

FSI-38
STEREO

SARA GREY

with ED TRICKETT



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069





SARA GREY

with ED TRICKETT

It was in August of 1966, at the Fox Hollow Folk Festival, that I first met Sara Grey. The evening concert was over, and people were gathered together in little groups, making the after-concert music that is often the best part of the festival. I was in our camper, washing dishes. The window over the sink was open so that I could listen to the music as I worked. Suddenly I became aware of a voice so compelling that I dropped my dishcloth and ran outside to find the source of the music. There was a small group of people standing nearby, and in the middle was Sara Grey, playing the autoharp and singing "Diamonds in the Rough."

It was a memorable experience, for both the singer and the song impressed me deeply. But then, I feel that once you have heard Sara Grey you will never forget her. She has a certain quality of voice that compels you to give her your undivided attention. It is a voice both powerful and sweet, with a distinctive and lovely tremolo. It is a voice equally well-suited, I believe, to native American ballads and to the great classic ballads of England and Scotland.

But it is not Sara's lovely voice alone that makes her one of my favorite singers of the folk music revival. One of the best things about her singing is that it reflects her great knowledge of and feeling for traditional music. She just seems to know what is "right" in the interpretation of a traditional song. She is a ballad singer of great strength, with a fine understanding of the importance of understatement in the ballad-singing art. But her singing is never impersonal nor matter-of-fact; on the contrary, it is richly emotional. She is a skilled and subtle dramatist, equally at home with a gentle lyric or a harsh account of life on the frontier.

This record includes a wide range of material gathered from England and Scotland, from New England and the American West. Here you will find big ballads and tender love songs and strong, masculine songs about the experiences of sailors and miners and horse-traders. And Sara sings them all with equal artistry and conviction.

On this record, Ed Trickett joins Sara with voice, guitar and hammered dulcimer. Ed is one of the finest musicians I know, but he rarely makes music alone. He has a penchant for getting together with his musical friends to play and sing informally. He is a kind of musical catalyst, always helping to bring out the best in other performers. Of Sara, Ed says, "She is one of those people who makes playing a real delight for me. There are some people with whom singing comes easy, and Sara is one of them."

Caroline Paton

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

SARA GREY

with Ed Trickett

Notes by Bob Blackman

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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069



Sara Grey

Born in Boston, Sara Grey lived in Greensboro, North Carolina, until she was nine years old, when her family moved to New Hampshire. She attended Boston University and then Oberlin College in Ohio.

She moved to Missoula, Montana, where she earned a Master's degree in theatre arts, spending summers in repertory theatre at the University of Washington. During her stay in Missoula, she met folksingers Bob and Evelyn Beers, and later she became a neighbor of the great Appalachian singer Jean Ritchie in Port Washington, New York.

After moving to Philadelphia in 1967, Sara began learning to play the banjo; she studied folklore at the University of Pennsylvania, specializing in the study of Amish recreational pastimes.

Later Sara spent a number of years living in England and Scotland. She sang in many clubs and did some writing, including an article for *Folk Review* entitled "Misconceptions of Ballad-Singing in North America." She married Andrew Means, an English journalist, and they have one son, Jesse Kieron, born in 1975. Sara has three older sons by a previous marriage. The Meanses now make their home in Sanbornton, New Hampshire.

Ed Trickett

Though "only" the accompanist on this record, Ed Trickett is an artist in his own right and appears on a number of Folk-Legacy recordings. One version of his autobiography comes with his first solo record, FSI-46, "The Telling Takes Me Home." The second, a sort of musical autobiography, is FSI-64, "Gently down the Stream of Time." He participated in all three Golden Ring albums and appears regularly (on stage and record) with Gordon Bok and Ann Mayo Muir; he has accompanied a great variety of musicians on Folk-Legacy and other records.

Bob Blackman

Bob Blackman got so tired of waiting for the notes to this record that he finally offered to write them himself! People who know him, or have read his columns in *Folkscene* and *Sing Out!*, may find this helpful generosity characteristic of him; we at Folk-Legacy appreciate his suggestion that he is repaying us for making available music that he enjoys.

Bob was first exposed to folk music at a folk festival in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1971 where the New Lost City Ramblers were on the program. Soon after, he discovered records by Michael Cooney and the New Golden Ring (by Folk-Legacy), which he says greatly influenced his involvement in folk music.

