

# The Folk Experience



FEATURING  
Cindy Paley,  
Mike Sirota  
and Ed Labowitz



Sing-Along Lyrics

# **THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND** *Woody Guthrie*

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 an endless skyway  
I saw below me a golden valley,  
This land was made for you and me

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

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling  
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds  
Rolling, as the fog was lifting a voice was chanting  
This land was made for you and me.

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

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

## **IF I HAD A HAMMER** *by Pete Seeger*

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

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

Well, I've got a hammer, and I've got a bell,  
And I've 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.

## **GET UP AND GO**

Chorus:     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.

Chorus: 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

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 thru.  
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.

Chorus: 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

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.

Chorus: 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.

## **TURN TURN TURN** *by Pete Seeger based on Ecclesiastes*

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

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

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.

To everything turn, turn, turn. There is a season, turn, turn, turn  
And a time for every purpose under heaven.

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

## **TZENA TZENA**

Tzena (4x) ha-ba-not ur'ena cha-ya-lim ba-mo-sha-va  
Al-na (4x) al-na tit-cha-be-na mi ben cha-yil ish tsava

Tzena tzena habanot ur'ena, cha-ya-lim ba-mo-sha-va,  
Al-na, al-na, al-na tit-cha-be-na. Mi ben cha-yil ish tsava

Tsena, tsena, tsena....

## **WIMOWEH**

Hey up, boy, a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh, a-wimoweh.

In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight.  
Near the village, the peaceful village, the lion sleeps tonight.  
Hush my darling, don't fear my darling, the lion sleeps tonight.

## **GUANTANAMERA**

*Words by Jose Marti, music by Jose Fernandez Dias,  
adapted by Pete Seeger*

Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma  
Yo soy un hombre sincero de donde crece la palma  
Y antes de morirme quiero echar mis versos de alma  
**Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera (2x)**

Mi verso es de un verde claro, y de un carmin encendido  
Mi verso es de un verde claro, y de un carmin encendido  
Mi verso es un ciervo herido, que busca en el monte amparo

**Guantanamera, guajira Guantanamera (2x)**

Con los pobres de la tierra, quiero yo mi suerte echar  
Con los pobres de la tierra, quiero yo mi suerte echar  
El arroyo de la sierra, me camplace mas que el mar

**DONA DONA** *Music: Sholom Secunda*  
*English translation: Arthur Keveess & Ted Schwartz*

On a wagon bound for market. Lies a calf with a mournful eye  
High above him, there's a swallow, winging swiftly through the sky

Chorus: How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might  
Laugh and laugh the whole day thru and half the summer's night

"Stop complaining!" said the farmer. "Who told you a calf to be?  
Why don't you have wings to fly with, like the swallow so proud and  
free?"

Chorus: How the winds are laughing, they laugh with all their might  
Laugh and laugh the whole day thru, and half the summer's night

Calves are easily bound and slaughtered  
Never knowing the reason why  
But whoever treasures freedom, like the swallow will learn to fly.

# THE POWER AND THE GLORY *by Phil Ochs*

C'mon and take a walk with me thru this green & growin' land  
Walk thru the meadows & the mountains & the sand  
Walk thru the valleys & the rivers & the plains  
Walk thru the sun and walk thru the rain

*CHO:* Here is a land full of power and glory  
Beauty that words cannot recall  
O her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom  
Her glory shall rest on us all

From Colorado, Kansas and the Carolinas too  
Virginia and Alaska, from the old to the new  
Texas and Ohio and the California shore  
Tell me who could ask for more?

*CHO:* Here is a land full of power and glory  
Beauty that words cannot recall  
O her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom  
Her glory shall rest on us all

Yet she's only as rich as the poorest of her poor  
Only as free a padlocked prison door  
Only as strong as our love for this land. Only as tall as we stand.

