

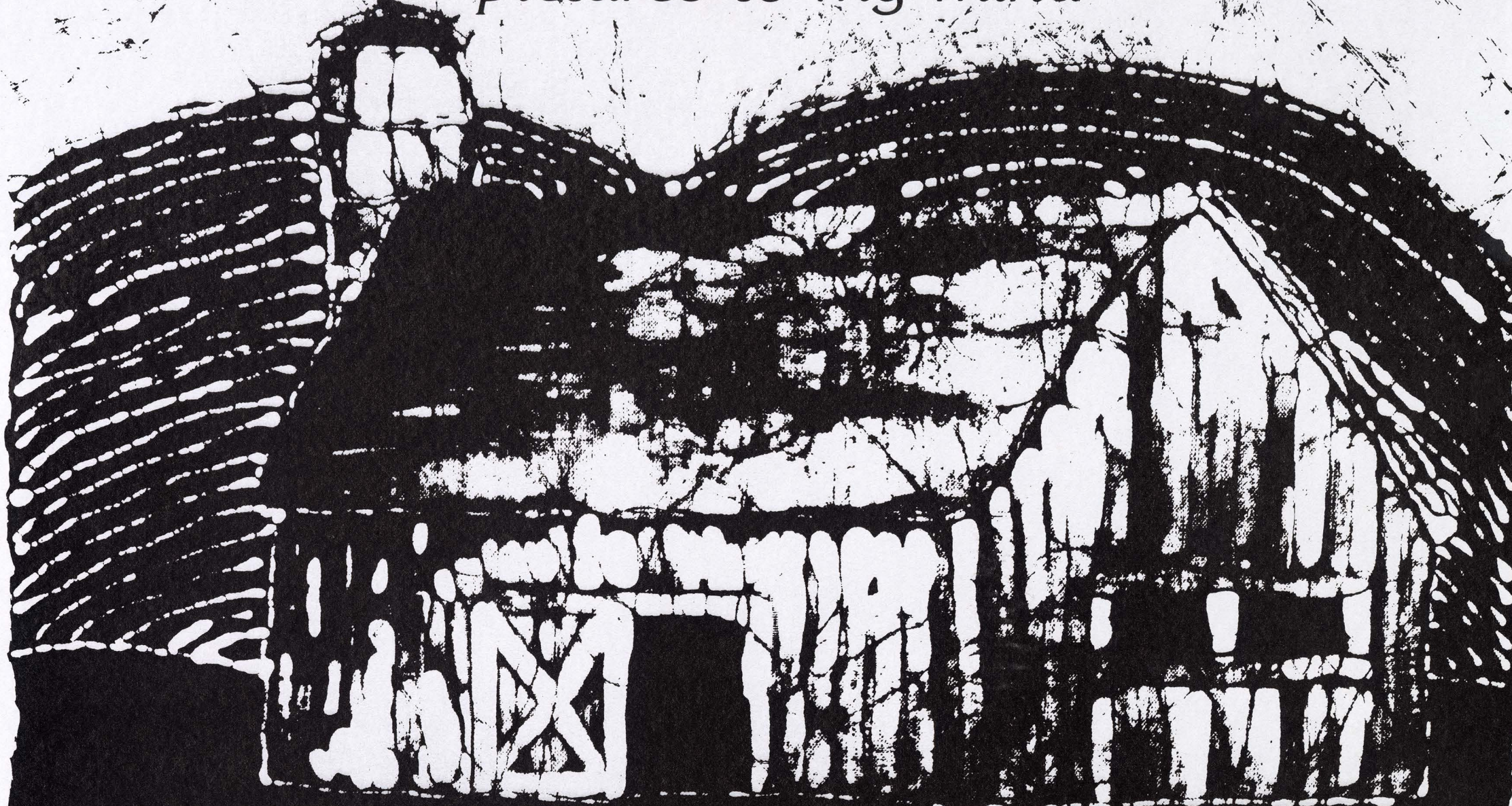
*Joan Sprung*  
*pictures to my mind*





# Joan Sprung pictures to my mind

FOLK-LEGACY FSI-73



Don't know if I remember all the words, I'll hum along.  
Brings back pictures to my mind to hear the good old songs.

Berries in the fields in spring, goldenrod in fall,  
Lullabies my mother sang hold scenes I still recall.

Sunsets on the distant hills, maples in the rain,  
Gray barn boards all rough with age - please sing it once again.

