



Teacher's Guide Supplement

Programs 17-22

KET

The Kentucky
Network

Program 17

Taj Mahal

Instrument:
guitar



Fishin' Blues

(Henry Thomas)

I'm a fisherman and I love being outdoors and fishing and ecology, but I never knew any real good songs about fishing. This was one of the best songs I have ever heard about fishing. "Fishin' Blues" was written by Henry Ragtime Texas Thomas from east Texas. Kids really love this song; it's a nice bouncy little thing.

Betcha goin' fishin' all the time
Baby's goin' fishin' too.
Bet your life your sweet wife
She gonna catch more fish than you.

Many fish bite if you got good bait
Here's a little tip that I would like to relate
I said if you got good bait.
I'm goin' fishin'
Yes, I'm goin' fishin'
And the baby's goin' fishin', too.

Went on down to my favorite fishin' hole
I said I got myself a pole and line.
Caught a nine-pound catfish on the bottom
Claimed I got him now
Took him home to Mama 'bout supper time.

Said many fish bite if you got good bait
Here's a little tip that I would like to relate
I said if you got good ____.
I'm goin' fishin'
Yes, I'm goin' fishin'
And the baby goin' fishin', too.

Baby brother just about to run me out of my mind
Said, "Man can I go fishin' with you?"
Took him on down to my favorite fishin' hole.
What you think that brother did do?
Caught a seven-pound perch on the bottom.
Claimed he got him now
Took him home to Mama
Said he's real gone
Come on.

Baby, he's goin' fishin'
Yes, he's goin' fishin'
And the baby goin' fishin', too.
Put him in the pot, baby
Put him in the pan
Mama cook him till he's nice and brown.
Get yourself a batch of buttermilk
Go get beat
Put that sucker on the table
Come on, big Mama, scarf him on down.

Sayin' many fish bite if you got ____
Here's a little tip that I would like to relate.
I say Baby of mine
I'm goin' fishin'
Mama's goin' fishin'
And the baby's goin' fishin', too.

Betcha goin' fishin' all the time
Baby goin' fishin', too.
Bet your life your sweet wife
Gonna catch more fish than you.
Sometimes many fish bite if you got good bait
Here's a little tip that I would like to relate

I said if you got good ____.
I'm goin' fishin'
Yes, I'm goin' fishin'
And the baby goin' fishin', too.
I'm goin' fishin'
Mama's goin' fishin'
Baby's goin' fishin', too.

Shake Sugaree

(Elizabeth Cotton)

"Shake Sugaree" is a "grandma" kind of song. It teaches kids how to handle certain things in life, and it gives them a point of view on how to put life together. This song was written by Elizabeth Cotton from North Carolina.

Oh lordy me
Didn't I Shake Sugaree
Everything I have is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned

Sing you a song
It won't take long
Sing it right
'Cause it'll take all night

Oh lordy me
Did I Shake Sugaree
Everything I have is done and pawned
Everything I have is done and pawned

I pawned my buggy
I pawned my plow
I even had losin'
I pawned my old cow

Oh lordy me
Did we Shake Sugaree
Everything I have is done and pawned
Everything I have is done and pawned

Well I said I walk with the fat cow
Paid my dues
Would raise cane but it just ain't no use

Oh lordy me
Honey did we Shake Sugaree
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned

I got me a secret
And I ain't goin' to tell
I'm goin' to heaven
And I'm, I'm, I'm, I'm not goin' to...

Oh lordy me
Shake Sugaree
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned

I said I got me another secret
And I ain't goin' to tell
I'm goin' to heaven in a split pea shell

Oh lordy me
Did we Shake Sugaree
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned

Sing you a song
Sing it right
Sing it long
If it takes me all night

Oh lordy me
Then we Shake Sugaree
Everything I got is done and pawned
Everything I got is done and pawned
(repeat chorus)

Light Rain Blues

(Taj Mahal)

I was sitting up at my friend Marie's house. Marie's kitchen is where I used to sit and play—just doodle around and play on the guitar while Marie would cook and talk. It started raining and I was sitting with the window right behind me. I'm picking and playing and I said, "Listen to that rain." The rain was going blonk, blonk, blonk, blonk, and I started playing, bonga, bonga, bonga. Light rain, light rain, doda doda, baby falling down. It was a really nice day, everything came together, and the new music was right there.

