

Ian Robb and Hang the Piper



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. FSI-71



Ian Robb and Hang the Piper



JUSTICE KNIFEBOARD. Hanging a PIPER for Playing Seditious Tunes

Ian Robb has long been one of our favorite ballad singers. He sings them as we like to hear them sung — straight and strong. When we asked him to record this, his second Folk-Legacy album (the first was with Margaret Christl and Grit Laskin and is number FSC-62 in our catalog), he expressed the desire to bring along some of his own favorite performers to accompany him. We agreed, of course, and it was through their working together in preparation for this album that the group now called "Hang the Piper" was born. During the recording, it became obvious that the album would be as much one of the group as it would be of Ian. Hence the title. The group's curious name derives from a tune in a collection of Irish airs compiled by one Canon Goodman, and from the cheerful little etching printed above. Exactly how a tune can be seditious was not explained in either source.

Ian was born and raised in England, but his grandfather was a fiddler and a farmworker in the bothies of Scotland during the early part of this century, so he comes to folk music with a proud heritage. He now lives in Canada where he operates an electron microscope at the Children's Hospital in Ottawa.

Side A:

1. Warlike Seamen (Trad.) 3:00
2. Cherish the Ladies (Trad.) 2:40
3. The Handloom Weaver's Lament (Trad.) 4:24
4. O'Connell's Lamentation (Trad.) 2:57
5. Jim Jones (Trad.) 4:07
6. Old Hag, You Have Killed Me/
I Buried My Wife and Danced on Her Grave/
Coppers and Brass/Tom Billy's (Trad.) 5:35

Side B:

1. The Banks of Red Roses (Trad.) 3:26
2. The Little Stack of Wheat/
The Black Swan (Trad.) 3:22
3. Clear Away the Morning Dew (Trad.) 2:56
4. The Crab in the Skillet/Travers Reel (Trad.) 3:25
5. Champion at Driving 'em Crazy
(©1978, Ian Robb, BMI) 3:33
6. Two Mazurkas (Trad.) 2:17
7. Rolling Down to Old Maui (Trad.) 3:33

RECORDED BY SANDY PATON NOTES BY IAN ROBB PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICK WHITTER DESIGN BY TROLLWOOD GRAPHICS

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JUSTICE KNIFEBOARD. Hanging a PIPER for Playing Seditious Tunes'



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Ian Robb and Hang the Piper



IAN ROBB AND HANG THE PIPER

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Hang the Piper

As you already know from reading the liner note on this record's jacket, Ian Robb was born in England of Scottish parentage and now makes his home in Canada. The lead singer and English concertina player of Hang the Piper, Ian is an electron microscopist at the Children's Hospital in Ottawa. Ian and his wife have two little girls. When not performing with Hang the Piper, Ian is a valued member of that loosely organized group known as Friends of Fiddler's Green.

Seamus McGuire, Hang the Piper's extraordinary fiddler, is also the group's authentic Irishman. He has just completed his residency in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital in Toronto and will be returning to his home in Sligo in the fall of this year. Seamus is a Fiddler of Dooney, the highest honor to which an Irish fiddler can aspire. He and his brother, Manus, also a Fiddler of Dooney, have just completed recording a splendid selection of tunes for Folk-Legacy. We hope to have the album ready for release by December of 1979.

Assisting the McGuires on that record will be the guitarist of Hang the Piper, Terry Rudden. A native Canadian, Terry makes good use of several open guitar tunings as he provides the solid foundation for the group's music. It must be admitted that he is also the group's resident teller of outrageously bad jokes. However, he tells them very well. In real life, Terry works for Ottawa Cablevision, helping various community organizations to produce their own television programs.

The multi-talented Grit Laskin is perhaps the most versatile folk musician in Canada. On this recording he plays long-neck mandolin, guitar, and Northumbrian smallpipes, as well as adding vocal harmonies to Ian's lead. Grit is one of North America's finest luthiers, crafting beautiful guitars, mandolins, mandolas, bouzoukis, etc., in his Toronto workshop. Also a songmaker of note, he will soon be recording an album of his own for Stan Rogers' Fogarty's Cove Records in Canada. He, too, is one of the Friends of Fiddler's Green.

Completing the list of Hang the Piper members is young Jon "the Viking" Goodman, Irish piper, flautist, and master of the tin whistle. Jon is a native Canadian whose musical skills were keenly honed during a lengthy stay in Ireland where he was able to work with some of that country's finest pipers. If you are curious as to how he came to be called "the Viking," you'll have to ask him. I did, but by the time the anecdotal answer was completed, I'd forgotten the question.

