

*"Across  
the  
Blue  
Mountains"*

**HARRY  
TUFT**



**FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

SHARON, CONNECTICUT





*"Across the Blue Mountains"*

# HARRY TUFT

*With Ed Trickett, Dick Weissman, Artie Traum and Jay Ungar  
Recorded by Sandy Paton  
Notes by Harry Tuft*

Harry Tuft has been an important factor in the American folksong revival for a long while, first in Philadelphia (his home) where he hosted some of the finest singing parties in the revival's history, and later in Denver, where he established one of the most successful folklore centers in the country, an enterprise that still flourishes. He has produced hundreds of concerts, small and large, of other singers, furthering their careers while neglecting his own. He's that kind of person — gentle, unassuming, non-aggressive.

Harry approaches a song in the same way he approaches life: exploring it cautiously and thoroughly, patiently waiting until it has become an "old friend" before adding it to his active repertoire. Once it is there, however, he is able to present it to us with an engaging intimacy. He is not one to flash a song in front of us with superficial brilliance; rather, he opens it for us with an impressive tenderness, allowing us to see into its heart. His may not be the only way to approach the folksinger's art, but it is a lovely and a highly expressive one.

For those who have never had a chance to hear Harry Tuft, this album will serve as a delightful introduction to one of the finest interpreters in the folksong revival.

*Sandy Paton  
July, 1976*

## Side 1

IN 1845 — 2:58  
YOU GONNA QUIT ME, BABY — 2:53  
HARVEST SONG (Weissman, BMI) — 3:02  
LORD GREGORY — 3:16  
THE MERMAID — 4:09  
I SAW HER AS SHE CAME AND WENT  
(trad./Rustin) — 2:29  
LUCY ANN RAG (Weissman, BMI) — 2:43

## Side 2

OLD DOLORES (trad./Rogers) — 3:11  
SWEET SUBSTITUTE — 2:45  
SNOWBIRD (Weissman, BMI) — 3:54  
CALIFORNIA BOY — 3:29  
ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS — 3:08  
GRIESELly BRIDE (Manifold/Campbell) — 3:04  
MRS. RAVOON (trad./Mastin) — 3:26

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

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# HARRY TUFT

## *“Across the Blue Mountains”*

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HARRY TUTT

"Across the Blue Mountains"



FOLK-LEAD RECORDING



HARRY TUFT

I guess I've been singing for as long as I can remember (but I do have a notoriously short memory), especially in my room, to the popular music of the day ('40's & '50's). I must confess I did want to be a "Perry Como." I learned piano at age seven (forgot it at age nine), clarinet at ten, and the ukulele at thirteen. By fifteen it was a baritone uke; in college a six-string guitar.

When I returned to Philadelphia in 1957, I found a lively folk scene centered around a coffee house, The Gilded Cage. Ed and Esther Halpern, the owners, not only encouraged people to use the back room for informal singing, but also ran a "round-robin" sing on Sunday afternoons. It was there I was first encouraged to sing in public, and there I met Lee and Tossi Aaron, who included me in a concert in York, Pennsylvania, my first time on stage. At a Sunday hoot in 1959 I met Dick Weissman, who was then living in New York. Dick's approach to the music was (and still is) unique and refreshing to me. We began a friendship that continues to this day.

Roger Abrahams shared with me his interest in folk music and folklore. Those times at Roger's "stacked room" house on Isminger Street were very special — learning songs I still count among my favorites.

Those three years in and around Philadelphia prior to my coming west were formative years. Between activities in the city and trips to visit Dick in New York, my interest in and excitement with Anglo-American folk music grew to be most important, even though I was studying to be an architect at the time.

In the fall of 1960, Dick got a job accompanying Martha Schlamme at the Ash Grove in Los Angeles. I was aching for some skiing and a release from school, so we traveled together as far as Denver, where I got a job in the mountains as a dishwasher, busboy, waiter, bartender, janitor, and if there was a lull in the work at night, I could sing in the bar — my first real paying job.

It was at that bar, "The Holy Cat," in Georgetown, that Hal Neustaedter, the owner of "The Exodus" (a folk club in Denver), suggested that a folklore center might go as a part-time thing in Denver. It took another six months or so to decide to try out his idea. Izzy Young, owner of the first and only (at that time) Folklore Center, on MacDougal Street in the



Village, was of great help to me, offering advice, sources of supply, and encouragement. So, in the fall of 1961, I returned to Denver to open the Denver Folklore Center.

