

FSI-41  
STEREO

# *The New Golden Ring* "FIVE DAYS SINGING" Volume I

with:

*Becky Armstrong  
George Armstrong  
Gerry Armstrong  
Jenny Armstrong  
Gordon Bok  
Joanie Bronfman  
Lyn Burnstine  
Dale Cooney  
Michael Cooney  
Ginny Dildine  
John Dildine  
Sara Grey  
Joe Hickerson  
Lynn Hickerson  
Neal MacMillan  
Ruth Meyer  
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Sandy Paton  
Liz Schoeberlein  
Jack Stanesco  
Ed Trickett  
Penny Trickett  
Harry Tuft*



**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**  
SHARON, CONNECTICUT







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STEREO

## *The New Golden Ring* **"FIVE DAYS SINGING"—Vol. I**

*Recorded and edited by Sandy Paton*

*Notes by the various participants*

Ever since the first Golden Ring recording (FSI-16) was released, we've wanted to produce another one, but the various artists were scattered around the country, managing to get together only once each year for the Fox Hollow Festival that Bob Beers holds every August up in Petersburg, New York. Of course, the Golden Ring had expanded considerably since that first album. Wherever a member of the original Ring lived, a new Ring would develop around him, and now, happily, there are a series of Rings from Maine to California, linked together by mutual respect and love, forming what might appropriately be called a Golden Chain.

Actually, the Golden Ring was never an established group of specific individuals; it was always more of a concept, an approach to informal, non-competitive, group music-making by people, almost all of whom are solo performers in their own right, who simply enjoy singing together. This concept has now spread all over the country, and it's nice to see the old "my-banjo's-faster-and-louder-than-your-banjo" syndrome disappear, replaced by a spirit of genuine ensemble singing and playing, conceived and executed with a great deal of affection for the music and for the people with whom it is being shared.

We started writing letters early in 1970, and it was decided that we would all gather at our home, a large, remodeled barn on a hill overlooking Sharon, Connecticut, to make music for a week before everyone went on up to Fox Hollow. Friends came from Denver, Chicago, Ann Arbor, Washington, Boston, Philadelphia, Accokeek (Maryland), Falls Church (Virginia), Camden (Maine), New Haven and Madison (Connecticut). When we ran out of extra bedrooms and couches, air mattresses were strategically laid out on the living-room floor. The Armstrongs pitched their tent in the backyard by the pond, and the Dildines took up quarters in our pick-up camper which was parked behind the house. They may have gotten more sleep than those who stayed in the house, but no one slept very much. To go to sleep would mean missing the music that was still being made by other, more tireless, song-swappers. It was not what one could call a carefully controlled recording situation. I set up the microphones, checked levels as best I could, pushed the buttons, and then dashed in to join the chorus. Caroline took on the task of feeding the multitudes and organized it beautifully. Since she was loathe to leave the music to prepare meals, we baked a lot of casseroles beforehand and put them in the freezer. When people began to show signs of hunger, she would pop a couple of these dishes into the oven and come back to sing another song or two while they heated. Everyone pitched in to help with the kitchen chores, of course, and with over twenty-five people to serve, every meal was strictly buffet and paper plates.

It was five days and nights of a marvelous musical marathon, exhilarating and exhausting, following which we all trekked up to Fox Hollow for another five days of playing and singing with an even larger gathering of friends. When it was all over, I slept for about three days. But we'd do it again — anytime — for that's what the Golden Ring is all about, really: good times with good music and good friends.

*Sandy Paton*  
*Sharon, Connecticut*  
*April, 1971*

### SIDE I

Waterbound (3:03)  
The Waters of Tyne (2:54)  
World of Misery [Shenandoah] (3:05)  
Benjamin Bowmaneer (3:21)  
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Leaning on the Everlasting Arms (3:12)

### SIDE II

Lord Bateman (6:27)  
The Rolling Hills of the Border (3:35)  
D Composition in C (2:19)  
Poor Howard (3:39)  
Sundown (2:21)  
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# The New Golden Ring: "FIVE DAYS SINGING"

## Volume I

FSI-41



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THE WATERS OF TYNE

Side 1, Band 2.

Gerry, Ginny, Ann, Lynn and Joe.  
Joe, guitar.

