

"Bread & Butter Series"

FSI-16
STEREO

GOLDEN RING

A gathering of friends for making music



Photo by Fleming Brown

*Howie Mitchell
George & Gerry
Armstrong
Ed Trickett
Ruth Meyer
Win Stracke
Shannon Smith
Steve White
Herb Nudelman*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT



GOLDEN RING

*With notes by the various participants
Plus a few observations by Sandy Paton
Recorded at WFMT by Norm Pellegrini*

It all started at a home in Wilmette, Illinois, a home that is well known to many people in the folk music world. George and Gerry Armstrong were enjoying a visit by Howie Mitchell, Ruth Meyer, and Ed Trickett. It is far from uncommon to find folk musicians gathered at the Armstrongs' home, talking and laughing, singing and playing traditional songs. But this time the music, spontaneous as it always is when friends gather for fun, seemed to possess something special. There was a sort of magic at work; individual inventions coincided miraculously. A call was made, and then another. Win Stracke came over. Herb and Betty Nudelman, Shannon Smith and Steve White dropped in. The magic seemed to multiply as the possible combinations of instruments and voices increased. Even Becky and Jenny, the Armstrong children, were allowed to come down and share in the experience.

The phenomenon was too exciting not to let others enjoy it, so the friends arranged to meet again, this time at the studios of WFMT in Chicago. Incredibly, the spirit was recaptured! It was not a "recording session," it was fun. There was no air of anxiety, no self-conscious concern for the ultimate "product." Goofs produced guffaws, not growls. Becky and Jenny drew pictures and joined in the songs they knew. Howie switched freely from the guitar to the banjo to the dulcimer to the autoharp to the fretted mouth-bow. George played the bagpipe practice chanter and the dulcimer, then joined Gerry on the "Twicimer." Ruth and Howie alternated knees under an instrument of Howie's own invention, the "Elbuodremicud"(*). Ed played guitar; Win played guitar and washtub bass, with Herb frequently taking over on the latter. At one point, Gerry even thumped the tabor. No one knew what was coming next and no one cared, for each realized that the introduction of concern might break the spell. Songs known by only one or two were quickly learned by the others. And all the while, Norm Pellegrini kept his foot tapping and his recorder running.

The result is something unique in group folksinging — an album as fresh and spontaneous, as tasteful and as unpretentious as the wonderful people who helped to make it. Here is no frenetic folkum. Here is ensemble folksinging that replaces artifice with artistry, deliberation with pure delight. We are convinced that you will like it as much as we do.

(*) !kniHT

S.P.

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|---------|------------------------------------|
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"GOLDEN RING"

A Gathering of Friends for Making Music



FSI-16



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT

GOLDEN RING

The decision to produce this album was made immediately upon hearing the tapes. Deciding what to call it, however, was an entirely different matter.

The directors of Folk-Legacy have had no experience in the art of conjuring catchy titles for commercial albums, an art fashioned so frequently after the jangling jingles of Madison Avenue. To have leapt upon the careening "Hootenanny" bandwagon would have been an affront to the sensibilities of the people involved in making the album. Besides, hootenannies so often degenerate into cacophony and confusion, with burgeoning bluegrass banjoists blasting the gentler art of the ballad singer into a submissive silence, whereas the participants in this recording have wisely elected to combine rather than to compete with one another. The unpredictable and unprecedented assortment of instruments was essentially accidental; the interesting and exciting harmonies were spontaneous, except in those cases where they were taken directly from shape-note hymnals or from published sacred canons. The "new sounds" were discovered with delight rather than deliberation. This was not a group in the sense of a professionally oriented trio or quartet; it was, as the sub-title states, simply a gathering of friends for the purpose of making good music together.

When the title, "GOLDEN RING", was finally selected, the editor asked several of the participants to write something about what the title meant to them. Ruth Meyer wrote:

"When a song is written, its author uses elements of the way of life with which he is familiar to express a particular feeling. As our world seems to move further and further away from a 'natural' way of life and provides us with fewer and fewer 'natural' symbols, the old songs are a powerful reminder of that valley of love and delight which may be visited by people in all times and places. We present this record in the hope that there is a certain constant within the human spirit, a strength and warmth which provides continuity, as the symbols for its expression change with the changes in our physical world.