By committing myself to a store, I pretty much gave up the idea of becoming a full-time performer, and I satisfied myself with teaching and occasional singing when time allowed. However, in 1966 Ed and Penny Trickett came to Denver for the year and I felt renewed urgings to sing and rediscover some of the songs I'd put aside. That year was a great one for singing parties, and even after their return to the East Ed and I have been able to continue singing together from time to time, either in Denver or around the East, and those occasional reunions are always special times for me.

By the Spring of the store's thirteenth year, 1974, I was again feeling renewed urgings to sing. The store had grown in size and had become financially stable (due to the efforts of some devoted friends and fellow workers). That Fall, the management of the store and the concert hall was assumed by a group in the store and I was given the freedom to pursue music full-time. That happy arrangement continues to this day.

If and when you come to or through Denver, I hope you'll stop at the Folklore Center. If I'm not there, I'm probably not far away. I think you'll enjoy the mixture of people, music and merchandise you'll find there.

#### "THE NITTY-GRITTY"

Michael Cooney gave me a valued compliment once — he said that when I gave him a song it was the song that was important. Well, Michael, it is still the song, and not the singer. I hope hearing these songs will make you, the listener, curious enough to want to seek out Dick Weissman, Marc Silber, Roger Abrahams, Tom Campbell, Tom Mastin, George Downing or Karen Dalton, and, of course, Ed Trickett, Dave Van Ronk, and the Patons, and get them to sing you not only the originals of those songs I sing, but also some others from the great storehouse of songs that each of them has.

Thanks to Dick Weissman, who first encouraged me to sing professionally, and whose additions to this album are immeasurable. Thanks also to Ed and Penny Trickett, whose enthusiasm and friendship made singing fun again. Dick, Ed and Penny, and Sandy and Caroline have been tremendously supportive in the making of this album. Jay Ungar and Artie Traum have added their touch of excellence. By the way, Jay has an album on Philo Records, shared with Lyndon Hardy Ungar, and Artie has just completed a solo album for Rounder Records. Ed's second Folk-Legacy album is scheduled for release in the Spring, 1977,



along with a new album by Dick Weissman, featuring his banjo artistry.

My thanks to Phyllis Wagner, Bill and Irma Fleming, and all the folks at the DFC, past and present, who have allowed me the time and "psychic space" for music; also to Jack Stanesco and Steve Abbott, my partners in "Grubstake," who constantly remind me that it's a lot of fun to make music together.

This album is dedicated to my folks, who have given me love, trust, support, and who believed in me even when I wasn't so sure; to Aunt Ann and Uncle Fred, harsh critics and staunch supporters — they would have been proud to own this album; to Rosalie for her strength and willingness to share; most of all to Martha, friend and lover, constant companion.

Harry Tuft  
November, 1976

### THE SONGS

#### SIDE 1, BAND 1. IN 1845

I learned this version from a tape of Greg Hildebrand made at the Folklore Center Concert Hall in Denver in 1967. Greg had formed the Boulder Ghetto Spasm Band (or Swami Mogananda's Indian Rubber Band). He had recently left Bloomington, Indiana, and was living in Boulder. Joe Hickerson adds that this song can also be heard on the Folkways record "Fine Times at Our House" (FS 3809).

Key: G. Ed adds his fine hammered dulcimer and Dick the definitive 5-string banjo.

*I woke up one morning in 1845;  
Thought myself quite lucky, just to be alive.  
Harnessed up my old team, my business to pursue,  
And I went to haulin' coal like I used for to do.*

*The alehouse bein' open, the whiskey flowin' free,  
Soon as I drank one glass, another stood for me.  
I only hauled but one load, instead of haulin' four,  
And I got so drunk at Chippen's Ford I couldn't haul no  
more.*

*Grabbed my saddle across my back, staggered to the barn.  
Harnessed up my old mare, thinkin' it no harm.  
Jumped on her back and I rode off so still  
That I scarcely drew a breath 'til I come to Laurel Hill.*



My father fast pursued me, rode both night and day;  
Must have had a pilot, or else he'd lost his way.  
Looked in every hole and cranny, stopped at every light,  
'Til his old grey locks was wet with the dew of the  
night.

I have an honest comrade, his name I will not tell.  
He asked me if I'd go downtown with him to cut a swell,  
And, after much persuasion, with him I did agree  
And we went off to a tailor shop, some fiddlers for to see.

