

*Pete Seeger*  
**Abiyoyo**  
*And Other Story Songs For Children*



SAM, THE WHALER / ABIYOYO / SWEET LITTLE BABY / SWEEPY, SWEEPY / WHERE  
ARE MY PAJAMAS? / GREEN GRASS GROWS ALL AROUND / ONE GRAIN OF SAND

**Pete Seeger****Abiyoyo and Other Story Songs For Children**

1. **Sam, the Whaler** 11:25  
(Story by P. Seeger/Stormking Music Inc.)
2. **Abiyoyo** 9:45  
(African folk tune/Story by P. Seeger/Fall River Music Inc.)
3. **Sweet Little Baby** 2:33  
(Words and music by P. Seeger)
4. **Sweepy, Sweepy, Sweepy** 2:24  
(Words and music by P. Seeger & Mika Seeger)
5. **Where Are My Pajamas?** 1:10  
(Words and music by P. Seeger/Stormking Music Inc.)
6. **Green Grass Grows All Around** 4:50
7. **One Grain of Sand** 9:12  
(Words and music by P. Seeger)

A lullaby is a work song, and should be sung by the luller. When work songs are arranged into performance songs, they are usually so drastically changed as to be useless. Furthermore, as Iona and Peter Opie, editors of the Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes say, four and twenty trained singers caroling in harmony are not so effective as one mother's voice, however out-of-tune.

So this singer feels that the main function of this record will be achieved if parents take to the idea of singing lullabies for their own children, and making up stories for them. For is it not true that just as we would not want to miss the pleasure of using our legs, simply because we have automobiles, we would not want to forget the fun of singing, nor of telling and retelling stories, even though we can agree that the LP record and the printing press were great inventions?

Frankly, I can only sing lullabies to my youngest child. The older two long ago discovered that lullabies were propaganda songs, and refused to allow them to be sung. They much prefer stories, the longer the better. Two main kinds seem to be most popular: stories out of history, told as truly

as possible, and nonsense stories, which can be made up as one goes along. The idea is simply to find an unlikely situation to start with, and follow it to its illogical conclusion. When inspiration fails for either of these two types, one can fall back upon retelling of old stories, though only the bare plot can be remembered. Let us look forward to the genius of the folk process taking hold and rewriting in modern terms hundreds of the world's great stories. And let us hope not too many of them are written down.

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### SAM, THE WHALER

Once upon a time, long ago, there was a boy who lived on the banks of the Hudson River. In those days he used to look out of his window and see the sailing ships—with their big white sails, sailing up the river—coming back from all around the world.

One evening he sat down to eat supper and he said, "Ma, what's this? Mush for supper again?" She said, "Well, Sam, we don't have anything but mush, we can't afford chicken and nice things like that, like other people have."

Well, Sam pushed his chair back from the table and he said, "Ma, I'm tired of mush for breakfast, mush for lunch, mush for supper—I just don't feel like eating," and he shoved his chair back and he got up and he walked out of the house, and he walked down to the river. He walked down to the beautiful river where the beautiful boats were—he listened to the

sailors talking down there. And one of the sailors was singing a song:

"'Tis advertised in Boston,  
New York and Buffalo,  
Five hundred brave  
Americans a-whaling for to  
go;  
Blow ye winds of the mornin',  
blow ye winds, hi! ho!  
Clear away a runnin' gear, 'n  
blow! blow! blow!"

Sam went over to an old sailor who was sittin' there a-whittlin' and he said, "Is that true? Do they want people? To work on the whalin' boats and sail around the world catchin' whales?" Sailor says, "Sure thing, son," he says, "if you want a job, you go over to the captain there." Sam went over to the boat—he said, "Captain! Captain! Ya got a job for me? I'll do anything ya want! I'll shine the door knobs, I'll scrub the decks, I'll do anything ya want, I'll peel the potatoes, I wanna go with ya, I wanna go 'round the world, I wanna catch whales!"

The captain says, "Well now son, uh—it's hard work—doesn't pay very much."

"Oh, I still wanna go—I wanna go!" "Well son, ya gotta'r mother's permission? It's all right with me—we need a cabin boy."