Light rain, light rain
Baby fallin' down
Light rain, light rain
Honey fallin' down
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground.

I'm goin' to Houston
To see my pony run
I'm goin' down to Houston
To see my ponies run
If I win some money
Baby I'll sure 'nough bring you some
If I win some money
Baby I'll sure 'nough bring you some.

I love you baby
Tell the world I do
I love you baby
Tell the world I do
Ain't a woman in fourteen counties
Love me like you do
Ain't a woman in fourteen counties
Love me like you do.

Big, big bullfrog
Sittin' in the pond
Big, big bullfrog, Honey
Sittin' in the pond
Got a white tie and coattails
And got no britches on.

Light rain, light rain
Baby fallin' down
Light rain, light rain
Baby fallin' down
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground.

I love you baby
Tell the world I do
I love you baby
Tell the world I do
Ain't a woman in fourteen counties
Love me like you do
Ain't a woman in fourteen counties
Love me like you do.

Light rain, light rain
Baby fallin' down
Light rain, light rain
Baby fallin' down
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground
Soon as it hit my windowpane
It sure 'nough hit the ground.

Program 18

The Doucet Family Band

Michael “Beausoleil” Doucet,
Sharon Arms Doucet, and Melissa
“Doucet” Maher

Instruments:
accordion, triangle, guitar,
and fiddle



Programs 18 and 21 introduce children to Louisiana French music. The songs are sung in French; lyrics are provided here in French with the English translation.

The instruments played are common in southwest Louisiana. Cajun music is usually performed by an accordion or a fiddle, a guitar, and a percussive instrument like the triangle; they're all portable so they can be taken anywhere for Saturday night dances.

Johnny Peut Pas Danser

O mais, pauvre p'tit Johnny voudrait
danser,
Mais pauvre p'tit Johnny peut pas
danser.
Il essayait, il essayait,
Pauvre p'tit Johnny peut pas danser.

Tous les samedis soirs, mais, dans la
soirée
Il guettait les jolies filles danser.
Tu connais, il a deux peds gauches,
Mais pauvre p'tit Johnny peut pas
danser.

O, p'tit Johnny,
O, p'tit Johnny,
O, p'tit Johnny,
Pauvre p'tit Johnny peut pas danser.
(bis)

A, B, C et 1, 2, 3

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V,
W, X, Y et Z.
Voilà l'alphabet français.
Dites-moi ce que vous en pensez.

Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq, et six,
Sept et huit et neuf et dix,
Onze, douze, treize, quatorze, et
quinze,
Seize, dix-sept, dix-huit, dix-neuf,
vingt,
Je peux épeler et conter,
Dites-moi ce que vous en pensez.

Poor Johnny (Johnny Can't Dance)

Oh, but poor little Johnny would like to
dance,
But poor little Johnny just can't dance.
He tried and he tried,
Poor little Johnny just can't dance.

Every Saturday night at the party
He would watch the pretty girls dance.
You know, he's got two left feet,
But poor little Johnny just can't dance.

Oh, little Johnny,
Oh, little Johnny,
Oh, little Johnny,
Poor little Johnny just can't dance.
(repeat)

A, B, C and 1, 2, 3

A, B, C, D, E, F, G,
H, I, J, K, L, M, N, O, P,
Q, R, S, T, U, V,
W, X, Y, and Z.
That's the alphabet in French,
Tell me what you think of me.

One, two, three, four, five, and six,
Seven and eight and nine and ten,
Eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, and
fifteen,
Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen,
twenty,
I can spell and count,
Tell me what you think of me.

La Chanson de Cinquante Sous

(Traditional)

This song contains many familiar elements of the Cajun culture: a Saturday night dance, food, and unrequited love. The unfortunate singer has some words of advice for all the young men.

Moi et ma belle, on a été-au bal,
C'était un samedi soir.
Moi et ma belle, on a été-z-au bal,
C'était un samedi soir.

On a revenu le lendemain matin,
Le lendemain matin au jour.
On a revenu le lendemain matin,
Le lendemain matin au jour.

Je l'ai demandée si elle n'avait pas
faim
Pour manger que'que chose.
Je l'ai demandée si elle n'avait pas
faim
Pour manger que'que chose.

