

FSI-55

*Rick & Lorraine Lee*

# "LIVING IN THE TREES"



**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069





Rick &amp; Lorraine Lee

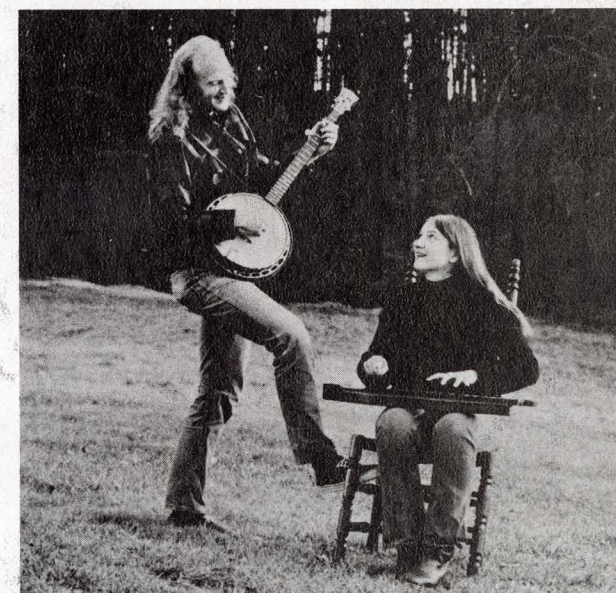
# "LIVING IN THE TREES"

*"We are the music makers, we are the dreamers of dreams . . ."*\* Rick and Lorraine make their music on dulcimer, banjo and piano, and spin their dreams from the fabric of life itself. Whether singing an original song, a Country & Western tune, a traditional ballad, or playing an instrumental, their sensitivity and originality touch me with the comfortable feeling that they are at home with the songs and the songs are at home with them.

Rick and Lorraine's unusual blend of voices, instruments and personalities, their wide range of musical tastes and relaxed presentation offer something new and fresh to friends of "the listening song."

Bob Zentz  
Old Dominion Folk Festival  
Norfolk, Virginia

\*Arthur O'Shaughnessey, 1875



AYLETTE JENNESS photo

## SIDE ONE:

Midnight (L. Lee, BMI) 3:00  
Sundown (trad.) 1:45  
Broken Toy (L. Lee, BMI) 2:10  
Ladies' Triumph (trad.) 1:30  
Pear Tree (R. Lee, BMI) 1:10  
Subdivision Blues (Hall, BMI) 4:15  
Mrs. Kelly (L. Lee, BMI) 2:20  
Idumea (trad.) 1:45  
The 1913 Massacre (Guthrie, BMI) 4:20

## SIDE TWO:

Living in the Trees (R. Lee, BMI) 1:45  
As I Walked Out (trad.) 3:05  
Old Astronomer (R. Lee/L. Lee, BMI) 2:20  
Hungry Loving Morning (R. Lee, BMI) 1:55  
Patrick Spencer (Coltman, BMI) 4:20  
The Wreck of the Tennessee Gravy Train (D. Macon) 2:25  
A Picker and A Grinner (B. Zentz, BMI) 2:40  
Confused (R. Lee, BMI) 3:15  
What is to Be Will Be (P. Wagoner, BMI) 2:45

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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.  
Sharon, Connecticut 06069



