

FSI - 67

*Beaucatcher  
Farewell*

**BOB  
ZENTZ**



**FOLK - LEGACY RECORDS, INC.**

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06060





**BOB ZENTZ****Beaucatcher Farewell**

with Nick and Sandy Apollonio, Gordon Bok, Marcus Casman, Bobby Clarke, Amy Ferebee, Lani Herrmann, Red Jones, Karen Kobela, Rick and Lorraine Lee, Al Lindemann, Abby Newton, Gary and Karen Parkinson, Caroline Paton, Shelly Plante, Marty Sachs, Joan Sprung, Ed Trickett, and Rosi Zentz.

I was asked to write something about this album, but we need songs like this and people like Bob Zentz more than they'll ever need us to describe them.

I did try, once, to write down how it felt to have to leave Folk-Legacy when they were making this album. At the risk of making Bob uncomfortable, here it is:

*Goodbye, Bob.  
Goodbye, Beaucatcher, fare you well.*

*Following the wind that day across the downed old hills  
where the barren cross of Waterbury broods above our sins,  
no song in me but yours, no heart to sing it all alone,  
I thought: how can I thank you for those days?*

*— You, who take the crazy patchwork that we're given  
and so gently weave a world of it, a garden  
free for all who care to share the private sunsets  
and sunrisings of a raving, loving wonder —  
aren't you proud?*

*"It's only music, (you would say) only lay it on the wind  
and it will take its way, whoever plays it.  
There's always magic in the hand that loves (and I'd agree)  
and anyone who loves will understand it."  
— Old Beaucatcher, sometimes your courage shames me.*

*So we take those days you gave us, sad and happy,  
go our ways on different winds — a little lonely —  
to the sadder-but-no-wiser worlds (where we  
are wont to stay) singing: There, now:  
That's the glory. That's the song  
I'll want my friends to sing, to comfort them  
when I am gone.*

*Gordon Bok  
Mattapoisett Harbor  
June, 1977*

**Side 1**

MY FAVORITE SONG (Zentz)	3:30
WAITING FOR DAWN (Zentz)	3:55
SIR RICHARD'S SONG (Kipling/Bellamy)	4:45
HEY, DAVE (Zentz)	4:00
GOOD OLE DAYS (Kahn ASCAP)	3:10
IN MY TIME (Zentz)	3:30

**Side 2**

BEAUCATCHER FAREWELL (Zentz)	3:15
WRINKLE IN TIME (Zentz)	3:50
NOSTRADAMUS (Cheatham/Stewart) / JEREMY (Zentz)	9:20
SWEET SONG FROM YESTERDAY (Zentz)	3:40
(SOME TRUST IN) CHARIOTS (Zentz)	4:10

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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

Descriptive notes and lyrics in enclosed booklet.

Recorded by Sandy Paton  
Photograph by Susan Robinson  
Print by Dick Levine  
Cover design by Sandy Paton and Lani Herrmann



# **BOB ZENTZ**

## *Beaucatcher Farewell*



Drawing by Sheralyn Lerner



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

# BOB ZENTZ

Beaucatcher Forewell



Drawing by Graham Linn

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## Forethought

This record has been almost a year in the making. All but the last song were recorded in April 1977 — a week and a half of wonderfully creative music-making and friendship. In those few days, the songs themselves, like children, seemed to come of age, taking on a harmonic sophistication they had never known. Each became a separate, unique entity from its neighbor songs on the tape and in my repertoire.

In the weeks and months that followed, it became increasingly difficult to make an order out of these varied musical textures. In a sense, I was too close to the individual songs — and too far from viewing the common thread that could bind them together to make a collection (album) that made sense to me. It was as if the songs were waiting for some missing piece of puzzle that would complete the over-all picture.

In January the piece was found. It came in the form of a movie, which gave birth to a song, which in turn ordered the previously random selection of songs.

To all those who expected this album sooner: I am sorry it took so long. But I truly believe that these songs knew what was missing, and I thank them for waiting until the time was right.

I give you, then, a story within a story — a collection of songs that at least make sense to me. Hear them, sing them, and perhaps in their own way they'll help you make a bit of sense out of the chaos of worldly existence into which they came.