"When two people love, there is a 'you' and a 'me' and an 'us' which is more than a simple combination of 'you' plus 'me'. When a group is united by warmth and humor, it ceases to be a collection of individuals and becomes a 'GOLDEN RING'; all enter into a harmonious world which is at once more and less real than other worlds in which we must live."

Earlier, George Armstrong had written: "The title is meaningful in several ways. First, of course, it ties in with the title of one of the songs on the record. Second, it has symbolic meaning — GOLD: for something that is lasting and valuable — RING: for a circle of friends. It might be added that the words 'GOLDEN RING' also suggest a pleasing musical sound."

These two statements, remarkably concordant as they are, moved the editor to consider, just for fun, further connotations of a "GOLDEN RING". The quest of the ancient alchemist came at once to mind, for the alchemist sought a formula which might transmute base metals into gold. More than that, his researches had mystic, symbolic overtones, suggesting that the discovery of the secret might offer insights into the meaning of life itself, a signification of the relation of man to his universe.

This thought, prompted, I confess, by years of rather eccentric reading, led to the idea of the magic circle — that enchanted area wherein is found peace and safety from hostile forces at work in the world. Then came the thought of the ring dance of ancient times with its apparent religious usage, a dance not dissimilar to the ring dances and games of children the world over. The mental image of children playing brought to mind the idea of gaiety, unrestrained by the inhibiting bonds of self-consciousness. Certainly, the sound of joyous laughter is another "GOLDEN RING".

Finally, there is the "GOLDEN RING" of the wedding, the symbol of the eternal bond of love.

This, then, is our "GOLDEN RING": a gathering of friends for the making of music, an occasion touched by a magic ingredient which, fancifully speaking, transformed the sound of steel strings into a music of pure gold. In this instance, the wedding is the cohesion of many individual talents into a whole which is, miraculously as always, greater than the sum of its parts. The catalyst here, the "Philosopher's Stone", it seems to me, is love: the love of friends for one another and the mutual love they have for the music they share, by means of this recording, with us all.

S. P.

THE SONGS

Side I; Band 1. THE BLIND MAN'S SONG

The text of this lovely song is from the play "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" by Anatole France, who derived his plot from the ancient tale (and song) of the man who begged the doctor to make his dumb wife speak. The doctor's cure was successful and the man's wish was granted. The unfortu-

nate husband soon learned, however, that he had exchanged a blessing for a curse and returned to the doctor to plead that she be made dumb once again.

The text of the first verse, as Anatole France wrote it, will show how the translator utilized the recurring phrase "La dera" as the basis of his refrain:

Dans l'eau l'poisson fretille,
Aui l'attrapera?
La dera;
Dans l'eau l'poisson fretille,
Aui l'attrapera?
Vous, la jeune fille,
On vous aimera.

Howie Mitchell composed this tune when a camp group with which he was working produced the play, in a translation by Curtis Hidden Page, there being no melody provided with the script. He and Eddie Trickett sing it here, with Howie playing the autoharp and Eddie the guitar.

There's lots of good fish in the sea,
La de ray, la de ray,
Now who will go and fish with me?
La de ray, la de ray.
Now who'll with me a-fishing go?
My dainty, dainty damsel, O,
Come fish with me the livelong day.
And who will then be caught? We'll see.
La de ray, de ray, de ray.

Along the rippling river's bank,
La de ray, la de ray,
Along the wimpling water's bank,
La de ray, la de ray,
Along the bank so shady, O,
I met the miller's lady, O,
And danced with her the livelong day.
And, O, I danced my heart away.
La de ray, de ray, de ray.

Side I; Band 2. JESSE JAMES

In St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 4, 1882, Jesse James, living at that time under the alias of Thomas Howard, was shot in the back by Robert Ford, who was out to collect the \$10,000 reward. Jesse James rapidly became, through one of those great stretches of the folk imagination, a sort of American Robin Hood figure, a romantic image he scarcely deserved. Due, perhaps, to this fiction, "Jesse James" is

the best known of our native badman ballads.

