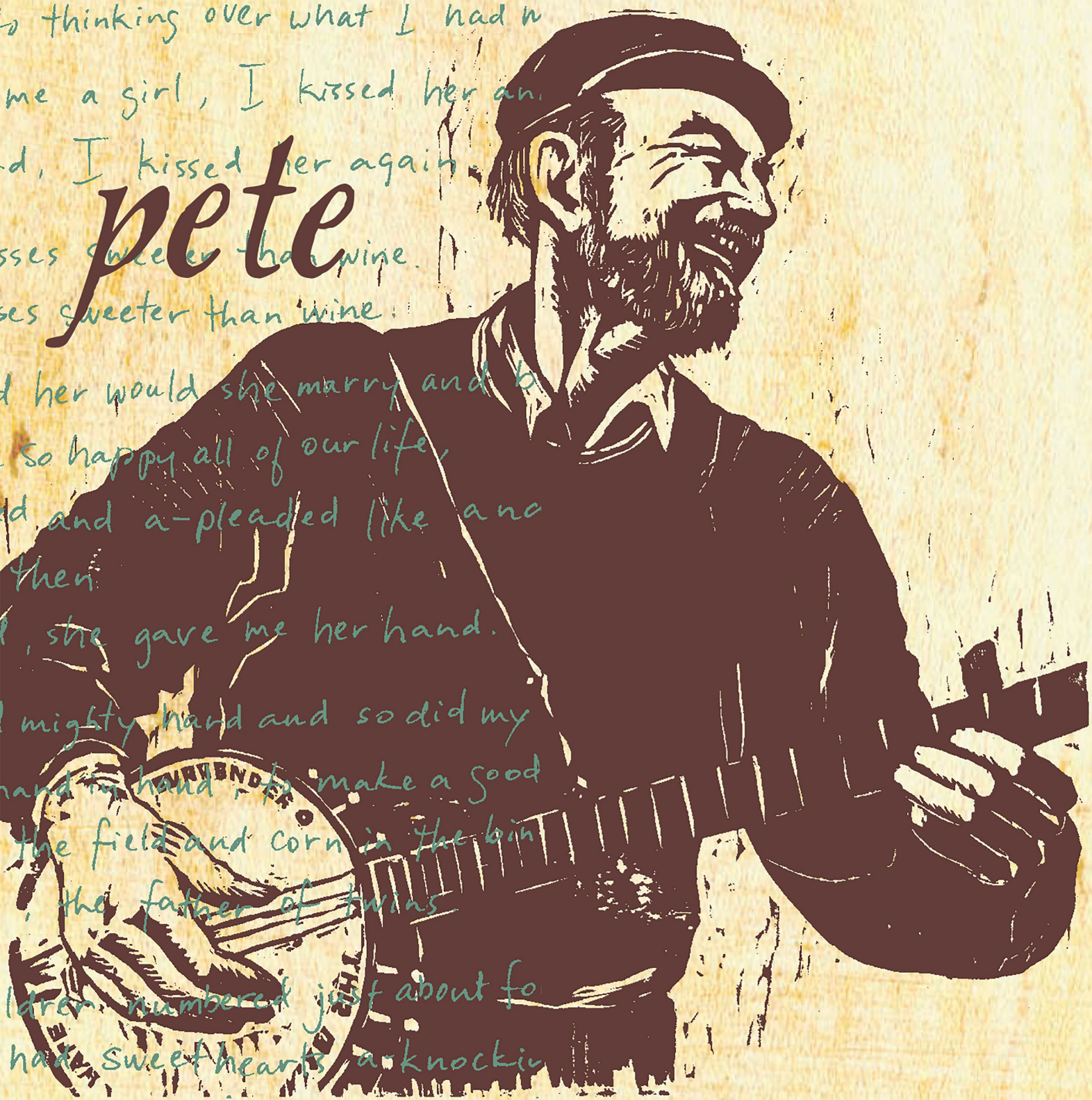


→ thinking over what I had w
me a girl, I kissed her an
d, I kissed her again.
esses sweeter than wine.
esses sweeter than wine.

and her would she marry and b
so happy all of our life,
d and a-pleaded like a no
then.

and she gave me her hand.
I mighty hard and so did my
hand in hand, to make a good
the field and corn in the bin
the father of twins
ldren numbered just about fo
had sweethearts, a knockin

pete



Well may the World Go

Well may the World go,
the world go, the world go.
Well may the world go,
When I'm far away.

Well may the skiers turn,
the swimmers churn, the lovers burn
Peace, may the generals learn
When I'm far away.

Sweet may the fiddle sound
The banjo play the old hoe down
Dancers swing round and round
When I'm far away.

Fresh may the breezes blow
Clear may the streams flow
Blue above, green below
When I'm far away.

Music adapted, words by Pete Seeger.

© 1973 Stormking Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, banjo

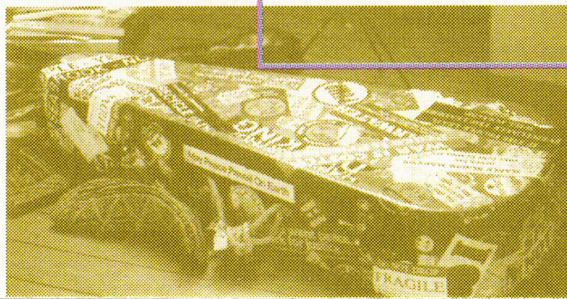
Paul Prestopino | banjo

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | triangle

Gaudeamus | chorus

Jennifer Almqvist



These new words to a traditional song occurred to me one day—they just sort of wrote themselves—and in a few hours I'd got the verses set. I've known the tune practically all my life—I think it was in my school songbook. The "original" song was "Weel May The Keel Row" ("Well May The Boat Row") from Newcastle-on-Tyne, northeast England. It was in 6/8 time. Now it's 4/4.



UPI

What can a song do?...

My Rainbow Race

2

One blue sky above us
One ocean lapping all our shore
One earth so green and round
Who could ask for more
And because I love you
I'll give it one more try
To show my rainbow race
It's too soon to die.

Some folks want to be like an ostrich,
Bury their heads in the sand.
Some hope that plastic dreams
Can unclench all those greedy hands.
Some hope to take the easy way:
Poisons, bombs - They think we need 'em.
Don't you know you can't kill all the unbelievers?
There's no shortcut to freedom.

Go tell, go tell all the little children.
Tell all the mothers and fathers too.
Now's our last chance to learn to share
What's been given to me and you.

Words and music by Pete Seeger, 1967

©1970 by Sanga Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

Paul Prestopino | 6-string guitar

David Finck | bass

Gaudeamus | chorus

I'd just returned from a tour in Japan. Early a.m., in a Hollywood motel, I pick up a copy of *Variety*, the entertainment business bible, famous for headlines like "Stix Nix Hix Pix."

I leaf through it, see an ad from Yamaha, "Win a free trip to Japan! World song contest! Fill out these music staves with your song and mail it in to us!"

There was a page of blank music staves. I wrote this song and mailed it in. Never heard from them. But I won a prize—a song I've sung ever since.



"The best and loudest singer that I ever run onto his name was Huddie Ledbetter and we all called him Leadbelly, his arms were like big stove pipes, and his face was powerful and he picked the twelve-string guitar."

-Woody Guthrie



Huddie Ledbetter Was a Helluva Man

3

Huddie Ledbetter was a helluva man,
Huddie got his music from the heart of the land,
In his voice you could hear John Henry's hammer ring
While his hands would "buck and wing" upon the big twelve string
Sometimes a lion, sometimes a lamb,
Huddie Ledbetter was a helluva man.