*Sandy Paton
August, 1979*

Hang the Piper

As you already know from reading the last note on this record's jacket, Ian Ross was born in England of Scottish parentage and now makes his home in Canada. The lead singer and English concertina player of Hang the Piper, Ian is an electrician and lives at the Children's Hospital in Ottawa. Ian and his wife have two little girls, when not performing with Hang the Piper, Ian is a valued member of that loosely organized group known as Friends of Fiddler's Green.

Seamus McMorris, Hang the Piper's extraordinary leader, is also the group's authentic Irishman. He has just completed his residency in pediatrics at the Children's Hospital in Toronto and will be returning to his home in Eilat in the fall of this year. Seamus is a fiddler of the highest honor to which an Irish fiddler can aspire. He and his brother, Martin, also a fiddler of honor, have just completed recording a splendid collection of tunes for Folk Legacy. We hope to have the album ready for release by December of 1975.

Assisting the McMorris in that record will be the guitarist of Hang the Piper, Barry Hadden. A native Canadian, Barry's own good was of several other Irish bands as he provides the solid foundation for the group's music. It must be mentioned that he is also the group's resident fiddle instructor and mentor. However, he is then very well, in fact, Barry works for Ottawa's Celtic Centre, helping various community organizations to provide their own Celtic programs.

The multi-talented Bill Rankin is perhaps the most versatile folk musician in Canada. On this recording he plays long-neck mandolin, guitar, and Northumbrian smallpipes, as well as adding vocal harmonies to Ian's lead. Bill is one of North America's finest fiddlers, creating beautiful guitar melodies, mandolins, bouzoukis, etc., in his Toronto workshop. When a moment of note, he will soon be recording an album of his own for Star Records. Finally, a love record in Canada. No, too, is one of the Friends of Fiddler's Green.

Completing the list of Hang the Piper members is young Tom "the Viking" Goodman, Irish pipe, fiddle, and master of the tin whistle. Tom is a native Canadian whose musical skills were honed during a lengthy stay in Ireland where he was able to work with some of that country's finest pipers. If you are curious as to how he came to be called "the Viking", you'll have to ask him. I did, but by the time the anecdotal answer was completed, I'd forgotten the question.

Hang the Piper
Ottawa, 1975

Introduction

This album, while it represents the repertoire and musical tastes of yours truly, cannot, however, be called "my album." My preference for performing in company made it appropriate to invite some of my favourite partners in crime to assist me, and from this, the group "Hang the Piper" came into being. Our name, incidentally, is based upon two sources, the first a tune title in an old Irish collection by one Canon Goodman, and the second a rather gruesome etching entitled "Justice Knifeboard, hanging a piper for playing seditious tunes," which is reproduced for your admiration on the back of this record's jacket.

Who the puritan Knifeboard was, or who he represents in this satire, is unclear, but we hope that this album will help to keep him turning in his grave for years to come.

Ian Robb
June 1979

Thanks are due to Lee, Caroline, Sandy and all the folks at Folk-Legacy for their hospitality; to Mark Roberts for the loan of his flute; and particularly to Sandy for being his usual patient and discriminating self at the controls.

Special thanks also to the following, for help and encouragement: Mr. Leo Browne of Ottawa; Mr. Chris Langan of Toronto; Mr. Jack Rooney of Fallowfield, Ontario; Toronto branch of Comhaltas Ceoltoiri Eireann; Fiddler's Green folk music club, Toronto; Shelley Posen; Gord Peeling; and finally the Ottawa-based group "Wickentree," without whose help "Hang the Piper" would probably be called something unpronounceably Gaelic.

NOTES ON THE SONGS AND TUNES.

Side 1, Band 1.

WARLIKE SEAMEN

A real "chestnut" from the repertoire of the Copper family of Rottingdean, Sussex, but still one of my favourite songs despite its rather confused story. I would not normally hesitate to clarify a song like this by making a few changes, but I guess a few songs remain sacred, however screwed-up they become by oral transmission! Learned from Peter Belamy.

Come all you warlike seamen
That to the seas belong,
I'll tell you of a fight, me boys,
On board the "Nottingham."
It was of an Irish captain,
His name was Sommerville;
With courage bold he did control,
He played his part so well.

'Twas on the eighth of June, me boys,
When at Spithead we lay.
On board there came an order
Our anchors for to weigh.
Bound for the coast of Ireland,
Our orders did run so,
For us to cruise and not refuse
Against a daring foe.

Well, we had not sailed many lengths
at sea
Before a ship we spied.
She being some lofty Frenchman,
Come a-bearing down so wide.
We hailed her in French, me boys,
She asked from whence we came.
Our answer was "From Liverpool,
And London is our name."

"Oh, pray are you some man-of-war,
Or pray what may you be?"
Oh, then replied our captain,
"And that you soon shall see."
"Come and strike your English colours,
Or else you shall bring to;
Since you're so stout, you shall give
out,
Or else we will sink you."

