

FSI-64

Gently down the Stream of Time

Ed Trickett



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069





FOLK-LEGACY

Ed Trickett

Gently down the Stream of Time

**Side 1**

GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM OF TIME (p. d.)	3:54
A LA RORRO, NIÑO (PARA EL ARRULLO) (trad.)	3:05
CALICO PIE (Lear/Mastin)	3:59
EYES ARE BLUE / WILD HORSE (instrumental)	2:24
THE FIT	1:36
TEAR OLD WILSON DOWN (Coltman)	2:56
CRANEY HILL (Workman)	4:41

Side 2

BONNY LOVE (Clayton)	2:50
ONLY AN HOUR UNTIL MORNING (Ward)	3:08
WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD? (p. d.)	4:21
GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK (p. d.)	3:27
HYMN SONG (Phillips)	4:19
JANUARY MAN (Goulder) /	2:36
GENTLY (instrumental reprise)	2:40
	5:18

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover design by Sandy Paton and Lani Herrmann
Photographs by Sarah Heath

For this, his second Folk-Legacy recording, Ed Trickett has selected a program of traditional and contemporary songs reflecting the cycle of human life — from infancy, through adolescence, adulthood, and, finally, into old age. As an introduction, he has chosen this quotation:

"Not long ago I went on a summer walk through a smiling countryside in the company . . . of a young but already famous poet. The poet admired the beauty of the scene but felt no joy in it. He was disturbed by the thought that all this beauty was fated to extinction, that it would vanish when winter came, like all human beauty and all the beauty and splendor that men have created or may create. All that he would otherwise have loved and admired seemed to him to be shorn of its worth by the transience which was its doom . . .

"I could not see my way to dispute the transience of all things, nor could I insist upon an exception in favor of what is beautiful and perfect. But I did dispute the pessimistic poet's view that the transience of what is beautiful involves any loss in its worth.

"On the contrary, an increase! Transience value is scarcity value in time . . . It was incomprehensible, I declared, that the thought of the transience of beauty should interfere with our joy in it. As regards the beauty of Nature, each time it is destroyed by winter it comes again next year . . . The beauty of the human form and face vanish as ever in the course of our own lives, but their evanescence only lends them a fresh charm. A flower that blossoms only for a single night does not seem to us on that account less lovely."

Sigmund Freud
"On Transience," circa 1915

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Descriptive notes and lyrics in enclosed booklet.

Ed Trickett

*Gently
down
the
Stream
of
Time*

*... for Jennifer
and Katechen*



David Kiphuth



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Drawing by David Kiphuth
Booklet design by Lani Herrmann

I'm grateful to those who contributed so much to "Gently down the Stream of Time" — to Penny, who has helped me think it through, sing it, and live it — to Gordon, whose musical sensibilities I value second only to the pleasure of his company — to Ruth and Harry, who supported the singer and the songs in so many ways — to Barry and his enthusiastic willingness to get inside new music — and to Sandy, who helped put it and us together.

Ed Trickett

Side 1, Band 1

Gently down the Stream of Time

Ed Trickett: guitar and lead vocal
Gordon Bok: guitar
Harry Guffee: dobro
Chorus: Gordon Bok, Ruth Guffee,
Harry Guffee, Penny Trickett

"Gently down the Stream of Time" is an old song, written by Maj. J. Barton in 1869 — the sheet music cost 40 cents, a real bargain. Joe Hickerson taught me the song several years ago at the Fox Hollow Festival.

*Gently down the stream of time
floats our bark toward the sea.
Sweetly peals the evening chime;
hear it echo loud (wild) and free.
Friends have gone, ties have been broken,
fears and doubts and hopes sublime,
Careless words, so (though) idly spoken,
lie sleeping 'neath the stream of
time. (2)*

*Over on that golden shore,
forms unseen are chanting low,
Strains we loved in days of yore,
memories of long ago.
Voices now are hushed forever,
tears and flowers strew their grave,
And this mighty rushing river
buries all beneath its wave. (2)*

*(repeat the last half of the second
verse)*

Side 1, Band 2

A la rorro, Niño (Para el Arrullo)

