

Bill
Staines

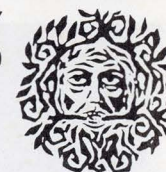
The Whistle
of the Jay





Bill Staines

FOLK-LEGACY
FSI-70



The Whistle of the Jay

with Guy Van Duser, Lana Pettey, Susan Hansen, Rick Lee, Vicky Van Duser, Karen Staines, Caroline Paton, and Stanley Longstaff.

Bill Staines lives, by choice, in rural New Hampshire — real, honest-to-goodness, kindling-splitting, wood-hauling, country living — where a new song may grow out of a quiet stroll along a wooded riverbank, or spring quickly to mind in the echoing spang of an axe in the clear, cold air, as some storm-downed birch is trimmed for the firebox. Even the shrill, reminding whistle of the goading jay, scolding a man to his morning chores, may carry with it the beginnings of yet another song.

A good life, yes, but a man must go where his work takes him, and Bill's work is his music. An increasingly full concert schedule demands that much of his time be spent on the road, a singing, songwriting solivagant, sharing his songs with enthusiastic audiences from New England to Texas to California, while New Hampshire becomes a place of refuge and respite, the place where Karen, busy with her own work, waits for his return.

Thus it is that Bill's songs tell us of more than woodstoves in winter and whistling jays. He writes of all of us, and his love for the land through which he wanders finds sure expression in his songs — not in the prideful predications of some who would impress us with their wisdom; Bill's concerns are stated in less obtrusive ways — lovers meet and waltz at a country fair, a trapper sings of his years in the northern woods, and lessons of life and love and of the love of life are to be found in the joyous polyphony as "all God's critters" discover that they, too, have a place in the choir.

These are good, singable songs of real people, living, working, dancing and dreaming in a land of real rivers, forests, prairies and towns. Listen to them, learn them, share them with your friends — they are telling us some things we ought to know.

Sandy Paton
February, 1979

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Photographed by Karen Elrod Staines

SIDE 1:

Missouri Road Song (Staines, BMI)	2:31
The Roseville Fair (Staines, BMI)	3:26
Ol' Jack (Staines, BMI)	2:53
Joli Girl (Fowler, ASCAP)	3:05
Henri LeBlanc (Staines, BMI)	2:38
The Rivers of Texas (traditional)	3:24
The Lover's Waltz (McQuillen)	2:01

SIDE 2:

The Logging Song (Staines, BMI)	2:15
Piney River Girl (Staines, BMI)	3:11
A Cowboy's Hard Times (Staines, BMI)	2:57
Jubilee (Staines, BMI)	3:14
Mexico Way (Staines, BMI)	3:06
A Place in the Choir (Staines, BMI)	2:40
River (Staines, BMI)	4:24

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The Whistle of the Jay



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

Bill Staines The Whistle of the Jay



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06089

The Whistle of the Jay

Introduction

The gold New England autumn was gone. The wood was in and only a few birds remained near my home in New Hampshire to cheer the arrival of the sun each morning. One jaybird, however, never failed to remind me that there were things to do or places to go. As if pretending to be some great songbird, he would sit on his tree branch outside my window and whistle and call until I was forced to throw back the curtain and look him straight in the eye. I would suddenly realize, however, that I was now wide awake and being blinded by the sun that he was using to warm himself.

It had been two years since I had recorded an album and so it was that at this time, just before the first snows of winter, I gathered up some musician friends and we descended upon the home of Sandy and Caroline Paton in the hills of Connecticut to do this record.

Recording for Folk-Legacy tends to be a family experience and our weekend there proved to be no exception. For two days we rehearsed, recorded, listened, laughed, recorded again, listened and smiled. Then there was some chicken and strawberry yogurt pie and more recording. A game of darts and a beer or two and Lola, the shepherd dog, quietly looking for a place to have her first litter of pups.