Well, the first broadside we gave to
them,
It made them for to wonder.
Their mainmast and their rigging, too,
Come a-rattling down like thunder.
It drove them from their quarters,
They could no longer stay;
Our guns did roar, we made so sure
We showed them British play.

So now we've sunk that ship, me boys,
God speed to us fair wind
That we might sail to Plymouth town,
If the heavens prove so kind.
We'll drink a health unto our
captain
And to all such warlike souls;
To him we'll drink, and never flinch,
Out of a flowing bowl.

Ian - concertina
Terry - guitar
Seamus - fiddle
Grit - smallpipes

Side 1, Band 2.

CHERISH THE LADIES

A great five-part jig, often played,
and deservedly so.

Grit - long-neck mandolin
Terry - guitar
Ian - concertina
Seamus - fiddle
Jon - whistle

Side 1, Band 3.

THE HANDLOOM WEAVER'S LAMENT

This song dates from the beginning of the industrialisation of the textile trade in Lancashire. It deals with a particularly black period during which the supply of woven goods outstripped the market, partly due to mechanisation, causing a scarcity of jobs for weavers and a decline in wages for those fortun-

ate enough to be employed. The "gentlemen and tradesmen" of the song followed the official propaganda line in blaming the Napoleonic wars and Bonaparte himself for much of the starvation and hardship which resulted. Apparently, however, the working men and women of the factories and mills were not so easily taken in, and many of them, seeing little decline in the comforts of the ruling and merchant classes, held a sneaking respect and admiration for "Boney," whom they regarded as a champion of the poor.

Learned from the singing of Denis Turner of the now-defunct London Critics Group.

You gentlemen and tradesmen,
As you ride about at will,
Look down on these poor people,
It's enough to make you crill.
Look down on these poor people
As you ride up and down.
I think there is a God above
Will pull your pride right down.

You tyrants of England,
Your race may soon be run;
You may be brought into account
For what you've sorely done.

Oh, you pull down our wages,
Shamefully to tell,
You go into the market
And you say you cannot sell;
And when that we do ask you
When these bad times may mend,
You quickly give an answer,
"When the wars are at an end."

When we look on our poor children
It grieves our hearts full sore;
Their clothing it is torn to rags,
And we can get no more.
With little in their bellies
They to their work must go,
While yours do dress as ranky
As monkeys in a show.

With the choicest of strong dainties
Your table's overspread;
With good ale and strong brandy
You make your faces red.
You invite a set of visitors,
It is your chief delight
To put your heads together
For to make our faces white.

Oh, you go to church on Sundays,
 But I think it's nowt but pride;
 There can be no religion
 Where humanity's thrown aside.
 If there be a God in Heaven,
 As there is in the exchange,
 Our poor souls must not come near
 there,
 Like lost sheep they must range.

Oh, you say that Bonaparte
 Has been the cause of all,
 And that we should all have cause
 To pray for his downfall.
 Well, Bonaparte is dead and gone
 And it is plainly shown
 That we have bigger tyrants
 Than Boney's, of our own.

So, now me lads, for to conclude
 And for to make an end,
 Let's hope that we can form a plan,
 That these bad times may mend.
 So, give us our old prices,
 As we have had before,
 And we will live in happiness
 And rub out the old score.

Ian - vocal
 Grit - guitar and chorus
 Seamus - fiddle

Side 1, Band 4.

O'CONNELL'S LAMENTATION

Presumably a lament for the 19th century Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, this beautiful air may be found in O'Neill's *Music of Ireland* (#28). Seamus learned it from a recording of American concertina player Grey Larsen, to whom credit must go for unearthing a fine, but relatively unknown tune.

Seamus - fiddle
 Grit - guitar
 Ian - concertina

Side 1, Band 5.

JIM JONES

I first heard this short, but extremely powerful transportation song sung by Dave Parry, one of my fellow "Friends of Fiddler's Green." He referred me back to his source, John Kirkpatrick, and also mentioned that, according to Martyn Wyndham-Read, the

song is also sung, to a different tune, in Australia. It couldn't be a better tune than this one, so I haven't bothered to look further. I find the last verse particularly intriguing, as it is not common to find such unashamed bitterness and hatred expressed in a song in the first person. Perhaps that is why the song has such impact.

Come and listen for a moment, lads,
 And hear me tell me tale,
 How across the sea from England
 I was condemned to sail.
 Well, the jury found me guilty;
 Then says the judge, says he,
 "Oh, for life, Jim Jones, I'm sending
 you

Across the stormy seas.
 But take a tip, before you ship
 To join the iron gang,
 Don't get too gay in Botany Bay,
 Or else you'll surely hang.
 Or else you'll surely hang," he says,
 "And after that, Jim Jones,
 It's high up upon the gallows tree
 The crows will pick your bones."

