



TAPROOT

*Shaker Village
Folklore Collection*

taproot (tap'root), n. the most important root in a tree's feeding system; it stores and releases nourishment; without it a tree cannot live.



INTRODUCTION

Instead of trying to explain the title, I have placed on the flyleaf of this book a definition of the word taproot. In my opinion, the fact that there is well more than one comparison possible between folklore and the taproot of a tree is responsible for the unanimous acceptance of the title by the workshop.

No single definition of folklore, or exact subject criteria for inclusion in the book has been voted on by the workshop. We have tried to collect material of interest to those who are interested in folklore. It is on the basis of this "of interest to those who are interested in" clause that much of our material is included.

This book is also a record of what was done here this summer in Folklore and related fields. It is the "Shaker Village Songbook," and has the songs that all of Shaker Village has sung.

Towards the end of the book we offer a collection of songs that the Shakers used in their religious services. We at Shaker Village use these songs and others like them in our annual reconstruction of a Shaker Service. They were learned several years ago from original Shaker manuscripts on which the tunes were written in a form of letteral notation (see page 37).

To give credit individually to all of those who helped to make this book come into being would require an impractically long list of names. Many thanks to the villagers, staff members, administration, alumni, and friends of Shaker Village, who helped in one hundred different ways to make this book exist.

Gerald Marks

August 19, 1961

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the Photography workshop.

HUMBLE YOURSELVES

Folk spiritual arranged
by Horace Carney.

Chords: E, B7, E

Live a humble, humble, humble yourselves the

1. Chords: B7, E

2. Chords: B7, E, SOLO

bells done told. Live a bells done told. 1. Glory and honor,

Chords: ALLE, E, B7, SOLO, ALLE, B7, E

praise King Jesus, glory and honor, praise the Lord.

2. Chords: ALLE, B7, E

D.S.

praise the Lord. Live a

1. Glory and Honor.
2. Shout and sing.
3. Kneel and pray.

FALLSOME PRISON BLUES

SLOW + FREE, BLUES

1. When I was a little baby and my mama told me son

She said/ a good boy don't/ guns I shot a man in/
always be never play with Reno

Just to see him/ There's/ a'comin' boys Hang your head & cry
die another train

2. Well, I see them rich old people
Im them fancy dining cars
And I know they're drinking coffee
And smoking a fat cigar
They shot a man in Reno-
No, not like I
There's another train a'comin' boys
Hang your head and cry

3. Well, if I owned that railway
And if those trains were mine
I'd pick up them tracks
And move them farther down the line
line
Away from Fallsome Prison
Where I ought to be
There's another train a'comin'
boys
Oh, lonesome me

4. Well, I know that someday
Those gates will open wide
And I'll come from here a'singin'
With the captain locked inside
Locked in Fallsome Prison
Where he ought to be
There's another train a'comin' boys
Oh, lonesome me

SPANISH MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER

This song was notated by the folklore workshop. It was recorded in 1930 by Hattie and Ernest Stoneman as a vocal duet, and was originally a Victor issue. Under the name of "No sir," other versions of this song are available on Folkways records in "Folk-songs of Courtings and Complaint" sung by Peggy Seeger, and in "Love Songs for Friends and Foes" sung by Pete Seeger.



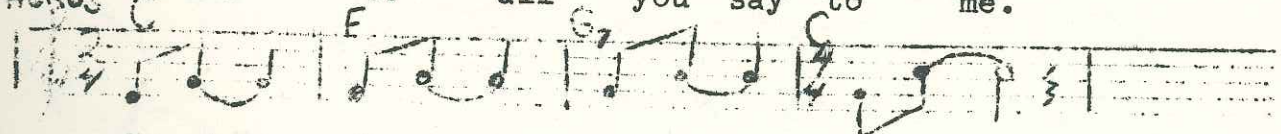
1. Father was a Spanish merchant, and be-



fore he went to sea, made me promise to say



(Chorus) "No sir" to all you say to me.



No sir, No sir, No sir, No sir.

2. I know your father was against me,
Should he not return from sea,
And they say you have no mother,
Would you then say no to me?

CHORUS

3. Yes I know I have no mother.
Should father not return from sea,
Then you see I have a brother
Who would take good care of me.

CHORUS

SPANISH MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER (Cont.)

4. If we were standing in the garden
Plucking roses wet with dew,
Would you be in a way offended
If I walk and talk with you?

CHORUS

5. I know the world is very cruel
If you have no one to care,
But I always will say "No sir,"
'til from father I do hear.

CHORUS

6. While we tarry in the garden
And I linger by your side
Would you tell me I must leave you
And refuse to be my bride?

CHORUS

Repeat CHORUS with lyrics:

No sir, No sir, No sir, No More.



Cole Younger

Thomas Coleman Younger, better known as Cole, was born in 1844, the son of Colonel Henry Washington Younger. Although his father was a unionist, Cole's feelings were for the Confederacy. At the age of seventeen, he became a confederate guerrilla. He later joined the famed Iron Brigade.

Cole is connected with virtually all the spectacular train and bank robberies in the ten year period of his gang's history. His brothers, Bob and Jim often rode with him. On September 7, 1876, the gang robbed the Northfield Minnesota Bank. After a long, hard chase, the three Younger brothers were captured. At the November trial, they pleaded guilty and were sentenced to life imprisonment. In 1882, Captain Bronough campaigned for their freedom on the grounds that they were driven to crime by Civil War persecution. In early 1903, Cole was pardoned and he returned to his birthplace in Lee's Summit Missouri where he died after a year's illness. He has since become something of a legend.

Two songs concerning Cole Younger are presented here. The first is a traditional ballad, which was sung by the Carter family during the 1930's. The second is a more imaginative version, which was written by Leo Vogel and Danny Faber.

BANDIT COLT YOUNGER

I am a noted highwayman Colt Younger is my
name 'twas deeds and desperation that fogged my to shame

1. I am a noted highwayman, Colt Younger is my name,
'twas deeds and desperation that fogged my name to shame.
2. The robbing of the Northfield Bank is a thing on every night,
But which I will be sorry of until the day I die.
3. We started for ol' Texas that grand ol' Lone Star State,
'twas there on a grassy prairie, the James Boys we did meet.
4. With knives, guns and revolvers, we all sat down to play,
A game of good ol' poker, to pass the time away.

COLE YOUNGER (cont.)

5. Across the grassy prairie, a Denver train we spied,
I says to Bob we'll rob her, as she goes felling by.
6. We saddled up our horses, Northwestward we did go,
To the God-forsaken country called Minnesotio.
7. I had my eye on the Northfield Bank, when brother Bob did say,
Cole, if you under-to-take this job, you'll always curse the day.
8. We stationed out our pickets, up to the bank did go,
'twas there upon the counter, boys we struck our fatal blow.
9. Say hand us out your money sir, and make no long delay,
We are the noted Younger boys, and spend no time in play.
10. The cashier being as true as steel, refused our noted band,
'twas Jesse James that pulled the trigger, that killed this nobleman
11. We run for our lives for death was near, four hundred on our trail,
We soon was overtaken and landed safe in jail.
12. 'twas there in a Stillwater jail, we lay-a-wearing our lives away,
Two James boys left to tell the tale of that sad and fatal day.

COLE YOUNGER

Words and music by
Leo Vogel and Danny Faber.

A handwritten musical score for the song "Cole Younger". The score is written on four staves of music. Above the first staff, the title "COLE YOUNGER" is written. To the right of the title, it says "Words and music by Leo Vogel and Danny Faber." The music is in 4/4 time and features several guitar chords: A, G, A, G, A, F, A, G, A. The lyrics are written below the notes. The lyrics are: "A boy grows up and be-comes a man Goes out into the world takes a stand Comes upon a murder-er man should have stop-ped but I shot heren Cole Younger Cole Younger killed a man Why did they understand Cole Younger".

A boy grows up and be-comes a man Goes out into the world
takes a stand Comes upon a murder-er man should have stop-ped but I
shot heren Cole Younger Cole Younger
killed a man Why did they understand Cole Younger

COLE YOUNGER (CONT.)

