A Walk in the Sun

EARL ROBINSON

and other songs and ballads

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN
TEXAS GIRL
FROM HERE ON UP
TRAIN SONG
JOE HILL
FREE AND EQUAL BLUES
SPRING SONG
GOOD MORNING
BLACK AND WHITE
A Walk In The Sun
and other songs and ballads

sung by
EARL ROBINSON

A Folder Containing
Descriptive Notes And Song Texts
Is Enclosed In This Album
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Earl Robinson's career as a composer and balladist is filled with more than promise. He has had the head, the hand and the heart to put into memorable music the folk-poetry of a nation - a new kind of opera for Americans.

He wanted, after graduating from the University of Washington Music Department in 1933, to "make a fairly certain living in music... the thing I liked best... and... to sing and help make folk songs." He was equipped to teach and supervise public school music. But a school job teaching science, math, history and chemistry plus the 'opportunity' to work with an after-school hours orchestra was not too hard to turn down. As it was, after some months at manual jobs, he got a chance to travel to and through the Far East by playing in the orchestra of a ship making port in China, Japan and The Philippines. Also a "gitbox" came his way for $2. and with it and some friends back in the states he came East from Seattle by way of California, New Mexico, Texas, Arkansas and the South. "On that trip, learning to play guitar, singing for meals occasionally and most of all listening to Cowboy and Hillbilly music, I gained an interest in and love for our native American music that has constantly grown with the years since then."

The vital statistics are: Born July 2, 1910, Seattle, Washington. B.A. in Music from the University of Washington, Musical Director for the Workers Lab Theatre. With the WPA Federal Theatre (where many other talents developed) wrote the music for "Processional", "Life and Death of an American", "Sing for Your Supper". His works have been performed, by himself and by many notable talents on radio, records, and in films, as well as in the concert halls. They include: "Ballad For Americans" with John Latouche, "A Man's A Man For A That", "Abe Lincoln", "The Lonesome Train", with Millard Lampell, "The Same Boat, Brother", "The Battle Hymn", to the words of F.D.R.'s State of the Union Message, "In the Folded and Quiet Yesterdays" and "Tower of Babel" to the words of Carl Sandburg, "If I am Free", "The Town Crier" with Lewis Allan, "Come Along" (a varsovienne cantata), songs and background scores for: "The Roosevelt Story", a United Artists release, "California" (with E. Y. Harburg) for Paramount, "Romance of Rosy Ridge", MGM (with Lewis Allan), "The Texas Story", Eagle-Lion, "Sandhog" a folk-opera written with Waldo Salt and based on a theme of Theodore Dreiser. In 1955 he wrote the music for a General Motors film "Giants in the Land" (a sort of Paul Bunyan story on diesel engines). Currently working on "A County they Call Puget Sound" for band and voice which will be premiered by the CBC (with chamber orchestra) and band performance to follow at the University of Washington.

It has been said of Earl Robinson: ... "Whether his listeners be midwest miners, New England farmers, New York sophisticates or West Coast night-clubbers, the songs and singing of Earl Robinson cast a 'spell'.... composer, singer, conductor, teacher, and folklorist, Earl Robinson's name is to be found in books on American composers as well as in tin-pan alley. But, more than that, he has the rare quality of a true balladeer which has enabled him to bring the warmth, the charm and the strength of his and other folk music to concert, theatre, union, school and community groups all over America,. And, whether he is conducting the New York Philharmonic (as he did in 1943) or singing to the smallest home-gathering, this natural and heartwarming quality is always apparent. One of the amazing things about Earl Robinson is the way he recreates for his audiences the full spirit of his folk-operas and cantatas...."
This is a collection of Robinson music with words by several good and talented men. Most of these songs have been around for years and years, - and years. They have been sung, recited, orchestrated, arranged, performed, danced to, acted out. Some have been recorded, sung on radio and television, and found their way into movies. Some have wandered around in strange places, through misplaced manuscript copies, or just by word of mouth, a bit like a folk song. Some have travelled around the world, and come back, and gone again. Changes have occurred in tune and words, interesting and unpredictable. Translations into dozens of languages have produced variations impossible to keep track of.

But the songs have made friends everywhere, even though the names of the composer and writers are often unknown. Does this lack of proper "credits" upset me? In the main I take it kindly. For the outstanding characteristic of these songs is that they are living today, alive yet.

They represented, when written, much of my feelings toward the world around us, the land we live in. They still do.

