'll be studyin' over there
Come on over to Ole Miss, I'll be studyin' over there

If you miss me in the cotton field, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on down to the courthouse, I'll be votin' right there
I'll be votin' right there, I'll be votin' right there
Come on down to the courthouse, I'll be votin' right there

If you miss me at the back of the bus, and you can't find me nowhere
Come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' up there
I'll be ridin' up there, I'll be ridin' right there
You got to come on up to the front of the bus, I'll be ridin' up there

Keep Your Eyes on the Prize

(Adapted ca. 1956 by Alice Wine and the community on Johns Island, South Carolina, from the traditional African-American gospel song, "Keep Your Hand on the Plow")

Paul and Silas, bound in jail,
Had no money for to go their bail

Refrain (after every verse):
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on
Hold on (hold on), hold on (hold on)
Keep your eyes on the prize, hold on

Paul and Silas began to shout
The jail door opened and they walked on out

Freedom's name is mighty sweet
Soon one day we're gonna meet

The only chain that a man can stand
Is the chain of hand in hand

The only thing we did wrong
Stayed in the wilderness a day too long

But the one thing we did right
Was to organize and fight

We're gonna board that big Greyhound
Carryin' love from town to town

We're gonna ride for civil rights
We're gonna ride, both black and white

We've met jail and violence too
But God's love has seen us through

One in Six Have Disappeared

(Lyrics © 2015 Charlie King/Pied Asp Music
Music: Rick Burkhardt with Charlie King)

Played with capo on 3rd fret

C F G Am F Em F C
By the latest estimation, black men in the prime of life
C F G Am F Em F C
Due to mass incarceration, taser, chokehold, gun and knife
G F C F Am G
Notwithstanding loud entreaties falling on disdainful ears
C F G Am Em F C
Now are an endangered species: one in six have disappeared

C F G Am Em F C
Father, brother, son or lover, one in six have disappeared
C F G Am Em F C
Stolen lives we can't recover one in six have disappeared
G F C F Am G
Every home bereft or broken, every bond that we hold dear
C F G Am Em F C
All the love that's left unspoken: one in six have disappeared

C F G Am Em F C
Elder, mentor, willing student, one in six have disappeared
C F G Am Em F C
Damned by forces juris prudent, one in six have disappeared
G F C F Am G
Master, journeyman, apprentice, pacifist or bombardier
C F G Am Em F C
Teacher, lawyer, doctor, dentist, one in six have disappeared

Em B7 Em Am F Am
Out in Ferguson Missouri, two in five have disappeared
Em B7 Em Am F Am
Numbers tell a harder story: two in five have disappeared
Dm C Bb Am G
Genders equal at beginnin', if they live past teenage years
Em B7 Em Am F
Sixty men, one hundred women: two in five have disappeared

C F G Am Em F C
Ends the song that's sung in sorrow: one in six have disappeared
C F G Am Em F C
Even if we change tomorrow, one in six have disappeared
G F C F Am G
Reparations and repentance, justice rendered, life revered
C F G Am Em F C
Still we hear the heavy sentence: one in six have disappeared

Oh, Freedom

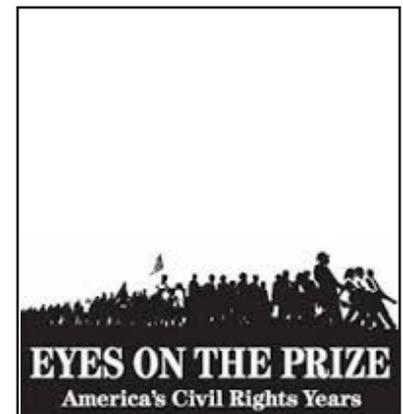
(Words adapted from chorus of
abolitionist song, "Oh, Freedom."
Tune: "No More Auction Block for Me")

Oh, freedom, oh, freedom
Oh, freedom over me
And before I'd be a slave
I'll be buried in my grave
And go home to my Lord
and be free

No more weeping,
no more weeping
No more weeping over me
And before I'd be a slave ...

Similarly:

No more moaning ...
No more beatings ...
No more Jim Crow ...
There'll be singing ...
There'll be shouting ...
There'll be glory ...
No segregation ...
No racism ...
Oh, freedom ...



This Little Light of Mine

(Civil Rights anthem adapted by Zilphia Horton, Fannie Lou Hamer, and many others from a gospel song with words by Avis Burgeson Christiansen and tune by Harry Dixon Loes, ca. 1920)

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Everywhere I go, I'm gonna let it shine (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

Hide it under a bushel? No! I'm going to let it shine (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

NOW SOME SAY: You got to run and hide
BUT WE SAY: There's no place to hide
NOW SOME SAY: Let others decide
BUT WE SAY: Let the people decide
NOW SOME SAY: That the time's not right
BUT WE SAY: That the time's just right
Where there's a dark corner in this land,
Gonna let my little light shine.

On a Monday, gave me the gift of love,
On Tuesday, peace came from above,
On a Wednesday, told me to have more faith,
On Thursday, gave me a little more grace,
On a Friday, told me to watch and pray,
On Saturday, told me just what to say,
On Sunday, gave me the power divine
To let my little light shine.

This little light of mine, I'm gonna let it shine (3x)
Let it shine, let it shine, let it shine.

We Shall Not Be Moved

(Adapted from African-American spiritual, "I Shall Not Be Moved")

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved.

We're fighting for our freedom
We shall not be moved
We're fighting for our freedom
We shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's planted by the water
We shall not be moved.

Similarly:

We're fighting for our children . . .

We're Black and White together . . .

We're young and old together . . .

(Repeat first verse)

For Union version, see Page 96.

Woke Up This Morning

Woke up this morning with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Woke up this morning with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm walking and talking with my mind
Stayed on freedom
I'm walking and talking with my mind
Stayed on freedom
I'm walking and talking with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

Ain't nothing wrong with keeping my mind
Stayed on freedom
Oh, there ain't nothing wrong with keeping my mind
Stayed on freedom
There ain't nothing wrong with keeping your mind
Stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

I'm singing and praying with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Yeah, I'm singing and praying with my mind
Stayed on freedom
I'm singing and praying with my mind
Stayed on freedom
Hallelu, Hallelu, Hallelujah.

War Story

(Woody Guthrie served in the Merchant Marine during World War II.
Bob Clayton wrote this ballad 75 years later, in 2013, with choruses
based on Woody's "This Train is Bound for Glory.")

Troopship on the water, Atlantic conflict-bound.
Destroyers in our convoy say there's U-boats all around.
Nothing much to keep us poor soldiers' spirits high,
'Cept this merchant-sailor guitar-picking guy.

He used to sing and play for us, songs we all might know —
Songs of war, songs of peace, songs of long ago.
Some we'd never heard before, but they was quick to learn —
Just the thing to make our fighting spirit burn.

Chorus 1:

This train is bound for glory, this train! (2x)
This train is bound for glory,
Don't carry nothing but the righteous and the holy.
This train is bound for glory, this train!

I was bunking by the hatchway in the bulkhead near the hold.
When I heard some glorious singing coming up from down below.
Then it stopped, and I hear footsteps and our guitar guy was there,
With these colored soldiers on the stair.

The colonel said, "You can play for us, like you've done every night;
Your guitar and songs are helping us get ready for the fight.
But you can't bring those troops in here, there's some as black as coal,
We don't race-mix — we've gotta keep control!"

The little fella says to him, "Here's what I think is right.
You and me and all these troops are in the same big fight.
So are these Negro soldiers, and so it seems to me:
If they're not welcome, there's no songs from me.

Chorus 2:

This train don't carry no gamblers, this train. (2x)
This train don't carry no gamblers,
No crap-shooters or midnight rambles.
This train is bound for glory, this train.

The colonel flew in anger, and raised his voice in shout.
"You can stay, but all those Negro soldiers must get out!"
I spoke up and said to him, "Sir, it's fine with us!
They can stay; no need to make a fuss."

So we all sang together, and damn, those boys was good!
And the Gospel songs they brought us really did our spirits good.
That's how I chanced to be there, on the spot, and everything,
On the night that Woody wouldn't sing.

Chorus 3:

This train carries black and white now, this train. (2x)
This train carries black and white — all together in the same old fight.
This train is bound for glory, this train.

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MORE SONGS

À la claire fontaine

(Chanson enfantine)

À la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné

Refrain:

Il y a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne,
Je me suis fait sécher.
Sur la plus haute branche,
Un rossignol chantait.

Refrain:

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai à pleurer

Refrain:

J'ai perdu mon ami,
Sans l'avoir mérité
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusais

Refrain:

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et que mon doux ami
Fût encore à m'aimer
(autre version:
Et que le rosier même
À la mer fût jeté.)

Refrain:

At the Clear Fountain

(Children's song)

At the clear fountain,
While I was strolling by,
I found the water so nice
That I went in to bathe.

Refrain:

I've been loving you so long,
I will never forget you.

Under the leaves of an oak,
I dried myself.
On the highest branch,
A nightingale was singing.

Refrain:

Sing, nightingale, sing,
Your heart is so happy.
Your heart feels like laughing,
Mine feels like weeping.

Refrain:

I lost my beloved,
Without deserving it,
For a bunch of roses,
That I denied him.

Refrain:

I wish that the rose
Was still on the bush,
And my sweet beloved
Still loved me.
(other version:
And even the rosebush
Was thrown in the sea.)

Refrain:

Abdul Abulbul Amir

(Written in 1877 by William Percy French, an Irish music-hall entertainer)

The sons of the prophet are brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Shah
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

This son of the desert, in battle aroused,
Could spit twenty men on his spear.
A terrible creature, both sober and soused
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harass the foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Now the heroes were plenty
and well known to fame
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
And the bravest of these was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play Euchre and pool
And perform on the Spanish Guitar.
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The ladies all loved him, his rivals were few;
He could drink them all under the bar.
As gallant or tank, there was no one to rank
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian, he shouldered his gun
And donned his most truculent sneer;
Downtown he did go, where he trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

“Young man” quoth Bulbul, “has life grown so dull,
That you’re anxious to end your career?
Vile infidel! Know, you have trod on the toe
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.”

“So take your last look at the sunshine and brook
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By this I imply you are going to die,
Mr. Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.”

Quoth Ivan, “My friend, your remarks, in the end,
Will avail you but little, I fear,
For you ne’er will survive to repeat them alive,
Mr. Abdul Abulbul Amir.”

Then this bold mameluke
drew his trusty chibouque
With a cry of “Allah Akbar!”
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Then they parried and thrust
and they side-stepped and cussed
’Till their blood would have filled a great pot.
The philologist blokes, who seldom crack jokes,
Say that hash was first made on that spot.

They fought all that night,
’neath the pale yellow moon;
The din, it was heard from afar;
And great multitudes came, so great was the fame
of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

As Abdul’s long knife was extracting the life—
In fact, he was shouting “Huzzah!” —
He felt himself struck by that wily Kalmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The sultan drove by in his red-crested fly,
Expecting the victor to cheer,
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovich, too, in his spectacles blue
Rode up in his new crested car.
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

A loud-sounding splash
from the Danube was heard
Resounding o’er meadows afar;
It came from the sack fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There’s a tomb rises up
where the blue Danube flows;
Engraved there in characters clear:
“Ah, stranger, when passing, please pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.”