Bm A F

hangs tomorrow morn = I won-der

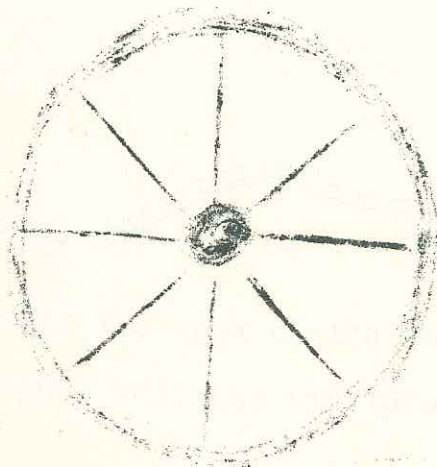
what's what'll become of his wife - I won-der what'll

F

become of his life :

2. Cole Younger killed his friend
 Brought his friend's life to an end
 Cole Younger dies tomorrow morn
 There is no reason for poor Cole Younger
 to cry.
 Might as well just get up and say
 ggodby

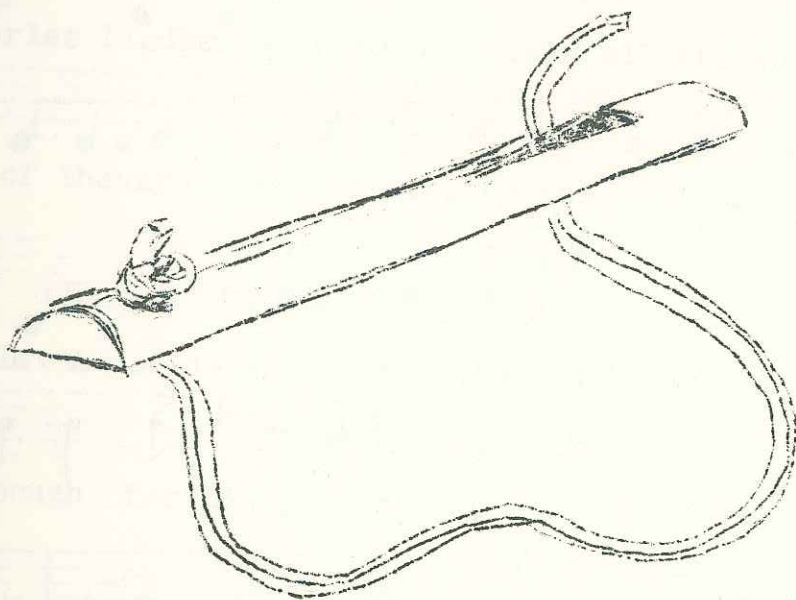
3. Cole Younger you're a muderin' man
 Soon You'll be buried in the sand
 We'll watch you hang tomorrow mor-n.



The CHALEFF CAPO

This little gadget is the top quality product of Yankee Ingenuity. It is the "make-do-with-what-you-have" type of product. It is easily made with just any old stick, an old piece of leather thong (you can use a new piece of wood if you want), and your pocket knife.

First take the stick and cut it down to about four and one-half inches. Whittle it into a half-rounded shape with a flat back. Cut a hole in one end about one-half an inch down. In the other end cut a very long tapered "V" notch with the apex pointing toward the center. Take the thong and put it through the hole in the end and tie a simple over-hand knot so it can't slip through.



Put the loose end under the neck of the instrument, through the "V" notch then pull it tight. Pull the end into the notch and you're ready to go.

Happy Strummin' !

HE'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME

After his solo flight across the Atlantic in 1927, Charles Lindbergh was hailed by Americans as a national hero. Lindbergh's popularity was such that people looked to him for endorsement of political candidates and proposals. Thus his endorsement of Herbert Hoover during the 1928 presidential campaign was greatly publicized.

Forgotten soon after the '29 election, "Good Enough For Lindy" was discovered during the summer of 1959 by Kurt J. Feidler, in the archives of The New York Post.

Gerald Marks taught this song to Oscar Brand in 1960 who recorded it in his recent Folkways album of election songs.

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a main melody and a chorus. The main melody is divided into four lines of music, each with a corresponding line of lyrics. The chorus is divided into two lines of music with lyrics. Chord symbols (C, G7, C7, F) are placed above the notes to indicate the harmonic structure.

1. Charles Lindbergh flew his plane all the way to France.
 most of the way he flew he flew by the seat of his pants.
 Good old A-mer-i-can know how the right way to be if he's
 good enough for Lindy he's good enough for me.

CHORUS
 If he's good enough for Lindy he's good enough for
 me If he's good enough for Lindy he's good enough for

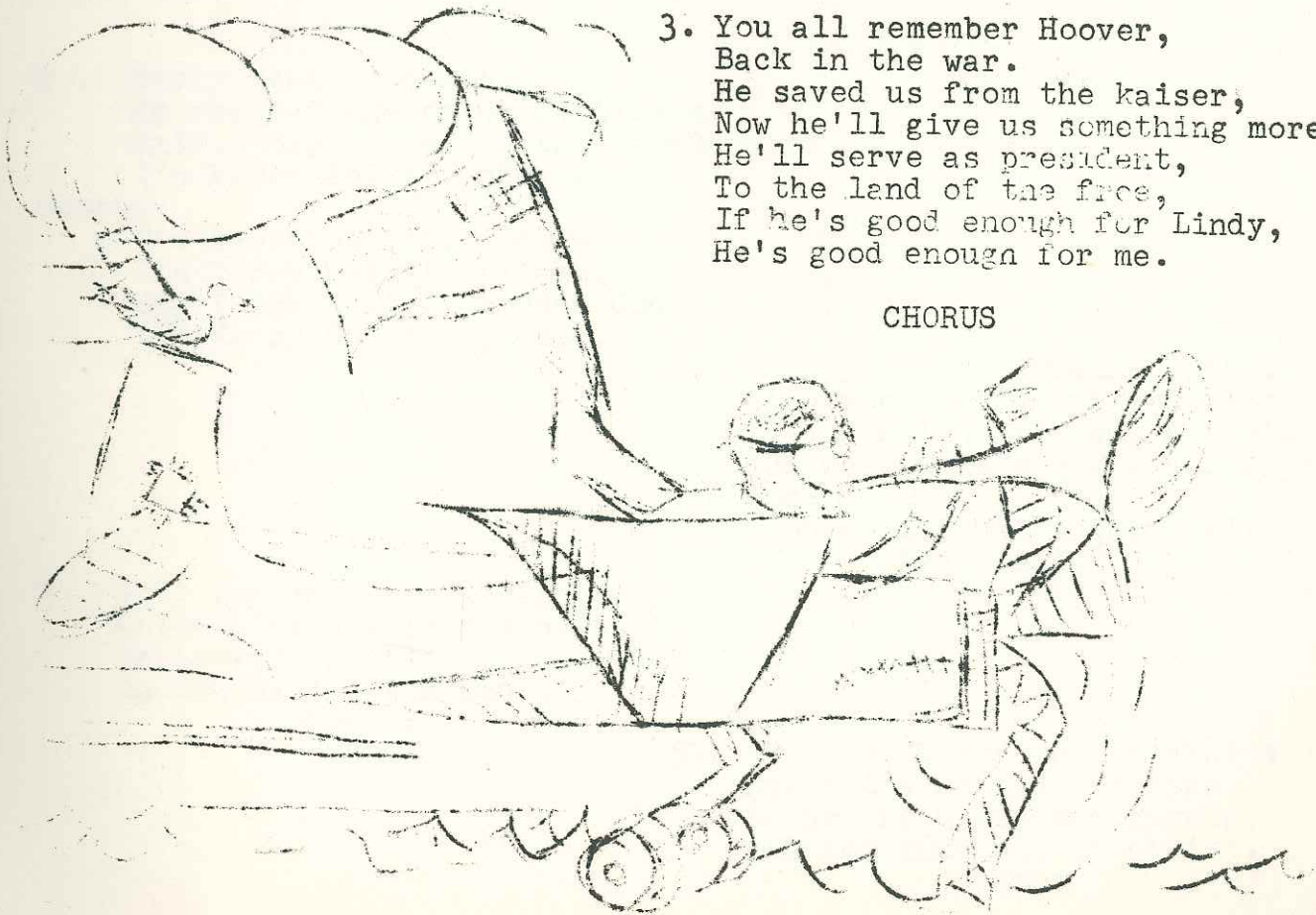


2. Charles Lindbergh flew to France,
 To see what he could see.
 Now that he is back,
 He's looking at our country.
 And what he has to say,
 Stands out in bold relief,
 Herbert Hoover is the only man,
 To be our nation's chief.