Elle m'a dit elle n'avait pas beaucoup
faim
Mais elle aurait mangé quand même.
Elle m'a dit elle n'avait pas beaucoup
faim
Mais elle aurait mangé quand même.

Moi, je croyais elle aurait ordonné
Un p'tit lunch de quinze sous.
Moi, je croyais elle aurait ordonné
Un p'tit lunch de quinze sous.

Elle a ordonné une volaille rôtie
Et une demie douzaine des huitres.
Elle a ordonné une volaille rôtie
Et une demie douzaine des huitres.

Moi, j'ai mis mes cinquante sous
Dessus le comptoir.
Moi, j'ai mis mes cinquante sous
Dessus le comptoir.

Massacré dans un coup de poing,
On m'a tiré dans la fenêtre,
Massacré dans un coup de pied,
On m'a tiré dans la rue.

Prenez un conseil de moi
Tous les jeunes p'tits bougres:
N'allez jamais dans un restaurant
Avec cinquante sous dans la poche.

The Fifty-Cent Song

My sweetheart and I went to the dance,
It was a Saturday night.
My sweetheart and I went to the dance,
It was a Saturday night.

We got back the next morning,
The next morning at daybreak.
We got back the next morning,
The next morning at daybreak.

I asked her if she were hungry
And wanted to eat a little bit.
I asked her if she were hungry
And wanted to eat a little bit.

She said she wasn't very hungry
But she would eat anyway.
She said she wasn't very hungry
But she would eat anyway.

I thought she would order
A little fifteen-cent plate lunch.
I thought she would order
A little fifteen-cent plate lunch.

She ordered a whole roast chicken
And a half dozen oysters.
She ordered a whole roast chicken
And a half dozen oysters.

I put my fifty cents
Up on the counter.
I put my fifty cents
Up on the counter.

Attacked with a blow of a fist,
I was thrown into the window,
Attacked with a kick,
I was thrown out in the street.

Take some advice from me
All you young men:
Never go into a restaurant
With just fifty cents in your pocket.

P'tit Galop Pour Mamou

Mamou is a town in Louisiana.

P'tit galop, p'tit galop pour Mamou,
J'ai vendu mon p'tit mulet pour quinze
sous.
J'ai acheté des candies rouges pour les
petits
Et du sucre et du café pour les vieux.

P'tit galop, p'tit galop pour Mamou,
J'ai vendu mon p'tit wagon pour quinze
sous.
J'ai acheté des candies rouges pour les
petits
Et une yard de ruban pour la vieille.

Giddy-Up to Mamou

Giddy-up, giddy-up to Mamou,
I sold my little mule for fifteen cents.
I bought some red candies for the little
ones
And some sugar and some coffee for
the old folks.

Giddy-up, giddy-up to Mamou,
I sold my little wagon for fifteen cents.
I bought some red candies for the little
ones
And a yard of ribbon for my wife.

Program 19

Dennis J. Banks, aka Nowacumig

Instrument:
drum



In this program, Dennis Banks, a Native American (Anishinabe) leader, performs on an instrument considered to be the heartbeat of Native nations from the North Pole to the South Pole—the drum. Dennis provided this information about the drum and its place in Native societies.

The drum is central to almost every ceremony Native people have. From the moment we are conceived and brought into this world till the moment we pass into the Spirit World, the drum plays an important part of our Native people's daily lives.

At first there are the songs sung to the expectant mother, who is brought to sit by the side of the drummers while songs are sung for a good journey. During the Naming Ceremony, a name is brought to the young child and songs are given in honor of the new name. The rites of passage from boy to young man—or girl to young woman—bring more songs from the drummers. Marriage—taking a companion and partner in life—is welcomed with special songs for the newlyweds. Even when taking a journey or long trip, there are ceremonies conducted for safe travel.

There are several types of drums found among the many tribal nations. The **hand drum** is used primarily for private ceremonies, although in recent years public gatherings between tribal groups have often brought out groups singing on these drums. The Athabaskan people use the hand drum in all their ceremonies and public functions. The Ojibwa people also use the hand drum for smaller events; but for the major spiritual gatherings, the large ceremonial drum is brought out.

The **ceremonial big drum** is used at spiritual gatherings (Sundance, Bear Dance, etc.) and social gatherings (pow-wows, etc.). The **water drum** is found among tribal people who follow the peyote religion. This drum may be dismantled, or taken apart, after each "meeting," as these gatherings are called. The water drum has a distinct sound much different from the hand and ceremonial big drums.