This folk lyric is local to Northumberland in the northern part of England, appearing in songbooks there at least from the end of the 18th century. Its beauty came to the attention of other regions through a collected version included in J. Collingwood Bruce and John Stokoe's *Northumbrian Minstrelsy* (Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1882; reprinted by Folklore Associates, 1965) and in Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland's *English County Songs* (London, 1893). I had heard recordings of the song by Paul Clayton and Lorna Campbell, but I was most moved to learn it in 1964 by two Isla Cameron recordings: Riverside RLP-656, *English and Scottish Love Songs* (with Ewan MacColl), and Prestige International 13059, *The Waters of Tyne* (with Lou Killen). The lamented separation by "The Waters of Tyne" had particular meaning for me in my final year of courtship; after June 1965 my melody reverted to harmony when Lynn and I began harmonizing the song with Ginny Dildine. Then there were those all-too-rare times when the fickle boatman would bring the Accokeek, Brookmont, and Wilmette families together, and Ann Mitchell and Gerry Armstrong would complete the song, as on this recording. (J.H.)

*I cannot get to my love if I would dee;  
The waters of Tyne stand between him and me.  
And here I must stand with a tear in my e'e,  
All sighin' and sobbin' my true love to see.*

*Oh, where is the boatman, my bonny hinny?  
Oh, where is the boatman? Go bring him to me,  
For to ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
Or to scull him across the rough waters to me.*

*Oh, where is the boatman? I'll pay any money;  
And you for your trouble rewarded shall be,  
If you'll ferry me over the Tyne to my honey,  
And I will remember the boatman and thee.*

(repeat first verse)

WORLD OF MISERY (SHENANDOAH)

Side 1, Band 3.

Led by Jack Stanesco.  
Chorus: everyone.

From 1968 to 1970 I was a teacher in the Peace Corps, serving in Barrouallie, St. Vincent, a fishing town in the West Indies. I learned

these songs from several friends who worked on the whaling boats, of which there are about five. Up until a couple of years ago, the men caught whales using hand-held harpoons in small, oar-driven boats. Recently, however, they have begun using harpoon guns (a modified 12-gauge shotgun mounted on a tripod) and boats powered by motors. The main target is a pilot whale called blackfish, but I have also seen sperm whales and killer whales dragged up on shore ready for butchering with several bent harpoons jutting out of their backs and sides. This situation might seem ecologically outrageous, but in fact the whale meat provides a sorely needed source of protein to an area in which malnutrition is a very real thing.

I have heard two theories as to the origin of the songs. It is known that during the late 19th century whaling ships from America, England, and the Scandinavian countries stopped in the West Indies to pick up crew members for their voyages into the South Atlantic. Perhaps these songs and the localized whaling itself are an outgrowth of this practice. Another story I have heard states that an ex-New Bedford whaling man retired to the warmth of the islands and brought his songs with him. I take to the former version, probably because it is more romantic.

Whaling from a twenty foot boat does not require chores such as manning water pumps or hoisting multiple sails — large group activities which gave birth to the short drag shanties of the 19th century. Nevertheless, the whaling songs in Barrouallie are work songs. The men use some of them to keep rhythm as they pull oars, or when they haul tow lines attached to whales, or drag the boats on shore for repairs. But recently automation has removed some of the practical aspects of the songs. Engines neither require nor appreciate music to keep their cadence. Today the songs are sung primarily to let people on shore know that a catch has been made. The whalers begin singing about a half-mile out, the gunner taking the lead and the rest of the crew picking up the refrain. Hearing these songs drift across the water, late on a moonlit night, is impressive indeed.

"World of Misery" is a variant of the song "Shenandoah," but here the Indian maiden has been replaced by a mulatta. Also, the refrain of the common American version, "Across the wide Missouri," has been changed to "From this world of misery." Perhaps the reason for this change is that the word Missouri would have no relevance to West Indians, so they altered the sounds to what was for them a more logical phrase. (J.S.)



Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter,  
 Hoo row, my rolling river;  
 Shenandoah, the white mulatta,  
 We are bound away from this world of misery.

For seven years I toiled the ocean,  
 Seven years I never wrote her.

I courted Sally, no pen, no paper,  
 I courted Sally with foolscap paper.

Oh, misery, my captain cry out,  
 Sally forth, my bowman answer.

Oh, nobody knows about my toiling,  
 Nobody cares about my danger.

(repeat first verse)

#### BENJAMIN BOWMANEER

Side 1, Band 4.

Joe, Ginny, John and Michael.  
 Joe, guitar.

Ginny and I learned "Benjamin Bowmaneer" from that splendid, inexpensive collection edited by Ralph Vaughan Williams and A. L. Lloyd, *The Penguin Book of English Folk Songs* (London, 1959), where it is reprinted from the 1931 *Journal of the English Folk Dance and Song Society*. We often sing it to accompany the Dildine Marionettes, in whose hands the story achieves epic proportions, replete with loud "huzzas" at the end. (J.H.)