He received his B.A. in English from Michigan State University in East Lansing in 1974. Following in the footsteps of one of his "folk heroes," Joe Hickerson, he entered the graduate program in folklore at Indiana University. After a year and a half he returned to East Lansing, where he is engaged in a number of activities related to folk music. He is in

charge of the record department of Elderly Instruments (541 East Grand River, East Lansing, Michigan 48823); he manages a fine coffeehouse, the "Ten-Pound Fiddle"; and he writes the "Songfinder" column for *Sing Out!* (270 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012) and "Living Room Harmony" for *Folkscene* (Box 64545, Los Angeles, California 90064).

Side 1, Band 1

Rigs of Rye

Sara learned this lovely Scottish song from Archie Fisher, who recorded it on Topic 12T137, *The Fisher Family*. A Glasgow organist named J. B. Allan collected the song from an ex-Aberdeenshire plowman, and it was then published in John Ord's *Bothy Songs and Ballads* (1930). G. Malcolm Laws, listing "Two Rigs of Rye" as O 11 in his *American Balladry from English Broad-sides*, refers to versions from England, Michigan, and Maine — the last (found in *BFSSNE*, see below) sounding quite different with its Americanized language and unhappy ending.

"Rig" is a form of "ridge," meaning a raised strip of land between the furrows of a plowed field. Brechin and Montrose are two neighboring towns in northeast Scotland.

The song has also been recorded by Gordanna McCulloch on *The Clutha*, Topic 12TS242. Printed references include *Sing Out!*, XXII, No. 6; *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 1, 1930 (as "Sweet July"); and *Folk Song and Ballads of Scotland*, edited by Ewan MacColl.

'Twas in the month of sweet July,
Before the sun had pierced the sky,
I sat between two rigs of rye,
And I heard two lovers talking.

This lad said, "Lassie, I must away;
I have no longer time to stay.
But I've a word or two to say,
If you've got time to tarry."

"Your father of you he tak's great care,
Your mother combs doon your yellow hair;
Your sisters say that you'll get nae
share
If you gang wi' me, a stranger."

"Let my father fret and my mother frown;
My sisters' words I do disown.
Though they were deid and below the
ground,
I would gang with you, a stranger."

"Oh, lassie, lassie, your fortune's sma',
And, though it may be nane at a',
I'm no' a match for you at a'.
Go lay your love on some other."

This lassie's courage began to fail,
Her rosy cheeks they grew wan and pale,
And the tears cam' trickling doon like
hail
Or a heavy shower in summer.

He's ta'en his handkerchief, linen fine,
He's dried her tears, and he's kissed
her syne,
Saying, "Lassie, lassie, you will be
mine;
I said it all to try thee."

This lad being of courage bold,
A lad scarcely nineteen years old,
He's ranged the hills and the valleys
o'er,
And he's ta'en his lassie with him.

This couple they are married noo,
And they have bairnies one and two,
And they live in Brechin the winter
through,
And in Montrose in summer.

Syne = then
Bairnies = children

Side 1, Band 2

The Two Sisters (Child 10)

Although this ballad — number 10 in Francis James Child's famous collection — dates back at least as far as a 1656 broadside, it still has a wide circulation in Britain and America, plus many Scandinavian cousins. Sara's version, which Phillips Barry called "perhaps the most primitive that has survived in English tradition," omits most of the usual plot yet retains the supernatural motif at the end (quite rare in American texts).

In a typical version of this ballad, the youngest of two sisters is courted by a young man who brings her fine gifts; she is led to the river and pushed into the water by her jealous older sister. The girl floats or swims to the miller's dam, where her body is dragged up onto land. In American texts the miller is likely to steal her rings and push her back in again. (Alan Lomax suggests that the miller's role "accords with the American idealization of women, as beings generally incapable of violence." Thus the final murder is performed by a male, and it is he — not the older sister — who is most often executed at the ballad's conclusion.)

English texts, however, often end with the construction of a magic musical instrument — a harp or fiddle made of the drowned girl's bones and strung with her hair. When played at the older sister's wedding, the instrument sings out an accusation of murder. In a few instances the effect becomes comic, as in Child's L text: "And what did he do with her

(The Two Sisters, *cont.*)

petty [*sic*] toes? / He made them a nose-gay to put to his nose."

