

Contemporary Series

FSI-31

"If I Could Be the Rain"

ROSALIE SORRELS

with Mitch Greenhill



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069





RETURN TO ARCHIVE

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
AND CULTURAL STUDIES
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

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Very few people realize that Folk-Legacy, a company noted for its albums of authentic traditional folk music, has always been interested in contemporary song-making as well. In fact, we initiated a "Contemporary Series" back in 1963—a series that has consisted, until now, of exactly one record (FSA-13). Why only one? Simply because we were waiting to find another artist with an exciting sound and sufficiently significant material to justify adding to the list. We found that artist in Rosalie Sorrels.

We met her in Salt Lake City in 1965. We listened to her sing the songs of her friend, composer Bruce Phillips, and some of her own songs, and we knew immediately that she was just what we had been waiting for.

The 1966 Newport Folk Festival helped us out, indirectly, by inviting Rosalie to participate in the "New Directions" program they had that summer. They brought her east of Denver for the first time in her life, and near enough to Huntington, Vermont, for us to get her up here for a recording session. Mitch Greenhill had backed her at Newport with his highly inventive guitar, so we invited him up to help out. Believe me, for a few days, Huntington was really where the action was! But that's not surprising; Rosalie makes it happen wherever she goes. She can't help it—music just pours out of her like water bubbling from some high mountain spring, cool, clear, and sweet.

Sometimes, especially with Phillips' songs, the flavor is strongly C & W; in her own songs, you'll find more than a little taste of jazz, seasoned with a poetic imagery that is strictly her own. Throughout the changing idioms, Mitch Greenhill's guitar adds musical italics to the statement that is being made, a statement that comes to us from the rarified atmosphere of the high western Rockies, where "Up is a Nice Place to Be," for sure.

Side 1:

IF I COULD BE THE RAIN (2:55) PHILLIPS
UP IS A NICE PLACE TO BE (2:48) SORRELS
I THINK OF YOU (4:52) PHILLIPS
GO WITH ME (2:57) SORRELS
I'VE GOT A HOME OUT IN UTAH (2:58) PHILLIPS/SORRELS
SOME OTHER PLACE, SOME OTHER TIME (3:23) SORRELS

Side 2:

WALKING DOWN THAT LONELY STREET (3:05) PHILLIPS
IN THE QUIET COUNTRY OF YOUR EYES (2:26) SORRELS
JESSE'S CORRIDO (2:57) PHILLIPS/SORRELS
STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS (2:53) PHILLIPS
GOODBYE JOE HILL (2:15) PHILLIPS
IL PLEURE (2:27) VERLAINE SORRELS
ONE MORE NEXT TIME (3:54) SORRELS

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Rosalie Sorrels

With Mitch Greenhill
Notes by Rosalie Sorrels
Recorded by Sandy Paton



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"IF I COULD BE THE RAIN"

ROSALIE SORRELS

I started agonizing over this introduction months ago. I always agonize over writing notes; it's just part of the price I have to pay for the fun of producing records. I enjoy recording people, but writing about what I have recorded, afterwards, has never been easy for me. I guess everyone has to carry his own particular cross, and this one's mine.

Recording Rosalie and Mitch was a snap. All I had to do was set up the mikes, juggle them around a little until I felt good about the sound that was coming through, push the record button on the recorder, sit back and say "Go!" It was really beautiful; that musical thing that was happening between them just went ahead and happened. Even the editing was easy. No tricky splices were required; all I had to do was cue up at the start of the accepted take and chop it off when the song was over. Zip, zap, and there was Side 1, Band 1.