Sam ran home as fast as he could—"Ma! Ma! Pack my toothbrush! Pack an extra pair of pajamas—I gotta go—I'm gonna sail around the world!" And his mother got a little bag of all his precious things—an extra comic book and a coupla' extra things and he ran back to the ship and down the river they went.

Captain said, "Haul up the main anchor! Haul up the main anchor! We're sailin' around." They went down the river past Storm King, past Bear Mountain, down the river, Tarrytown, Yonkers, Spuyten Duyvil—out on the open sea.

Sam looked around—he looked to the south and there was nothin'!

but water—he looked to the east—there was nothin' but water. He looked in all directions—there was nothin' but water. They kept on sailin' and one day the captain says, "Sam, I think you'd better climb up there in the crow's nest and look around and see if you can see any whales!"

"Crow's nest?" says Sam, "what's that?"

"See that little thing way up on the mast? That's where you stand!"

And Sam went up and he tied himself close in there—he held on to the mast so tight because when the wind blew the mast would bend over to one side—bent way over and he looked straight down—there was nothin' but water underneath him. Bent over in the other direction—he looked straight down—there was nothin' but water underneath him. The captain hollers up, "Sam, let loose o' that mast." Says, "You gotta look for whales!"

So Sam did his best. The ship was tippin' back and forth. He looked in all directions—all he could see was the blue sea. 'Til 'way off in the horizon he thought he saw somethin' that looked like a little fountain—it went: "Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!" "Tha'r she blows!" he cried, 'n the captain says, "Wha'r does she blow?" "Three points off the starboard bow!" says Sam, and he climbed down as quick as he could.

"Well, clear away the boats my boys and after him we'll travel—But if you get too near his tail he'll kick you to the devil singin': Blow ye winds of the morning, blow ye winds hi! ho! Clear away a running gear, 'n blow! blow! blow!"

And they got in the boat and they rowed and they rowed and they rowed and they rowed and they got nearer and they got nearer and they got nearer and they got very quiet

and the man with the harpoon drew his hand back—they got so near they were almost touching the whale—Bang! Into the whale!

The whale thrashed! He goes down deep! He goes up in the air! He claps his tail on the side of the boat!—he almost smashes them all up! But finally the whale gets all tired.

"Well, we tore along side" say the men—

"Next comes the stowing down, my boys, 't will take both night and day,

And you'll all have 50 cents a piece on the 190th day singin': Blow ye winds of the morning, blow ye winds, hi! ho! Clear away a running gear, 'n blow! blow! blow!"

Well, Sam practiced until he could get good enough to throw the harpoon himself—and eventually the captain let him go out and be the one to throw the harpoon. He climbed up the mast many times and as the mast would sway back and forth he looked to the east—all he'd see would be the ocean—he looked to the south—all he'd see would be the ocean—he looked to the west—all he'd see would be the ocean—he looked to the north—up right near a couple o' icebergs and there he saw "Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!" "Tha'r she blows!" he hollered and the captain says, "Wha'r does she blow?" and Sam says, "Five points off the port bow," and down the mast he came—into the boats they went—they all were rowin'. They'd row as fast as they could! They row faster—he'd get nearer and this time Sam was up front! Sam pulled back with the harpoon—he'd sharpened it 'til it was as sharp as a needle—Bang! Into the whale! The whale thrashed around! It dived down deep to the bottom of the ocean! It went high in the air and slap on the water! Finally tho' it gets tired out and they tow it back to the ship—'n stow it all down in the barrels in the bottom of the ship—