Up stepped four young ladies, ready for a dance;  
Up stepped four young gentlemen, all in advance.  
The fiddlers bein' willing, their arms a-bein' strong,  
I danced the ground at Laurel Hill about four hours long.

SIDE 1, BAND 2. YOU GONNA QUIT ME, BABY

This is a Blind Blake song, correctly titled "You Gonna Quit Me Blues." Arthur Blake was among the most popular of the East Coast blues guitarists. He died in the 1930's. I learned the song from Marc Silber some five years ago, on one of his all too infrequent visits to Denver.

After recording this number, I found the original on a Yazoo album, *Guitar Wizards 1926-1935* (Yazoo L1016), which is still available. Upon listening to it, I realized that Marc's phrasing and instrumentation are close to Blake's, but almost all the words are different. Here are some of the original words:

You gonna quit me, baby, put me out of doors.

Give you my money, honey, to buy your shoes and clothes.

Six months on the chain gang, believe me, 'tain't no fun.

Day you quit me, baby, that's the day you die (also "done").

Jailhouse ain't no plaything, believe me, 'tain't no lie.

This is a sixteen bar blues, with the last line of the vocal unspoken. I try to follow Marc's way of singing and playing. Artie really gives the song the life it has. If you're in the Berkeley/Oakland area and want a treat, find Marc Silber's store, Moose Music, and get him to do this song for you. He's the most satisfying interpreter of the blues song I know. Tell him he's long overdue for another trip to Denver.

Key: C. Artie plays lead guitar to my basic guitar accompaniment.



You gonna quit me, baby,  
Good as I been to you,  
Good as I been to you, doggone...

Standin' at a station,  
Suitcase in my hand,  
Suitcase in my hand, doggone...

Tell me, tell me, baby,  
Where'd you stay last night?  
Where'd you stay last night, doggone...

I can get me another woman,  
Soon as you get you a man,  
Soon as you get you a man, doggone...

You gonna miss me, baby,  
Good as I, good as I been to you,  
Good as I, good as I been to you, doggone,  
Good as I...

SIDE 1, BAND 3. HARVEST SONG (Weissman)

Dick wrote this song on a trip to Crested Butte, Colorado, in the summer of 1963. He recorded it on a solo album he made for Capitol in 1964.

Key: Cm (Am fingerings).  
Harry: lead voice and guitar.  
Dick: banjo and harmony on the chorus.

Copyright: SNOWBIRD SONGS, BMI.

'Round my backdoor, the river runs;  
The land's gone dry from too much sun.  
Dust clouds hang in an empty sky;  
If it don't rain soon, my crops will die.

'Cause I'm too young to stay here,  
But I won't leave this town.  
Plant my seed in the deep, brown earth;  
Pray for the harvest to come 'round,  
Pray for the harvest to come 'round.

First I tried cotton, and then some corn.  
The stalks grew high, 'bout six foot long.  
Mean old dust come a-whirlin' down  
And it cut that young corn to the ground.



*When the sun comes up and the sparrows call,  
The leaves turn red and start to fall.  
Field's of bright gold, hear the heifers sigh;  
I'll till the land until I die.*

SIDE 1, BAND 4.      LORD GREGORY

In the summer of 1960, I met Karen Dalton in New York, through Dick Weissman. She sang this song and taught it to me, having learned it herself from Caroline Paton in Aspen, Colorado, the summer before. Caroline had learned it from Shirley Collins, in London, in 1958. Shirley had learned the ballad from Elizabeth Cronin, a wonderful old singer from Ireland. A fragment of Mrs. Cronin's singing of it can be heard on the Caedmon series of Child ballads. Karen apparently altered the melody somewhat from that sung by Caroline. This interpretation has also been recorded by Judy Collins.

Jay Ungar is responsible for the sensitive mandolin additions.

