

"Bread and Butter Series"

EGO-30

SANDY and CAROLINE PATON

*Recorded by Lee B. Haggerty
in Huntington, Vermont*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. SHARON, CONNECTICUT



SANDY and PATON CAROLINE

Recorded by Lee B. Haggerty
At "Stoneledge Studios"; Huntington, Vermont

Four years ago, the president of Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., said to the vice-president, "Let's produce a record of Sandy and Caroline Paton singing some of their favorite songs." The vice-president, however, was so preoccupied with making records of other people that the project never got off the ground.

Two years ago, the president again suggested, "Let's do that record of Sandy and Caroline Paton now. We can put it in our new 'Bread and Butter Series' along with *Golden Ring*." The vice-president thought that several other records ought to be given priority and went on working on those, instead.

Last year the president said, "Look, we've released a lot of records; now let's get to work on that record of Sandy and Caroline." The vice-president mumbled something about being overworked already and went ahead with other recording projects.

This year the president got a new shotgun and insubordination suddenly ceased. One just doesn't argue with a 12 gauge, does one?

Several people (three, at least) have wondered why the vice-president of Folk-Legacy was so reluctant to make a record of Sandy and Caroline Paton. After all, John Greenway had once written in *Western Folklore Quarterly* that he considered Sandy to be "the best interpreter of traditional singing in the English-speaking world, with the possible but not probable exception of Ewan MacColl." Such praise, especially coming from a man known to be hyper-critical of urban singers of folk songs, would ordinarily be a strong recommendation, but the vice-president was unimpressed with such obvious hyperbole. He'd been around the folk music world too long not to have the inside story on that statement. He knew that it was simply the result of a song-swapping session in 1960 which established the nearly incredible fact that Sandy Paton knew three more verses to a famous Scottish bawdy ballad than John Greenway did and that, given Greenway's way of thinking, anyone who could best him at "The Ball" just *had* to be good. (Caroline, by the way, did not participate in the contest, so we can't tell you what Greenway thinks of her singing.)

But the vice-president could easily see that it was time to fish or cut bait, as one of the sayings has it, and, although Sandy Paton is not exactly the vice-president's favorite singer of folk songs, he figured that the addition of Caroline's voice would make the project more palatable. So, after four years of procrastination and despite grave anxieties, he went to work on the most difficult task he'd ever tackled—producing a record of himself.

That's right—Sandy Paton is the vice-president of Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., and if ever a company produced a "Bread and Butter" record, this is it. Look at it this way—even vice-presidents have to eat, if only to keep up their ego-strength.

Side 1:

LOVING HANNAH
ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAIN
JOHNNY, OH, JOHNNY
I'VE TRAVELED THIS COUNTRY
THE LAMOILLE RIVER SONG (Nutting)
MEEKINS AND MORKINS (Naramore)
I WOKE UP IN A DRY BED (Guthrie)
CHILLY WINDS (Lee)

Side 2:

THE RIVERS OF TEXAS
I'M A RAMBLER AND A GAMBLER
THE UNQUIET GRAVE (Child #78)
COULTER'S CANDY
THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE
THE FOGGY DEW
NOW, MY FRIENDS, THE MEETING IS OVER

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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

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IN
U.S.A.

SANDY AND CAROLINE PATON



Photo by Suzanne Szasz

**Recorded in Huntington, Vermont
by Lee B. Haggerty**

Notes by the Patons

EGO-30



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HUNTINGTON, VERMONT

SANDY AND CAROLINE PATON

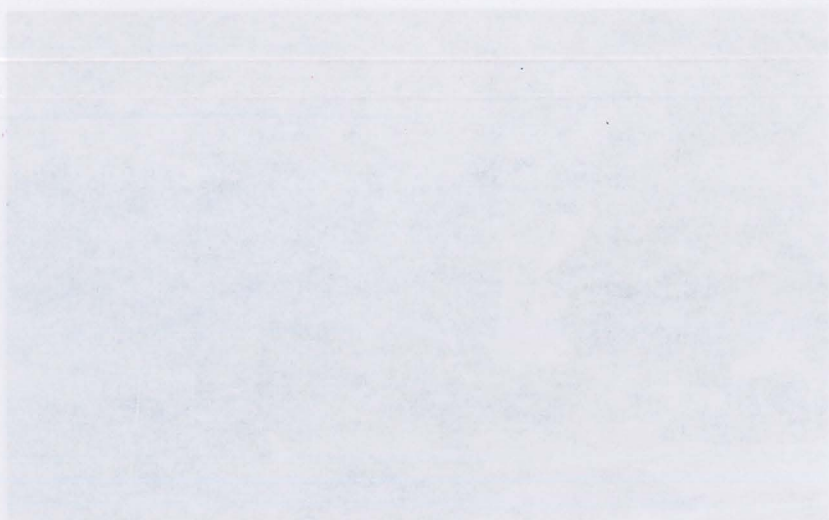


Photo by George Jones

Recorded in Washington, D.C.

by Lee E. Higgins

Notes by the Editor

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FOUR-SEVEN RECORDS, INC.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

SANDY AND CAROLINE PATON

The liner notes on the back of this record's jacket are not altogether facetious. The sequence of events actually did occur; John Greenway (who is now editor of the Journal of American Folklore) did make that extravagant statement, the rather lusty song-swap took place backstage at a concert I gave at the University of Colorado, and I did postpone making this record for a long time. As a matter of fact, Lee did get a new shotgun this year, but not necessarily for the purpose implied. My resistance to this undertaking would have tried the patience of any man; the shotgun, however, is for porcupines, not Patons.

Lee and his sister, Mary Haggerty, spent four years urging me to make this record, but, much as I love them, the idea of producing a record on my own label disturbed me greatly. When they first began agitating for its release, I found all sorts of excuses to put it off. I was determined that Folk-Legacy would first establish its identity as a label dedicated to genuine traditional artists and their music. Even our "Interpreters Series" was too selective to permit my turning it into a "vanity press" endeavor.

At one time, I seriously considered accepting an offer to record for another company. I finally decided not to do it, primarily because I was too busy producing records of the genuine traditional music that I loved, and this seemed much more important to me. Besides, if someone else thought that an album of Caroline and me would be a profitable venture, it seemed only logical to assume that it might also be worthwhile for Folk-Legacy.