Only a handful of American variants have this sort of conclusion, and those are always unusual in other respects as well. One of the many distortions in Sara's text is that "the miller" has now become "Charles Miller." This version, which Sara learned from Dave Siglin (manager of "The Ark" coffeehouse in Ann Arbor, Michigan), was printed in *Bulletin of the Folk-Song Society of the Northeast*, No. 12, 1937. It was collected in October 1931 by Mrs. Annabel Morris Buchanan from Rev. J. L. Sims and his daughter, in Virginia. This particular text is so unique that it became the subject of an article in *Southern Folklore Quarterly*, XXVIII (1964), 119-33.

"The Two Sisters" is a fascinating ballad for comparative analysis since so many texts exist, and Paul Brewster has done a book-length study of it (Folklore Fellows Communication No. 147, 1953). Bertrand Bronson includes fully 97 versions, including Sara's, in Volume I of his *Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*, and Tristram Coffin lists dozens of other printed sources in *The British Traditional Ballad in North America*. Recordings likewise can be found in abundance, with the following just a representative sampling: Lee Monroe Presnell on *The Traditional Music of Beech Mountain, North Carolina*, Vol. I, Folk-Legacy FSA-22; *Golden Ring*, Folk-Legacy FSI-16 (as "Rollin' A-Rollin'"); Horton Barker on Folkways FA 2362 (same singer on Library of Congress L 7); Frankie Armstrong, *Lovely on the Water*, Topic 12TS216; Jean Ritchie, Library of Congress L 57 and *British Traditional Ballads in the Southern Mountains*, Folkways FA 2302; Betsy Whyte, *The Muckle Sangs*, Tangent TNGM 119/D; Pentangle, *Cruel Sister*, Reprise RS 6430.

Two little girls in a boat one day,
Oh, the wind and rain.
Two little girls in a boat one day,
Crying, oh, the wind and rain.

They floated down by the old mill-dam.

Charles Miller come out with his long,
long hook.

He hooked her in by her long yellow hair.

He made fiddle strings from her long
yellow hair.

He made fiddle screws from her long
finger bones.

But the only tune that the fiddle would
play
Was oh, the wind and rain.
But the only tune that the fiddle would
play
Was oh, the wind and rain.

Side 1, Band 3

Sandy River Belle

Sara learned this from John Burke, who printed the tablature in *John Burke's Book of Old-Time Fiddle Tunes for Banjo*. Burke, now a member of the Old Hat Band, learned the tune from an old-timey fiddler named Buddy Pendleton, whose rendition is found on *Virginia Breakdown*, County 705. Other recordings include Bill Spence and Fennig's All-Star String Band, *The Hammered Dulcimer*, Front Hall FHR-01; *The Hollow Rock String Band*, Rounder 0024; and Ebenezer, on *You Got Magic* (Fox Hollow Tenth Anniversary Album), Biograph BLP-12052.

Side 1, Band 4

The Horse Trader's Song

This belongs to the family of songs most often called "Been All Around This World." Sara's version is much the same as one on a Library of Congress field recording of Frank Pipkin, made in 1941 at Arvin, California. A similar text is found in Vance Randolph's *Ozark Folksongs* and reprinted in Alan Lomax's *Folk Songs of North America*; that one was learned in 1900 by Fred Woodruff of Arkansas, whose source claimed to be a member of a band of gypsy horse traders.

The many songs in this group are linked primarily by the refrain line "I've been all around this world" at the end of each verse, plus general structural and melodic similarities. The setting can vary widely, however, as can the individual stanzas.

For example, one version apparently concerns a murderer hanged at Fort Smith, Arkansas, in the 1870's, according to D. K. Wilgus. Mike Seeger learned this one from a 1946 Grandpa Jones album and sang it on his own LP, Vanguard VSD-79150. Then Michael Cooney heard Seeger's recording and performed it on *Singer of Old Songs*, Front Hall FHR-07, accompanying himself on fretless banjo. Some verses from this Jones-Seeger-Cooney version also appear

in "The Blue Ridge Mountains," sung by Max Hunter on Folk-Legacy FSA-11; Hunter's text involves a cattle thief instead of a murderer, but both meet the same fate at the end of a hangman's noose.

"Floater" verses from the "Single Girl" tradition appear in another version dating back to Rufus Crisp's 1946 recording for the Library of Congress. Stu Jamieson's Boys sing this on *String Band Project*, Elektra EKL 292, and it can be found in *Sing Out!*, XX, No. 6, and *A Folk-singer's Guide to Grass Roots Harmony* by Ethel Raim and Josh Dunson. Crisp called it "Big John Henry," but it's also been printed as "Workin' on the New Railroad."