I can see a little child, I remember home,  
And songs I thought forever lost were never really gone.

Sing it one more time, it brings back pictures to my mind.  
To hear the old songs once again brings pictures to my mind.

Side A: Pictures to My Mind (Sprung; BMI*)	3:41
The Death of Queen Jane	4:37
California Stage Company	2:23
The Field of Monterey	2:55
No, Never, No	3:19
Fiddler of Dooney (Yeats/Bosson; BMI)	1:31
His Music (Sprung; BMI)	3:30

Side B: Cabin by the Side of the Road	3:15
Where Have the Dancers Gone (Sprung; BMI*)	3:38
John of the Hazelgreen	1:34
The Mistletoe Bough	3:13
Prisoner for Life	3:54
The Pilgrim's Song	3:24
Row Us Over the Tide	3:23

Recorded by Sandy Paton

Cover Photo by Sandy Paton

Batik by Joan Sprung

Jacket Design by Trollwood Graphics



FSI-73

*Joan Sprung*  
*pictures to my mind*



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# *pictures to my mind*

## Introduction

The songs I care about have intrinsic and irresistible hooks: beautiful language, imagery; wonderful melodies, modes, and rhythms; wit and great stories. They define and document the past in a more intimate way than a history book can, and are more relevant than much of today's over-produced and superficial music.

I'm ever grateful to folklorists and collectors in the field who have done the hard part, allowing me the pure pleasure of paddling reverently through seas of scholarly works, old song-books, and records — hoping to be caught by a good song.

Most of the songs on this album are American: native and naturalized. I am most at home in that idiom, but you will notice I step fearlessly out of it now and then.

I hope the songs I love have hooks in them for you, too; that they bring pictures to *your* mind. They are a glass turned backward on other times and consciousnesses. They are a communication more joyful than speech. They hold the sea, high hills, roads winding to anywhere, and the music of a faraway dance hall. They bring back dust in an attic, sunlight patterns on a kitchen floor, and old wood. Just listen!

---

Often the backup musicians on a record are faceless voices and instruments. I'm always curious about what sort of people are actually making the music I hear. Everyone on this one is a friend and, in one case, a close relative as well. I'm grateful to them all for giving their music, support, and energy.

Bob Emery really cares about each song sounding right, and his beautiful harmonies and incredible guitar work can also be heard on my first Folk-Legacy album, *Ballads and Butterflies*. At present, Bob is the head of the English department at a private school in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Marty Sachs is my son and my friend. He lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is a pilot, and performs often as a bluegrass bassist (he and Bob were both members of the now defunct group, "Northern Lights"). Marty's versatile bass, Jew's harp accompaniments, and harmony singing on this album are all part of his good musicianship. Sometimes I indulge myself by thinking that some of my genes helped. (His comment: "Your genes are too small.")

Dave Kiphuth, of Stony Creek, Connecticut, is a fine instrumentalist and singer in folk and bluegrass styles. He plays claw-hammer banjo, guitar, and sings harmony on three songs. In his other real life, Dave is a fine artist. His wildlife drawings are superb.



Eleanor Ellis, a lover of traditional music, plays psaltery here. Having lived in England for a time, she has a large repertoire of songs of the British Isles. It's her version of "Queen Jane" that I use on this album. Ellie now lives in the little town of Brookfield Center, Connecticut, not far from my house in Sandy Hook, so we see each other often to share music, tea, and ideas.

Lani Herrmann was living in New Jersey when we recorded this, but is now a Californian, and the music we share is by cassette tape. Her artistry with the bow and pen may be heard and seen on several Folk-Legacy records and books, and demonstrate but a small part of her interests and skills.

Ed Trickett's fine singing and playing may be heard on his own two Folk-Legacy albums, as well as with Gordon Bok and Ann Mayo Muir, and with the several "Golden Ring" recordings, not to forget the many records on which he has been a supportive and inspired helper. I'm pleased he was there to help on "Row Us Over the Tide."

Joan Sprung  
Sandy Hook, Connecticut  
February, 1980

#### PICTURES TO MY MIND (SPRUNG; BMI)

Side 1, Band 1.

One of the lovely things songs can do is evoke images and memories of people and places, along with all the feelings that go along with them. The berries of my memory were wild strawberries; most other kinds appear in late August. Bob Emery does second guitar and vocal harmony here.