Earl Robinson

MILLARD LAMPELL wrote the ballads for A WALK IN THE SUN while he was a sergeant in the U.S. Air Force. He had already worked with Earl Robinson once before, writing the renowned folk cantata, THE LONESOME TRAIN. Lampell is the author of several books, THE LONG WAY HOME, and THE HERO, made into the film SATURDAY'S HERO. His hour-long play SOMETIME BEFORE MORNING for the United Nations over NBC won him radio's coveted Peabody Award. He has written films for the Governments of Israel and Puerto Rico, and is at present finishing a new novel for Random House.

A WALK IN THE SUN, the Twentieth Century-Fox film for which these ballads and music were written was adapted from a novel by Harry Brown. A ballad narrative technique of this sort had not been attempted before in a Hollywood movie. Credit for courageous initiative goes to the film's director, Lewis Milestone. The songs were most successful when they did not try to underline the action on the screen; but rather, added a new dimension to the scenes. Some of the songs in the present album were not in the final picture as released.

"On the southern tip of Italy, there is a beach. On a morning in September, 1943, a platoon of GI's landed there with the job of following a road six miles inland to take a farmhouse. The farmhouse was believed to be occupied by the enemy, but nobody was sure. This ballad tells the platoon's story. The truth in these songs is that free men fighting anywhere are the same. Lonely and hungry, tired as hell, they travelled the long roads out of Cassino, out of Stalingrad, out of Huertgen Forest, out of Leyte, out of the Yugoslav hills, dreaming of a time when men would live in peace, with no more homelessness, no more fear and insecurity, no more hunger."

- MILLARD LAMPELL

WALK IN THE SUN

SIDE I, Band 1: BALLAD OF THE LEAD PLATOON

Gather round all you people
While I tell you a tale
It began in September, '43
When the lead platoon of the Texas Division
Hit the beach at Salerno, Italy;

It was just a little walk in the warm Italian sun
But it was not an easy thing
And poets are writing the tale of that fight
And songs for children to sing

Let them sing of the men of a fighting platoon
Let them sing of the job they've done
How they came across the sea to sunny Italy
And took a little walk in the sun, Great God
They took a little walk in the sun

Well the road that they walked was a mighty long road
It reached out beyond Italy
Thru the snow and the sand
Across every land
Wherever men fight to be free

It's the road that goes down thru a Philippine town
And it hits Highway 7 north of Rome
It's the same road they had coming out of Stalingrad
It's that old Lincoln Highway back home

Through Peking and Paris and up along the Rhine
And out across the Java sea
Thru the snow and the sand
Across every land
Wherever men fight to be free
Wherever men fight to be free

Moving into Salerno in the early morning darkness
Moving in thru the water. The guys sit quietly in the barge. Nobody talks. "Douse that butt!"
This is the big baby. This is what we trained for.
Take a last look around you. This is your outfit.
These are the Joes your life will depend on this morning at Salerno ...

SIDE I, Band 2: TEXAS DIVISION

These are the men of the Texas Division, United States Infantry;
They are moving in thru hell and high water,
Friedman and Tyne, Rivera and Porter;
A Texan from Jersey and one from Dakota,
A Texan from out near Duluth, Minnesota
Kansas, Maine and Tennessee;
Lord God, they're all in the Texas Infantry.

They had trained in Louisiana, they had trained in
Tennessee
And they came to that warm Italian shore
For a little vacation down by the sea

But things on that beach were just a little too quiet,
Not even a sound of an enemy gun. Let down the ramps and ease off into the water.
Cold water, Mama Mia, it's always cold water. And no sound. No guns
and no planes. Nothing but silence. Somewhere ahead is the enemy. Down -- here there's nothing but quiet,
(it's bad) Can't tell what's coming next.
So you crawl up the beach and wait. Wait.
SIDE I, Band 3: WAITING

Spoken:
Seems like this war is nothin' but waitin',
Wait for your pay,
Wait for your chow,
Waitin' for a letter from home.

Sing:
It's a long long time a man spends waitin',
Waiting around in a war
I think of a gal I've never seen
Her hair is black, and her eyes are green
Her name is Helen or maybe Irene
It's a long long time a-waitin'.
I think of all the things I have not done
All of the women I have not won
It seems like my life ain't really begun
It's a long long time a-waitin'.

I guess it was about 7 o'clock in the morning when
the sergeant comes around and says 'Okay, boys,
on your feet. We're going for a little walk. We're
going to drop in at a farmhouse 6 miles down the road.'

SIDE I, Band 4: ONE LITTLE JOB

This is the story of one little job
One day from dawn until noon
Just one battle more in a long long war
And the men of a single platoon.
It was fifty three men started out that day
Along the Italian shore
And some of those were mighty good Joes
Who will never see the sunrise any more, poor boys,
They'll never see the sunrise any more.