# “Living In The Trees”



Photo by Sandy Paton

*Rick and Lorraine Lee*

FSI-55

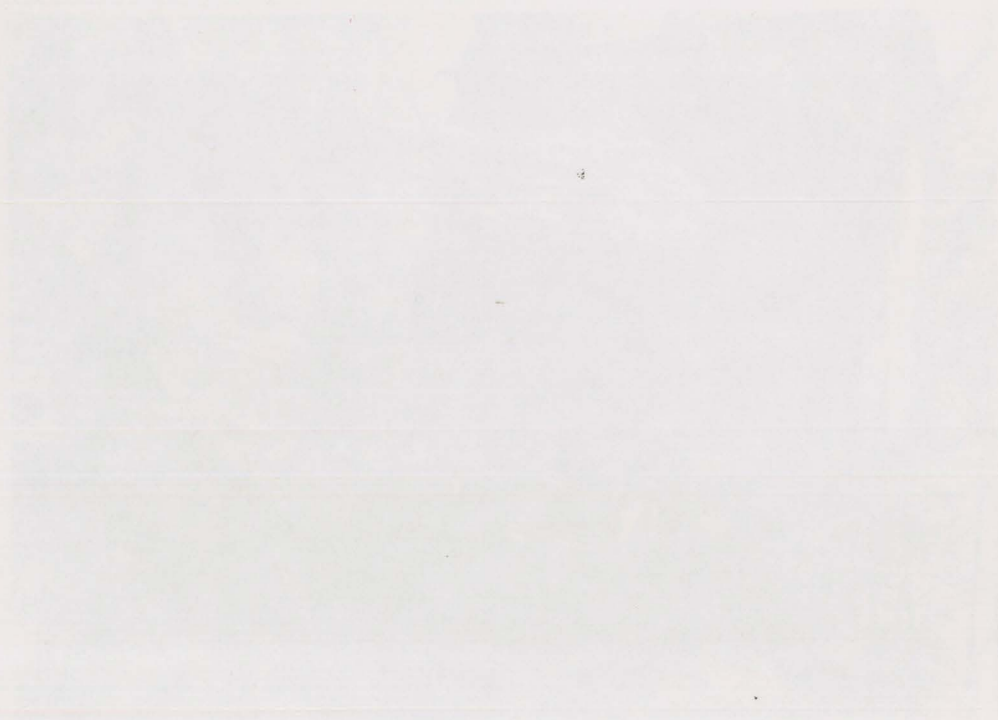


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**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

# "Living In The Trees"



Red and Orange



FOR LEADY BECK, 1911

Copyright 1911 by the Author



## INTRODUCTION

If there is a single constant in our folksong tradition, it is the process of continuous change. Throughout the many centuries of its existence, words to songs have been changed to reflect new interests, new situations. Melodies have been altered to conform to the characteristics of newly developed or newly acquired instruments, or to what may have been simply a change in the musical tastes of the society. As observers of this process, we have come to understand that, just as there can be no "correct" version of a particular song or ballad, so can there be no "correct" manner or style of its performance.

Rick and Lorraine Lee, then, are actually continuing a time-honored tradition when they apply new and, perhaps, unique instrumentation to the songs they choose to sing. Rick's self-taught piano, either acoustic or electric, works wonderfully well with Lorraine's mountain dulcimer, and what does it matter that this combination of instruments may never have been heard in the mountains of Tennessee? There are no hard and fast rules. We live in a changing world, and our music will change, indeed, it *MUST* change if it is to remain a viable part of our culture. The Lees are not curators of some musical museum; they are creators of music and, as such, they are in the mainstream of a continuing tradition.

Even their repertoire is like that of most traditional singers, being drawn from a wide variety of sources. The authentic "folk" singer does not care whether his song is derived from ancient stock or not, provided it says something to him that he wants to hear — or says something for him that he wants to say. Many traditional singers have sung one of the great classic ballads for me, and then followed it with a slice of Victorian sentimentality that would have curled the eyebrows of the folksong purist. If the song appealed to him, he sang it, and that was that. Rick and Lorraine are similarly eclectic, drawing their material from seemingly disparate sources — from ancient European balladry, indigenous Appalachian music, old New England fiddle tunes, early "hillbilly" songs, contemporary Country & Western hits, and from their own, challengingly modern original songs.

Perhaps it is the intensity with which they approach each song that enables it to "work" with those that surround it, giving a satisfying sense of continuity to their programs, and to this remarkable debut album.

Sandy Paton  
November, 1975



## ABOUT OUR INSTRUMENTS

*Rick's banjo is an old Gibson 5-string. He also plays a Wurlitzer electric piano, model #140-B.*

*For most of the songs on this album, Lorraine plays a 3-string Appalachian dulcimer built by A. W. Jeffreys of Staunton, Virginia. On three of the songs, she plays a 4-string dulcimer made by Jim Scheimer of Watertown, Mass.*

*The acoustic piano used on this album is a beautiful old Steinway grand belonging to John Burne of Sharon, Connecticut, who graciously welcomed us into his home to record.*

## ABOUT DULCIMER TUNINGS

*Experimenting with tunings is one of the things I enjoy about playing the dulcimer. The possibilities seem limitless and the only restrictions come from the gauge of the strings that you use.*

*On the 3-string dulcimer, I use two .009 strings for the melody and middle string, and a .012 for the string furthest from me. For my 4-string, I use the same three strings and add a wound .022 bass string which I often tune an octave lower than my melody string.*

*Here's a chart that gives the tuning range of the strings used for the songs on this album:*

Gauge	Range
.009	middle C to E above middle C
.009	middle C to E above middle C
.012	F below middle C to B below middle C
.022	C below middle C to E below middle C

*With each song, I have listed the mode name of its dulcimer and the pitch of each string.*

*Lorraine Lee*



Side I, Band 1.