This version has evolved from several sources. The chorus is from the singing of Paul Clayton, folklorist and collector/singer who makes his home near Charlottesville, Virginia. The verses are from various texts, all traditional, and the line: "Stood on a chair to dust a picture frame" was made up to conform with the historical account of the shooting. The fine following line: "Bob Ford fired the ball that pulled Jesse from the wall" is from the singing of Doc Hopkins, an old-timer from Harlan, Kentucky. Gerry and George Armstrong sing the verses here, with the entire group joining in on the choruses. The instruments are two dulcimers, played by George and Howie, guitar, played by Eddie Trickett, and the washtub bass, played by Herb Nudelman. The splendid basso heard in the choruses belongs to Win Stracke.

Jesse James was a man that was knowed through
all the land,
For Jesse he was bold and bad and brave;
But that dirty little coward that shot down
Mister Howard
Has went and laid poor Jesse in his grave.

CHORUS: Oh, I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone;
Oh, I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone.
I will meet him in that land where I've
never been before,
And I wonder where my poor old Jesse's gone.

Jesse and his brother, Frank, they robbed the
Gallatin Bank
And carried the money from the town;
It was in that very place that they had a little
race
And they shot Captain Sheets to the ground.

It was on a Wednesday night and the moon was
shining bright,
They robbed the Glendale train;
And the agent, on his knees, delivered up the
keys
To the outlaws, Frank and Jesse James.

It was on a Friday night and the moon was shining
bright;
Bob Ford had been hiding in a cave.
He had ate of Jesse's bread; he had slept in
Jesse's bed,
But he went and laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse James was alone a-straightening up his
home;
Stood on a chair to dust a picture frame.
When Bob Ford fired the ball that pulled Jesse
from the wall
And he went and laid poor Jesse in his grave.

Jesse James has gone to rest with his hands
upon his breast;
There's many a man that never knowed his face.
He was born one day in the County of Clay
And he come from a solitary race.

Side I; Band 3. NONESUCH

This is an old English dance tune, played here by five of the group — George on the bagpipe practice chanter, Gerry on the drum (or tabor), Howie on the dulcimer, Eddie on the guitar, and Herb on the washtub bass.

Side I; Band 4. THE HOUND DOG SONG

The tune of this delightful piece of mountain drollery derives from the old fiddle tune "Sally Ann", or "Big Sweet 'Taters in the Sandy Land", the text has been credited to Webb M. Oungst. The song was published by M. Witmark and Sons in 1912. Vance Randolph, in his Ozark Folksongs (Vol. III, pp. 278-279) gives a thorough background on the various claims as to its place of origin, as well as on its use as a regimental band number during the political campaign of one Champ Clark, a Missourian who ran for President in 1912. The editor's father, who was raised in Mena, Arkansas, recalls that the song was extremely popular in his area at that time.

The song, as sung here, closely resembles that published by Randolph, there being only a few minor verbal and melodic variations. George and Howie sing it, with George playing the dulcimer and the chanter (alternately) and Howie switching back and forth between the dulcimer and the "fretted mouthbow", an instrument he devised after seeing the usual unfretted variety as played by Jimmy Driftwood. The mouth-bow may be one of the most ancient stringed instruments in the world. Margaret Murray, in The God of the Witches, devotes a page to a line drawing copied from a Paleolithic cave engraving found in the southwest of France which represents a man, ceremonially garbed in an animal skin, his head adorned with the horns, who is "not only dancing but also accompanies himself on a kind of musical bow." The similarity between the instrument in the drawing and that still found occasionally in the Ozarks is obvious. Puck may still live in the Ozark woods.

CHORUS: Every time I go downtown,
Somebody kicks my dog around;
It makes no difference if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kicking my dog around.

Me and Lem Briggs and old Bill Brown
Took a load of "corn" to town;
Old Jim-Dog, the ornery old cuss,
He just naturally follered us.

As we drifted past Johnson's Store,
A passel of yaps come out the door.
Jim he scooted behind a box
With all them fellers a-throwing rocks.

They tied a can to old Jim's tail
And run him past the county jail;
That just naturally made us sore,
Lem he cussed and Bill he swore.

Me and Lem Briggs and old Bill Brown
Lost no time a-gettin' down;
We rubbed them fellers on the ground
For kicking my old Jim-Dog around.

Jim seen his duty there and then;
He lit into them gentlemen.
He sure mussed up the courthouse square
With rags and meat and hide and hair.

CHORUS: Every time I go downtown,
Somebody kicks my dog around;
It makes no difference if he is a hound,
They gotta quit kicking my dog around.