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
’Neath the light of the pale polar star;
And the name that she murmurs
so oft as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

Ain't Gonna Grieve My Lord No More

Oh, the Deacon went down (2x)
To the cellar to pray, (2x)
He found a jug (2x)
And he stayed all day (2x)
Oh, the Deacon went down to the cellar to pray
He found a jug and he stayed all day
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

Chorus:

I ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more
I ain't a-gonna grieve my Lord no more
Ain't gonna grieve my Lord no more

Similarly:

Oh, you can't get to Heaven on roller skates
You'll roll right by them pearly gates

You can't get to Heaven on a rocking chair
'Cause the Lord don't want no lazybones there

You can't get to Heaven in a limousine
'Cause the Lord don't sell no gasoline

If you get to Heaven before I do
Just drill a hole and pull me through

If I get to Heaven before you do
I'll plug that hole with shavings and glue

You can't get to Heaven with powder and paint
It makes you look like what you ain't

You can't chew tobacco on that golden shore
'Cause the Lord don't have no cuspidor

"That's all there is, there ain't no more"
Saint Peter said as he closed the door

There's one thing more I forgot to tell
If you don't go to Heaven, you'll go to Hell

I'll put my grief up on the shelf
If you want some more, make 'em up yourself

All Through the Night

(English translation of traditional Welsh lullaby)

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee
All through the night
Guardian angels God will send thee
All through the night
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping
Hill and dale in slumber sleeping
I my loving vigil keeping
All through the night

While the moon her watch is keeping
All through the night
While the weary world is sleeping
All through the night
O'er thy spirit gently stealing
Visions of delight revealing
Breathes a pure and holy feeling
All through the night

Amelia Earhart's Last Flight

(Red River Dave McEnery, 1939)

A ship out o'er the ocean, just a speck against the sky,
Amelia Earhart flying that sad day;
With her partner, Captain Noonan, on the second of July
Her plane fell in the ocean far away.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

There's a beautiful, beautiful field
Far away in a land that is fair.
Happy landing to you, Amelia Earhart
Farewell, first lady of the air.

She radioed position and said that all was well,
Although the fuel within the tanks was low.
But they'd land on Howland Island to refuel her monoplane,
Then on their trip around the world they'd go.

A half an hour later an SOS was heard,
The signal weak, but still her voice was brave.
In shark-infested waters, her plane went down that night
In the blue Pacific to a watery grave.

Now you have heard my story of that awful tragedy,
We pray that she might fly home safe again.
In years to come, though others blaze a trail across the sea,
We'll ne'er forget Amelia and her plane.

Amazing Grace

(Words: John Newton, 1770. Tune: "New Britain")

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 that fear relieved
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far
And grace will lead me home.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds
And drives away his fear.

Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for everyone
And there's a cross for me.

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

Anne Boleyn

(R. P. Weston & Bert Lee, 1934; later football names from Kingston Trio)

In the Tower of London, large as life,
The ghost of Anne Boleyn walks, they declare.
Poor Anne Boleyn was once King Henry's wife,
Until he had the headsman bob her hair.
Ah, yes, he did her wrong long years ago,
And she comes up at night to tell him so.
Chorus:
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
She walks the bloody Tower,
With her head tucked underneath her arm,
At the midnight hour.

She comes to haunt King Henry, she means giving him what-for
Gadzooks, she's going to tell him off for having spilled her gore.
And just in case the headsman wants to give her an encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm.
Chorus:
Along the drafty corridors for miles and miles she goes,
She often catches cold, poor thing, it's cold there when it blows,
And it's awfully awkward for the Queen to have to blow her nose
With her head tucked underneath her arm.
Chorus:
Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread,
For all his gals and pals, a ghostly crew.
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the bread,
Then in comes Anne Boleyn to queer the "do."
She holds her head up with a wild "Wahoop!"
And Henry cries, "Don't drop it in the soup!"
Chorus:
The sentries think that it's a football that she carries in,
And when they've had a few they shout, "Is Army going to win?"
They think that it's Red Grange instead of poor old Anne Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm.
Chorus:
One night she caught King Henry, he was in the castle bar,
Said he, "Are you Jane Seymour, Anne Boleyn or Cath'rine Parr?
For how the sweet san fairy ann* do I know who you are
With your head tucked underneath your arm?"
Chorus:

* British rendition of "ça ne fait rien," or "it doesn't matter"

Arkansas Traveler

Oh, once upon a time in Arkansas
An old man sat in his little cabin door,
And fiddled at a tune that he liked to hear,
A jolly old tune that he played by ear.
It was raining hard but the fiddler didn't care
He sawed away at the popular air,
Though his roof tree leaked like a water fall
That didn't seem to bother that man at all

A traveler was riding by that day,
And stopped to hear him a-practicing away
The cabin was afloat and his feet were wet,
But still the old man didn't seem to fret.
So the stranger said:

 "Now the way it seems to me,
You'd better mend your roof," said he.
But the old man said, as he played away:
"I couldn't mend it now, it's a rainy day."

The traveler replied: "That's all quite true,
But this, I think, is the thing for you to do;
Get busy on a day that is fair and bright,
Then patch the old roof till it's good and tight."
But the old man kept on a-playing at his reel,
And tapped the ground with his leathery heel:
"Get along," said he, "for you give me a pain;
My cabin never leaks when it doesn't rain."

Ashokan Farewell

*(Words: Grian McGregor; tune: Jay Ungar;
one of two lyrics that Mr. Ungar has authorized.)*

The sun is sinking low in the sky above Ashokan,
The pines and the willows know soon we will part.
There's a whisper in the wind of promises unspoken,
And a love that will always remain in my heart.

My thoughts will return to the sound of your laughter,
The magic of moving as one.
And a time we'll remember long ever after
The moonlight and music and dancing are done.

Will we climb the hills once more?
Will we walk the woods together?
Will I feel you holding me close once again?
Will every song we've sung stay with us forever?
Will you dance in my dreams or my arms until then?

Under the moon the mountains lie sleeping,
Over the lake the stars shine.
They wonder if you and I will be keeping,
The magic and music, or leave them behind.

Aunt Rhody

Go tell Aunt Rhody, go tell Aunt Rhody
Go tell Aunt Rhody that the old gray goose is dead.

The one that she's been saving, the one that she's been saving
The one that she's been saving to make a feather bed.

The old gander's mourning, the old gander's mourning
The old gander's mourning, because his wife is dead.

The goslings are weeping, the goslings are weeping
The goslings are weeping because their mother's dead.

She died in the mill pond, she died in the mill pond
She died in the mill pond, standing on her head.

(Repeat first verse in minor key)

Aura Lea

(Words: W. W. Fosdick. Music: George R. Poulton. 1861)

When the blackbird in the spring,
On the willow tree,
Sat and rock'd, I heard him sing,
Singing Aura Lea.
Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

Chorus (2 times):

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Maid with golden hair;
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

In thy blush the rose was born,
Music, when you spake,
Through thine azure eye the morn,
Sparkling seemed to break.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Birds of crimson wing,
Never song have sung to me,
As in that sweet spring.

Chorus (2 times)

Aura Lea! the bird may flee,
The willow's golden hair
Swing through winter fitfully,
On the stormy air.
Yet if thy blue eyes I see,
Gloom will soon depart;
For to me, sweet Aura Lea
Is sunshine through the heart.

Chorus (2 times)

When the mistletoe was green,
Midst the winter's snows,
Sunshine in thy face was seen,
Kissing lips of rose.

Aura Lea, Aura Lea,
Take my golden ring;
Love and light return with thee,
And swallows with the spring.

Chorus (2 times)



Banks of the Ohio

(One of many versions of a 19th century ballad, authors unknown)

I asked my love to take a walk
Just to walk a little way
And as we walk, oh, may we talk
All about our wedding day

Chorus:

Only say that you'll be mine
In our home we'll happy be
Down beside where the waters flow
On the banks of the Ohio

I held a knife against her breast
As into my arms she pressed
She cried, "Oh, Willie, don't you murder me
I'm unprepared for eternity"

Chorus:

I took her by her lily-white hand
And dragged her down that bank of sand
There I threw her in to drown
And watched her as she floated down

Chorus:

Was walking home 'tween twelve and one,
Thinkin' of what I had done
I killed the girl I love, you see
Because she would not marry me

Chorus:

The very next morn about half past four
The Sheriff came knockin' at my door
He said, "Young man, come now and go
Down to the banks of the Ohio."

Chorus:

Banks of Marble

(Les Rice, 1950)

I've traveled 'round this country.
From shore to shining shore;
It really made me wonder
The things I heard and saw.
C G C - / F - C - / G - C - / /
I saw the weary farmer,
Plowing sod and loam;
I saw the auction hammer
Just a-knocking down his home.

Chorus:

But the banks are made of marble,
With a guard at every door,
And the vaults are stuffed with silver
That the farmer (seaman, etc.*) sweated for.
C - - - / G - C - / - - FC C / G - C -

I saw the seaman standing
Idly by the shore,
I heard the bosses saying,
"Got no work for you no more."

Chorus:

I saw the weary miner
Scrubbing coal dust from his back,
And I heard his children crying,
"Got no coal to heat the shack."

Chorus:

**

I've seen my brothers [good people] working
Throughout this mighty land,
I prayed we'd get together
And together make a stand.

Final Chorus:

Then we'd own those banks of marble
With no guard at any door
And we'd share those vaults of silver
That the workers sweated for!

* *Change to fit verse*

** *Additional verse by John Braxton:*

I've seen my sisters working
On the job they're underpaid
While at home they work for nothing
Half the night and all the day.

The New Banks of Marble

(Music: Banks of Marble by Les Rice ©1950

New words: Stephen L. Suffet ©2003)

I've traveled 'round this country,
Just to see it once again,
While some things they might look different,
One big fact remains the same.

The coins once made of silver,
Are now silver-colored brass,
Like the lies the bosses tell us,
Just to trick the working class.

Chorus:

And the banks are made of marble,
With a camera above each door,
To keep us from the wealth and power,
That we all have sweated for.

I recall the friendly bank guard,
I believe his name was Bob,
'Til they got a TV camera,
And they took away his job.

Chorus:

I have seen the office worker,
Sitting upright in her chair,
And I've heard the bosses tell her,
"We don't allow no union here."

Chorus:

I have seen the immigrant worker,
Early morning on the street,
Shaping up to do day labor,
Just to make enough to eat.

Chorus:

I have seen the civil servants,
Who thought their jobs secure,
And I heard the mayor tell them,
"We don't need you anymore."

Chorus:

I have dreamed that things were different,
I've kept my eyes upon the prize,
But it will be a dream forever,
Unless we organize!

Final chorus:

Then we'll own those banks of marble,
With a person at every door,
And we'll share the wealth and power,
That we all have sweated for.

Banks of Marble

(Les Rice, 1950)

Lyrics on facing page.

I've tra- veled a- round this coun- try, From shore to shi- ning shore, It real-
ly made me won- der, The things I heard and saw. I saw the wea- ry
far- mer - Plow- ing sod and loam, I saw the auc- tion ham- mer a- knoc-
king down his home. But the banks are made of mar- ble, With a guard at ev- 'ry
door, And the vaults are stuffed with sil- ver That the far- mer swea- ted for.

Barbara Allen

In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwellin'
Made every youth cry well-a-day
And her name was Barbara Allen.

'Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds they were swellin'
Sweet William on his death-bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town,
To the place where she was a-dwellin',
"My master bids you come to him,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

Then slowly, slowly she got up,
And slowly she drew nigh him,
And all she said when there she came
Was, "Young man, I think you're dyin'."

"Oh, yes, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
Oh, yes, I think I'm dyin',
And all because I love you so
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

"Oh, ken ye not in yonder town
In the place where you were a-dwellin',
You gave a toast to the ladies all
But you slighted Barbara Allen."

"Oh yes, I ken, I ken it well,
In the place where I was a-dwellin';
I gave a toast to the ladies all,
But my heart to Barbara Allen."

As she went walking over the hill
She heard the death bell knellin'.
And every stroke did seem to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

"Oh, Mother, Mother, make my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
Sweet William died for me today,
I'll die for him tomorrow."

"Oh, Father, Father, dig my grave,
Go dig it deep and narrow.
Sweet William died for me today;
I'll die for him tomorrow."

They buried them both in the old churchyard,
In death he was beside her,
Out of his grave grew a red, red rose,
And out of hers a brier.

They grew and they grew o'er the old church wall,
Till they couldn't grow no higher,
Until they tied a true lover's knot,
The red rose and the brier.

