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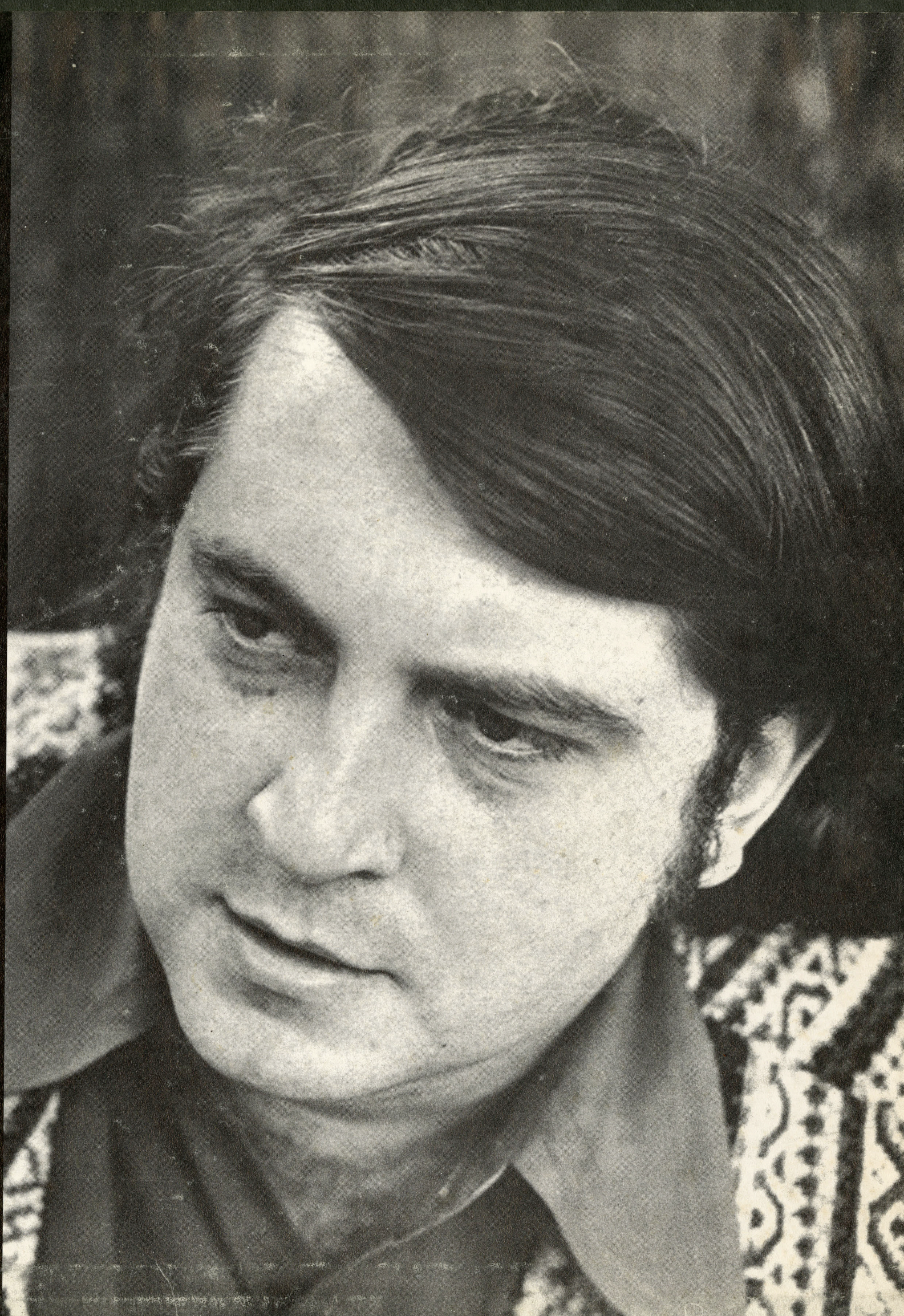
*"The Telling Takes
Me Home"*

**ED
TRICKETT**



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT





"The Telling Takes Me Home"

ED TRICKETT

*With: Gordon Bok, Harry Tuft, Bob Coltman,
Ruth Meyer, Pat Bok, Penny Trickett,
and Sandy and Caroline Paton*

Recorded and edited by Sandy Paton

So long the style has been to sing a song (traditional or contemporary) in some prescribed manner, rather than to think of the telling of it — that we forget, sometimes, that songs are the speaking of a person's whole life, to be taken very seriously into our own lives. And what a fine gift for a song to give us: an insight into other people, other lives.

This is why Ed is such a perfect keeper of a song. He doesn't seem to think about style; he's far more concerned with the song itself. And this is why he can pull us so deeply into a song; he draws the song around us, opens doors to worlds we've never met before, leads us off among other hills.

Even his arrangements are so much a part of the song it's often hard to realize how exquisite they are: they come from what is already there, not what Ed wants to put there. Maybe that's part of the secret: this great musical self-control.