Side I; Band 5. CAPTAIN KIDD

The reputation for cruelty and viciousness generally assigned to Captain Kidd, probably the most famous of all pirates, is largely the result of the ballad maker's art. Actually, it would appear that William Kidd (1645?-1701) was the victim of a frame-up. He was hanged, guilty or not, near London on May 23, 1701. For further information, see Fair Trial, by Richard B. Morris, published by Knopf.

The tune, and particularly the verse pattern, of this song has been used for other songs, such as: "Samuel Hall", "The Praties They Grow Small", and the American hymn, "Wonderous Love". This version comes from Pete Seeger, who learned it in London from Steve Benbow. Eddie Trickett heard it sung in a concert by the Seeger family in Boston several years ago.

He sings it here with Howie Mitchell, who also adds the dulcimer accompaniment to Eddie's guitar.

Oh, my name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name is Captain Kidd,
As I sailed;
My name is Captain Kidd,
God's laws I did forbid
And most wickedly I did
As I sailed, as I sailed.

SIMILARLY:

Oh, my parents taught me well
To shun the gates of Hell,
But against them I rebelled
As I sailed, as I sailed.

Well, I murdered William Moore
And I left him in his gore,
Forty leagues from shore,
As I sailed, as I sailed.

And being cruel still,
The gunner I did kill
And his precious blood did spill
As I sailed, as I sailed.

Well, my repentance lasted not;
My vows I soon forgot;
Damnation was my lot
As I sailed, as I sailed.

Well, to execution dock
I must go, I must go,
To execution's dock
I must go;
To execution's dock,
Lay my head upon the block,
No more the laws I'll mock
As I sail, as I sail.

Side I; Band 6. DIPPER OF STARS

About this example of "classical dulcimer" playing, Howie Mitchell writes:

"This is an 'Elbuodremiclude' duet by Ruth Meyer and myself. I composed the tune unconsciously about the standard 'Streets of Laredo' melody and then added a bridge. The

sound of some of the chords reminds me very much of the feeling I get in reading a little four-line poem by Rebecca McCann in her The Cheerful Cherub (Van Rees Press, New York, 1927) that goes as follows:

I went out to a well one night.
Soft darkness hid all daytime scars.
I held some water to the light
And drank a dipper full of stars."

Side I; Band 7. WHEN JESUS WEPT

This beautiful four-part round is by the early New England composer, William Billings (1746-1800), and was first published in The New England Psalm Singer in 1770.

The song has been printed in 16 Sacred Canons by the Cooperative Recreation Service, Delaware, Ohio, a small booklet for which George Armstrong did the illustrations. The note which accompanies the song in that publication points out that Billings was a tanner by trade who began composing after one week's training in a "singing school" conducted by an itinerant teacher of music. The Century Cyclopedia of Names (New York, 1894-1895) states that he also published The Singing-Master's Assistant (1778) and The Psalm-Singer's Amusement (1781) and says that he is credited with being "the first American musical composer, and to have introduced into New England the spirited style of church music."

Ruth and Howie both play dulcimers here; Gerry begins the round and Howie ends it, with the others joining in at the proper points along the way.

When Jesus wept, the falling tear
In mercy flowed beyond all bound;
When Jesus groaned, a trembling fear
Seized all the guilty, world around.

Side I; Band 8. SIMPLE GIFTS

"Simple Gifts" is probably the best known of the many beautiful songs composed by the religious group called the Shakers. It is believed to have been written at a Shaker community in Alfred, Maine, but it was sung by Shakers throughout the United States. Although one manuscript declares that it was composed in 1848, it probably existed during the decade preceding that date. It is described as "a rather lively piece" in The Gift To Be Simple, a book on the songs, dances and rituals of the American Shakers which was written by Edward Deming Andrews (Dover Publications, Inc., New York, 1962).

Gerry Armstrong is accompanied here by George on the dulcimer, Howie on the autoharp, and Eddie on the guitar. The entire group joins in singing it the second time through; the harmonies are spontaneous, of course.

'Tis the gift to be simple;
'Tis the gift to be free.
'Tis the gift to come down
Where we ought to be.
And when we find ourselves
In the place just right,
It will be in the valley
Of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend
We will not be ashamed.
To turn, to turn
Will be our delight,
Till by turning, turning,
We come 'round right.