CHORUS

3. You all remember Hoover,
 Back in the war.
 He saved us from the kaiser,
 Now he'll give us something more,
 He'll serve as president,
 To the land of the free,
 If he's good enough for Lindy,
 He's good enough for me.

CHORUS



Harry Pollit

Harry Pollit actually lived as the secretary of the British Communist Party prior to World War II. Gerald Marks learned this song from Matt Edel during the winter of 1959.

Harry was a worker, one of Lenin's aids. But he was foully
 murdered by counter-revolutionary aids. Counter-revolutionary
 aids, by counter-revolutionary aids. He was
 foully
 murdered by counter-revolutionary aids.

2. Harry went to heaven,
 He reached the gates with ease.
 Said, "May I speak with Comrade God?
 I'm Harry Pollit, please."

Chorus:

I'm Harry Pollit, please,
 I'm Harry Pollit, please,
 May I speak with Comrade God?
 I'm Harry Pollit, please.

3. "Are you?" said Saint Peter,
 "Are you humble and contrite?"
 "I'm a friend of Lady Astor's"
 "Oh well, that's quite all right"

Chorus:

"Oh well, that's quite all
 right, etc."

4. They put Harry in a nightie,
 Stuck a harp into his hand.
 He played the "Internationale"
 In the Halleluyah Band.

Chorus

5. They put Harry in the chorus
 But hymns he did not like.
 So he organized the angels,
 And led them out on strike.

Chorus

Harry Pollit, continued

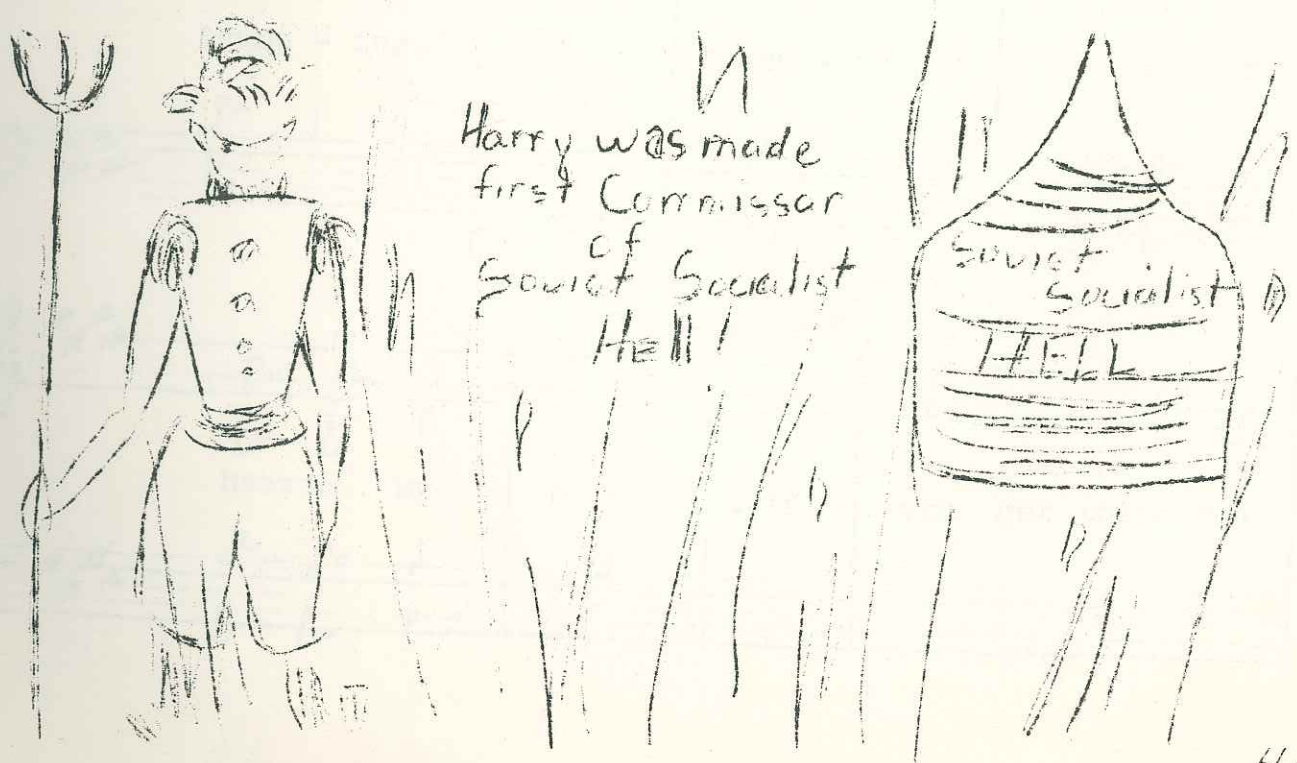
6. One day as God was walking
Along to meditate,
Who did he see but Harry
Chalking slogans on the gate.
Chorus

7. They put Harry up on trial
Before the Holy Ghost,
For spreading disaffection
Amongst the Heavenly Host.
Chorus

8. The verdict it was guilty
But Harry said, "Oh swell,"
He tucked his nightie 'r o
round his knees
And floated down to Hell.
Chorus

9. Well several years have
passed since then,
Harry's doing swell,
He's just been named first
commissar
Of Soviet Socialist Hell.
Chorus

10. The moral of this story
Is simple for to tell,
If you want to be a Bolshevik,
You gotta go to Hell.
Chorus



I'm Tramping

Folk spiritual arranged
by Horace Carney.

E

I'm tramp - ing, tramp - ing,

B7 *E*

trying to make heaven my home; I'm

Good Lord I'm Good Lord I'm

C#m *B7*

tramp - ing, tramp - ing, trying to make

Hal-le-lu-jah Lord I'm

E *FINE* *SOLO*

heaven my home. If you get there be-

I'M TRAMPING cont.

ALL E B7

fore I do— trying to make heaven my

Detailed description: This system of handwritten musical notation is for the first system of the piece. It features a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The melody is written on the upper staff, and the bass line is on the lower staff. Above the treble staff, the chords 'ALL E' and 'B7' are indicated. The lyrics 'fore I do— trying to make heaven my' are written below the notes. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

E SOLO

home. Tell all my friends I'm coming too--

Detailed description: This system of handwritten musical notation is for the second system. It continues with the treble clef and three-sharp key signature. Above the treble staff, the chords 'E' and 'SOLO' are indicated. The lyrics 'home. Tell all my friends I'm coming too--' are written below the notes. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

ALL E B7

trying to make heaven my home.

Detailed description: This system of handwritten musical notation is for the third system. It continues with the treble clef and three-sharp key signature. Above the treble staff, the chords 'ALL E' and 'B7' are indicated. The lyrics 'trying to make heaven my home.' are written below the notes. The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines.

2. I once was lost but now I'm found.- etc.

3. I once was blind but now I see.- etc.

GOING DOWN TO CAIRO

Chorus:

Going down to Cairo

good bye and a bye bye
going down to Cairo Jane Black/boots/
Black those and
Good bye Liza Jane

make 'em shine Black / boots / make / shine
those and 'em
Good bye and a bye bye

Good bye Liza Jane

2. Milked the old cow in a gourd
Sold the milk and bought me a ford
3. Old cow died and how I cried
" " " " " " "

Alternate Chorus

Oh how I missed her
" " " " "

This ballad, originally English, is found throughout southern states. One version was recorded by Pete Seeger on his Folkways record: Darling Corey. The version notated here is sung by Joan Baez on her Vanguard album.

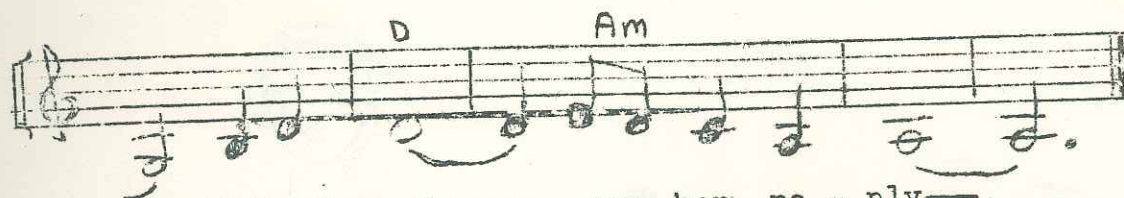
JOHN RILEY



1. Fair young maid all in a gar - den — Strange young/
man



pass her by — Said fair maid — will you mar-ry
me



This then sir — was her re - ply —.