Well, they caught long whales and short whales, they caught big whales and small whales; they caught spotted whales, and striped whales, and ugly whales and pretty whales, and black whales, and white whales. So finally one day Sam and all the rest of the men say to the captain, they say, "Captain, we're gettin' mighty tired of havin' nothin' but whale stew and whale meat to eat, whale pancakes, whale salad, whale soup, whale everythin'." They say, "We want some nice fresh milk to drink, we want some nice green lettuce to eat." 'N the captain says, "Well, now don't you think we ought to get just a couple a'more whales?" The men say, "No, it's time we turned around." Captain says, "Just one more." Well all the men stood together and they said, "no, this is enough!" So backwards around they turned. They sailed around—they sailed back across the ocean. Back in the direction from which they came. 'Til finally one day—long time it took them—one day they saw the hills, the hills, the green hills of home. They sailed into the Hudson River, they sailed up the river past Spuyten Duyvil, Yonkers, past Tarrytown, past Bear Mountain, Past Storm King—'til finally—they could see the light way up there on top of Mount Beacon and Sam says to his friends, he says, "There we are! We're home!" And they came and tied up at shore and every man stood and took his turn and the captain took out a big bag of silver dollars and he paid out a handful of silver dollars to this man, he paid out a handful of silver dollars to that man. When he finally came to Sam the last one, he gave him one silver dollar! Sam looked at it and said, "Holy Mackerel! Is this all I get for workin' all this time?" Captain says, "Well, now Sam, you were just learnin' ya know." "Holy Mackerel," says Sam and he called, "Hey Joe! Hey Pete!" He says, "Lookit all I got paid!" The men came back and said, "Hey now look-a-here, captain, if you wanna get any of us to go out sailin' with you—you pay him just the same as we did. He worked just as hard as anybody else."

"Well," says the captain, "I s'pose I got to if you all say so," and he took his big sack of silver dollars again and he paid out 1-2-3-4 . . . 100 silver dollars, the same as everybody else!

Sam went down—he ran down town—he went to the grocery store—he got himself the biggest box he could find. He filled it full of turkeys 'n steaks 'n cakes 'n pies 'n potatoes 'n beans 'n peas 'n apples 'n all kinds of fruit. He went home and his Ma fixed him the biggest dinner you could ever see—she cooked him this—she baked him that—she boiled him that—she piled it all on the table. He stuffed it into himself—he ate—he ate—he ate 'til he got so fat he could hardly touch the table—he ate until his stomach stuck out so far in front of him he couldn't reach the table with his hands. He rolled off the chair. He rolled on the floor—his Ma rolled him along the floor. She rolled him into his bed. She pulled the covers up over him. She couldn't even tuck him in on the sides and she says, "goodnight, Sam, good-night."

'N Sam went to sleep and he dreamed he was still on the ocean. He's climbin' up the mast, tippin' from side to side—and way off in the distance he'd see—"Pshew! Pshew! Pshew!" and he'd holler, "tha'r she blows!" and he'd dream about sittin' down beneath the deck with all the other sailors singin':

Blow ye winds of the morning, blow ye winds, hi! ho! Clear away a running gear, 'n blow! blow! blow!



## ABIYOYO

Ah-bee-yo-yo

You know once long, long, long ago there was a little boy—and he liked to play the ukelele. Plink! Plink! Plink! He was always playin' the ukelele all over the place. But you know the grown-ups: "Get away! We're workin' here—go off by yourself! You're gettin' in our way." Not only that, the boy's father was a magician. He had a little magic wand—he could go Zup! Zup! and the things disappear. But the father was a practical joker—he'd come up to someone who was drinkin' a nice glass of something, just about t'—well, 'n the father'd go Zup! Zup! and the glass would disappear. He'd go up to someone who was busy doin' a hard job of work, maybe sawin' a log of wood—ZZ—ZZ—ZZ—ZZ—ZZ—well, the father would come up Zup! Zup! with his little wand and the saw would disappear! He'd go up to someone that was just about to sit down—all tired out and Zup! the chair would disappear! Well, people said to the father, "You get out of here too! You and your magic wand. You and your practical jokes—get out!"

And the boy and his father, they made 'em live on the edge o' town.

Now in this town they used to tell stories too. They used to tell stories about the giants that used to live in the old days. Used to tell a story about a giant called Ah-bee-yo-yo. They said he was as tall as a house! Nobody believed it but they told the stories just the same. One day, one day the sun rose blood red over the hill—and the first people that got up—their windows and they saw a great big shadow in front of the sun and they could hear the whole ground shake!