Well, our ship was high upon the sea
 When pirates came along,
 But the soldiers on our convict ship
 Were full five hundred strong.
 Oh, they opened fire and somehow drove
 That pirate ship away.
 But I'd rather've joined that pirate
 ship

Than gone to Botany Bay.
 With the storms a-raging 'round us
 And the winds a-blowing gales,
 I'd rather've drowned in misery
 Than gone to New South Wales.
 There's no time for mischief there,
 they say,
 Remember that, says they,
 Or they'll flog the poaching out of
 you
 Down there in Botany Bay.

Well, it's day and night the irons
 clang
 And like poor galley slaves,
 Oh, we toil and toil, and when we die
 Must fill dishonoured graves.
 But it's bye and bye I'll slip me
 chains
 And to the bush I'll go,
 And I'll join the brave bush-rangers
 there,
 Jack Donahue and Co.

And some dark night, when everything
Is silent in the town,
I'll shoot those tyrants, one and all,
I'll gun the floggers down.
Oh, I'll give the law no little
shock,
Remember what I say,
And they'll yet regret they sent Jim
Jones
In chains to Botany Bay.

Ian - concertina
Grit - guitar
Seamus - fiddle

Side 1, Band 6.

OLD HAG, YOU HAVE KILLED ME/
I BURIED MY WIFE AND
DANCED ON HER GRAVE/
COPPERS AND BRASS/TOM BILLY'S

Four fine jigs, well-known, with the possible exception of "I Buried My Wife" which Jon learned from Liam O'Flynn a couple of years ago. As might be expected, there is a song associated with it. Also, it appears to be related to the better-known "Frieze (Friar's) Breeches," and another jig, "O'Gallagher's Frolics." "Coppers and Brass" is often played without the third part; the complete version is also known as "The Humours of Ennistymon," and is a favourite among pipers.

Grit - long-neck mandolin
Terry - guitar
Ian - concertina
Jon - Uilleann pipes
Seamus - fiddle

Side 2, Band 1.

THE BANKS OF RED ROSES

This is an Ulster version of a song found more commonly, but in less substantial form, in Scotland. I have taken the liberty of singing it the Scottish way, with a chorus, as I think it functions as a sort of "flash-back" reminder of the motive for murder. I guess I have been watching too many crime movies! Learned from more people than I could number, but I believe this text comes from Sarah Makem, via Johnny Moynihan.

On the banks of red roses
My love and I sat down,
And I pulled out my fiddle
For to play my love a tune.
In the middle of the tune, my love
She sighed and she said,
"Oh, my Johnny, lovely Johnny,
Don't you leave me."

When I was a young girl,
I heard my mother say
That I was a foolish lass
And easy led astray;
And before that I would work,
I would sooner sport and play
With my Johnny, on the banks
Of red roses.

Oh, he took her to his lodge
And invited her to tea,
Saying, "Drink, my lovely Molly,
And come along with me."
Saying, "Drink, my lovely Molly,
And come along with me
To the sweet and pleasant banks
Of red roses."

Well, they walked and they talked
'Till they came unto a cave
Where Johnny all the day
Had been digging up a grave;
Where Johnny all the day
Had been digging up a grave
For to leave the lass he loved
In red roses.

Well, then he's pulled out a penknife,
It was both long and sharp,
And he's plunged it right into
His own dear Molly's heart;
Yes, he's plunged it right into
His own dear Molly's heart,
And he's left her lying low
Among the roses.

Grit - guitar
Seamus - fiddle
Ian - concertina

Side 2, Band 2.

THE LITTLE STACK OF WHEAT/
THE BLACK SWAN

These two hornpipes are about as different as two hornpipes could be, but somehow they fit together nicely. The first is a fairly simple, flowing tune from the repertoire of the

legendary Sligo fiddler, Michael Coleman, though we first heard it from Andy Irvine and Paul Brady. "The Black Swan," in the key of F and with a very "jumpy" tune, sounds English to me, although Seamus learned it from his father, Paddy McGuire, back home in Sligo.

Jon - flute
 Ian - concertina
 Terry - guitar
 Seamus - fiddle
 Grit - long-neck mandolin

Side 2, Band 3.

CLEAR AWAY THE MORNING DEW

One of the first traditional songs I ever learned, the bulk of the text and the tune coming from *The Singing Island* by Ewan MacColl and Peggy Seeger.

I have always been attracted by smart remarks in songs, and the "maid within, fool without" line is one of my favourite ambiguities.