And a great understanding of people, too. He sings these songs from the inside outward; he knows the people he sings of, and respects them. He knows a song can be a man's whole hopes and dreaming, the greatest part of him, and he gives us back that song with great care.

Perhaps that's why he can do it all so well: because he cares about it so much.

*Gordon Bok
Camden, Maine
September 1972*

A NOTE FROM THE PRODUCER:

Ed Trickett is a very gentle and very real musician. His guitar surprises you with its intricacy, because it never comes on so strong as to overwhelm the song, but is always there, weaving lovely counter-melodies, underscoring the meaning of the music. I've never known an artist who put more honest-to-God feeling into his singing, and very few who put nearly as much.

Ed was one of the original gathering of friends known as the Golden Ring, and his musical magic has helped a lot of people make beautiful recordings, but this is his first solo album. It's not at all surprising that so many of his friends dropped by to lend their support — he's done the same thing for all of us so many times.

When Ed is not making concert appearances at various clubs and colleges around the country, he transforms himself into Dr. Ed Trickett and teaches psychology at Yale. I often wonder when he finds time to sleep. He and his wife, Penny, and their daughter, Jennifer, make their home in North Branford, Connecticut.

S. P.

SIDE 1:

THE TELLING TAKES ME HOME (Phillips)	3:39
HARK OF ALL (Trad.)	2:56
SEA FEVER (Masfield/Taylor)	2:39
YOU GOTTA TALK MY LANGUAGE (Ward)	2:43
JUST AS THE EVENING SUN (Trad.)	4:01
FINGER RING (Trad.)	2:07
BEFORE THEY CLOSE THE MINSTREL SHOW (Coltman)	4:37

SIDE 2:

SEARCHING FOR HOME (Trad.)	2:28
THE BLOOMING BRIGHT STAR OF BELLE ISLE (Trad.)	4:01
THE GOODNIGHT/LOVING TRAIL (Phillips)	4:06
HOME DEARIE, HOME [Ambletown] (Trad.)	3:53
YEA HO, LITTLE FISH (Trad.)	2:20
BRAVE BOYS (Trad.)	3:10
COME FARE AWAY (Ritchie)	3:48

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

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THE TELLING TAKES ME HOME

Introduction

My family came from the coal mining area of western Maryland, West Virginia, and southwestern Pennsylvania. They moved to Washington, D. C., after the depression, and I was moved there from Pennsylvania shortly after I was born. I was mostly raised by a sensitive and musical grandmother, a strong and story-telling grandfather, and a generous and caring aunt. My grandmother and aunt would play classical piano and my grandfather would tell stories of his days as a coal miner, professional boxer, and labor organizer. Growing up in Washington and being sent — willingly — to a private school, I pretty quickly lost touch with that part of my past, though I think that my involvement with folk music helps take me home.

Like so many kids, my first taste of playing music was on the piano — my Aunt Margaret was an accomplished classical pianist, and I used to love listening to her make pages of incomprehensible notes come alive. I studied piano and sang in the choir at Washington Cathedral about six or seven years. Some of the best music I've ever sung came from there, and church harmonies remain my favorite.

I don't remember the exact circumstances, but I started playing the ukelele when I was about 13 or so. Camp songs ("You Are My Sunshine," etc.), Burl Ives' 78's, pretty typical. Mike Harwood was the first guitar player I met — at Camp Cibola in New Mexico. He had just made a 45, as I recall, of "Trouble in Mind." He taught me good songs — Leadbelly, Josh White, and a Child ballad or two. A couple of years later, Steve White introduced me to the Weavers and left-handed guitar playing. Being left-handed, I was intrigued, but by then I'd already accommodated myself to the right-handed world of musical instruments. Where was consciousness-raising when I needed it?

Howie Mitchell, however, was the one who really got me hooked. He, too, came to Camp Cibola as a counselor in 1958, I believe; he was playing the banjo and a funny little thing he put in his lap and diddled somehow with his finger. He even made them himself, called them dulcimers. It's impossible to describe the musical versatility, the joy of song, and the ability to share which Howie gave to us all. I wish that there were more recordings of Howie when he was still really involved with banjo, dulcimer, and guitar playing.

Things sort of snowballed from there. Through Howie, I met the Armstrongs and, through them, Bob and Evelyne Beers, Frank Proffitt, and Larry Older. The Armstrongs, in particular, have educated me through their music and sustained me with their friendship for over a decade, and I owe them a great deal.

By this time I was in college in Connecticut, travelling to Chicago and Washington as often as I could to sing with people. During this time, a group of us got together, sang, liked it, recorded it at WFMT in Chicago, and sent it to Sandy Paton, who put it out under the title *The Golden Ring* (FSI-16). I'm probably more proud of that record and what it stood for than anything I've done since. I think it captured, or recaptured, some of the historical heritage of folk song which was perverted by the folk music revival and its emphasis on performance, flashy arrangements, and packaged songs and singers.