Do you know how the wars began,  
 Benjamin Bowmaneer?  
 Do you know how the wars began?  
 Castors away.  
 Do you know how the wars began,  
 When England fought to a man  
 And the proud tailor rode prancing away?

Of his shear board he made a horse,  
 All for him to ride across.

Of his scissors he made bridle bits,  
 To keep the horse all in his wits.

And as he rode o'er the lea,  
 He spied a flea all on his knee.

Of his needle he made a spear,  
 And he pierced the flea all in his ear.

Of his thimble he made a bell,  
 And tolled the flea's funeral knell.

And that's how the wars began,  
 When England fought to a man.

#### OVER THE WATERFALL

Side 1, Band 5.

Sara, banjo; Howie, hammered dulcimer;  
 Michael, spoons.

Alan Jabbour learned this tune from the late Henry Reed, a talented fiddler from Glen Lyn, Virginia, and fiddles it on Kanawha 311, *The Hollow Rock String Band*, supplying the following note: "This charming reworking of an old British tune (sometimes called 'The Job of Journeywork') is well on its way to becoming a new melody." Recently Alan mentioned to me the similarity of this tune to a standard melody for the ballad "Eggs and Marrowbone" ("The Old Woman of Slaps-adam" or Laws Q2), which may account for the tune's present title. Sara Grey adds that Henry Reed recalls dancing to this tune at a circus in Peterstown, North Carolina, during his youth. (J.H.)

#### GINNY'S GONE TO OHIO

Side 1, Band 6.

Led by Joe Hickerson, with Lynn, Ann, Ginny, Gordon, Howie and John. Joe, guitar; Howie, mountain dulcimer; John, banjo.

I learned "Ginny" from Phil Kennedy about ten years ago, soon after he had collected it from the Tart Family at Benson, North Carolina. It was a family song among the Tarts, part of a "group-singing" tradition going back at least a century. Phil's transcription of the Tart rendition, with commentary on possible connections with the sea shanty "Tom's Gone to Hilo" and southern Negro corn-shucking and dance songs, appears in *North Carolina Folklore*, vol. 15, no. 1, May 1967. A briefer treatment is given in *SING OUT!*, vol. 17, no. 2, April-June 1967. Soon after I learned the song, I added verses 4, 5, and 6 to make it a little longer. Both of the above printings carry a 1960 copyright date, with "words and music by Carlie Tart. Arrangement by Philip H. Kennedy." (J.H.)

Ginny's gone to Ohio,  
 Ginny's gone away,  
 Ginny's gone to Ohio,  
 Ginny's gone away.

Ginny's gone away,  
 Ginny's gone to Ohio,  
 Ginny's gone away.



Ginny's a pretty gal, don't you know?

Ginny's dressed in strings and rags.

Ginny's gone where the tall corn grows.

Ginny's gone down the lonesome road.

Ginny's gone and I'm goin', too.

Ginny's gone to Ohio.

#### LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

Side 1, Band 7.

Led by Ed Trickett and Joe Hickerson, with almost the entire group. Ed, guitar; John, banjo; Barry, concertina; and Howie plays a barely audible hammered dulcimer somewhere in the background. See if you can hear it.

I first learned "Leaning" in 1956 as a result of hearing Robert Mitchum sing it in the movie *The Night of the Hunter* and on the moving recording issued from the movie with narration by Charles Laughton (RCA Victor LPM-1136). The song was written by Rev. E. A. Hoffman and A. J. Showalter. The earliest printing I have found is in *The New Voice of Praise*, edited by A. J. Showalter, H. A. Lewis, and Rev. E. A. Hoffman (Dalton, Georgia: A. J. Showalter & Co., 1889), with an 1887 copyright date affixed to the song. (J.H.)

Ed adds that he first learned the song from Merritt Herring, a fine young singer of folk and gospel songs who makes his home in the Bay area of California. (S.P.)

What a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Leaning, leaning,  
Safe and secure from all alarms;  
Leaning, leaning,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

What have I to dread, what have I to fear?  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near.

Oh, how sweet to walk in the pilgrim's way;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day.

(chorus is repeated at the end)

#### LORD BATEMAN (Child #53)

Side 2, Band 1.

Gerry Armstrong, George Armstrong, and Ed Trickett. George and Ed, guitars; Ruth, dulcimer; Howie, hammered dulcimer.

This version is mainly from Pleaz Mobley of Manchester, Kentucky, and may be heard on a Library of Congress record ("recorded at Harrogate, Tenn., 1943, by Artus Moser"). However, we've added verses we liked from other sources, too. In some versions, the name is Beichan or Becket, and legend has it that a Crusader brought back a Turkish wife, who named their son Thomas a Becket, thereby adding to Church history. (G.&G.A.)