Side II; Band 1. ROLLIN' A-ROLLIN' (Child #10)

This is a version of the old ballad "The Twa Sisters". It is presented here essentially as it was sung to George and Gerry by Bob Coltman in 1958. Bob referred to Folk Songs of Florida as his source and mentioned that he had added the final stanza from the singing of an English version by Wallace House. However, a comparison of this tune with that published by Alton C. Morris in the above collection (Gainesville, 1950) would indicate that Bob has created his own variation.

Gerry and Howie sing the verses and everyone joins in on the choruses. The accompaniment consists of George on the dulcimer, Howie on the autoharp and Eddie on the guitar.

There lived an old lord by the Northern Sea,
Rollin', a-rollin',
And he had daughters, one, two, and three,
Down by the waters a-rollin'.

SIMILARLY:

Two little sisters, side by side;
The oldest one for Johnny cried.

Now, Johnny brought the old one a beaver hat;
And the youngest one she thought hard of that.

Then Johnny brought the young one a gay, gold ring;
He didn't bring the old one a single thing.

"Oh, sister, oh, sister, let's walk the seashore
And see the ships as they sail o'er."

Two little sisters walking downstream;
The oldest one pushed the young one in.

Down she sank and away she swam;
She floated on down to the miller's dam.

The miller he took her by the hand
And brought her safely back to the land.

The miller took off her gay, gold ring
And he pushed her back into the river again.

The miller was hung on the gallows so high;
The oldest sister she was hung close by.

Thus endeth my tale of the North Countrie;
It is known as the Berkshire Tragedy.

Side II; Band 2. ONE MAN SHALL MOW MY MEADOW

This exquisite English folksong was collected by Cecil Sharp in Somerset and was published in his One Hundred English Folk Songs (London, 1920). The symbolism is sufficiently obvious as to require no elaboration here.

Howie leads the song, accompanying it on the guitar, and is joined by the entire group on the refrains, which exemplify what the ballad scholars call "incremental repetition" or, perhaps more accurately, the "cumulative song". Regardless of the terminology, Howie writes that "the harmony, and the sound of many voices singing in response, is what makes the song, it seems to me; and this is, of course, all spontaneous."

One man shall mow my meadow;
Two men shall gather it together.
Two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams
And gather my gold together.

Three men shall mow my meadow;
Four men shall gather it together.
Four men, three men, two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams
And gather my gold together.

Five men shall mow my meadow;
Six men shall gather it together.
Six men, five men, four men, three men,
two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams
And gather my gold together.

Seven men shall mow my meadow;
Eight men shall gather it together.
Eight men, six men, four men,
two men and one more
Shall shear my lambs and ewes and rams
And gather my gold together.

Side II; Band 3. HOWIE'S BREAKDOWN

Howie composed this sparkling little banjo piece several years ago. The children at Hawthorne School in Washington, D. C., where he teaches math and science, gave it the somewhat ambiguous title. Eddie Trickett adds the guitar backing to Howie's dextrous banjo-picking.

Side II; Band 4. BARBARA ELLEN (Child #84)

Howie writes: "I learned the tune from Peter McElligott, of Schenectady, New York, when I met them at Pinewoods Camp, near Buzzards Bay, Mass., last summer. The melody is no doubt that used by Jean Redpath and I learned it incorrectly from Pete. The text is a collation of verses from several standard versions of the ballad that I have known for some time." Howie sings it here, together with Shannon Smith and Eddie Trickett. The accompaniment is by Howie on the dulcimer and Eddie on the guitar.

In Scarlet Town where I was born
There was a fair maid dwelling;
Made every youth cry, "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jimmy Grove on his deathbed lay,
For the love of Barbara Ellen.

He sent his servant to the town,
To the town where she was dwelling.
"Come, Miss or Mrs., to my master dying,
If your name be Barbara Ellen."

So slowly, slowly, she came up,
And slowly she drew nigh him.
She pulled the curtains to one side
And said, "Young man, you are dying.

"Remember, 'member in the town;
'Twas in the tavern drinking,
You gave a toast to the ladies all,
But you slighted Barbara Ellen."

"Oh, yes, I remember in yonder town;
'Twas in the tavern drinking,
I gave a toast to the ladies all,
But my heart to Barbara Ellen."