Ed Trickett: hammered dulcimer and
lead vocal
Ruth Guffee: mountain dulcimer
Chorus: Gordon Bok, Ruth Guffee,
Harry Guffee, Penny Trickett

About 15 years ago George and Gerry Armstrong taught me this lullaby from the "Las Posadas" that Chicago's Old Town School of Folk Music enacted for

several years. George writes: "'Posada' means lodging place, and this traditional Mexican celebration commemorates the Holy Family's search for shelter, and welcomes the new-born Babe. In and around Mexico City, from December 16 to Christmas Eve, every neighborhood or village has a procession each evening, with a different house chosen for the final visit each time, where refreshments are provided for all comers and a piñata for the children. Though customs and verses to the traditional songs vary from place to place, the tunes and spirit of devotion and joy are much the same throughout Mexico."

*A la rorro, Niño, a la rorro-ro.
No hagas pucheritos, Niño Redentor.
Hoy con gran anhelo, tierno Salvador,
A tus pies tendimos, nuestro corazon.
A la rorro, Niño, a la rorro-ro.
Duermete Niñito, y duermete ya.*

The following literal translation is supplied by Nilda Saenz, a former student at the Old Town School:

*A la rorro (like 'tura-lura'), baby
boy, a la rorro-ro.
Do not pant as if to cry, Baby
Redeemer.
Today with great feeling, tender
Savior,
At your feet we lay our hearts.
A la rorro, baby boy, a la rorro-ro.
Sleep, tiny infant, and sleep now.*

Side 1, Band 3

Calico Pie

Ed Trickett: guitar and vocal

This Edward Lear poem was put to music by Tom Mastin. I learned it from a tape of Tom's singing it at the Denver Folklore Center about 10 years ago. Harry Tuft, proprietor of the Folklore Center, has been wondering for many years where his tape of that concert was. Tom played

"Calico Pie" on the banjo, and played it beautifully. My guitar translation comes — roughly — from his playing.

Calico Pie, little birds fly
down from the calico tree.
(Their) wings were of blue, they sang
tillie-lu, till away they all flew,
But they never came back to me,
(no,) they never came back to me.

Calico jam, little fish swam
over the syllabub sea,
Took off its hat to the sole and the
sprat and the willaby-wat,
But he never came back to me,
(no,) he never came back to me.

Calico ban, little mice ran
to be ready in time for tea.
Flippity-flup, they drank it all up
and they danced on the cup,
But they never came back to me,
no, they never came back to me.

Calico drum, grasshoppers come,
the butterfly, beetle, and bee,
Over the ground, round and around
with a hop and a bound,
But they never come back to me,
no, they never come back to me.

Calico Pie, little birds fly,
but they never come back to me,
(No, they) never come back to me.

Side 1, Band 4

Eyes Are Blue / Wild Horse ("Dueling Dulcimers")

Ed Trickett: hammered dulcimer and
voice

Ruth Guffee: mountain dulcimer and
second voice

Ruth and Harry Guffee and Penny and I used to sing together on occasion at the Pickin Parlor in New Haven, Connecticut. One evening Ruth and I played "Dueling Dulcimers," a slipshod rendition of "Dueling Banjos" on mountain and hammered dulcimers. For our purposes here, we tried again on two tunes. "Eyes are blue, cheeks are red" is a floating verse from tradition; I particularly enjoy Guy Carawan's singing and playing of it. "Wild Horse," also called "Stony Point" or "Pigtown Fling," is a well-known tune that I first learned from Joe Hickerson.

Eyes are blue, cheeks are red, (3)
Lips as sweet as gingerbread.

Side 1, Band 5

The Fit

Ed Trickett: vocal

Gale Huntington taught me this song in 1963 at his home on Martha's Vineyard. It's a Nova Scotian version of the traditional song, "Mother, I Would Marry," but is somewhat more specific in describing one dynamic in the process. Perhaps on those cold, stormy nights near the water people didn't care to mince their words.

One evening last September,
as the dew lay on the lawn,
A mother and her daughter
went out to promernard,
And as they promernarded
the daughter made this vow:
"Oh, I must and will get married,
for the fit comes on me now."