College was also the time when I met Annie Muir, then wife of the Dean of Admissions where I was. I've never heard anyone except Annie play a ukelele

with feeling. She also knew beautiful songs, several of which were written by her friend, Gordon Bok, whom I met several years later. Gordon has subsequently influenced my music a great deal, not in the sense of trying to "be like" him, but in his respect for a song and in the gentle craftsmanship of his own work.

And so the net of people expanded, with each new person broadening my appreciation of the diversity of good music. Frank Proffitt and Larry Older taught me a respect for their traditions as well as the potential hypocrisy of trying to over-identify with someone else's heritage. I met them at a time when the folk music revival consisted of two kinds of snobbery: the snobbery of commercialism (if it won't sell, it's not worth listening to) and the snobbery of the purists (if people don't play it or sing it just the way John Lomax collected it, they're desecrating the very soul of "the people"). It was nice to know that they didn't care for either. Joe Hickerson convinced me that the number of good songs was infinite, giving me, and many others, a great deal of musical pleasure in the process. Bill Workman helped me appreciate the validity of Bluegrass (I once had a traumatic experience in that vein when a technically incredible banjo picker refused to play a song because, as he said, "it's too easy.") Bill Pierce reminded me that black spirituals move people of every race, creed, and national origin. And David Jones sang unaccompanied ballads so well I began to wonder why the guitar had ever been invented.

This record, I guess, is the result of my processing all these influences within my own choice of songs. Most of these people are not professional musicians in the popular sense of the term. But they share a feeling for music and a joy in making it that I think is unsurpassed.

Ed Trickett

Side 1, Band 1.

THE TELLING

TAKES ME HOME

© 1971 Bruce Phillips

Rosalie Sorrels sang this song for me last year and it has been like a faithful friend ever since. Bruce Phillips wrote the words and music to this moving series of word pictures, and powerfully conveys a nostalgic love for his part of the country: its feel, its people, past and present, and, indeed, some of the cultural atrocities of our unfortunate past. It's sad, but it's done, and Bruce reminds us of it in every verse.

Let me sing to you
All those songs I know
Of the wild, windy places
Locked in timeless snow,
And the wide, crimson deserts
Where the muddy rivers flow.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

Come along with me
To some places that I've been
Where people all look back
And they still remember when,
And the quicksilver legends,
Like sunlight, turn and bend.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

Walk along some wagon road,
Down the iron rails,
Past the rusty Cadillacs
That mark the boom town trail,
Where dreamers never win
And doers never fail.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

I'll sing of my amigos,
Come from down below,
Whisper in their loving tongue
The songs of Mexico.
They work their stolen Eden,
Lost so long ago.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

I'll tell you all some lies,
Just made up for fun,
And the loudest, meanest brag,
It can beat the fastest gun.
I'll show you all some graves

That tell where the West was won.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

And I'll sing about an emptiness
The East has never known,
Where coyotes don't pay taxes
And a man can live alone,
And you've got to walk forever
Just to find a telephone.
It's sad, but the telling
Takes me home.

(repeat first verse)

Side 1, Band 2.

HARK OF ALL

Roger Johnson, who runs the Columbus Folklore Center in Columbus, Ohio, sang me this song in 1965. He said he had learned it from Damon Thompson in Beaver Creek, Ohio, some years previously. His feeling is that it is a mixture of old gospel tunes, the most prominent, of course, being "Lonesome Valley." He'd never heard a recorded version of the song done that way, nor could Joe Hickerson at the Library of Congress track it down.

Well, hark of all
For Jesus calling,
Come and work
For Him today.
The fields are ripe
With harvest falling.
Come and work
For Him today.

Some people say John was a Baptist,
Others say he was a Jew,
But the Holy Bible tells us
That he was a preacher, too.

You've gotta walk that lonesome
valley,
You've gotta walk it by yourself.
Ain't nobody here can walk it for
you,
You've gotta walk it by yourself.
You've gotta go and stand your trial,
You've gotta stand it by yourself.
Ain't nobody here can stand it for
you,
You've gotta stand it by yourself.

Side 1, Band 3.

SEA FEVER

© 1966 Andy Taylor

This song is John Masefield's wonderful poem put to music by Andy Taylor, who lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado. The words I sing are the ones I learned from Andy in 1966, but they differ in select spots from the words written by Masefield. The words in parentheses are the original ones. Accompanying me is Harry Tuft, my good friend and one of the few businessmen I really like.

*I must go down to the sea again,
To the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by,
And the wheel click (kick)
And the wind's song
And the white sails a-shakin',
And the gray mist on the sea's face,
The gray dawn a-breakin'.*

*I must go down to the sea again,
For the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call
That may not be denied.
And all I ask is a windy day
With the white clouds a-flyin',
The flung spray
And the blown spume
And the seagulls a-cryin'.*

*I must go down to the sea again
And the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way
Where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn
From a laughing fellow rover,
And a quiet sleep
And a sweet dream
When the long trick is over.*

Side 1, Band 4.