Bob Zentz



This album is dedicated to "all the good people who've touched up my life" (from Ken Hicks's song) through friendship, music, and love, and:

To the faces that shone through the tumult of bar-room nights;  
To the "honky-tonk gentle-man," who taught me why to sing;  
To the 'Good Doctor,' who helped me become a healer of a different kind;  
To my folks, who gave me the gift of Self;  
To Dave and Gordon and Ken and Larry, who showed me the world within a world, called "friends";  
To The Minutemen, who helped me escape the rut (and sing about it);  
To my students and teachers, who were one and the same;  
To Waldemar Hille and David Arkin, who said, "Thanks for a good song";  
To Richard Fukuhara, whose camera could sing;  
To the *CGC Sebago* and its voyages of experience and adventure;  
To Hollywood — that said, "There must be another way";  
To Nashville — that said, "There is....But";  
To Sharon, Connecticut, and the Patons and Lee, who have created a garden in which tradition can continue to grow "inch by inch and row by row" (from the song by Dave Mallett);  
To Gordon Bok, who showed me that strength and gentleness can go hand in hand to create a world of song and a way of life;  
To Ed Trickett, who sings a song from the inside out!  
To Nick, whose magic taught the trees to sing;  
To 'the Shop Folk' — Alan, Al, Shelly, Craig, and Red — all partners in the dream;  
To those who pass through my life, and those whose lives I pass through;  
And *most especially* to Rosi, whose love, patience, friendship, and strong sense of reality have made a world in which this star-struck dreamer can function and create; and  
To Bryan (8 going on 80), who in his wonder and growing showed me the way to come around full circle, and be able to look at the world through a child's eyes — and who awoke in me that dormant gift of imagination that had been so long asleep;  
And, to conclude, a toast to the Space-dreamers: Ray Bradbury, Colin Wilson, Robert A. Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke, George Lucas, Steve Spielberg, H. G. Wells, Jules Verne, and those to come — through whose dreams we envision a destiny written in the stars!



## INNER SPACES

A song is a musical personification of Self. To find the songs we want to sing helps us to find our inner selves through all the Inner Spaces of our experience and emotion.

To know the song and sing the song, we become one with ourselves.

### Side 1, Band 1

#### Your Favorite Song

Bob Zents: guitar and lead voice  
Ed Trickett: guitar and chorus  
Abby Newton: 'cello and chorus  
Lani Herrmann: fiddle

A simple statement of purpose! The pubs and clubs are full of folks singing songs off the jukebox and off the radio. I just never could do that. I always need to sing a song from the inside — out.

This song came along to answer those who ask: "Would you play...? Do you know...?" and to say thanks to those who have listened in spite of those "products" of the Top Ten musical mind.

I have yet to figure out which came first: the singer who sang nothing worth listening to, or the audience who forgot to listen!

*You ask me to sing my favorite song;  
Well, I guess you don't understand:  
I've been up here pickin' all night long  
While you played "Stump the Band,"  
But I call 'em as I see 'em,  
And I see 'em all the time,  
And any song I sing for you  
Is a favorite song of mine.*

*I wouldn't sing 'em if I didn't  
like 'em;  
I wouldn't like 'em if I didn't care.  
I wouldn't care if you didn't listen,  
But there's a lot of good songs  
out there.  
Some songs are just like the people  
I know,  
Some people like the songs I sing,  
And I never sang a song that I  
didn't love,  
Or no song that didn't love me.*

*Now, I'd like to introduce the jukebox;  
You've all used him before.  
He plays exactly what you pay him to;  
Well, I don't do that no more,  
'Cause I don't know none of his tunes,  
And he sure doesn't play none of mine.  
Friends, I've got to say I never planned  
it that way,  
But we both seem to get along fine.*

*Now, some of these songs take you  
travellin',  
Some of 'em take you home;  
Some might make you laugh a bit,  
And some are good when you're all alone.  
Some will introduce you to people  
That you wouldn't ordinarily know —  
These songs of mine, I sing them all  
the time,  
And I take them everywhere that I go.*

*So here's a toast to you who listen;  
Here's a word for them that don't:  
If you listen, you might hear  
something new,  
But, if you never listen, you won't.  
So open your ears and open your mind,  
And I'll sing you my favorite song,  
'Cause it's right out there with the  
folks who care  
That your favorite song belongs.*

### Side 1, Band 2

#### Waitin' for Dawn

Bob Zents: guitar and voice  
Gordon Bok: bass guitar

I had always meant to write a pseudo-traditional cowboy song, and someday I may! This one turned out to be a kind of "ghost rider in the mind."