As she was going to her home,
She heard the church bells knelling,
And every note it seemed to say,
"Hard-hearted Barbara Ellen."

"Oh, Mother, Mother, make my bed;
Oh, make it long and narrow.
Young Jimmy died for me today;
I must die for him tomorrow."

Young Jimmy was buried in one churchyard;
Barbara Ellen in another.
A rose grew on young Jimmy's grave;
A briar on Barbara Ellen.

They grew and grew to the steeple top,
Till they could grow no higher,
And there they twined in a true lover's knot;
The rose grew around the briar.

In Scarlet Town where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwelling;
Made every youth cry, "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barbara Ellen.
Her name was Barbara Ellen.

Side II; Band 5. GOLDEN RING AROUND MY SUSAN GIRL

This is one of the many play-party songs contributed to our folk heritage by the Ritchie family of Kentucky. Howie learned it from the singing of Jean Ritchie and it was learned by the group "as they went along", essentially. The copyright on the song is held by Appalachian Publishing Co., New York, and it is used here by permission. Howie leads the singing and plays the dulcimer, finger-style, George plays another dulcimer, using the traditional goose-quill technique, and

Eddie plays the guitar. Everyone, of course, joins in on the singing, once Howie has established which verse is coming up next.

Golden ring around my Susan girl,
Golden ring around my Susan girl,
Golden ring around my Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

SIMILARLY:

Take a little girl, give a little whirl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Jump and turn, my Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Do-se-do, Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

See-saw left, Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Get a little faster, Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Allemande left, Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Golden ring around my Susan girl,
All the way around my Susan girl.

Side II; Band 6. THE HOLLY BEARS A BERRY

Howie learned this English carol from Martha Ann Hurt, of Harrodsburgh, Kentucky. It may be found in the new edition of Songs of All Time (Cooperative Recreation Service, Inc., Delaware, Ohio, 1957) with a note that tells us it is "The St. Day Carol" and is taken from The Cornish Song Book. Jean Ritchie has recorded it on her lovely album, "Carols of All Seasons". Howie accompanies the entire group on the guitar.

Now the holly bears a berry
As white as the milk,
And Mary bore Jesus
Who was wrapped up in silk.

CHORUS: And Mary bore Jesus Christ,
Our Savior for to be.
And the first tree of the greenwood
It was the holly.
Holly, holly,
And the first tree of the greenwood
It was the holly.

Now the holly bears a berry
As green as the grass,
And Mary bore Jesus
Who died on the cross.

Now the holly bears a berry
As black as the coal,
And Mary bore Jesus
Who died for us all.

Now the holly bears a berry
As red as the blood,
And Mary bore Jesus
For to do sinners good.

Side II; Band 7. BABE OF BETHLEHEM

This Sacred Harp or shape-note hymn was published by William (Singin' Billy) Walker in his Southern Harmony, first printed in New Haven in 1835. George Pullen Jackson, this country's leading authority on "white spirituals", re-printed it in his Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America (New York, 1937) and a harmonization of it was done by John Powell in Twelve Folk Hymns (Glen Rock, N. J., 1934). The tune is that of the old British ballad "Dives and Lazarus" (Child #56) which is, as Powell points out, "widespread in the oral tradition, where it is associated with other hymns and with several secular ballads." Powell goes further to say that "this carol is obviously of great antiquity. The words are as characteristic of the folk as is the melody and might well have been sung in one of the Mediaeval Miracle Plays.... In the oral tradition the tune is usually Dorian, and certainly its structure conforms to the Dorian type."

The parts sung here are from the Southern Harmony setting, with Win Stracke carrying the bass. Gerry's voice may be the most prominent in the lead part, but, if one listens carefully, one can here that she gets admirable support from her two daughters, Becky and Jenny.

As befits a hymn of this type, there is no instrumental accompaniment.

Ye nations all, on ye I call,
Come hear this declaration,
And don't refuse the glorious news
Of Jesus and salvation.
To royal Jews came first the news
Of Christ, the great Messiah,
As was foretold by prophets old,
Isaiah, Jeremiah.

His parents poor in earthly store
To entertain the stranger,
They found no bed to lay his head,
But in the ox's manger.
No royal things as used by kings
Were seen by those that found him;
But in the hay the baby lay
With swaddling clothes around him.