YOU GOTTA

TALK MY LANGUAGE

© 1971 George Ward

This is the only prize-winning song on the record. The prize went to its writer, George Ward, in a song-writing

contest he entered at a festival in the British Isles in the summer of 1971. I've asked him to describe his summer camp experience that led to it. George and his wife, Vaughn, live in upstate New York where they both teach school. George writes songs too well for them to do that forever.

"That I ever got interested in teaching at all I owe to John and Ellie Seeger, whose children's camp, Killlooeet, in central Vermont, remains a model for me of a wise, loving, and hard-nosed effort to maintain a human community.

"Working for the Seegers one summer, I found myself devilled regularly by a boy of eleven. He'd come up behind me when I was carrying dirty dishes to the kitchen and punch me in the back, or wait till I had picked a choice seat to watch a baseball game and pounce on my shoulders. After awhile I got to the point of retaliating in kind with very little thought for the fact that I was twice as old and twice as big as he was.

"Only one person, that summer, was able to approach an intimate relationship with my young nemesis. An elderly friend of the Seegers kept the camp library and looked after loose ends. She was older than any counselor, kept to herself a lot, and didn't fit in (or so I thought) with most of the goings on. I didn't realize that she'd set herself the task of befriending the bane of my existence until one afternoon when she sought me out to tell me she'd asked him why he pestered me so. 'But he likes it,' the lad insisted. 'It's like a game we play!'

"It took her awhile to convince him that it wasn't so, and after that he avoided me for two or three days. Oddly, I almost missed him. About the third afternoon, just as I'd settled down on the sidelines of another ball game, I sensed him coming up behind me. He hit me again, more gently, and sat down to talk and watch the game.

"He wasn't my closest friend after that, but we got along and finished the summer.

"This is his song, I guess, and hers, and John and Ellie's, too, in a way. To be honest, though, it's mine, and the best I can do is thank them for teaching it to me."

George Ward

*If I ask you do you love me,
Will you answer, "Yes, I do,"
Even though I ask by standing on
your toe?
Because I don't know the words to say,
Don't know what love is anyway.
I'm not sure that anybody knows.
But I need something and I know it;
If you can feel me I can show it.
You can push me, if you want to,
You can wiggle just one toe.
If I just believe it's loving,
You can make me quit my shoving,
But you've gotta talk my language,
It's the only one I know.*

*If I wait until you turn around
And hit you with my fist,
I know that you'll be angry like
before.
But I don't know what else to do,
There's something that I want from
you,
I just can't wait to ask it anymore.
I can't sing it, I can't yell it,
I can't write it, I can't spell it.
If you hit, you'll hurt me inside
Where the bruises never show.
But if you catch me, shake me,
hold me,
Then I've asked you and you've
told me.
You've gotta talk my language,
It's the only one I know.*

*If I skid my bike in circles,
If I show you both my turtles,
If I tell you all the bad things that
I do,
Will you guess I'm not just playing,
That it's something that I'm saying?
Can you make up answers I can tell
are true?
If you only say you love me
You'll be talking way above me.
That's no way to answer anyone
Who's standing on your toe.
If I'm good or bad, then show me;
If you love me, show you know me.
You've gotta talk my language,
It's the only one I know.*

Side 1, Band 5.

JUST AS THE EVENING SUN

I learned this song from Harry Tuft, who sings it with me. He, in turn, learned it from Jon Lawrence, who currently is living in Rochester, New York, and studying physics. Jon said he learned it from the De Gonia family who live in southern Missouri. The way Harry and I do it is similar to the way Jon heard two girls from that family sing it. He said the song can be found in several of the hymnals of the white Pentecostal religions — "the 50¢ Holy Roller song books you can often get in the mail from radio stations who advertise them." He didn't name one, however. Thanks to Jon for a good song.

*Just as the evening sun
Was sinking in the golden west,
Hanging between two thieves,
They crucified the Son of God.
Mocked by the multitude,
They placed on Him a thorny crown.
Love like this was never known,
Jesus dying for His own,
Just as the sun went down.*

*Love like this was never known,
Though you may search the wide world
'round.
Jesus dying for his own,
Just as the sun went down.*

*In San Hedron He was tried;
"We've got no use for Him," they
cried.
By the mob He was crucified,
Just as the sun went down.*

Side 1, Band 6.

FINGER RING

I learned "Finger Ring" about seven years ago from Susan Utley in Columbus, Ohio. She learned it from Joan Gibbons. Joe Hickerson believes that the song spread around through a rendition by Harry and Jeannie West on their 1957 record, *Banjo Songs of the Southern Mountains*. In the notes to that record, Ken Goldstein wrote: "The Wests learned this from J. R. Martin, a banjo player from Rockford, North Carolina."

I really like the song, even though you have to pronounce things delicately.