As in every society, each event has its own set of songs as well. **Social songs** are sung at informal gatherings, at singing contests, and with drumming and dancing. **Ceremonial songs** are a part of spiritual gatherings, accompany fasting, and include birth and Spirit World songs.

During this program, an honor song and several 49'er songs are sung for the audience.

Grass Dance Song

This is called a "grass dance song" because men would begin to dance by shuffling their feet through the grass to find any sticks or songs. This is also a war dance song. It is performed in a Native tongue.

A Forty-Nine Song

There is a story of how 50 soldiers went away to war—but only 49 came back. Since then, after every social event is over, time is set aside to sing a few songs (49'ers) as a reminder of those who have not returned home yet.

Again, this song is sung initially in a Native tongue. After World War II, English words were sometimes put to these chants. In this example, the singer gives false reasons for why his love does not love him any more.

English words improvised for this song follow.

She said she doesn't love me anymore
Because I eat moosemeat.
I don't care—
I got another moose.
(*etc.*)

An Honor Song

When someone does a good deed, he or she receives an eagle feather.

Program 20

Paula Larke

Instrument:
guitar



Rosebud—Trinidad

This is a song about slavery times. A young man, his wife, and her mother (Mama Carrie) escape their captors and think they are safe. One morning, the young man wakes to find his wife gone, taken away again with the other young women in the hidden village. This song is his lament. *Pecan-ney* is a Portuguese-African word meaning “pretty little brown pecan.”

Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme
Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme
Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme
Tell a me she go down a ribbah, Go bay
Tell a me she go down a ribbah, Go bay
Tell a me she go down a sea, Go bay
One teamah come, me no get lettah
Two teamah come, me no get lettah
Three teamah come, me no get lettah
Tell a me she go down a ribbah, Go bay
Tell a me she go down a ribbah, Go bay
Tell a me she go down a sea, Go bay
No hollah, me Mama Carrie, No hollah
No hollah, me Mama Carrie, No hollah
No hollah, me Mama Carrie, No hollah
Tell a me go mind me pecan-ney, No hollah
Tell a me go mind me pecan-ney, No hollah
Tell a me go mind me pecan-ney, No hollah
Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme
Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme
Oh, Call me Rosebud, Gimme

The Chicken and the Rooster

Here's the story of “The Chicken and the Rooster”:

Well, I know you like to fight, some of you. Think it's the only way to be tough.

There's more than one way to be tough, but you couldn't tell that to Bad Red and Little Mighty. They were one rooster and one little hen who could tear up a henyard. Matter of fact, whenever they started up, a crowd would gather and people and fowl alike would take bets on who was going to win.

This one evenin' ... a Saturday evenin' it was, I b'lieve ... Bad and Little were gettin' a roar stirred up, talkin' politics and religion and gender roles all at the same time. The thing had started to get physical, a few feathers floated on the dusty air, and you could hear bets being whispered here and there, when Thump Thump here come the farmer in his big muddy boots.

Well, it wasn't egg-gatherin' time, and chicken know the step of a man with cookin' on his mind, and all of 'em scuttled to their roosts and hunkered down, hidin'. All of 'em did except Bad Red and Little Mighty. Their fight had grown past slow down and they were rollin' around the yard. The farmer grabs one by the neck and then the next and says, “It'll have to be one part rooster tonight. I'm just sick of you two squabblin'!”

The next night there's some incredible gumbo nubblin' on the stove and Grandma all of a sudden says, “Hush!” and leans out the window. All the kids follow her lead, then crack up as they hear what the other hens and young yellowhead rooster are singin' in the hen yard.

By the way, all that fightin' is one reason why folk keep chickens in cages now, and don't let 'em roam. They don't taste as good, but it's easier to round 'em up for slaughter. (Story by Paula Larke)

The chicken and the rooster had a fight,
The rooster knocked the chicken out of sight.
The chicken told the rooster, "That's all right;
Meet me in the gumbo tomorrow night."

(Cluck madly and frustratedly between each verse. The next verses are the same as the first. Sing it until everyone gets the point.)

Zudio

We used to play this as "Willoughby or Willabee" in Winston-Salem, but when I was in South Carolina, teachers and students knew it as "Zudio." Since my father was from South Carolina, I do this version to think of him.