*As I walked out one morning fair,
 To see what I could shoot,
 I there espied a pretty fair maid
 Come a-tripping by the road.*

*And sing, Hail the dewy morning,
 Blow all the winds high-O.
 Clear away the morning dew,
 How sweet the winds do blow.*

*We both jogged on together
 'Till we came to some pooks of hay.
 She said, "Young man, there is a
 place
 Where you and I can lay."*

*I put me arms around her waist
 And I tried to throw her down.
 She said, "Young man, the dewy grass
 Will rumple my silk gown.*

*"But if you come to me father's house,
 There you can lay me down.
 You can take away me maidenhead,
 Likewise a thousand pounds."*

*So I took her to her father's house,
 But there she locked me out.
 She said, "Young man, I'm a maid
 within,
 And you're a fool without!"*

*So, it's if you come to a pretty maid,
 A mile outside of town,
 Don't you take no heed of the dewy
 grass,
 Or the rumpling of her gown.*

Grit - smallpipes
 Seamus - fiddle
 Ian - concertina
 Terry - guitar

Side 2, Band 4.

THE CRAB IN THE SKILLET/TRAVERS REEL

These two tunes have been known to us for a while, but only became paired during our stay at Folk-Legacy. The first, a three part jig in G minor, came from a recording by the group "Horslips," and the second is one of a pair of reels played by, among others, Joe McKenna, from whom Jon learned it.

Ian - concertina
 Terry - guitar
 Grit - long-neck mandolin
 Seamus - fiddle
 Jon - flute

Side 2, Band 5.

CHAMPION AT DRIVING 'EM CRAZY

This one is for my long-suffering wife, Val, who has to put up with my obsession for Irish tunes. I hasten to add that the song is not autobiographical! My apologies to Ewan MacColl for parodying his great "Champion at Keeping 'em Rolling," and thanks to Cathal McConnell who inadvertently gave me the idea. The tune is the much-used "Limerick Rake."

*I am a bold Irishman,
 Murphy's me name.
 I'm known as a piper
 and fiddler of fame.
 The tin whistle's me forte,
 on the flute I'm the same;
 At the squeeze-box
 there's none can me equal.
 I whistle for breakfast
 and pipe for me tea;
 I play me old flute
 twenty-five hours a day,
 And I can't understand
 why so many folk say
 I'm champion at driving 'em crazy.*

Well, I once had a sweetheart,
 so fair and divine;
 She said that she loved me,
 I thought she was mine.
 She'd the shape of a fiddle
 and her hair was so fine
 For bowstrings you'd sure
 find no better.
 She told me forever
 her love would endure;
 She asked me to kiss her,
 me answer was "Sure.
 And why not? It's good practice
 for my embouchure!"
 I'm champion at driving 'em crazy.

Well, this lass was persistent
 and her efforts soon led
 To a room in a pub
 with a big double bed
 And she said, "Do you know
 It is time we were wed?"
 I said "Is that a reel
 or a hornpipe?"
 Well, I took off me clothes
 and down on the bed sat.
 Says she, "Won't your whistle
 go longer than that?"
 I said, "What takes your fancy,
 is it F or B-flat?"
 I'm champion at driving 'em crazy.

Well, a little while after,
 she says to me, "Pat,
 I think that your whistling
 is making me fat."
 And a few months being over,
 she up and begat
 A wee fellow,
 the image of me.
 Well, at three weeks of age
 he could lilt a few tunes;
 At a month he was battering
 on bodhran and bones.
 Now he's the master of
 chanter and drones.
 He'll be champion at driving 'em crazy.

Well, me wife she soon left us,
 and all in due course,
 For "musical cruelty"
 she got her divorce,
 And despite all our vows of
 "for better or worse,"
 I'm left all alone
 with the baby.

Well, he's Ireland's best piper
 by quite a long chalk;
 His fiddling's unequalled
 from Sligo to Cork,
 And, as soon as he learns
 how to walk and to talk,
 He'll be champion at driving 'em crazy.

embouchure - mouth position used
 by flute players.
 bodhran - primitive goat-skin drum
 played, some would say far too
 much, by Irish musicians. Good
 in the right hands, though!

Seamus - fiddle
 Ian - concertina
 Grit - long-neck mandolin
 Jon - whistle
 Terry - guitar

("Champion at Driving 'em Crazy" is
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Side 2, Band 6.

TWO MAZURKAS

These sprightly tunes were apparently
 popular in Irish high society at one time,
 and have crept into the tradition by way
 of musicians hired to play for the nobil-
 ity on festive occasions. The first ma-
 zurka is sometimes associated with Charlie
 Lennon; the second, which starts with a
 "calliope imitation" by Seamus and Jon,
 is the better-known "Sonny Brogan's."

Seamus - fiddle
 Ian - concertina
 Terry - guitar
 Jon - Uilleann pipes
 Grit - long-neck mandolin

Side 2, Band 7.

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI

I learned this song a few years ago
 from fellow ex-Londoner David Jones, and
 because of a rather poor tape-recorder
 and an even poorer memory, my rendering
 of it is a bit different from his (what
 ever happened to oral transmission?).
 Anyway, I hope the changes don't detract
 from a fine song with one of the greatest

choruses around.