*Finger ring, my darlin',
Finger ring, my dear,
If I had a finger ring,
I'd go away from here.*

*Went up on the mountain,
Give my horn a blow.
Thought I heard a pretty girl say,
"Yonder goes my beau."*

*Had a little banjo,
Made it out of pine.
The only tune that it would play:
"I wish that gal was mine."*

*Days are gettin' longer,
Nights are gettin' cold.
Going to see my own true love
Before I get too old.*

Side 1, Band 7.

BEFORE THEY CLOSE THE MINSTREL SHOW

© 1972 Bob Coltman

I have seldom sung a song that has touched so many people as this song written by Bob Coltman. Bob, Gordon and Pat Bok, and I recorded it late one night, with Bob playing the 12-string guitar. I'm particularly grateful to Bob for allowing me to be the first to record this gem. I asked him to write some thoughts on how he came to write it.

"It began early in 1971 with three unrelated song ideas. I had been writing something I'd long wanted to try — a song cycle of down-home American recastings of the Child ballads (I call it 'Son of Child'). In the meantime, I was jotting down other song ideas that came along but didn't fit the Child cycle, and in early March I sat down and sorted through them.

"One of the ideas had to do with a memory of the only minstrel show I ever saw, a performance by local men at a high school near home in eastern Pennsylvania when I was about ten or eleven years old. It was a kind of pathetic

performance, really — burly farmers and local townsmen blacked up, telling bad jokes. I knew most of them; the illusion didn't even remotely work. It was crude; it was trying so hard to work within a dying form. A dead form. A form that couldn't make it even before racial considerations made its dissolution decisive. And I thought about what it must have been like to be an old-time minstrel show man orphaned by the failure of the show.

"Then the phrase 'Lay me down, Carolina' occurred to me. I was still under the spell of the Child ballads. I'd been struggling with the limitations of the ordinary four line stanza, trying to break up the line length, jar the content loose from the form. Carolina was a place and a girl all at the same time, and seemed to be a kind of haven for the old musician, past his prime, past his time, his whole environment of popularity broken and gone. And I wasn't doing much musically myself then, either.

"I think the idea of the broken banjo string came next; I'd broken a string just about then and didn't get around to replacing it for several days. That made me feel lackadaisical and disorganized and that influenced the song's mood. And I wrote the song, and it started opening up like a blossom.

"I really thought the song was a failure at first. None of the three basic ideas, in original note form, seemed to have any promise at all. In fact, they were embarrassingly awkward. I'd merged them in the first place because none of them stood on its own feet. The irregularity wound up in the chorus, but it was a very small one. I sang the song to myself, and wasn't sure if it was any good or not. I was afraid of the possibility that some people might see racial overtones in it, though I didn't intend any; anything remotely connected with whites' past attitude toward blacks is really touchy.

"I guess something catalyzed, though. The song was written March 3, 1971. Amba Lee (she's my best critic) liked it right away; within a week or so I

did, too. I first performed it in public in late June, at the Middletown Folk Festival. I was still nervous about it, but was convinced by then that it had something. I had no idea what response to expect, and the Middletown audience's hushed listening, and then its enthusiasm at the end, really knocked me out. Bruce Phillips liked it, taped it, and started singing it around; I understand he regularly closed a series of concerts in Montreal with it after that. Jackie Spector brought it to Boston and it started up there. Another guy who travels quite a lot has taken it around the country. Incidentally, he sings it a cappella, claims it's the only way to do it! I haven't tried it myself. Now it seems wherever I go people have heard it and sing along with it, which is a wonderful feeling. But I can't claim I knew it all along!

"People often ask me whether, when I write, the melody comes first, or the words, or what, and I always answer that the best songs come altogether in a rush. But this one broke the rules. It went together like a jigsaw puzzle, piece by tooth-gritting piece, and I never had any reassuring idea of the whole thing till it was finished.

"And then a guy named Ed Trickett said he wanted to put it on a record...."

Bob Coltman

*Posters peeling underneath
Last summer's morningglory vine,
Old white hat, a stump of cigar,
An empty bottle of wine.*

*Lay me down, Carolina, lay me
down,
Don't want to wake up in the
morning no more.
Sing me one slow, sad song
For this one last old time,
Before they close the minstrel
show.*

*Banjo's got a broken string,
Don't 'spect I'll get to fix it now.
Won't be no more chance to sing,
I'm rusty anyhow.*

*Daddy Bones is dead, I guess,
You probably don't know or care.
Frank and Arch has gone away somewhere,
I don't know where.*

*The money and the crowds run out
Before we left the last town.
This old show done played its run
And rung the curtain down.*

*Don't know where we go from here;
Come to that, I just don't care.
Maybe we go to a better place
And the minstrel show'll be there.*

Side 2, Band 1.