But the notes? Well, after setting some sort of endurance record on the self-torture course, I slipped out via the always-convenient route of rationalization. If writing's my cross, finding ways to justify avoiding it is my genius. I convinced myself that I had been writing about traditional singing styles, ancient ballads, and such, for so long that I simply didn't know how to describe Rosalie Sorrels and her brand of contemporary music. I was completely out of my element. So I copped a plea — I asked Mitch Greenhill to write something about Rosalie, and about how this record came to be. This is what I got by return mail:

"Rosalie Sorrels is a hardnosed chick from the northwest mountains, a mother of five, an extraordinary cook, and a singer of firm direction and common sense. Although she has been living in Salt Lake City for some time, she often drives over the Wasatch Mountains and across some sagebrush flats and up into the Sawtooth Mountains where her Idaho friends and kinfolk still hang out. There she may sing and carouse far into the night at the church where her grandfather once preached (it's now a bar), and she tries to get in some skiing. People in Idaho are happy when the former Miss Rosalie Stringfellow returns to visit because she's fun to be with and she makes great chile.

"I forget whether it was Idaho or Salt Lake where I first ran into her, but I'm pretty sure a party was soon afoot. As a matter of fact, it must have been Salt Lake, because Bruce Phillips dropped in and we were all eating and drinking as Rosalie sang some of his songs. Jim Sorrels had a new camera and sweet Polly Stewart was there, and Cummings, who plays mandolin. 'Next to the Mexican Road Races,' said Bruce, 'I guess Rosalie sounds better than almost anything. Of course, I didn't write the Mexican Road Races.' I got drunker and happier until I slipped into sleep as Rosalie continued to sing and the moon was so bright you could still see snow on the peaks.

"She didn't get east of the Rockies until it was time to make this record. That took up several evenings in Huntington, Vermont, among the Green Mountains. 'They look so soft!' said Rosalie, as we climbed a hill beneath the peak they call Camel's Hump. And then, with an

appraising squint, she added, 'Must be elves in there.' For breakfast she made blintzes and curried eggs and all night we worked on the record.

"Some days later it was finished and we drove on to my home in Cambridge, a few fawns and yearlings peeking at us out of the forests as we passed. It would have been easy to stay longer in Vermont, but there were other things to be done. Rosalie wanted to see Boston and to buy some presents for her five kids, while I had an interest in getting home before my wife, Louise, was due to give birth to our first. That night there was a good deal of carrying on at the Oxford Grille and in the morning Rosalie again fixed breakfast. As she cooked, she sang, and we all thought about the elves and about the road races."

A good picture, says I, well drawn. Mitch had brought me one giant-step closer to the introduction I wanted, but we were not yet there. Meanwhile, Rosalie was singing in various places out west and orders were already beginning to come in. One of our distributors wrote: "Getting calls for a record called 'If I Could Be the Rain' by one Rosalie Sorrels. Is there any such animal?" The Psychedelic Shop in San Francisco dropped us a card: "Someone has turned us on to 'If I Could Be the Rain.' Do you have this record and could you make it available to us?" It began to look as though my production-delaying hang-up was blocking the door to a brand new audience. I had to do something, and fast. I sweated a few quarts of blood over it and then did the most obvious thing. I wrote to Rosalie and asked her to write something for me — just a couple of paragraphs to "let people know who you are and what the record is all about." The following is her reply:

"It's about Idaho.

"Idaho — that's from an Indian phrase (Ee-dah-how) that says: 'See the sun shining on the mountains' — and those mountains are something else! Strong, craggy, stone monuments to earthquakes, volcanoes and glaciers, they are — take your breath right away! If you go over Galena summit on a Spring morning, you can drop down into a basin of green light. Travel on a ways, and you'll come to a place where stone pinnacles reflect like Gothic spires in the cold waters of Redfish Lake — and you can walk through forests as cool and quiet as any house of God.

"In order to get to Redfish from Boise (where I was born and raised), you have to go through a little town called Ketchum. Years ago (1914 or thereabouts) my grandfather, who was an Episcopal minister, used to ski up there from Hailey (birthplace of Ezra Pound) once a month to conduct services in a little frame church. For the past several years I have been making it to the same church (now known as Leadville Espresso) whenever I had an overwhelming urge to see some action. I'd sing a little, swing a little, and down some Tequila under the benevolent supervision of the Espresso King, Michael Solheim, the best bartender in the world. And as Mrs. Espresso King, Milli Wiggins Solheim, always used to say when she'd introduce me to the patrons of that splendid establishment, 'Kind of gives you a sense of continuity, doesn't it?'"