Black is the Color of My True Love's Hair

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some rosy fair
The purest eyes and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

I go to the Clyde for to mourn and weep
But satisfied I never can sleep
I'll write to you in a few short lines
I'll suffer death ten thousand times

I know my love and well she knows
I love the grass whereon she goes
If she on earth no more I see
My life will quickly fade away

A winter's past and the leaves are green
The time has passed that we have seen
But still I hope the time will come
When you and I will be as one

Black is the color of my true love's hair
Her lips are like some rosy fair
The purest eyes and the neatest hands
I love the ground whereon she stands

Blow the Candles Out

When I was apprenticed in London, I went to see my dear
The candles all were burning, the moon shone bright and clear
I knocked upon her window to ease her of her pain
She rose up to let me in, then barred the door again.

I like well your behavior and this I often say
I cannot rest contented when I am far away
The roads they are so muddy, we cannot walk about
So 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 a fear or doubt
So roll me in your arms, Love, and blow the candles out.

I pray thee speak more softly of what we have to do
Lest that our noise of talking should make our pleasure rue.
The streets they are so nigh, Love, the people walk about
They may peep in and spy, Love, so blow the candles out.

And if we prove successful, Love, please name it after me
Treat it neat and kiss it sweet and daff it on your knee
When my three years are over, my time it will be out
And I will pay my debt to you by blowing the candles out.

Blowin' in the Wind

(Bob Dylan. Tune adapted from the 19th-century pre-Civil War spiritual "No More Auction Block for Me")

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years must a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just don't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Blow Ye Winds in the Morning

'Tis advertised in Boston, New York, and Buffalo:
Five hundred brave Americans a-whalin' for to go.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Singing, Blow ye winds in the morning,
Blow ye winds, heigh-ho!
Clear away your runnin' gear,
And blow, boys, blow!

They send you to New Bedford,
that famous whaling port,
And give you to some land sharks
to board and fit you out.

They send you to a boardin' house,
there for a time to dwell;
The thieves there they are thicker
than the other side of Hell.

They tell you of the clipper ships
a-runnin' in and out,
And say you'll take five hundred sperm
before you're six months out.

And now we're out to sea, my boys,
the wind comes on to blow;
One-half the watch is sick on deck,
the other half below.

The skipper's on the quarterdeck
a-squintin' at the sails,
When up aloft the lookout spots
a mighty school of whales.

Then lower down the boats, my boys,
and after him we'll travel,
But if you get too near his tail,
he'll kick you to the Devil.

When we've caught a whale, my boys,
we'll bring 'im alongside,
Then over with our blubber-hooks
and rob him of his hide.

And now that our old ship is full,
our catch so great and grand
We'll bend on all our stu'nails
and sail for Yankee Land.

When we get home, our ship made fast,
and we get through our sailin',
A brimming glass around we'll pass,
and damn this blubber whalin'.

Blue-Tail Fly

When I was young I used to wait
On master and give him his plate
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Chorus, repeated after each verse:
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
Jimmy crack corn and I don't care
My master's gone away

And when he'd ride in the afternoon
I'd follow after with a hickory broom
His pony being rather shy
When bitten by a blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm
The flies so numerous they did swarm
One chanced to bite him on the thigh
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony run, he jump, he pitch
He throw'd my master in the ditch
He died and the jury wondered why
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They laid him neath a 'simmon tree
His epitaph is there to see
"Beneath this stone I'm forced to lie
The victim of a blue-tail fly."

A Capital Ship

(Verses, Charles Edward Carryl, 1885; chorus, a parody of "Ten Thousand Miles Away")

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the "Walloping Window Blind"
No wind that blew dismayed her crew
Or troubled the captain's mind
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow
Tho' it oft appeared when the gale had cleared
That he'd been in his bunk below

Chorus:

So, blow ye winds, heigh-ho
A-roving I will go
I'll stay no more on England's shore
So let the music play-ay-ay
I'm off for the morning train
To cross the raging main
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove
Ten thousand miles away

The bo'sun's mate was very sedate
Yet fond of amusement too
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch
While the captain tickled the crew
The gunner he was apparently mad
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail
And fired salutes with the captain's boots
In the teeth of a booming gale

Chorus:

The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined in a royal way
Off pickles and figs and little roast pigs
And gunners bread each day
The cook was Dutch and behaved as such
For the diet he served the crew-ew-ew
Was a couple of tons of hot-cross buns
Served up with sugar and glue

Chorus:

Then we all fell ill as mariners will
On a diet that's rough and crude
And we shivered and shook as we dipped the cook
In a tub of his gruesome food
All nautical pride we cast aside
And we ran the vessel asho-o-ore
On the Gulliby Isles where the poohpoo smiles
And the rubbily uddugs roar

Chorus:

Composed of sand was that favored land
And trimmed with cinnamon straws
And pink and blue was the pleasing hue
Of the tickle-toe-teaser's claws
We sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee
While the rugabug bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shining sea

Chorus:

On rugabug bark from dawn till dark
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Terrible Zone
She was stubby and square, but we didn't much care
So we cherrily put to sea-ea-ea
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the rugabug tree

Chorus:

Careless Love

Love, oh love, oh careless love
Love, oh love, oh careless love
Oh it's love, oh love, oh careless love
You see what careless love has done

Similarly:

Once I wore my apron low (3x)
You'd follow me through rain and snow

Now I wear my apron high (3x)
You'll see my door and pass it by

How I wish my train would come (3x)
Take me back where I come from

I cried last night and the night before (3x)
I'll cry tonight and cry no more

(Repeat first verse)

Cigareets and Whiskey and Wild Wild Women

(Tim Spencer, 1947)

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Cigareets and whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets, whiskey and wild wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane

Once I was happy and had a good wife
I had enough money to last me for life
Then I met with a gal and we went on a spree
She taught me smokin' and drinkin' whiskey

Cigareets are a blight on the whole human race
A man is a monkey with one in his face;
Take warning dear friend, take warning dear brother
A fire's on one end, a fool's on the t'other.

And now good people, I'm broken with age
The lines on my face make a well-written page
I'm weavin' this story—how sadly but true
On women and whiskey and what they can do

Write on the cross at the head of my grave
"For women and whiskey here lies a poor slave."
Take warnin' poor stranger, take warnin' dear friend
In wide clear letters this tale of my end.

Cindy

You ought to see my Cindy
She lives away down South
She's so sweet the honey bees
Swarm around her mouth

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,
Get along home
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy,
I'll marry you someday

Cindy, she's my pretty gal
Cindy, she's my peach
She throw'd her arms around my neck
And hung on like a leech

First time I seen my Cindy
She was standing in the door
Shoes and stockings in her hand
And her feet all over the floor

If Cindy was an apple
I'd put her on the shelf
And every time she smiled at me
I'd get up there myself

She climbed up the sugar tree
I climbed up the gum
Never saw that Cindy gal
But what I loved her some

Cindy went to the preachin'
They had one day in town
She got so full of glory
She knocked the preacher down

Peaches in the summer time
Apples in the fall
If I don't get the gal I love
I won't have none at all

Now, Cindy is a pretty girl
Cindy's five-foot tall
She sleeps in the kitchen
With her feet out in the hall

Cindy went to meetin'
She shouted and she squealed
She got so much religion
She broke her stocking heel

Cindy's got religion
She had it once before
When she heered my old banjo
She's the first one on the floor

When Cindy got religion
I'll tell you what she done
She walked up to the preacher
And she chawed her chewin' gum

Circle Game

(Joni Mitchell, 1966)

G C G
Yesterday a child came out to wonder
C D7
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar
G C Bm
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder
C G Am7 G
And tearful at the falling of a star.

Chorus:

And the seasons, they go 'round and 'round
And the painted ponies go up and down
We're captive on the carousel of time.
We can't return, we can only look
Behind from where we came
And go 'round and 'round and 'round
in the circle game

Then the child grew ten times 'round the seasons
Skated over ten clear, frozen streams
Words like "when you're older" must appease him.
And promises of someday make his dreams.

Chorus:

Sixteen Springs and sixteen Summers gone now
Cartwheels turn to car wheels through the town
And they tell him, "Take your time,

it won't be long now

Till you drag you feet to slow the circles down."

Chorus:

So the years spin by and now the boy is twenty
Though his dreams have lost

some grandeur coming true.

There'll be new dreams, maybe

better dreams and plenty

Before the last revolving year is through.

Chorus:

City of New Orleans

(Steve Goodman, 1970)

Ridin' on the City of New Orleans
Illinois Central, Monday mornin' rail
Fifteen cars and fifteen restless riders
Three conductors, twenty-five sacks of mail

All along the southbound odyssey
the train pulls out of Kankakee
Rolls along past houses, farms and fields
Passin' towns that have no name,
freight yards full of old gray men
And the graveyards of rusted automobiles

Chorus:

Good mornin', America, how are you?
Don't you know me? I'm your native son!
I'm the train they call the City of New Orleans
I'll be gone 500 miles when the day is done

Dealin' cards with the old men in the club car
Penny a point, ain't no one keepin' score
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle
And feel the wheels rumblin' 'neath the floor

And the sons of Pullman porters
and the sons of engineers
Ride their fathers' magic carpet made of steel
Mothers with their babes asleep,
rockin' to the gentle beat

And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Chorus:

Night time on the City of New Orleans
Changin' cars in Memphis, Tennessee
Halfway home and we'll be there by mornin'
Thru the Mississippi darkness
rollin' down to the sea

But all the towns and people seem
to fade into a bad dream
And the steel rail still ain't heard the news
The conductor sings his song again

"The passengers will please refrain . . ."

This train's got the disappearin' railroad blues

Final chorus:

Goodnight, America, how are you? . . .

Crawdad

You get a line and I'll get a pole, honey,
You get a line and I'll get a pole, babe,
You get a line and I'll get a pole,
And we'll go down to the crawdad hole,
Honey, sugar baby, mine,

Along come a man with a sack on his back, honey,
Along come a man with a sack on his back, babe,
Along come a man with a sack on his back,
Packin' all the crawdads he can pack,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Get up old man, you slept too late, honey,
Get up old man, you slept too late, babe,
Get up old man, you slept too late,
Last piece of crawdad's on your plate,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Get up old woman, you slept too late, honey,
Get up old woman, you slept too late, babe,
Get up old woman, you slept too late,
Crawdad man done passed your gate,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Look at that crawdad struttin' around, honey,
Look at that crawdad struttin' around, babe,
Look at that crawdad struttin' around,
He thinks he's the mayor of Crawdad Town,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

What you gonna do when the lake goes dry, honey?
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry, babe?
What you gonna do when the lake goes dry?
Sit on the bank and watch the crawdads die,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

What you gonna do when the crawdads die, honey?
What you gonna do when the crawdads die, babe?
What you gonna do when the crawdads die?
Sit on the bank until I cry,
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

I heard the duck say to the drake, honey,
I heard the duck say to the drake, babe,
I heard the duck say to the drake,
"There ain't no crawdads in this lake,"
Honey, sugar baby, mine.

Cryin' Holy Unto the Lord

*(Irene Amburgey's version of a
traditional African-American spiritual)*

Chorus, repeated after each verse:
Crying holy unto the Lord
Crying holy unto the Lord
Oh, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood

Sinners, run and hide your face
Sinners, run and hide your face
Go and run into the rocks and hide your face
The rocks got no hiding place

Lord, I ain't no sinner now
Lord, I ain't no sinner now
I've been to the river and I've been baptized
And I ain't no sinner now

Lord, I ain't no stranger here
Lord, I ain't no stranger here
I've been introduced to the Father and the Son
And I ain't no stranger here

Down by the Riverside

Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside (3x)
Gonna lay down my sword and shield
Down by the riverside
Gonna study war no more

Chorus:
I ain't gonna study war no more
Ain't gonna study war no more
Study war no more
(repeat 3 lines)

Gonna join hands with ev'ryone
Down by the riverside (3x)
Gonna join hands with ev'ryone
Down by the riverside
Gonna study war no more

Chorus:

Similarly:
Gonna put on my long white robe . . .
Gonna put on my starry crown . . .
Gonna put on my golden shoes . . .
Gonna walk with the Prince of Peace . . .