*CHO:* Here is a land full of power and glory  
Beauty that words cannot recall  
O her power shall rest on the strength of her freedom  
Her glory shall rest on us all

## **WHEN I'M GONE** *by Phil Ochs*

There's no place in this world where I'll belong, when I'm gone  
And I won't know the right from the wrong, when I'm gone  
And you won't find me singin' on this song, when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't feel the flowing of the time, when I'm gone.  
All the pleasures of love will not be mine, when I'm gone  
My pen won't pour out a lyric line when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't breathe the brandy air when I'm gone  
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares when I'm gone.  
Won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be running from the rain when I'm gone  
And I can't even suffer from the pain when I'm gone  
There's nothing I can lose or I can gain when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

Won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone  
And the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone  
Can't be singing louder than the gun when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone  
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone  
Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone  
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone  
Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone  
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

## **THE LAST THING ON MY MIND** *by Tom Paxton*

It's a lesson too late for the learning, made of sand, made of sand  
In the wink of an eye my soul is turnin', in your hand, in your hand

Chorus: Are you going away with no word of farewell  
Will there be not a trace left behind  
Well, I could've loved you better, didn't mean to be unkind  
You know that was the last thing on my mind

As we walk, all my thoughts are a-tumblin', round & round .....  
Underneath our feet the subway's rumblin', underground ....

Chorus:

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 Chorus:

As I lie in my bed in the morning, without you, without you.  
Each song in my breast dies a-borning, without you, without you.

## **THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN'** *by Bob Dylan*

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 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'

Come senators, congressmen, Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorways , 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'

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 a hand.  
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'

## **BLOWIN' IN THE WIND** *by Bob Dylan*

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes & how many seas must a white dove sail,  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
How many times must the cannon balls 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 can a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
How many years can some people  
exist, before they're allowed to be free?  
How many times can a man turn his head,  
pretending he just doesn't see?

How many times must a man look up, before he can see the sky?  
Yes & how many ears must one man have,  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes & how many deaths will it take till he knows,  
That too many people have died?

## **BOTH SIDES NOW** *words and music by Joni Mitchell*

Bows and flows of angel hair, and ice cream castles in the air  
And feather canyons everywhere  
I've looked at clouds that way  
But now they only block the sun, they rain and snow on everyone  
So many things I would have done, but clouds got in my way

I've looked at clouds from both sides now  
From up and down and still somehow.  
Its cloud's illusions I recall  
I really don't know clouds at all

Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels  
The dizzy dancing way you feel  
When every fairy tale comes real  
I've looked at love that way  
But now it's just another show  
You leave 'em laughin' when you go  
And if you care don't let them know  
Don't give yourself away

I've looked at love from both sides now  
From win and lose and still somehow  
Its love's illusions I recall  
I really don't know love at all

Tears and fears and feeling proud  
To say, "I love you" right out loud  
Dreams and schemes and circus crowds  
I've looked at life that way  
But now old friends are acting strange  
They shake their heads, they say I've changed  
But something's lost, but something's gained  
In living every day

I've looked at life from both sides now  
From win and lose and still somehow  
Its life's illusions I recall  
I really don't know life at all

## **CIRCLE GAME** *by Joni Mitchell*

Yesterday a child came out to wonder,  
Caught a dragonfly inside a jar  
Fearful when the sky was full of thunder,  
and tearful at the falling of a star

*And the seasons, they go round and round  
And the painted ponies go up and down  
We're captive on a 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 moved 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

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  
'Til you drag your feet to slow the circles down

So the years spin by and now the child is twenty  
Tho' his dreams have lost some grandeur coming true  
There'll be new dreams, maybe better dreams and plenty  
Before the last revolving year is thru

## **DREAMERS ON THE RISE**

*By John Stewart*

Once, we were dreamers on the rise,  
We were the sun, where the sun never shines.  
And we were gold, where the nightbird only flies.  
But that's a long time you know, for that kind of wind to blow.  
Long time ago, we were dreamers on the rise.

And twice, we said we'd begin again,  
So we made a vow, that we'd remain as friends.  
And fallin' down, we said we shall rise again.  
But that's a long time you know, for that kind of wind to blow.  
Long time ago, we were dreamers on the mend.