He's a long time gone (He's a long time gone)
But his songs live on (But his songs live on)
He's a long time gone (He's a long time gone)
But his songs live on (But his songs live on)

Down in Lou'siana, eighteen eighty-eight
There was a black baby born into a white man's state;
He saw the cane and cotton stretch for miles around.
He heard his mama's voice a-singing when the sun went down:
Into a world where having dark skin was a crime,
Huddie was born—and started serving his time.

Teenage Huddie went to Shreveport town
There he got in trouble, was jailhouse bound
The odds were slim that he would get out alive
But somehow Huddie and his music survived
He escaped just once, was put back again
He was called Leadbelly by the rest of the men.

It depends who you are

A collector, name a' Lomax, brought a record machine,
Huddie sang 'em sweet and high, he sang 'em low and mean;
for years to come, they would tell the tale
Of how Huddie Ledbetter sang his way out-a jail,
Sayin', "If I had you, Governor, Like-a you got me
I'd a-wake up in the morning and I'd set you free."
He got his farewell ticket back in '49
He caught the midnight special on the Rock Island Line;
But I bet you when he wakened from his earthly dream
He was wakened by a kiss from a gal named Irene,
Now millions of people the whole world around
Are taking Huddie's hammer up and swinging it down!

Words by Lorre Wyatt with additional lines

by Pete Seeger. Music by Lorre Wyatt.

©1988 Roots and Branches Music (BMI)

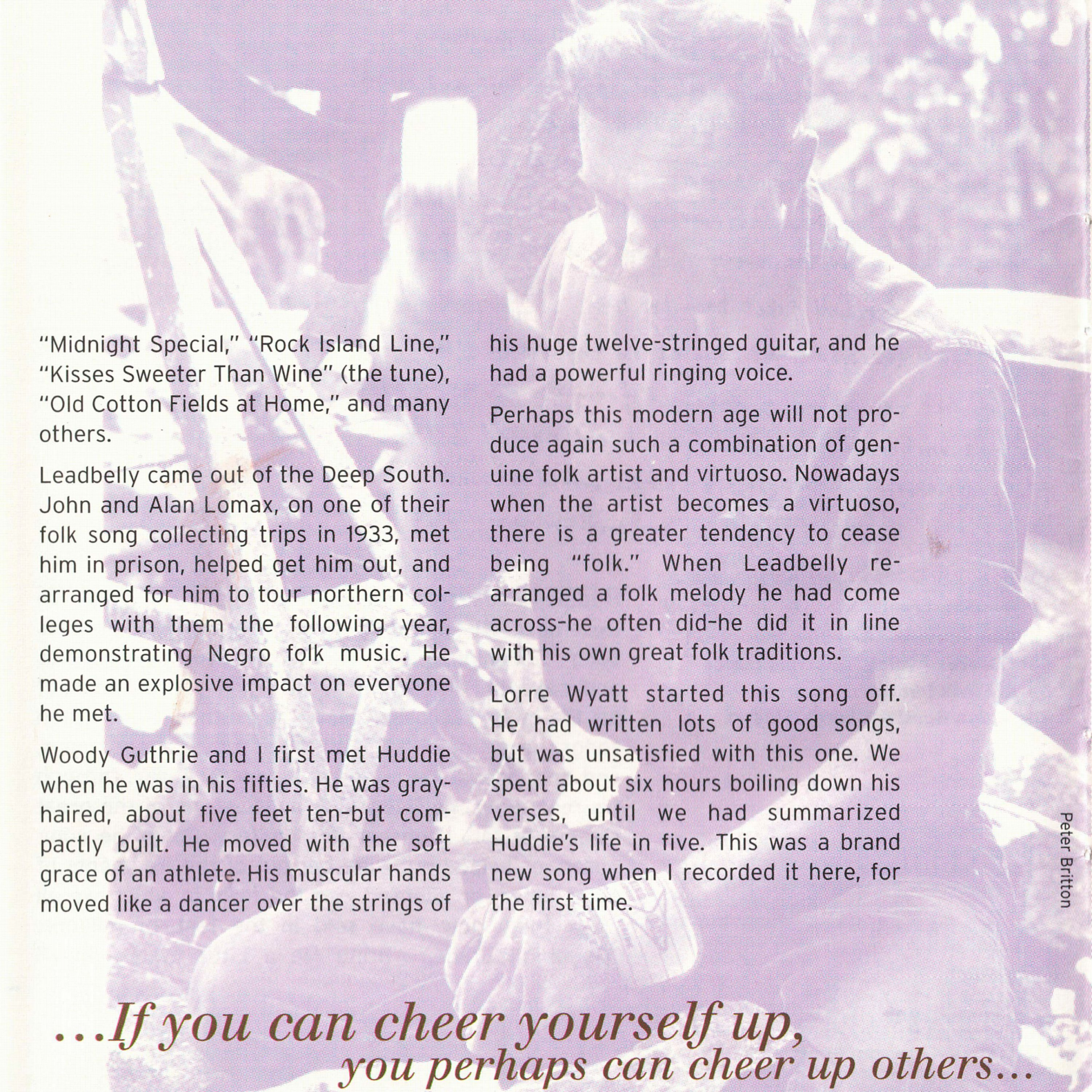
Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

David Finck | bass

The Union Baptist Church Singers

Huddie Ledbetter, nicknamed Leadbelly, died in December 1949, age sixty-two, just six months before his song "Goodnight Irene" was to sell two million copies and make Hit Parade history. Until the last three years of his life he had recorded barely more than a few dozen songs, never made any Hollywood movie appearances, and only occasional radio appearances. Today, through his recordings, he is world-famous as one of the great singers of folk songs of this century. Songs he composed, or helped put together out of the fragments of older tunes, or adapted into the form in which we all know them now, have sold in the tens of millions: "Goodnight Irene," "Bring Me a Little Water, Silvy,"

and where you are. And when...



"Midnight Special," "Rock Island Line," "Kisses Sweeter Than Wine" (the tune), "Old Cotton Fields at Home," and many others.

Leadbelly came out of the Deep South. John and Alan Lomax, on one of their folk song collecting trips in 1933, met him in prison, helped get him out, and arranged for him to tour northern colleges with them the following year, demonstrating Negro folk music. He made an explosive impact on everyone he met.

Woody Guthrie and I first met Huddie when he was in his fifties. He was gray-haired, about five feet ten-but compactly built. He moved with the soft grace of an athlete. His muscular hands moved like a dancer over the strings of

his huge twelve-stringed guitar, and he had a powerful ringing voice.

Perhaps this modern age will not produce again such a combination of genuine folk artist and virtuoso. Nowadays when the artist becomes a virtuoso, there is a greater tendency to cease being "folk." When Leadbelly rearranged a folk melody he had come across-he often did-he did it in line with his own great folk traditions.

Lorre Wyatt started this song off. He had written lots of good songs, but was unsatisfied with this one. We spent about six hours boiling down his verses, until we had summarized Huddie's life in five. This was a brand new song when I recorded it here, for the first time.

Peter Britton

*...If you can cheer yourself up,
you perhaps can cheer up others...*

The Water is Wide

Traditional British. New last verse by Pete Seeger, 1982

©1993 by Sanga Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

Paul Winter | soprano sax

Gaudeamus | chorus

4
The water is wide, I cannot cross o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that can carry two.
And both shall row — my love and I.