*Don't know if I remember all the words, I'll hum along.*

*Brings back pictures to my mind to hear the good old songs.*

*Sing it one more time; it brings back pictures to my mind.*

*To hear the old songs once again brings pictures to my mind.*

*Berries in the fields in spring, goldenrod in fall;*

*Lullabies my mother sang hold scenes I still recall.*

*Sunset on the distant hills, maples in the rain;*

*Gray barn boards all rough with age; please sing it once again.*

*I can see a little child; I remember home;  
And songs I thought forever lost were never really gone.*

#### THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE

Side 1, Band 2.

King Henry VIII married Jane Seymour shortly after the execution of his second wife, Anne Bolyn. She gave birth to Edward VI (later poisoned at age seventeen) and died twelve days after, according to the history books. The event took place in 1537. The song is #160 in Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Marty bows the bass and Lani tuned the violin down for this accompaniment.

*Queen Jane lay in labor  
Full nine days or more,  
Till the women were so tired,  
They could stay no longer there,  
Till the women were so tired,  
They could stay no longer there.*

*"Good women, good women,  
Good women as ye be,  
Do open my right side  
And find my baby."*



"Oh, no," cried the women,  
"That never can be.  
"We will send for King Henry  
"And hear what he say."

King Henry was sent for,  
King Henry he did come.  
"What do ail you, my lady,  
"Your eyes look so dim?"

"King Henry, King Henry,  
"Will you do one thing for me?  
"That's to open my right side  
"And find my baby."

"Oh, no," said King Henry,  
"That's a thing I could never do.  
"If I lose the flower of England,  
"I shall lose the branch, too."

Queen Jane she turned over  
And fell into a swoon,  
And her side was pierced open  
And the baby was found.

King Henry went mourning,  
And so did all his men,  
And so did the baby,  
For Queen Jane did die then.

King Henry he wept,  
And his hands were wrung and sore,  
For the pretty flower of England  
Shall flourish no more.

Then six followed after,  
Six carried her along;  
King Henry followed after  
With his black mourning on.

How deep was the mourning,  
How black were all the bands;  
How yellow were the flamboys\*  
They carried in their hands.

There was fiddling, aye, and dancing  
On the day the babe was born,  
But poor Queen Jane, beloved,  
Lay cold as a stone.

\* flambeaux = torches

## CALIFORNIA STAGE COMPANY

Side 1, Band 3.

Protesting a monopolistic transit system, this was written by John Stone, back in the days of '49, part of a col-

lection called *Songs of the Gold Rush*, by Richard Dwyer and Richard Lingenfelter. (I have Gordon Bok to thank for sending me the book, which arrived in time to cheer me out of some February blahs.) Can't you imagine this song being performed in a saloon, taking the miner's mind off the fact that he's spending his hard-earned dust?

Songs of that period were frequently parodies, this one set to the tune of "Dandy Jim of Caroline."

The cast: I'm singing with guitar, Dave plays clawhammer banjo, Bob's on mandolin and sings harmony, as does Marty, who also plays Jew's harp (at different times!).

There's no respect for youth or age  
On board of a California Stage;  
But pull or haul about for seats,  
As bedbugs do, among the sheets.

They started as a thieving line  
In 1800 and 49.  
All opposition they defy;  
The people must root hog or die.

You're crowded with your fellow men  
As fattening hogs are, in a pen.  
And what will more a man provoke  
Than musty plug-tobacco smoke?

The ladies are compelled to sit  
With dresses in tobacco spit.  
The gentlemen don't seem to care,  
But talk on politics and swear.

The dust is deep in summertime;  
The mountains very hard to climb.  
The drivers often stop and yell,  
"Get out, all hands, and push uphill."

They promise, when the fare you pay,  
You'll only walk but half the way.  
Then add, aside, with cunning laugh,  
"You'll push and pull the other half."

They have and will monopolize  
The business till the people rise  
And send them kiting down below  
To start a line with Bates and Rowe.

## THE FIELD OF MONTEREY

Side 1, Band 4.

A woman's statement about the per-



sonal devastation caused by war, and in its beautiful language, it expresses considerable bitterness. Mrs. Maria Dix Sullivan composed the song around 1846, the time of the Mexican War.