2. Oh no kind sir, I cannot marry thee
For I've a love who sails all on the sea
He's been gone for seven years
Still no man shall marry me

3. What if he's in some battle slain
Or drowned in the deep salt sea
What if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be

4. What if he's in some battle slain
I will die when the moon doth wane
If he's drowned in the deep salt sea
I'll be true to his memory

5. And if he's found another love
And he and his love both married be
I wish them health and happiness
Where they dwell across the sea

6. He picked her up all in his arms
And kisses gave her one, two, three
Saying weep no more my own true love
I am your long lost charming John Riley

Saying weep no more my own true love
I am your long lost charming John Riley



THE MEETIN' AT THE BUILDIN'

1. The meetin' at the buildin' will soon be ov - er
 soon be ov - er soon be ov - er, the
 meetin' at the buildin' will soon be ov - er all
 over this land all over this land/Lordy
 all over this land all over this land/Lordy
 all over this land

Chords: D, A7, D, D7, G, D7, G, D, A7, D

2. The shoutin' at the building will soon be over

3. The singing (etc.)

4. The crying (etc.)

5. This old world will soon be over

The Miracle Rock

No matter where the Shakers went people were always ready to persecute them. They were continually threatened by wild, angry mobs eager to destroy their existence. On September 1, 1783 Mother Ann was returning to New Lebanon. She had come from the town of Harvard where she had been given a warning to leave. The party which was accompanying Mother Ann had stopped about 8 miles from New Lebanon but she insisted upon travelling to the home of George Darrow with two younger sisters. It was hardly dawn of the next day when there was an antagonistic crowd surrounding the home. The mob forced its way into the house through several outside doors at once, dragging out the brethren. Seizing Mother Ann by the feet, they dragged her through the house and pitched her head first into the carriage which stood before the door. Two other Shakers followed her into the carriage. The mob cut off both reins, and beating the driver out of the carriage, drove on furiously themselves. About half a mile down the road, Thomas Law seized Father James and flung him from his horse, intending to dash out his brains against a rock, but one of the brethren, by grabbing him, broke the force of his fall. Nevertheless, he fell with such great force that he broke three of his ribs. This rock became marked with his initials, J.W. Father James with little help remounted and rode on. Soon after, a gift of healing was imparted, so that he felt his strength restored and that same evening was able to ride several miles at a full gallop.

On July 19, in the afternoon, the workshop that puts out

Taproot and two members of the Photography workshop went out to search for the stone. About $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile down from what is now the Darrow School Shaker Road turns into route 20; in order to get to where the stone was reported to be, we had to walk $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile through swampy field that used to be the road. We inspected every rock near the path in the hope that we would find the initials, but to no avail. Finally Lynne Spichiger, who was the girl who had done the research on the rock for the group, looked down at her feet and learned that she was standing on the miracle rock. By her foot, on the large shale stone in the middle of the road, showed part of a "W". She screamed, "I found it!" The other members of the group came rushing over. They pulled some moss off the stone and saw the neatly chisled initials J.W. We could hardly believe that we had found the legendary rock but we rushed eagerly back to the village to inform the others of our discovery. Later the episode was written up in two of the local newspapers and proved to be of interest to their readers. We feel that this was a valuable experience and through it we have gained a great deal of knowledge about the persecution of the Shaker sect before their culture was fully developed.

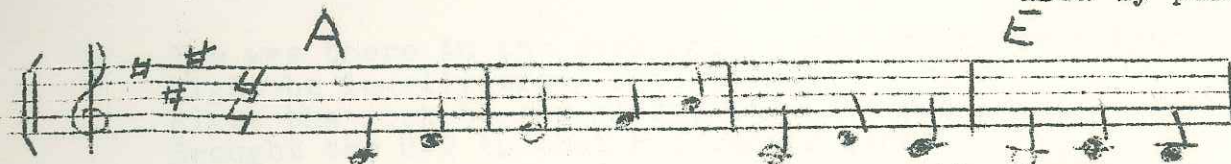
(Picture on following page-)



Here is a picture of Lynne Spichiger examining
the letters on the Miracle Stone.

THE LOCKHEED U-2

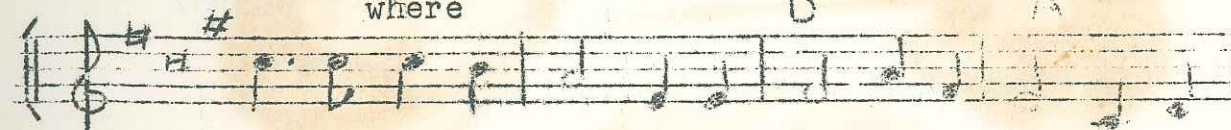
words by Howard Shapiro
used by permission



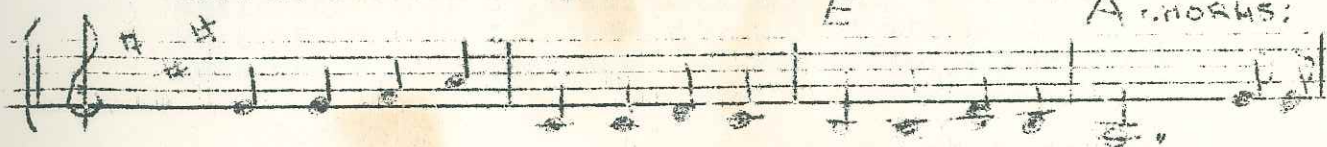
1. Have you heard of a plane called Lockheed U-
the



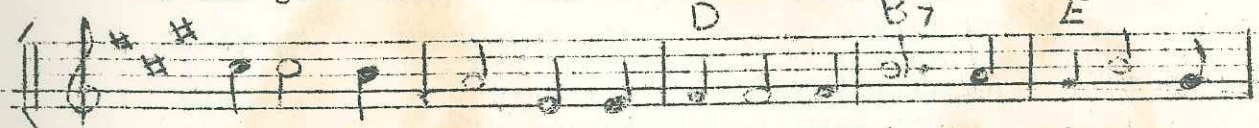
2 Flown/ flags are all red & not red, white & blue She
where



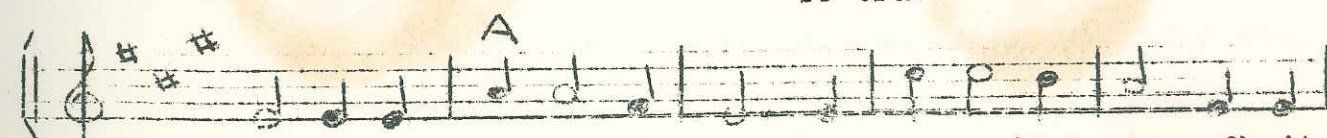
flew no stars & stripes of the land of the free & she



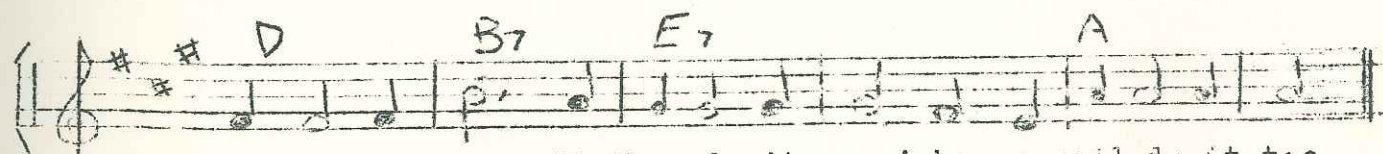
& she gave the oth-er side a prop-a-ganda victory Oh it



just can't be true, Oh it just can't/ can we have a
be true



spy on that Lockheed U- 2 It just can't be true Oh it



just can't be true If they do it we might as well do it too.

2. It was over Sverdlovsk on the first day of May
With the summit in Paris a few weeks away
U-2 flew and she failed and she fell to the ground
Pictures, pilot, and paraphenalia were found

Chorus...