Down over the mountain came this great big figure—down thru the fields came Ah-bee-yo-yo. He comes to the pasture where the sheep are—he grabs a whole

sheep—Ulp! Eats it down in one bite! He comes to the pasture where the cows are—he grabs a whole cow—Ulp! Eats it down in one bite! Down towards the vil-lage comes Ah-bee-yo-yo. Nearer and nearer.

Just then the boy and his father woke up. They'd been up late the night before—I think at a party or somethin'—and they'd been sleepin' late and the boy looked out the window and he said, "Hey, hey Pa! Come 'n look! What's this comin' over the fields?" His father rubbed the sleep out o' his eyes and he looked and said, "Oh, good heavens, son, it's Ah-bee-yo-yo. Oh if only I could get him to lie down, I could get him to disappear!" The boy says, "Come with me father!" He grabs his father by one hand, the father grabs the magic wand, the boy grabs the ukelele and they start runnin'—they run and they run across the fields—right up near Ah-bee-yo-yo. Right up in front of him. And Ah-bee-yo-yo looked down at these two little figures 'way down at his feet and he raised his big ol' claws! He had long claws 'cuz he never cut 'em; he had slobbery ol' teeth 'cuz he never brushed 'em!

He had matted ol' hair 'cuz he never combed it!  
He had stinkin' ol' feet 'cuz he never washed 'em!

And he raised up on his big ol' claws!

'N just then the boy whips out his ukelele and starts to sing:

Ah-bee-yo-yo

Well, you know the monster had never heard a song about himself before and a foolish grin spread over his face and he started to dance:

Ah-bee-yo-yo

And he kicked his heels!

And he went faster and faster!  
The giant was dancin' around—

Ah-bee-yo-yo

Hah! Hah! Hah! And he started to get out of breath! And the boy went faster. Hah! Hah!

Ah-bee-yo-yo

Hah! Hah!

The monster was out of breath! He fell down on the ground. The father steps up with his magic wand. Zup! Zup! And Ah-bee-yo-yo disappears!

The people streamed out o' their houses. They came across the fields and they lifted the boy and his father up on their shoulders. They said, "Hooray! He's gone!" And they all sang, "C'mon back to town! Bring your durn ukelele, we don't care anymore!"

Ah-bee-yo-yo

So ever since that day, in that little town, whenever parents have been puttin' their children to sleep they tell 'em the story about the giant named Ah-bee-yo-yo. And it's a song to go to sleep on.

## SWEET LITTLE BABY

Sweet little baby, sweet little baby,  
Sweet little baby belongs to everybody,  
Sweet little baby, sweet little baby mine.

Summer is a-comin' and the winter is gone,  
Springtime's a-flowerin' all day long  
She's got a big sister and a brother too  
And some day she will be a big girl too.

Sweet little baby, sweet little baby,  
Sweet little baby belongs to everybody,  
Sweet little baby, sweet little baby mine.

She's got a momma and a poppa so tall,  
Mama's so pretty and that ain't all!

Sweet little baby, sweet little baby,  
Sweet little baby, belongs to everybody;  
Sweet little baby, sweet little baby mine.

Winter is a-comin' and the North wind blows  
And everybody in the house gets sniffin' in their nose!

Sweet little baby, sweet little baby,  
Sweet little baby belongs to everybody;  
Sweet little baby, sweet little baby mine.

## SWEEPY, SWEEPY

Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy,  
Sweepin' up the floor!  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy,  
'Til there ain't no more!

Moppy, moppy, moppy;  
Moppy, moppy, moppy;  
Moppy, moppy, moppy,  
Moppin' up the room,  
Moppy, moppy, moppy;  
Moppy, moppy, moppy;  
Moppy, moppy, moppy,  
Foom! Foom! Foom!

Dusty, dusty, dusty;  
Dusty, dusty, dusty;  
Dusty, dusty, dusty,  
Dustin' up the shelf,  
Dusty, dusty, dusty;  
Dusty, dusty, dusty;  
Dusty, dusty, dusty,  
Doin' it myself!

Cleany, cleany, cleany;  
Cleany, cleany, cleany;  
Cleany, cleany, cleany,  
Clean the window panes,  
Cleany, cleany, cleany;  
Cleany, cleany, cleany;  
Cleany, cleany, cleany,  
'Til you see through again!