A special thanks goes to everyone who sang and played on this album. To Lana Pettey on bass, to Susan Hansen on five string viola, to Rick Lee who played piano and banjo, and to my favorite guitar player, Guy Van Duser. Guy tells me that he wants at least one "Mexico song" on each of my albums so that he can play his Spanish guitar licks. Thanks also to the folks in the chorus: my wife Karen, Guy's sister Vicky, Caroline Paton, and Stanley Longstaff.

The songs we recorded are close companions of mine. I've traveled with them all over the country and it's a pleasure to be able to play them for folks like you.

By the way, Lola did have her pups just before we left for home.

So now it's all over and that jaybird's back calling to me again. I'll finish these notes now.

I'm on the road tonight.

Bill Staines
December, 1978

The Whistle of the Jay

Introduction

The gold New England autumn was gone. The wood was in and only a few birds remained near my home in New Hampshire to cheer the arrival of the sun each morning. One Jaybird, however, never failed to remind me that there were things to do or places to go. As it pretended to be some great songbird, he would sit on the tree branch outside my window and whistle and call until I was forced to throw back the curtain and look him straight in the eye. I would suddenly realize, however, that I was now wide awake and being blinded by the sun that he was using to warn himself.

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I'm on the road tonight.

Bill Staines
December, 1978

Side 1, Band 1.

MISSOURI ROAD SONG

A night drive through Ohio and Illinois in the wind and rain, the morning sun reflecting off of the Gateway Arch in St. Louis as I crossed the river, the chatter of the diesel jockeys on the radio, all bound for different parts of the country, the early morning feeling of late Spring — all became my inspirations for the "Missouri Road Song."

Good morning, Missouri, and how have you been?

I've driven all night just to see you again,
And there's thunder behind me and plenty of wind,
And mountains ahead where I'm going.

This ragged old car says hello to you, too.

It's been many a mile since when first we were through,
Just a couple of drifters with nothing to do
But to go where the wind was a'blowing.

Your cornfields lie waiting for the sweet summer sun

To bring back the life winter took on the run,

And it's westbound through your small towns with a song to be sung,

Just a child on the open road.

Good morning, Missouri, the sun's at my back,

There's the sound of the horn of a fast rolling Mack

As it runs up behind, as it burns down the track,

Just a'chasing the shadow before it.

There's a feeling inside says I wish I could stay,

But there's songs to be sung and there's places to play,

And there's plenty of time on some other old day

To share one or two and remember.

The dark of the night lifts away with the dawn.

The fools on the road will be out before long,

And the birds in the fields lift to flight with a song,
My song of the open road.

Side 1, Band 2.

THE ROSEVILLE FAIR

Oh, the night was clear
And the stars were shining
And the moon came up
So quiet in the sky.
And the people gathered 'round
And the band was a'tuning.
I can hear them now
Playing "Coming Thru the Rye."

You were dressed in blue
And you looked so lovely,
Just a gentle flower
Of a small town girl.
You took my hand
And we stepped to the music.
And with a single smile,
You became my world.

And we danced all night
To the fiddle and the banjo.
Their drifting tunes
Seemed to fill the air.
So long ago,
But I still remember
When we fell in love
At the Roseville Fair.

Now we courted well
And we courted dearly,
And we'd rock for hours
In the front porch chair.
Then a year went by
From the time that I met you
And I made you mine
At the Roseville Fair.

And we danced all night
To the fiddle and the banjo.
Their drifting tunes
Seemed to fill the air.
So long ago,
But I still remember
When we fell in love
At the Roseville Fair.

So here's a song
For all of the lovers,
And here's a tune
That they can share.
May they dance all night
To the fiddle and the banjo,
The way we did
At the Roseville Fair.

Side 1, Band 3.

OL' JACK

A tune pieced together from some feelings of living in the country where the air smells of wildflowers after a rain and you can still play ball in the road.

They used to work mighty hard on the
old back forty
Back when I was just a little lad,
Digging up the fields and laying
down the furrows
When the weather it was good or bad.

I remember well what my daddy used
to say
As he pushed along behind the plow.
"Jack's a good ol' mule and there
ain't another like him,"
And the sweat was dripping off his
brow.