Putting this next to what Mitch had written, I found that an image was beginning to emerge — that of a hardnosed chick with five kids who could cook and sing and combined a swinging sense of continuity with a love for the Idaho Rockies that bordered on the religious. Incongruous? Sure, but

what would one expect from a gal who seeks elves in Vermont and action in Ketchum, Idaho?

Then I recalled that Rosalie had asked if we could include a certain poem by Peter Viereck in the booklet. We wrote to him and he graciously agreed to let us print it.

TO A SINISTER POTATO

Oh vast earth apple, waiting to be fried,
Of all the starers the most many-eyed,
What furtive purpose hatched you long ago
In Indiana or in Idaho?

In Indiana and in Idaho
Snug underground the great potatoes grow,
Puffed up with secret paranoias unguessed
By all the duped and starch-fed middle west.

Like coiled up springs or like a will-to-power,
The fat and earthy lurkers bide their hour,
The silent watchers of our raucous show
In Indiana and in Idaho.

"They think us dull, a food and not a flower,
Wait! We'll outshine all roses in our hour.
Not wholesomeness but mania swells us so
In Indiana and in Idaho.

"In each Kiwanis club on every plate
So bland and health exuding do we wait
That Indiana never, never knows
How much we envy stars and hate the rose."

Some doom will strike (as all potatoes know)
When, once too often mashed in Idaho,
From its cocoon the drabdest of earth's powers
Rises and is a star

And shines
And lours.

(This poem, copyright by the author, is from Peter Viereck's book *Selected and New Poems*, published in Spring, 1967, by the Bobbs-Merrill, Co., 3 West 57th Street, New York, New York. Used here with the permission of the author.)

Suddenly, the disparate pieces fell into place and made some strange kind of sense. Perhaps the fact that my wife is from Indiana helped me to see it. At any rate, I knew that it was all there, for those who could read beyond the simple words, and I now mash my potatoes as porcupines make love — very carefully. I'm no alarmist, but I will offer one small warning to those who are hearing Rosalie for the first time — sinister potatoes may prove to be addictive.

Sandy Paton
January, 1967

IF I COULD BE THE RAIN

(Bruce Phillips; Flatt & Scruggs Pub.)
Side 1, Band 1.

U. Utah Phillips (Bruce D., when he's got his dignity showing) lives in Salt Lake City, but in the world, as well. When he talks, he's almost always funny — when he writes songs, he's often frighteningly perceptive. Anyway, he tuned right in to some pretty well hidden corners of my head when he wrote "If I Could Be the Rain" — "If I could hide the way I feel, I'd never sing again..."

*Sometimes I wonder how the simple
rain can weep,
Or why the wind's a lonely child
that cries itself to sleep.
I've envied the sunlight the amber
of its smile
And wished it could be borrowed
for awhile.*

*If I could be the rain, I'd wash
down to the sea;
If I could be the wind, there'd
be no more of me.
If I could be the sunlight and all
the days were mine,
I would find some special place
to shine.*

*But all the rain I'll ever be is
locked up in my eyes;
When I hear the wind it only
whispers sad goodbyes.
If I could hide the way I feel,
I'd never sing again.
Sometimes I wish that I could be
the rain.*

*If I could be the rain, I'd wash
down to the sea.
If I could be the wind, there'd
be no more of me.
If I could hide the way I feel,
I'd never sing again.
Sometimes I wish that I could be
the rain.
Sometimes I wish that I could be
the rain.*

UP IS A NICE PLACE TO BE

(R. Sorrells; Grimes Creek Music, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 2.

The very day I opened at the Jab-

berwock in Berkeley, somebody found Bobby Baker's younger brother sitting high up in a tree — nude. When they asked him how he got there, he said he didn't know. That's the west coast for you. In the east, there's a certain pleasant order (in Vermont, anyway) and you know right where you are — singing on top of Mitch Greenhill's inventive flights puts you right up there, and it's a very special high.