*I am the Queen's daughter, I come from Cappoquin  
In search of Lord Gregory; pray God I find him.*

*The rain beats on my yellow hair, the dew wets my skin;  
My wee babe's cold in my arms, Lord Gregory, let me in.*

*Lord Gregory he is not here, I swear can't be seen;  
He's gone to bonnie Scotland for to bring home a fair  
Queen.*

*So, leave now these windows, likewise this hall,  
For it's deep in the sea you should hide your downfall.*

*Don't you remember, love, that night in Cappoquin,  
When we exchanged rings, love, and I against my will.*

*Yours was pure silver and mine was but tin;  
Oh, yours cost a guinea and mine but a pin.*

*My curse on you, Mother, my curse being so;  
I dreamed that my true love come a-knockin' at my door.*

*Sleep now, my foolish son, lie down now and sleep;  
'Twas only a servant girl lies drowned in the deep.*

*Go saddle me the black horse, the brown and the bay;  
Go saddle the finest horse in my stable this day.*

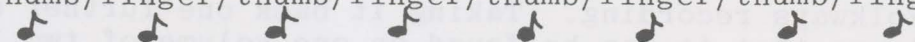
*I'll ride over mountains and valleys so wide;  
I'll find the girl I love and lie by her side.*



SIDE 1, BAND 5. THE MERMAID

Learned from a Riverside recording of Peggy Seeger, this is her arrangement of the ballad, Child #289. Ed joins me, playing the 12-string guitar.

Key: Eb (C fingering). The predominant right hand style is an adaptation of the Elizabeth Cotton finger-picking style where all "the holes are filled," producing what is sometimes called the "Peggy Seeger Roll." In C, the right hand pattern is:

	Thumb/finger/thumb/finger/thumb/finger/thumb/finger	
		
	Th m Th i Th m Th i	
String# 5	2 4 3 5 2 4 3	
	(6) (6) (1)	

*I cruised out on a fine summer's eve,  
All out of sight of the land,  
There I spied a mermaid a-sittin' on a rock  
With a comb and a glass in her hand.*

*This little mermaid sprang into the deep;  
The wind began to blow.  
The rain and the hail, so dark in the air,  
We will never see land anymore.*

*Oh, the wind, how it does blow,  
Old stormy seas, how they roar;  
One for a sailor a-strugglin' in the deep,  
And the landlord safe on the shore.*

*Now the first on deck was the Captain of the ship,  
A fine lookin' fella was he;  
Says, "We're all lost for the want of a boat,  
And we'll lie at the bottom of the sea.*

*"And I have a wife, I have three little babes;  
Tonight they'll be waitin' for me.  
They may wait, they may look 'til the salt sea dries,  
For I'll be at the bottom of the sea."*

*Now the next on deck was our little cabin boy,  
And a mean lookin' fella was he;  
Says, "I care no more for my wife and my babes  
Than I do for the bottom of the sea."*

*Nine times 'round spun our gallant ship,  
Nine times 'round spun she;  
Nine times 'round spun our gallant ship  
And she sank to the bottom of the sea.*



*Oh, the wind, how it does blow,  
Old stormy seas, how they roar;  
One for a sailor a-strugglin' in the deep,  
And the landlord safe on the shore.*

SIDE 1, BAND 6. I SAW HER AS SHE CAME AND WENT

I first heard this song sung by Ed and Penny Trickett, in Denver, in 1966. I seem to remember that they traced it to Addis and Crofut. Joe Hickerson, at the Library of Congress, concurs in the belief that it can be found on an Addis and Crofut Folkways recording. Taking it back one further step, Joe tells me that it can be found on one volume of two 10" LPs done for the Fellowship of Reconciliation where the song is credited to Bayard Rustin, a speaker/singer who sang tenor with "Josh White and the Singing Christians." I don't have those records, but I assume, like Joe, that Bayard Rustin arranged the song. I'd appreciate hearing from anyone with more information about it.

This is perhaps my favorite song on this album, and certainly the most mysterious ("Mrs. Ravoon" notwithstanding). I also find myself painfully identifying with the writer's being too hesitant, and "losing the moment." Ed's singing and hammered dulcimer playing give the song the special magic I hear in it.

Key: Em.

*I saw her as she came and went;  
I saw her queenly, meek and mild,  
As innocent as in a (any) child,  
A flower among her flowers,  
Among her flowers content.*

*I come again, and in her place  
Are silence and a vacant room,  
And, in my heart, a sudden gloom  
That I no more shall see,  
No more shall see her face.*

*There was a word I might have said,  
But what it was I do not know.  
I let the days fly by, and now,  
Now I must say it to,  
Must say it to her, dead.*



SIDE 1, BAND 7. LUCY ANN RAG

This was written by Dick Weissman while he was one of the "Journeymen," a popular folk group of the early '60's. I got it from him then, but learned it only a short time before recording it. I'm joined by the "Lucy Ann Trio" (Laraine Grady Traum, Artie Traum and Dick Weissman). Dick and Artie provide the guitar accompaniment.