# MIDNIGHT

Words and music by Lorraine Lee.  
Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Lorraine Lee: Dulcimer & vocal  
Rick Lee: electric piano & vocal

Dulcimer tuned: Ionian. .009 - D  
.009 - D  
.012 - G

Mockingbirds and bobwhites are reminders of easy times  
on Cape Cod.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Midnight". The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes. Chord symbols (G, C, D, D7, F, F#) are written above the staves. The lyrics are: "Mocking-bird in the pine tree, and bob-white in the field. Eve ning clo-sing in a-round us now. let the in-ter-rupt-ions fall a-way, take the phone off the hook and call it a day. Turn toward some time to call our just can't close my eyes to the won-der of you near me. Full moon shines u-pen us and it bathes us in it's light. gaze at you and see in you child and lo-ver one who brings me peace in the feel-let of the night".



Mockingbird in the pine tree and bobwhite in the field,  
Evening closing in around us now.  
Let the interruptions fall away,  
Take the phone off the hook and call it a day.  
Turn toward some time of your own.

And I just can't close my eyes to the wonder of you  
near me.  
Full moon shines upon us and it bathes us in its  
light.  
I gaze at you and see in you child and lover  
And the one who brings me peace in the quiet of  
the night.

River runnin' easy, I can hear the sound.  
Wind blowin' lightly, tossin' leaves around.  
Clouds flyin' through the sky, they're midnight bound.

And I just can't close my eyes to the wonder of you  
near me.  
Full moon shines upon us and it bathes us in its  
light.  
I gaze at you and see in you child and lover  
And the one who brings me peace in the quiet of  
the night.

(repeat first verse)

Side I, Band 2.

#### SUNDOWN

Rick Lee: 5-string banjo & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: harmony vocal

This is a fragment of a tune which Bascom Lamar Lunsford recorded a number of years ago. We haven't heard the recording in ten years or so, so what is here is just what has survived in memory.

The roads are mighty muddy  
And the hills are rough and steep.  
I'm gonna see my darling  
Before I go to sleep.

At sundown,  
The sun is nearly down.

Come, my little darling,  
Look me in the face.  
I'll buy you a brand new ribbon  
For to tie around your waist.



At sundown,  
The sun is nearly down.

When she see me coming  
She heists her window high;  
When she sees me leaving, Lord,  
She hang her head and cry.

At sundown,  
The sun is nearly down.

(repeat first verse)

Side I, Band 3.

### BROKEN TOY

Words and music by Lorraine Lee  
Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & vocal  
Rick Lee: electric piano

Duocimer tuned: Ionian.           .009 - D  
                                          .009 - D  
                                          .012 - G

This song was written on a rainy November day.

---

Sing me a golden bright, orange fresh song.  
It's morning and the sunshine's pouring in.  
Throw back the covers, say hello to myself.  
Wander to the kitchen, take the coffee from the shelf.

Now your memory's close upon me and your touch, I  
almost feel it.  
Sitting at my kitchen table, I remember all the joy.  
And I want you here beside me, but I know you're  
with another,  
Giving her your love now. Guess I'm just your  
broken toy.

Days turn to weeks, green leaves turn to red.  
Soon a cold November rain beats unforgiving at my window.  
Button up my coat, pull my scarf around me tight.  
Close the door behind me, wander through the autumn night.

Now your memory's close...



Sing me a golden bright, orange fresh song, it's  
morning and the sun-shine's pour-ing in, throw back the co-vers, say he  
is to my - self, wander to the kit-chen, take the cof-fee from th:  
RefRAIN Bb F  
slept. Now your mem-ory's close u - pon me and your touch I al-most  
feel it, sit-ting at my kit-chen ta-ble I re - mem-ber all the  
joy, and I want you here, be - side me, but I know you're with-a -  
noth-er, giv-ing her your love now, guess I'm just your bro-ken toy.

I remember still your touch as I move through the day,  
Wash the dishes, make the bed, go to work every morning.  
I want you here beside me, but I turn and know you're gone.  
Just the memory of you keeps me now from being all alone.

Now your memory's close...

(repeat first verse)

Side I, Band 4.