Caroline and I have sung for a lot of people during the nine years we have been singing together, many of whom have asked where they could obtain an album of the two of us singing some of the songs they especially liked. Since the only record we had made together was an extended-play 45 rpm done in 1958 for Topic, an English label, all we could do was tell them that we planned to make such a record and carefully add their names and addresses to our card file. Each card was marked "met at such-and-such a program — interested in record of S & C." Frequently, they were quite specific in their requests; there are an awful lot of cards, for example, marked "wants recording of DRY BED." It was the astonishing size of that card file that finally served the function of Lee's shotgun, and convinced me that this recording might help us pay for some of the records we want to produce which, while more

important, will appeal to only a very limited audience, This, at least, was the somewhat circuitous rationalization that eventually gave me the kind of courage it takes to face a microphone, rather than aim one at someone else. We now refer to that cussed card file as Lee's great invention — the 12 gauge mailing list.

The recording sessions were held at night, out of absolute necessity. Ours is a ten-party telephone line, but our neighbors are mostly farmers, which means that no one uses it after ten P.M. Our two boys are naturally noisy, and my Malemutes are inclined to join in on choruses at unpredictable times, so we had to wait until all were asleep before we could record without danger of interruption. These sessions proved to be both grueling and hilarious. For instance, Caroline and I once decided that we had taken a particular song too fast and very carefully recorded it again. Timing the two takes later, we discovered that the difference between them was exactly one second out of a total of two hundred and seventy. I'm not even sure, now, which one we ended up using, but I do know that the second run-through sure seemed a lot slower than the first. Often we would get takes that I considered acceptable, at least, and Caroline would find something wrong with them, and vice versa. At last, we both realized that we were agonizing over the "infinity complex" that frequently plagues artists of all kinds. Under its influence, a man can go on working on the same painting for years and never consider it finished; there is always one little detail that needs reworking. This is the compulsion to perfection that can keep paintings hanging indefinitely in an artist's studio, novels in manuscript form, or whittle huge blocks of well-seasoned walnut into elaborately carved toothpicks. It's a damnable disease.

I'm not suggesting that we think of ourselves as great artists; it's just that we went through the same symptoms, suffered the same torments, before we diagnosed the problem and were able to get down to work. I suppose that it would have been quite another story if we had been recording for another company, with someone else to decide when the results were adequate. It's terribly difficult — indeed, it may be impossible — to judge one's own work objectively. Toward the end, I found myself saying to Caroline, "Look, maybe we have sung it better a few times, but this is probably the way we sing it most of the time. Let's accept it." Then we would argue for awhile before I'd give in and "try it just once more." I will never understand why it is that wives always get two votes, to their husband's one, but that's the way it seems to be and I'm learning to live with it.

During all of these sessions, which sometimes lasted until dawn, poor Lee sat quietly at the tape recorder, watching

the levels, listening to constant absurdities and occasional obscenities, and being extremely careful not to clink the ice in his glass of Glenfiddich and water. If you ever meet him, congratulate him on his Promethean endurance. He certainly deserves it.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

For those of you who don't know us — who buy this album "cold", so to speak — I guess we ought to write something about who we are and how we got this way. Now, I'm usually the one who gets paid for writing notes around here, but, in the past nine years, I've gradually begun to get it through my head that it's an unwise husband who presumes to speak for his wife. I have, therefore, asked Caroline to tell you about herself:

"I grew up in Whiting, Indiana, an industrial suburb of Chicago. Two poets who grew up there, David Wagoner and Jim Hazard, have sometimes turned their critical gaze upon their old home town, and the resulting poems describe Whiting better than I can. I understand that David's poem, "A Valedictory to Standard Oil of Indiana," published in the New Yorker (January 1, 1966), caused quite a sensation back home. He now lives in Washington State, and Jim is living in Wisconsin, so it seems that Whiting is the kind of place one might prefer to contemplate from a distance.

"I am the eldest of four children in a closely-knit family. Although my mother has been ill for many years, we had a wonderful family life. This was largely due to the hard work and remarkable temperament of my father, Reuben A. Swenson. He has been a research chemist at American Oil (the new name for Standard Oil) ever since he finished college, and for years he came home from work to start dinner and put clothes in the washer. Dad had to be both parents to the four of us; he is of hearty Swedish-American stock, and had energy and patience equal to the task. He felt that household responsibilities should not keep us from our schoolwork or extra-curricular activities, and he gave us the freedom to develop many interests.

"I first became interested in folk music at summer camps where I was a counselor, and by the time I started college this interest was well-established. After two years at Oberlin I transferred to the University of Chicago, where I got a B.A. I also took off six months from school to go to a work camp in Europe under the auspices of the American Friends Service Committee.

"I had traveled to Europe, but had never been across the Mississippi, so after college I headed west. I had spent a good many years being a bookworm and I needed to sit in the sun and figure out a few things one doesn't learn from books. Also, I needed to think about where my life was heading. My main interests were literature, music and anthropology, but somehow I couldn't settle down to concentrate on one of them. So for two years I worked at the University of California library in Berkeley, and, aside from my job, I was a complete dilettante. Then I met Sandy, and I found the direction and purpose that my life had lacked. It is very gratifying to me that the study of folklore encompasses the three fields in which I am primarily interested."

As for me, I come from governmental gypsy stock. My father was in the Coast and Geodetic Survey and we were always on the move. I was conceived in New Hampshire, but then Dad was transferred and I was born in Florida. After a childhood of wandering with my family, I left home and wandered alone, working at all sorts of unrelated and meaningless jobs. I studied art in Washington, D. C., very briefly, but my ingrained aversion to classroom work soon put me on the road again and I found myself in Seattle, a few stops later, where I settled down to paint pictures and learn something about acting at the Seattle Repertory Playhouse. That's where I was introduced to folk music. First it was Burl Ives, then Sandburg, then Richard Dyer-Bennett, then Leadbelly — the story is about the same as that of many others who drifted into folk music during the late 1940's by way of approximately the same route. I left Seattle for New York City in 1953, left New York City for nowhere in particular in 1954, bummed around with my guitar in the approved fashion for roughly fifty-thousand unearned miles, and finally hitchhiked into Berkeley in 1957 to meet Caroline. Well, that may not be exactly what I had in mind when I landed there, but it sounds better than admitting that I didn't have anything in mind at all, aside from getting a taste of another town.