...We're caught with the goods now what are we to
do?

LOCKHEED U-2 (CON'T)

3. Ike was there in the dark and he said that the flight
Might be legally wrong but was morally right
First the rockets red glare, then the red leader's roar
Brought the U-2 to that hot senate floor

Chorus...

...But Ike lost a friend to that Lockheed U-2

4. Soon our Midas' cameras will soar to the heights
And we'll do without lockheed U-2s and their flights
When the satellite's up there'll be no need to spy
There's an eye in the sky in the sweet bye and bye

Chorus...

...But Ike lost a friend to that lockheed U-2

5. Now the summit's torpedoed like the good Reuben James
While the heads of state silk and call each other names
What of Francis J. Powers the man at the hub?
He's now camera instructor at the moscow glider club

Chorus...

...If we do it they might as well do it too

6. They gave Powers ten years in the Soviet Court
We said it was too long they said it was too short
Nathan Hale may regret he's but one life to give
Says Powers, "I'm sorry, I just want to live."

Chorus...

...So they sent him to jail and they sent up a zoo.

S*A*V*E*D

We know absolutely nothing about this song except that Matt Edell found it on an old 78R.P.M. record in the collection of Harvard Radio Station. The label was missing from the record but he suspects that the performer was Slim Jim.

Chorus:



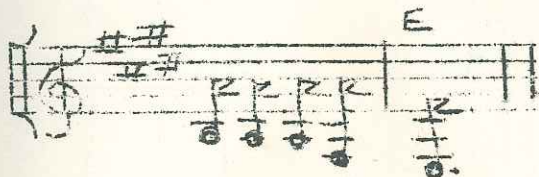
I'm S*A*V*E*D I am I'm S*A*V*E*D I



know I am I'm sure I am I'm S*A*V*E*D I'm S*A*V*E*



D I am I'm S*A*V*E*D I know I am I'm sure I am I'm



S*A*V*E*D

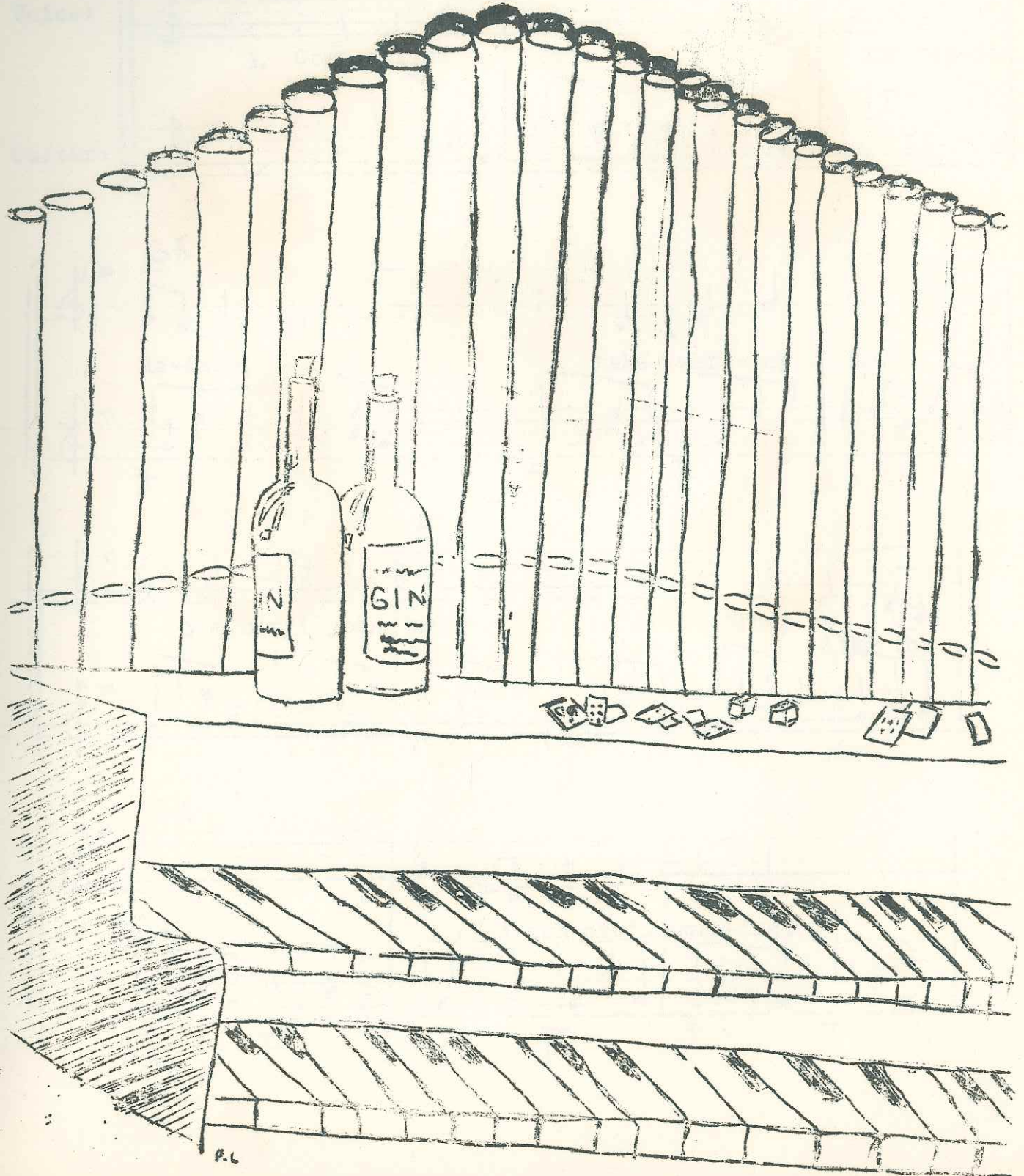
- Some folks jump up and down all night at a D-A-N-C-E
Others go to church to show their brand new H-A-T
Upon their face they wear a dab of P-A-I-N-T
And still they have the brass to say their S*A*V*E*D
Chorus:

- I know a man I think his name is G-R-E-E-N
He talks for prohibition but he votes for G-I-N
He helps to mix the poison in his neighbor's C-U-P
But still he has the brass to say he's S*A*V*E*D
Chorus:

- Some folks go to church to hear the P*E*P*L*E
The preacher reads the sermon from his P-U-L-P-I-T
Then they go home and play poker and roll D-I-C-E
But still they have the brass to say they're S*A*V*E*D
Chorus:

S*A*V*E*D cont.

4. It's G-L-O-R-Y to know I'm S*A*V*E*D
I'm H-A-P-P-Y because I'm F-R-double-E
I once was B-O-U-N-D by chains of S-I-N
It's V-I-C-T-O-R-Y to know I'm saved again.
Chorus:



COME ALL YE FAIR MAIDS

Many versions of this song are known throughout Great Britain and the United States. This particular tune and set of lyrics were recorded by Pete Seeger on his Folkways album, "Darling Corey." It is offered here a modern classical guitar arrangement by Gerald Marks.

Voice: G6 D9

1. Come all ye fair and ten-der

Guitar: F F

G6 D9

la-dies, take warn-ing how

F F F F

Em

you court young men. They're like the

F F F F

G6

stars of a sum-mer's morn-ing;

F F F F F F

D9

they first ap—pear and then they're

G6

gone. HARM. 12th

2. If I had known before I courted,
I never would have courted none.
I'd have locked my heart in a box of golden
And fastened it up in a silver pin.
3. I wish I were a little swallow,
And I had wings and I could fly.
I would fly away to my false-true lover
And when he would speak I would be nice.
4. But I am not a little swallow,
I have no wings neither can I fly.
So I'll sit down here to weep in sorrow
And try to pass my troubles by.
5. Come all you fair and tender ladies,
Take warning how you court young men.
They're like the stars of a summer's
morning
They will first appear and then they're
gone.

Aztec Mythology

an introduction

That the ancient Aztecs produced as large and comprehensive an epic mythology as they did is not surprising, for religion encompassed every moment and every facet of their existence, and this cult was intimately tied to a grave sense of national destiny. Every act and every word were a tribute or a duty to their principal god, the sun, whose chosen people they believed themselves to be. To conquer the world and to satiate the endless hunger of the sun with human blood were their main purposes, nor did they ever fail in these. This people, moreover, developed one of the three great pre-Columbian Mesoamerican cultures, which has become an object of increasing wonder to modern anthropologists.