LADIES' TRIUMPH

Lorraine Lee: dulcimer

Rick Lee: acoustic piano



Dulcimer tuned: Ionian. .009 - E  
 .009 - E  
 .012 - A  
 .022 - A

We learned this fiddle tune, which is also known as "Lord Moira's Hornpipe," from *1000 Fiddle Tunes* (M. M. Cole Publishing Co., Chicago, Illinois). It was originally written in the key of F. We play it here in A.

Side I, Band 5. PEAR TREE

Words and music by Rick Lee  
 Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Rick Lee: electric piano & vocal  
 Lorraine Lee: dulcimer

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian. .009 - E  
 .009 - E  
 .012 - B

We lived for ten years in Cambridge and Boston. Our longest stay was on a truck route where the only reliable signs of the season were two pear trees which reached our third-story windows. Rick wrote this song for our son, Peter, while waiting for his return from school one afternoon.

Pear tree glist-ning with fro-zen rain. La-ter  
 bloom-ing at our win-dow pane. Bear-ing fruit of green and  
 gol-den brown. fall-ing with the aut-umn winds to gras-sy ground.

Pear tree glistening with frozen rain  
 Later blooming at our window pane.  
 Bearing fruit of green and golden brown,  
 Falling with the autumn winds to grassy ground.



*Children playing on the brick-laid walks,  
Sharing bicycles and laughing talks.  
Year-round street life for a boy in blue  
Running down a sidewalk in his plastic shoes.*

*(Run down that sidewalk...)*

*Neighbor children knocking at your door,  
Hoping you'll come out and play some more.  
You've made friends among these city folks  
With smiles and fights and music and the sometimes smoke.*

*Living here with you is very fine,  
Mixing orange juice and drinking wine.  
I see you standing on a crayon moon  
And I hope that we will be together very soon.*

Side I, Band 6.            SUBDIVISION BLUES

*Words and music by Tom T. Hall  
Copyright: Hallnote Music (BMI)*

*Rick Lee: acoustic piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: 5-string banjo*

Tom T. Hall is a prolific and sensitive songwriter whose reputation is spreading beyond the confines of the Nashville country music world. This humorous narrative is a favorite of the local children near our new home. They request it regularly, and laugh at the same lines no matter how many times they have heard them.

*Out on the edge of town I bought a two-room brick.  
I moved in as soon as I got the plumbing all fixed.  
Making them payments, work my fingers to the bone,  
Anything I had to do to get myself a home.  
There was water in the basement, it looked like a swimming  
pool.*

*The man said, "Son, that water help to keep your cottage  
cool."*

*Welcome Wagon brought me out some sleeping pills and booze.  
I got them mean old subdivision blues.*

*Somebody came by and pulled my fence down just the other day.  
Tore up my yard and hauled my lawn-mower away.  
Shot out my windows with a BB gun,  
The boxer down the street came by and beat up my son.  
So I went and got myself a big old German dog.  
The man behind me saw me and he started raising hogs.  
The nineteen-year-old girl next door is sunning in the nude.  
I got them mean old subdivision blues.*







Change cuts the day there's a chill in the wind, it's  
 winter in the ci - ty, blow-in' in a - gain, and the  
 light a-round me's shift-ing and the sum-mer gol-din's gone, it's  
 dy-ing leaves and hoar-frost touch - ing down.

Change cuts the day, there's a chill in the wind.  
 Winter in the city, blowin' in again.  
 The light around me's shifting, summer golden's gone.  
 It's dying leaves and hoarfrost touching down.

Mrs. Kelly's nearly eighty and this is the first time  
 I've seen her lookin' weary.  
 It's the rainy afternoons and empty, ghost white trees  
 That make her feel so lonely.

How good to go to bed, for the afternoon is endless.  
 No use to keep working at the job of living now.  
 Curl up and pull the covers close, branches scrape the  
 window,  
 But you're safe and warm inside — it was yesterday  
 she died.

(repeat first verse)

Side I, Band 8.

IDUMEA

Rick and Lorraine Lee: unaccompanied vocal duet

Source: Original Sacred Harp, Sacred Harp Publishing Co.,  
 Inc., Cullman, Alabama

We sing only two of the four written parts to this fine  
 old modal hymn. We also change the tempo of the final verse  
 from 3/2 to 4/4.



And am I born to die?  
To lay this body down?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?  
And must my trembling spirit fly  
Into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade,  
Unpierced by human thought,  
A dreary region of the dead  
Where all things are forgot.  
A dreary region of the dead  
Where all things are forgot.