SIDE I, Band 5: THE PLATOON STARTED OUT

The platoon started out down that long dusty road
The sun was comin' up so fast,
They had a job that day and they were on their way,
It was good to be on the move at last.

That's Windy. He worked in a grocery store in
Johnsberry, New Hampshire. Used to take long walks
and just think. He likes to think.

That's Rivera. Tough guy, Jersey City. Drove a truck
week days. Listened to the opera on Sundays. Dreamed
about having kids. Plenty of kids.

Jake Friedman, Lathe operator, Scranton, P.A.
Golden Gloves Champ. Strictly a gag-man Jake. You have to
look close to see the stuff underneath.

Cousins. Porter. Sergeant Tyne. Tyne was a Newspaper man, San Francisco. Union man. Kept readin'
the headlines and one morning just went down and enlisted. Good man to have around.

SIDE I, Band 6: SIX MILE WALK

Well a six mile walk is a short little walk
When you march behind a big brass band.
But every single step is a walk around the world
When you're marchin' thru enemy land, Lord God
When you're walkin' down in enemy land.

SIDE I, Band 7: TROUBLE COMING

Well, there's trouble a-comin'
Any time now it's comin'
A mortar shell a-comin'
From out of the hills,
A German tank a-comin'
Down the road,
A Messerschmidt a-comin'
From out of the sky;
Well, there's trouble.
A six mile walk is a mighty long walk
Where as far as a man can see
There's a Purple Heart a-waiting behind ev'ry bush
And a one way ticket home in ev'ry tree, German snipers
A one way ticket home in ev'ry tree.
Yes there's trouble.

SIDE I, Band 8: TEXAS DIVISION BLUES

Well, this is not their first time under enemy fire
Nor their first time on enemy ground
And it takes a little more than just a little war
To keep a man from the infantry down.

Spoken:
Man I got those Texas Division Blues

Sing:
Well you can hear my knees a-knockin'
And you think I'm scared, I guess.
You can hear my knees a-knockin'
And you think I'm scared I guess.
That ain't nothin' but pure patriotism makes me shake
like this.
I got an M-1 rifle just as long as I am tall,
Got an M-1 rifle just as long as I am tall;
Gonna shoot me a superman,
Gonna see him jump and fall.
Start prayin' Adolph Hitler,
Cause you ain't got much time,
I said start prayin' Mister Hitler,
Cause you ain't got much time.
I got a five cent bullet
Gonna ease your restless mind.

Guess it was Tyne saw it first. A German armored car
comin' round the bend nice and slow. Just ridin' along.
We ducked in the ditch along side the road and waited.
Took our grenades and crimped em, and waited. Easy.
Take it easy. Let'er Have It!

SIDE I, Band 9: THEY MET HITLER'S BEST

Well, they met Hitler's best and they laid them to rest.
They're battin' a thousand so far,
But a lot more guys than these infantry G.I.'s
Knocked out that German armored car.
There were miners and welders and little fact'ry gals
From Connecticut to Frisco Bay
And fifty million more turnin' out the tools of war
And it all added up that day.
It was Pittsburg Pennsylvania made the steel for that
bazooka,
Missouri loaded it with lead,
And when the Infantry got done a-workin' on that gun
There were twelve German Soldiers lyin' dead.
Praise God, twelve more fascists lyin' dead.

You cut across the olive fields and
Come up over a little rise, and
All of a sudden there it is.
Just a farmhouse.
It looks so peaceful
A couple of sparrows up on the roof
And the sun glittering on something -
A German machine gun poking out of the window

SIDE I, Band 10: MOVING IN

We're movin' in boy
And I know it won't be long;
Well, you pick up your rifle and you pull back the bolt,
Get a shell in the chamber and it's ready to go,
Get out your grenade and you crimp the pin
Cause you're sure gonna need it when you start movin' in;
We're on the way now
And I know it won't be long,
Well, you set that gun so it's nice and steady,
Slip the first belt in, get the ammunition ready,
Put it on to half safety then check the thing,
Put her into full load and she's ready to sing
it won't be long
Put her into full load and she's ready to sing
It won't be long
We're movin' in boys
And we're sure gonna cover ground,
Well you tighten up your belt and then you slip on your pack
Cause your movin' in, boy,
And there's no turnin' back,
All we need is just a little luck,
We're gonna hit that farm like a ten ton truck,
Start prayin' Jerry,
Cause you're on your last go round.

We covered the six miles. We took the farmhouse.
And we paid for it. We paid plenty. 12 dead, 21 wounded.
And a little guy named Porter wandering across the field out of his mind.