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter,
please hold your silly tongue,
You talk of getting married
when I know you are too young."
"I am sixteen tomorrow, ma,
and that you must allow;
Oh, I must and will get married,
for the fit comes on me now."

"Oh, daughter, dearest daughter,
where will you find a man?"
"Oh, never fear, dear mother,
for there is the miller John.
He promised for to marry me
a year or more ago,
Oh, I must and will get married,
for the fit comes on me so."

"And what if he should slight you, dear,
as has been done before?"
"Oh, never fear, dear mother,
in the town there's plenty more:
The butcher and the baker
and the boy that drives the plow;
Oh, I must and will get married,
for the fit comes on me now."

"Cold winter's coming on, you know;
with wind and icy weather;
'Tis tough to lie alone, you know,
when two can lie together,
'Tis tough to lie alone, you know,
'tis more than I know how;
Oh, I must and will get married,
for the fit comes on me now."

Side 1, Band 6

Tear Old Wilson down

Ed Trickett: guitar and vocal
Barry Mitterhof: mandolin

Bob Coltman is a musicians' musician,
and has written many, many good songs.
"Tear Old Wilson down" is a favorite of
mine because it talks about a certain
kind of experience so many of us had,
or are having, or wish we had, or should
have had for our own good.

'Twas late last night I was a-walkin'
downtown and I met with a hard-case
crew,
Sniffin' and a-pokin' and a-moochin'
all around, lookin' for something
to do,
Lookin' for something to do, good Lord,
no matter what the old folks say,
We'll make it right in the middle of
the night, go home and sleep in the
the day.

Well, I wasn't doin' nothin' that I
couldn't leave off, and I had me
a quart of beer,
Full of fight, ready for fun, it seemed
like a good idea,
Seemed like a good idea at the time,
'cause this is a deadhead town,
So I joined up with them hard-case boys
to tear old Wilson down.

Well, we whooped and we hollered 'til
the windows banged and a voice cried,
"Hush that noise,"
But it takes more than a voice in the
night to scare us hard-case boys.
To scare us hard-case boys at all,
why, you've got to knock us down,
So we loosed their chickens and stole
us a car and tore old Wilson down.

Well, we run that car through six back
yards and up and over the ridge,
Turned around and come back to town,
run clean off of the bridge.
Run clean off of the bridge and landed
fender-deep in the stream.
Lay there hopin' that I wasn't (in)
awake, 'cause it seemed like a
terrible dream.

Well, we come back to town with our
clothes all soaked, and I about froze
to the core,
Lit us a fire to keep ourselves warm,
and it caught old Blackwell's store.
Caught old Blackwell's store on fire,
the durn thing burned to the ground.
We like to got lynched as they took us
to jail for tearin' old Wilson down.

Now, there ain't but one thin timber
wall between me and that crowd,
But I wisht it was three times as thick,
'cause I never heard nothin' so loud.
Never heard nothin' so loud in my life,
oh Lord, what a terrible noise.
Wisht I'd never gone downtown
or joined with the hard-case boys.

Now, there ain't no use in trying to
explain 'bout any of what we done.
They ain't about to understand
it was just innocent fun.
Was just innocent fun, that's all,
it just got out of bounds;
Who would have thought we'd ever
really go and tear old Wilson down?

Side 1, Band 7

Craney Hill

Ed Trickett: guitar and vocal

I've often called this Bill Workman's
love song to Columbus, Ohio, but it's
both more personal and more cosmic than
that. I learned it several years ago
from Bill, and to hear how it was actu-
ally written, you have to talk to him.
This is what Bill had to say about it:

"I was about to be leaving Columbus
after being there a good many years, and
I wasn't sure what was in store for me.
So I tried to ease out of one place and
into another by writing and singing this
song. I started thinking about moving
in the midwinter, and the spring did
seem a long way off, and to be coming
slowly....Oakley, Mary, and Sally are
just the kind of solid people you get to
know and love and grow to depend on over
a long period of time in one spot. Maybe
it's all along the line of the universal
idea of the comings and goings of certain
times in everyone's life. Writing has
always been a way of resolving the un-
resolved...."