Soon as from earth I go,  
What will become of me?  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.  
Eternal happiness or woe  
Must then my portion be.

Waked by the trumpet's sound,  
I from my grave shall rise  
And see the sun in glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies.  
And see the sun in glory crowned,  
And see the flaming skies.

Note: In the original words, by Charles Wesley, the last line reads: And see the Judge with glory crowned, and see the flaming skies.

Side I, Band 9.      THE 1913 MASSACRE

Words and music by Woody Guthrie  
Copyright: Sanga Music, Inc. (BMI)

Rick Lee: acoustic piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer

Dulcimer tuned: Ionian.      .009 - E  
                                         .009 - E  
                                         .012 - A  
                                         .022 - A

The power of this song lies in Woody Guthrie's ability to draw the listener into a warm and friendly scene, where his status as visitor fades and a full sense of safety and belonging develops... just in time for mounting terror and disbelief



to carry him past seventy-three smothered children and outside to moan with the survivors, and shout to the copper bosses and their silent collaborators: "Won't you see what your greed for money has done?"

*Take a trip with me back in 1913,  
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.  
I'll take you to a place called Italian Hall  
Where the miners are having their big Christmas ball.*

*I'll take you in a door and up a high stairs.  
Singing and dancing is heard everywhere.  
Let you shake hands with the people you see,  
And watch the kids dance 'round the big Christmas tree.*

*There's talking and laughing and songs in the air,  
And the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere.  
And, before you know it, you're friends with us all,  
And you're dancing around and around in the hall.*

*You ask about work and you ask about pay.  
They tell you they make less than a dollar a day  
Working their copper claims, risking their lives,  
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.*

*A little girl sits down by the Christmas tree lights  
To play the piano, so you gotta keep quiet.  
For all this fun, you would not realize  
That the copper boss thug men are milling outside.*

*A copper boss thug sticks his head in the door,  
And one of them screamed, and he yelled, "There's a fire!"  
But a lady she hollered, "There's no such a thing.  
Keep on with your party, there's no such a thing."*

*A few people rushed, but was only a few.  
"It's just the thugs and the scabs foolin' you."  
A man grabbed his daughter and carried her down,  
But the thugs held the door so they could not get out.*

*Well, then others followed, a hundred or more,  
But most everybody remained on the floor.  
The gun thugs they laughed at their murderous joke  
While children were smothered on the stairs by the door.*

*Such a terrible sight I never did see.  
We carried the children back up to their tree,  
While the thugs outside still laughed at their spree.  
And children who died there were seventy-three.*



The piano played a slow funeral tune.  
 The town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon.  
 The parents they cried, and the miners they moaned.  
 Won't you see what your greed for money has done?

Side II, Band 1. LIVING IN THE TREES

Words and music by Rick Lee  
 Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Rick Lee: electric piano & vocal  
 Lorraine Lee: dulcimer

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian. .009 - D  
 .009 - D  
 .012 - A

Visits to a public world of trials and failures are supported by returns to a private world where love soothes and reorients us.

The musical score is handwritten on six staves. It begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (Bb), and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated by letters (Dm, C, Bb, F, Dm, C, Bb, C) above the staff. The lyrics are: "To fail creeps through the walls of past and future to", "F poison the homestead well, the telephone bell, C chorus", "The ways to tell that we are both as one. B. + chorus", "when we come to gether there's no time but here and now", "The love that grows a round us keeps us living in the", "trees and knowing how." The score ends with a double bar line.

To fail creeps through the walls of past and future  
 To poison the homestead well, the telephone bell,  
 The ways to tell that we are still as one.



But when we come together there's no time but here  
and now.  
The love that grows around us keeps us living in the  
trees  
And knowing how.

We dream of ups and downs, of back then younger,  
And grow an hour more old, and feel the cold,  
Lament the gold once lost but not forgiven.

But when ...

I fail to be in keeping with your hunger.  
I visit my feeding place, and see your face,  
Without a trace of being fed at all.

But when...

Side II, Band 2. AS I WALKED OUT

Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & vocal  
Rick Lee: banjo & vocal

We learned this song from Nancy Grilikhes in New York City.  
It is a traditional American song and this version is very similar to one that Peggy Seeger does.

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian. .009 - D  
.009 - D  
.012 - A

As I walked out one May morning  
To hear the little birds sing sweet,  
I leaned my head against a little closed door  
To see true lovers meet.