Oh, where was you last winter, boys,
When the ground was all covered with
snow?
Where was you last winter, boys,
When the ground was all covered with
snow?
Out in the Blue Ridge Mountains,
All wet and hungry and cold,
God knows,
I've been all around this world.

Oh, do you know these horse-traders,
Or do you know their plans?
Dragging around from town to town
And pulling through the sand.

Well, look ahead of your horses, boys,
For yonder comes a man.
And if we do snide him,
We'll nay get nary a dram.

Look ahead of your horses, boys,
For yonder comes a plug.
And if we do snide him,
We'll nay get nary a grub.

Well, look ahead of your horses, boys,
For yonder lies a creek.
We'll drive in for supper, boys,
And hobble all over the grass.

We'll send our women from town to town
To get whatever they can.
Yonder comes a woman
With a hogjaw in her hand.

The new railroad is ready, boys,
And the cars are on the track.
And if our women leave us, boys,
Well, money'll bring them back.

(repeat first verse)

Side 1, Band 5

Few Days

"Few Days" was originally a one-verse sacred song written by John G. McCurry and published in his collection of shape-note spirituals, *The Social Harp* (1855). McCurry may have simply adapted a traditional song, as indicated by George Pullen Jackson's discovery of a very similar piece in the *Negro Singer's Own Book* (1846). Sara's first verse and chorus match McCurry's creation.

This single verse was expanded into a Gold Rush song printed in *Put's Golden Songster* (San Francisco, 1858). Ken Goldstein has explained, "To this rough and ready crew, no source was necessarily sacred, so that it is not surprising that many of their songs were parodies of, or set to the tunes of widely known religious songs of the day."

Pat Foster and Dick Weissman recorded this as "Then Hurrah for Home" on *Gold Rush Songs*, Riverside 12-654, in 1957. Harry Tuft, manager of the Denver Folklore Center and a fine singer, learned it from Weissman and taught it to Sara. He also sings it on *Five Days Singing*, Vol. II, by the New Golden Ring, Folk-Legacy FSI-42.

A different set of words to "Then Hurrah for Home" can be found in *The Songs of the Gold Rush* by Richard A. Dwyer and Richard E. Lingenfelter.

Well, I pitched my tent on this
campground,
Few days, few days,
And I give old Satan another round,
And I am goin' home.

I can't stay in these diggin's,
Few days, few days,
Lord, I can't stay in these diggin's,
And I am goin' home.

I'm goin' home to stay awhile.
Before I go I'll plant a smile.

For years I've labored in cold ground,
And now at last I'm homeward bound.

These bankin' thieves I will not trust,
But with me take my little dust.

I do not like these diggin's here,
And I will not stay another year.

My mother she has gone before,
And I'll follow her to glory's door.

Open the Door Softly

Sara learned this from Archie Fisher, who recorded it on Xtra 1070. Joe Hicker-son, head of the Archive of Folk Song at the Library of Congress, has uncovered two other versions of this song. One was printed as sheet music in London in 1924, with lyrics credited to Dion Boucicault and music "adapted from an old air" by Herbert Hughes. The text runs:

Open the door softly,
Somebody wants ye, dear.
Give me a chink no wider
Than you'll fill up with your ear.
Or if you're hard of hearing, dear,
Your mouth will do as well.
Just put your lips agan the crack,
And hear what I've to tell.

Considerably different in tone is a four-verse version sung by Teresa in the first act of Brendan Behan's play *The Hostage* (1958). Explaining that she's "always been a very serious girl," she relates in song how the only time she's ever laughed was "the time the holy picture fell, / And knocked my old granny cold, / While she knitted and sang an old Irish song." Presumably Behan wrote these words himself to fit the older song.

Pete Seeger sings one verse of "Open the Door" on *Love Songs for Friends and Foes*, Folkways FA 2453.

Open the door softly,
I've something to tell you, dear.
Open it up no wider
than the crack upon the floor.
Open the door softly,
I've something to tell you, dear.

Warm summer grasses
have whispered it in your ear.
Skins of shining waters
ask you patiently to hear.
Tall lonely timbers
have taught it to the deer.

Sad winds in autumn
will tell you as they pass by.
Wild geese flying eastward
leave their music in the sky.
Listen at evening
and answer the wild birds' cry.