It was our mutual enthusiasm for folk music that brought us together. She sat in the second row at a program I gave for a student group, and was so interested in a New England version of "The Riddle Song" that she came up to me afterwards and asked for the words of the song. I had already spotted her in the audience and, to tell the truth, the second half of the concert was probably pretty ragged, because half of my mind was on what I was singing and the other half was busy trying to invent some excuse to talk with her after I got off-stage. Her interest in the song kept me from having to use some clever ploy like "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" — for which I shall always be indebted to Linscott's Folk Songs of Old New England. I agreed to give her the words, of course, and asked

her if she would like to come over to my place for coffee — along with a number of others, please understand; it was all very proper. Unsuspecting soul that she was, she came. While the others sat in the living room strumming guitars, she and I sat in the kitchen getting acquainted. Two days later I asked her to marry me; three days later she accepted the idea, and we've been singing together ever since. I've included this highly personal information for the benefit of those scholars who are exploring the "function of folk music" and may have overlooked this particular one.

That summer, loaded down with rucksacks, sleeping-bags, books, and guitars, we hitch-hiked across the country together (a Nebraska farmer took one look and asked, "Whatcha doing, hitch-hiking, or moving?"), sailed for England, and spent the following year listening to British traditional singers and having a free baby, courtesy of the National Health Service. I supported my family by singing in London's coffee bars and pubs, collecting my nightly pittance under the table because I had no work permit. We made one record together and I made several alone, but the only legitimate paycheck I received was from the BBC for recording a group of New England songs and ballads for their Recorded Programmes Library. We both spent a lot of time at the Cecil Sharp House, listening to field recordings and reading as many books as we could from their fine collection. It was a grand year.

In September of 1958, we traveled around Sutherlandshire, in the far northwest of Scotland, with Hamish Henderson of the School of Scottish Studies, camping out with the tinker folk and recording some of their tales and songs. More important, we spent about a week at the home of Jeannie Robertson, the magnificent ballad singer, in Aberdeen. We learned more in that one week than we had in all our years of studying the literature of folklore and the collections of songs and ballads.

By this time, we were more than enthusiasts — we were fanatics. If I had not been a high-school drop-out, I might have tried to go into serious folklore scholarship. As it was, we just kept on singing and, through a combination of field collecting and independent research, doing our best to learn more about what we were singing. Caroline was unable to perform with me very often after we returned to the States; she was busy taking care of David, and later Robin, the second of our two boys. I spent a couple of years doing solo performances at various schools, colleges, nightclubs and what-have-you, but soon found that the life of the itinerant singer of folksongs was no longer an adventure; it was just one week of loneliness piled on top of another. When Robin was born, in the summer of 1960, I canceled a tour of the western states that had been arranged for the coming school year and found an honest job of

work in Chicago. I wanted to be with my family.

I stuck with the job for almost a year, and might be there yet, but we were living in Whiting and I suddenly realized that we were on the verge of being trapped there for the rest of our lives. I've nothing against Whiting, mind you; it's really quite an idyllic little community, nestled comfortably in the shadows of the American Oil refinery, protected from the sun by a constant canopy of smoke from the nearby steel mills, its air enriched by the scents of a Lever Brothers soap factory and a Mazola Corn Oil plant. If you've ever driven through that industrial complex that stretches along the south shore of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Gary, Indiana, you'll know what I mean. I got up one morning, took a deep breath, and knew that we just had to escape. I had no desire to raise my family in the acrid armpit of America.

Our interest in the folksongs of the Northeast had long made us consider settling down in New England. I had bummed through the Green Mountains several years before meeting Caroline, but it was a vacation with friends in Burlington in the summer of 1961 that tipped the scales of indecision for us. We packed up and moved out, with little prospect of security, but a great deal of determination to breathe clean air and drink clear water. We found both in Huntington, happily combined with an antiquated concept of real estate values which enabled us to buy a house.

It was right at this time that I went on a collecting trip to the Appalachians, primarily to make recordings of Frank Proffitt and Horton Barker. Lee Haggerty, whom we had met in Chicago, came to visit us and was sufficiently impressed with these tapes and with other material I had recorded on Beech Mountain, North Carolina, that he suggested we form our own company and produce the kind of traditional music we both admired. He called his sister and she readily agreed to help capitalize the venture. To be completely honest, we pooled their resources and incorporated Folk-Legacy Records.

Before long, the house in Huntington's "lower village" proved to be too small for the expanding business, my family, and Lee. Caroline and I bought and remodeled the farm which is now "home" for the Patons and Folk-Legacy. Lee persuaded his sister and one of his brothers to go in with him on the purchase of another farm about nine miles down the valley. In the two years we have lived here on the farm, the company has grown so much that we have just bought the one-room school building across the road for additional storage and shipping space. If things continue as they have been recently, we may have to remodel one of my old barns to house our stock of future releases, because as long as people keep wanting to buy

Folk-Legacy records, we'll keep adding to our catalog. As a matter of fact, I've always had a yen to see what I could do with an old barn. I suppose I should be more subtle, but hand-hewn beams and weathered wood could make an awfully attractive warehouse.

Vermont has been very good to us. We've sung for many groups all over the state, ranging from guests at the Trapp Family Lodge in Stowe to meetings of the Artificial Breeders Association. Last year we sang for the State Legislature's annual Sugar-on-Snow party in Montpelier shortly before we drove across the country to participate in the U.C.L.A. Folk Music Festival in Los Angeles. I mention these last two groups in one sentence because they have one thing in common: each is possessed of a passionate devotion to tradition.

Now that David and Robin are old enough to go with us, touring has become a family affair. We've recently solved the travel problem with a camper rig for the pick-up truck. The boys love it. They lie on the bunk over the cab, watching the scenery or sleeping; Caroline sits at the table and plays the dulcimer or practices on her newly acquired autoharp; I sit in the cab, feeling somewhat like the truck driver I've always wanted to be when I grow up. I wish we had thought of it years ago, for now we are able to accept concert engagements farther from home, and that which used to mean separation and anxiety is now an experience all four of us can enjoy.