The sun comes up slowly on Craney Hill,
Green grass slips in to color the
grain (grey)
That sang as it sang the whole winter
long,
Singing the Craney Hill goodbye song:

It's goodbye to Oakley, goodbye,
old man,
Farewell to Sally who lives in the
town,
Goodbye to Mary, goodbye sweet Mary,
Goodbye.

I've loaded the wagon, greased up the wheels,
Hitched up the horses, looked back at the fields,
Been scratchin' this dirt for far too long,
Singing the Craney Hill goodbye song.

Startin' up slowly, pickin' up speed,
I've no idea where this road may lead,
Been down it before just as far as it goes,
But without you, sweet Mary, God only knows.

Side 2, Band 1

Bonny Love

Ed Trickett: hammered dulcimer and vocal
Gordon Bok: guitar

Carol Hedin taught me this song in Washington, D.C., about 15 years ago. The tune is traditional, and is used for the ballad "The False Lover Won back." "Bonny Love" is found on Paul Clayton's Monument record, and is comprised of close approximations of floating verses written by Paul Clayton.

It's love for love that I do want,
Love for love you see,
And I hope there's none but me for you,
There's none but you for me, bonny love,
There's none but you for me.

The sun shines high on yonders hill
and low in yonder dell,
But it never will set on the little town,
Place where my true love dwells,
bonny love,
Place where my true love dwells.

I'm going away, my own bonny love,
all for a little while,
But I'm coming back, though I don't know when,
If I go ten thousand miles, bonny love,
I go ten thousand miles.

Oh, many is the time that the sun has set,
my wandering not yet through;
Now each minute seems like a thousand years
Till I return to you, bonny love,
I return to you.

It's love for love that I have got,
it's love for love you see,
And I know there's none but me for you,
There's none but you for me, bonny love,
There's none but you for me.

Side 2, Band 2

Only an Hour until Morning

Ed Trickett: guitar and vocal
Gordon Bok: bass guitar

George Ward wrote this song about life-building, and I appreciate his allowing me to record it.

We wed in July, and the creeks were all dry
As we rode toward the dark at the end of the day,
And she sat there beside me and gently did chide me
For all of the dawdling we did on the way.
And the darkness came down many miles from the town
Where me and my new-wedded wife was to stay;
It's often she'd scold me and often she told me,
"It's only an hour until morning."

Our work took us off to the ends of the earth,
I was learnin' my job, I had no time for play,
And I ranted and cursed when I had it the worst;
For me, "too much to do" left me too much to say.
There were nights when she cried;
still she stayed by my side,
Though it tore her and tore me own self by the way;
It's often she'd scold me and often she told me:
"It's only an hour until morning."

We learned we were grown, lived on our own,
Worked at our jobs and we wasted our pay,
And time was the treasure we spent without measure
On ourselves and on friends whom we met by the way.
If you asked for a song, you'd have four before long;
We'd neither one bide when the first had his say;
It's often she'd scold me and often she told me,
"It's only an hour until morning."

(repeat last half of last verse)

Side 2, Band 3

Will You Love Me When I'm Old?

Ed Trickett: 12-string guitar and vocal

Harry Guffee: dobro

Barry Mitterhof: mandolin

Chorus: Gordon Bok, Ruth Guffee, Harry Guffee

Tony and Irene Saletan sang this song in concert several years ago, and I learned it from them. It's a nice kind of statement and question — but you have to be of a certain age or in a certain frame of mind to ask it. The sheet music says it was written by J. Ford "to Mrs. Mary A. Riddle" in 1872, but it found its way into the Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, where several tunes are reported. The tune I learned from Irene closely corresponds to the original sheet-music tune.

I would ask of you, my darlin',
a question soft and low.
It gives me many heartaches
as the moments come and go.
I know your love is truthful,
but the truest love grows cold.
And it's this that I would ask you:
Will you love me when I'm old?

Life's morn will soon be waning,
And its evening bells be tolled,
And my heart will (would) know
no sadness
If you'll love me when I'm old.

Down the stream of life together
we are sailing side by side,
Hoping some bright day to anchor
safe beyond the surging tide.
Today the skies are cloudless,
but the night may clouds unfold,
And the storms may gather 'round us;
will you love me when I'm old?