*Up is a nice place to be —
On the ceiling, or high in a tree —
Climbing or flying around —
Floating on fragments of sound.*

*Up in this rarified air,
You can see everything twice as
clear —
And you can learn how to fly
When you find your own special high.*

*But you're nowhere when you're
all alone.
Better by far, make your trips
with somebody you love
And not all on your own.*

*Don't need any more to get high
Than that "let's make it" look in
your eye.
And I'm up when you're with me —
And up is a nice place to be.*

I THINK OF YOU

(Bruce Phillips; Flatt & Scruggs Pub.)
Side 1, Band 3.

Visits to cities always excite me — wheeee — dam! There's no end of things to do — places — to go — people to see — went to New York — saw the top of the Empire State Building at nine AM after drinking a bottle of champagne at George's — one of those great looking elegant old bars with moose heads and leaded glass walls where the bartender looks like Walter Matthau. Saw Arthur — rode a subway — stayed up drinking and raising Cain all night and caught a commuter train at five-thirty in the morning to get to Long Island. Chicago was nice — saw the Art Institute (where they couldn't tell me about Chagall's windows) and the inside of any number of Irish bars — drove through Lower Wacker Drive. In San Francisco, the Steam Brewery is a must on any hip

tourist's guide — and try not to be so supercool that you never make hanging from the outside of a cable car to dig Russian Hill — the Fillmore's nice, too, and Muir Beach is a great place to meet the Jefferson Airplane — but when I think of friends I'd like to see, people I ache to walk with and talk with, whether they're in New York or Bombay, Saigon or San Francisco, I always think of the city as a lonesome place. Anyplace is lonesome, though, when you're alone.

I look to see the wildflowers
blooming,
Wonder why they seem so plain.
The springtime rides the brown
hills over —
Young birds sing in a silver rain.

I think of you as the night rolls
by,
You're on my mind the whole day
through.
Far away in a lonesome city —
All the time you're gone,
I think of you.

And when my world has turned to
sunlight
And the dustclouds stand in a
summer sky,
I'll number all the climbing
roses —
Watch to see the milkweed fly.

And when I hear a soft wind
moaning
Like an angel's voice from a
far off shore,
My days slip by like light
snow falling,
Or dry brown leaves blown by
my door.

GO WITH ME
(R, Sorrels; Grimes Creek Music, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 4.

"April is the cruelest month —
breeding lilacs out of the dead land —
mixing memory with desire —" Mr.
Eliot (Thomas Stearns) knew what he was
talking about — spring in the rocks
and crags of the western mountains is
like being born again, and being born
is usually painful. The sinister
potato has a real April hang-up.

Will you go with me, and will you go
Climb up some mountain where the gra--
meets the snow?
Winter stayed so long a time in this
frozen heart of mine,
I'd forgotten how to laugh, run
barefooted through the grass.
Let's go — let's go — let's go.

When you went away, you went away;
Winter came and left, now you and
spring are on the way.
April's always cruel, tho', flowers
first and then more snow,
And, oh, you'll say you have to go,
and, oh, my God, I'll miss you so,
I'll miss you so.

When I'm with you, when I'm with you,
Snow falls away, Lord, it melts into
a dew.
Let me walk into your smile, rest
there in your eyes awhile,
Climb the mountains of your heart, walk
your mind from dawn to dark —
Let's go — let's go — let's go.

(repeat first verse)

I'VE GOT A HOME OUT IN UTAH
(Phillips/Sorrels; Grimes Creek Music)
Side 1, Band 4.

Somebody at a ladies' luncheon will
always do it: request "All Along the Utah
Trail" and/or "Utah, We Love Thee." U.
Utah Phillips just warms mah heart right
down to mah toes with a new song to sing
at 'em where you can get away from those
old saws and throw in a little real west-
ern gutty vigor. The tune is mine (but
you can tell I heard a lot of Montana
Slim when I was a slip of a girl, back
home in the Rockies).

I've got a home out in Utah,
In the Rockies that I've learned to
love so well.
Where the sego lilies bloom
And send up their bright perfume,
In the shadow of the mountains, there
I dwell.
You can take away all my money;
You can take away most anything I own,
But I've got a home out in Utah
And I'll always love my Rocky Mountain
home.