And he sang, "Ol' Jack, can you
hear the wind blow?
Ol' Jack, can you feel the time
go?
Ol' Jack, you don't look like
much,
But you've always been a friend
to me."

Old Jack had been around for as long
as I remember
And perhaps another year or so,
And there never was a time when that
floppy-eared critter
Didn't put his heart in every row.

When the crops came up, Daddy used
to stop and smile
And he'd say he was a thankful man
For the little bit of time that he
had under Heaven
To be living and to work the land.

He sang....

When the snows fell down in the
middle of the winter
Jack would pull us down along the
road
In a rickety sleigh that we got from
the neighbors
With two runners that were bent
and bowed.

Then we'd all stop awhile and we'd
listen to the wind
As it whistled on the winter's
night.
Jack would listen, too, and Daddy'd
sing in the snow
As it settled on the fields of
white.

He sang....

And so I stand in the fields of
this little old farm
And I push along behind a plow.
I remember all the times and the
seasons and the wind
And the little lad that's older now.

I got an old mule and I call him
Jack,
And he puts his heart in every row,
A woman and a son and an old time
song
And I love to sing it very low.

I sing....

Side 1, Band 4.

JOLI GIRL

"Joli Girl" was written by Elkin (Bubba) Fowler who now makes his home in Krum, Texas. Bubba wrote the song while living in New York City some years back, where it's easy to lose yourself and easier to write about it.

We walked the streets of Greenwich
Village,
Holding hands like school kids
In the summer August sun,
Smiling at the passing strangers
on their way
And wishing that the end would
never come.
And a flower lady sold me one red
rose
To give to you for your chestnut
hair
Just to make it shine,
And I gently held you to me
And whispered, "Joli girl, Joli
girl,
Will you be mine?"

Then we stopped into the fruit stand
on the corner
For some coconut champagne,
And a taxi driver cussed us
'Cause a blind man got his tip
And tapped a thank you with his cane.
Then we ducked out of the rain into
this tiny little shop
That traded books and floppy hats
for rings and beads,
And I gently held you to me
And whispered, "Joli girl, Joli girl,
You're all I need."

Oh, Joli girl, now please don't
ask me
How long I'll be staying,
You'll just end a simple dream
we both can share.
Tomorrow is another day
And I'll be far, so far away,
Oh, Joli girl, I may be anywhere.

So let's spread our blankets in the
park
And hold each other close,
The night is coming on and soon we'll
have to go.
But always remember, Joli girl,
Joli girl,
I love you so.

(repeat last verse)

Side 1, Band 5.

HENRI LEBLANC

Well, I go by the name Henri LeBlanc
And trapping is my trade.
My daddy was French and my mama was
a squaw,
I was born in the hemlock shade.
Forty-four years in the northern
woods
From Quebec to Hudson's Bay,
Forty-four years in the northern
woods
Where the bear and the beaver stay.

Well, it ain't very warm in Novem-
ber's storms,
But it's off to my traps I go,
And the whistle of the jay in the
trees on the way
Breaks the hush of the falling snow.

From my piney log shack with my
traps on my back
To my hills of evergreen,
The music that I know is the North
wind's blow
And the cry of the wolverine.

When it's early in the Spring and
the high geese sing,
Headin' up to the northern grounds,
When it's early in the Spring and
the river breaks up
With a moanin', groanin' sound,
Then it's off on the road with my
furs in a load
For the ladies around the town.
Well, they'll look mighty nice for
a very fine price
And be warm when the wind blows
down.

And my life goes along like a
song and a river
Flowing down along the way.
Through the months and the years
and the smiles and the fears,
I find a friend in every day.

Je suis connu par le nom LeBlanc
Et je suis un trappeur.
Fils de Français, ma mère était
indienne,
Je suis né sous les épinettes.
Quarante-quatre ans dans les bois
du nord,
De Québec jusqu'à la Baie D'Hudson.
Quarante-quatre ans dans les bois
du nord
Où se trouve le grand élan.