A ship there was, and she sailed the sea.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not so deep as the love I'm in
I know not how, I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against some young oak
Thinking he was a trusty tree.
But first he bended and then he broke
And thus did my false love to me.

Oh love is handsome and love is fine
Gay as a jewel, when first it is new,
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
And fades away, like summer's dew.

The seagulls wheel, they turn and dive,
The mountain stands beside the sea.
This world we know turns round and round
And all for them — and you and me.

"The Water Is Wide" has long been one of the most widely known love laments in Britain. In both England and Scotland it has been in folk song collections for over a century or two, and known by a half-dozen or more names. I learned it from my sister Peggy. I'd seen the song in a book and I'd passed it by as one more of those weepy-waily sentimental songs. I was twenty-eight at the time and impatient with weepy-waily songs. Ten years later, at a party in my sister's house, I heard this version of it. She'd dropped the waily-waily verses and emphasized other ones. It means an awful lot to me now because I keep thinking of the ocean of misunderstanding between human beings. And we can sing all sorts of militant songs, but if we can't bridge that ocean of misunderstanding we are not going to get this world together.

You can make them proud of themselves, of their land, their people. You can help them

understand who they are, and where they came from, and perhaps where they might be going, and why. In olden times a singer just knew the songs of her/his own home town. Nowadays we have the heritages of the world to draw on if we have the skill and persistence to stick with something long enough to do it well.



All Mixed Up ⁵

You know this language that we speak
Is part German part Latin and part Greek
With some Celtic and Arabic and Scandinavian
all in the heap

— Well amended by the people in the street

Choctaw gave us the word Okay

Vamoose is a word from Mexico way.

And all of this is a hint, I suspect

— Of what comes next:

I think that this whole world
Soon, mama, my whole wide world
Soon, mama, my whole world
Soon, gonna, be get mixed up

I like Polish sausage I like Spanish rice

— Pizza pie is also nice

Corn and beans from the Indians here

Washed down by some German beer

Marco Polo travelled by camel and pony

— Brought to Italy the first macaroni

And you and I as well as we're able

— Put it all on the table.

There were no redheaded Irishmen

Before the Vikings landed in Ireland

How many Romans had dark curly hair

Before they brought slaves from Africa?

No race on earth is completely pure

Nor is anyone's mind and that's for sure.

The winds mix the dust of every land,

And so will woman and man.

Oh this doesn't mean we must all be the same

We'll have different faces and different names.

Long live many different kinds of races

And difference of opinion; that makes horse races

Just remember The Rule About Rules, brother:

"What's right with one is wrong with another."

And take a tip from La Belle France

— "Vive la difference."



Jennifer Almqvist

Words by Pete Seeger. Music from "Woman Tawry Lang," collected, adapted, & arranged by Louise Bennett Coverley.

Tune borrowed from a Caribbean melody.

© 1965 (renewed) by Stormking Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar,
whistling

Paul Prestopino | mandolin

Joanie Madden | pennywhistle

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | percussion

Tao Rodriguez-Seeger | voice

Gaudeamus | chorus

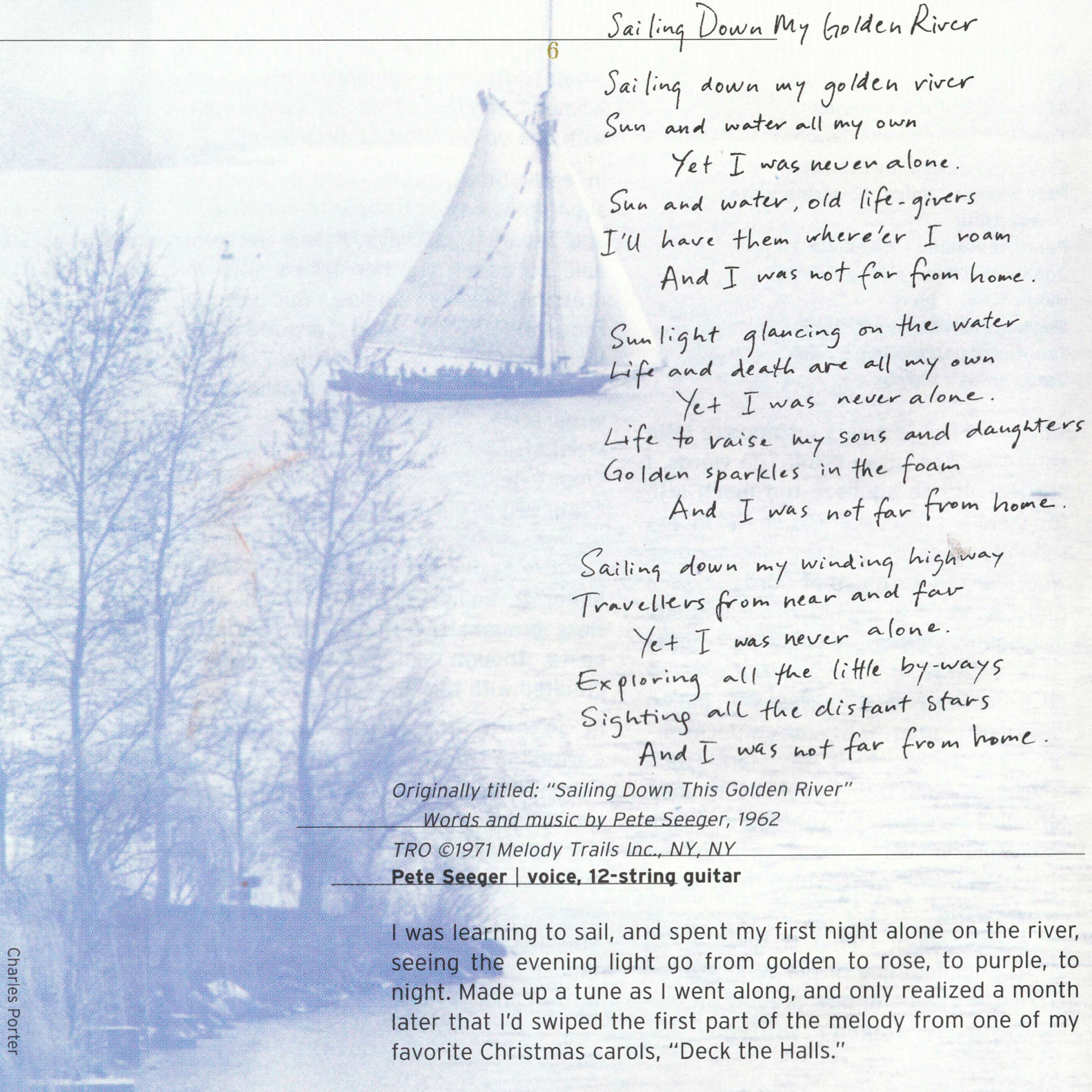
"All Mixed Up" is a very incomplete little song I cooked up in 1964. The words, I suspect, try to squeeze too much into too small a space: 1) It was an Oklahoma schoolteacher, of Choctaw background, who insisted to me that "okay" was a Choctaw word. In Choctaw, the language of trade in the Southeast, "o-ke" meant "it is" or "it is so." She said that Andrew Jackson learned it during the Indian wars, and signed "O.K. Andrew Jackson" on state papers. 2) It was Mark Twain who asserted that this would be an uninteresting world if everyone agreed with everyone else: "It were not best that we should all think alike; it is difference of opinion that makes horse races." 3) "The rule about rules" is for me the most important line of the song. 4) The French Parliament was arguing in the 1920s about women's suffrage. One

member said "After all, there's only a small difference between men and women," and the whole Parliament rose with one voice: "Vive la difference!"