On one level, it can be the old cowboy inside us: tired of tough trail bosses and driving the cattle from the range to the slaughterhouse, dreaming of alternatives — or it might be any of us in these "dusty old times" waiting for another sunrise, someone to love, or just a little peace of mind. Remember: "the world is always turning toward the morning" (Gordon Bok's song).

*When the shadows come on,  
I'll be waiting for dawn.  
When this desert seems sullied and gray,  
When the cook-fire burns low,  
Tired and weary, I'll know  
That dawn cannot be far away.*



(Waitin' for Dawn, cont.)

And I wait (ride), with my songs, in  
my saddle;  
It's a (in that) hot, dusty world  
'way out there,  
And a damn' lonesome life punchin'  
cattle —  
Makes me live for the moments  
when dawn will be there.

When the trail boss gets rough,  
And the going gets tough,  
And the noon sun is too hot to bear,  
I'll be riding along,  
Making up some new song  
'Bout morning when dawn will be near.

In the evenings I lie  
Under God's starry sky,  
And the stars seem to whisper in rhyme:  
"Have patience, old friend,  
Every roundup must end;  
You've been waiting for dawn a long time."

So when this long drive is over  
And this lonesome drover  
Will hit the trails without a care,  
I'll go off and find  
Me some peace of mind  
In the morning when dawn will be there.

Now I lie on the ground in my bedroll,  
Not a pillow to rest my head on,  
And I empty my mind of these dusty  
old times,  
And lie there and dream about dawn.

(repeat last chorus)

Side 1, Band 3

### Sir Richard's Song

Bob Zentz: guitar and voice  
Gordon Bok: 12-string guitar  
Lani Herrmann: fiddle  
Abby Newton: 'cello

This lyric, penned by Rudyard Kipling, was set to music by the fine English singer-songwriter Peter Bellamy, whose great sensitivity to tradition colors his settings of many Kipling poems, his own versions of old folk songs, as well as contemporary tunes. [According to Bellamy's 1970 Argo record, the tune is published by Robbins Music.]

"Sir Richard's Song" is from Kipling's book for children entitled *Puck of Pook's Hill*; Sir Richard Dalyngridge is a Norman knight who comes to England at the time of the Norman conquest — but this young conqueror falls in love with the

country and with one of its ladies. The song is Sir Richard's explanation, to his family and comrades, of this turn of events.

Sometimes it seems our commitment to what we feel is right can be heavily burdened by its explanation, justification, and supplication that must follow.

I followed my Duke ere I were a lover,  
To take from England fief and fee;  
But now this game is the other way over —  
For now England hath taken me!

I had my sword, my shield, my banner,  
And a boyish heart, so whole and free;  
But now I sing in another manner —  
For now England hath taken me!

For my father, all in his tower,  
Asking news of my ship at sea:  
He'll remember his own hour —  
Tell him England hath taken me!

For my mother, all in her bower,  
Who rules my father so cunningly:  
She'll remember a maiden's power —  
Tell her England hath taken me!

For my brother in Rouen city,  
Such a nimble, naughty page is he,  
But he shall come to suffer and pity —  
Tell him England hath taken me!

For my little sister waiting  
In the pleasant orchards of Normandie:  
Tell her youth is the time for mating —  
Tell her England hath taken me!

Oh, ye kings and princes and ye barons  
famed,  
And you dukes and lords of high degree:  
Just hear me once before I am blamed —  
Know that England hath taken me!

And for my comrades in camp and highway,  
Who raise their eyebrows scornfully:  
Just tell them their way is not my way —  
Tell them England hath taken me!

How shall great man's strength be  
reckoned?  
There are two things that he cannot flee:  
Love is the first, Death is the second —  
Love, in England, hath taken me!

Love is the first, Death is the  
second —  
Love, in England, hath taken me!



Side 1, Band 4

Hey, Dave

Bob Zentz: guitar and vocal  
Nick Apollonio: guitar  
Lani Herrmann: fiddle  
Marty Sachs: bass

One of the wonderful things about the '60's was the way you'd cross paths with a stranger, and suddenly you were both discovering you had music in common. Not only that, but, after singing all night, you realized you'd sung in different groups together. Mutual music was just the key, and life itself was the door. In this explosion of friendship, you shared and experienced, dreamed, and played music together for a lot of people — and sang of things as they should be and not as they were. Yet the wine of the dreamer can turn bitter when the dreamer wakes. So we awoke...to the realities and changes of 1966 — to uniforms, boot camp, and a soldier and a sailor — a world apart.