*Had a little girl by the name of Lucille;  
Makes me want to hang around Mobile.*

*Lucy Ann, Lucy Grey,  
I'm gonna marry you some day.*

*Tell you, Lucy, what I'd like to do;  
I'd like to run away with you.*

*Scared to travel in your neighborhood,  
'Cause your mom and daddy think I ain't no good.*

*Some day I will be a wealthy man;  
Until that time, I'll do the best I can.*

SIDE 2, BAND 1. OLD DOLORES

The first singer of folksongs I met when I moved out to the mountains west of Denver was George Downing. We met at the Holy Cat in Georgetown where, as George recollects, I was a "singing bartender." This was in the Fall of 1960, and it began an intermittent but affectionate friendship that still continues. Both Ed and I heard George sing "Old Dolores," and it was Ed who learned it first, and we'd sing it together sometimes.

Then it showed up on Utah Phillips' Philo album *El Capitan*. Bruce (Utah) says in his notes that he learned it from Judy Collins, and that it was written by James Grafton Rogers, former mayor of Georgetown, Colorado, former Dean of the University of Denver Law School, and an Assistant Secretary of State under President Herbert Hoover. Apparently the music was somewhat adapted from an old folksong, with Mr. Rogers writing words about a small town in the southwestern part of the state.

I talked to George about it yesterday and he confirmed he had learned it from Judy Collins at a folksong party in the late '50's in Denver. I might add that he recorded it on a very limited edition recording of a "Folk Festival at the Exodus," one of two recordings produced in the late '50's out of the first and finest folk club in the Rockies. Also on that



album were Judy Collins, Walt Conley, and Dave Wood.

George still gets out his guitar (the finest herringbone D-28 I've ever heard) and plays the old songs in the old style (he's known as "the fastest thumb in the West") and, in fact, still plays at the old Georgetown place, which is now known as the Crazy Horse.

This version has Dick playing banjo, Ed on hammered dulcimer, with both singing on the choruses. The key is G.

*In the country down below,  
Where the little piñons grow,  
And it's nearly always half a day to water,  
There stood a little town  
Where a stream come tricklin' down  
From the mesa where it surely shouldn't oughter.  
The streets were bright with candlelight,  
The whole town joined the chorus.  
And every man in sight  
Let his cattle drift at night  
To mosey to the town of Old Dolores.*

*Then things would kind of spin  
Till the sun come up again  
Like the back of some old yella prairie wagon,  
And show us, dim and red,  
A half a hundred head  
Of our saddle ponies standin', reins a-draggin'.  
The red mud walls, the waterfalls,  
The whole wide world before us.  
But the 'dobe walls are gone,  
And the goats' bells in the dawn  
Ain't a-jinglin' in the streets of Old Dolores.*

*The pretty<sup>(1)</sup> girls would fool  
By the plaza in the cool;  
There's one, I used to meet her by a willow.  
But I guess most any girl  
Gives a fella's heart a whirl  
When the same's been usin' saddles for a pillow.  
The wide-eyed stars, the big cigars,  
The drinks that Joe poured for us.<sup>(2)</sup>  
If there's any little well  
Down within the gates of hell,  
I know the boys have named it Old Dolores.*

*(the last five lines are repeated)*

NOTES: (1) In the original, this adjective was "greaser." Ed and I found this unpleasant and changed it. Bruce says "dance-hall," which could come from him, or from Judy's later change. George sings it as it was written.



(2) There's some folk-process here, because Bruce sings "the drinks at Joe Portfola's," whereas I sing it as George does. The answer may be found in an issue of the *Colorado Folksong Bulletin* that Professor Ben Lumpkin published some years ago at the University of Colorado. Unfortunately, I have not been able to locate a copy in time to include the information in these notes.

SIDE 2, BAND 2. SWEET SUBSTITUTE

In the late '50's, there were only a few young, white blues enthusiasts. Foremost among these was Dave Van Ronk, and from his recordings I heard, among others, the first guitar interpretations of the great early jazz pieces of Jelly Roll Morton. Many years later I realized that this song has "osmosed" its way into my mind and I began singing it without returning to Van Ronk's recording of it (Folkways FA 2383). So, whatever changes have occurred are due to my lapses of memory.

I've since heard the chorus sung by Jelly Roll Morton himself on an album I would also recommend: *The Commodore Years — Jelly Roll Morton: New Orleans Memories and Last Band Dates* (Atlantic SD2-308).