I've listened to the pines in the
canyons;
I've heard them as they whispered
to the stars.
And the streams would hum along
As I sang a happy song
While I played upon my old guitar.
Though tomorrow may find me
driftin'
Through a world that is friendless
and alone,
Well, I've got a home out in Utah,
A place I can always call my home.

Well, I've got a man I love in
Utah;
I even love the ground he walks
upon.
He'll wait for me, I know,
Wherever I may go;
He'll miss me every moment that
I'm gone.
I can tell by the letters that he
writes me,
I don't even have to read between
the lines,
That I've got a man out in Utah
Who can't wait for the minute he'll
be mine.

(repeat first verse)

SOME OTHER PLACE, SOME OTHER TIME
(R. Sorrels; Grimes Creek Music, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 6.

If you draw a line
Precisely close and parallel to mine
We could wait together clear on past
the stars
And never meet
But since the distances between those
points of distant heat
Are deep and blind
Sight a course for collision.
The precision of our loving is
the lethal kind.

— Ken Kesey

Why do you stand so far away,
So cool and friendly like you was
some distant kin?
Why don't you open up the door
just once,
Just once, and let me in?
And I can tell you secrets that
have always been
Only mine.
Not this time, baby? Well, then
maybe
Some other place, some other time.

I'd like just once to look into
The darkest corners of the shadows
of your eyes.
I wish I could go with you
On the cloud trails where your soul
flies.
Come eat my pleasant fruits and drink
with me
One glass of wine.
Not this time, baby? Well, then
maybe
Some other place, some other time.

Oh, I could show you all the colors
On a white bird wheeling through a
double rainbow,
And the colors in the ring around
the moon,
And sing you songs you've never
heard before.
But time is getting short, we'll
have to make it soon.

(repeat first verse)

WALKING DOWN THAT LONELY STREET
(Phillips; Flatt & Scruggs Pub. Co.)
Side 2, Band 1.

Western saloons all have a corner
where you can sit alone and order a big
schooner of beer to cry in, and a juke-
box that comes up with Johnny Cash or
Sweet Kitty Wells singing some song that
says just what you're thinking — "As I
sit here tonight, the juke-box playing
the song about 'The Wild Side of Life' —
... and I'm busted..." Baby, this is a
true song.

Walking down that lonely street,
My dreams lie broken at my feet.
Though I've left my past behind me,
The blues will always find me
Walking down that lonely street.

Don't look back, the past is bare;
Don't look ahead, there's nothing
there.

Keep your eyes upon the ground,
Pick 'em up and put 'em down,
Walking down that lonely street.

I've got no one to worry,
Got no one to care.
Got no place to call my home;
I'm a stranger everywhere.

*Searching down that lonely street
For a friend I'll never meet.
Well, I've got no ties to bind me;
If you want me, you can find me
Walking down that lonely street.*

IN THE QUIET COUNTRY OF YOUR EYES
(R. Sorrels; Geordie Music Pub., Inc.)
Side 2, Band 2.

What can I say about this place?
When you get there, you'll want nothing
more — but it's a rocky way and not an
easy place to stay — you make so many
fences and walls for yourself to climb.
And it ought to be easy.

*In the quiet country of your eyes
I'll lie down easy — easy.
In the simple sunlight of your amile
My soul walks free and warm
And my heart learns no more hunger
And I'll fear no harm from strangers.
Walk with me...
Hold my hand...
Let me lie down easy — easy,
In the quiet country of your eyes.*

*Your voice that sounds so softly in
my ears
Sings peace within me — within me.
Your fingers tangled gently in my
hair
Teach me tenderness.
When I feel your heart beat close
to mine,
I'll open like a flower for joy.
Walk with me...
Hold my hand...
Let me lie down easy — easy,
In the quiet country of your eyes.*

JESSE'S CORRIDO
(B. Phillips/R. Sorrels; Grimes Creek
Music, ASCAP)
Side 2, Band 3.

Jesse Garcia is a Mexican-American
boy, an orphan since infancy, who has
spent most of his life in jails and re-
formatories. When he was sixteen years
old, Jesse was placed behind bars for
the last time; the crime was murder.