(repeat first verse)

The Fair Flower of Northumberland
(Child 9)

Thomas Deloney's novel *Pleasant History of John Winchcomb, or Jack of Newberry* (1597) contains the first published text of this ballad; there it is sung by a group of maidens, "two of them singing the Ditty, and all the rest bearing the burden." Several major collections from the 19th century printed the song (such as Kinloch, Buchan, and Motherwell), and it became the ninth entry in Francis James Child's *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. No longer common in oral tradition, this ballad apparently never crossed over to America.

Versions have been found in both England and Scotland, though the piece is hardly flattering to the latter. Indeed, Bertrand Bronson calls it a "libel on the Scottish race" and adds, "Scots singers contrived to give it a twist that flattered their nation's sexual vanity, but the compliment still keeps an ugly side." Sara's version is comparatively mild in this regard. By contrast, Deloney's text concludes: "All you faire maidens be warned by me, / Scots were never true, nor never will be."

This is the earliest known ballad with an internal refrain, according to David Fowler, and even more interesting is the way that the refrain plays a direct role in the story. Sara's version of "The Two Sisters" also shares this rare characteristic.

Sara's version, learned from Dick Gaughan (who sings it on *No More Forever*, Trailer 2072), is very close to that found in Gavin Greig's *Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs* (1925). Other recordings include the Exiles, *The Hale and the Hanged*, Topic 12T164.

The provost's aye daughter was makin'
her lane,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
And she heard a Scots prisoner a-makin'
his mane,
And she's the fair flower
of Northumberland.

"It's oh, gin the lassie would borrow
a key,"
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
"And I'd mak' her a lady of high degree
If she'd loose me out of this prison
strang."

Oh, she's gane ben to her faither's
bed-stock,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
And she's stolen the keys for many
a braw lock,
And she's loosed him out of his prison
strang.

Oh, she's gane ben to her faither's
stable,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
And she's ta'en a horse that's both
fleet and able,
To carry them ben tae bonny Scotland.

As they were a-riding across the Scots
moor,
He said: "Oh, but her love, 'twas
easy won.
Get doon frae my horse, you're a brazen-
faced whore,
Although you're the flower of
Northumberland.

"It's I have a wife in my ain country,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
And I cannae do nothing with a lassie
like thee,
So go get ye back to Northumberland."

"It's cook in your kitchen I surely
will be,"
Oh, but her love 'twas easy won,
"And I'll serve your lady most reverently,
For I dare nae go back to Northumberland."

"It's cook in my kitchen ye cannae
well be,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
For my lady, she winnae hae servants
like thee,
So go get ye back to Northumberland."

But laith was he the lassie tae tyne,
He said: "Oh, but her love, 'twas
easy won."
So he's hired an old horse and he's
fee'd an old man
To carry her hame to Northumberland.

But when she gaed in, her father did
froom,
And said: "Oh, but her love, 'twas
easy won,
To be a Scots whore, and you're fifteen
years old,
And you're the fair flower
of Northumberland."

But when she gaed in, her mother did
smile,
And said: "Oh, but her love, 'twas
easy won,
You're nae the first that the Scots
have beguiled,
And you're still the fair flower
of Northumberland."

"For ye winnae want bread and
ye winnae want wine,
Oh, but her love, 'twas easy won,
And ye winnae want silver to buy a man,
And you're still the fair flower
of Northumberland."

Aye = one
Her lane = by herself
Mane = moan
Gin = if
Ben = in
Bed-stock = bedstead
Braw = brave
Winnae = will not
Laith = loath
Tyne = lose
Fee'd = hired
Froom = frown

Fiddler's Green

This fine song was written by John Connolly, co-founder of the Grimsby Folk Song Club in Lincolnshire, England. John sings with the club's resident group, the Broadside, and began writing songs with fellow band member Bill Meek (no relation to the Irish singer on Folk-Legacy FSE-21) around 1968. John explains that, "having sung as residents at our club for a period of about five years, we were beginning to run out of chorus songs, so we decided to write some more! Most of our songs are based firmly on a traditional style, and many of them are about fishing or fishermen. Neither of us would claim to be great experts on the fishing industry, but our songs are based on the background knowledge gained through being brought up in a seafaring community."

The concept of Fiddler's Green has long been a part of sailors' folklore. A typical dictionary definition reads: "The happy land imagined by sailors where there is perpetual mirth, a fiddle that never stops playing for dancers who never tire, plenty of grog, and unlimited tobacco." John and Bill knew of this legend and "thought it was a pity that there was no song to go with the story." After a few unsuccessful tries, John came up with "Fiddler's Green" around 1970. He says, "I still meet people who are convinced that it is a traditional song — which I take to be a great compliment!"