Desperado

He was a desperado from the wild and woolly west
He came into Chicago just to give the west a rest
He wore a big sombrero and a gun beneath his vest
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop!

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

He was a brave, bold man and a—desperado
From Cripple Creek, way down in—Colorado
And he walked around like a—big tornado
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop!

He went to Coney Island just to take in all the sights
He saw the hootchie-cootchie and the girls dressed up in tights
He got so darned excited that he shot out all the lights
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop!

A great big fat policemen was a-walking down his beat
He saw this desperado come a-walking down the street
He grabbed him by the whiskers, and he grabbed him by the seat
And threw him where he wouldn't give his war whoop!

Eddystone Light

My father was the keeper of the Eddystone light
And he slept with a mermaid one fine night
From this union there came three
A porpoise and a porgy and the other was me!

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Yo ho ho, the wind blows free,
Oh for the life on the rolling sea!

One night, as I was a-trimmin' of the glim
A-singin' a verse from the evening hymn
A voice from the starboard shouted "Ahoy!"
And there was my mother, a-sitting on a buoy.

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"

My mother then she asked of me.

"One was exhibited as a talking fish

The other was served from a chafing dish."

Then the phosphorus flashed in her seaweed hair.

I looked again, and my mother wasn't there

But her voice came echoing back from the night

"To Hell with the keeper of the Eddystone Light!"

Five Hundred Miles

(Hedy West, 1961)

If you miss the train I'm on,
you will know that I am gone
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles
A hundred miles (4x)
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three,

Lord I'm four

Lord I'm 500 miles away from home

Away from home (4x)

Lord I'm 500 miles away from home

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name

Lord, I can't go a-home this a-way

This a-way (4x)

Lord, I can't go a-home this a-way

If you miss the train I'm on,

you will know that I am gone

You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles

The Erie Canal

(Thomas S. Allen, 1905)

I've got an old mule and her name is Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker and a good old pal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
We've hauled some barges in our day
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge for we're coming to a town
And you'll always know your neighbor
And you'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on
The Erie Canal

We'd better look around for a job, old gal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
You bet your life I wouldn't part with Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Giddap there gal, we've passed that lock
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip and then we'll go
Right back home to Buffalo

Oh, where would I be if I lost my pal?
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
Oh, I'd like to see a mule as good as Sal
Fifteen years on the Erie Canal
A friend of mine once made her sore
Now he's got a broken jaw
'Cause she let fly with her iron toe
And kicked him into Buffalo

Freight Train

(Elizabeth "Libba" Cotten [1895–1987], ca. 1907)

Freight train, freight train, run so fast,
Freight train, freight train, run so fast;
Please don't tell what train I'm on,
They won't know what route I'm gone.

When I am dead and in my grave,
No more good times here I crave.
Place the stones at my head and feet,
Tell them all that I've gone to sleep.

When I die, Lord, bury me deep,
Way down on old Chestnut Street,
So I can hear old Number 9,
As she comes rolling by.

When I die, Lord, bury me deep,
Way down on old Chestnut Street,
Place a stone at my head and feet,
Tell them all that I'm gone to sleep.

(These lyrics from recording of Libba Cotten made by Mike Seeger early in 1958.)

The image shows three staves of musical notation for the song 'Freight Train'. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a common time signature (C), and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'Freight train, freight train, run so fast; freight train, freight train,' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'run so fast. Please don't tell what train I'm on, they won't'. The third staff concludes the phrase with 'know what route I'm going.' Chord symbols (C, G7, E7, F) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

I've Been Working on the Railroad

*(First appeared in print in
Carmina Princetoniai, 1894)*

I've been working on the railroad,
all the live-long day;
I've been working on the railroad,
just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
rise up so early in the morn;
Can't you hear the captain shouting,
"Dinah, blow your horn!"

Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
someone's in the kitchen I know,
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah,
strummin' on the old banjo!
Singin' fee, fie, fiddly-i-o,
fee, fie, fiddly-i-o-o-o-o
Fee, fie, fiddly-i-o,
strummin' on the old banjo.

Jesse James

*(One of many versions of a ballad written in 1882 under the
pseudonym "Billy Gashade" soon after Jesse James was killed)*

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, repeated after each verse:
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 poor Jesse in his grave.

Well, it was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,
I wonder how he feels,
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,
Then he laid poor Jesse in his grave.

It was on a Saturday night, when Jesse was at home,
Talkin' to his family brave,
Robert Ford came along, like a thief in the night,
And laid poor Jesse 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 Gallatin bank,
And stopped the Glendale train.

It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train,
And people they did say, for many miles away,
It was those outlaws, they're Frank and Jesse James

Now the people held their breath
when they heard of Jesse's death,
And wondered how he ever came to fall
Robert Ford, it was a fact, he shot Jesse in the back
While Jesse hung a picture on the wall

This song was made by Billy Gashade
As soon as the news did arrive;
He said there was no man with the law in his hand
Who could take Jesse James when alive.

Joe Hill

(Alfred Hayes & Earl Robinson, 1936)

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night,
Alive as you and me
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead."
"I never died," says he, "I never died," says he.

"In Salt Lake, Joe, by God," says I,
Him standing by my bed,
"They framed you on a murder charge."
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The copper bosses shot you, Joe,
They killed you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die," says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life
And smiling with his eyes
Joe says, "What they forgot to kill
Went on to organize, went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,
"Joe Hill ain't never died.
Where workingmen are out on strike
Joe Hill is at their side, Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill
Where workers strike and organize,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill,"
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill."

(Repeat first verse)

Joe Hill's Last Will

(Words, Joe Hill, 1915. Pete Seeger spoke it on one of his records. Ethel Raim later set it to music.)

My Will is easy to decide,
For there is nothing to divide
My kin don't need to fuss and moan
"Moss does not cling to a rolling stone"

My body?—Oh.—If I could choose,
I would to ashes it reduce
And let the merry breezes blow
My dust to where some flowers grow
Perhaps some fading flower then
Would come to life and bloom again.

This is my last and Final Will
Good Luck to All of you,
Joe Hill

Johnny Has Gone for a Soldier

(From an English folk song, popular throughout the American Revolutionary War)

There she sits on Buttermilk Hill
Oh, who could blame her cryin' her fill
Every tear would turn a mill
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Me-oh-my she loved him so
It broke her heart just to see him go
Only time will heal her woe
Johnny has gone for a soldier

She sold her clock and she sold her reel
She sold her only spinning wheel
To buy her love a sword of steel
Johnny has gone for a soldier

She'll dye her dress, she'll dye it red
And in the streets go begging for bread
The one she loves from her has fled
Johnny has gone for a soldier

Johnny has gone for a soldier...

Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye

(Words probably by Joseph B. Geoghegan, 1867. Music probably by Patrick S. Gilmore, 1863, for "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." See notes.)

While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, hurroo, hurroo
While goin' the road to sweet Athy, a stick in me hand and a tear in me eye
A doleful damsel I heard cry, Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

With your guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your guns and drums and drums and guns, hurroo, hurroo
With your guns and drums and drums and guns, the enemy nearly slew ye
My darling dear, ye look so queer, Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so mild, hurroo, hurroo
Where are the eyes that looked so mild, when my poor heart you first beguiled?
Why did ye run from me and the child? Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, hurroo, hurroo
Where are your legs that used to run, when first you went to carry a gun?
Indeed your dancing days are done! Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, hurroo, hurroo
I'm happy for to see ye home, all from the island of Sulloon
So low in the flesh, so high in the bone! Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, hurroo, hurroo
Ye haven't an arm, ye haven't a leg, ye're an eyeless, boneless, chickenless egg
Ye'll have to be put with a bowl out to beg! Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, hurroo, hurroo
They're rolling out the guns again, but they never will take my sons again!
No, they never will take my sons again! Yes, Johnny, I'm swearing to ye.

General opinion at folk-song website [The Mudcat Café](http://TheMudcatCafe.com) <mudcat.org> is that British music-hall performer Joseph B. Geoghegan wrote this song around 1867 to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." That song was published in 1863 by Irish-American composer and bandmaster Patrick S. Gilmore, under the pen name "Louis Lambert," who wrote it while serving in the Union Army.

However, an unnamed author of Wikipedia articles uses the geographic references in "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye" to support the claim that this is an Irish anti-war, anti-recruiting song from the early 1800s, when soldiers from Athy, County Kildare, fought for Britain in "Sulloon" (Ceylon, now Sri Lanka) in the Kandyan Wars. The Wikipedia articles also claim that Gilmore ironically used the traditional tune of "Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye" when he wrote "When Johnny Comes Marching Home."

Those claims are challenged with expert opinion that the tune is not of Irish origin and with the lack of documentary evidence that the song existed before 1867, when British troops had been deployed from their base in Ceylon to fight elsewhere.

Kum Ba Yah

(Gullah-dialect version of traditional African-American spiritual, "Come By Here." The song has gone around the world, and is widely sung in Africa. It is sometimes mistakenly said to have African origins.)

Kum ba yah, my lord, kum ba yah! (3x)
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah

Someone's crying, Lord, kum ba yah! (3x)
Oh, Lord, kum ba yah

Similarly:
Someone's singing . . .

Someone's praying . . .

Sleeping, dreaming, crying, laughing, etc.

Come by here, my lord, come by here! (3x)
Oh, Lord, come by here

The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore

(Jean Ritchie, 1963)

Oh, when I was a curly-headed baby
My daddy set me down upon his knee
Said, "Son, you go to school and learn your letters
Don't be no dusty miner like me"

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

For I was born and raised at the mouth of
the Hazard Holler
The coal cars roared and rumbled past my door
But now they stand in a rusty row and empty
And the L & N don't stop here any more

I used to think my daddy was a black man
With scrip enough to buy the company store
But now he goes downtown with empty pockets
And his face as white as a February snow

Last night I dreamt I went down to the office
To get my payday like I done before
Them old cudsy* vines had covered up the doorway
And there was trees and grass growin' right up
through the floor

I never thought I'd live to love the coal dust
Never thought I'd pray to hear the tippie roar
But, Lord, how I wish that grass could change
to money
And them greenbacks fill my pockets once more

* kudzu

The Last Thing on My Mind

(Tom Paxton, 1964)

It's a lesson too late for the learnin'
Made of sand, made of sand
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin'
In your hand, in your hand.

Chorus (repeated after each verse):

Are you going away
with no word of farewell
Will there be not a trace left behind
Well, I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was
the last thing on my mind.

As we walk on, my thoughts keep tumblin'
Round and round, round and round.
Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin'
Underground, underground .

As I lie in my bed in the mornin'
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast lies a bornin'
Without you, without you.

You've got reasons a-plenty for goin'
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growin'
Please don't go, please don't go.

Michael, Row the Boat Ashore

*(African-American spiritual, collected approx. 1863.
Adapted by Tony Saletan, 1954)*

Chorus, repeated after every verse:

Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah,
Michael, row the boat ashore, Hallelujah.

My brothers and sisters are all on board, Hallelujah,
My brothers and sisters are all on board, Hallelujah.

Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah,
Sister help to trim the sail, Hallelujah.

The river is deep and the river is wide, Hallelujah,
Milk and honey on the other side, Hallelujah.

Jordan's river is chilly and cold, Hallelujah,
Chills the body but not the soul, Hallelujah.

On Top of Old Smoky

(Traditional American folk song)

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow
I lost my true lover from courting too slow

Though courting's a pleasure and parting is grief
A false-hearted lover is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you and take what you have
But a false-hearted lover will lead you to the grave

The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not one boy in a thousand a poor girl can trust

He'll hug you and kiss you and tell you more lies
Than cross-ties on a railroad or stars in the skies

(Repeat first verse)

Old Friend

(Peggy Seeger, 1994)

Old friend, comrade of mine,
Once again you're on my mind.
There's always a place, there's always a time
To think of days gone by.

We spent too long apart,
And there's so much in my heart
I want to say before we say goodbye.

Your life and mine entwined
With the music and the songs.
Our future was set from the moment that we met;
We were old, long friends.