While in the Utah State Prison, on
August 24, 1958, Jesse and two others
killed another prisoner named Varner.
When news of the crime broke in the

papers, it brought to light a sex and
dope scandal which so shocked and stunned
the public that the trial became a mere
formality. On September 14, 1962,
Jesse's 21st birthday, he was to have
been executed. Kivenberg, an accomplice
awaiting death that same day, committed
suicide in his cell. As a consequence,
Jesse's sentence was commuted to life
without parole. He lives today in the
maximum security facility of the Utah
State Penitentiary. The third accomplice,
a Mormon boy named Bowne, is now a trustee

This song was written the same night
that Jesse was to have been executed, be-
fore the commutation was delivered. What
a shame and waste it is that the forces
which would have destroyed Jesse Garcia
have devoted so little time and energy
to the destruction of the things that
have made him what he is.

(Bruce Phillips)

*On the corners together you'll find us.
By the lamp posts at night, we'll be
there;
Our spirits like smoke that blows
through the night,
Restless and going nowhere.
Trouble is all we can give you;
Trouble is all we have known.
Our lives like water that runs through
our hands,
Leaving us unloved and alone.*

*Our fathers, they say, were just like
us;
Our children will all be the same:
Hair like black leather and skin brown
as wood,
Speaking a low Spanish name.
Remember our mothers that give us our
lives
Like grass in the spring of their years
They left us behind with hearts light
as wine,
Their breasts undissolved in our tears.*

*The things that I do are all very bad
things.
I do them and then don't know why.
You hold up your sons with their blue
or brown eyes
And tell me they're better than I.
My friends, they, too, all despise me;
I do all the wrong they had planned.
And all that I have for the years of
my life
Is a cross that I've carved on my hand.*

They put me in jail behind iron bars;
 You'll find me with blood on my hands;
 And tomorrow I'll stand up in front
 of the guns
 And I'll give you the life you demand.
 But tonight, as you sit at your table
 With your wife and your child close
 by,
 Recall this corrido my red blood has
 made.
 And now, mi amigos — goodbye.

STARLIGHT ON THE RAILS

(B. Phillips; Flatt & Scruggs Pub.)
 Side 2, Band 4.)

Where I come from, you really can
 drive all day and still be in the same
 state — you can go from desert to
 mountain to grassy basin and still have
 a whole world to see in Utah and in
 Idaho. Thomas Wolfe knew how far and
 wide that country stretches: "Oh, I
 will go up and down the country and
 back and forth across the country... I
 will go out west where the states are
 square... I will go to Boise and Helena
 and all the unknown places." And he
 knew how to get there: "Brother, have
 you heard the thunder of the fast ex-
 press? Have you seen the starlight on
 the rails?"

I can hear the whistle blowing,
 High and lonesome as can be.
 Tonight the rain is softly falling,
 And it's falling just for me.

Looking back along the road I've
 traveled,
 The miles could tell a million
 tales.
 Each year, Lord, like some rolling
 freight train,
 Is cold as starlight on the rails.

I think about my home and family,
 My house, and all the things it
 means.
 The black smoke trailing out behind
 me
 Is like a string of broken dreams.
 Now, if you live out on the highway,
 You're like a clock that can't tell
 time.
 And, if you spend your life just
 ramblin',
 You're like a song without a rhyme.

GOODBYE JOE HILL

(B. Phillips; Grimes Creek Music, ASCAP)
 Side 2, Band 5.

In Salt Lake City there's a warm
 place for the floaters and drifters who
 come through on freights and hitchhiking.
 No fancy digs, you understand, but a
 blanket and a pallet and a meal, accom-
 panied by the humanity of one tough
 hombre named Ammon Hennacy who runs the
 Joe Hill Friendship House. The only re-
 quirements for staying there are that you
 leave your liquor outside and that you
 listen to Ammon tell you about Anarchy.
 (Hennacy is a Catholic, Pacifist Anar-
 chist, and a real man who takes care of
 himself and any number of others.)
 Every once in a while the city gets a
 little up-tight about either his politics
 or his disregard for the health depart-
 ment's regulations (sometimes a little
 of both) and they close him up. But
 they usually don't complain too much
 when he opens up again, since by that
 time all the bums have been sleeping on
 the streets and it looks like a good
 deal to have 'em taken care of. Utah
 Phillips wrote this song about Ammon
 and his friends after one such closing
 took place.