In early times, human beings lived in separate tribes with separate languages and separate folkways. It was unthinkable to adopt another tribe's way of dressing, eating, singing. But several thousand years ago around the Mediterranean Sea, different cultures started borrowing from each other on a large scale. Words, architecture, foods. From Africa. From Asia. After the Roman Empire fell, the tradition of borrowing continued in Europe. The windmill came to Holland from Persia in the Eleventh Century. Soon after, gypsies brought the guitar to Spain. Ghenghis Kahn's warriors brought the fiddle, and perhaps pasta, though Marco Polo is usually credited with this.

In 1932 I first got bitten by the Caribbean music bug. "The Peanut Vendor" from Cuba was on all the airwaves. More than sixty years later I'm still captivated by the rhythms, the agile melodies. In 1991 I discovered that it was Louise Bennett, Jamaican folklorist, who in 1952 sang me a song which is almost identical to this melody: "Woman Tawry Lang."





Sailing Down My Golden River

Sailing down my golden river
Sun and water all my own
Yet I was never alone.
Sun and water, old life-givers
I'll have them where'er I roam
And I was not far from home.

Sunlight glancing on the water
Life and death are all my own
Yet I was never alone.
Life to raise my sons and daughters
Golden sparkles in the foam
And I was not far from home.

Sailing down my winding highway
Travellers from near and far
Yet I was never alone.
Exploring all the little by-ways
Sighting all the distant stars
And I was not far from home.

Originally titled: "Sailing Down This Golden River"

Words and music by Pete Seeger, 1962

TRO ©1971 Melody Trails Inc., NY, NY

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

I was learning to sail, and spent my first night alone on the river, seeing the evening light go from golden to rose, to purple, to night. Made up a tune as I went along, and only realized a month later that I'd swiped the first part of the melody from one of my favorite Christmas carols, "Deck the Halls."

Kisses Sweeter than Wine

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

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

I asked her would she marry and be my sweet wife,
 We'd be so happy all of our life,
 I begged and a-pleaded like a natural man,
 and then

Oh Lord, she gave me her hand.

I worked mighty hard and so did my wife.
 Workin' hand in hand, to make a good life.
 Wheat in the field and corn in the bin, I was,
 Oh Lord, the father of twins.

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

Now we are old, gettin' 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.



Words by Lee Hays with Ronnie Gilbert,
 Fred Hellerman and Pete Seeger, 1950

Music by Huddie Ledbetter

TRO ©1951 (renewed) & 1958 (renewed)

Folkways Music Publishers Inc., NY, NY

Pete Seeger | voice, banjo

Gaudeamus | chorus

with **The Cathedral Singers** →



Prof. Charles Lusk Seeger of the University of California and his family who are touring the country by automobile. Prof. Seeger is a composer of music, his wife an accomplished violinist, and the children are being prepared for musical careers. Photograph snapped during concert at camp of the



Huddie Ledbetter (Leadbelly) was at a party in Greenwich Village when he heard an Irish artist, Sam Kennedy, singing an Irish song, "Drimmin Down." Leadbelly liked the tune, but he wanted to sing it his own way. Some time later, at another crowded Greenwich Village party, he took Sam Kennedy aside into the bathroom, the only quiet place they could find. He said, "Sam, I'd like to sing your song, but I'm changing it a little, and I wonder if it is O.K. with you." Sam was very polite. He said, "Leadbelly, its an old, old song. Everybody's got a right to sing it the way they want to. You sing it your way; I'll sing it my way." Leadbelly changed the rhythm. Also garbled the words.

Once, I was humming through the melody as Leadbelly had played it. I was intrigued by the unusual chords Leadbelly used to accompany it. He'd played A major 7th chords, but sang it in A minor. But I couldn't remember his words. I found myself singing, "Oh-oh, kisses sweeter than wine." I knew it was a good idea for a chorus, but I wasn't skilled enough to figure what the heck to do with the rest of the song. I jotted the idea on a scrap of paper and dropped it in a file labeled "song ideas 1949."

A year later, us four Weavers (Lee, Ronnie, Fred and me) found ourselves in a most unexpected situation. Thanks to the enthusiasm of band-leader Gordon Jenkins, we'd recorded one of the

Another sunrise or another kiss; that's a reaffirmation



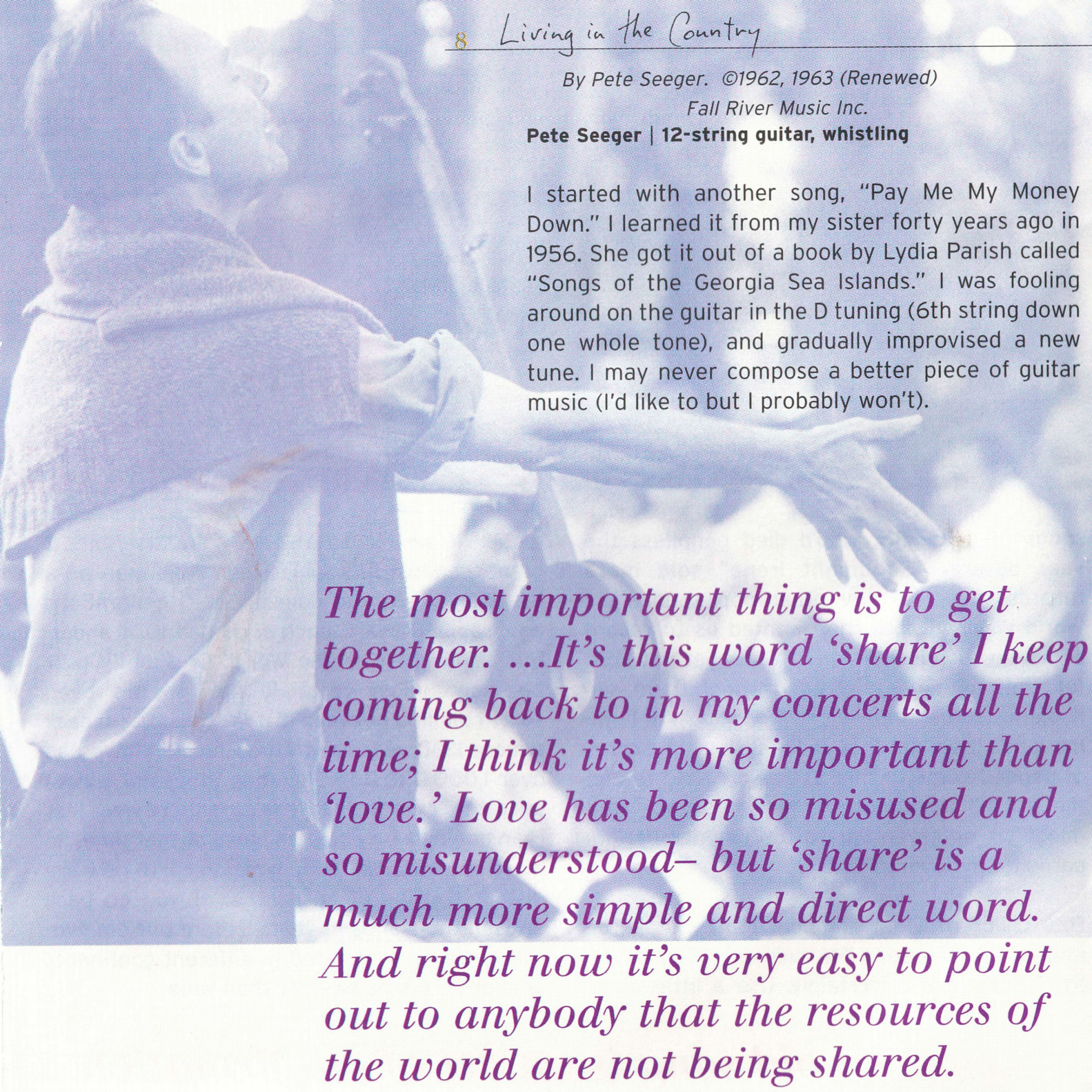
Jennifer Almquist

songs of Leadbelly, who'd died penniless the year before. "Goodnight Irene" sold more records than had any other pop song since World War II. Decca then wanted us to record some new songs. Lee says, "Pete, get out your folder of song ideas; let's go through them, see if there's something we can work on." I'm humming this idea and that as I leaf through scraps of paper. I come to this. Lee said, "Hold On, let me try it." Next morning he came back with about six or seven verses. As I remember we pared them down to five.