Puty, puty, puty;  
Puty, puty, puty;  
Puty, puty, puty,  
Puttin' things away,  
Puty, puty, puty;

Puty, puty, puty;  
Puty, puty, puty,  
Then go out and play!

Throwy, throwy, throwy;  
Throwy, throwy, throwy;  
Throwy, throwy, throwy,  
Throwin' things away,  
Throwy, throwy, throwy;  
Throwy, throwy, throwy;  
Throwy, throwy, throwy;  
Far away!

Makey, makey, makey;  
Makey, makey, makey;  
Makey, makey, makey,  
Makin' up the bed,  
Makey, makey, makey;  
Makey, makey, makey;  
Makey, makey, makey,  
That's what I said!

Shakey, shakey, shakey;  
Shakey, shakey, shakey;  
Shakey, shakey, shakey,  
Shakin' out the sheet,  
Shakey, shakey, shakey;  
Shakey, shakey, shakey;  
Shakey, shakey, shakey,  
Til the two ends meet!

Washy, washy, washy;  
Washy, washy, washy;  
Washy, washy, washy,  
Washin' up the dishes,  
Washy, washy, washy;  
Washy, washy, washy;  
Washy, washy, washy,  
And the soap suds squishes!

Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy,  
Sweepin' up the floor!  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy;  
Sweepy, sweepy, sweepy,  
Til there ain't no more!

#### WHERE'S MY PAJAMAS

Where's my pajamas? (3)  
We hollered 'round the room;  
Where's my pajamas? (3)  
Around the room!

Where's my pajamas? (3)  
We hollered 'round the room;  
Where's my pajamas? (3)  
We hollered 'round the room!

Where's my pajamas? (3)  
We hollered 'round the room;  
Where's my pajamas? (2)  
Where's my  
We hollered 'round the room!

Green Grass Grows All  
Around

Oh, in the woods, there was a  
tree  
The prettiest little tree that  
you ever did see.  
Now, the tree was in the hole  
and the hole was in the  
ground  
And the green grass grew all  
around all around  
And the green grass grew all  
around.

Now, on that tree, there was  
a limb  
The prettiest little limb that  
you ever did see.  
Now, the limb was on the tree  
and the tree was in the hole  
And the hole was in the  
ground  
And the green grass grew all  
around all around  
And the green grass grew all  
around.

Now on that limb, there was  
a branch . . .

Now on that branch, there  
was a twig . . .

Now on that twig, there was a  
nest . . .

Now in that nest, there was  
an egg . . .

Now in that egg, there was a  
bird . . .

Now on that bird, there was  
an eyelash . . .

Now on that eyelash, there  
was a bug . . .

Now on that bug, there was a  
wing . . .

Now on that wing, there was  
a germ . . .

#### ONE GRAIN OF SAND

One grain of sand

One grain of sand  
One drop of water in the sea  
One grain of sand,  
One little you, one little me.

One grain of sand  
One lonely star up in the blue  
One grain of sand  
One little me, one little you.

One grain of sand is all my  
joy  
One grain of sand is all my  
joy

One grain of sand  
One leaf of grass upon a plain  
One grain of sand  
I'll sing it now again and  
again and again.

One grain of sand in all the  
world  
One grain of sand, one little  
boy, one little girl.

One grain of sand is all my  
joy,  
One grain of sand, one little  
girl, one little boy.

One grain of sand, one lonely  
star up in the sky  
One grain of sand, one little  
you, one little I.

One leaf of grass upon the  
plain  
One leaf of grass, we come  
and go again and again.

Hum!

The sun will rise and then go  
down

The sun will rise, one little  
world go round and round  
and round.

So close your eyes and go to  
sleep

So close your eyes, one little  
smile, one little weep.

One grain of sand upon the  
shore

One grain of sand, one little  
light, who'd ask for more?

One grain of sand  
One drop of water in the sea  
One grain of sand  
One little you, one little me.

One grain of sand is all my  
own  
One grain of sand is home  
sweet home.

So go to sleep by the endless  
sea.

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