While Caroline and I are certainly tradition-oriented, we are far from typical, dyed-in-the-wool purists. We never try to imitate anyone, nor do we pretend to be something we are not. We are keenly aware of the difference between traditional singers and singers of traditional songs, and we make no attempt to deny that we are members of the latter group. When we sing a traditional song, we try to treat it with respect, hoping that our genuine affection for the material will be conveyed to the audience, and that it may even be contagious. We also sing a number of contemporary songs because we happen to like them, for one reason or another. This album probably reflects fairly accurately the variety of material we are apt to use as the occasion demands. We sang the song about the Lamoille River for the state legislators, hoping that they would pay attention to the words, and we sang "Johnny, Oh, Johnny" and "Now, My Friends, the Meeting is Over" at U.C.L.A. The kids in Huntington seem to like "Meekins and Morkins," while their parents all seem to enjoy "Dry Bed." In other words, this is a brief cross-section of our rather eclectic repertoire — a few of the many songs we like to sing.

S. P.

THE SONGS

(Caroline and I collaborated on the following notes, but I have an incorrigible tendency to write in the first person, singular, which explains the occasional shift from "we" to "I" and back again. I (we) hope this won't be too disconcerting.)

Side I; Band 1. LOVING HANNAH

We first heard "Loving Hannah" sung by Jeannie Robertson in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1958. She sang it slowly and majestically, in the Scottish "big ballad" style. We asked her where she had learned the song, fully expecting it to be one of the many taught her by her mother. "Well, you see," said Jeannie, "when the American folksinger Jean Ritchie was visiting here, she gave me a wee record of some of her own songs. I learned it off of that record." So, here we have a sad love song from the Ritchie family of Kentucky, by way of Jeannie Robertson of Aberdeen.

"Loving Hannah" is a variant of the more familiar "Handsome Molly" which has been recorded a number of times. Frank Proffitt sings one version on his Folk-Legacy record (FSA-1) and the booklet accompanying that record contains a more extensive discussion of the song. In 1961, we learned a lovely version from Joseph Able Trivett of Butler, Tennessee, which we hope to record someday. It has a tune resembling "Handsome Molly" combined with the refrain pattern found here. Recently we sang "Loving Hannah" for Jean Ritchie, and she pointed out that the change of one note had altered the melody significantly. We don't know if Jeannie Robertson inadvertently changed the note, or if we did, but this is the way we remember her singing it for us.

I went to church last Sunday;
My true love passed me by.
I could see her mind was a-changing
By the roving of her eye.
 By the roving of her eye,
 By the roving of her eye;
I could see her mind was a-changing
By the roving of her eye.

My love she's fair and proper;
Her hands are neat and small.
And she is quite good-looking,
And that's the best of all.
 And that's the best of all,
 And that's the best of all;
And she is quite good-looking,
And that's the best of all.

Oh, Hannah, loving Hannah,
Come give to me your hand.
You said if you ever married
That I would be the man.
 That I would be the man,
 That I would be the man;
You said if you ever married
That I would be the man.

I'll go down by the water
When everyone's asleep,
And think on loving Hannah,
And then sit down and weep.
 And then sit down and weep,
 And then sit down and weep;
I'll think on loving Hannah,
And then sit down and weep.

Side I; Band 2. ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAIN

I never really learned this song; I sort of absorbed it from Paul Clayton, who collected it from "Maybird" McAllister, a great traditional singer who lived near his home in Brown's Cove, Virginia. If I remember correctly, Paul told me that he added the last verse sung here. I know of only one other version of the song, as yet unpublished, which was found in the Ozarks by Mary Celestia Parler. I did not have a chance to hear her field recording, but when I sang a bit of this song for her, she indicated that it was quite similar to the one in her collection.

One morning, one morning, one morning in May,
I overheard a married man to a young girl say,
"Arise you up, pretty Katie, and come along with me,
Across the blue mountain to the Allegheny.

"I'll buy you a horse, love, and a saddle to ride;
I'll buy me another'n to ride by your side.
We'll stop at every tavern and drink when we're dry.
Across the blue mountain goes Katie and I."

Well, up stepped her mother, in anger was she then.
"Daughter, dear Daughter, he is a married man.
Besides, there's young men a-plenty is handsomer than he.
Let him take his own wife to the Allegheny."

"Oh, Mother, dear Mother, he's the man of my heart.
Wouldn't it be an awful shame for me and my love to part?
I'd envy all of the women that ever I did see,
Across the blue mountain to the Allegheny."

Well, the last time I seen him, he was saddled to ride.
Katie, his darling, was there by his side,
A-laughing and a-singing, and happy to be free,
Across the blue mountain to the Allegheny.

Side I; Band 3. JOHNNY, OH, JOHNNY

Lee Monroe Presnell, perhaps the greatest ballad singer I've ever known, sang this for me in September, 1961, when he was eighty-six years old. He sang it wonderfully well, even then. I have been unable to find another version of it anywhere — in print or on record — and D. K. Wilgus, a very knowledgeable man, referred to it in the Journal of American Folklore as "a hitherto unreported ballad," so I must assume that it's as rare as it is beautiful. If you like it, for heaven's sake don't learn it from me. Listen to "Uncle Monroe" sing it for himself on The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain, North Carolina; Volume I (FSA-22). That way, you might "get it right."

Johnny, oh, Johnny, you are my darling;
Like a red rose that blooms in the garden.
I'd rather have Johnny, without one thing,
As to have any other with a thousand scarling.

It ain't the wind that blows so high,
Nor neither rain that makes me cry.
The whitest frost that ever fell;
I love you, Johnny, but I dare not to tell.

My father he offers me house and land,
If I'd stay at home and do his command.
But his command I will disobey;
I'll follow you, Johnny, where you go or stay.

My mother she scorns both night and day,
But she can scorn and scorn at leisure;
At the side of Johnny, I'll take my pleasure.

So, fare you well, Father; like-well, Mother;
Fare you well, sisters, fear no danger.
I'll forsaken you all to go with a stranger.