Four children? Eight grandchildren? This is the most subversive song I've ever sung. Subversive to a stable world, certainly. Use a little arith-

metic: We each had 2 parents, 4 grandparents, 8 great-grandparents. Unless someone married a 1st cousin or a 2nd cousin. So 10 generations ago, say 330 years, each of us had 1024 ancestors somewhere in the world. Or slightly less, because almost certainly now there's been some coupling between distant cousins. Go back a mere 1330 years and we each could have had over 1,000,000,000,000 (one thousand billion) ancestors except that we're sure there were less than one billion people on earth at that time. So most of us 5.6 billion humans on earth now are distant cousins of each other, if you go back enough thousands of years, before our omnivorous ancestors migrated to different continents or islands. Kisses sweeter than wine.

...Singing an old song is an act of reaffirmation.



8 Living in the Country

By Pete Seeger. ©1962, 1963 (Renewed)

Fall River Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | 12-string guitar, whistling

I started with another song, "Pay Me My Money Down." I learned it from my sister forty years ago in 1956. She got it out of a book by Lydia Parish called "Songs of the Georgia Sea Islands." I was fooling around on the guitar in the D tuning (6th string down one whole tone), and gradually improvised a new tune. I may never compose a better piece of guitar music (I'd like to but I probably won't).

The most important thing is to get together. ...It's this word 'share' I keep coming back to in my concerts all the time; I think it's more important than 'love.' Love has been so misused and so misunderstood— but 'share' is a much more simple and direct word. And right now it's very easy to point out to anybody that the resources of the world are not being shared.

How Can I Keep From Singing

My life flows on in endless song,
Above earth's lamentations
I hear the real tho' far off hymn,
That hails a new creation.

Thru all the tumult and the strife,
I hear that music ringing,
It sounds an echo in my soul,
How can I keep from singing?
What tho' the tempest round me roars,
I know the truth it liveth,
What tho' the darkness round me close
Songs in the night it giveth,
No storm can shake my inmost calm,
While to that rock I'm clinging —
Since love is lord of heaven and earth
How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble sick with fear
And hear their death knells ringing —
When friends rejoice both far and near
How can I keep from singing?

In prison cell and dungeon vile,
Our thoughts to them are winging,
When friends by shame are undefiled
How can I keep from singing?



Original music by Rev. R. Lowry. Original words by Anne Warner, c. 1850. Third verse by Doris Plenn. Arr. by Pete Seeger.

©1996 by Sanga Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

Doris Plenn, raised in North Carolina, learned this song from her grandmother, who told her: "Honey, this is my favorite song, and I want you to always remember it. It was made up years ago when people like us were being thrown in jail for their beliefs." Doris made up the third verse back in those days of McCarthyism.

Garbage

Mister Thompson calls the waiter, orders steak and
baked potato

But he leaves the bone and gristle and he never eats
the skin:

The busboy comes and takes it, with a cough
contaminates it

And puts it in a can with coffee grounds and
sardine tins;

And the truck comes by on Friday
and carts it all away:
a thousand trucks just like it are
converging on the bay, oh,

Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage) Garbage!
We're filling up the seas with garbage (garbage...)

What will we do
When there's no place left to put all the
Garbage? (garbage, garbage, garbage...)

Mister Thompson starts his Cadillac, winds it
down the freeway track

Leaving friends and neighbors in a hydro-carbon
haze:

He's joined by lots of smaller cars all sending
gases to the stars.

There to form a seething cloud that hangs for
thirty days

And the sun licks down into it with an ultra-
violet tongue.

Turns it into smog then it settles in our
lungs, oh,

Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage) Garbage!
We're filling up the sky with garbage (garbage...)

What will we do
When there's nothing left to breathe but

Garbage (garbage, garbage...)

Getting home and taking off his shoes he settles
with the evening news,

While the kids do homework with the TV in one ear
(Garbage, garbage)

While Superman for the thousandth time sells
talking dolls and conquers crime,

Dutifully they learn the date-of-birth of Paul Revere
In the papers there's a piece about the Mayor's
middle name,

He gets it read in time to watch the all-Star
bingo game, oh,



Cynthia Flaxman

Tom Rosenthal

Garbage, (garbage, garbage, garbage)

Garbage! (garbage, garbage, garbage)

We're filling our minds with garbage

(garbage, garbage, garbage)

What will we do when there's nothing left to read

And there's nothing left to need,

And there's nothing left to watch,

And there's nothing left to touch,

And there's nothing left to walk upon

Nothing left to talk upon

Nothing left to see

And nothing left to be but

Garbage? (garbage, garbage)

In Mister Thompson's factory

they're making plastic Christmas trees

Complete with silver tinsel and a geodesic stand

The plastic's mixed in giant vats

from some conglomeration that's

Been piped from deep within the earth

or strip mined from the land.

And if you question anything they say,

"Why don't you see

it's absolutely needed for the
economy," oh

Garbage (garbage, garbage)

Garbage (garbage, garbage)

Their stocks and their bonds all garbage

What will they do

When their system goes to smash

There's no value to their cash

There's no money to be made

But there's a world to be repaid

Their kids will read in history books

About financiers and other crooks

And feudalism, and slavery

And Nukes and all their knavery

To history's dustbin they're consigned

Among their many kinds of

Garbage (garbage, garbage, garbage...)

Words and music by Bill Steele, fourth verse by Mike

Agranoff and Pete Seeger, 1977

©1969 William Steele. Copyright assigned 1992 to

The Rainbow Collection, Ltd.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

Paul Prestopino | banjo

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | percussion

Gaudeamus | chorus

I'm only one of many people who have made up extra verses to this now famous song. Some people like to shout out the word at random. I like to get a gang to mutter it throughout (for our mutter country). Mike Agranoff of New Jersey made up the first seven lines of verse four, disagreed with me about the rest, but allowed me to sing his lines and mine together.

The Spider's Web (Natural History)

The spider dropping down from twig
 Unfolds a plan of her devising
 A thin premeditated rig
 To use in rising.

And all that journey down from space,
 In cool descent and loyal hearted
 She spins a ladder to the place
 From where she started.

Thus I, gone forth as spiders do
 In spider's web a truth discerning,
 Attach one silken strand to you
 For my returning.

Words by E.B. White, 1929

Music by Pete Seeger, 1982

Text ©1976 by E.B. White

Music ©1993 by Stormking Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

E.B. White, one of the great writers of the Twentieth Century, spent most of his life writing short anonymous essays for the weekly magazine *The New Yorker*. He and his wife Katherine lived in Maine. This poem he once wrote her as a birthday gift; it was published years after he died. The song has never been recorded before.