Jay Ungar was good enough to come to Sharon to help enrich this album. His fiddle playing seems to set us both in some old southern dance hall — I love what he plays.

*My gal went away;  
I knew I'd want her back someday,  
So I thought I would look around.  
See what I have found:*

*Sweet Substitute, sweet substitute,  
She always tells me she's mine, all mine.  
Does anything I want, you know; love is blind.  
She's got such lovin' ways,  
She got my heart right down in a daze.  
My new recruit, she's awful sweet and cute;  
I'm really crazy 'bout my substitute.*

*(repeat, with last line:)*

*I'm really crazy 'bout my substitute.  
Don't want no reg'lars,  
Crazy 'bout my substitute.*



SIDE 2, BAND 3. SNOWBIRD (BMI)

This was written by Dick Weissman, around 1960, in New York, demonstrating Dick's talent for thinking up hit titles.

Key: E (D fingerings, with lowered 1st and 6th strings).  
Dick's tuning is ADAAD, reading from 5th to 1st strings.

*Wish I was a snowbird, flyin' in the sky;  
I'd dip my wings in white, and I'd fly so high.*

*Oh, the world is free, and I'm gone once more;  
Gone too swift for the winds to blow.*

*Wish I was a pine tree, tallest in the grove;  
I'd lift my head so high I'd touch the stars above.*

*Oh, I climbed a mountain with a Red Rock wren;  
Flowers laughin' at me — I wish that I was them.*

SIDE 2, BAND 4. CALIFORNIA BOY

I learned this from Dick Weissman, in Philadelphia, in the late '50's. It was previously recorded by Pat Foster, with Dick Weissman, on a Riverside album of Gold Rush songs. I quote from the notes to that album (by Kenneth Goldstein):

"This song appears to be a Forty-niner's adaptation of a widely known British broadside. In its original old-world form, the song concerns soldiers and lumbermen. The version sung here was collected in Missouri in 1914; the tune was learned from Sam Eskin's singing of a lumberman's version, 'The Pinery Boy.'"

Dick Weissman weaves lovely lines around the melody on his nylon-strung Pimentel guitar.

Key: Bm (Am fingerings)

*Goin' to California is a dreary plight;  
Robs young girls of their heart's delight.  
Causes them to weep; causes them to mourn  
The loss of a true love, never more to return.*

*Father, Oh Father, build me a boat,  
So that I may on the ocean float.  
I'll hail every vessel passing me by,  
And I shall inquire of my California boy.*



*Black is the color of my true love's hair,  
And his lips they are so wondrous fair.  
Should he return, it would bring me joy;  
None shall I have but my California boy.*

*(repeat first verse)*

SIDE 2, BAND 5. ACROSS THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

I learned this from Roger Abrahams, who used to sing it in the late '50's, when he was completing his doctorate in folklore at the University of Pennsylvania. He, in turn, learned it from Mrs. Marybird McAllister, of Brown's Cove, Virginia. Roger was introduced to Mrs. McAllister by Paul Clayton, her next door neighbor. Roger recorded an album for Prestige in the early 60's, and included this about Mrs. McAllister:

"Mrs. McAllister is not only one of the finest people I have ever met, she is also one of the finest singers. In her 84 years of life, she has never strayed from one side or another of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and the many songs which she sings have been learned from her family and neighbors. She has a wonderful sense of humor that is reflected in the great majority of her songs, though her repertoire extends from the oldest ballads to sentimental songs popular around the turn of the century."

Mrs. McAllister's songs were being prepared for publication by Paul Clayton at the time of his death. I don't know what has happened to the material. Of the many songs in that collection, I also learned "The Battle of Richmond" and the song "Done Laid Around," which has seen wide circulation.

Ed learned this song independently, and the version we sing is his, with Ed singing lead in the two-part sections. Both of us play guitars.