*The sweet church bells are pealing  
out  
A chorus wild and free,  
And everything rejoicing for  
The glorious victory,  
And bitter tears are gushing for  
The gallant and the gay  
Who now in death are sleeping  
On the field of Monterey —  
On the field of Monterey,  
Who now in death are sleeping  
On the field of Monterey.*

*When spring was here, with opening  
flowers,  
And I the proud May Queen,  
And all the young and gay were met  
To dance upon the green,  
The noblest and the manliest  
Was by my side that day,  
Who now in death is sleeping  
On the field of Monterey.*

*The persimmon it is blushing now,  
The paw-paw's fruit is red,  
And he, the loved and manly one,  
Lies low among the dead;  
And bitter tears are falling for  
The gallant and the gay  
Who now in death are sleeping  
On the field of Monterey.*

*The bugles swell their wildest notes  
And loud the cannons roar,  
And madly peel the sweet church  
bells,  
For holy rest no more,  
And lonely hearts are bleeding  
Upon this glorious day,  
For the loved in death are sleeping  
On the field of Monterey.*

## NO, NEVER, NO

Side 1, Band 5.

It was not uncommon in New England sailing towns of old for a family to wait in vain for the husband or father to come home from sea. This spooky broadside ballad comes from *Heart Songs*, with the notation that it was "written from memory by Edna Dean Proctor."

*They sat by the fireside,  
His fair daughters three;  
They talked of their father  
Who sailed on the sea:  
"Oh, when he comes back,  
We will all love him so,  
He never again  
To the salt sea shall go.  
No, never, no."*

*"I'll give him this vest  
All of satin so fine."  
"And I'll be his carver  
When he sits to dine."  
"I'll climb on his knee  
And such kisses bestow,  
He never again  
To the salt sea shall go.  
No, never, no."*

*"Oh, did ye not hear it?"  
The sisters declare,  
"There's surely a spirit  
That talks in the air;  
And whether we speak  
Either loudly or low,  
It answers in accents  
All mournful and slow,  
'No, never, no.'*

*"It is but the tempest  
That rages so strong;  
The gale in itself  
Wafts our father along.  
Go look at the vane  
And see how the winds blow;  
He'll bring us gay things,  
For he promised us so."  
"No, never, no."*

*Prepare ye, fair maidens,  
Prepare ye to weep!  
Your father lies low  
In the dark, rolling deep.  
Look not at the vane,  
Nor ask how the winds blow;  
His ghost in the storm  
Whispers mournful and slow:  
"No, never, no."*

## FIDDLER OF DOONEY (YEATS/BOSSON; BMI)

Side 1, Band 6.

William Butler Yeats' poem is beautifully set off by the dance tune written for it by Jo-Ellen Bosson. I not only agree with Yeats' premise that music and merriment are not irreligious, but can't think of a thing



that elevates the human spirit more.

*When I play on my fiddle in Dooney  
Folk dance like a wave of the sea.  
My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,  
My brother in Mocharabouie.*

*I passed by my brother and cousin  
As they read in their books of  
prayer,  
But I read in my book of songs  
That I bought at the Sligo fair.*

*When we come at the end of time  
To Saint Peter sitting in state,  
He will smile at the three old  
spirits,  
But call me first through the gate.*

*For the good are always the merry,  
Save by an evil chance,  
And the merry love the fiddle  
And the merry love to dance.*

*And when all the folks up there  
spy me,  
They will all come and gather  
'round me,  
Saying, "Here comes the fiddler  
of Dooney,"  
And dance like a wave of the sea,  
And dance like a wave of the sea.*

## IS MUSIC (SPRUNG; BMI)

Side 1, Band 7.

In 1971, I was literally "moved"  
to write this upon hearing a musician  
lay with exquisite sensitivity. His  
gift surpassed technical skill, for he  
had the inexplicable ability to extend  
all the tears and joy in his being for  
us to feel in his music.

Marty is bowing the bass.

*He carves his music out of stone,  
Cobwebs, fire, blood and bone,  
And all the contents of his soul  
Pour out to make his music.  
Shining notes of tunes he played,  
Flowing in a bright cascade  
Like moonbeams, in the songs he made  
Of light-and-shadow music.*

*People, places, present, past,  
Joy and love, and tenderness;  
Power and peace combined at last,  
Together in his music.  
Master of a melody,  
Blending in sweet harmony,  
Creations of a soul that's free  
To speak to you in music.*

*From the beauty of his mind  
He reaches all who seek to find  
A magic of a special kind —  
He'll touch you with his music.  
He carves his music out of stone,  
Cobwebs, fire, blood and bone,  
And all the contents of his soul  
Pour out to make his music,  
And all the contents of his soul  
Pour out to make his music.*

## CABIN BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Side 2, Band 1.

"The Old Rugged Cross," "I'll Fly  
Away," and "Turn Your Radio On" are  
other religious songs, familiar to many,  
written by Albert Brumley. Bob and Dave  
play guitar and sing harmony.