This song is sung to movements which are described with the lyrics below and demonstrated on the program. To begin, have children line up in two lines facing each other. The two children facing opposite each other are partners. This is one way to play late at night in a good clean way. The nightmare isn't bad; it's the people who do bad things at night that give night a bad name!

Lyrics

Here we go Zudio
Zudio, Zudio
Here we go Zudio
All night long.

Step back Sally
Sally, Sally
Step back, Sally
All night long.

Walkin' through the alley
Alley, Alley
Walkin' through the alley
All night long.

Optional (not performed in the program):

Here comes another one
Just like the other one
Here comes another one
All night long.

Bounce in place and pantomime the following lines:

Look over yonder.
What do I see?

A great big man from Tennessee.

I bet y' five dollars
You can't do this:

To the front,
to the back,
to the side - side - side!
To the front,
to the back,
to the side - side - side!

Directions

*Partners cross arms, take hands,
and twist.*

*Drop hands and step back into the lines
in time to the music.*

*Couple on the end, one in front of the
other, dance down and through the
middle of the lines.*

*If the line is long and another verse is
needed to accommodate the number of
dancers, add this verse and have
another couple follow.*

Put your hand over your eyes.

Shape big man with your arms.

*Hold up five fingers.
Give partner a "high five."*

*Jump to the front,
to the back,
and back and forth to the side, side,
side.
Repeat.*

Program 21

The Doucet Family Band

Michael "Beausoleil" Doucet,
Sharon Arms Doucet, and Melissa
"Doucet" Maher

Instruments:
guitar, fiddle, keyboard,
and triangle



La Cravate a Zig et Zag (Traditional)

This is an old favorite that many older Cajuns remember fondly from their childhoods. It's a cumulative song about all the clothes the narrator's sweetheart has given him, including the zig-zag tie of the title.

Cajun French may sound a little different from the French you learn in today's classroom. That is because the French that Cajuns speak came to this country so long ago.

Si j'aurais mes souliers
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais mes souliers
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

Si j'aurais mes jarretières
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais mes jarretières
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

Si j'aurais mes beaux bas
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais mes beaux bas
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Mes beaux bas à sentiment,
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

Si j'aurais ma culotte
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais ma culotte
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Ma culotte à courte botte,
Mes beaux bas à sentiment,
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

Si j'aurais ma chemise
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais ma chemise
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Ma chemise à courte fine,
Ma culotte à courte botte,
Mes beaux bas à sentiment,
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

The Zig-Zag Tie

If only I had my shoes
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my shoes
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

If only I had my garters
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my garters
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

If only I had my pretty socks
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my pretty socks
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My favorite pretty socks,
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

If only I had my pants
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my pants
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My short knee pants,
My favorite pretty socks,
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

If only I had my shirt
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my shirt
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My fine woven shirt,
My short knee pants,
My favorite pretty socks,
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

Si j'aurais ma cravate
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais ma cravate
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Ma cravate à zig et zag
Et bien bouclée dedans mon cou,
Ma chemise à courte fine,
Ma culotte à courte botte,
Mes beaux bas à sentiment,
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

If only I had my tie
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my tie
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My zig-zag tie
Well knotted around my neck,
My fine woven shirt,
My short knee pants,
My favorite pretty socks,
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

Si j'aurais mon chapeau
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Si j'aurais mon chapeau
C'est ma mie qui m'a donné.
Mon chapeau est sur me tete,
Ma cravate à zig et zag
Et bien bouclée dedans mon cou,
Ma chemise à courte fine,
Ma culotte à courte botte,
Mes beaux bas à sentiment,
Mes jarretières sont entières,
Mes souliers sont ronds,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant,
Ma mie, j'aimerais tant.

If only I had my hat
That my sweetheart gave to me.
If only I had my hat
That my sweetheart gave to me.
My hat upon my head,
My zig-zag tie
Well knotted around my neck,
My fine woven shirt,
My short knee pants,
My favorite pretty socks,
My garters are whole,
My shoes are round,
My dear how I would like that,
My dear how I would like that.

Le Hoogie Boogie

The Hokey Pokey

Get up and do the "Hoogie Boogie" ... or the dance you know as the "Hokey Pokey."