Forty-four years in the northern
woods
From Quebec to Hudson's Bay,
Forty-four years in the northern
woods
Where the bear and the beaver stay.

Side 1, Band 6.

THE RIVERS OF TEXAS

Many times I've been reminded of
this song as I've traveled through
Texas and crossed one of the rivers
mentioned in it. Rivers have always
been magical things to me and I de-
cided that it was time for me to re-
cord this song. It was collected by
folklorist Vance Randolph from Mrs.

Irene Carlisle who claims to have learned it from a hired hand from Texas.

Well, we crossed the broad Pecos
And we crossed the Nueces,
Swam the Guadalupe
And followed the Brazos.
Red River runs rusty,
The Wichita clear,
But down by the Brazos
I courted my dear.

Li lil li lee li lee
Give me your hand,
Li lil li lee li lee
Give me your hand.
Li lil li lee li lee
Give me your hand,
There's many a river
That waters the land.

The fair Angelina
Runs glossy and gliding,
The crooked Colorado
Runs weaving and winding.
The old San Antonio
Courses the plain,
But I never will walk
By the Brazos again.

Li lil li ...

I hugged her and I kissed her
And I called her my Candy.
The Trinity is muddy,
The Brazos quicksandy.
I hugged her and I kissed her
And I called her my own,
But down by the Brazos
She left me alone.

Li lil li ...

With the girls of Little River
You can't do no wrong,
The Sulphur and the Sabine
Are still mighty long,
And down by the Neches
There's girls by the score,
But I never will walk
By the Brazos no more.

Li lil li ...

Side 1, Band 7.

THE LOVER'S WALTZ

This tune is by Bob McQuillen, accordion and piano player for numerous New England country orchestras, including the Canterbury Orchestra. It's published in book #3 of Bob's Notebook; Jigs, Reels, and Other Tunes, copyright 1978 by Bob McQuillen, Dublin, New Hampshire.

Side 2, Band 1.

THE LOGGING SONG

It's early in the morning,
When the birds sing in the pines,
The sun peeks through the forest
Where the cold river climbs.
The men are up at five o'clock
And to the trees at six.
A hard day's work, a good night's
sleep,
Is all they ever mix.

Way, hey, another brand new day
On the wild and windy shores of
old Super-i-ay.

From North Bay to Fort William
On the rocky northern shore,
The mills are filled with cedar pulp
And the boats are filled with ore.
I worked in a logging camp,
My daddy did before.
We're calloused hands and weathered
skin
And iron to the core.

Way, hey ...

Now the flies are thick and the men
get sick,
It's as cold as it can be,
And nothing's unexpected
In the north coun-ter-y.
When the summer ends and the winter
comes,
It's forty-two below,
We settle down in plywood shacks
And cover up with snow.

Way, hey ...

Now, when I die I will have seen
The wonders of the sea
And I will have climbed the mountains
In the western coun-ter-y.
But most of all I won't forget
The wild and wondrous thing,
The falling of the timber
When it's early in the Spring.

Way, hey ...

Way, hey ...

Side 2, Band 2.

PINEY RIVER GIRL

Piney River is a little town nestled
down in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Vir-
ginia where the redbirds and the whip-
poorwills can touch you with a song.

I heard the sound of a redbird sing
And the call of a whippoorwill
As the sun poured over the eastern
ridges
And warmed the morning hills.
I heard the sound of an old blue
hound
As he wakened to the day
And shook off all of his hound dog
dreams
And wandered on his way.

Thinkin' 'bout old Virginia
And a Blue Ridge memory
That fills my mind with another
time
And brings her home to me.

Thinkin' 'bout old Virginia
And a Blue Ridge memory
That fills my mind with another
time
And brings her back to me.

She loved the sound of the banjo's
ring,
She loved the bluegrass tunes.
As I recall, she knew them all
Beneath the mountain moon.
She loved the soft and the easy wind
As it whispered in the hills,
And I'd like to think that if I
were there
She'd maybe love me still.