To see true lovers meet, oh, my dear,  
And listen what they had to say,  
That I might know a little more of your mind  
Before I go away.

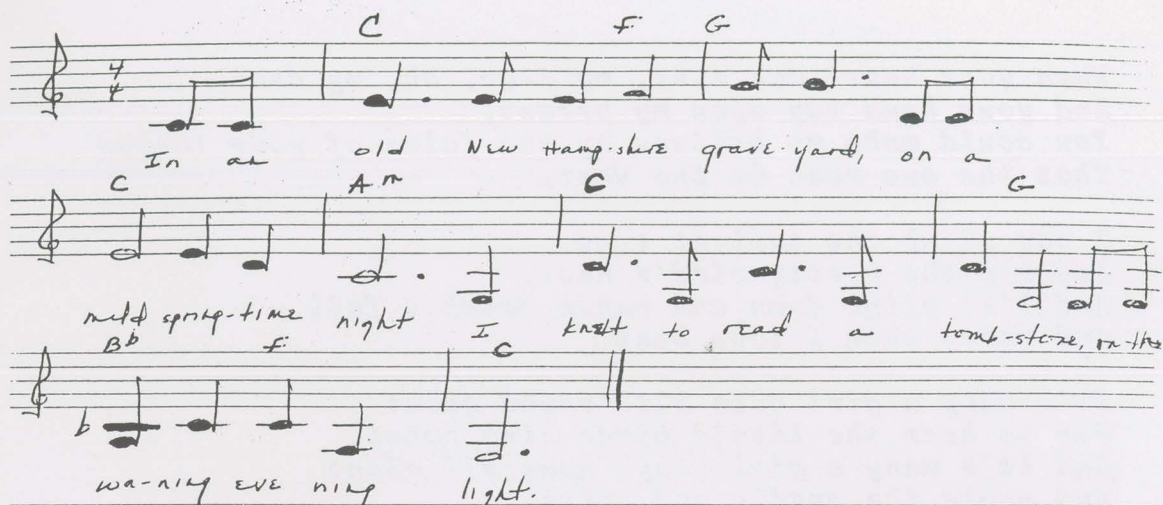
Set you down, set you down, my own true love,  
And stay a little while with me,  
For it's been three-quarters of a long, long year  
Since together we have been.

No, I can't sit down and I won't sit down,  
For I haven't but a moment's time.  
And I hear you're married to another true love  
And your heart is no more mine.









"Call me Professor Holden, know me by my fame.  
I hail the starry universe, it echoes back my name.

"My life I've spent searching, my name will endure.  
Great is my discovery," said the old astronomer.

One man's gift to everyman, a statement carved in stone.  
It marks his place of burial. The professor's dead and gone.

"Here lies the old astronomer who did surely prove  
The earth stands firm forever, the sun and stars do move."

#### Side II, Band 4. HUNGRY LOVING MORNING ON THE LAND

Words and music by Rick Lee  
Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Rick Lee: acoustic piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer

Dulcimer tuned: Aeolian .009 - C  
.009 - D  
.012 - A  
.022 - C

This is Rick's most recent song. It emerged on the final day of Spring, 1975, after two years without a new song. Just when unending drought was most feared, the restless and enchanted state in which songs are born reappeared.



Bare-foot mid-night, Na-ked on the  
 dew Wal-king south-west past a barn to  
 view wide-mouthed o-pen moon for just a few,  
 Chew-ing bloss-oms, pre-cious time with you.

Barefoot midnight

Naked on the dew

Walking southwest

Past a barn to view

Wide-mouthed open

Moon for just a few

Chewing blossoms

Precious time with you.

Waking stirring

All the years so numb

Restlessly enchanted

Embarrassingly dumb

Wander circle

"I'll surely fail," I hum

Gripping pencil

Writing with my thumb.



*Yearning sorrow  
Crying like a man  
Frozen terror  
Fifteen years again  
Melting slowly  
for your eye and hand  
Hungry loving  
Morning on the land.*

Side II, Band 5.            PATRICK SPENCER

*Words and music by Bob Coltman  
Copyright: Bob Coltman (BMI)*

*Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & vocal  
Rick Lee: electric piano*

We had often seen words for "Sir Patrick Spens" (Child 58) locked up in the ballad collections, but Bob took the story line and shaped it into this beautiful, singable version. He has recorded it for his forthcoming album on the Minstrel label, "Son of Child."