The song was printed with a concertina arrangement in *Sing Out!*, XX, No. 4. It can also be heard on *Aly Bain — Mike Whellans*, Trailer LER 2022; the Beers Family, *The Seasons of Peace*, Biograph BLP-12033; and Tim Hart and Maddy Prior, *Folk Songs of Old England*, Vol. II, Mooncrest 26.

*As I walked by the dockside one morning
so rare,
To view the salt waters and take the
salt air,
I heard an old fisherman singing
this song:
"Oh, take me away, boys, me time is
not long."*

*Dress me up in me oilskins and jumper,
No more on the docks I'll be seen.
Just tell me old shipmates
I'm taking a trip, mates,
And I'll see you someday in Fiddler's
Green.*

*Oh, Fiddler's Green is a place, I've
heard tell,
Where the fishermen go if they don't go
to Hell,
Where the weather is fair, and the
dolphins do fly,
And the cold coast of Greenland is far,
far away.*

*Where the sky's always blue, and there's
never a gale,
Where the fish jump on board with a swish
of their tail,
Where you lie at your leisure, there's
nothing to do,
And the skipper's below making tea for
the crew.*

*When you get back in dock, and the long
trip is through,
There's pots, and there's plugs, and there's
lassies there too,
Where the girls are all pretty and the
fare is all free,
And there's bottles of rum hanging from
every tree.*

*Oh, I don't want a harp nor a halo,
not me.
Just give me a breeze and a swift rolling
sea,
And I'll play me old squeeze-box as
we sail along,
With a wind in the rigging to sing me
this song.*

The Texas Rangers

In a reverse of the usual migration process, this native American ballad seems to have found a place in Scottish tradition. The song goes back to the Civil War, when the Texas Rangers patrolled the Rio Grande; both sides sang it, naming the foe as either "Yankees" or "Rebels" to suit their purpose. When the Rangers were reorganized in 1874 to fight hostile Indians, the song again changed slightly. Variants have been found all over the South, Midwest, and Northeast in the United States.

In 1960, folklorist Ken Goldstein was recording a superb Scottish singer, Lucy Stewart of Aberdeenshire, and was quite surprised to hear her sing "The Gallant Ranger" — easily recognizable as "The Texas Rangers" with a few localized place names. (Such changes are common when a folksong travels to a new area.) Instead of riding "from San Antonio unto the Rio Grande," as in most American texts, Lucy's Rangers went "from Aberdeenshire into the Royal Gran'." However, the villains of

the piece remained Indians. When Goldstein asked for an explanation, "she informed me that it referred to the great mutiny of the Bengali sepoys in India in 1858! 'Many's a Scotch sodger wis sent tae fecht 'ere,' she solemnly told me. To Lucy this was no foreign song; it was as much a part of Scottish history as was the Battle of Harlaw."

Another Scottish version had been recorded by Hamish Henderson in 1954, this one sung by Geordie Robertson, and it too differed only slightly from the standard American texts. Here San Antonio was called "Siatonia," as it is in Sara's version. Sara's is essentially a composite of the Stewart and Robertson texts, and includes the same last stanza as those — a stanza which appears in no known American version.

G. Malcolm Laws' *Native American Balladry* calls the song A 8 and lists several printed references. Goldstein's monograph on his Scottish discovery appears in *A Good Tale and a Bonnie Tune*, edited by Mody C. Boatright and published by the Texas Folklore Society. Sloan Matthews of Alpine, Texas, sings "The Texas Rangers" on Library of Congress album L 28, and the New Lost City Ramblers perform it on *NLCR*, Vol. II, Folkways FA 2397; it's also in *The New Lost City Ramblers Songbook*.