Lord Bateman was a noble lord;  
He thought himself of high degree.  
He could not rest, nor be contented,  
Until he'd sailed the old salt sea.

He sailed to the east, he sailed to the westward,  
He sailed all over to Turkey's shore,  
And there the Turks threw him into prison,  
No hope of getting free anymore.

The Turk he had an only daughter,  
The fairest one eye ever did see;  
She stole the key to her father's prison,  
And there she set Lord Bateman free.

Then she led him down to the lowest cellar  
And gave him a drink of the strongest wine,  
Each moment seemed to be an hour.  
"Oh, Lord Bateman, if you were mine!

"It's seven long years, let's make this bargain;  
It's seven long years, give me your hand  
That you will wed no other woman  
And I will marry no other man."

Then she led him down to her father's harbor  
And gave to him a ship so fine.  
"Farewell to you, farewell Lord Bateman,  
Farewell until we meet again."

When seven long years had gone and passed over,  
It seemed to her like ninety-nine.  
She bundled up her fine gold clothing;  
Declared Lord Bateman she'd go find.

She sailed to the east, she sailed to the westward;  
She sailed all over to England's shore.  
And when she came to Lord Bateman's castle,  
Straightway she knocked upon the door.



"Oh, now is this Lord Bateman's castle,  
And is his Lordship here within?"  
"Oh, yes, oh, yes," cried the proud young  
porter,  
"He's just now taken his new bride in."

"Tell him to send me a slice of cake  
And a bottle of the best of wine,  
And not to forget the fair young lady  
Who did release him when close confined."

"What news, what news, my proud young porter?"  
"What news, what news, do you bring to me?"  
"There is the fairest of young ladies,  
The fairest one eye ever did see."

"She's got gold rings on every finger,  
And on her middle finger three!  
She's got as much gold around her middle  
Would buy Northumberland from thee."

Lord Bateman rose from where he was sitting;  
His face it looked as white as snow.  
"Oh, if this is the Turkish lady,  
I'm bound with her, love, for to go."

And then up spoke the young bride's mother;  
She'd never been known to speak so free.  
"Then what's to become of my young daughter  
Who's just been made a bride to thee?"

Lord Bateman spoke to the young bride's  
mother,  
"She's none the better nor worse by me.  
She came here on a horse and saddle;  
She shall go home in a coach with thee."

"Let another wedding be made ready;  
Another wedding there must be.  
I must go marry the Turkish lady  
Who crossed the raging seas for me."

THE ROLLING HILLS OF THE BORDER (Matt McGinn)  
Side 2, Band 2.

Led by Joe Hickerson.  
Joe, guitar; George, bagpipe chanter.

Matt McGinn, Glasgow's prolific and energetic  
songwriter/singer, sang for the Folklore Society  
of Greater Washington in October, 1967. His  
songs were witty, satirical, and fiery, with  
possibly only one exception, "The Rolling Hills  
of the Border." Soon after his visit, I found  
the song in Scotland's folksong magazine, *Chap-  
book*, vol. 4, no. 4, and it quickly became one  
of our favorites for sit-down singing. The  
sounds of George Armstrong's bagpipe chanter  
help bring the song closer to home. (J.H.)

CHO: When I die, bury me low,  
Where I can see hear the bonny Tweed flow;  
A sweeter place I never did know,  
The rolling hills of the border.

I've travelled far, wandered wide;  
I've seen the Hudson and the Clyde.  
I've courted by Loch Lomond's side,  
But I dearly love the border.

Well do I have mind of the day,  
With my lassie I strolled by the Tay;  
But all these beauties fade away  
Among the hills of the border.

There's a certain peace of mind,  
Bonnie lassies there you'll find,  
Men so sturdy, yet so kind,  
Among the hills of the border.

(chorus repeated at end)

D COMPOSITION IN C (Howie Mitchell)  
Side 2, Band 3.

Howie and Ann Mitchell playing the double  
dulcimer, or, as it is known among their friends,  
the "elbuodremicclud."

Several years ago, I was interested in learn-  
ing all sorts of fancy claw-hammer, double-thumb-  
ing, Scratt-and-Fluggs style banjo picking. I  
decided I needed something simple to begin with,  
and hit upon making up a double-thumb-  
ing composition. This piece was composed in the key  
of D, and I eventually found I preferred it in  
a slightly lower key. Hence the silly name!

More recently, my wife and I discovered that  
the melody sounded quite nice when slowed down  
and played as a duet on the double dulcimer (8-  
stringed Elbuodremicclud series). (H.M.)