SIDE I, Band 11: WALK IN THE SUN

It was just a little walk in the warm Italian sun;
But it was not an easy thing
And poets are writing the tale of that fight
And songs for children to sing;

Let them sing of the men of a fighting platoon
Let them sing of the job they've done,
How they came across the sea to sunny Italy
And took a little walk in the sun.

Well the road that they walked was a mighty long road
Stretching round the world from Peking to Rome
It's the same road they had comin' out of Stalingrad
It's that old Lincoln Highway back home;
It's where ever men fight to be free,
Where ever men fight to be free.

SIDE II, Band 1: HOUSE I LIVE IN

What is America to me,
A name, a map, the flag I see,
A certain word, "Democracy,"
What is America to me?

The house I live in,
A plot of earth, a street,
The grocer and the butcher
And the people that I meet;
The children in the playground,
The faces that I see;
All races, all religions,
That's America to me.

The place I work in,
The worker at my side.
The little town or city
Where my people lived and died.
The "howdy" and the handshake,
The air of feeling free
The right to speak my mind out,
That's America to me.

The things I see about me
The big things and the small,
The little corner news-stand
And the house a mile tall;
The wedding and the churchyard,
The laughter and the tears,
The dream that's been agrowin'
For a hundred fifty years;
The town I live in
The street, the house, the room,
The pavement of the city,
Or a garden all in bloom,
The church, the school, the club house,
The million lights I see,
But especially the people,
That's America to me.

The words of old Abe Lincoln
Of Jefferson and Paine
Of Washington and Roosevelt
And the tasks that still remain.
The little bridge at Concord
Where freedoms fight began
Our Gettysburg and Midway
And the brotherhood of man.

The house I live in
The goodness everywhere
A land of wealth and beauty
With enough for all to share
A house that we call Freedom
A home of Liberty
With a promise for tomorrow
That's America to me.
A. Texas Girl

Now you can give marriage a whirl
If you got some cash in your purse
But don't wed no one but a Texas girl
Cause, no matter what happens, she's seen worse.

B. From Here On Up

From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
From here on up, the hills don't get any higher
But the hollows get deeper and deeper.

C. Train Song

The west-bound train went sixty miles an hour
The west-bound train went sixty miles an hour
The east-bound train was going seventy miles an hour
They was runnin' head-on, on a single track

SIDE II, Band 3: JOE HILL

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
'I never died" says he,
'I never died" says he.

"In Salt Lake Joe, I said to him,
Him standing by my bed,
'They framed you on a murder charge,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead,"
Says Joe, "But I ain't dead."

"The Copper Bosses killed you, Joe.
They shot you, Joe," says I.
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"
Says Joe, "I didn't die."

And standing there as big as life,
And smiling with his eyes,
Joe says, "What they could never kill
Went on to organize."

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me.
"Joe Hill ain't never died,
Where workers strike and organize
Joe Hill is at their side."

"From San Diego up to Maine
In every mine and mill,
Where common men defend their rights,
Says he, "you'll find Joe Hill."

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night
Alive as you and me,
Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years dead"
'I never died," says he,
'I never died," says he.
50 ounces of Phosphorus
Whether you're poor or prosperous... -
Buddy, can you spare a match?

Then you take twenty teaspoonfulls of Sodium Chloride
(That's salt)
Mix with 38 quarts of H-2-O (That's water)
Take 60 ordinary lumps of sugar (That's sugar!)
Add 2 ounces of lime.
A pinch of Chloride of potash.
A drop of magnesium.
A bit of sulphur.
A soupcon of Hydro-chloric acid.
And you stir it all up.
And what are you?
A walkin' drugstore.
An international chemical cartel!

And that's the news, Yes that's the news,
So listen you African and Indian and Mexican,
Mongolian, Tyrolean and Tartar,
The Doctor's right behind the Human Rights Charter.

The Doc's behind the new "Brotherhood of Man"
As prescribed at San Francisco and Geneva and
Bandung - Where peace began.

Makes no difference if you're Kelly, If you're Cohen,
If you're Lopez,
If you're Swenson, Jones or Litvinoff,
Every man everywhere is the same
When he's got his skin off!

And that's the news, Yes that's the news,
That the Free and Equal News.

SIDE II, Band 5: SPRING SONG

I wonder will it come along in Spring,
Will we be fighting while the robins sing,
Will the atom be abristling
And the rockets do the whistling
When the world is all in bloom in the Spring?
Can it be that we'll be drilling in the Spring?
Can it be that we'll be killing in the Spring?
Oh, I'd rather take it easy,
Give the other guy a breezy,
A bright and cheery howdy in the Spring.