This is one of my earliest songs (June 1967). The words and music came together in about 20 minutes. I guess I just knew what I wanted to say.

Dave Williamson now lives in Nashville, Tennessee, and plays bass for country recording artist Don Williams.

Hey, Dave, buddy, pal of mine!  
God knows I hope you're doin' fine  
over there.  
Say, Dave, just thought I'd drop a line  
And talk about some thoughts and  
things we shared.

It's funny how the times have changed,  
old friend:  
People fly like leaves on the autumn  
wind,  
All the friends and lovers we may never  
see again,  
But with each ending something new begins.

Is it still hard for you to carry the gun?  
Defend a land that someone says should  
be free?  
Do cowards ever fight, and brave men run?  
Ah, Dave, sometimes, you know, it seems  
that way to me.

(chorus)

I've been thinkin' 'bout the times we  
spent together years ago,  
Laughin' and talkin' all night long,  
Entertainin' people that we never got  
to know,  
But we found life in a bottle and a song.

Now here I am upon a ship out on this  
stormy sea,  
You're over there in that grim, war-torn  
land;  
Now who's standin' in the spotlight that  
once shined on you and me?  
For this work, friend, you never get  
a hand!

(chorus)

So what happens if and when this mess  
is done for you and me,  
All those dreams of songs and travels  
yet to come?  
Where are two young men who thought that  
music could set folks free?  
Could ideals sink beneath the roar  
of guns?

Hey, Dave, buddy, pal of mine!  
Oh, it's been so long since I have had  
a word from you.  
Say, Dave, if you've got the time,  
Let me know what you've been thinkin'  
too....  
Let me know what you've been thinkin'  
too....

Side 1, Band 5

Good Ole Days (Daddy, Don't You Tell No Lies)

Bob Zentz: 12-string guitar and lead  
vocal  
Nick Apollonio: "rock" hammered dulcimer  
Marty Sachs: bass  
Chorus: Sandy Apollonio, Caroline Paton,  
Lani Herrmann

This song was learned from Si Kahn, a young songwriter living in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina. Si has a fine album of his own songs (*New Wood*, on June Appal Records) as well as a fantastic assortment of yet-to-be-recorded tunes.

Done in mock-rock style, this song is a dialogue between a parent and a child, revealing how good "things used to be." A fun song that says a lot!

Oh, yes! Don't forget to clap on the off-beats — that's how we did it when I was a kid!

Many thanks to the "Swinettes" for their spiritual guidance and musical interpretation.

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## OUTER SPACES

A song is a mirror of the Universe in which we exist, reflecting the history of the past and the possibilities of the future. To sing the past and dream the future unifies us with the Outer Spaces of eternal intelligence and universal existence.

To be one with yourself is to be one with the Universe.

*Side 2, Band 1*

### **Beaucatcher Farewell (instrumental)**

*Bob Zents: hammered dulcimer  
Nick Apollonio: 12-string guitar  
Lani Herrmann: concertina  
Marty Sachs: bass*

Beaucatcher Mountain is located in Asheville, North Carolina. On one side is downtown Asheville, and on the other side is "the strip" — fast food and neon. The mountain was there first!

In October of 1976, I left Asheville after a wonderful weekend of friendship and music. While I was driving through the Beaucatcher Tunnel, the mountain gave this tune to me!

Not until a few months later did I discover that Beaucatcher Mountain had been doomed — at the hands of man and progress — to be sliced into to make room for more traffic. A beautiful mountain, and a real shame (unless you happen to be one of those caught in the many traffic jams that evidently occurred on either side of the two-lane tunnel).

The tune was just there in the mountain when I passed through it — and even though I'm no traffic engineer, politician, or musico-geologist, I just can't help wondering whether those bulldozers and land-movers might not ruin a whole nest of good tunes living inside that mountain.

"Beaucatcher Farewell" seems to say that love is permanent — even though the objects of our love may not always be around.