Side I; Band 4. I'VE TRAVELED THIS COUNTRY

In 1961, I went with Richard Chase to visit Claude Proffitt in Meat Camp, a mountain community near Boone, North Carolina. Mr. Proffitt sang several songs for me, but he wasn't feeling well that day, and I didn't want to press him for more. During the next two years, I made a number of trips to that same area, but, for one reason or another, I never got back

to visit Mr. Proffitt again. As a result, I am now a firm believer in "depth collecting," the approach to field work advocated by Ellen Stekert which involves returning to a promising informant as often as possible, over a considerable period of time.

You see, I learned this song from George Armstrong, who learned it from an English fellow (sorry, I can't recall his name), who learned it from an elderly North Carolina mountain man named Claude Proffitt. Now, If I had done my job right, I could have collected the song myself — and I wish I had, for it's not only a good song, it's a fairly rare one. In fact, we have found only three other versions of it, two in printed collections and one sung by Hedy West ("Drunkard's Lament", New Folks, Vanguard 9096). Hedy's text also has five stanzas, but omits the last one sung here, inserting, instead, the following verse between our third and fourth:

"While drinking this whiskey, I found I was alone,
Enjoying bad company, although I had none.
The small birds and nightingales sweetly did sing,
Here's a health to pretty Polly, the beautiful queen."

In Scarborough (A Song Catcher in the Southern Mountains, p. 333) we found a Virginia version of the song made up of five stanzas and entitled "Lovely Polly". This has much in common with both Hedy's text and the present one. Belden's Ballads and Songs Collected by the Missouri Folk-Lore Society (p. 194) has twenty-two lines under the title "Last Friday Evening" which were taken down, with neither stanza division nor melody, by W. S. Johnson in 1904 "from the repertory of Waters, the Miller County fiddler." A comparison of these four texts with Cecil Sharp's Kentucky version of "Green Grows the Laurel" (English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Vol. II, p. 211) suggests that a vague relationship exists between the two songs, but ours clearly has a thematic identity of its own.

Although the verse quoted above certainly has the ring of Irish folk poetry, we were surprised to discover that Belden's last four lines, comparable to the final stanza of both the Scarborough text and Mr. Proffitt's, are remarkably similar to one verse of an Irish song sung by Paddy Tunney on a record he made in England (A Wild Bee's Nest, Topic 12T139). The song, "I Once Had a True Love", was collected by Paddy from Barney McGarvey of Termon, Donegal, in 1960, and is a version of the traditional song from which Padraic Colum derived his now well-known "She Moved Through the Fair". Here is the verse:

"Oh, if I was a fisher, down by the seaside,
And my love was a salmon, coming in with the tide,
I would cast my net wide and my love I'd ensnare.
I would bring home my Molly, I vow and declare."

We realize that this is a mere coincidence, attributable to the existence of "floating" folk lyrics, but the "fisher" motif is sufficiently rare to warrant our mentioning it here.

I've traveled this country both early and late;
Hard has been my fortune and sad has been my fate.
Went down to my true love's house, expecting to get in;
Thinking of good pleasure, and trouble just begin.

Crawled to her window by the light of the moon;
Saw another man there, just occupying my room.
Lay there an hour, just as patient as Job,
Calling, "Pretty Molly, come open the door."

Took to my heels just as fast as I could go;
Ran till I came to that green, shady grove.
There I sat down, with my bottle in my hand,
Drinking of good brandy and thinking of that man.

Green grows the laurel, and bitter grows the rue.
Sorry, pretty Molly, I had to part from you.
Since it is no better, well, I'm glad it is no worse;
Good brandy in my bottle and money in my purse.

I wish I was a fisherman, down by the riverside.
Spy pretty Molly come a-floating down the tide.
Throw my net over her and pull her to the shore;
Have pretty Molly to part from no more.

Side I; Band 5. THE LAMOILLE RIVER SONG

John Nutting is a young, banjo-picking, song-making, Congregational minister. Until his recent move to Burlington, he lived in Hyde Park, Vermont, on the banks of the Lamoille River. Compared with many other American rivers, the Lamoille is pretty clean, and we'd like to see that it stays that way. John agrees with us, and that's why he wrote this song. As I mentioned earlier, we sang this for the Vermont State Legislature. We thought this was a step in the right direction, but John went us one better. Not long ago, he sang it for Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, at a dinner in Montpelier, our capital city. (By the way, if you haven't read Udall's The Quiet Crisis, you should.)

I suppose it really isn't necessary, but I do feel that I ought to make a brief apology here. A. K. Jessup tells me that I have a peculiar sense of humor, and he may be right, but when I programmed this record, I couldn't resist putting this song right after "I've Traveled this Country." To me, that last verse and this first one just had to be placed in sequence.

They're cleaning up our river, sterilizing our stream.
It will be the purest that you've ever seen.
You can run it in your bath-tub, even drink it, too.
They're changing the Lamoille from dirty brown to blue.

She wanders down through Hardwick, slides around the bend;
Eats away at the print shop and the cleaner's, my friend.
Still we love her dearly, even though she smells.
What'll we do with our sewage? We've already filled
our wells.

They're cleaning up our river, etc.

They dammed her up in Morrisville; made a little lake.
Old folks sit around her, their pleasure to take.
The trout would like to live there, but the taste is
much too strong;
One drink of Lake Lamoille, and they'd all be dead and
gone.

They're cleaning up our river, etc.

There's one good thing about her; she does it every Spring:
Overflows her banks to deposit many things
Upon the farmers' fields and in the maple wood.
Our river only needs to be better understood.

They're cleaning up our river, etc.

Side I; Band 6. MEEKINS AND MORKINS

This is one of the many delightful songs composed by
Vincent H. Naramore for his little boy, David. We regret
that there wasn't room for more of them on this record, but
we intend to use several on the children's album we plan to
make in the near future.

Vincent Naramore lives in Burlington now, but his family
home is in Hubbardton, Vermont, well-known to all as the site
of the only battle fought on Vermont soil during the American
Revolution. When he is not writing songs, or busy with his
challenging duties as a charter member of the famous Millard
Fillmore Society, the irrepressible Mr. Naramore spends his
time teaching mathematics at St. Michael's College in Winooski,
Vermont.

Meekins and Morkins, one Saturday noon,
Set out in a cart for a trip to the moon.
As they jogged along at a leisurely pace,
They laughed as they thought about a rocket through space.