Oh is that a time for dying, when it's Spring?
And the women to be crying, when it's Spring?
When in the park on Sunday
I'd like to know that Monday
Will be just an ordinary day in the Spring.
Oh, I would like to know in the Spring
That I won't have to go in the Spring.
When skies are blue above her
Can I tell her that I love her
If we never meet each other in the Spring?

When the fields are ripe for sowing, in the Spring?
You can watch the children growing in the Spring?
We could have a celebration
With folks from every nation,
But we destroy creation in the Spring?
Oh, I'd just like an ordinary Spring
With people laughing just because it's Spring.
And however he spells his name
I am sure he feels the same
For it's great to be alive in the Spring.

SIDE II, Band 6: GOOD MORNING

Good morning! Good morning!
Good morning, good evening, so soon.

Here we go on a merry-go-round
First couple leads to the right
Up to the next who's standing there
With the big bright eyes and the curly hair
Up to the next with the blue necktie
Beside him stands his Nellie Bly
Good morning, Hi!
Good morning, Hi!
And how-do-you-do?

Now to Peter and Nellie Gray,
We've come to pass the time of day
You can meet the morning mail
And I'll be on my way-ay-ay

Back again in our own little home
Right back where we started from
Sure is fun to have a dime
And a nickel all our own

And around and around and around we go
Way up high where the beanstalks grow
You can live in a happy land
And I'll play in a big brass band

Up in the mountains where the smoke curls high
Lives a little doggie with a blinkin' eye.
Part of him's lonesome, part of him's plain
But I'll stick with him just the same

Hark the rooster give the call
Promenade to the barnyard all

You be the scratch and I'll be the corn
The chicks will find us every morn
Good morning, hi!
Good morning, hi!

I got a calf with wooden legs
Got two eyes like soft-boiled eggs
Got a little calf with wooden legs
Two eyes like softly boiled eggs

Last couple up with the turned-up toes
Up to the next with the freckled nose
East o' the sun and west o' the moon
We'll be finished mighty soon

Deep in the barn all filled with hay
Hey, hey, it's another day
Good morning, hi!
Good morning, hi!
And how-do-you-do?

You can pitch and I can haul
And you can feed and I can call
You can milk and I can churn
But I hear the school-bus comin'
And there's lots to learn-mm

Almost finished with our song
We hope we haven't kept you long
We would like to say this too
Sunshine's mighty good for you

And around and around and around we go
Way up high where the beanstalks grow
You can live in a happy land
And I'll play in a big brass band
SIDE II, Band 7: BLACK AND WHITE

The ink is black, the page is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

And now a child can understand
This is the law of all the land,
All the land!

The ink is black, the page is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

Their robes were black, their heads were white
The school house doors were closed so tight,
Were closed up tight.

Nine judges all set down their names
To end the years and years of shame,
Years of shame!

The school house doors were closed so tight,
The ink
To end the years and years of shame,
Years of shame.

The ink
To read and write.
And now a child can understand
Together we learn to read and write,
Freedom grows!

The robes were black, the heads were white
(Whistle).

The slate is black, the chalk is white
The words stand out so clear and bright,
So clear and bright.

And now at last we plainly see
The alphabet of Liberty,
Liberty!

The slate is black, the chalk is white
(Whistle).

A child is black, a child is white
Together we learn to read and write,
To read and write.

The world is black, the world is white
It turns by day and then by night,
It turns by night.
It turns so each and everyone
Can take his station in the sun,
In the sun!

OTHER FOLKWAYS RECORDS OF INTEREST:

FW3044 British Broadside Ballads, v. 2 sung by Ewan MacColl
FH5211 Witches & War-Whoops, early New England ballads sung by John Allison
FH5437 Songs of the Spanish Civil War, v. 2
FH5441 Songs of Algerian Freedom Fighters (FLN) recorded in Algeria
FH5442 Angolan Freedom Songs recorded by UPA fighters in Angola
FH5443 Somali Freedom Songs recorded in Africa
FH5444 Ding Dong Dollar: Scottish anti-Polish and republican songs
FC7566 Call of Freedom, a cantata by elementary school pupils.
FR6970 The Sounds of Yoga-Vedanta recorded in India
FW2750 Hawaiian Chant, Hula & Music, recorded in Hawaii
FL9741 Dear Abe Linkhorn; satirical writings

AMERICAN HISTORY - 12"


FA2430 CISCO EDDYTON SING SONGS OF THE OPEN ROAD, loho and "Wooly" songs incl. Mule Skinner Blues,

Pie in the Sky, Beans, Bacon and Gravy, Soup Song, others. Song texts.


UTHO IN U.S.A.