*Side 2, Band 2*

### **Wrinkle In Time**

*Bob Zents: 12-string guitar and vocal  
Nick Apollonio: fiddle  
Lani Herrmann: concertina  
Marty Sachs: bass*

Just as the singer spreads his songs around, the reader gives the books that have touched him/her to those he/she wishes to touch. Once in a while a song comes

from such a reading, and we give the song as a way of saying "Thanks."

*A Wrinkle in Time*, a wonderful book by Madeleine L'Engle, is an adventure of time travel and the struggle between Good and Evil. The author expresses a concept of Time in which Time is not a straight line but a wrinkled one (read the book!). It came to me one good day that, if we could use those temporal wrinkles and fill them with the things we love (books, music, friends, etc.), then, when things got intense, bad, or routine, we could simply slip through the fabric of Time and stay as long as we wished, refreshing ourselves on the positive things. We would then pop back to reality at the exact moment we left — nothing lost, much gained! Try it next time you have a bad day — but remember: always return to the point from which you left, or you'll be called irresponsible.

If the last verse sounds religious, it is! By that time, the song itself was in control; I was merely its vehicle.

*I wish I had a wrinkle in Time,  
A place where I could go,  
An autumn mountain I could climb,  
Leave the rest of the world below.  
I wish I had a place to sing  
These secret songs of mine,  
Where all the joys that singing brings  
Could be with me all the time.*

*Oh, I'd close my eyes one instant  
and be gone —  
Open 'em wide, and I'd be back again —  
Rested and strong from my world inside,  
And I'd never tell a soul where I  
had been.*

*I wish I had a laughin' place  
When this old world gets me down —  
Where sorrow never knew my face,  
And my dreams were all around.  
I wish I had a place to lose  
This everyday routine,  
To hide my sorrows and my blues  
From the good times I have seen.*



(Good Ole Days, cont.)

Strawberries big as baseballs,  
Raspberries big as your arm,  
Peaches big as watermelons  
Growin' on that Georgia farm.  
Rows o' yeller sweet corn  
Growin' in the mornin' light:  
You plant 'em on a Monday mornin',  
You eat 'em on a Friday night.

Daddy, don't you tell no lies,  
Talkin' 'bout the ole-time ways.  
Daddy, don't you tell no lies,  
Talkin' 'bout the good ole days,  
oh yeah,  
Talkin' 'bout the good ole days.

Nobody got in trouble,  
Nobody got in fights.  
Weren't no drinkin' moonshine whiskey,  
No stayin' out all night.  
Everybody worked like horses,  
Never stopped to take a rest.  
Everybody had religion,  
And everybody done their best.

Everybody was a neighbor,  
Everybody was a friend.  
Children listened to their parents,  
And women listened to their men.  
Didn't have no trouble-makers  
Stirr'in' up the countryside.  
Everybody knew their places,  
And everyone was satisfied.

Side 1, Band 6

In My Time

Bob Zents: banjo and lead voice  
Gordon Bok: 12-string guitar  
Red Jones: guitar  
Lani Herrmann: fiddle  
Chorus: Marcus Casman, Bobby Clarke,  
Amy Ferebee, Karen Kobela, Al Linde-  
mann, Gary and Karen Parkinson, Caro-  
line Paton, Shelly Plante, Joan Sprung,  
Rosi Zents.

Written one night while I was driving  
north and thinking about a discussion that  
went something like: "Well, what do you  
think you would be today if you hadn't be-  
come what you did?" And, being quite hap-  
py with what I've become, I at least took  
the time to make up a song about all those  
"might-have-beens"!

Well, in my time, I might have been a  
farmer,  
You know, I might've been a farmer  
in my time,  
But the only think I'd have grown was  
hungry and alone.  
Oh, I might've been a farmer in my time.  
In my time, in my time,  
Well, I might have been a farmer  
in my time.  
Well, I might have been a lot of things,  
But at least I took the time to sing  
A song about a farmer in my time.