*Dulcimer tuned: Ionian.            .009 - E  
                                         .009 - E.  
                                         .012 - A*

*"Oh, don't the moon look pretty?  
She sails like a ship in the sky."  
"Darlin', you don't know nothin' about sailin',  
She's got a cast in her eye.  
When the moon weeps silvery tears,  
You can look for a terrible storm.  
God pity the sailor that's out tomorrow;  
I'm glad I can bide at home."*

*"If you be Patrick Spencer,  
And that you better had be,  
Here's a letter from the King.  
He commands you to go to sea.  
How little thinks he of the danger  
As he drinks of his wine and his song.  
His daughter's in far Noraway;  
She's sick and she wants to come home."*



Standing out to sea, oh Lord,  
It commenced to rain.  
The sea like a mighty mountain  
And the wind like a scream of pain.  
Patrick Spencer took his glass  
And he put it in Johnny's hand.  
"Run up, Johnny, as high as you can  
And see if you see any land."

"No land, Patrick Spencer,  
Never a sight of shore."  
"Well, then, give it over, boys,  
We'll never see home no more.  
Never mind your buckled shoes;  
You'll wet more than your feet.  
As for the letter from the King,  
It's a damn small winding sheet."

"Christine be a long, long time  
A-waitin' for me to come home.  
The cold cruel sea be a long, long time  
A-walkin' over my bones.  
That man that told the King of me,  
I wisht I had him here,  
And the one last wish that I would have  
Is to carry him under with me."

(repeat first verse)

## Side II, Band 6. THE WRECK OF THE TENNESSEE GRAVY TRAIN

Words and music by Uncle Dave Macon

Rick Lee: banjo & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & vocal

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian .009 - D  
.009 - D  
.012 - A

Rick learned this song from a recording of Uncle Dave Macon. We believe it tells of one of the state bank failures which preceded the Great Depression. Uncle Dave's perfect admixture of humor and bitterness may offer some brief immunity from latter-day variants of the same basic tale.



Whoa, the people of Tennessee want to know  
Who wrecked our gravy train.  
It's the one we had that was running so well,  
And now who can they blame?  
We want to know who greased the track  
And started it down the road.  
That same old train contained the money  
For to build our highway home.

But now we're up against it  
And no use to raise a row,  
For of all the times I ever seen,  
We're sure up against it now.  
And the only thing that we can do  
Is to do the best we can.  
So come all of you good people,  
I'm bound for the promised land.

Now I could be a banker  
Without the least excuse,  
But look at the Treasurer of Tennessee  
And tell me, what's the use?  
He lately looted Tennessee  
For just five million bucks.  
Now the bond's are forfeit, the money's paid out,  
And now we're in tough luck.

But now we're up against it....

Some lay it all on parties,  
Some blame it on others, you see.  
But now that you can plainly tell  
What happened in Tennessee.  
The brakeman pulled the throttle,  
The conductor rang the bell,  
The engineer hollered "All aboard,"  
And the banks all went to hell.

But now we're up against it....

## Side II, Band 7. A PICKER AND A GRINNER

Words and music by Bob Zentz  
Copyright 1974, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Rick Lee: acoustic piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & harmony vocal



Dulcimer tuned: Ionian.      .009 - E  
                                         .009 - E  
                                         .012 - A

This tune is part of a larger story about "Ramblin' Conrad" which may be heard on Bob's Folk-Legacy record (FSI-51) titled *Mirrors and Changes*. We learned it from Bob at a folk festival earlier this year and asked his permission to record it.

*He was a picker, a grinner,  
A singer and a sinner,  
But he sure could blow the mouth-harp somethin' fine.  
He was a thinker and a joker,  
A near-beer drinker and a Pall Mall smoker,  
And I'm proud to say he was a mighty good friend of mine.*

*And he could sing all night,  
Lord, he must have known a million songs.  
He made you feel all right,  
Till you knew you had to sing along.*

*He was a drunk-tank poet, a back porch preacher,  
And by now I know it, he was my teacher  
About life and things and people I'd of never known.  
He was a Jimmie Rodgers fan,  
He was a honky-tonk gentleman,  
And since the night I met him, I figure I must've grown.*

*And he could sing....*

*He was no stranger, at the police station.  
Why, he said he was arrested once for "fortification."  
He said, "That could mean anything, just bein' with a  
woman, that's all."  
He was a backstage shaker and a back table snoozer;  
He was a G-string breaker and a flatpick loser,  
But his name in lights was the best thing he could recall.*

*And he could sing....*

Side II, Band 8.