Old Devil Time

Old Devil Time, I'm goin' to fool you now!
 Old Devil Time, you'd like to beat me down!
 But when I'm feeling low, my lovers gather 'round
 And help me rise to fight you one more time!

Old Devil Fear, you with your icy hands,
 Old Devil Fear, you'd like to freeze me cold!
 But when I'm sore afraid, my lovers gather 'round
 And help me rise to fight you one more time!

Old Devil Pain, you often pinned me down,
 You thought I'd cry, and beg you for the end.
 But at that very time, my lovers gather 'round
 And help me rise to fight you one more time!

Old Devil Hate, I knew you long ago,
 Then I found out the poison in your breath.
 Now when we hear your lies, my lovers gather 'round
 And help me rise to fight you one more time!

No storm or fire can ever beat us down.
 No wind that blows but carries us further on.
 And you who fear, oh lovers, gather 'round
 And we can rise and sing it one more time!

Words and music by Pete Seeger, 1969

©1969, 1970 by Fall River Music Inc., and Sigma Productions Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

Gaudeamus | chorus

It was back in the late 1960s when my telephone rang: "This is Otto Preminger speaking. (Thick Viennese accent.) Are you the Pete Seeger who makes up songs and sings them?" "Yes," I reply. "Well, I want to know if you can write me a song about the will to live." "Why, that's my business." "I have a movie which is about the will to live, and I want a song. Can you come to New York? You can see a screening of the rough cut of the movie."

A few days later Toshi and I were sitting in a comfortable apartment eating a very good meal with Hollywood producer Otto Preminger and his wife. He was a heavy-set man, ten or more years older than I. A direct and honest way of speaking.

We saw the movie screened in his living room. It had been made from a novel, written by a nurse, about three people who leave a hospital at the same time. They decide to pool their meager resources and

buy a house. One is a young man who will be in a wheelchair the rest of his life as a result of a beating. A young woman is permanently scarred because of car battery acid splashed in her face by a man she had spurned and then laughed at. The third is a young man who is an epileptic and will never know when his seizures may kill him. The story showed the capacity of ordinary people to survive.

"I need a song to go under the titles of the movie at the beginning of the picture. Will one month be enough for you? Can we set the date now for you to fly out to California for the song to be filmed?" I said "Yes," and during the month spent numerous hours trying this idea and that, but not really being satisfied completely with any one idea.

We landed at Los Angeles to meet Preminger and a camera crew of four or five people.

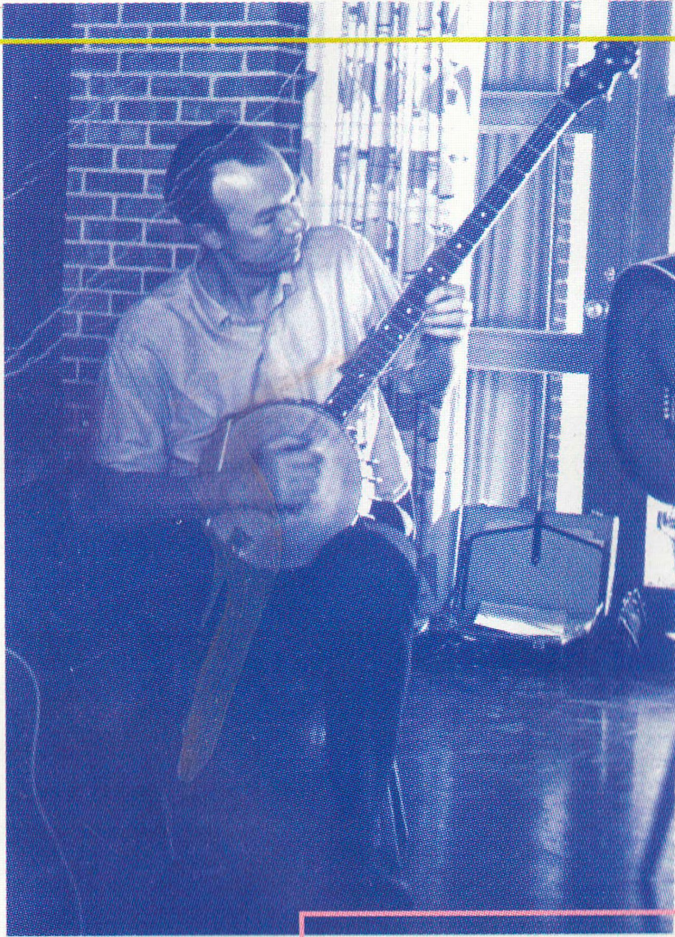
"Can I hear the song now while we are waiting for the plane to Fresno?" "Well, I have actually several songs. We'll see which one you think is best." I believe

I sang three or four to him—some old folk songs with some new verses. I could see Preminger was not enthusiastic about any one of them.

We had a one-hour plane flight to Fresno. It was now or never. I borrowed pencil and paper from Toshi. With the airplane drone in my ears, I managed to compose a "new" song. Nothing like a deadline to force something out of you. From the dregs of my subconscious I scraped five verses. Used some repetition, and a melody derived from old ballads.

In the Fresno airport I sang it for Preminger and the rest. "Yes, that will do very well, I think," said he. "Why didn't you sing that one to me first?" "I only just made it up in the plane." "Oh, don't tell me that. You had it all along."

Music in some strange, mystical way brings people together, in spite of our problems.



I have the feeling that music is going to be able to do something that prose and pictures haven't been able to do.

Of Time and Rivers flowing

Of time and rivers flowing
 The Seasons make a song
 And we who live beside her
 Still try to sing along
 Of rivers, fish, and men
 And the season's still a-coming
 When she'll run clear again

So many homeless sailors,
 So many winds that blow
 I asked the half blind scholars
 Which way the currents flow
 So cast your nets below
 And the gods of moving waters
 Will tell us all they know.

The circles of the atoms
 The circles of the moon
 The circles of the planets
 All play a marching tune
 And we that would join in
 Can stand aside no longer
 Now let us all begin.

Words by Pete Seeger, 1973

Music: German Christmas Card "Es Ist
 Ein Ros Entsprungen" ("Lo How A Rose
 Ere Blooming")

©1974, 1993 by Sanga Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string
 guitar

Paul Prestopino | 6-string guitar

Joanie Madden | pennywhistle

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | percussion

Gaudeamus | chorus

In 1972 shad fisherman Ron Ingolds gave us free shad for Clearwater's first shad festival. Ingolds lives in Edgewater, New Jersey, just south of the George Washington Bridge, and carries on his family's fishing tradition. He introduced me to the wonders of setting the nets at slack tide before flood and taking them in at slack tide before ebb, six hours later. He and a few helpers live on the waterfront for a month, only snatching a few hours sleep at a time. I wrote these words for him and his helpers, using an old German melody.



Nansi Gorn

In the Evening

Well, in the evening, in the evening, m-m-baby,
when the sun goes down (2x)

Ain't it lonesome, ain't it lonesome, ain't it lonesome
when you're not around
When the Sun goes down.

Well the sun rises in the east,
sets down in the west (2x)

Ain't it hard to tell, hard to tell, hard to tell,
which one will love you the best.
When the sun goes down.

Well goodbye, my old sweethearts and pals
I'm going away

I'll be back to see you all again, some old rainy day
In the evening, in the evening, in the evening
when the sun goes down,
When the sun goes down.