*Come all you Texas Rangers, wherever
you may be;
Come listen to a story that happened
unto me.
My name, it's nothing extra, on that
I cannot tell.
My mind was bent on ranging; oh, roving,
fare thee well.*

*Then up spoke my dear mother, these words
she said to me:
"My boy, they all are strangers, you
know you'd better stay.
I thought that you were childish, and
you inclined to roam.
I'll tell you by experience, you'd better
stay at home."*

*'Twas at the age of sixteen I joined the
gallant band.
We marched from Siatonia unto the Royal
Grande.
The captain he gave orders, he thought
it was just right:
"Before you leave the station, my boys,
you'd better fight."*

*I saw them Indians coming, I heard their
fearful yell.
My feeling at that moment no mortal soul
could tell.
I saw their glittering lances, their
arrows 'round me fell.
My mind was bent on ranging; oh, roving,
fare thee well.*

*We fought for full nine hours before the
fight was o'er.
The sight of dead and wounded I'd never
seen before.
Five hundred gallant rangers that ever
left the West
Lay buried by their comrades, and peace
shall be their rest.*

*Perhaps you have a father, likewise a
mother too.
Perhaps you have a sister to weep and
mourn for you.
If that be your situation, and you
inclined to roam,
I'll tell you by experience, you'd better
stay at home.*

*Come all you gallant rangers that
gathered here this night.
Whatever you do for a living, for God's
sakes, never fight,
For the enemy they're quite careless,
they'll shoot right in the crew.
They're bound to hit somebody, and
perhaps it might be you.*

Raspberry Lane

"Home Dearie Home," "Bell-Bottomed Trou-sers," "The Oak and the Ash," and "Rosemary Lane" are all alternate titles for this song and its many cousins. Sara learned this from the Vermont singer and collector Margaret MacArthur, who found it in Edith Sturgis' book *Songs from the Hills of Vermont*. (Margaret has recorded the song on Living Folk LFR-100, *On the Mountains High*.) Margaret located Fred Atwood, the son of Sturgis' source, but he was too embarrassed over the seduction scene to sing it for her.

Actually, many versions are bawdier than this one. One such was printed in *Ballads and Songs of Southern Michigan* (Gardner and Chickering) as sung by "Mrs. Frank Gamsby, who learned the song...from hearing her brothers sing it when they did not know that she was near." In another text (from Stephen Sedley's book *The Seeds of Love*) the sailor advises his mistress:

If you have a girl she'll have gold
to buy her bread
And you may depend she'll never trust
a sailor in her bed.
If it be a boy he can wear the jacket
blue
And go climbing up the rigging like
his daddy climbed up you.

Yet another version, surprisingly tame given the source, appears in *The Erotic Muse* by Ed Cray, accompanied by a later parody called "When I Was Young."

Not all versions are so blunt. Joanna Colcord chose one that "tenderly expresses the homesick longings of the sailor in foreign parts" for *Songs of American Sailormen*, and Ed Trickett sings a beautiful one on *The Telling Takes Me Home*, Folk-Legacy FSI-46. Several texts used as sea shanties can be found in Stan Hugill's *Shanties from the Seven Seas*.

An interesting relation is an Arizona song, "Freighting from Wilcox to Globe," sung by Abraham John Busby on Library of Congress record L 30. Its tie with "Raspberry Lane" lies in the chorus:

So, it's home, dearest, home, home you
ought to be,
Over on the Gila in the white man's
counteree,
Where the poplar and the ash and mesquite
will ever be,
Growing green along the river, there's
a home for you and me.

The song is K 43 in Laws' *American Balladry from British Broad-sides*, which lists many references. Recordings include Alan Mills, *Songs of the Sea*, Folkways FA 2312; Bruce Laurenson, *Sailormen and Serving-maids*, Caedmon TC 1162/Topic 12T194; Dil-lard Chandler, *Old Love Songs and Ballads*, Folkways FA 2309 (as "The Sailor Being Tired"); Bert Jansch, *Rosemary Lane*, Re-prise RS 6455.

As I walked out in Raspberry Lane,
I chanced for to meet with a mistress
of fame.
The oak and the aloe are a pretty plant
and tree,
And are now a-growing green in North
Amerikee.

Home, dearie, home, and home it will be.
Home, dearie, home, and home it will be.
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plant and tree,
And are now a-growing green in North
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It was about midnight, what could he want
more?
She showed him the way to the old cabin
door.
He called for a candle to light him
to bed,
And likewise a napkin to bind around
her head.

Early next morning, this sailor he
grew bold,
And into her apron threw a handful of
gold.
The gold it did glitter, and dazzled
her eye.
She said, "Oh, won't you marry me?"
"Oh, no," he said, "not I."

"But keep yourself single until the
next spring,
To hear the larks whistle and the
nightingales sing.
My ship is a-waiting, and in it I must
go
To the home I love and the friends that
I know."

Here's health to the sailors that sail
upon the sea.
Don't wed a foreign lady, but keep
yourself free,
With your sky-blue jacket, your tarpaulin
on,
And sail the salt seas as I have often
done.