SEARCHING FOR HOME

Like "Just As the Evening Sun," this song came to me through Jon Lawrence, with Harry Tuft serving as "carrier." Jon learned it from an early Jim and Jesse record which is apparently hard to find. "It's the kind you might find in a dime store for a buck and a half," said Jon. They called it "Just Let Me Travel Alone." In the process of going from the Jim and Jesse record to this record, the song has been transformed from a clearly religious piece of music to one with a more existential flavor. For example, Jon recalled one line as "My home is bright where Jesus is the light," whereas I learned it from Harry as "Your face is bright, shining in (with) the light." Again, Jon recalled another line as "Let us prepare to meet again up there." By the time I learned it, it was "Let us prepare to meet again somewhere." I guess it's not the first time that old-time religion has been replaced with existential secularism.

*Searching for home, always on the roam,
Just let me travel alone;
Searching for home, always on the roam,
Just let me travel alone.*

*Just let me travel alone,
Just let me travel alone;
Searching for home, always on the
roam,
Just let me travel alone.*

*Your face is bright, shining in the
light,*

Just let me travel alone;
Your face is bright, shining in the
light,
Just let me travel alone.

Just let me travel alone,
Just let me travel alone,
Your face is bright, shining in
the light,
Just let me travel alone.

Searching for home, always on the roam,
Just let me travel alone;
Let us prepare to meet again somewhere,
Just let me travel alone.

Just let me travel alone,
Just let me travel alone;
Let us prepare to meet again
somewhere,
Just let me travel alone.

Side 2, Band 2.

THE BLOOMING BRIGHT STAR OF BELLE ISLE

I was rummaging through an old *SING OUT!* magazine (1957 - Summer) and I came across this lovely song. *SING OUT!* gave no credit to its source, however, which proved to be Fowke and Johnston's *Folk Songs of Canada*. It was collected by Kenneth Peacock in 1952 and was later printed in his 1965 book *Songs of the Newfoundland Outports*. The last two verses that I sing were not in the *SING OUT!* version, but were sent to me by Joe Hickerson, who found them in Greenleaf's *Ballads and Songs of Newfoundland*. The theme of the song suggests a kinship to the many "broken token" songs, where a lover returns in disguise to test the faithfulness of his sweetheart. I've always thought that a gutsy thing to do, as well as being a dirty trick. I'm sure one can find other, more enjoyable, ways to test such things. Or perhaps it served as protection for the man who, if he saw his old love no longer cared, could walk away without having to face her.

One evening for pleasure I rambled
To view the fair fields all alone,
Down by the banks of Loch Erin
Where beauty and pleasure were known.

I spied a fair maid at her labor,
Which caused me to stay for awhile.
I thought her the goddess of beauty,
The blooming bright star of Belle
Isle.

I humbled myself to her beauty.
"Fair maid, where do you belong?
Are you from the heavens descended,
Abiding in Cupid's fair throng?"

"Young man, I will tell you a secret.
'Tis true I'm a maid that is poor,
And to part from my vows and my
promise
Is more than my heart can endure.

"Therefore, I'll remain at my labor
And go through all hardship and toil,
And wait for the lad that has left
me
All alone on the banks of Belle Isle."

"Fair maiden, I wish not to banter.
'Tis true I came here in disguise.
I came to fulfill my last promise
And hoped to give you a surprise.

"I own you're the maid I love dearly;
You've been in my heart all the while.
For me there is no other damsel
Than the blooming bright star of
Belle Isle."

Now then this young couple gets
married.
In wedlock they both join in hand.
May the great God of Heaven protect
them
And give them long life in the land.

May the great God of Heaven protect
them,
Loyalty be theirs all the while,
And honey will sweeten the comforts
For the blooming bright star of
Belle Isle.

Side 2, Band 3.

THE GOODNIGHT-LOVING TRAIL

© 1971 Bruce Phillips

This is a priceless song, subtle, pro-
found, yet simple and direct. Like Alice

in Wonderland, each time you go through
it you see something you missed before.
Bruce Phillips couldn't have picked a
better trail to talk about the lonely
life of the "over the hill" cook on the
cattle drive. The trail had precious
little to do with "goodnight" or "loving,"
but the song does. The trail, going from
Texas, went through New Mexico and north
through Colorado, was named after an Army
officer, Charles Goodnight, and a legend-
ary cattleman, Oliver Loving, who blazed
the trail over 100 years ago. According
to an article in a recent *Life Magazine*,
Loving County in Texas — named after
Oliver Loving — is "the most sparsely
populated county in the contiguous United
States, 647 square miles with 150 people
scattered among 451 producing oil wells."
But the cattle drive on this trail is the
frame in which Bruce portrays the loneli-
ness of the cook, the "old woman," who
plays harmonica ("French harp") by him-
self all night until dawn. He puts us
inside a man who, worn down by years of
wrangling, finds a place to live out his
productive days dishing out stew to those
who serve as constant reminders of his
past. It is a loving picture, with the
singer understanding the human conse-
quences of riding hard on the desert for
years and, indeed, anticipating his own
aging. It reminds me of our current con-
cern with the lack of meaningful roles
for old people in our society, and gives
me some consolation that at least the
worn out old cowboy had something to
look forward to.