The work that quit our play
Carried us away, then brought us home,
Brought us home again.

Love's a game, you never made a claim
Or tried to play that game with me.
That set you apart with your own place in my heart,
Where you will always be.

As a woman among men,
It was hard to find a friend.
Then you were there, and, with you, I was free.

We traveled far, by scooter, then by car,
From Paris down to Rome.
In Germany we clowned, in Switzerland broke down,
We were so young then.

We parted and we aged,
But our rainbow didn't fade;
We remained, we remained old friends.

Old friend, comrade of mine,
Once again you're on my mind.
There's always a place, there's always a time
To think of days gone by.

We spent too long apart,
And there's so much in my heart
I want to say before we say goodbye.

Now you are gone, and like the music
And the song, you've come into my mind.
If the good we have done ensures that we live on,
You will never die.

Your friends hold you dear
We'll keep you with us here
So never say, never say goodbye.

Song for Ralph Rinzler '56, written after his death in 1994.

Oh, Mary, Don't You Weep

(Traditional African-American spiritual)

Well, if I could I surely would
Stand on the rock where Moses stood
Pharaoh's army got drowned
Oh, Mary, don't you weep

Refrain, repeated after each verse:

Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn
Oh, Mary, don't you weep, don't you mourn
Pharaoh's army got drowned
Oh, Mary, don't you weep

Similarly:

Well, Mary wore three links of chain
On every link was Jesus' name

Well, one of these nights 'bout 12 o'clock
This old world's gonna reel and rock

Well, Moses stood on the Red Sea shore
Smotin' the water with a two-by-four

Well, old Mr. Satan, he got mad
Missed that soul that he thought he had

Brothers and sisters, don't you cry
There'll be good times by and by

God gave Noah the rainbow sign
"No more water but fire next time"

Passing Through

(Words: Dick Blakeslee, 1948, Music: Traditional)

I saw Adam leave the garden with an apple in his hand,
I said, "Now you're out what are you gonna do?"
"Plant my crops and pray for rain. Maybe raise a little Cain,
I'm an orphan now and I'm just passing through."

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

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

I saw Jesus on the cross on that hill called Calvary.
"Do you hate mankind for what they've done to you?"
He said, "Talk of love, not hate. Things to do, it's getting late,
I've so little time and I'm just passing through."

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

I rode with old Abe Lincoln on that train to Gettysburg
And I asked him what he thought to be most true
He said every man must be unconditionally free
We're all brothers and we're only passing through.

I was at Franklin Roosevelt's side just a while before he died.
He said, "One world must come out of World War II.
Yankee, Russian, Black or tan, still a man is just a man,
We're all brothers and we're only passing through."

Pity the Downtrodden Landlord

(From a London folk opera in the early 1940s, written by Englishman Barnet Woolf, Workers Music Association.)

Tune: Arnold Clayton, after "She is More to be Pitied than Censured")

F Bb F
Please open your hearts and your purses
F7 Bb Bbm F

To a man who is misunderstood

A A7 Dm
He gets all the kicks and the curses

G G7 C7
Though he wishes you nothing but good

F Bb F
He wistfully begs you to show him

F7 Bb Bbm F
You think he's a friend, not a louse;

F#dim C
So remember the debt that you owe him

C#dim Dm7 G7 C7
The landlord who lends you his house

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

F Bb F
So pity the downtrodden landlord
F7 Bb Bbm F
And his back that is burdened and bent
F#dim Gm C7 F
Respect his gray hairs, don't ask for repairs
Gm C7 F
And don't be behind with the rent.

[You are able to work for a living
And rejoice in your strength and your skill;
So try to be kind and forgiving
To a man who a day's work would kill.
You are able to talk with your neighbor
You can look the whole world in its face,
But a landlord that ventured to labor
Would never survive the disgrace.] *

When thunder clouds gather and darken
You can sleep undisturbed in your bed;
But the landlord must sit up and hearken
And shiver, and wonder, and dread;
If you're killed, then you die in a hurry
And you never will know your bad luck,
But the landlord is shaking with worry—
"Has one of my houses been struck?"

When a landlord resorts to eviction
Don't think that he does it for spite;
He's acting from deepest conviction,
And what's right, after all, is what's right.
But I see that your hearts are all hardened
And I fear I'm appealing in vain;
Yet I hope my last plea will be pardoned
If I beg on my knees once again:

* *verse added by Jerry Silverman? or Fred Hellerman?*

Pretty Little Baby

(Traditional African-American spiritual; one of many versions)

Virgin Mary had a little baby,
Oooo-oooh, pretty little baby,
Oooh-oooh, glory hallelujah!
Glory be to the new-born King!

Mary, what you gonna name that pretty little baby?
Oooo-oooh, pretty little baby, (etc.)

Some call him one thing, think I'll name him David,
Oooh-oooh, he's the son of David. (etc.)

Mary, what you gonna name that pretty little baby?
Oooo-oooh, pretty little baby, (etc.)

Some call him one thing, think I'll name him 'Manuel
Oooh-oooh, think I'll call him 'Manuel. (etc.)

Mary, what you gonna name that pretty little baby?
Oooo-oooh, pretty little baby, (etc.)

Some call him one thing, think I'll name him Jesus,
Oooh-oooh, think I'll call him Savior. (etc.)

The Virgin Mary had a little baby,
Oooo-oooh, pretty little baby, (etc.)

Respect

(Aretha Franklin, 1967, based on "Respect" by Otis Redding, 1965)

(oo)

What you want (oo), Baby, I got it (oo).

What you need (oo), do you know I got it? (oo)

All I'm askin' (oo) is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit).

Hey, Baby (just a little bit), when you get home (just a little bit),

Mister (just a little bit).

I ain't gon' do you wrong, while you're gone

Ain't gon' do you wrong (oo), 'cause I don't wanna (oo).

All I'm askin' (oo) is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit),

Baby (just a little bit), when you get home (just a little bit). Yeah! (just a little bit)

I'm about to give you . . . all my money, and all I'm askin' . . . in return, honey,

Is to give me . . . my profits . . . when you get home.

(Yes sir, yes sir)

Yeah, baby, when you get home (just a little bit). Yeah! (just a little bit)

Ooh, your kisses (oo), sweeter than honey (oo),

And, guess what (oo), so is my money (oo).

All I want you to do for me (oo, oo) is give it to me when you get home.

(Re, re, re, re) Yeah, baby! (re, re, re, re)

Whip it to me . . . when you get home. Now! (just a little bit)

R-E-S-P-E-C-T, find out what it means to me! R-E-S-P-E-C-T, take care of TCB!

Ooh! (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)

A little respect! (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)

Whoa, babe! A little respect! (just a little bit)

I get tired (just a little bit), keep on tryin' (just a little bit),

You're runnin' out of foolin' (just a little bit), and I ain't lyin' (just a little bit).

(Re, re, re, re) 'spect when you come home (re, re, re, re)

Or you'll be walkin' far out alone (just a little bit). . . .

She'll Be Comin' 'Round the Mountain

(Secular song based on the old-time African American spiritual "When the Chariot Comes" according to Carl Sandburg's The American Songbag [1927] or on the folk hymn "Old Ship of Zion" according to Alan Lomax's The Folk Songs of North America [1960]. The song was sung by railroad work gangs in the midwest in the 1890s. It's now usually sung as a children's song, often in call-and-response style, with responses that add on to the previous verse.)

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (toot toot!).
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (toot toot!).
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain, she'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes (toot toot!).

Similarly:

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes (whoa back!)
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes (whoa back! toot toot!).

Oh, we'll all go out to meet her when she comes ("Hi, babe!")
We'll all go out to meet her when she comes ("Hi, babe!" whoa back! toot toot!).

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes (hack hack),
And we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes
(yum yum! hack hack, "Hi babe!" whoa back! toot toot!).

She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes (scratch scratch)
She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes
(scratch scratch, yum yum! hack hack, "Hi babe!" whoa back! toot toot!).

She will have to sleep with Grandpa when she comes (snore snore)
She will have to sleep with Grandpa when she comes (snore snore,
scratch scratch, yum yum! hack hack, "Hi babe!" whoa back! toot toot!).

The Ship Titanic

*(One of many songs about the 1912 disaster.
Tune, "Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane)*

Oh, they built the ship Titanic to sail the ocean blue
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never go through
But the Lord's almighty hand said that ship would never land
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; it was sad, Lord, sad
It was sad when the great ship went down, to the bottom of the ...
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went down.

Oh, they sailed from Engl-and, and not very far from shore
When the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they sent them down below, where they'd be the first to go
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

The boat was about to sink, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "Women and children first!"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea
When the band struck up with "Nearer My God to Thee"
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side
It was sad when that great ship went down

Chorus:

Sloop John B

(The Beach Boys' 1965 arrangement of a traditional Bahamian folk song, "The John B. Sails," which was transcribed in 1916 by Richard Le Gallienne; a version is in Carl Sandburg's 1927 collection of folk songs, The American Songbag.)

We come on the sloop John B
My grandfather and me
Around Nassau town we did roam
Drinking all night, got into a fight
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Chorus:

So hoist up the John B's sail
See how the mainsail sets
Call for the Captain ashore and let me go home
Let me go home. I wanna go home
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

The first mate he got drunk
He broke in the Captain's trunk
The constable had to come and take him away
Sheriff Johnstone, why don't you leave me alone?
Well, I feel so broke up, I wanna go home

Chorus:

The poor cook he caught the fits
And threw away all my grits
And then he took and he ate up all of my corn
Let me go home. Why don't they let me go home?
This is the worst trip I've ever been on

Chorus:

Streets of Laredo (Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out on the streets of Laredo,
As I walked out in Laredo one day,
I spied a young cowboy all wrapped in white linen,
Wrapped in white linen as cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a cowboy"
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I was shot in the breast and I know I must die."

"It was once in the saddle I used to go dashing
Once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First down to the dram-house
and then to the card house
Got shot in the breast, I am dying today."

"Oh, beat the drum slowly and play the fife lowly,
Play the Dead March as you carry me along,
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a young cowboy
and I know I've done wrong."

"Let sixteen gamblers come handle my coffin,
Let sixteen cowboys come sing me a song,
Take me to the graveyard and lay the sod o'er me
For I'm a poor cowboy and I know I've done wrong."

"Get six jolly cowboys to carry my coffin,
Get six pretty maidens to carry my pall,
Put bunches of roses all over my coffin,
Put roses to deaden the clods as they fall."

"Go bring me a cup, a cup of cold water
To cool my parched lips," the cowboy said;
Before I returned, the spirit had left him
And gone to its Maker—the cowboy was dead.

We beat the drum slowly and played the fife lowly,
And bitterly wept as we bore him along,
For we all loved our comrade,
so brave, young and handsome,
We all loved our comrade
although he'd done wrong.

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

(African-American spiritual by Wallace Willis, 1840s)

Chorus (after each verse):
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot
Coming for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan and what did I see
Coming for to carry me home?
A band of angels coming after me
Coming for to carry me home.

Similarly:

If you get there before I do . . .
Tell all my friends I'm coming too . . .

I'm sometimes up and I'm sometimes down . . .
But still my soul feels heavenly bound . . .

Today

(Randy Sparks, 1964)

Chorus:
Today while the blossoms
still cling to the vine
I'll taste your strawberries,
I'll drink your sweet wine.
A million tomorrows shall all pass away
Ere I forget all the joy that is mine today.

I'll be a dandy, and I'll be a rover.
You'll know who I am
by the song that I sing.
I'll feast at your table, I'll sleep in your clover.
Who cares what tomorrow shall bring.

Chorus

I can't be contented with yesterday's glory.
I can't live on promises, winter to spring.
Today is my moment, and now is my story.
I'll laugh and I'll cry and I'll sing.

Chorus

Thaïs

(Lyrics by Newman Levy in Opera Guyed, 1923, Alfred A. Knopf. Music, anon.)

One time in Alexandria,
in wicked Alexandria,
Where nights were wild
with revelry,
and life was but a game.
There lived, so the report is, an
adventuress and courtesan,
The pride of Alexandria,
and Thaïs was her name.