Said Meekins to Morkins, "We've got a good horse;
It'll take us awhile, but we'll get there, of course.
For only last night, behind the big hill,
The moon settled there, so it must be there still."

Well, they got to the hill, but the moon wasn't there.
Said Morkins to Meekins, "Look up in the air."
And there, sure enough, like a yellow balloon,
Sailing high in the sky was the runaway moon.

Said Meekins to Morkins, "We'll stalk it tonight.
It'll surely come down by the dawn's early light;
And then, when we see it come out of the sky,
We'll go at a gallop, for it will be close by."

But Sunday and Monday, and all through the week,
These men and the moon they played hide-and-go-seek.
Till Morkins said sadly, "It muddles my mind;
For now it's ahead, and now it's behind."

Said Meekins to Morkins, "I'm beginning to feel
We can't catch the moon, 'cause the moon isn't real."
"It's a myth!" they both shouted. "Let's head for
home soon."

Which they did, by the light of the mythical moon.

Side I; Band 7. I WOKE UP IN A DRY BED

Here is positive proof, as if any were needed, that the
great Woody Guthrie could write a song about anything.

Please note that the correct title is simply "Dry Bed",
something we neglected to do before sending the jacket copy
off to the printer. Marjorie Guthrie Cooper told us that
Woody wrote this song for Arlo, his son, sometime before 1952,
when it was first published by Ludlow Music, Inc. The changes
we have made in the text evolved, quite by accident, over the
years we have been singing the song. We apologize for them,
and strongly urge that the listener learn the correct text,
which may be found in Folk Sing, edited by Herbert Haufrecht
and published by Hollis Music, Inc., in 1959 (reprinted in
1961).

I woke up in a dry bed; Mommy, come see.
I woke up in a dry bed; Daddy, I did.
I woke up in a dry bed, dry feet and a dry head;
I am a big boy now.
Hey, look at my dry bed;
Come feel my dry bed.
My bed's all dry, dry;
I'm a big boy.

Well, the rain didn't rain and wet my bed; Mommy, come see.
River didn't run and wet my bed; Daddy, hey look.
Dry bed and a ho-dee-ho, take me to the movie show;
I am a big boy now.
Hey, look at my dry bed;
Come feel my dry bed.
My bed's all dry, dry;
I'm a big boy.

Kitty-cat didn't wet my bed last night; Mommy, come see.
Puppy didn't get my bed all wet; Daddy, hey look.
Dry bed and a yippy-yippy-yi, take me to the pony ride;
I am a big boy now.
Hey, look at my dry bed;
Come feel my dry bed.
My bed's all dry, dry;
I'm a big boy.
Hey, look at my dry bed;
Come feel my dry bed.
My bed's all dry, dry;
I'm a big boy.

Side I; Band 8. CHILLY WINDS

Drawing upon familiar traditional materials, young Jeannie Lee, of Staunton, Virginia, created this fine song. We feel that it reflects, with unusual perception, the longing of the uprooted southern man who has been forced to go north to find employment in the alien environs of Detroit, Chicago, or any of the other urban industrial centers. Personally, I find it pretty easy to empathize with the fellow in the song, which I learned from Paul Clayton.

I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow, poor boy,
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow.
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow,
For the first snow is a-falling, and it's home I must go.

I'm going where the water tastes like wine, poor boy,
I'm going where the water tastes like wine.
I'm going where the snow is hard to find,
For this trouble in the northland lies heavy on my mind.

I'm tired like I never been before, poor boy,
I'm tired like I never been before.
I'm tired, and my heart is troubled sore.
If I ever get to Georgia, I'll wander no more.

(Repeat first verse)

Unlike most traditional songs, this one has been found only once. Vance Randolph collected it from Mrs. Irene Carlisle of Fayetteville, Arkansas, on January 30, 1942, and published it in his superb Ozark Folksongs (Vol. II, p. 231). Mrs. Carlisle told him that she learned the song from a hired man who had come up from Texas. The obviously deliberate use of alliteration, a device not commonly found in traditional songs, suggests a literary source, but we are convinced that the song was written by a Texan. Who else could name fourteen rivers in that state, and not even have to include the Rio Grande in the list?

Ellen Stekert and Milt Okun recorded this song ten years ago (Traditional American Love Songs, Riverside 12-634), but it wasn't until 1962, when we heard Ellen sing it for a meeting of the Northeast Folklore Society at Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts, that we got around to learning it. We've always referred to it as "The Rivers of Texas", but Randolph's title is "The Brazos River", and that's what it should be called. We usually invite people to sing the chorus with us, which explains why we have simplified and standardized it. The text of the original varied the chorus from verse to verse.

We crossed the broad Pecos, we forded the Nueces,
Swum the Guadalupe, we followed the Brazos.
Red River runs rusty, the Wichita clear,
Red down by the Brazos I courted my dear.

Li-li-li, lee-lee-lee, give me your hand,
Li-li-li, lee-lee-lee, give me your hand.
Li-li-li, lee-lee-lee, give me your hand;
There's many a river that waters the land.

The sweet Angelina runs glossy and gliding;
The crooked Colorado runs weaving and winding.
The slow San Antonio courses the plain,
But I never will walk by the Brazos again.

The girls on Little River, they're plump and they're
pretty;
The Sabine and Sulphur have many a beauty.
And down by the Natchez there's girls by the score,
But I never will walk by the Brazos no more.

She hugged me, and kissed me, and called me her dandy;
The Trinity is muddy, the Brazos quick-sandy.
I hugged her, and kissed her, and called her my own,
But down by the Brazos she left me alone.

Side II; Band 2. I'M A RAMBLER AND A GAMBLER

I learned this from Roger Abrahams in the summer of 1959 when we were singing together at the Limelite, in Aspen, Colorado. You can blame the alterations in text and tune on the fact that I never wrote it down, but just "caught it" from his singing. I believe that Roger got it from Peggy Seeger, who recorded it in 1957 (Peggy Seeger; Folksongs and Ballads, Riverside 12-655). Peggy admits that she changed the tune from that of her source, Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads by John A. and Alan Lomax (p. 266). The tune published there ends on the tonic, as does the tune sung by Alan Lomax on his Texas Folksongs (Tradition, TLP 1029), although the text he uses on the record omits several of the verses which appear in the book. Aside from a number of word changes within the various stanzas, Peggy's text is closer to the published one, although she has inserted the "changes in the ocean" verse. I don't know where she got that one, but I like it.