On that same night, a glorious light
To shepherds then appeared;
Bright angels came in shining flame;
They saw and greatly feared.
The angels said, "Be not afraid,
Although we much alarm you.
We do appear good news to bear
As now we will inform you.

"The city's name is Bethlehem
In which God hath appointed,
This blessed morn, a Savior born,
For him hath God anointed.
By this you'll know, if you will go
To see this little stranger,
His lovely charms in Mary's arms,
Both lying in a manger."

When this was said, straightway was made
A glorious sound from Heaven;
Each flaming tongue an anthem sung:
"To men a savior given."
In Jesus' name, the glorious theme
We elevate our voices,
And at Christ's birth be peace on earth;
Meanwhile all heaven rejoices.

Side II; Band 8. THIS OLD WORLD

Howie learned this text to the old shape-note hymn of "Mercy, Oh Thou Son of David" from Bernie Lourie while studying electrical engineering at Cornell. The harmony is from Walker's Southern Harmony. Howie has no idea where Bernie learned this splendid set of words, but they certainly deserve singing.

This old world is full of sorrow,
Full of sickness, weak and sore;
If you love your neighbor truly,
Love will come to you the more.

We're all children of one Father;
We're all brothers and sisters, too.
If you cherish one another,
Love and pity will come to you.

This old world is full of sorrow,
Full of sickness, weak and sore;
If you love your neighbor truly,
Love will come to you the more.

THE PARTICIPANTS

GEORGE and GERRY ARMSTRONG make their home in Wilmette, Illinois, just north of Chicago. George is a commercial artist and illustrator; Gerry is the kind of housewife who always has the words to a "new" song tacked on the wall above the kitchen sink, which enables her to learn them as she washes dishes. Their house is always full of music and music-making guests, exactly the sort of gathering which resulted in this album. George and Gerry, together with their two little girls, spend all of their vacations either attending folkmusic festivals or collecting songs and new friends in those areas of this country which have proven to be rich in traditional song.

HOWIE MITCHELL was born in Lexington, Virginia, and developed his love for traditional music at a very early age. He has spent a great deal of time studying the Appalachian dulcimer, constructing somewhere in the neighborhood of fifty instruments himself, and encouraging hundreds of others to do the same. At present, he teaches math and science at Hawthorne School, a private prep school in Washington, D. C. He has a solo album on Folk-Legacy — FSI-5.

WIN STRACKE was born in Kansas, but his family moved to Chicago when he was very young and he has made his home there ever since. Win has been one of the leading lights in urban folk-singing for nearly twenty-five years. He is the founder and president of Chicago's well-known Old Town School of Folk Music.

EDDIE TRICKETT is from Washington, D. C., although he is now a graduate student at Ohio State University studying clinical psychology. He did his undergraduate work at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, where he sang with a quartet. His interest in folkmusic began when he was in high-school and has been growing ever since. Although he "feels more at home" with the guitar, he also plays the dulcimer, banjo, and autoharp.

RUTH MEYER, whose home is in Baltimore, is now a sophomore at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. An early interest in music served her well when, through her acquaintance with Howie Mitchell, she became interested in the Appalachian dulcimer and the many kinds of music appropriate to it.

SHANNON SMITH, a young and lovely redhead from Winnetka, Illinois, is heard on several of the choruses. As George Armstrong puts it: "She admits to studying voice for several years, but she doesn't feel it did any permanent damage."

STEVE WHITE began his folksinging career at New Trier High School in Winnetka. His guitar, banjo, and dulcimer are all re-strung for left-handed playing, which discourages anyone from borrowing his instruments.

HERB NUDELMAN is a Chicago attorney who delights in spending his leisure time "thumping away" on his home-made washtub bass, commonly called a "gut-bucket".

And that makes nine — three times three — a number of which Nicholas Flamel, the most celebrated of the medieval alchemists, would highly approve, I'm sure.

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HERB NUBERMAN is a Chicago attorney who delights in spending his leisure time "bumming away" on his home-made washburn bass, commonly called a "gut-bucket".