Goodbye, Joe Hill, we've had some
 good times here.
 I wish you could stay around for just
 another year.
 But the battle line keeps moving and
 I know that you can't stay.
 I guess sometimes it just works out
 that way.

Goodbye, Tom Joad, we'll meet, I
 don't know where.
 We're a better kind of people for
 knowing you were here.
 It was a damn good fight, Tom, but
 we lost and that's a shame;
 I'm glad we stood and fought it, all
 the same.

Goodbye, Gene Debs, I know just where
 you'll be:
 "While there's a man in prison, my
 soul cannot be free."
 Well, Gene, you tried to change them,
 but they beat you in the end;
 Still, I'm glad we had you for a
 friend.

And Ammon, you old rebel, it's just
another round.
Takes more than politicians to keep
a rebel down.
There's one thing I know for certain
And I'll swear, by God, it's true:
This blue-nose town ain't seen the
last of you.

So long, Joe Hill. So long, but
not goodbye.
You're off to teach some grafters
how to sizzle and to fry.
But someday we're going to need you,
Joe, you and all your friends,
And we'll never have to say goodbye
again.

IL PLEURE

(P. Verlaine/R. Sorrells; Grimes Creek
Music, ASCAP)
Side 2, Band 6.

Tho' the French leaves something
to be desired, having been saddled
somewhat heavily with my western
accent, you can't ignore my obvious
identification with Paul Verlaine's
rain trip. And it's so crazy to find
that I can sing a phrase and someone
else can hear all those silent things
that are happening in my head — and
make them happen out loud. When I
read those words I heard a tune like
tears, and when I sang it, Mitch
played down the rain.

*Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville.
Quelle est cette lueur
Qui penetre mon coeur?*

*Bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un coeur qui s'ennuie,
O le chant de la pluie!*

*Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce coeur qui s'ecoeure.
Quoi! nulle trahison?
Ce deuil est sans raison.*

*C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi,
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon coeur a tant de peine!*

*Il pleure dans mon coeur
Comme il pleut sur la ville,
Quelle est cette lueur
Qui penetre mon coeur?*

*(It cries in my heart
Like rain cries on a little town.
What is this languor that penetrates
my heart?*

*Sweet sound of the rain
On the earth and on the roofs.
For a heart that fills itself with
boredom,
O the song of the rain.*

*It cries without reason
In this heart that engulfs itself.
What! No betrayal?
This grief is without reason.*

*This is the worst kind of pain —
To not know why,
Without love and without hate,
My heart has all this pain.)*

ONE MORE NEXT TIME

(R. Sorrells; Geordie Music Pub., Inc.)
Side 2, Band 7.

Four o'clock in the afternoon on
the beach down by Golden Gate Park, the
water rolls off the sand, leaving it wet
and shining, and a wedge of flat gold
(like the "color of the sun cut flat"
Bob Dylan saw somewhere) begins to
spread out — it fans clear across the
sand and onto the water, until the sunset
red begins to pour across it...

*There's unsaid words that are breaking
my heart —
And there's only an hour before I go.
You could read 'em in my eyes, if
you'd look there,
But I can't tell how much you want
to know.*

*It's too late, too late, baby —
Too late again for you and me.
Oh, but maybe there'll be one more
next time
When the sun spreads its gold out
on the sea.*

There was sun spreading gold out on
the water —
Footprints followed us along the sand.
And you warmed my cold empty heart
With your smile and the touch of
your hand.

Baby, please don't misunderstand me —
I'm not looking for some place to go.
It's one of those things that just
won't happen,
And how much I want you, you will
never know.