The book gives no source for the song, but the liner note written by Alan Lomax for his Tradition recording credits a retired cowboy named Alec Moore, described as a crippled-up old fellow who sold ice-cream from a cart which he towed behind a bicycle through the streets of Austin, Texas. The song, which appears to be a cowboy's adaptation of what Lomax calls "the wide-ranging southern lyric family that produced 'Old Smokey' and 'Rye Whiskey'," may be traced back to the English song of "The Waggoner's Lad." Once again, I'm guilty of changing the title. Lomax calls it "Rambling Gambler," and, from now on, I promise to call it that, too.

I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler,
A long ways from home;
If people don't like me,
They can leave me alone.

It's dark and it's raining;
The moon gives no light.
Your pony won't travel
On this dark road at night.

Unsaddle your pony;
Come feed him some hay.
Come sit down here by me
As long as you stay.

Well, my pony he ain't hungry;
He won't eat your hay.
I'm bound for Wyoming;
He can graze on the way.

When you get to Wyoming,
A letter you'll see;
If you get into trouble,
Just you write and tell me.

For I once had a sweetheart;
Her age was nineteen.
She was the flower of Belton
And the rose of Saline.

But her parents was against me;
Now she is the same.
If I'm wrote in your book, love,
Just you blot out my name.

For there's changes in the ocean
And there's changes in the sea.
There's changes in my true love;
There ain't no change in me.

I'm a rambler, Lord, I'm a gambler,
A long ways from home;
If people don't like me,
They can leave me alone.

Side II; Band 3. THE UNQUIET GRAVE (Child 78)

It seems incredible that this is the only "Child Ballad" on the entire record, since we are both confirmed members of that obsolescent group sometimes referred to as "ballad buffs" by those who find our admiration for this classic form of traditional song difficult to understand. We intend to make up for this sin of omission on our next record, so you may consider yourselves forewarned.

"The Unquiet Grave" is, perhaps, the most lyric of all the ballads included by Francis James Child in his immense compilation, The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Only a suggestion of that narrative element which distinguishes a ballad from a song remains in the ballad as we have it today. Regardless, it is one of our favorites, and the fact that we sing several versions of it will account for some of the word changes in the ballad as it is sung here and those sung by our source, Mrs. Lily M. Delorme of Cadyville, New York. Marjorie Porter, together with Marguerite Olney, obtained this version from Mrs. Delorme on December 8, 1941. It has been published by Helen Hartness Flanders in Ballads Migrant in New England (p. 232) and in Ancient Ballads Traditionally Sung in New England (Vol. II, p. 184). Mrs. Delorme's father came from the town just over the hill from our farm; Starksboro, Vermont. Actually, the western boundary of our land is delineated by

the Huntington-Starksboro town line. Furthermore, if we were to make use of the rural mail delivery available to us, our address would be "R.F.D., Starksboro, Vermont." So you will understand why we feel particularly close to this version of the ballad. Mrs. Delorme herself was born in Schuyler Falls, New York, her mother's home town, but we shan't make so much of that.

Following Folk-Legacy's established policy, we will print the text as it is sung here, but we want you to bear in mind that a number of the phrases are accidental intrusions from other versions we also sing. Please refer to the two printed sources mentioned above for verbatim transcriptions of the ballad as it was sung by Mrs. Delorme, who called it "Cold Blows the Winter's Winds", the correct reading of her opening line.

Cold blows the wintry wind, sweetheart;
Cold are the drops of rain.
I never had but one sweetheart,
And in the greenwood she lies slain.

I'll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young man may.
I'll sit and mourn all at her grave
A twelve-month and a day.

The twelve-month and a day being past,
The dead began to speak.
"Who sits all on my grave and mourns,
And will not let me sleep?"

"What do you want of me, sweetheart?
What do you want of me?"
"One kiss from your clay-cold lips,
And that is all I want of thee."

"My lips are colder than the clay;
My breath is earthy strong.
If one kiss of these lips you have,
Your time on earth will not be long."

Side II; Band 4. COULTER'S CANDY

We learned the first two verses of this light-hearted children's song from the young Scottish singer Robin Hall, in London, early in 1958. Later, we saw a longer version printed by Norman Buchan in The Weekly Scotsman newspaper. Norman had the song from Roddy McMillan, a Scottish actor, who said that Coulter really did peddle candy down in Peeblesshire, sometime during the last century.

We have been singing this song to American audiences for seven years now, and each year have reluctantly Anglicized more of the Scotticisms we originally attempted to retain. We have even subdued much of the dialect, after finding, to our dismay, that it was absolutely necessary if we wanted our audiences to have a clue as to what the song was all about. This deplorable discovery is the reason we print the text here in a more or less intelligible form. A few words may still require translation: "greeting" means crying, a "bawbee" is a ha'penny or half a cent, and a "thrifty" is the small bank, purse, or money-box in which all good Scottish children are taught to save their coins in order to preserve the factitious national image.

Allee, ballee, ballee ballee bee,
Settin' on your mammy's knee,
Greetin' for a wee bawbee
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Poor wee soul, you're lookin' very thin;
A puckle of bones covered o'er wi' skin.
Now you're gettin' a wee double-chin
Wi' eatin' Coulter's candy.

Mammy, hand me my thrifty down;
Here's old Coulter comin' round
Wi' a basket on his crown,
Sellin' Coulter's candy.

Allee, ballee, ballee ballee bee,
When you grow up, you'll go tae sea,
Makin' pennies for your mammy and me
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Allee, ballee, ballee ballee bee,
Settin' on your mammy's knee,
Greetin' for a wee bawbee
Tae buy some Coulter's candy.

Side II; Band 5. THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF ADAM AND EVE

Arkley Horner is one of our nearest neighbors; he lives just across the river from our farm. Although he was aware of our interest in old songs, Arkley knew us for over three years before, during an evening of reminiscing, he suddenly recalled this bit of typical Vermont philosophy which he had learned as a boy in Hyde Park. That reminded us that we had once taped a different version of the song, sung by Mrs. Rosalie Shaw of Essex Junction, Vermont. However, each of these contained only the first two verses recorded here.