A complex cosmology and an intricate pantheon of major and minor deities are at the center of the Aztec mythology, but the great epic history of this master tribe also plays a large role in it. Man and the gods meet, within a framework of pure poetry and fantastic imagination, on the highest of nationalistic planes. A body of legend so removed from the traditions of North Americans might be thought to have little interest for us, but such is not the case. Indeed, one of the principal sources of fascination is precisely the similarity between these tales and (1) the Semetic-Biblical folk legendry and (2) the familiar Greco-Roman mythology, both of which help to form our cultural background as transplanted Europeans.

For example, according to the Aztecs, humanity was destroyed

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by a Great Flood in which all people were converted into fishes. This episode recalls the flood from which Noah and his virtuous family managed to escape in the Old Testament as well as the Gilgamesh Epic, the Bible story's supposed Semitic antecedent.

The Creation is reported in all its details, just as it is in Genesis: first an amorphous mass is transformed by the will of the gods into the heavens and the earth below; then all that populates and grows up from the earth is placed thereupon by the gods; but only a male human is there, and the gods find it necessary to put woman on earth for man as a companion to assuage his loneliness and discontent.

Quetzalcoatl, the god of life, resembles the Christ in a good many ways. Both are man-gods, saintly and detached, and terribly misunderstood by those about them, a society plague by sudden and extreme moral dissoluteness. It is, however, the mysterious circumstances surrounding Quetzalcoatl's death which most reminds the reader of Jesus. After he has burned upon his funeral pyre as a pariah, his soul descends to the Kingdom of the Dead for one week. He then ascends to the heaven, where he is forever Venus, the morning and evening star. All this is reminiscent of Jesus' crucifixion, his descent into hell for three days and his subsequent ascension to Heaven.

There are many more similarities between Aztec myths and the Greco-Roman traditions, for all these peoples were polytheistic, agricultural and the foremost cultures of their period and locale. Jove and Here have their Iddian counterparts in Ometecuhtli and Omecihuatl, the father and mother of all the gods, which are thought of as one large family. The Aztec Kingdom of the Dead

resembles Hades, and its King is like Pluto himself. If the concepts of death are similar, so are the concepts of the origin of life. What is most striking is the series of metamorphoses throughout this mythology, which in many places reads like Ovid. Here is the best example, one which, like the Greco-Roman metamorphoses, attempts to explain the origin of certain growing things.

Then the God of the Winds began to carry out his duty and slew all the gods. There was, however, one god who, as the story goes, put up a resistance to Death...And when Death came to his (Xolotl) side, he darted away, running before her. Evading her, he hid among the green corn shoots. There he assumed the aspect and form of a stalk and was changed into a double stalk, one of the variety which has a double stem and which is therefore called the "Double-Farmer!". But, having been espied among the shoots he again hurled himself into flight from his persecutors and went in among the maguey plants and also changed into a maguey with a double core, for which reason he is called the "Double-Maguey". But even there was he discovered and once again he fled, and this time hid in the water, changing himself into an ajolate: and despite this he was finally caught and put to death.

But lest it be believed that the body of Aztec myths can interest us only in relation to our own traditions, let us turn to an appraisal of this folklore in and for itself. Myths tend to be the same the world over because they are the reduction of the most basic human experiences to simplest forms; thus that Aztec myth resembles Greek and even Hebrew myth is not surprising. We turn

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therefore to inherent values and find them to be two.

The incredible beauty of sublime poetic creation rings true even to our ears, so removed in time and space from the source. Lyric delicacy in the religious tales is balanced by the power and realism of the epic passages. Here are examples of these two predominant poetries. The first is the story of Meyahuel and the God of the Winds:

When they had landed, they were immediately transformed into a great and beautiful tree, which opened out into two large branches. The branch of the God of the Winds was Precious Willow, and the branch of the maiden was Flowered Tree.

The second is an account of the battle of Coatlichan from the Tlaxcalteca cycle:

The two armies fought on land and sea with such terrible fervor, spirit and force that the entire coastline and all the land from Coatlichan to Chimalhuacan and the shore of the lagoon were blood-stained and strewn with corpses. Nor did the water seem even to be water any longer, but pure blood, a lake of blood, all the water having been converted into blood.

The epic mythology of the Aztecs gives us an understanding of the customs of one of our hemisphere's greatest indigenous cultures: religious practice, dress, games and sports, song and dance, manner of warring, art and travel. The historic value of these documents is indisputable. But what is even more fascinating is this people's attempts at explaining poetically the origins of their way of life. No intellectualizing for them!

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Nothing could satisfy better than a highly imaginative tale centered about superhuman events. Thus human sacrifice is justified by the positing of a nature goddess who cries each night wishing to devour the hearts of men before she will yield the fruits of the earth. Thus it is said that since the eagle's plumes are dark and that the tiger's coat is striped because these two animals plunged bravely into a sacrificial fire, the two great warrior societies are called Eagles and Tigers.

Only a partial commentary on the vast Aztec Mythology has been presented here. Interest for North Americans has been stressed, but this very rich material lends itself easily, in its abundance and in its poetic and historic quality, to the attention of studious folklorists from many vantage-points. It is hoped that interest in a very important body of indigenous folk literature has at least been initiated.

Henry Cohen

Henry Cohen is a staff member at Shaker Village. He is studying for a Ph. D. in Romance Languages and is currently translating a collection of Aztec Myths.

SHAKER LETTERAL NOTATION

by Craig Zwerling

For over a hundred years after Mother Ann's landing, the Shakers had no formal instrumental music because Mother Ann had said it was "diverting", "superfluous", and "temperal", however, it slowly gained exceptance. Since the standard system of musical notation had been outlawed, the Shakers had no knowledge of it. So they developed their own system of letteral notation.

To define the pitch of a note they used the letters, a b c d e f g, in ascending order, defining comparative as opposed to absolute pitch. To clarify musical value they used a system in which a capitalized letter indicated a whole note, a letter with a vertical bar to the right of it indicated a half note, a letter standing alone indicated a quarter note, a letter with a single horizontal bar above it indicated an eighth note, a letter with two horizontal bars above it indicated a sixteenth note, and a letter with three horizontal bars above it indicated a thirty-second note.

Because of the difficulty of fitting sharps and flats into their system, the Shakers wrote all major tunes in the key of C and all minor tunes in D minor.

The Shakers divided meter into three modes - even, triple, and compound - and their submeasures:

<u>Shaker Mode</u>	<u>Meter</u>	<u>Sign</u>
Even	4	U
Submeasure of Even	4 2 4	R
Triple	3 4	π
Compound	6 8	H
Submeasure of Compound	3 8	

Here is a sample of a song written in Shaker letteral notation taken from a Shaker spirit message.

Everlasting Comforte

Attend & listen ye with delight

^{4m}
p || || q̄ a g e t e c || a d d # e
while I your blest Mother doth

e g || 4 a q e c | d e
sing a song of everlasting comfort

d | q | c c | d e q e q | q |
joy, peace and consolation unto you

e | q | s e d e # & d e || d.
my will beloved. Truly my never

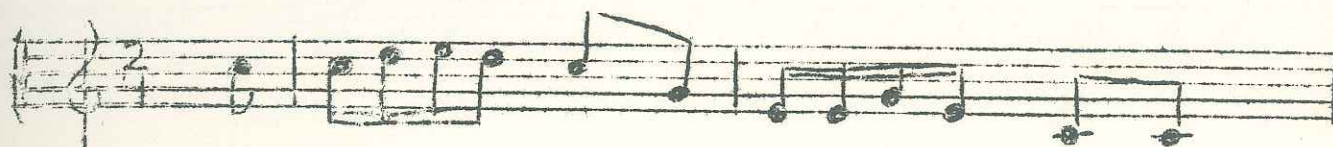
e e d | q q # : q q q | q e |
ending blessing do I joyfully pour