Too old to wrangle or ride on the
swing,
You beat the triangle and you curse
everything.
If dirt was a kingdom, then you'd
be the king...

On the Goodnight trail, on the
Loving trail,
Our Old Woman's lonesome tonight.
Your French harp blows like the
low (lone) bawling calf.
It's a wonder the wind don't
tear off your skin.
Get in there and blow out the
light.

With your snake oil and herbs and
your liniments, too,

You can do anything that a doctor
can do,
Except find a cure for your own
god damned stew...

The campfire's (cookfire's) gone out
and the coffee's all gone,
The boys are all up and they're
raising the dawn.
You're still sitting there, lost
in a song...

I know that someday I'll be just
the same,
Wearing an apron instead of a name.
There's nothing can change it,
there's no one to blame,
For the desert's a book writ in
lizards and sage,
Easy to look like an old torn out
page,
Faded and cracked with the colors
of age...

Side 2, Band 4.

HOME, DEARIE, HOME

If I were to make a full record of
variants of a particular song, I would
choose "Home, Dearie, Home." Versions
of the song appear in many collections,
including Henry's *Folk-Songs from the
Southern Highlands*, Beck's *Folklore of
Maine*, Huggill's *Shanties from the Seven
Seas*, and Colcord's *Songs of American
Sailors*. Margaret MacArthur sings a
variant from Arizona called "Freighting
from Wilcox to Globe." Many of the ver-
sions describe the goings on between a
sailor and a girl who are not legally
related. The version I sing comes from
Mike Cohen who, I believe, said he wrote
the third verse. It describes the long-
ing of a sailor to return home to see his
wife and baby who was not yet born when
he left. The printed melody of those
I've seen that comes closest to the melo-
dy Mike sang is in Purslow's *Marrowbones:
English Folk Songs from the Hammond and
Gardiner Mss.*

Regardless of the kind of relationship
depicted in the song, I've never met a
version of this song I didn't like.

Oh, Amble is a fine town
With ships about the bay.
It's fain and very fain
To be there myself today.
I'm wishing in my heart
I was far away from here,
Sitting in my parlor
And talking with my dear.

And it's home, dearie, home;
Oh, it's home I want to be.
My topsails are hoisted
And I am out to sea.
The oak and the ash
And the bonny birchen tree
Are all a-growing green
In the north country,
And it's home, dearie, home.

A letter came today,
But somehow I cannot speak-
And the proud and happy tears
Are a-rolling down my cheek/
There's someone here, she says,
You've been waiting for to see,
With your merry hazel eyes
Looking up from off my knee.

But the letter never said
If we have a boy or girl,
Got me so confused
That my heart is all awirl.
So, I'm going back to port
Where I'll quickly turn around
And take the fastest ship
Which to Ambletown is bound.

Well, if it be a girl,
She shall wear a golden ring;
If it be a boy,
He shall live to serve the king.
With his buckles and his boots
And his little jacket blue,
He'll walk the quarterdeck
Like his daddy used to do.

Side 2, Band 5.

YEA HO, LITTLE FISH

I learned this lullaby of warning from Mike Cohen in 1963. He mentioned that the song, or one similar to it, could be heard in the 1930's movie, "Captains Courageous," which starred Spencer Tracy. I could not find the words from the movie version, but it

was called "Manuel's Love Song" in the film and was written by Gus Kahn and Franz Waxman. The words I sing here are, I believe, a combination of traditional and written ones, with the tune and the chorus being very similar to that found in Meredith and Anderson's *Folksongs of Australia* in their song "The Little Fish." They report the song to be Portuguese in origin, but fairly widely known in North Queensland, Australia.

Come all you bold fishermen,
Listen to me;
I'll sing you a song
Of the fish in the sea.

Yea ho, little fish,
Don't cry, don't cry;
Yea ho, little fish,
You be whale by and by.

You go to fish school
And can learn from a book
How not to get caught
On the fisherman's hook.

Watch out, little fish,
We're out after you,
But you can escape
Away deep in the blue.

You just swim around
The fisherman's bait,
And you won't end up
On the fisherman's plate.

Side 2, Band 6.

BRAVE BOYS

I spent only one evening with E. G. Huntington at his home on Martha's Vineyard. That was in 1965. It was a truly wonderful evening of music and conversation, during which Gale played for me this version of the "Greenland Whale Fisheries" which he called "Brave Boys." I didn't have a tape recorder or my photographic memory with me, so he wrote out the melody and sent it to me some months later, along with a small booklet of *The Dukes County Intelligencer*, May, 1961, which was published by the Dukes County Historical Society in Edgartown, Massachusetts. The booklet was filled

with songs Gale had collected from the Tilton family, a family famous for their singing as well as for their whaling. The words to "Brave Boys" were in it, but the tune Gale wrote out for me was different from that in the book. Of the two, I chose the one he had sung for me that night, and am proud to be able to pass it on.