Je mets ma main droite en avant,
Je mets ma main droite en arriere,
Je mets ma main droite en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur
moi-même.
La la la la la

I put my right hand in,
I put my right hand out,
I put my right hand in
And I shake it all about,
I do the hokey pokey and I turn myself
about.
La la la la la

Je mets ma main gauche en avant,
Je mets ma main gauche en arriere,
Je mets ma main gauche en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur
moi-même.
La la la la la

*(Continue with "my left hand," "my
right foot," "my left foot," "my head,"
"my back," and "my whole self.")*

Je mets mon pied droit en avant,
Je mets mon pied droit en arriere,
Je mets mon pied droit en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur
moi-même.
La la la la la

Je mets mon pied gauche en avant,
Je mets mon pied gauche en arrière,
Je mets mon pied droit en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur moi-même.
La la la la la

Je mets ma tête en avant,
Je mets ma tête en arrière,
Je mets ma tête en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur moi-même.
La la la la la

Je mets mon dos en avant,
Je mets mon dos en arrière,
Je mets mon dos en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur moi-même.
La la la la la

Je mets mon corps en avant,
Je mets mon corps en arrière,
Je mets mon corps en avant
Et je tourne, je tourne, je tourne,
Je fais le hoogie boogie et je tourne sur moi-même.
La la la la la

Je fais le hoogie boogie,
You do the hokey pokey,
Je fais le hoogie boogie.
La la la la la

L'Arc en Ciel

Rouge est la pomme
Le soleil est jaune
Roses sont mes joues
Orange est l'automne.

Bleu est le ciel
Après la pluie
Blanche est la neige
Noire est la nuit.

Toute la terre
Est pleine de couleurs
Dans l'arc en ciel,
Dans le jardin de fleurs.

Les violettes
Dans la forêt
Sont, bien sûr,
Violets.

The Rainbow

Red is the apple
The sun is yellow
Pink are my cheeks
Orange is the autumn.

Blue is the sky
After the rain
White is the snow
Black is the night.

All the earth
Is full of colors
In the rainbow,
In the flower garden.

The violets
In the forest
Are, of course,
Purple.

L'arbre est vert
Les chocolats sont bruns
Tiens, moi j'ai faim
J'en mangerai un.

The tree is green
Chocolates are brown
Hey, I'm hungry
I think I'll eat one.

Toute la terre All the earth
Est pleine de couleurs
Dans l'arc en ciel,
Dans le jardin de fleurs.

All the earth
Is full of colors
In the rainbow,
In the flower garden.

Deux Cocodries

Two Alligators

In a group of children, two are chosen to be the cocodries. They march in time around the room and each time they sing "Si les Cocodries," they tap or point to another child, who then joins the alligator's tail. The verses can be repeated as many times as necessary.

Deux cocodries sont allés à la guerre,
Disant "adieu" à leurs petits enfants,
Leurs longues queues traînaient dans la
pous-sière,
Ils s'en allaient combattre les éléphants.

Two alligators went off to war,
Saying "farewell" to their little children,
Their long tails dragging behind them in
the dust,
They went off to fight the elephants.

Si les cocodries, les cocodries, les
cocodries
Sur le bord du bayou se sont perdus,
e'en parlons plus.
Si les cocodries, les cocodries, les
cocodries
Sur le bord du bayou se sont perdus,
n'en parlons plus.

If the alligators, the alligators, the
alligators
Have gotten lost on the banks of the
bayou, say no more.
If the alligators, the alligators, the
alligators
Have gotten lost on the banks of the
bayou, say no more.

Program 22

Taj Mahal

Instrument:
guitar



Funky Bluesy A B C

A B C D
E F G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S
T U V
W
X Y Z

Talkin' about your funky bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C
Bluesy, bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C

A B C D
(Hit me now)
E F G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S
T U V
W
X Y Z

Talkin' about your bluesy, bluesy, funky, bluesy A B C
Funky, bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C

You got to try it
You can't deny it
You got to learn it
If you want to earn it
See you got to read

A B C D
E F G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S
T U V
W
X Y Z

Talkin' about your funky bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C
Bluesy, bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C

You got to try it
You can't deny it
You got to earn it
And you learn it

I don't want you to ever walk by anything that's written down
And you can't read it
If you can read you can go anywhere

A B C D
E F G
H I J K
L M N O P
Q R S
T U V
W
X Y Z

Talkin' about your funky bluesy, bluesy, bluesy A B C
Bluesy, bluesy, funky, bluesy A B C
(repeat)

African Blues

(Instrumental)

"African Blues" was a piece derived from the relationship between the present-day string guitar picking music and the 13th-century development of the **kora**. The kora is a 1921 or 1923 stringed, looped harp made out of calabash (like a gourd) with a big skin pulled across it and bridged with 10 strings up one side and 11 strings up the other side.