c q a g | & c c || q c c d
upon you. My love doth roll, roll &

e g | q q c c | t a d e a q
daily flow unto you like streams of

e e # q | q c || c a q q |

I Have A Little Drum



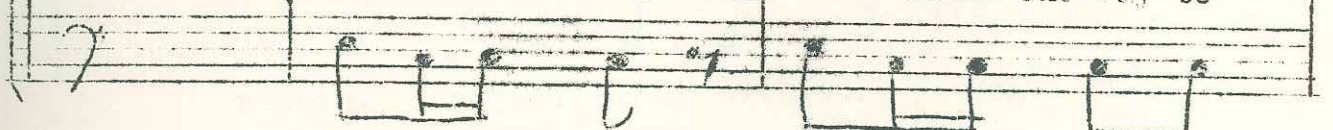
I have a little drum that Mother gave to me, the



prettiest little drum that ever you did see



I'll drum night and day. I'll drum night and day to



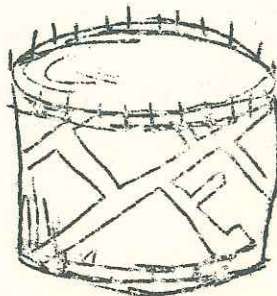
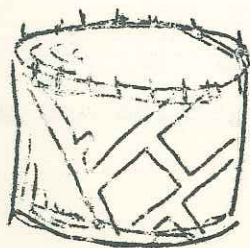
Rum ta ta tum Rum ta ta t



call vol un tears to fight sin a - way



Ra ta ta tum tum Ra ta ta tum



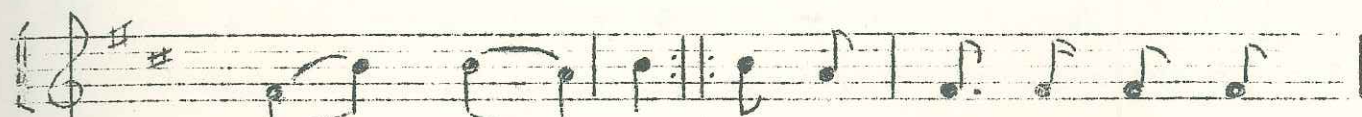
LIVING SOULS, LET'S BE MARCHING



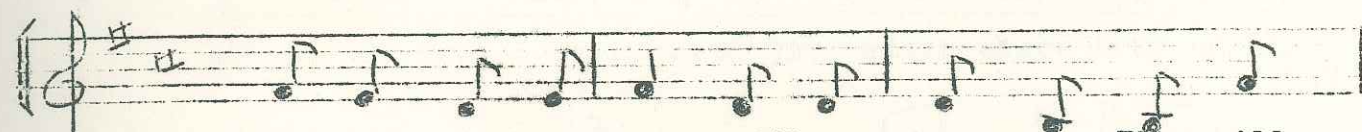
Living souls let's be marching on our journey to



heav-en with our lamps trimmed & burning with the



oil of truth Let us join the heavenly



cho-rus and u - nite with our pa-rents They will



lead us on to glory in the path of right-eous-ness.

MOTHER'S LOVE



Jump take Mother's love Me bring it free - ly



From the Shining Worlds a-bove see it sparkle clear-ly.

COME TO ZION

Arr. AKS

41.

Come to Zi- on, Come to Zi-on sin sick souls in sorrow/
bound.
Come to Zion, come to Zion sin sick souls in/
sorrow

Lay your cares u-pon the altar where true healing may be/
found.
bound. Lay your cares upon the altar where true healing/
may be

Come to Zi- on maybe found. Shout al - le - lu - ia
found. Come to healing's/
found.

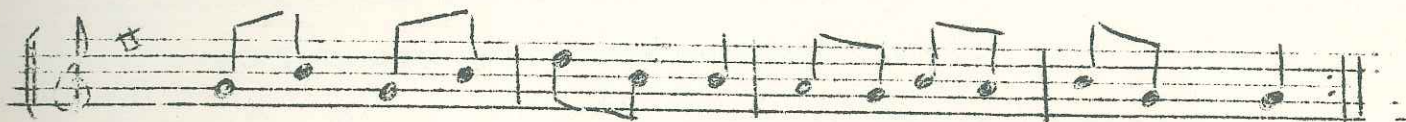
le - lu - ia praise resounds o'er
all
sea.

All who will may come & share the glories of this ju - bi - lee.
All who will may come and share this glorious ju- bi-lee.

INE VINE VIOLET



I-ne vi-ne vi-o-let E-ne se-ne vin-go pret,



ey-fen wa-fen wa-ne voo, -le mo-le min-zy two.



Ac-ren wac-ren wa-ny vo, Mother's love is even so.

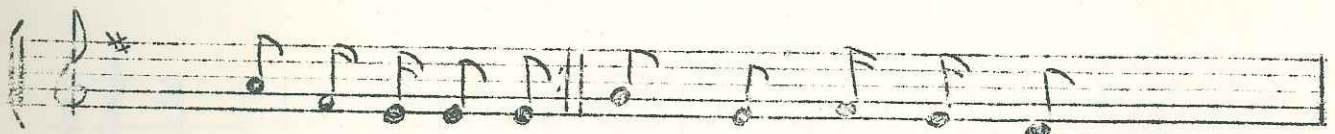


Un-ne e-ne I-ne vae, now in love we'll dance and play.

COME SHAKER LIFE



Come life, Shaker life, Come life eternal. Shake shake out of me



all that is carnal I'll take nimble steps,



I'll be a David. I'll show Michael twice how he be - hav - ed.