Rosalie Sorrels

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 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 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 most are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and the full lyrics of the songs. We are proud of these "hidden extras" and willingly accept the extra cost and effort they require — a large factor for a small company, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The extent of our commitment to these policies is reflected in this complete list of our releases:

FSA-1 Frank Proffitt	FSI-31 Rosalie Sorrels	FSI-55 Rick & Lorraine Lee
FSA-2 Joseph Able Trivett	FSA-32 Hedy West	FSI-56 Bok, Trickett & Muir: Turning Toward the Morning
FSA-3 Edna Ritchie	FSA-33 Sara Cleveland	FSI-57 Kendall Morse
FSI-4 Fleming Brown	FSS-34 Norman Kennedy	FSI-58 Joe Hickerson: Drive Dull Care Away, Vol. 1
FSI-5 Howie Mitchell	FSI-35 Michael Cooney	FSI-59 Joe Hickerson: Drive Dull Care Away, Vol. 2
FTA-6 Richard Chase: Jack Tales	FSA-36 Frank Proffitt: Memorial Album	FSI-60 Joan Sprung
FSE-7 Paddy Tunney	FSI-37 Tony and Irene Saletan	FSS-61 Archie Fisher
FSE-8 Peg Clancy Power	FSI-38 Sara Grey with Ed Trickett	FSC-62 Margaret Christl and Ian Robb
FSC-9 Marie Hare	FSI-39 Joe Hickerson	FSI-63 Harry Tuft
FSC-10 Tom Brandon	FSI-40 Gordon Bok: A Tune for November	FSI-64 Ed Trickett: Gently Down the Stream of Time
FSA-11 Max Hunter	FSI-41 New Golden Ring: Vol. 1	FSI-65 John Roberts and Tony Barrand
FSA-12 Eugene Rhodes	FSI-42 New Golden Ring: Vol. 2	FSI-66 Bill Staines: Play One Tune More
FSA-13 Hank Ferguson	FSI-43 Howie Mitchell: Hammered Dulcimer	FSI-67 Bob Zentz: Beau-catcher Farewell
FTA-14 Ray Hicks: Jack Tales	FSI-44 Gordon Bok: Peter Kagan	FSI-68 Bok, Trickett, Muir: The Ways of Man
FSA-15 Lawrence Older	FSI-45 Jon Wilcox	FSS-69 Cilla Fisher and Artie Trezise
FSI-16 Golden Ring	FSI-46 Ed Trickett: Telling Takes Me Home	FSI-70 Bill Staines: Whistle of the Jay
FSA-17 Hobart Smith	FSI-47 Jim Ringer	FSI-71 Ian Robb & Hang the Piper
FSA-18 Arnold Keith Storm	FSI-48 Gordon Bok, Ann Muir: Seal Djiril's Hymn	FSI-72 Bok: Another Land
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FSB-20 Harry Cox	FSI-50 Helen Schneyer	
FSE-21 Bill Meek	FSI-51 Bob Zentz: Mirrors and Changes	
FSA-22 Beech Mountain, N.C. Vol. 1	FSK-52 Sandy & Caroline Paton: I've Got a Song	
FSA-23 Beech Mountain, N.C. Vol. 2	FSA-53 Betty Smith	
FSA-24 Carolina Tarheels	FSI-54 Gordon Bok, Ann Muir: Bay of Fundy	
FTA-25 Hector Lee: Mormon Tales		
FSA-26 Sarah Ogan Gunning		
FSA-27 Grant Rogers		
FSI-28 Sandy and Jeanie Darlington		
FSI-29 Howie Mitchell: Mountain Dulcimer		
EGO-30 Sandy and Caroline Paton		

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- FTA-79 Kendall Morse: Seagulls
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- FSI-80 Bok, Trickett, Muir:
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- FSI-81 (to be announced)
- FSI-82 Jonathan Eberhart: Life's
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(* = to be released in 1982)

We have also published several books:

THE MOUNTAIN DULCIMER, *How to Make It
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and Play It*: Howie Mitchell
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 THE HARMONIC DULCINER, how to play it
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 TIME AND THE PLYING SNOW, songs of
 Gordon Box: Gordon Box
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