CONFUSED

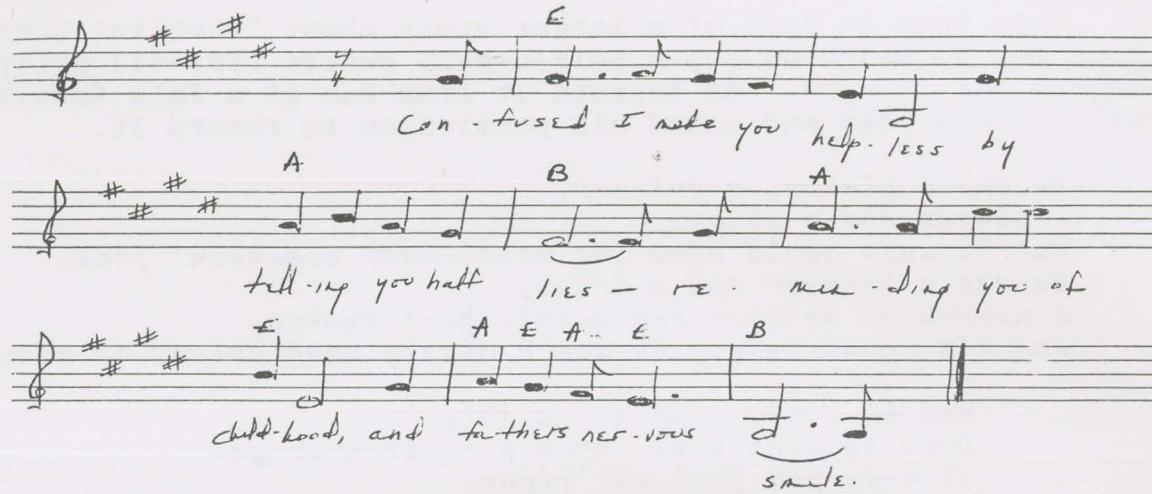
*Words and music by Rick Lee  
Copyright 1975, Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.*

*Rick Lee: electric piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer*

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian.      .009 - D  
                                         .009 - D  
                                         .012 - A



The danger and the promise of instant strong and loving feelings between strangers with real lives of their own are enriched but confused by wishes and visions of other possible worlds and times.



Confused, I make you helpless by telling you half lies,  
Reminding you of childhood, and father's nervous smiles.

Tonight has brought us closer, like porcupine to pine,  
To feel our warmth together, and risk each other's spines.

The danger and the promise come together with each breath  
Of moon talk, lights and shadows, and of the cloud's  
bright web.

We both have lives more settled, and we must not take  
the chance  
Of coming any closer than this night's tripping dance.

Now, I can turn my vision and I can see you as I feel,  
But then, to love that picture, just doesn't work out real.

(sung twice, with repeated first verse)

## Side II, Band 9. WHAT IS TO BE WILL BE

Words and music by Porter Wagoner (BMI)

Rick Lee: acoustic piano & vocal  
Lorraine Lee: dulcimer & vocal

Dulcimer tuned: Mixolydian. .009 - D  
.009 - D  
.012 - A



We learned this from the singing of Dolly Parton, whose album of Porter Wagoner's songs remains one of our favorites. We have used this song to close many performances. When a room full of people sings this chorus together, we feel joined to an audience in a magical way.

*I've learned to live my life just a little bit lighter.  
I learned to look on the lonely days just a little bit  
brighter.*

*My heart's been throwed around, it ain't done enough  
laughin'*

*What is to be will be and what ain't to be just might  
happen.*

*It don't do no good (don't do no good)*

*To worry none (to worry none).*

*Just turn your hair grey (turn your hair grey)*

*While you're young (while you're young).*

*Love can make you sing, start your hands to clappin'.*

*What is to be will be and what ain't to be just might  
happen.*

*Now, you can't never tell where love might find you.*

*It could be miles away, or right behind you.*

*Some makes you hurt real bad, some makes you happy.*

*What is to be will be and what ain't to be just might  
happen.*

*It don't do no good....*

*You know, I had a love one time sent me out on a ledge.*

*I was fourteen stories high, standin' right on the edge.*

*I don't want that kind no more, start my world a-crackin'.*

*What is to be will be and what ain't to be just might  
happen.*

*It don't do no good....*

NOTE: All songs published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. are BMI.