Words and music by Leroy Carr. New verse
by Pete Seeger, 1957

©1935 (renewed) and 1993 by
MCA Music Publishing, a division of MCA, Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, banjo

Howard Levy | harmonica

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | percussion

The Union Baptist Church Singers

Arranged by Tom Bates

I was only aged 33 when I put
together an extra verse to the
great blues written by Leroy
Carr in the 1920s (he also
wrote "Sitting on Top of the
World"). I had no right to be so
lugubrious. Then.



To Everyone in All the World

To everyone in all the world,
I reach my hand I shake their hand.
To everyone in all the world,
I shake their hands like this.
All, all together, the whole
wide world around' —

I may not know your "lingo"
But I can say "by jingo!"
No matter where you live we can
shake hands.

A tous et chacun dans le monde
Je donne la main, je lui donne la main.
A tous et chacun dans le monde,
Je donne la main comme ça.

Words and music by Pete Seeger.

French translation by Raffi.

© 1990 Stormking Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, banjo

Paul Prestopino | 6-string guitar, mandolin

David Finck | bass

Gordon Gottlieb | percussion

Gaudeamus | chorus

River of My People

There's a river of my people
 And its flow is swift and strong
 Flowing to some mighty ocean,
 Though its course is deep and long,
 Flowing to some mighty ocean
 Though its course is deep and long.

Many rocks and reefs and mountains
 Seek to bar it from its way.
 But relentlessly this river
 Seeks its brothers at the sea.
 But relentlessly this river
 Seeks its sisters at the sea.

You will find us in the mainstream
 Steering surely through the foam
 Far beyond the raging waters
 We can see our certain home.
 Far beyond the raging waters
 We can see our certain home.

For we have mapped this river
 And we know its mighty force
 And the courage that this gives us
 Will hold us to our course,
 And the courage that this gives us
 Will hold us to our course,

Oh, river of my people
 Together we must go,
 Hasten onward to that meeting
 Where my brothers wait I know,
 Hasten onward to that meeting
 Where my sisters wait I know.

By Pete Seeger.

©1953 (renewed) by Stormking Music Inc.

Pete Seeger | voice, 12-string guitar

The old Russian folksong, "Stenka Razin" had a beautiful melody, but the words deserve to stay on the library shelf. About a legendary Cossack chief. He is rowing across the Volga with his band of warriors, and his bride, a Persian princess. He hears them grumble, "Ah, Stenka Razin has become a sissy; he's got married." Stenka Razin roars, "I'll show you who has become a sissy. Mother Volga, see what sacrifice I make for you!" He picks up his bride, throws her in the Volga and drowns her. So much for folklore. I put together some new words in 1950, while chopping trees for my own house along the banks of the Hudson.

Russian Song / Ode to Joy

Build the road of peace before us
 Build it wide and deep and long
 Speed the slow, remind the eager:
 Help the weak and guide the strong.
 None shall push aside another
 None shall let another fall
 Work beside me, sisters and brothers
 All for one and one for all.
 Joy, Joy sisters and brothers
 All for one and one for all.

*Russian Traditional, arranged by Pete Seeger.
 Beethoven Ninth Symphony, arranged
 by Pete Seeger. Words by Pete Seeger and Don West.
 ©1996 by Sanga Music Inc.*

Pete Seeger | banjo, whistling, voice,
 12-string guitar
Paul Prestopino | banjo
Paul Winter | soprano sax
David Finck | bass
Gordon Gottlieb | triangle, bass drum
Gaudeamus | chorus

"Along the Streets of St. Petersburg" is a popular Russian melody from the Nineteenth Century. It was used by Stravinsky in "Petrouchka." For a banjo to attempt a tune written for a symphony is a kind of translation. For half a century I've played, mainly for my own amazement, a melody from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Working with some choruses, and thinking how hard it's been for men and women to work together, black and white, Asian and Western, Arab and Jew, etc...I worked out some short lyrics. Don West, the Appalachian radical, wrote three or four verses, one of which I sing here.

*The human race is in need of
 organizers who are not power-
 hungry. Power is the worst drug
 in the world.*

To My Old Brown Earth

To my old brown earth
 And to my old blue sky
 I'll now give these last few molecules
 of "I"

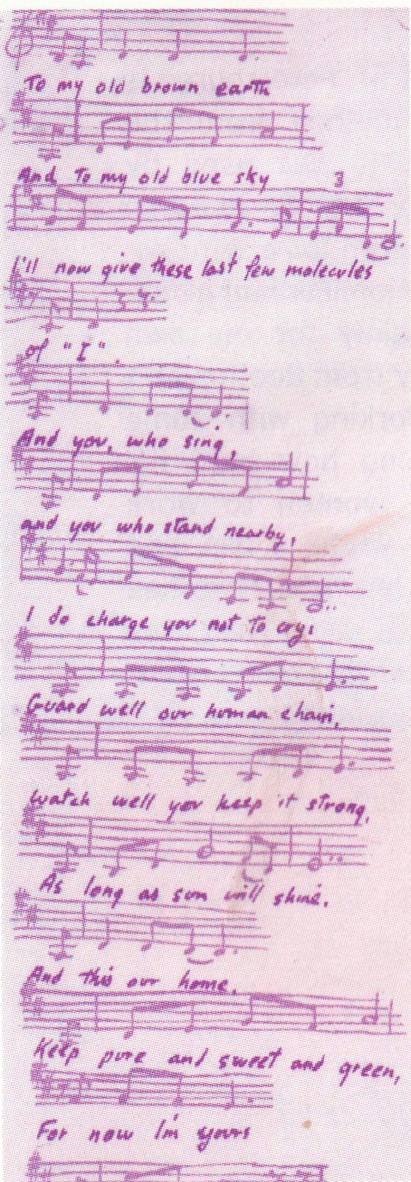
And you, who sing
 And you, who stand nearby
 I do charge you not to cry
 Guard well our human chain
 Watch well you keep it strong
 As long as sun will shine
 And this our home
 Keep pure and sweet and green
 For now I'm yours
 And you are also
 Mine

Words and music by Pete Seeger, 1958

©1964 (renewed) Stormking Music Inc.

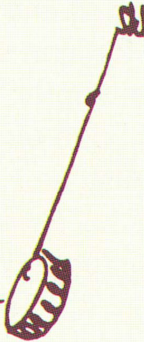
Pete Seeger | voice, banjo
The Cathedral Singers

In 1958 I sang at the funeral of John McManus, co-editor of the radical newsweekly, *The Guardian*, and regretted that I had no song worthy of the occasion. So this got written.



The artist in ancient times inspired, entertained, educated his fellow citizens.

Modern artists have an additional responsibility—to encourage others to be artists. Why? Because technology is going to destroy the human soul unless we realize that each of us must in some way be a creator as well as a spectator or consumer. ...Make your own music, write your own books, if you would keep your soul.