And that makes nine -- three times three -- a number of which Nicholas Pym, the most celebrated of the medieval alchemists, would highly approve. I'm sure.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1961 by Lee B. Haggerty, Mary W. Haggerty, and Sandy Paton. Our primary purpose has been to preserve the rich heritage of our traditional music and lore while encouraging the best of what has been termed the "emerging tradition" — that is, the performance of authentic folk material by dedicated interpreters (those not born to the tradition but whose repertoires are derived from it), as well as the creation of new songs and ballads by contemporary songmakers whose original material has been influenced by their respect for our folk legacy.

Our first recording (FSA-1: Frank Proffitt, of Reese, North Carolina) is one example of the former; this album might well represent the latter. We feel that the two aspects of our endeavor are of equal importance and urge our readers and listeners to investigate them both. To listen only to the interpretive artists is to overlook the sources of their inspiration; to listen only to the traditional performers is to ignore a new, non-commercial music that offers much of value to contemporary living.

In addition to the performances they contain, our records are engineered to our own high standards of sound quality, and nearly all are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and full lyrics to the songs. We have been proud of these "hidden extras" in spite of the extra cost and effort they require — for a small company, a large factor, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The best proof of the extent of our commitment to these policies is the list of our releases, every one still in print:

FSA-1 Frank Proffitt	FSI-29 Howie Mitchell:	FSI-50 Helen Schneyer
FSA-2 Joseph Able Trivett	Mountain Dulcimer	
FSA-3 Edna Ritchie	EGO-30 Sandy and Caroline	FSI-51 Bob Zentz:
FSI-4 Fleming Brown	Paton	Mirrors and Changes
FSI-5 Howie Mitchell		FSK-52 Sandy and Caroline
FTA-6 Richard Chase:	FSI-31 Rosalie Sorrels	Paton: I've Got a
Jack Tales	FSA-32 Hedy West	Song
FSE-7 Paddy Tunney	FSA-33 Sara Cleveland	FSA-53 Betty Smith
FSE-8 Peg Clancy Power	FSS-34 Norman Kennedy	FSI-54 Gordon Bok with
FSC-9 Marie Hare	FSI-35 Michael Cooney	Ann Mayo Muir:
FSC-10 Tom Brandon	FSA-36 Frank Proffitt	Bay of Fundy
	Memorial Album	FSI-55 Rick and Lorraine Lee
FSA-11 Max Hunter	FSI-37 Tony and Irene	FSI-56 Ed Trickett, Gordon
FSA-12 Eugene Rhodes	Saletan	Bok, Ann Mayo Muir:
FSA-13 Hank Ferguson	FSI-38 Sara Grey with	Turning toward the
FTA-14 Ray Hicks:	Ed Trickett	Morning
Jack Tales	FSI-39 Joe Hickerson	FSI-57 Kendall Morse
FSA-15 Lawrence Older	FSI-40 Gordon Bok:	FSI-58 Joe Hickerson: Drive
FSI-16 Golden Ring	A Tune for November	Dull Care away, Vol. 1
FSA-17 Hobart Smith		FSI-59 Joe Hickerson: Drive
FSA-18 Arnold Keith Storm	FSI-41 New Golden Ring,	Dull Care away, Vol. 2
FSB-19 Bob and Ron Copper	Vol. 1	FSI-60 Joan Sprung
FSB-20 Harry Cox	FSI-42 New Golden Ring,	
	Vol. 2	FSS-61 Archie Fisher
FSE-21 Bill Meek	FSI-43 Howie Mitchell:	FSC-62 Margaret Christl and
FSA-22 Beech Mountain,	Hammered Dulcimer	Ian Robb
Vol. 1	FSI-44 Gordon Bok:	FSI-63 Harry Tuft
FSA-23 Beech Mountain,	Peter Kagan	FSI-64 Ed Trickett: Gently
Vol. 2	FSI-45 Jon Wilcox	down the Stream of Time
FSA-24 Carolina Tarheels	FSI-46 Ed Trickett: Telling	FSI-65 John Roberts and
FTA-25 Hector Lee:	Takes Me Home	Tony Barrand
Mormon Tales	FSI-47 Jim Ringer	FSI-66 Bill Staines
FSA-26 Sarah Ogan Gunning	FSI-48 Gordon Bok with	FSI-67 Bob Zentz:
FSA-27 Grant Rogers	Ann Mayo Muir:	Beaucatcher Farewell
FSI-28 Sandy and Jeannie	Seal Djiril's Hymn	
Darlington	FSS-49 Jean Redpath	

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