We liked the song so much that we wanted to learn more of

it, so we wrote to Helen Hartness Flanders, who has devoted so many years to collecting traditional ballads and songs in New England, asking if she had the song in her collection. Mrs. Flanders readily replied that her husband sang one verse of the song "on appropriate occasions," and very kindly sent it to us. Fortunately, his verse was different from the two we already had. So, it is with great pleasure that we credit our source for the last of the three verses we sing — the former United States Senator, Ralph Flanders of Springfield, Vermont.

When I was young and very little,
We used to make sugar in a potash kettle.
Now you must have an evaporating pan;
If you don't make white sugar, 'tain't worth a damn.

Oh, dear me, I can't help but grieve
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.
Oh, dear me, I can't help but grieve
For the good old days of Adam and of Eve.

When we used to go to a ball,
We went with an ox-team or no team at all.
Now you must have a horse and sleigh,
Buffalo robes, and everything gay.

Well, the boys used to be both happy and gay,
And able to work both night and day.
Now they look like an eel that is skinned,
And they tremble like a cornstalk shaken in the wind.

Side II; Band 6. THE FOGGY DEW

I am tempted to write at some length about this song, because it represents, to me, much that it truly fine about folk-song. While it is realistically frank, it is certainly not a bawdy song. Indeed, it manages to be both tender and lusty at the same time, combining a sympathetic understanding of human frailty with a not unsympathetic touch of humor. It is such a great favorite of mine that I am often at a loss as to which version to sing. In 1959, I recorded an American version from Virginia which Cecil Sharp collected in 1918 (English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Vol. II, p. 174).

For a complete discussion of the symbolism of the title-phrase of this song, see James Reeves' The Idiom of the People (pp. 45-57). His analysis of numerous texts has led him to believe that "dew" is used as a symbol of virginity, or chastity, and that "foggy" is derived "from the Middle English word 'fogge' meaning 'coarse rank grass' of the kind which grows in marshes and bogs." He concludes, then, that the term "the foggy dew" symbolizes "protracted virginity." I find no reason to disagree

with Mr. Reeves' interpretation. It explains the very forward manner in which the girl approaches her lover. She comes to him quite openly, "for fear of the foggy dew" — afraid, in more direct terms, of becoming an old maid. This symbolic view of the song also gives meaning to the fourth stanza, in which he cautions her that, after they are married and have a family, they must return to a life of chastity — "think of the foggy dew." I was interested to learn that, even today, the people of the Huntington valley refer to old, dried grass as "fog."

My source for this version of the song is Harry Cox, the East Anglian farm laborer who has contributed more songs to the BBC Recorded Programmes Library than any other English traditional singer. I consider him to be one of the finest artists in the English folksong tradition and have arranged with Peter Kennedy, the English collector, to produce two albums from his tapes of Harry Cox, the first of which is now available (FSB-20). Regrettably, this song will be on neither of them, but you can hear Mr. Cox sing it on two H.M.V. records, Folk Song Today (DLP 1143) or The Barley Mow (7EG 8288). Peter Kennedy tells us that this version, which was widely known in East Anglia, was also known in Scotland, where Burns borrowed the melody for "The Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon."

When I was an old bachelor,
I followed a roving trade.
All the harm that ever I done,
I courted a serving maid.
I courted her one summer season,
And part of the winter, too;
And many's the time I rolled my love
All over the foggy dew.

One night, as I lay in my bed
A-taking my barm of sleep,
This pretty fair maid she came to me,
And bitterly she did weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,
Saying, "Alas, what shall I do?
For, this night, I'm resolved to sleep with you,
For fear of the foggy dew."

So, all the first part of the night,
How we did sport and play;
And all the latter part of the night,
Close in my arms she lay.
And when it came to broad daylight,
She cried, "I am undone."
I said, "Hold your tongue, you foolish young thing,
For the foggy dew is gone.

"Supposing you should have a child,
'Twould make you laugh and smile.
Supposing you should have another,
'Twould make you think awhile.
Supposing you should have another,
Another, another one, too.
It would make you leave off your foolish young tricks
And think of the foggy dew."

I loved that girl with all of my heart,
Loved her as I loved my life;
And in the latter part of the year
I made her my lawful wife.
I never told her of her faults,
And never intend to do,
For many's the time, as she winks and smiles,
I think of the foggy dew.

Side II; Band 7. NOW, MY FRIENDS, THE MEETING IS OVER

This song, as it is sung by Mrs. Buna Hicks, closes Volume I of The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain, North Carolina (Folk-Legacy FSA-22). Mrs. Hicks said that the song was regularly used to end the religious services, or "camp meetings", in her area, years ago, and that her mother was always asked to sing it. For other versions of the hymn, see Lomax (American Ballads and Folk Songs, p. 571) and Jackson (Another Sheaf of White Spirituals, p. 10).

We worked out the harmony for this Dorian tune quite by accident. Although the intervals seemed strange at first, after awhile harmonizing within the mode became quite natural.

Now, my friends, the meeting is over;
Fathers, we must part.
And, if I never see you any more,
I'll love you in my heart.

We will land on shore,
We will land on shore.
We will land on shore
And be safe forever more.

Now, my friends, the meeting is over;
Brothers, we must part.
And, if I never see you any more,
I'll love you in my heart.

Now, my friends, the meeting is over;
Sisters, we must part.
And, if I never see you any more,
I'll love you in my heart.

"Suggesting you should have a child,
"I would make you laugh and smile,
"Suggesting you should have another,
"I would make you think again,
"Suggesting you should have another,
"I would make you think again,
"I would make you leave all your foolish young tricks
and think of the happy day."

I loved that girl with all of my heart,
I loved her up I loved her down,
And in the latter part of the year
I was not so foolish with
I never told her of my heart,
And never told her of my heart,
For many a time when she was sad and lonely,
I think of the happy day.

And in the year 1881, we married, the wedding in June.

That year, as it is now, we have a happy home,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world.

We married on the 14th of June, the wedding in June,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world.

Now, my friends, the wedding is over,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world.

We will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always,
we will love you always.

Now, my friends, the wedding is over,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world.

Now, my friends, the wedding is over,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world,
and I am the happiest man in the world.