It was eighteen hundred and thirty-nine,
On the thirteenth day of May,
We weighed our anchor and set our sail
And for Greenland bore away, brave boys,
For Greenland bore away.

The Captain's name it was William Moore,
And the mate's name was the same.
The ship she was called the Lion so bold,
As she plowed the raging main, brave boys,
She plowed the raging main.

Oh, the mate he stood in the top cross tree,
And a fine looking man was he,
A-searching the horizon with a spy-glass in his hand,
"It's a whale, a whale, a fish, brave boys,
It's a whale, a fish," cried he.

And the Captain he stood on the quarterdeck,
A fine looking man was he,
"Overhaul, overhaul, let your davit tackles fall,
And lower your boats to the sea, brave boys,
Lower your boats to the sea."

The boats being lowered and the whale being struck,
He gave one flurry with his tail,
And down went the boat and them six jolly tars,
Never to rise any more, brave boys,
No, they never come up any more.

When the Captain he heard of the loss of his men,
It grieved his heart full sore,
But when he heard of the loss of that whale,

It grieved him ten times more,
brave boys,
It grieved him ten times more.

Oh, the summer months are past and gone,
And cold winter's coming on,
So, we'll head our ship back to New Bedford
And the pretty girls standing on the shore, brave boys,
The pretty girls standing on the shore.

Side 2, Band 7.

COME FARE AWAY

© 1971 Jean Ritchie

Jean Ritchie wrote the words and adapted the melody of an old hymn to create this beautiful and moving song. As she tells it, the exodus of many young Americans to Canada made her think and wonder about any person or group that felt compelled or sometimes forced to leave their country and people they loved. In talking about the song with me, Jean recalled what it must have been like for people leaving England centuries ago to face the uncertain prospects of life in America. Without a trace of bitterness, Jean has, I believe, captured the sadness and the hope of the predicament. She is truly one of the most sensitive and lyrical poets and songwriters I know.

Bright is the morning and brisk is the weather;
Steady the wind o'er the sweet singing sea.
Proudly, the tall ship arides in the harbor;
Come fare away with me.

Marnie, come fare away,
Come fare away with me;
There's an island of dreams
Over the rolling sea.

Sails at the ready, we're bound for Newfoundland;
Hasten, my darling, and do not delay.
Trees tall and green there, and fish by the millions;
Come fare away with me.

Leave your belongings, for things do
but bind us;
Hemmed in, the life here it won't do
for me.
Fretting and trouble, we'll leave
them behind us;
There is a land that's free.

Lace on your good shoes of stout
highland leather;
Bring a warm shawl and a cup for
the tea.
There is a new life, we'll build it
together;
Come fare away with me.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This record would have been much less without the musical artistry of those who accompany me. Harry Tuft, owner of the Denver Folklore Center, flew in from Colorado to sing and play. I owe him a special thanks for that and for his delicate and impeccable musicianship. Bob Coltman had an uncanny knack for supplying just the right harmony or musical accompaniment. I was doubly gratified that Bob gave me his song, "Before They Close the Minstrel Show," to record — if I had written such a song, I might have been more covetous of it. You can hear Gordon Bok's bass voice resonating on several choruses, and his 12-string, "Fat Albert," on several songs. Gordon not only made his usual important musical contribution, he helped me think through what I wanted this record to be. I thank him for both. Ruth Meyer is one of my oldest friends, the kind of musician you love to sing with because she brings out the best in you. My wife, Penny, and Pat Bok are two unsung musical heroines, quiet, unassuming, and "just right" when singing.

Thanks are also due to Sandy and Caroline Paton for their singing, but, more importantly, for their decade of effort in keeping alive the traditional music through their recordings. Lee Haggerty certainly shares in this latter endeavor, and, together, they have been a powerful and positive influence on the direction and taste of music during a time when both were needed.

Several of the songs on this record are here recorded for the first time. It was generous of George Ward, Bob Coltman, Bruce Phillips, and Jean Ritchie to give me this privilege, and I hope they are satisfied with the results.

This record is dedicated to three people to whom I owe a great deal: to my wife, Penny, as good a woman as I have ever known, to Howie Mitchell, who taught me the joy of music, and to Jim Kelly, who has based his exemplary career as a psychologist on a commitment to helping people become more than they are. I hope that his intelligent and compassionate concern has rubbed off on his student and friend, and that it shows in his music.

Ed Trickett
October, 1972

EDITOR'S NOTE

Minor discrepancies between the texts as they are printed in this booklet and as they are sung by the artist reflect the inadvertent variations that often occur from one performance to another. The listener is welcome to make his own choice as to which text he prefers. The emerging tradition remains, thank God, as flexible as the folk tradition out of which it has grown.

S. P.

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:

- | | | |
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