Nearby in peace and piety,
avoiding all society,
There dwelt a band of holy men
who'd build a refuge there,
And in the desert solitude
they spurned all earthly folly to
Devote their lives to holy works,
to fasting and to prayer.

Now one monk whom I
solely mention
of this group of holy men
Was known as Athanael,
he was famous near and far.
At fasting bouts
or prayer with him,
no other could
compare with him;
At grand and lofty praying
he could do the course in par.

One day while sleeping heavily
(from wrestling with the devil, he
Had gone to bed exhausted
while the sun was shining still);
He had a vision Freudian,
and though he was
annoyed, he analyzed it in the well-known style
of doctors Jung and Brill.

He dreamed of Alexandria,
of wicked Alexandria,
A crowd of men were cheering
in a manner rather rude,
As Thaïs who was dancing there,
and Athanael glancing there,
Observed her do the shimmy
in what artists call the nude.

Said he, "This dream fantastical
disturbs my thoughts monastical.
Some unsuppressed desire, I fear,
has found my monkish cell;
I blushed up to the hat o' me
to view that girl's anatomy.
I'll go to Alexandria
and save her soul from Hell."

So, pausing not to wonder where
he'd put his summer underwear,
He quickly packed
his evening clothes,
his toothbrush, and a vest.
To guard against exposure, he
threw in some woollen hosiery,
And bidding all the
boys good-bye,
he started on his quest.

The monk, though warned
and fortified,
was deeply shocked
and mortified,
To find on his arrival
wild debauchery in sway.
While some lay in a stupor sent
by booze of more than
two per cent,
The others were behaving
in a most immoral way.

Said he to Thaïs, "Pardon me,
although this job is hard on me,
I got to put you wise to what
I came down here to tell.
What's all this sousing
getting you?
Cut out this pie-eyed retinue.
Let's hit the road together, kid,
and save your soul from Hell."

Although this bold
admonishment
caused Thaïs some astonishment,
She coyly answered, "Say,
you said a heaping mouthful, Bo.
This burg's a frost, I'm telling you,
the brand of hooch they're
selling you
Ain't like the stuff we used to get,
so let's pack up and go."

So forth from Alexandria,
from wicked Alexandria,
Across the desert sands they go,
beneath the blazing sun,
Till Thaïs, parched and sweltering,
finds refuge in the sheltering
Seclusion of a convent
in the habit of a nun.

But now the monk is terrified
to find his fears are verified;
His holy vows of chastity
have cracked beneath the strain.
Like one who has a jag on, he
cries out in grief and agony,
"I'd sell my soul to see her
do the shimmy once again."

Alas, his pleadings clamorous,
though passionate and amorous,
Have come too late—
the courtesan
has danced her final dance.
Says he, "Now that's a joke on me
for that there dame to
croak on me,
I hadn't oughter passed her up
the time I had the chance."

The Times They Are a-Changin'

(Bob Dylan, 1963)

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one
if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'

Twelve Gates to the City

(African-American spiritual, adapted from Revelation 21.
This version is one of many.)

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Oh, what a beautiful city

Oh, what a beautiful city

Oh, what a beautiful city

There's twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

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!

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 are twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

Who are those children all dressed in red?
There are twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!
Must be the children that Moses led
There are 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 are twelve gates to the city, Hallelujah!

(Chorus 2x)

When I First Came to This Land

(Words translated by Oscar Brand in 1948
from an old Pennsylvania Dutch song)

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man
So I got myself a shack, I did what I could
And I called my shack, "Break my back"
But the land was sweet and good, I did what I could

When I first came to this land, I was not a wealthy man,
So I got myself a farm, I did what I could
And I called my farm, "Muscle in my arm"
And I called my shack, "Break my back"
But the land was sweet and good, I did what I could

Similarly:

cow, "No milk now"

horse, "Lame of course"

duck, "Out of luck"

dog, "What a hog"

wife, "Run for your life"

son, "My work's done"

Wabash Cannonball

(J. A. Roff, 1882; new words by William Kindt, 1904)

From the great Atlantic Ocean to the wide Pacific shore
From the green ol' Smoky Mountains to the southlands by the shore
She's mighty tall and handsome and she's known quite well by all
She's the regular combination on the Wabash Cannonball

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar

As she glides along the woodland, through the hills and by the shore

Hear the mighty rush of the engine, hear the lonesome hoboos call

You're traveling through the jungles on the Wabash Cannonball

Our eastern states are dandy, so the people always say
From New York to St. Louis with Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota where the rippling waters fall
No changes can be taken on the Wabash Cannonball

Now here's to Daddy Claxton, may his name forever stand
And always be remembered through the courts throughout the land
His earthly race is over, now the curtains 'round him fall
We'll carry him home to victory on the Wabash Cannonball

We Shall Not Be Moved

*(Adapted from old gospel hymn "I Shall Not Be Moved"
by African-American textile workers in North Carolina during the 1920s.
This version was first sung in 1931 by members of the West Virginia Miner's Union.)*

Chorus, repeated after each verse:

We shall not, we shall not be moved
We shall not, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
The union is behind us, we shall not be moved
Just like a tree that's standing by the water
We shall not be moved.

For Civil Rights version, see Page 58.

Similarly:

We're black and white together,
we shall not be moved . . .

We'll stand and fight together . . .

We're fighting for our freedom . . .

We'll build a mighty union . . .

We're young and old together . . .

We're fighting for our children . . .

(Other opening lines can be added)

The Hamburg Show Song

Oh, we're going to the Hamburg Show,
See the lion and the wild kangaroo,
And we'll all stick together
In fair or stormy weather
'Cause we're going to see the whole thing through!

Thought by many to be a song written about the annual Hamburg Show at Swarthmore, the song printed above is a version of one that appears in the novel One Man's Initiation — 1917 by John dos Passos (New York: Doran, 1922), on Page 16.

Oh we're going to the Hamburg show
To see the elephant and the wild kangaroo,
And we'll all stick together
In fair or foul weather,
For we're going to see the damn show through!

On Page 12 of the novel, it appears with "bound for" instead of "going to" in the first line. That version was copied in the Crum Creek Hymnal, which was compiled and printed in the week between written and oral Honors exams in 1965.

Another version of the song, "The Wild West Show," is widely sung by British rugby clubs as part of a bawdy comedy routine, which can be found on YouTube.

Is this athletic connection related to the fact that the annual Hamburg Show at Swarthmore was sponsored by KWINK, the Society of Men's Athletic Team Managers?

We are off to see the Wild West show
With the elephants and the kangaroos
No matter what the weather
As long as we're together
We're off to see the Wild West show.

When the Saints Go Marching In

(Traditional African-American spiritual, with new intro and bridge by The Weavers, 1951;
last four verses by Peter Blood, 1976.)

Introduction:

We are trav'ling in the footsteps
Of those who've gone before
But we'll all be reunited (But if we stand reunited)
On a new and sunlit shore (Then a new world is in store)

Oh, when the saints go marching in
When the saints go marching in
Oh, Lord, I want to be in that number
When the saints go marching in

Similarly:

And when the sun refuse (begins) to shine . . .

When the moon turns red with blood . . .

On that hallelujah day . . .

Oh, when the trumpet sounds the call . . .

Bridge:

Some say this world of trouble
Is the only one we need
But I'm waiting for that morning
When the new world is revealed

Oh, when the new world is revealed . . .

When the revelation (revolution) comes . . .

When the rich go out and work . . .

When the air is pure and clean . . .

When we all have food to eat . . .

When our leaders learn to cry . . .

The Wraggle Taggle Gypsies

There were three gypsies a-come to my door
And downstairs ran this lady-o
One sang high and another sang low
And the other sang bonny bonny Biscay-o

Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather-o
The ragged ragged rags about our door
And she's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o

It was late last night when my lord came home
Inquiring for his lady-o
The servants said on every hand
"She's gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!"

"Oh, saddle to me my milk-white steed
And go and fetch my pony-o
That I may ride and seek my bride
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o"

Oh, he rode high and he rode low
He rode through wood and copses too
Until he came to a wide open field
And there he espied his a-lady-o

"What makes you leave your house and land
What makes you leave your money-o
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord
To follow the wraggle taggle gypsies-o?"

"What care I for my house and land
What care I for my money-o
What care I for my new-wedded lord
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!"

"Last night you slept on a goosefeather bed
With sheet turned down so bravely-o
Tonight you'll sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o"

"What care I for my goosefeather bed
With the sheet turned down so bravely-o
For tonight I shall sleep in a cold open field
Along with the wraggle taggle gypsies-o!"

APPENDIX A

In memory of Roger Abrahams '55

Roger D. Abrahams

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Roger David Abrahams (June 12, 1933 – June 20, 2017) was an American [folklorist](#) whose work focused on the expressive cultures and cultural histories of the Americas, with a specific emphasis on [African American](#) peoples and traditions. He was the Hum Rosen Professor of Humanities Emeritus at the [University of Pennsylvania](#), where he taught in the Department of Folklore and Folklife. He was the author of a large number of books, among which *Everyday Life: A Poetics of Vernacular Practices* is a recent title, and was the founding Director of Penn's Center for Folklore and Ethnography, a research and public outreach unit associated with the Department of Folklore and Folklife.

Education and career

Abrahams was one of three children born to Robert D. Abrahams and Florence Kohn Abrahams, in [Philadelphia, Pennsylvania](#). His education included [Swarthmore College](#) in [Swarthmore, Pennsylvania](#), where he obtained a B.A. with Honors in English in 1955; [Columbia University](#) in [New York](#), where he obtained a M.A. with Honors in Literature and Folklore in 1959; and the University of Pennsylvania, where he obtained a Ph.D. in Literature and Folklore in 1961.

Abrahams' career began almost immediately after he obtained his Ph.D., first at the [University of Texas](#) as instructor (1960–63), assistant professor (1963–66), and then associate professor (1966–69) in the Department of English. He became a full professor in 1969 in the departments of English and Anthropology and remained there for ten years. While a professor, he also served for two years beginning in 1968 as the Associate Director for the Center for Intercultural Studies in Folklore and Oral History and for five years beginning in 1974 as department chairman. From Texas he moved to [Scripps College](#) and [Pitzer College](#) in [Claremont, California](#), where he was Alexander H. Kenan Professor of Humanities and Anthropology for six years. In 1986 he returned to the University of Pennsylvania, where he taught Folklore and Folklife and was named the Hum Rosen Professor of Folklore and Folklife, and founded the Center for Folklore and Ethnography. Upon his retirement in 2002, he was named professor emeritus.

Swarthmore Folk

Research and publications

Abrahams published 21 books and monographs, 60 book chapters and introductions, 64 scholarly articles, and 10 review articles. He was also published in eight magazine articles, six encyclopedia and handbook entries, 25 "notes" sections, and as many as 55 reviews of his work were published by other authors. His books include: *Everyday Life: A Poetics of Vernacular Practices* (2005), *The Man-of-Words in the West Indies: Performance and Emergence of Creole Culture* (1983), *Blues for New Orleans: Mardi Gras and America's Creole Soul*, coauthored with [Nick Spitzer](#), [John Szwed](#), and Bob Thomson (2006); and *And Other Neighborly Names: Social Process and Cultural Image in Texas Folklore*, coauthored with [Richard Bauman](#) (2011). Most of Abrahams' texts were dedicated to his study of African-American and Caribbean culture. Most notable were *African Folktales* (1983), *African-American Folktales: Stories from Black Traditions in the New World* (1999), *After Africa and Singing the Master: The Emergence of African-American Culture in the Plantation South* (1992). His research interests included folksongs and ballads from various cultures, numerous forms of African-American folklore, [West Indian](#) folklore, riddle study, proverbs, children's folklore, and festival and ritual.

Honors

Abrahams was a Fellow of the [American Folklore Society](#) and served as its president in 1979. He was awarded the society's [Kenneth Goldstein Award](#) for Lifetime Academic Leadership in 2005. In 1965, he received a [Guggenheim Fellowship](#).