Maui, now part of the state of Hawaii, was a favourite home base for whalers operating in the north Pacific and Bering Sea towards the end of the last century, and is mentioned, along with its women, in many whaling songs of that period.

'Tis a damned hard life,
Full of toil and strife,
We whalersmen undergo;
And we don't give a damn,
When the gale is done,
How hard the winds do blow.
We're homeward bound,
'Tis a welcome sound,
With a good ship, taut and free,
And we don't give a damn,
When we drink our rum
With the girls of old Maui.

Rolling down to old Maui, me boys,
Rolling down to old Maui;
We're homeward bound
From the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail,
With a northerly gale,
Through ice and sleet and rain.
And them native maids,
In their Island glades,
We soon shall see again.
Oh, six hellish months
Have passed away
In the cold Kamchatka sea,
But now we're bound
From the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail,
With a favourable gale,
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung,
Our whaling done,
And we ain't got far to roam.
Our stuns'll booms
Are carried away,
Oh, what care we for that sound?
A living gale
Is after us,
Thank God, we're homeward bound.

How soft the breeze
From the island seas,
Now the ice is far astern;
And them native maids,
In their island glades,
Are a-waiting our return.
Their big, black eyes,
Even now, look out,
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails,
Running 'fore the gales,
Rolling down to old Maui.

Ian - concertina
Seamus - fiddle
Grit - chorus

And now the house
From the island side,
You see the sea for miles,
And then across the water
In their white sails
Are sailing the galleons
Their big black sails
Tear now, look now,
Hanging from the masts
Our boys' sails,
Hanging from the masts
Rolling down to old Maui.

And - remember
Hansen - little
Oh - oh

Chorus around.
Maui, now part of the state of Hawaii,
was a favorite place for whalers
operating in the North Pacific and
Boring has covered the end of the last
century, and is mentioned along with
its women, as many whaling songs of
that period.

The a hundred hand life
Full of toil and strife
The whaler's life
And we don't give a damn
When the gale is down,
You said the words to show
We're honest boys,
We're honest boys,
With a good ship, tank and crew,
And we don't give a damn
When we think our run
With the girls of old Maui.

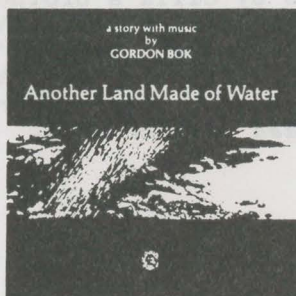
Rolling down to old Maui, we boys,
Rolling down to old Maui,
We're honest boys,
From the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail,
With a hundred sails,
Through the sea and wind and rain,
And then across the water
In their white sails
Are sailing the galleons
Oh, our whaling men,
Have passed away
In the old Arctic sea,
But now we're bound
From the Arctic ground,
Rolling down to old Maui.

Once more we sail,
With a hundred sails,
Through the sea and wind and rain,
Our whaling men,
And we don't give a damn
Our boys' sails,
The whaling men,
Oh, what words to show
A little sail
To show us
Thank God, we're honest boys.

RECENT RELEASES FROM FOLK-LEGACY

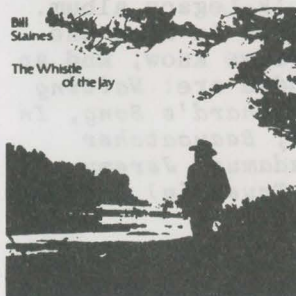
FSI-72 - GORDON BOK - *ANOTHER LAND MADE OF WATER*. This must be described as a most unusual recording — a story with music that captures all of the magic of Gordon's unique artistry. Some twenty-five singers bring the songs to life, around which Gordon weaves a narration that is music in itself. We are told of a storm, of an island refuge, and of a singing people from "Another Land Made of Water." Gordon says that he is not sure what this is, but he sees it as a study in impermanence, adding that it behooves us to look very carefully at impermanence these days. This special Folk-Legacy release contains a thirty-two page booklet with illustrations by Ed Porter. The extra costs of this production require a list price of \$8.98, but it's certainly worth it.



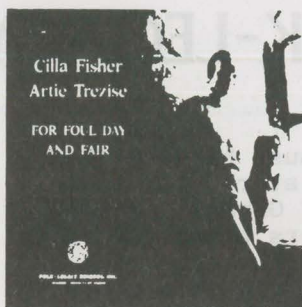
FSI-71 - IAN ROBB and HANG THE PIPER. Ian has long been one of our favorite ballad singers. He now plays concertina with the group called Hang the Piper and this recording combines the wonderful results of both musical endeavors. Along with Ian, Hang the Piper includes Grit Laskin, Seamus McGuire (a Fiddler of Dooney from Ireland), Terry Rudden and Jon Goodman. The songs are mostly British, the tunes are mostly Irish, the players are mostly Canadian, and the appeal is absolutely universal. Includes: *Warlike Seamen, Cherish the Ladies, The Handloom Weaver's Lament, O'Connell's Lamentation, Jim Jones, Old Hag, You Have Killed Me, The Banks of Red Roses, The Little Stack of Wheat, Clear Away the Morning Dew, The Crab in the Skillet, Champion at Driving 'em Crazy, Rolling Down to Old Maui,* and more.