When my hair shall shame the snowdrift
and my eyes shall dimmer grow,
I would lean upon some loved one
down the valley as I go.
I would claim of you a promise
worth to me a world of gold,
And it's this that I would ask you
(only this my darlin'):
Will you love me when I'm old?

Side 2, Band 4

Grandfather's Clock

Ed Trickett: hammered dulcimer and vocal

I've had more fun with Henry Clay Work's song than I ever anticipated when I learned it. It's found in numerous books of songs, including the *Burl Ives Songbook*, and is known by more people I've sung for than just about any song I know. I omitted one of the verses which cast the faithful clock in the image of the Protestant ethic. I think I'm indebted to Shelley Posen for the way the clock proceeds after "ninety years without slumbering" — at least, that's how I recall it.

My grandfather's clock was too tall
for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man
himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day
that he was born,
'Twas always his treasure and pride,
But it stopped — short — never to go
again
When the old man died.

Ninety years without slumbering,
His life seconds numbering,
But it stopped — short — never to
go again
When the old man died.

While watching its pendulum swing to
and fro,
Many hours he spent as a boy,
And in childhood and manhood the clock
seemed to know,
To share both his grief and his joy,
For it struck twenty-four as he opened
up (entered at) the door
With a blushing and beautiful bride,
But it stopped — short — never to go
again
When the old man died.

It rang an alarm in the dead of the
night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb,
And we knew that his spirit was
pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come;
Still the clock kept the time with a
soft and muffled chime
As we silently stood by his side,
But it stopped — short — never to go
again
When the old man died.

Side 2, Band 5

Hymn Song

Ed Trickett: guitar and lead vocal
Gordon Bok: guitar
Chorus: Gordon Bok, Ruth Guffee,
Harry Guffee, Penny Trickett

With this inclusion of this song by Bruce Phillips, I've had the privilege of recording both the first ("The Telling Takes Me Home") and the last ("Hymn Song") of the songs in Bruce's songbook. It's a lovely statement, and reminds me of a woman named Aunt Creasy talking "on work": "Shucks, I make the livin'. Uncle just makes the livin' worthwhile."

*I believe if I lived my life again
I'd still be here with you.
Yes, I believe if I lived my life
again
I'd still be here with you.*

*You know, I think if Lady Luck was blind
That old sun would never shine.
You know, I think if death really held
a knife
We'd all be beggars of life.*

*Sometimes I wish that I could close
my eyes
To some things I don't want to see.
Still, I believe if you lived your
life again,
You'd still be here with me.*

*I'll never see the ending of my mind;
Everything will have a time.
Why should I ask for things that I
don't need,
Or pretty lies to hide my greed?*

Side 2, Band 6

January Man /

Gently (instrumental reprise)

Ed Trickett: vocal and hammered
dulcimer
Gordon Bok: guitar
Harry Guffee: dobro
Ruth Guffee: fiddle
Barry Mitterhof: mandola

"January Man" is written and recorded by that wonderful songwriter from the British Isles, Dave Goulder. "A wind is rising, and the river flows" — "life goes on within us and without us." These two songs remind me of such things.

*Oh, the January man, he walks abroad
in woolen coat and boots of leather.
The February man still wipes the snow
from off his hair and blows his hands.
The man of March, he sees the spring
and wonders what the year will bring,
And hopes for better weather.*

*Through April rains the man goes down
to watch the birds come in to share
the summer.*

*The man of May stands very still
watching the children dance away
the day.*

*In June the man inside the man is young
and wants to lend a hand,
And grins at each newcomer.*

*And in July the man in cotton shirt,
he sits and thinks on being idle.
The August man in thousands take the
road and watch the sea and find
the sun.*

*September man is standing near to saddle
up and leave the year,
And Autumn is his bridle.*

*And the man of new October takes the
rain, and early frost is on his
shoulder.*

*The poor November man sees fire and
wind and mist and rain and winter air.
December man looks through the snow
to let eleven brothers know
They're all a little older.*

*And the January man comes 'round again.
in woolen coat and boots of leather
To take another turn, and walk along
the icy road he knows so well.
The January man is here, for starting
each and every year
Along the road forever.*