References

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Recollections of Ralph Rinzler '56, Pete Seeger, Mike Seeger, Peggy Seeger, and the Swarthmore College Folk Festivals, by Roger Abrahams '55

How many people can date the exact moment in which their lives were changed? Ralph and I were to muse about such a moment many times over the next decades. As students at Swarthmore College in the early fifties, and as music junkies, we were involved in as many different kinds of music as were on offer on campus. In the spring every year, Swarthmore had a Folk Festival, a weekend affair that centered on a concert and a square dance. The second year I was there, Pete Seeger was the man. Already the McCarthy era was in full sway, and the word of the blacklist was out, and Pete was on it. The Weavers had been forced out of the nightclub business, and Pete was back doing concerts. He was a hero who lived up to his advance billing.

As so many have noticed, he is his banjo, stretched-neck, legs apart, head lifted to the skies, demanding nothing but total involvement in life and the experience of the moment. He asked of everyone whether they would not sing together and bear the consequences of such a brotherly act. He demanded that everyone think about what we were singing, and act upon what we had to think about the issues to which the songs responded.

I was sitting there with Ralph, and we turned to each other at the intermission and decided that we would go looking for our banjos the next day. Not that Pete was preaching that everyone should play and sing for themselves or even each other: this was music with meaning, telling of the sorrows and problems of lives lived on the edge of poverty and social indifference.

Singing these songs involved a commitment to the people who had made them or kept them alive through lives of struggle. I think I could dredge up every song he sang that night and in what order, and what he had to say about them. I know he began with "Sourwood Mountain" moving it into "Ida Red," showing us that the banjo was more than just an instrument to strum behind songs. I remember "John Hardy"

the long-lost lover, and "John Henry" who beat the steamdrill down, "Wimoweh" and "Sixteen Tons" and the stories about hard times in Harlan County, and Merle Travis and Aunt Molly Jackson and her brother Jim Garland who took those experiences and made hard-time songs out of them. He brought songs and the act of singing together to high pitch, but he also made everyone want to meet these singers to hear them up close, talking and testifying in their songs and stories.

If Pete was leading the singing-dancing throng for student audiences all over the country, Pete's half-siblings Mike and Peggy showed up at the Festival, undoubtedly on Ralph's urging. The action spilled out of the auditorium onto the lawn in front of Parrish Hall. The number of those coming for the Festival had mushroomed, and the spirit a lot more focused on everyone getting a chance to play and sing with each other. A great many of the new folkies were veterans of the Sunday melee in Washington Square. Like Peggy and Mike, they were our age; they told us and showed us that this was not star stuff we were dealing with but down-to-earth music that everyone could aspire to play. "Kitchen Music," Mike was to call it later.

For the generation that spread throughout the country searching out more of these songs, it came to be associated not so much with the kitchen but with the greater comfort of the parlor where we were invited to sit by the woodstove, song-swapping with the great tradition-bearers of the hills, mountains and the plains. Today, when those folkies get together, it is not only to reaffirm the usefulness of this enterprise, but to talk about what it was that had us charging in that direction.

When I went to Swarthmore in 1951, having already graduated from a ukulele to a four-stringed guitar, I didn't find much of an audience for the songs I knew because everybody else

(Roger Abrahams, continued)

knew them too, and from the same sources. Everyone wanted to hear unusual and trenchant folksongs, something from the working stiff or the man on the road, low-down, lonesome, longway from home. And no four-stringed outfit was going to cut it for me to be taken seriously. It had to be a real guitar, a six-string affair, so getting hold of one of them turned into the first order of business. I had the Burl Ives recordings and book, even saw him in "Sing Out, Sweet Land" in high school, so I knew those songs, but this gang was way ahead of me, and those songs were already thought of as worn-out, ones everyone knew.

So I borrowed or bought whatever could be gotten in the line of folksong and tried to learn some new ones. I then waited my turn at the sing-arounds, hoping that no one would sing the one I had just worked up. I had one thing going for me in those days—a big voice. Never one for subtlety (that was for the girls singing love ballads), I could sing louder than anyone else.

Thrilled with my little successes, the summer between my freshman and sophomore years I went back to Paris to shout wherever audiences might find me. Mostly, it turned out to be on the streets, though that turned a little difficult when a group of us drew a crowd of evening strollers and the flics thought a night in jail might just calm us. A blues singer, Inez Cavanaugh, who had a nightclub in the student quarter, took pity on me and gave me an audience if I would agree not to shout too loud while I was inside.

Coming back from that summer campaign, I had a lot of war stories to tell, and quite a few new songs that had come my way. Ralph and I met that fall—he was in the class behind me—and we shared a lot of musical interests, Gilbert and Sullivan, opera, whatever.

When Pete Seeger sang that day at Swarthmore, Ralph and I sat next to each other. Pete made us aware that there was a whole world of singers and their songs out there to be discovered.

"Get yourself a banjo and take to the road and experience the playing and the singing of these great American forms of expression." Failing that, get some old records of country singers like Uncle Dave Macon and learn about other good-time music from them.

As a native Philadelphian, I knew where the best pawn shops were, so the next day I took the Media, Wawa and West Chester local into town, went to South Street, and picked up a few instruments and bore them in state to the campus. Ralph was not happy with the huge fretless, over-decorated jobby that I had picked.

We soon discovered some of the records that would lead us to the heart of this mysterious universe. Between us, we already had copies of those Library of Congress recordings that were first issued on 78s, and we found that they had been reissued on long-playing discs, then coming into sway.

Visiting New York and hooking up with a friend from my Paris summers, Dick Singer, I always caught up with the latest folk recordings. Dick worked at Sam Goody's, so he had first look at the new recordings being issued. This trip he was wearing a shit-eating grin when we connected, and so I asked what the occasion was. He said that he had kept aside a new issue from Folkways. He handed me a six-LP, three-volume set which had been pulled together by Harry Smith with a book within that defied description. It looked as if it were mimeographed, but there were images pasted in and a dippy, Zen overview of the material. Harry Smith had been one of those strange characters who hung around the Village with the Beatnik crowd, but who showed up every once in a while at folksong events.

After college, Ralph and I kept in touch, seeing each other at the Festival in '57, and various concerts and meetings on the East Coast. One weekend, we decided to drive up to Boston and look in on Peggy at the house called Old Joe

(Roger Abrahams, continued)

Clark's. On the way back, we were exhausted, sharing the driving, and Ralph, to his immense chagrin, drove into the back of a car at a toll booth.

Both of us were involved in singing, collecting, and studying old-time performances.

In the middle 1950s, Greenwich Village was the center of operations for folkniks, and from there we made forays both to sing on college campuses and in coffee houses around the country, and to search for old singers to learn about their music from them. When I moved there in 1957 I found myself in the middle of a folksinging throng, all the singers who found their way to the circle in Washington Square every Sunday and then to the house at 190 Spring Street where I was bunking, in what is now SoHo, for the song-swap that had turned into a weekly event. Many of those I first met at the Swarthmore Festival came there to trade songs and to catch up with old friends.



Many other of the songs widely sung by folkniks made their way onto popular folksong records between 1955 and 1964, as one group after another followed the success of The Weavers. One of these songs, "Freight Train," had special meaning for the singers of the Revival, as it had been taught to Peggy and Mike Seeger by Libba Cotton, a woman who had worked for their parents as they were growing up. Libba Cotton was a singer of great presence, who played the guitar left-handed in the finger-picking style widely found in the area of Carrboro, North

Carolina, where she grew up. Thus, it was not only the song that had such an impact, but the style in which she played it, for the figured alternation of base and treble notes in syncopation became one of the most important ways in which folksingers developed their musical abilities.

In fact, for many of us of my generation, that was how we learned to fingerpick. We heard Peggy or Mike sing it someplace, listened closely, fumbled, bumbled, finally got the alternation and pulse, if not the affecting musicality. Ralph Rinzler, of course, had learned it already, and he was able to tell when we were going down the road too long.

For those sweet singers of my generation, Peggy and Mike were more important than anyone else. For sheer musicality, and passion about the uses to which music might be put, well And taking up for the overlooked and the underserved, ditto. Mike's espousal of all the forgotten musics out there called our attention to the kind of commitment needed to really be an active member of the Folksong Revival—though as Mike is given to saying, "What folksong revival? They've been here all the time. We just have to learn to play and sing them right."



Excerpted from a longer manuscript, May 2009.
Ralph Rinzler died on July 2, 1994.
Mike Seeger died on August 7, 2009.
Pete Seeger died on January 27, 2014.
Peggy Seeger turned 82 on June 17, 2017.
Roger Abrahams died on June 20, 2017.



APPENDIX B

In memory of Paul Booth '64

Paul R. Booth

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Paul Booth (June 7, 1943 – January 17, 2018) was an activist, anti-war protester, and lifelong labor organizer.

Called “one of the labor movement’s key strategists” by Harold Meyerson and “an organizer’s organizer” by American Federation of State County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME) President Lee Saunders, he began his work in labor movement in 1966 as research director for the United Packinghouse Workers of America. He became an organizing director for AFSCME where he worked for four decades. Prior to that, he was a student organizer in the class of 1964, forming a chapter of the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) at Swarthmore and was one of the drafters of the SDS Port Huron Statement. He became the SDS national secretary for a year, moving to Chicago in 1965. He was one of the chief organizers of the April 1965 March on Washington to End the War in Vietnam as part of SDS’s Peace Research and Education Project which he co-led with Todd Gitlin.

He spoke at the first day of the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia in 2016 after Hillary Clinton appointed him to serve on the Democratic Party’s platform drafting committee. He retired from his position of executive assistant to AFSCME’s President Saunders in 2017 and continued to write about political strategy for the 2018 election. On his retirement early in 2017, Representative Jan Schakowsky inserted into the Congressional Record an appreciation of Paul Booth’s “contributions to the progressive movement as an activist, organizer, mentor and leader,” praising the “rich legacy and a lasting record of achievement” that he would leave behind.

Personal life

Booth grew up in Washington, D.C. His parents were both Socialist Party members: his mother was a psychiatric social worker and his father was an economist with the Department of Labor who helped craft Social Security during the Roosevelt administration. He graduated from Swarthmore College in 1964. He was married to Heather Booth (née Tobis) in July 1967 and was interviewed in a documentary about her life. They had two children, Gene and Dan.

He died January 17, 2018, from complications of chronic lymphocytic leukemia.

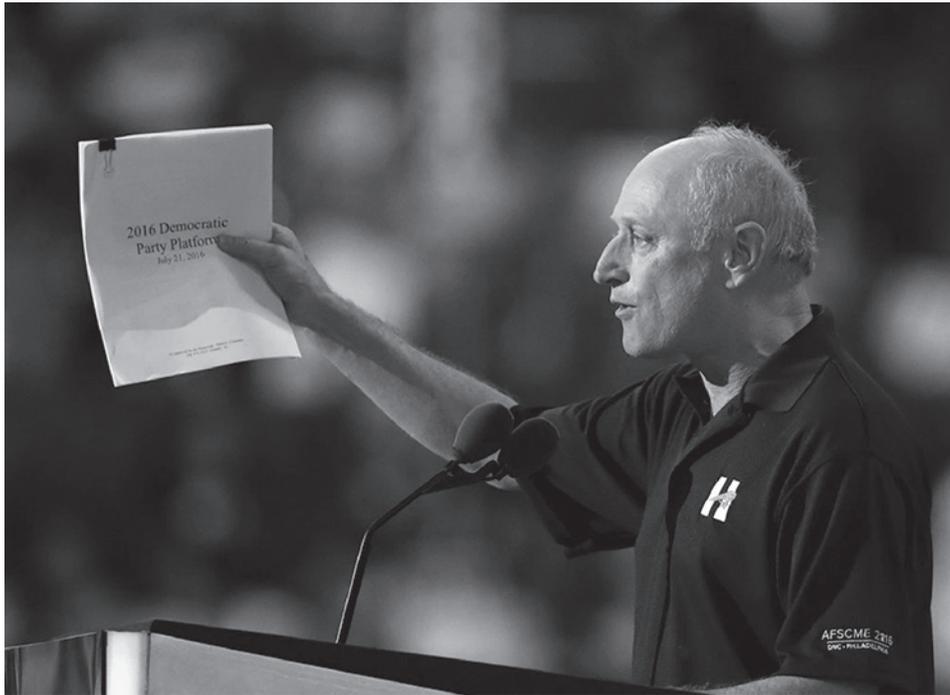
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Paul Booth, Antiwar Organizer and Union Stalwart, Dies at 74



Paul Booth speaking on the first day of the Democratic National Convention in Philadelphia in 2016.
Credit: Paul Sancya/Associated Press

By Sam Roberts

• Jan. 18, 2018

•

Paul Booth, a leading architect of the first major march on Washington against the Vietnam War in 1965 and later an influential union organizer and a vigorous opponent of anti-labor legislation, died on Wednesday in Washington. He was 74.