This song is a combination of little things still retained in American music that connect to an old African empire whose history was committed to memory and passed on so the stories of the past people and events would not be forgotten.

Stagger Lee

"Stagger Lee" is based on an actual situation in New Orleans.

Be on a rainy morning
Maybe happened on a rainy night
Well, old Stagger Lee and Billy D. Lyons
Had a great big fight
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

Billy D. Lyons and Stagger Lee, man,
Two men who gambled late
Old Stagger Lee threw a seven
Billy swore that he threw eight
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

Billy said to Stagger Lee,
"Man you know I'm gonna die
Know I done won all your money
Man, your brand new Stetson hat."
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Cool Stagger Lee

Billy said to Stagger Lee,
"Man, please don't take my life
You know I done won all your money
But I got two babies and my wife."
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

What do I care about your
Two little babies, now
And your darling, loving wife
You done won my hat
Now you're bound to lose your life
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

Boom blam, blipty boom blam blam
Went the forty-one
You found Billy Lyon laying in a pool of blood
Dead, bled, and done
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

If you ever go down to New Orleans
Down the line, well
Careful with your feet steppin' in Billy Lyons' blood
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

Police officer, how can it be
You done, you done arrested everybody
Except cool old Stagger Lee
Talkin' 'bout de bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

Could be on a rainy morning
Could be on a rainy night
Stagger Lee and Billy D. Lyons
Had a great big fight
Talkin' 'bout a bad man
Comin' cool Stagger Lee

You Don't Have To Go

This Jimmy Reed tune is almost like a blues anthem. Reed was born in Mississippi.

Oh baby,
You don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go

I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I go

I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I go

Oh baby,
You don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go

Oh baby,
You don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go

I'm gonna pack up darlin'
Down the road I go

I said I leave you all my money
And you go downtown
You come back in the evenin', girl,
You loaf around

Oh baby, you don't have to go
Oh baby, you don't have to go

Meet the Performers

Dennis J. Banks, aka Nowacumig

Dennis Banks—Native American leader, teacher, lecturer, activist, and author—is an Anishinabe born on Leech Lake Indian Reservation in northern Minnesota. In 1968 he founded the American Indian Movement (AIM) to protect the traditional ways of Indian peoples and to engage in legal cases protecting treaty rights in areas such as hunting and fishing, trapping, and gathering of wild foods. AIM has brought a variety of Native American issues to the public.

Banks earned an Associate of Arts degree at Davis University in California and taught at Deganawida Quetzcoatl (DQ) University (an Indian-controlled institution), where he became the first American Indian chancellor. He has also taught at Stanford University.

During 1987, grave robbers in Uniontown, Kentucky were halted in their digging for artifacts after they had destroyed more than 1,200 American Indian grave sites. Banks was called in to organize the reburial ceremonies for the uncovered remains. His activities in this state resulted in Kentucky and Indiana passing strict legislation against grave desecration.

Banks revived the idea of traditional spiritual running in 1978 when he began Sacred Run. Since then it has become a multicultural, international event with participants from around the world joining Native American runners to carry the message of the sacredness of all life and of our relationship to the planet we call Mother Earth. To date, Banks has led runners more than 43,000 miles through the United States, Europe, Japan, Canada, Australia, and Aotearoa (New Zealand).

In addition to leading and organizing Sacred Runs, Banks stays involved with American Indian issues and AIM activities and travels the globe lecturing, providing drug and alcohol counseling, teaching Native traditions, and sharing his experiences. He has also had roles in the movies *War Party*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, and *Thunderheart*.

The Doucet Family

The Doucet Family Band features Michael and Sharon Doucet and Sharon's daughter, Melissa "Doucet" Maher. In 1992 they released an album for kids entitled *Le Hoogie Boogie: Louisiana French Music for Children*.