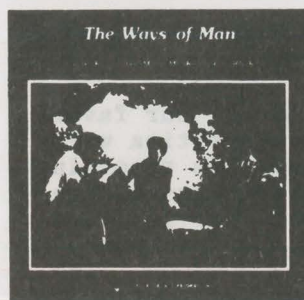
FSI-70 - BILL STAINES - *THE WHISTLE OF THE JAY*. Bill's second recording for Folk-Legacy contains eleven of his own songs, including the oft-requested "A Place in the Choir" (which most people insist on calling "All God's Critters"), plus one by Elkin Fowler, a tune from Bob McQuillen, and a lovely traditional song. Guy Van Duser, Susan Hansen, Lana Pettey, Rick Lee and a number of others joined Bill for this recording. We are convinced that this will quickly become one of our best selling albums. It's irresistible! Includes: *Missouri Road Song, The Roseville Fair, Ol' Jack, Joli Girl, Henri LeBlanc, The Rivers of Texas, The Lover's Waltz, The Logging Song, Piney River Girl, A Cowboy's Hard Times, Jubilee, Mexico Way, A Place in the Choir,* and *River*.



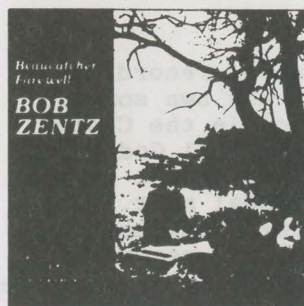
FSS-69 - CILLA FISHER and ARTIE TREZISE - *FOR FOUL DAY AND FAIR*. During one of their frequent visits to the United States, we managed to record this powerful young duo from Scotland in the few days they had between festival engagements. The program they selected ranges from strong, unaccompanied ballads, through some superb duets, to what might be called "new wave" arrangements, and two contemporary songs by Cilla's brother, Archie Fisher. Includes: *Sodger Laddie, Rhynie, The Bothy Lads, Feein' Time, The Jolly Beggar, Laird o' the Dainty Doonby, The First Time, Billy Taylor, The Shepherd Lad, Twa Recruitin' Sergeants, False Lover Won Back, The Miller, The Maid Gaed tae the Mill, The Final Trawl*.



FSI-68 - GORDON BOK, ED TRICKETT, and ANN MAYO MUIR - *THE WAYS OF MAN*. In this companion album to their very popular "Turning Toward the Morning" (FSI-56), Gordon, Ed and Annie take us from ancient Ireland to Australia at the time of World War I, with many side excursions into Scotland, England, and Gordon's own coast of Maine. A powerful and beautiful recording by three truly outstanding artists. Includes: *The Golden Vanity, Wee Dark Engine Room, I Knew This Place, The Castle of Dromore, Reedy River, The Ways of Man, The Final Trawl, Since We Parted, Dancing at Whitsun, Gentle Maiden/Planxty Irwin, No Man's Land*.



FSI-67 - BOB ZENTZ - *BEAUCATCHER FAREWELL*. Together with Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Rick and Lorraine Lee, Nick Apollonio, and a number of other good friends, Bob brings us all those fine new songs you've been hearing about since the release of his first Folk-Legacy album. An extremely engaging performer, Bob is also one of the most thoughtful songwriters we know, and an excellent instrumentalist. Included are: *Waiting for Dawn, My Favorite Song, Sir Richard's Song, In My Time, Hey, Dave, Good Ole Days, Beaucatcher Farewell, Wrinkle in Time, Nostradamus, Jeremy, Sweet Song from Yesterday, (Some Trust in) Chariots*.

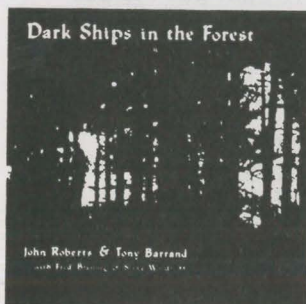


FSI-66 - BILL STAINES -



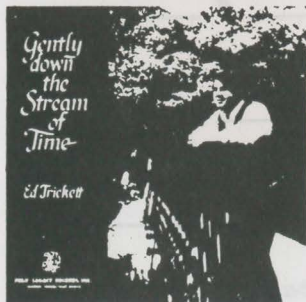
JUST PLAY ONE TUNE MORE. Bill's first recording for Folk-Legacy has Guy Van Duser adding additional guitar (and sometimes bass) and, for several of the cuts, an audience from the Sounding Board in Hartford joining on the choruses. Here are thirteen fine songs, including eight of Bill's own, and one lovely guitar solo. *Red Clay Country Blues, Wild Rippling Waters, Alkali, The Lost Mine of the Chisos, I Must Be Going Home, The Boats They Come and the Boats They Go, Spanish is a Loving Tongue, Lynchburg Town, My Sweet Wyoming Home, Rye Whiskey Joe, The Black Fly Song, Liverpool Light, The Music Box, White Mountain Goodbye.*