And if, three wishes came into my life,  
I'd say one, was to gaze into your eyes.  
And I'd say two, would be turnin' back our lives.  
But three's a long way to go, for that kind of wind to blow.  
Long time ago, we were dreamers on the rise.

## **COUNTRY ROADS** *words and music by John Denver*

Almost heaven, West Virginia  
Blue ridge mountains, Shenandoah river  
Life is old there, older than the trees  
Younger than the mountains, blowing like a breeze

Chorus: Country roads, take me home, to the place, I be-long  
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads

All my mem'ries, gather 'round her,  
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water  
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky  
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

Chorus: Country roads, take me home, to the place, I be-long  
West Virginia, mountain momma, take me home, country roads

I hear her voice, in the mornin' hours she calls to me.  
The radio reminds me of my home far a-way  
And drivin' down the road I get a feeling'  
That I should have been home yesterday, yesterday

## **THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS** *by Steve Goodman*

Riding on the City of New Orleans  
Illinois Central, Monday morning rail  
15 cars and 15 restless riders, 3 Conductors, 25 sacks of mail  
All along the southbound odyssey, the train pulls out of Kankakee  
And rolls along past houses, farms, and fields  
Passing trains that have no name,  
and freight yards full of old black men  
And the graveyards of the rusted automobiles

Good morning, America, how are you?  
Say, 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

Dealing card games with the old men in the Club Car  
Penny a point ain't no one keeping score  
Pass the paper bag that holds the bottle  
Feel the wheels rumbling 'neath the floor  
And the sons of Pullman Porters, and the sons of Engineers  
Ride their father's magic carpets made of steel  
And mothers with their babes asleep are rocking to the gentle beat  
And the rhythm of the rails is all they feel

Good morning, America, how are you?  
Say, 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

Night time on the City of New Orleans  
Changing cars in Memphis Tennessee  
Halfway home, we'll be there by morning  
Through the Mississippi darkness, rolling 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 songs again  
the passengers will please refrain  
This train got the disappearing railroad blues  
Good night, America, how are you? .....

## **I AM WILLING** *Words & music by Holly Near*

I am open and I am willing  
To be hopeless would seem so strange.  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So, lift me up to the light of change

There is hurting in my family  
There is sorrow in my town  
There is panic all across the nation  
There is wailing the whole world 'round

But I am open and I am willing,  
for to be hopeless would seem so strange  
It dishonors those who go before us,  
so lift me up to the light of change.

May the children see more clearly  
May the elders be more wise  
May the winds of change caress us  
Even though it burns our eyes

But I am open and I am willing  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange.  
It dishonors those who go before us  
So lift me up to the light of change

Give me a mighty oak to hold my confusion  
Give me a desert to hold my fears,  
Give me a sunset to hold my wonder  
Give me an ocean to hold my tears

I am open and I am willing,  
For to be hopeless would seem so strange.  
It dishonors those who go before us,  
So lift me up to the light of change.

# YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND

*words & music by Carole King*

When you're down and troubled, and you need some loving care  
And nothin' nothin' is goin' right,  
Close your eyes and think of me, and soon I will be there,  
To brighten up, even your darkest night

## CHORUS:

You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am  
I'll come runnin', to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall, all you have to do is call,  
And I'll be there, yes I will, You've got a friend

If the sky above you grows dark and full of clouds  
And that old north wind begins to blow,  
Keep your head together and call my name out loud  
Soon you'll hear me knockin' upon your door

You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am  
I'll come runnin', to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall, all you have to do is call,  
And I'll be there, yes I will

Now ain't it good to know that you've got a friend,  
When people can be so cold. They'll hurt you, yes and desert you  
And take your soul if you let them, O but don't you let them

You just call out my name, and you know wherever I am  
I'll come runnin', to see you again  
Winter, spring, summer or fall, all you have to do is call,  
And I'll be there, yes I will, You've got a friend