In my time, I might have been a student,  
You know, I might've been a student  
in my time,  
But the lessons that I learned was this  
life of songs I earned.  
Oh, I might have been a student in my  
time.  
(repeat refrain with "student")

In my time, I might have been a lover,  
You know, I might have been a lover  
in my time,  
But the only loves I'd find were the  
ones that touched my mind,  
Though I might have been a lover in my  
time.  
(repeat refrain with "lover")

Well, in my time, I might have been  
a doctor,  
Oh Mama, I might have been a doctor  
in my time,  
But the only medicine was a song sung  
to a friend,  
Though I might have been a doctor  
in my time.  
(repeat refrain with "doctor")

In my time, I might have been a singer,  
You know, I must have been a singer  
in my time!  
Well, I've done the best I can — and  
I sing — therefore I am  
Proud to be a singer in my time.  
In my time, in my time,  
Well, I'm proud to be a singer  
in my time,  
Well, I might have been a lot of things,  
But at least I took the time to sing,  
And I'm proud to be a singer in my time!



(Wrinkle in Time, cont.)

*I wish I had a wrinkle in Time  
And a friend to take me home.  
The loneliness I'd never mind,  
For I've learned to love alone.*

*So when I close my eyes forever,  
and I'm gone  
Where Time's a place, and places  
never end,  
I'll know my wrinkle in Time is just  
a state of mind,  
But it's Heaven for the few that  
understand....  
It's Heaven for the few that  
understand.*

Side 2, Band 3

### Nostradamus and Jeremy

Bob Zentz: 12-string guitar and lead vocal  
Gordon Bok: 12-string guitar and second voice  
Ed Trickett: guitar  
Abby Newton: 'cello  
Lani Herrmann: concertina and fiddle

...and what of that destiny? Is the future predetermined, and there to see for those with the gift of sight? Or are those visions simply a glimpse of one of many alternative futures — and, if so, can we bend our course?

Nostradamus was court physician and astrologer to the king of France in the 16th century. During that time, he wrote a book of prophecies, called *The Centuries*, which contained his forecast of the world-to-be. The following verses are a translation and interpretation by Erica Cheatham, edited and rhymed by the English singer-songwriter Al Stewart.

I first heard Peter Bellamy sing them, and was awed and amazed by the accuracy of the predictions. The possibilities are simply terrifying, yet the song demands to be sung.

It is tied here to a vision of my own — one I can't fully explain. "Jeremy" was written in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, in 1968. The Coast Guard cutter I served on was there for wartime maneuvers and training — a most troubled time. Perhaps the song is a glimpse of one of the many paths this world and mankind may take.

I would really like to know what you think this song means — who/what is Jeremy? Please write and share your thoughts with me. Sometimes we only hold the pen, and the song just writes itself.

["Nostradamus" is copyright 1973 by Gwyneth Music Ltd., and published by Dick James Music, BMI. "Jeremy" received the William E. Oliver award for songwriters in 1970.]

*In the east the wind is blowing all the  
boats across the sea,  
And their sails they fill the morning,  
and their cries ring out to me;  
And oh, the more it changes, the more  
it stays the same,  
And the hand just rearranges all the  
players in the game.*



Oh, oh, oh, I had a dream:  
It seemed I stood alone,  
And a veil of the ages,  
It goes sinking from my eyes  
Like a stone.

A King shall fall, and put to death  
by the English Parliament shall be.  
Fire and plague to London come, in  
the year of six and twenties three.  
An Emperor of France shall rise, shall  
be born near Italy;  
His reign shall cost his empire dear —  
Napoleon his name shall be.

Man, man, your time is sand,  
Your ways are leaves upon the sea.  
I'm the eyes of Nostradamus,  
All your ways are known to me.

From Castile shall Franco come, and  
the governments driven out shall be.  
An English King, he seeks divorce;  
from his throne cast out is he.  
One named 'Hister' shall become  
the Captain of greater Germany;  
No laws does this man observe, and  
bloody his rise and fall shall be.

In the new lands of America, three  
brothers now shall come to power:  
Two alone were born to rule, but all  
must die before their hour.  
Two great men, but brothers not, shall  
make the North united stand;  
Their power shall be seen to grow,  
and fear possess the Eastern land.  
Three leagues from the gates of Rome  
a Pope named Paul is doomed to die.  
(A) great wall that divides a city  
at this time is cast aside.  
These are the signs I bring to you,  
to show you when your time is nigh.

\* \* \*

Jeremy wears tattered clothes,  
Jeremy stands in a field of the world,  
Jeremy never knows  
Where the gray crooked highway runs,  
Of the rising of moons or the setting  
of suns,  
(For) Jeremy hasn't begun  
To wonder....