FSI-65 - JOHN ROBERTS and TONY BARRAND -



DARK SHIPS IN THE FOREST. John and Tony have made a number of records for other small labels (Swallowtail, Front Hall), usually thematic (sea songs, Christmas songs, etc.). We invited them to do an album of songs of the supernatural. Here are a dozen beautiful ballads dealing with magical transformations, revenants, and such, vigorously sung by two splendid singers, with additional accompaniment by Fred Breunig and Steve Woodruff. Includes: *Oak, Ash and Thorn, The Broomfield Wager, The Wife of Usher's Well, Tom of Bedlam, The Dreadful Ghost, The Foggy Dew, The Derby Ram, The Maid on the Shore, Reynardine, The False Lady, Polly Vaughn, The Two Magicians.*

FSI-64 - ED TRICKETT -

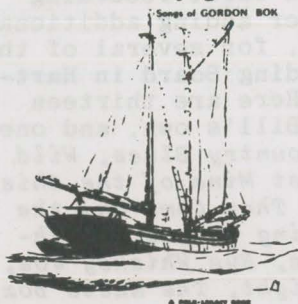


GENTLY DOWN THE STREAM OF TIME. Ed dedicates this thoughtful recording to his children, Jennifer and Katechen. Each of the songs on the album deals with a segment of time in the cycle of life — infancy, childhood, adolescence, courtship, marriage, middle age, etc. Several of Ed's friends joined him for the recording: Gordon Bok, Ruth and Harry Guffee, Barry Mitterhof, and Ed's wife, Penny, all help to make this one of the loveliest albums we've ever heard. Includes: *Gently Down the Stream of Time, A La Rorro Nino, Calico Pie, Eyes Are Blue/Wild Horse, The Fit, Tear Old Wilson Down, Craney Hill, Bonny Love, Only an Hour Until Morning, Will You Love Me When I'm Old, Grandfather's Clock, Hymn Song, January Man.*

TIME AND THE FLYING SNOW - The Songs of Gordon Bok - A Folk-Legacy Book.

Time and the Flying Snow

Songs of GORDON BOK



Illustrated with a selection of Gordon's drawings and a number of photographs of his remarkable wood-carvings, this handsome book contains the words, music, and guitar chords (plus several complete guitar tablatures) for nearly fifty of the songs and tunes sung and played by Maine's leading singer and songwriter. There isn't room here for a complete listing, but the book includes: *Mister Eneos*, *Cape Ann*, *Clear Away in the Morning*, *Western Boat*, *Bay of Fundy*, *Mrs. MacDonald's Lament*, *Herring Croon*, *Little River*, *The Hills of Isle au Haut*, *Dillan Bay*, *The Brandy Tree*, *A Tune for November*, *Isle au Haut Lullabye*, *Peter Kagan and the Wind*, *Turning Toward the Morning*, and many more. \$6.95.

MAIL ORDER INFORMATION

Folk-Legacy records have a list price of \$7.98 each, but we do offer a special mail order discount with increasing reductions for multiple orders. When ordering, be sure to take advantage of the following discount schedule:

- 1 to 4 records \$6.98 each, plus \$1.00 postage per order
- 5 to 9 records \$5.98 each, plus \$2.00 postage per order
- 10 to 19 records \$5.00 each, plus \$3.00 postage per order
- 20 to 39 records \$4.50 each, plus \$4.00 postage per order
- 40 records or more \$4.25 each, plus \$5.00 postage per order

Our special book-and-record sets have a list price of \$8.98 each. If any of these are included in your order, please add \$1.00 for each of them to the prices listed above. The sets are:

FSI-29 - Howie Mitchell's "THE MOUNTAIN DULCIMER"

FSI-43 - Howie Mitchell's "THE HAMMERED DULCIMER"

FSI-72 - Gordon Bok's "ANOTHER LAND MADE OF WATER"

The two dulcimer books may be purchased separately (without the records) for \$3.95 plus 50¢ postage for each. The other books we offer are:

"TIME AND THE FLYING SNOW" by Gordon Bok - \$6.95

plus \$1.00 for postage.

"COLD AS A DOG AND THE WIND NORTHEAST" - by Ruth Moore -

\$3.50 plus 50¢ for postage.

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