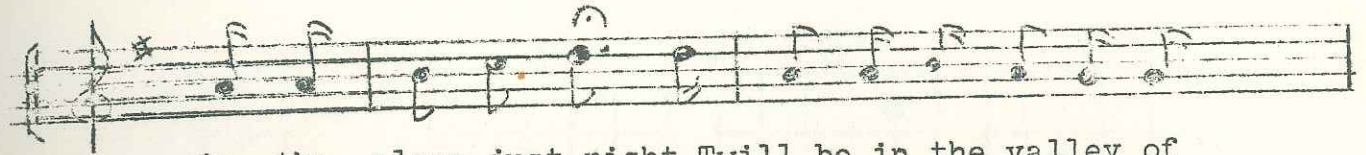
SIMPLE GIFTS



'Tis the gift to be simple 'Tis the gift to be free. 'Tis the



gift to come down where we ought to be & when we find ^{ourselves}



in the place just right, 'Twill be in the valley of



Love and de-light. When true sim - pli-ci-ty is gained to

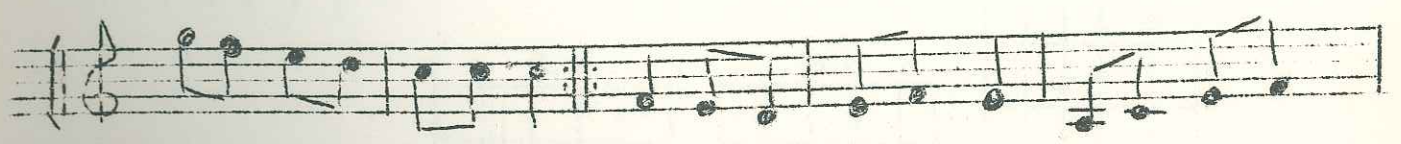


bow and to bend we shan't be a-shamed. To turn, turn will

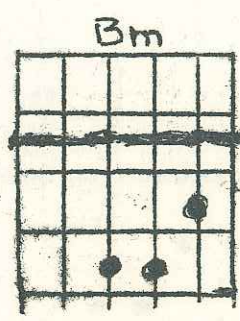
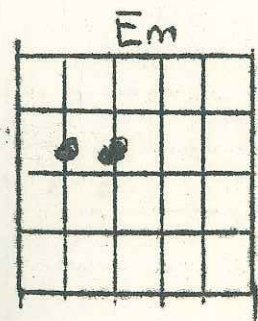
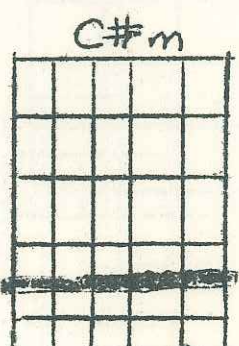
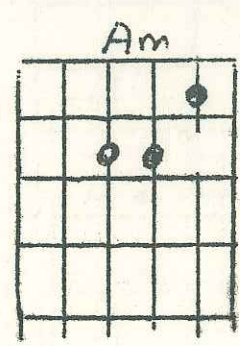
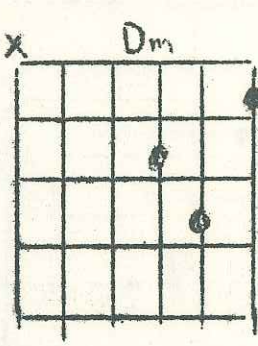
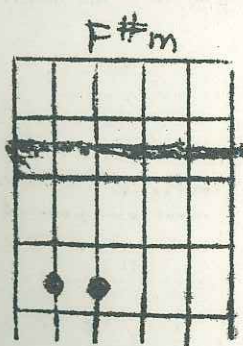
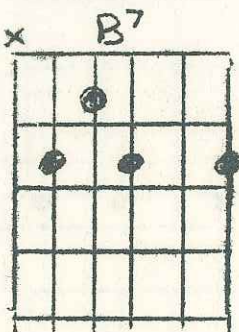
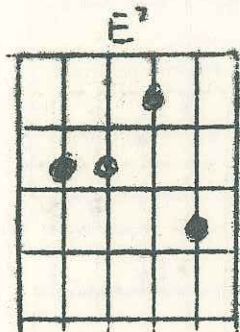
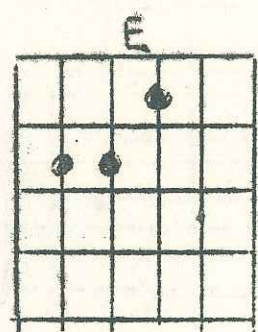
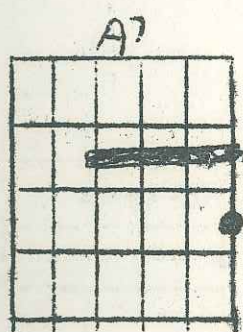
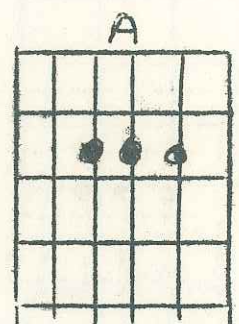
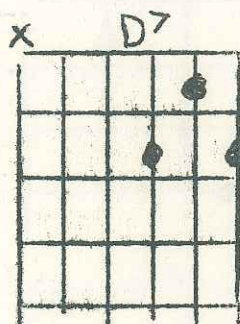
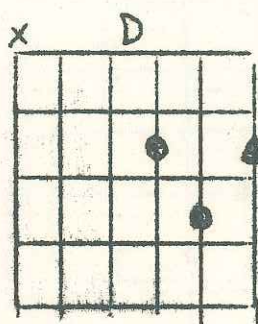
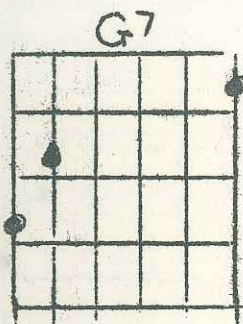
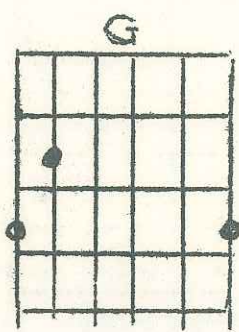
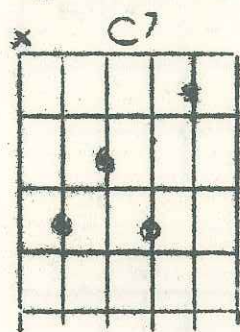
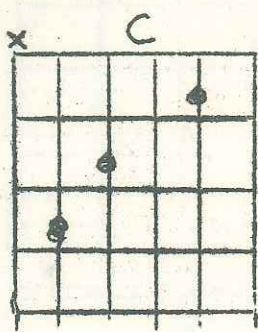
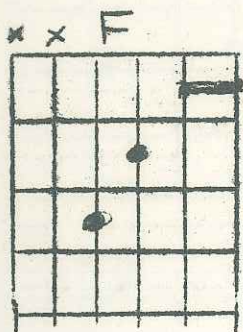


be our de-light till by turning, turning we come 'round right.

MARCHING TUNE



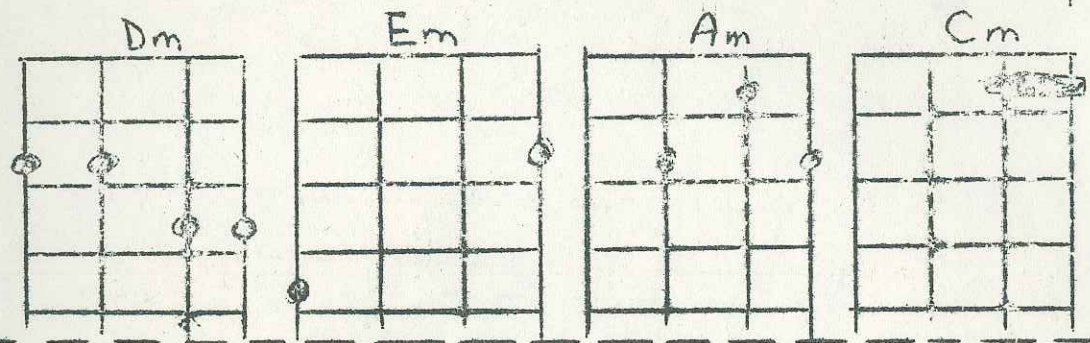
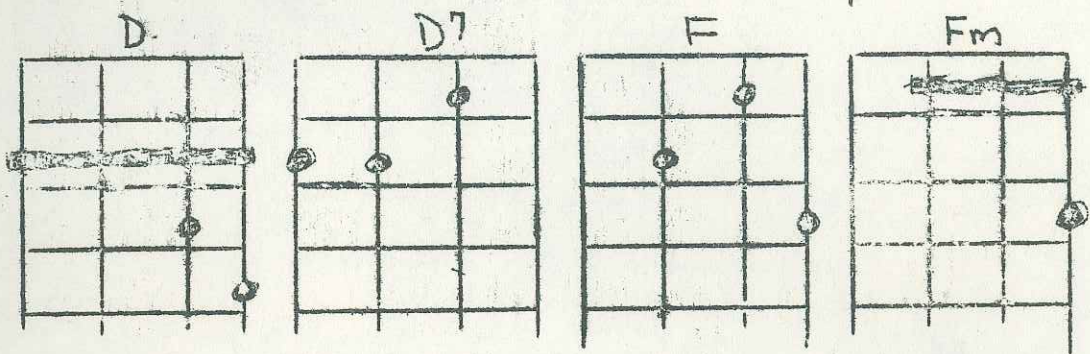
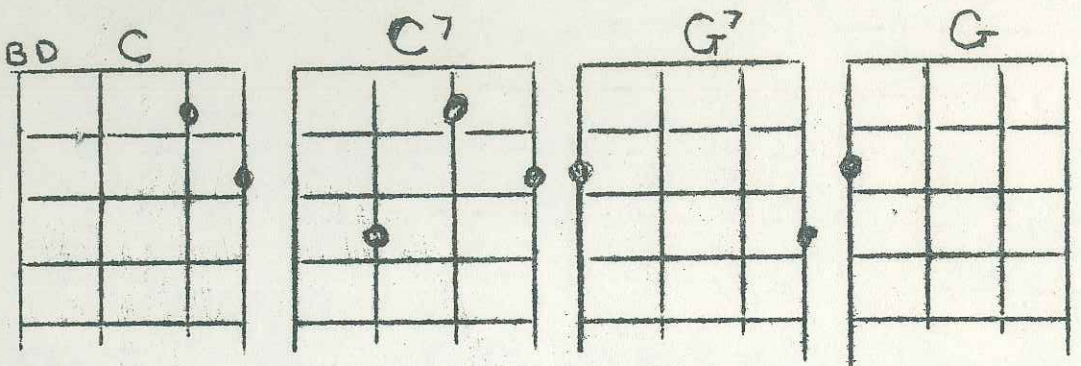
GUITAR CHORDS



DO NOT PLAY STRINGS MARKED WITH "X!"

BANJO CHORDS

G C G B D
"C"
tuning



G D G B D
"G"
tuning