Michael, a native of Scott, Louisiana, is the fiddler and leader of the renowned Cajun band Beausoleil. He grew up speaking French with his parents and grandparents and learned to play his first instrument, the trumpet, at the age of 6. He now plays various instruments and travels the world, thanks to his roots in the unique Louisiana Cajun French culture.

Sharon is a French teacher and children's author. Many of the songs in the program come from the repertoire she uses with elementary school children. This work, she says, has taught her that music is a very effective tool in foreign language instruction. Sharon grew up in Wyoming, where she learned her French in school, but she has lived in Louisiana since high school.

Melissa is a high school student at the Louisiana School for Math, Science, and the Arts. She has been singing and playing music since the age of 4.

Michael Doucet and Beausoleil have a number of records available, including:

La Danse de la Vie (Rhino R2 71221, 1993)

Bayou Deluxe: The Best of Michael Doucet and Beausoleil (Rhino R2 71169, 1993)

Cajun Conja (Rhino/RNA 70525, 1991)

Live! From the Left Coast (Rounder 6035, 1989)

Bayou Cadillac (Rounder 6025, 1989)

Hot Chili Mama (Arhoolie 5040, 1987)

Bayou Boogie (Rounder 6015, 1986)

Allons a Lafayette (Arhoolie 5036, 1986)

Michael Doucet: Dit Beausoleil (Arhoolie 5025, 1982)

Michael Doucet: Beau Solo (Arhoolie 321, 1989)

Paula Larke

Paula Larke was born in North Carolina and received her professional theatre training through touring productions and on the Broadway stage with the New York Shakespeare Festival. While in New York, she began to develop her one-woman show, which integrated her love of music and storytelling with her feel for human relations and motivational themes.

In North Carolina, Larke has worked as visiting artist with the North Carolina Arts Council and the Department of Community Colleges as well as the North Carolina Touring Program. She is self-taught and heavily read in the areas of African-American history and folklore from all over the world.

Larke also appears in the KET series *Dancing Threads: Community Dances from Africa to Zuni*, in which she teaches students the play party game “Little Johnny Brown.”

Taj Mahal

Taj Mahal has been performing African-American roots music for 30 years. A recent Grammy-nominated album, *Dancing the Blues*, continued a long line of influential recordings, including the best-selling releases *Giant Step*, *The Natch'l Blues*, and the children's album *Shake Sugaree*, recipient of the 1988 American Library and NAIRD awards.

An accomplished writer and arranger, Mahal composed the score and served as music director for the feature films *Sounder* (I and II) and *Brothers*. He also created original music for George Lucas' animated children's television series, *The Ewoks*; for *Br'er Rabbit*, the album and video, in collaboration with narrator Danny Glover; and for Lincoln Center's Broadway production of *Mule Bone*, a play by Langston Hughes and Zora Neale Hurston.

Son of a West Indian jazz arranger and a South Carolina gospel singer, Mahal is the self-taught master of more than a dozen instruments, including guitar, piano, harmonica, banjo, and mandolin. He emerged professionally in 1965 as co-founder (with guitarist Ry Cooder) of The Rising Sons and quickly came to prominence as an interpreter of blues in the broadest sense, from funky to sophisticated. His repertoire also draws from music of the Caribbean and West Africa, as well as early American jazz and Southern folk.

Mahal has appeared on television and performed at major festivals and concert halls throughout the United States, Australia, Europe, and Africa. His college appearances, especially during Black History Month, have often included lecture-demonstrations, and he further articulated his cultural views at the Smithsonian panel “Poetry of the Blues.” The Smithsonian later asked him to return, along with Bruce Springsteen, U2, Willie Nelson, Little Richard, and others, for the album and television special *A Vision Shared*, honoring the music of Woody Guthrie and Leadbelly.

Selected Bibliography

Cajun Music

All songs in programs 18 and 21 are from *Le Hoogie Boogie: Louisiana French Folk Music for Children*, Rounder 8022, 1992. A companion book, *Le Hoogie Boogie Songbook*, is available from Dragonfly Press, 500 East Farrel Road, Lafayette, LA 70508.

For more information about Cajun music, Michael Doucet recommends *J'ai Ete au Bal (I Went to the Dance)*, Volumes 1 and 2 (Arhoolie 331 and 332).

Special Note

The *Old Music for New Ears* programs have now been closed-captioned for the hearing-impaired. All KET broadcasts after March 1995 will be of the captioned versions.