His death, apparently of sudden complications of chronic lymphocytic leukemia, was confirmed by his wife, Heather, also a prominent advocate for liberal social causes. He died the same day Ms. Booth was arrested at a sit-in on Capitol Hill to support the Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals program, known as DACA.

In the mid-1960s, Mr. Booth was a national spokesman for the fractious antiwar group Students for a Democratic Society.

He also became a leader of the radical Chicago community organizer Saul Alinsky's movement to help poor residents of metropolitan neighborhoods and, later, the chief assistant to Gerald W. McEntee, the president until 2012 of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees, the nation's largest public employee union.

He retired last year as executive assistant to Mr. McEntee's successor, Lee Saunders.

"Paul was an organizer's organizer, a man of great generosity and integrity, a friend and mentor to so many people in AFSCME, the labor movement and the progressive community," Mr. Saunders said in an email on Thursday.

Mr. Booth lobbied against President George W. Bush's proposal to privatize Social Security. He also, with mixed success, resisted efforts by Gov. Scott Walker of Wisconsin to cripple public sector unions. Mr. Booth told *The New York Times* last year that service workers were crucial to the survival of the union movement and to the Democratic Party, which trade unions have provided with money and manpower.

"The effort to strangle this opportunity has been the top strategic priority of the G.O.P.," he said. While union membership has stagnated, Mr. Booth said that millions of health care, personal service, education and government workers had enrolled in recent decades.

While union membership has stagnated, Mr. Booth said that millions of health care, personal service, education and government workers had enrolled in recent decades.

"For decades, Paul had been one of the labor movement's key strategists," the democratic socialist columnist Harold Meyerson wrote on Thursday on the website of the liberal magazine *The American Prospect*. "Paul devised the nation's very first living-wage campaign, helped mastermind the 1995 insurgency that ousted the old-line Cold Warriors from the leadership of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and mentored scores — perhaps hundreds — of union leaders and organizers, movement activists and elected officials."

Paul Robert Booth was born on June 7, 1943, in Washington. His father, Philip Booth, worked for the Labor Department and drafted Social Security legislation and programs for migrant workers. His mother was the former Mary Markowitz.

He majored in political science at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania and graduated in 1964.

In addition to his wife, the former Heather Tobis (whom he had met at a sit-in against the draft at the University of Chicago), he is survived by two sons, Eugene Victor Booth (named after Eugene V. Debs, the socialist labor leader) and Daniel Garrison Booth (named for Daniel De Leon, the socialist editor); a brother, Michael; and five grandchildren.

Despite his early opposition to the Vietnam War, his campaign to register draft resisters as conscientious objectors and his protests against American banks as "partners in apartheid," because of their ties to the South African government, Mr. Booth was considered a moderate by S.D.S. standards. As the national secretary of S.D.S., he popularized the slogan "Build, Not Burn" to promote civilian public service work as an alternative to the military draft.

Unlike some of his more militant colleagues, he also believed that by seeking political office and supporting candidates and campaigns, he and his fellow leftists could further the organization's broader political agenda.

Mr. Booth was a chief organizer of the April 1965 Washington march, during which more than 15,000 protesters paraded from the Washington Monument to the Capitol and picketed the White House. The march was also supported by Women Strike for Peace and the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, among other groups.

"We're really not just a peace group," Mr. Booth, just 21 at the time, told *The Times* in 1965. "We are working on domestic problems — civil rights, poverty, university reform. We feel passionately and angrily about things in America, and we feel that a war in Asia will destroy what we're trying to do here."

In his book "SDS: The Rise and Development of the Students for a Democratic Society" (1973), Kirkpatrick Sale wrote that Mr. Booth's politics, "which had always been in the careful center of S.D.S., hardly made him open or responsive to the new, often bizarre, usually romantic, always militant ideas coming up from under."

Moreover, Mr. Sale wrote, Mr. Booth's style, "with a flint-sharp mind, a skillful tongue and years of in

fighting experience in political groups, was abrasive to the younger and less sophisticated people around the office.”

“The Booth regime, which lasted the entire school year, was the old guard’s last fling,” Mr. Sale concluded.

Another leader of the group, Todd Gitlin, now a journalism and sociology professor at Columbia University, recalled in “The Sixties: Years of Hope, Days of Rage” (1989) that in 1964 Mr. Booth cautioned that “we must tread delicately on the Vietnam question because lots of S.D.S. people are far from being for withdrawal.”

Professor Gitlin recalled in an email on Thursday that Mr. Booth had also been one of the authors of a manifesto that argued for moving into mainstream politics.

“Unfortunately,” Professor Gitlin said, “S.D.S. was moving in different directions.”

Mr. Booth joined the labor movement in 1966 as research director for the United Packinghouse Workers of America. He became organizing director for the public employees union and then executive assistant to Mr. McEntee.

“Some labor leaders are bombastic,” Mr. Meyerson wrote in *The American Prospect*. “Paul was quiet, ironic, self-effacing, witty, warm, scholarly, and diligent — just the kind of guy who’d crunch the numbers to make a point about Latino realignment, whose commitment to a decent future for his nation was such that he’d research and rewrite from his hospital bed on what the Democrats needed to do to win in 2018, who could dismiss his own illness as a trifle indisposition.”

A version of this article appears in print on Jan. 20, 2018, on Page D6 of the New York edition with the headline: Paul Booth, Antiwar Figure in 1960s And Key Union Organizer, Dies at 74.



On January 18, 2018, the Executive Director of the National Employment Law Project posted to her blog:

NELP Mourns the Passing of Paul Booth

by Christine L. Owens

The National Employment Law Project deeply mourns the sudden death last night of Paul Booth, a tireless advocate and great AFSCME leader who, over a long and visionary career, never stopped fighting for working people.

Paul and the love of his life, Heather, gave tirelessly of themselves to the unfinished business of building a fairer, more inclusive and progressive nation that will one day deliver on its promise of equality and justice for all. Their boundless energy and incomparable talents inspired generations of activists, sustained us in dark periods, enriched all the great movements of their lifetimes, and propelled us all to act. To top it off, Paul’s effervescence, wicked good humor, and zest for life were infectious, bringing us laughter and joy even in the most trying moments.

This is one of those moments, and we need him now. Paul Booth was a mensch. We will always love him, always revere him, and always draw inspiration from his example in our own fight for all working people. Shortly before his death, Paul reminded friends that although, as Dr. King taught, the moral arc of the universe bends toward justice, “It’s up to us to do the bending.”

Paul—and Heather—inspired and empowered armies of arc-benders, including many of us at NELP. Like the two of them—and especially now, in Paul’s memory and honor—we will never stop bending that arc.

This is one of those moments, and we need him now. Paul Booth was a mensch. We will always love him, always revere him, and always draw inspiration from his example in our own fight for all working people. Shortly before his death, Paul reminded friends that although, as Dr. King taught, the moral arc of the universe bends toward justice, “It’s up to us to do the bending.”



INFORMATION ABOUT SWARTHMORE FOLK

Swarthmore College Folk Festivals blossomed almost every spring from 1945 through 1967. By disseminating folk music and dancing among members of the College community and a large number of attendees from far and wide, the Festivals were important in helping to spark the urban folk revival.

In the spirit of the Swarthmore Folk Festivals, a group of alumni interested in the preservation and presentation of folk culture has been presenting folk music and dance and related events at Alumni Weekend each year since 1998, with generous support and patient help from the Office of Alumni Relations (now the Office of Alumni and Parent Engagement).

The group, under the banner of "Swarthmore Folk," welcomes participation of the entire Swarthmore College community, both in the Alumni Weekend activities and in communications via the Swarthmore Folk on-line discussion group provided by the Alumni Office.

Some of those communications, but certainly not all, relate to planning future Alumni Weekend activities. In addition, noteworthy folk events, publications, recordings, and persons have been frequent topics of discussion-group messages. **Information about subscribing is on Page 110 of this Songbook.**

Publication of a brief history of the Swarthmore College Folk Festivals by Ralph Lee Smith '51 in the March 1997 issue of the *Swarthmore College Bulletin* was the occasion for starting the Folk Festivals listserv (the predecessor to the on-line discussion group) and the Alumni Weekend folk activities. That article, "If I Had a Song ...," is a valuable historical reference and source of anecdotes. It is available in the on-line archives of the *Bulletin*:

bulletin.swarthmore.edu/bulletin-issue-archive/wp-content/archived_issues_pdf/Bulletin_1997_03.pdf

After publication of the article, early subscribers to the listserv got together to jam at Alumni Weekend 1997. They quickly started planning for the following year, with encouragement from Barbara Haddad Ryan '59, then associate vice president for external affairs and head of the Alumni Office.

The result was a Folk Festival Reunion at Alumni Weekend 1998, including an exhibit of Folk Festival memorabilia and a talk by Willa Freeman Grunes '47 on "The Swarthmore Folk Scene in the '40s," in addition to the kinds of events that have characterized Swarthmore Folk programs in subsequent years. The efforts of Arnold Gessel '54, the long-time chair of Swarthmore Folk, who died in 2013, were crucial to the success of those programs.

At various times, Swarthmore Folk programs at Alumni Weekend have included informal singing and playing, an open mike, a Friday Folk Power lunch and a Sunday breakfast jam, as well as a concert and a talk or workshop featuring one or more performers with ties to the Swarthmore Folk Festivals. (See Page 13 of this Songbook for a list of featured performers at the Folk Festivals and in Swarthmore Folk programs at Alumni Weekend.)

The Friends Historical Library houses the archives of the Swarthmore Folk Festival as part of its Swarthmore College archives. At Alumni Weekend 2004, Swarthmore Folk presented to the Friends Historical Library a set of nine compact discs containing historic recordings of folk music performed at Swarthmore in the 1940s, '50s, and '60s. A tenth compact disc was added during Alumni Weekend 2005. These recordings came to light as a direct result of alumni becoming aware of the active interest of Swarthmore Folk through our Alumni Weekend activities.

We hope to see you at future Alumni Weekends and in the on-line discussion group!

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SUBSCRIBING TO THE SWARTHMORE FOLK ON-LINE DISCUSSION GROUP

The Office of Alumni and Parent Engagement maintains electronic discussion groups for various class years, geographic areas, and affinity groups. The Swarthmore Folk discussion group is one of those affinity groups, for alumni interested in folk music and dance and related activities.

To subscribe, write to Caitlin Halloran Edwards <challor2@swarthmore.edu> in the Office of Alumni and Parent Engagement. She will add you to the group and send you a Welcome message. You may then send messages to the group by addressing them to <SwarthmoreFolk@swarthmore.edu>.

Please join us on line! We encourage new members of the Swarthmore Folk discussion group to introduce themselves on line, with a description of their background and interests related to folk music or dance.

Before March 1, 2016, a Folk Festivals discussion group facilitated communication among members of Swarthmore Folk. All alumni discussion groups were shut down on March 1, when the vendor of the "Online Community" system went out of business. The new Swarthmore Folk discussion group was activated on May 9, 2016.

For general information about alumni discussion groups, go to:
<swarthmore.edu/alumni/discussion-groups>