*One morning, one morning, one morning in May,  
I overheard a married man to a young girl did say:  
"Go dress you up, pretty Katie, and come along with me,  
Across the Blue Mountains to the Allegheny.*

*"I'll buy you a horse, love, and a saddle to ride;  
I'll buy myself another to ride by your side.  
We'll stop at every tavern; we'll drink when we're dry.  
Across the Blue Mountains goes my Katie and I."*

*Then up stepped her mother, and angry was she then,  
Saying, "Daughter, oh Daughter, he is a married man.  
Besides, there are young men plenty, much handsomer than he.  
Let him take his own wife to the Allegheny."*



*"But Mother, oh Mother, he's the man of my own heart,  
And wouldn't it be an awful thing for me and my love to part?  
I'd vallee (value?) every woman that ever I did see  
Who crossed the Blue Mountains to the Allegheny."*

SIDE 2, BAND 6. THE GRIESLY BRIDE

Tom Campbell read a poem called "The Griesly Wife" by John Manifold, an Australian poet, in a high school text book called *Sound and Sense, An Introduction to Poetry*, edited by Laurence Perrine and published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. (New York). He adapted the text and added the melody that I sing here. Griesly, by the way, is the correct spelling (the proof-reader goofed on the jacket liner); it means "uncanny."

I've heard that the story of wolves assuming human form to take revenge on hunters and trappers can be found in the folklore of a number of countries.

I try to sing this as close as I can to the way Tom sang it into a cassette recorder for me at the Cafe York in Denver around 1972. Tom's best-known song to date is "Darcy Farrow," written with Steve Gillette. More recently, Tom has been working throughout the western states on initiatives to limit the expansion of the use of nuclear energy

*"Lie down, my newly married wife;  
Lie easy as you can.  
You're young, and ill-accustomed yet  
To sleeping with a man."*

*The snow was deep, the moon was full  
As it shown on the cabin floor.  
His young bride rose without a word  
And ran barefoot through the door.*

*He up and followed, fast and sure,  
And an angry man was he,  
But his young bride wasn't e'er in sight,  
And only the moon shone clearly.*

*He followed her track through the new deep snow,  
Calling out loud her name.  
Only the dingoes\* in the hills (\*wild dogs)  
Yowled back at him again.*

*Then the hair stood up along his neck  
And his angry mind was gone,  
For where the two-foot track gave out,  
A four-footed track went on.*



*Her nightgown lay upon the snow  
As it might on a bed sheet,  
And the tracks that led from where it lay  
Were never of human feet.*

*He first started in to walkin' back,  
Then he began to run,  
And his quarry turned all in her track  
And hunted him in turn.*

*An empty bed still waits for him  
As he lies in a crimson tide.  
Beware, beware, oh trapper men,  
Beware of a griesly bride.*

SIDE 2, BAND 7.     MRS. RAVOON

Tom Mastin came to the Green Spider, a coffee house in existence in Denver from the late '50's through the mid-'60's, I guess it was in 1962 or '63. From him I taped two songs made from poems: "Calico Pie" by Edward Lear and "Mrs. Ravoon" which Tom said is an old English rhyme. He put the music to both. Tom has since written many more fine songs, some of which can be found on Jefferson Airplane albums.

My last contact with Tom was two summers ago, when he was living in Estes Park, Colorado.

Here, Artie plays 2nd guitar, Dick plays banjo, and they both join in on the choruses, carefully remaining appropriately serious in their singing and playing.

Key: Cm (Am fingerings)

*I climbed the clock tower 'neath the noonday sun;  
'Twas midday, at least, ere my journey was done.  
But the clock never sounded the last stroke of noon,  
For there from the clapper swung Mrs. Ravoon.*

*Mrs. Ravoon, Mrs. Ravoon,  
You are too much with me, late and soon.*

*I stole through the dungeon whilst everyone slept  
Till I came to the place where the monster was kept.  
There in the arms of a giant baboon,  
Rigid and smiling, lay Mrs. Ravoon.*

*I stood by the water, so green and so thick,  
And I stirred at the scum with my old, withered stick,  
When there rose from the depths of the limpid lagoon  
The luminous body of Mrs. Ravoon.*



I pulled in my line and I took my first look  
At the half-eaten horror that hung from my hook.  
I had dragged from the depths of that limpid lagoon  
The bloated cadaver of Mrs. Ravoon.

I went to an amateur butcher I know  
For the gut of a cat for my violin bow,  
But I never imagined I'd play my next tune  
On the shuddering entrails of Mrs. Ravoon.

I ran through the marsh 'midst the lightning and thunder,  
When a terrible flash split the darkness asunder.  
Chewing a rat's tail and mumbling a rune,  
Mad in the moat, squatted Mrs. Ravoon.

Mrs. Ravoon, Mrs. Ravoon,  
You are too much with me, late and soon.

Mrs. Ravoon, Mrs. Ravoon,  
You are too much with me.....

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