

On the Trail of the Festival

Words and Music © 1982 by
Don Freed

Tune adapted from "The
State of Arkansas"

Musical Calligraphy by Pat-
ty Rogers

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Vigorously C G C F Dm G7 C

Come all you folk en- thu- si- asts and listen to my song Please

do not grow fid- ge- ty and kind- ly do not yawn Con-

cer- ning some folk singers who did a- gree to go And

spend the sum- mer plea- sant on the Trail of the Fes- ti- val.

The musical score is written on four staves of music. The first staff begins with the tempo marking 'Vigorously' and a series of chords: C, G, C, F, Dm, G7, and C. The lyrics 'Come all you folk en- thu- si- asts and listen to my song Please' are written below the first staff. The second staff continues the melody with lyrics 'do not grow fid- ge- ty and kind- ly do not yawn Con-'. The third staff continues with 'cer- ning some folk singers who did a- gree to go And'. The fourth staff concludes the phrase with 'spend the sum- mer plea- sant on the Trail of the Fes- ti- val.' Chords are indicated above the notes throughout the piece.

The original melody, I am told by Ken Bloom, is that of a traditional song called "The State of Arkansas" which, in turn, Woody Guthrie used in "Buffalo Skinners" (Don Freed)

Come all ye folk enthusiasts and listen to my song
 Please do not grow fidgety and kindly do not yawn
 Concerning some folksingers who did agree to go
 And spend the summer pleasant on the Trail of the Festival

Twass back in February I was sitting all alone
 When a well-known organizer called me on the phone
 Saying, "How do you do, folksinger, and how'd you like to go
 And spend the summer pleasant on the Trail of the Festival?"

Well me having a brand new album to flog, to this question I did say
 "This going out on the Festival Trail depends upon the pay
 If you'll pay decent wages, transportation to and fro
 I'll consider coming along with you on the Trail of the Festival."

"Yes, I'll pay decent wages and airline tickets too
 If you'll do a thirty minute set of songs both old and new
 But if you don't get to play mainstage or don't get reviewed
 I don't want no complaining and you'll also eat our food!"

Well with all this big time talking he signed up quite a show
 A hoard of egomaniacs just itchin' for to go
 To stand before the masses with the talent that we've honed
 Just a-hopin' that it doesn't rain...and the sound man isn't stoned

Well it was my time upon the stage and I began to sing
 First number that I started, god damn! I broke a string
 And coming from the northwest the darkest clouds I've ever seen
 And they started carrying out big rolls of pol-y-eth-yl-ene

When the first evening was over and the crowd had gone away
 We all went out and partied until the break of day
 We all got hangovers, from the whiskey wine and hops
 And we had to wear sunglasses in the afternoon workshops

When the season was all finished, well we went back to the clubs
 Some went to the concert halls, some went to the pubs
 I bought an answering machine in case I get a call
 To do it all again next year on the Trail of the Festival.