Jeremy smiles at the day,  
Jeremy watches the seasons change,  
He sees the children at play,  
He watches the birds flying by,  
And the passing of clouds in a  
bottomless sky,  
But he never questions the why  
Or the wherefore....

Then, in the still of the night,  
There is a sound that is louder than  
thunder,  
An instant of blinding light —  
Jeremy doesn't feel pain  
As he stares at the towering pillars  
of flame;  
Jeremy's not to blame  
For men's blunders....

Jeremy watches the dust,  
Shining like snowflakes, fly on the  
night wind,  
Settle like mantles of rust,  
Till it blankets the world that he knows,  
Till the field and the hills and the  
highway glows —  
Poor Jeremy doesn't know  
The meaning....

Morning creeps over the land;  
Like some lost God viewing an alien  
landscape,  
Jeremy can't understand  
The things that he sees on this day:  
Now where are the birds and the children  
at play?  
Nature has nothing to say;  
There's silence....

Hours have turned into days;  
Jeremy sees that the world that he knew  
Is changing in frightening ways:  
The field and the orchard have died,  
The highway is cracked, and the rivers  
run dried,  
And, watching through sightless eyes,  
He's staring....

It's still now, except for the sound  
Of the wind as it blows 'cross  
the parched land he loved,  
Stirring the dust on the ground;  
Then Jeremy's hat blows away,  
And his tattered coat is sent flying  
astray,  
(Then) there's nothing but pieces of hay  
A-blowing....

So men made of straw can be lost  
On a grey windy day at the end of  
the world.  
Two sticks in the form of a cross  
Cast their shadow on earth's final dawn,  
Where the world was a chessboard and  
mankind a pawn,  
But now even Jeremy's gone  
Forever....



On all the stars like grains of sand,  
On every world where life began,  
Where such a tiny thing as Man  
Dreams of chariots to carry him home.

Satellites fall; we need more room,  
And men make war and walk on the Moon.  
If there's anybody up there (to) hear  
my tune,  
Then send a chariot to carry me home.

Some trust in legends of old,  
Some trust in coins of gold,  
Some try to save their souls,  
Some trust in chariots.  
Some search for the glory thrown  
In a universe unknown.  
I trust we're not alone,  
I trust in chariots.

Preachers and professors watching  
from below,  
Looking for answers they'll never know:  
Why the fools will stay when the  
dreamers go  
On the chariots that carry them home.

(Note: Caroline Paton, John Dildine  
and Ginny Dildine are also singing,  
very quietly, on the chorus.)

## It couldn't have been done without The Cast of Friends.

### *The Pickers (who also sang)*

Nick Apollonio  
Gordon Bok  
Lani Herrmann  
Red Jones  
Rick and Lorraine Lee  
Abby Newton  
Marty Sachs  
Ed Trickett

### *And the Singers*

Sandy Apollonio  
Marcus Casman  
Bobby Clarke  
John Dildine  
Ginny Dildine  
Amy Ferebee  
Karen Kobela  
Al Lindemann  
Gary Parkinson  
Karen Parkinson  
Caroline Paton  
Shelly Plante  
Joan Sprung  
Rosi Zentz

And the 'Man behind the Machine' —  
Sandy Paton

And a special word of gratitude to Nick  
Apollonio, luthier and teacher of that  
fine art, whose patient instruction led  
me to build "Jeremy," the jumbo 12-string  
guitar heard on this recording.

And to Gordon Bok for his spiritual  
guidance on this recording.

Booklet design by Lani Herrmann



Side 2, Band 4

**Sweet Song from Yesterday**

Bob Zentz: Autorino-harp and lead voice  
Gordon Bok: 12-string guitar and second voice

Lani Herrmann: fiddle

Abby Newton: 'cello

Chorus: Marcus Casman, Bobby Clark,  
Amy Ferebee, Red Jones, Karen Kobela,  
Al Lindemann, Gary and Karen Parkin-  
son, Caroline Paton, Shelly Plante,  
Joan Sprung, Rosi Zentz.

The old songs (and the ones that seem as though they've always been around) take care of us, and tend to cleanse us by washing away the immediate grit and grime of everyday existence in a 'solution' of "we've all been there before." Those songs and tunes tend to plug us into the mainstream of mankind, and let us live and learn from the billions who have lived, lost, worked, loved, and felt — and celebrated it in song.