Thinkin' bout ...

The times they come, the times they
go;

You win, sometimes you lose.
But I love the livin' in every
breath

And I love to sing the blues.
But when I hear a redbird sing
My heart jumps in a whirl.
It reminds me of the time once
spent
With a Piney River girl.

Thinkin' 'bout ...

Side 2, Band 3.

A COWBOY'S HARD TIMES

I once saw an old wrangler sitting
on a bench outside of a bar in Cut
Bank, Montana. We talked for awhile
and, later, I wrote this song for him.

Well, I once was a cowboy
And I used to run wild.
I rodeoed, wrangled and
Rambled in style.
But I'm too old for horses,
Too old for the show,
And I'm too young for Heaven,
Now where shall I go?

Where shall I go,
Oh, where shall I go?
I'm too young for Heaven,
Now where shall I go?

I had me a true love
And I made her my wife,
And I swear that I loved her
Most all of my life.
But the cold of the winter
And the wind laid her low,
And she's gone on before me,
Now where shall I go?

Where shall I go,
Oh, where shall I go?
She's gone on before me,
Now where shall I go?

I never was a drunkard
But this I can say,
The taste of the whiskey
Gets better each day.
The bartender scowls, "Mack,
You're drinkin' too slow,
And we close in ten minutes."
Now where shall I go?

Where shall I go,
Oh, where shall I go?
They close in ten minutes,
Now where shall I go?

So it's out on the street
With the stars burning bright,
And nothing but memories
To share with the night.

(repeat first verse & chorus)

Side 2, Band 4.

JUBILEE

An old time get-together on the
river — clowns, wide-eyed children,
fiddles, people dancing, river packets.
A picture of another time.

Jubilee, wasn't it a jubilee?
Jubilee, wasn't it a jubilee?
They were singing out together,
They were shouting revelries.
Jubilee, now, wasn't it a jubilee?

They were dancing by the river,
They were dancing by the sea.
They were bouncing all the babies
Up and down upon their knees.
They were laughing out happy,
They were crying out free.
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a jubilee?

They were bangin' on the banjos,
They were pickin' on guitars.
They were blowing out the bass notes
On the crockery jars.
They were sliding on the washboards,
Bangin' spoons upon their knees.
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a jubilee?

Jubilee ...

They were comin' from the valleys,
They were comin' from the towns:
Now, they came to see the paddlewheel
And the showboat clowns.
They were comin' from the farmland,
They were comin' from the sea.
Jubilee, Lord, wasn't it a jubilee?

Jubilee

Now, isn't it a picture,
All these times gone by?
Well, he used to tell me stories
With a twinkle in his eyes,
And I wished I could have been there,
As I sat upon his knee.
Jubilee, Granddad, I'll bet it was a
jubilee.

Jubilee ...

Side 2, Band 5.

MEXICO WAY

I wrote this song a long time ago,
but it still remains a favorite of mine.

I was picking guitar
In a small Texas bar
And the people were watching me play,
When I spotted her eyes,
Big as old southern skies
That hung over Mexico way.

I was singing this song
About how I'd been done wrong
And she smiled at the words that
I'd say.
I knew in my head
She understood what I said,
Down by Mexico way.

We walked and walked,
And talked and we talked,
She sang songs to me through
the night.
She played my guitar
And my thoughts wandered far,
And I held her so close and
so tight.

Now I'm leaving town,
My head spinning 'round,
Bound for some other city to play,
But I'll always care
For the lady who's there,
Down by Mexico way.

(repeat last verse)

Side 2, Band 6.

A PLACE IN THE CHOIR

It makes me feel good to sing this one. It's fun to think of all the different animals clapping and making music. Listen to a porcupine sometime.

All God's critters got a place in
the choir,
Some sing low, some sing higher,
Some sing out loud on the telephone
wires,
And some just clap their hands,
Or paws,
Or anything they got now.

All God's critters ...

Listen to the bass, it's the one on
the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks and the
hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big t'do
And the old cow just goes moo.