Boatman

Sara reports that this "is a rustic dance tune which is well known throughout Ohio and the Midwest. The original tune, however, is the creation of the American minstrel writer, Dan Emmett from Ohio." The song as written by Emmett was first printed in 1851 but goes back several decades before that. *Sing Out!*, VIII, No. 4, has the lyrics and tune; *Folksinger's Wordbook* (Fred and Irwin Silber) just the words.

Sara got the tune from Franklin George, a multi-talented instrumentalist from Bluefield, West Virginia. He plays it on his own album, Kanawha 307. The New Tran-quility String Band also learned the tune from George, and they do it on *Berkeley Farms*, Folkways FA 2436.

Grey Funnel Line

Cyril Tawney is one of England's finest songwriters, having produced such classics as "Chicken on a Raft," "Sally Free and Easy," "Five Foot Flirt," "Sammy's Bar" (heard on Folk-Legacy FSI-42), and this song. This was written in 1959, the last song Tawney composed before leaving the Royal Navy. He describes it as "a straight-forward piece of nostalgia at leaving home and a loved one, the recurring last line 'It's one more day on the Grey Funnel Line' making use of Jack's cynical 'mercantile' nickname for the Royal Navy." The second couplet of the second verse comes from "Dink's Song," a traditional love song collected by John Lomax.

Tawney also explains that the third verse was "lost altogether for many years, due to my old habit of not writing anything down. Then at a Christmas party in 1964 I heard Louis Killen sing the song and congratulated him on the quality of the extra verse he had written. A grinning Killen replied, 'I didn't write that, you did.' Fortunately he had taped me exactly five years earlier while the song was still fresh!"

Tawney sings "The Grey Funnel Line," as well as most of his other best-known songs, on *In Port*, Argo ZFB 28; it appears in *The Cyril Tawney Songbook* and in *Sing Out!*, XX, No. 1. Tawney has several other recordings on English labels, including two fine albums of traditional

songs: *I Will Give My love*, Argo ZFB 87, and *Down among the Barley Straw*, Trailer LER 2095.

Don't mind the wind nor the rolling sea;
The weary night never worries me,
But the hardest time in a sailor's day
Is to watch the sun as it fades away.
It's one more day on the Grey
Funnel Line.

The finest ship that sails the sea
Is still a prison for the likes of me;
But give me wings like Noah's dove,
I'd fly up harbor to the one I love.

Every time I gaze behind the screws,
Makes me long for Saint Peter's shoes;
I'd walk on down that silver lane
And take my love in my arms again.

Oh, Lord, if dreams were only real,
I'd have my hands on that wooden wheel,
And with all my heart I'd turn her
'round
And tell the boys that we're homeward
bound.

I'd spend the time like some machine
Until the blue waters turn to green,
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Side 2, Band 3

Raspberry Lane

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Side 2, Band 4

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Side 2, Band 5

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I'd spend the time like some machine
Until the blue waters turn to green,
Then I'd walk on down that walk-ashore
And sail the Grey Funnel Line no more.

It's something of a surprise to see this gentle song coming from the pen of Leon Rosselson, an English songwriter whose specialty is topical songs. Rosselson's many records and songbooks (all published in England) have not received much distribution in this country, but his article on politics and folk music ("Stand up, Stand up for...?") was printed in *Sing Out!*, XXIV, No. 4, after generating much controversy in Britain.

Yet the song is not just the simple love song it first appears to be. Sara provides this background on its origin: "In Oxfordshire, England, it has been tradition for the past several years to present a historical documentary of the ancient village of Towersey. This unique combination of drama, music, and a light show is referred to as a 'son et lumière.' Leon Rosselson wrote several of the songs which were used as incidental music in the pageant. 'Cobweb of Dreams' was the song which opened and closed the drama, thus binding together the life-cycle of the townspeople of Towersey."

*I have been searching through the
timeless past
Because of you, my love, because of you,
Weaving a cobweb that would hold you fast
Because of you, my love, because of you.*

*Oh, sing again the song I heard you
singing,
The song that set the bells of heaven
ringing,
The song that surely told me
The grave could never hold me
Because of you, my love, because of you.*

*And now I know that love's a fragile
flower,
So brief a time between the sun and
shower.*

*Only by singing can I soothe my sorrow;
Today is gone, but there's always
tomorrow.*

(repeat first verse)

Booklet design by Lani Herrmann

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

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

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

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

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

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

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