Sometimes I realize that my songs tell who I am better than I do. We are all anchored somewhere between yesterday and tomorrow — and those sweet songs are a way of holding hands in the darkness as we face the unknown. As time washes over us, we keep our footing by being rooted in tradition as we face the future.

(Gordon Bok sings, "Watch over me" — I like that!)

*Hold back the days in which I'm living,  
So far from home, so far from free;  
Hold back the ways we've all been  
given,  
And let a sweet song from yesterday  
wash over me.*

*If we should meet like ships a-passin',  
Some stormy night upon the blue,  
We may not speak, but for the asking,  
I'd let a sweet song from yesterday  
wash over you.*

*When it seems your dreams ain't worth  
the dreamin',  
When you can't find your way through,  
And when your schemes ain't worth the  
schemin',  
Just let a sweet song from yesterday  
wash over you.*

Side 2, Band 5

**(Some Trust In) Chariots**

Bob Zentz: guitar and lead voice  
Gordon Bok: whistle and chorus

Rick Lee: piano and chorus

Lorraine Lee: mountain dulcimer and chorus

*"Yea, though I walk in the shadow  
of the Bomb,  
I will fear no vision,  
For Thou art with me,  
My song and my dream they comfort me...."*

Oh, yes, the poet writes, the singer sings — and, today, the movie producer paints his dreams in music, color, and motion before us on the magic screen.

"Chariots" was written after my third viewing of Steven Spielberg's sweeping, imaginative odyssey, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* — another glimpse of an alternative future, in which Man is shown his true place in the universal scheme of things. He is then given the chance to share a smile with a being whose peaceful countenance reminds us that friendship and wisdom are as vast as Space and Time. To me, it is also the story of one man's (every man's) pursuit of a dream and a vision that will make the Universe known and understandable to him.

We dwellers in the 20th century inhabit a world of politics, wars, ecological disasters, murder, famine, materialism, and personal misunderstanding — things that, to some of us, are no more explainable than psychic phenomena or UFO's. It is time to wonder and marvel at the unknown Universe with open minds and outstretched hands — a time to love, and not to fear that which we do not understand — a time to follow our dreams to a better place — a 'wrinkle in time' where love and imagination will be our solution — a time when Man is shown that he is not Number One in the Universe, but that he can be one with the Universe!

*When the night is a curtain of velvet  
blue,  
And a falling star splits the sky in two,  
And Orion smiles — then Ezekiel knew  
That a chariot would carry him home.*

*Let the wheels in the sky go round  
and round,  
Let the Sun and the Moon go up and  
down,  
Let the singing stars be my glory  
crown,  
And the chariot's gonna carry me home.*





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Telephone (804) 423-7387





## 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 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 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 most are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and the full lyrics of the songs. We are proud of these "hidden extras" and willingly accept the extra cost and effort they require — a large factor for a small company, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The extent of our commitment to these policies is reflected in this complete list of our releases:

FSA-1 Frank Proffitt	FSI-31 Rosalie Sorrels	FSI-55 Rick & Lorraine Lee
FSA-2 Joseph Able Trivett	FSA-32 Hedy West	FSI-56 Bok, Trickett & Muir: Turning Toward the Morning
FSA-3 Edna Ritchie	FSA-33 Sara Cleveland	FSI-57 Kendall Morse
FSI-4 Fleming Brown	FSS-34 Norman Kennedy	FSI-58 Joe Hickerson: Drive Dull Care Away, Vol. 1
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FSE-7 Paddy Tunney	FSI-37 Tony and Irene Saletan	FSS-61 Archie Fisher
FSE-8 Peg Clancy Power	FSI-38 Sara Grey with Ed Trickett	FSC-62 Margaret Christl and Ian Robb
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FSA-11 Max Hunter	FSI-41 New Golden Ring: Vol. 1	FSI-65 John Roberts and Tony Barrand
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FTA-14 Ray Hicks: Jack Tales	FSI-44 Gordon Bok: Peter Kagan	FSI-68 Bok, Trickett, Muir: The Ways of Man
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FSA-26 Sarah Ogan Gunning		
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FSI-28 Sandy and Jeanie Darlington		
FSI-29 Howie Mitchell: Mountain Dulcimer		
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FSI-73 Joan Sprung:  
Pictures to My  
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FSI-76 Powder River  
FSI-77 Jerry Rasmussen  
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