The dogs and the cats they take up
the middle
While the honeybee hums and the
cricket fiddles,
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old coyote howls.

All God's critters ...

Listen to the top where the little
birds sing
On the melodies with the high notes
ringing,
The hoot owl hollers over every-
thing
And the jaybird disagrees.

Singin' in the night time, singing
in the day,
The little duck quacks, then he's
on his way.
The 'possum ain't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself.

All God's critters ...

It's a simple song of living sung
everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the
grizzly bear,
The grumpy alligator and the hawk
above,
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

All God's critters ...

All God's critters ...

Side 2, Band 7.

RIVER

A collection of thoughts about
parts of my life — winding, revealing,
and always moving, much like a river.
We all feel the flow of that river.

I was born in the path of the
winter wind
And raised where the mountains
are old.
Their springtime waters came
dancing down
And I remember the tales they told.

The whistling ways of my younger
days
Too quickly have faded on by,
But all of their memories linger
on
Like the light in a fading sky.

River, take me along
In your sunshine,
Sing me your song.
Ever moving and winding and free,
You rolling old river,
You changing old river,
Let's you and me, River,
Run down to the sea.

I've been to the city and back again;
I've been moved by some things that
I've learned,
Met a lot of good people and I've
called them friends,
Felt the change when the seasons
turned.

I've heard all the songs that the
children sing
And listened to love's melodies.
I've felt my own music within
me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

River ...

Someday when the flowers are
blooming still,
Someday when the grass is still
green,
My rolling waters will 'round the
bend
And flow into the open sea.

So, here's to the rainbow that's
followed me here,
And here's to the friends that I
know,
And here's to the song that's within
me now.
I will sing it where e'er I go.

River ...

River ...

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"Joli Girl" was written by Elkin "Bubba" Fowler and
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"The Lover's Waltz" is copyright 1978 by Bob McQuillen
and "The Rivers of Texas" is traditional.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1961 by Lee B. Haggerty, Mary W. Haggerty, and Sandy Paton. Our primary purpose has been to preserve the rich heritage of our traditional music and lore while encouraging the best of what has been termed the "emerging tradition" — that is, the performance of authentic folk material by dedicated interpreters (those not born to the tradition but whose repertoires are derived from it), as well as the creation of new songs and ballads by contemporary songmakers whose original material has been influenced by their respect for our folk legacy.

Our first recording (FSA-1: Frank Proffitt, of Reese, North Carolina) is one example of the former; this album might well represent the latter. We feel that the two aspects of our endeavor are of equal importance and urge our readers and listeners to investigate them both. To listen only to the interpretive artists is to overlook the sources of their inspiration; to listen only to the traditional performers is to ignore a new, non-commercial music that offers much of value to contemporary living.

In addition to the performances they contain, our records are engineered to our own high standards of sound quality, and nearly all are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and full lyrics to the songs. We have been proud of these "hidden extras" in spite of the extra cost and effort they require — for a small company, a large factor, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The best proof of the extent of our commitment to these policies is the list of our releases, every one still in print:

- | | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| FSA-1 Frank Proffitt | FSI-29 Howie Mitchell: | FSI-50 Helen Schneyer |
| FSA-2 Joseph Able Trivett | Mountain Dulcimer | |
| FSA-3 Edna Ritchie | EGO-30 Sandy and Caroline | FSI-51 Bob Zentz: |
| FSI-4 Fleming Brown | Paton | Mirrors and Changes |
| FSI-5 Howie Mitchell | | FSK-52 Sandy and Caroline |
| FTA-6 Richard Chase: | | Paton: I've Got a |
| Jack Tales | | Song |
| FSE-7 Paddy Tunney | FSI-31 Rosalie Sorrels | FSA-53 Betty Smith |
| FSE-8 Peg Clancy Power | FSA-32 Hedy West | FSI-54 Gordon Bok with |
| FSC-9 Marie Hare | FSA-33 Sara Cleveland | Ann Mayo Muir: |
| FSC-10 Tom Brandon | FSS-34 Norman Kennedy | Bay of Fundy |
| | FSI-35 Michael Cooney | FSI-55 Rick and Lorraine Lee |
| | FSA-36 Frank Proffitt | FSI-56 Ed Trickett, Gordon |
| | Memorial Album | Bok, Ann Mayo Muir: |
| FSA-11 Max Hunter | FSI-37 Tony and Irene | Turning toward the |
| FSA-12 Eugene Rhodes | Saletan | Morning |
| FSA-13 Hank Ferguson | FSI-38 Sara Grey with | FSI-57 Kendall Morse |
| FTA-14 Ray Hicks: | Ed Trickett | FSI-58 Joe Hickerson: Drive |
| Jack Tales | FSI-39 Joe Hickerson | Dull Care away, Vol. 1 |
| FSA-15 Lawrence Older | FSI-40 Gordon Bok: | FSI-59 Joe Hickerson: Drive |
| FSI-16 Golden Ring | A Tune for November | Dull Care away, Vol. 2 |
| FSA-17 Hobart Smith | | FSI-60 Joan Sprung |
| FSA-18 Arnold Keith Storm | FSI-41 New Golden Ring, | |
| FSB-19 Bob and Ron Copper | Vol. 1 | FSS-61 Archie Fisher |
| FSB-20 Harry Cox | FSI-42 New Golden Ring, | FSC-62 Margaret Christl and |
| | Vol. 2 | Ian Robb |
| FSE-21 Bill Meek | FSI-43 Howie Mitchell: | FSI-63 Harry Tuft |
| FSA-22 Beech Mountain, | Hammered Dulcimer | FSI-64 Ed Trickett: Gently |
| Vol. 1 | | down the Stream of Time |
| FSA-23 Beech Mountain, | FSI-44 Gordon Bok: | FSI-65 John Roberts and |
| Vol. 2 | Peter Kagan | Tony Barrand |
| FSA-24 Carolina Tarheels | FSI-45 Jon Wilcox | FSI-66 Bill Staines |
| FTA-25 Hector Lee: | FSI-46 Ed Trickett: Telling | FSI-67 Bob Zentz: |
| Mormon Tales | Takes Me Home | Beaucatcher Farewell |
| FSA-26 Sarah Ogan Gunning | FSI-47 Jim Ringer | |
| FSA-27 Grant Rogers | FSI-48 Gordon Bok with | |
| FSI-28 Sandy and Jeannie | Ann Mayo Muir: | |
| Darlington | Seal Djiril's Hymn | |
| | FSS-49 Jean Redpath | |

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FROM THE PUBLISHER:

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1951 by Leo S. 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 traditional folk material by dedicated interpreters (those not born to the tradition but whose repertoire was learned from it), as well as the creation of new songs and styles by contemporary composers whose original material has been influenced by their passion for our folk legacy.

Our first recording (FSL-1: Frank Proffitt, of Beese, North Carolina) is one example of the former; this album might well represent the latter. We feel that the two aspects of our endeavor are of equal importance and urge our readers and listeners to investigate both fields. To listen only to the interpretation exists in its own right, the sources of their inspiration; to listen only to the traditional performance 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 requested to our own high standards of sound quality, and nearly all are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and full lyrics to the songs. We have been proud of these "album extras" in spite of the extra cost and effort they require — for a small company, a large factor, but we believe, an indispensable one.

The best proof of the extent of our commitment to these policies is the list of our releases, every one still in print:

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FSL-2 Joseph Able Trivett	FSL-26 Mountain Delinor	FSL-51 Bob Beate
FSL-3 Elin Kirtan	FSL-27 Sandy and Caroline Paton	FSL-52 Mirtos and Grogan
FSL-4 Elin Kirtan	FSL-28 Howie Mitchell	FSL-53 Sandy and Caroline Paton
FSL-5 Howie Mitchell	FSL-29 Howie Mitchell	FSL-54 Sandy and Caroline Paton
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