POOR HOWARD  
Side 2, Band 4.

Led by John and Ginny Dildine.  
John, banjo; Ed, guitar.

I suppose my sources for "Poor Howard" are  
Leadbelly, Pete Seeger and Sonny Terry, and Dave  
Sear. I can remember hearing a Leadbelly record-  
ing, seeing Seeger and Terry sing the song in a  
concert, and hearing Dave Sear do the song all  
at about the same time in the late 1950's. I  
am sure that many others sang the song and that  
I heard many of them, but these are the ones I  
remember.



The chorus and first two verses are pretty standard; the last verse, referring to the British motion picture director and his standard film opening originated about 1959 with me. I suspect this happened in the company of Howie Mitchell, perhaps along with Charlotte Daniels and/or Carol Hedin or any number of other people.

I connect the song with Howie Mitchell in my mind. There was a night after Howie and Ann's wedding in Kentucky when the Armstrongs, the Beers, and the Dildines sang "Lucky Howie's wed and gone, left us here to sing this song." It was just a few days later that we visited in Beech Creek, North Carolina. We went with the Armstrongs to see Frank Proffitt who had just returned from the Newport Folk Festival. The children were playing "There Ain't No Bears Out Tonight" in the early evening outside Frank's new house back in the mountains as he discussed his experiences at Newport. He had delivered a new fretless banjo to a young friend who was proudly walking around the festival with the banjo in his hand, being stopped by all and sundry who wanted to discuss the instrument and to play it. Frank said, "I kept mine in a case. After all, a man has to get to where he's goin' sometime."

The next time I remember singing "Poor Howard" was with a number of other singers on a Thanksgiving Day at the Beers' home in upstate New York. We had just heard that Frank Proffitt had died the night before and Sandy Paton and Lee Haggerty had left immediately for North Carolina. I felt the song was a sort of gentle requiem for Frank, who left us here to sing his songs. It is a useful song, full of life and fun. It was good to sing it again with friends for this record. (J.D.)

*Poor Howard's dead and gone,  
Left us here to sing this song.  
Poor Howard's dead and gone,  
Left us here to sing this song.  
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone,  
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone,  
Poor Howard's dead and he's gone,  
Left us here to sing this song.*

*Who's been here since I been gone?  
Great big man with a derby on.*

*Who's been here since I been gone?  
Pretty little girl with a red dress on.*

*Who's been here since I been gone?  
J. Arthur Rank with a great big gong.*

# SUNDOWN Side 2, Band 5.

*Led by George and Gerry Armstrong.  
George, guitar; Gerry, dulcimer;  
Sara, banjo; Joe, guitar.*

We taped Paul Clayton's singing of this. He learned it from Bascom Lamar Lunsford, he said. But that version sounds rather different from our evolution of it. (G.&G.A.)

*Come, my little darling,  
Smile upon your face,  
I'm gonna buy a ribbon bow  
To tie around your waist.*

*It's nearly sundown, sundown,  
Sun is almost down.  
I'm gonna see my darling  
Before the sun goes down.  
It's nearly sundown, sundown,  
Sun is almost down.*

*Come, my little darling,  
Meet me at the gate.  
I want to see you one more time  
Before it is too late.*

*Come, my little darling,  
Meet me at the door.  
I'm going away to leave you  
Unto some foreign shore.*

# TEMPERANCE REEL Side 2, Band 6.

*Becky and Jenny Armstrong, fiddles;  
George, guitar; Howie, hammered dulcimer.*

We first heard "Temperance Reel" played on hammered dulcimer by Chet Parker on a tape sent to us by Howie. Becky and Jenny learned it from O'Neill's book, 1001 Gems, The Dance Music of Ireland. This tune is also known as "The Teetotaler." (G.&G.A.)

# IT SOON BE DONE Side 2, Band 7.

*Led by Jack Stanesco, with everyone joining in.*

I learned this song from Roslyn O'Garro, one of my students on St. Vincent. The song is a popular spiritual throughout the West Indies and is sung by a great many of the religious sects down there. (J.S.)



It soon be done with trouble and trial,  
When we meet on the other shore.  
I'm going to shake hands with all of the elders,  
Tell all the people good morning,  
Sit down beside my Jesus,  
Sit down and rest awhile.

Similarly:

It soon be done with weeping and moaning.

It soon be done with trouble and trial.

It soon be done with trouble and trial.

It soon be done with fear and hatred.

It soon be done with trouble and trial.

(Jack also sings, on occasion:)

It soon be done with sin and suffering.

It soon be done with hardship forsaken.

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volume set. To order the second volume,  
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