Pete Seeger 

The Choruses

GAUDEAMUS

Gaudeamus (Let Us Rejoice) is a 30 member vocal ensemble based in Norfolk, CT, assembled by Paul Halley in 1992

Conducted by Paul Halley

Sopranos | **Becky Goodenough** | **Ann Havemeyer** | **Meg Race** | **Rachel Rosales** | **Karen Sovak** | Altos | **Molly Ackerly** | **Cindy Burnham-Shaw** | **Phyllis Diggle** | **Katherine Griswold** | **Alexandra Montano** | **Teri Padua** | **Kayla Werlin** | Tenors | **Wayne Abercrombie** | **Thomas Bogdan** | **Chris Goodenough** | **Bob Lovendale** | **Ernie Sinclair** | **Kirk Sinclair** | Basses | **Frank Barr** | **Jim Barrett** | **Corey Bush** | **Bruce Fifer** | **Tim Hitchcock** | **C. Archer Woodward** | **Greg Zabielski**

THE UNION BAPTIST CHURCH SINGERS

Bloomfield, NJ

Tyrone Corbett | **Yvette Corbett** | **Edwin Crawley** | **Carol Cyrus** | **Beverly Dickerson** | **Brent Sterling** | **Theresa Thomason** | **Jay Thompson**

THE CATHEDRAL SINGERS

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, NY

Conducted by Paul Halley

Sopranos | **Rachel Rosales** | **Cheryl Bensman Rowe**
Altos | **Barbara Ehrmann** | **Johnson Flucker** | **Alexandra Montano**
Kayla Werlin | Tenors | **Wayne Abercrombie** | **Thomas Bogdan** |
David Ehrmann | Basses | **Bruce Fifer** | **Wilbur Pauley**

All choral arrangements by Paul Halley except "Huddie Ledbetter" and "In the Evening," arranged by Tom Bates and the Union Baptist Church Singers

PRODUCTION CREDITS

Produced by Paul Winter and Tom Bates
Recording engineer | Tom Bates
Assistant engineers | Tommy Skarupa |
Judy Elliott-Brown | Ed Lopata
Mixed, edited and mastered by Tom Bates
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Additional recording | Glen Kolotkin
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by Jennifer Almquist)
Banjo photograph | Jennifer Almquist
Uncredited photographs courtesy of Toshi and Pete Seeger
Liner notes edited by Chez Liley
Design | Cynthia Flaxman | Jack*

Martin Fink



Liner note quotes by Pete Seeger from his books, *The Incomplete Folksinger*, Simon and Schuster, 1972; *Where Have All The Flowers Gone*, Sing Out Corporation, 1993, (PO Box 5253, Bethlehem, PA 18015-0253); and from the biography of Pete by David Dunaway, "How Can I Keep From Singing," DeCapo Press, 1990.

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PETE SEEGER



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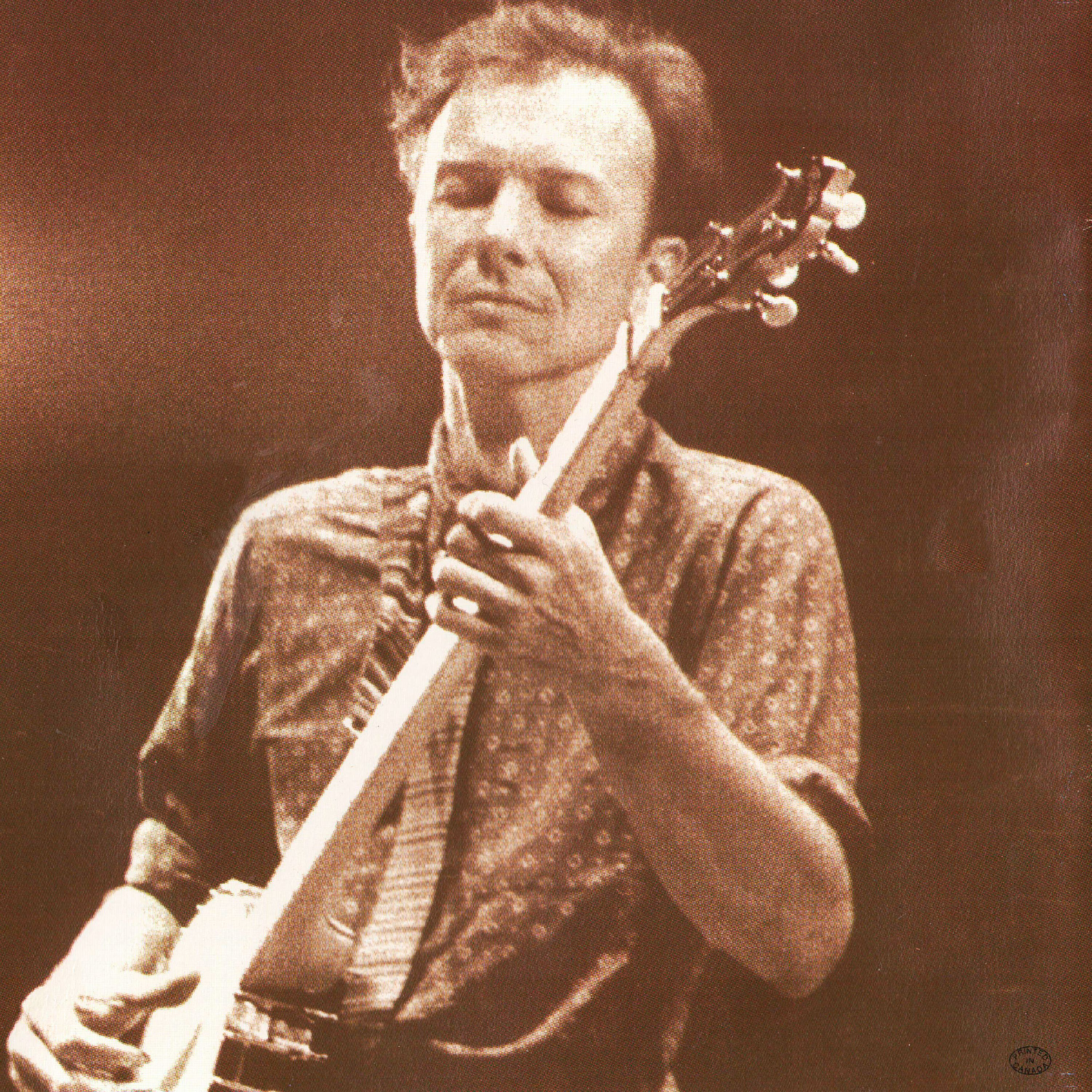
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PROCEEDS TO PEOPLE'S WORLD

The prelude to the making of this album was a series of "Living Music Village" sing-ins, here in the barn, during the summers of 1988 and 1989. Friends came from all over New England to make music with Pete, and out of this shared experience came the vision for these recordings. Our thanks to all of you for your contribution to the album: John Schalow, Nancy McGraw, David Farmer, Nancy Hershatter, Gerry Hinson, Dan Einbender, Pat Humphries, Martin Fink, Victoria Arthur, George Skillman, Marybeth Saunders, Paula Dudley, Charlotte Graves, Tom Babbitt, Lorre Wyatt, Jim Scott, Wayne Jenks, Bruce Kahn, Ferne Bork, Beulah Winter, Chris Brown, Roger Makepeace Jr., Sarah Cowles, Kathy Cowles, April Perkinson, Jim Hartshorn, Lucia Taylor, Margo Hennebach, Bill Tobey, Diana Stobart, Mary Elizabeth Wheeler, Jan Carol, Adrienne Leicester, Elizabeth McElroy, Michael Lategano, Bruce Markow, Jim Oshinsky, Gail Vail-McDermott, Mary Lou Irvine, James Durst, Faith Nolan, Annie Prince, Irene Cruickshank, Sandra K. Koski, Ben Silver, Jay Mankita, Christina Andersen, Christina Teixeira, Bill Spear, Joanie Spear, Josh Spear, Annie Osborn, Ellie Osborn, Fred Osborn, Roger Payne, Stephen Josephs, Anne Liebermann, Barbara Naidich Ehrmann, David Ehrmann, and Tim Van Ness.



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