*There are people who would rather  
live in splendor  
And brag about their silver and  
their gold;  
There are people who would trade  
God's promise  
For the glory to hold.  
There are people who would rather  
live in mansions,  
People who would rather live abroad,  
But I'd rather have a little old  
cabin  
By the side of the road.*

*I'd rather live by the side of  
the road  
And try to point souls to the  
blessed fold  
Than to be a king or a millionaire  
And live in mansions in bright  
array.  
I'd rather do a neighborly deed  
For a traveler here or a friend  
in need.  
I'd rather live by the side of  
the road  
And help some pilgrim along  
life's way.*



I would rather have a cabin by the  
 roadside,  
 Where the pilgrim is the man that's  
 passing by,  
 And try to point a soul to Jesus  
 In that city on high.  
 Every day I want to help to scatter  
 roses,  
 Every night I want my light to  
 shine abroad  
 With a welcome from my little  
 gray cabin  
 By the side of the road.

## WHERE HAVE THE DANCERS GONE

(SPRUNG; BMI)

Side 2, Band 2.

There is a new and growing wave of  
 interest in the old contra and square  
 dances. I'd had a discussion about  
 that happy revival with Chip Hendrick-  
 son, eminent caller and neighbor of  
 mine, after which this song began to  
 write itself.

Lani fiddles the strong harmony.  
 Go ahead and waltz, if you feel like  
 it. "Haste to the Wedding" and "Cotton-  
 eyed Joe" are two dance tunes.

Where have the dancers gone,  
 Where have the dancers gone?  
 Remember the music of fiddle and bow,  
 "Haste to the Wedding" and "Cotton-  
 eyed Joe,"

They played the last set and are  
 long gone for home.

Where have the dancers gone,  
 Where have the dancers gone?

Forgotten the figures and turns,  
 Forgotten the figures and turns.  
 Saturday nights and a party was on;  
 We moved through the patterns that  
 time handed down.

The old days, the gold days are  
 finished and gone.

Forgotten the figures and turns,  
 Forgotten the figures and turns.

And the airs were as old as the hills,  
 The airs were as old as the hills.  
 Dresses the color of sunsets and  
 fall,

Everyone stepping out, graceful  
 and tall;

Call a tune to the fiddler, for he  
 knew them all

And the airs were as old as the hills,  
 The airs were as old as the hills.

Promenade, balance, and bow,  
 Promenade, balance, and bow.  
 Sweethearts whose feet never quite  
 touch the floor,  
 An old man whose partner was just  
 three or four;  
 Friends never gather to dance as  
 before.

Promenade, balance, and bow,  
 Promenade, balance, and bow.

(repeat first verse)

## JOHN OF THE HAZELGREEN

Side 2, Band 3.

Here's a good example of the pro-  
 cess of change that takes place when  
 songs travel. The lovely Scots ballad,  
 "Jock o' Hazeldean" (Child #293), be-  
 came this lighthearted ditty — sort  
 of a condensed version — when it mi-  
 grated to this country. My source is  
 Davis' *Traditional Ballads of Virginia*.

As I went out one May morning  
 Down by the greenwood side,  
 There I spied a pretty fair maid  
 And all alone she cried.

Will you come home, come home with  
 me,  
 And it's home with me to stay,  
 And you may have my oldest son  
 Your husband for to be.

Well, I don't want your oldest son,  
 He's neither lord nor king,  
 For I intend to be the bride of none  
 But John of the Hazelgreen.

His arms are long, his shoulders  
 broad,  
 He's the flower of all his kin.  
 His hair hangs down like links of  
 gold,  
 John of the Hazelgreen.

As she rode down the lengthy road  
 That drew near to the town,  
 Out stepped John of the Hazelgreen  
 To help his lady down.

Three times he kissed her ruby lips,  
 Three times he kissed her chin;  
 He took her by her lily-white hand  
 And led his lady in.



If ever I am untrue to you,  
The rocks will melt and run,  
The sun will freeze in a cake of ice  
And the raging sea will burn.

## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

Side 2, Band 4.

Stately, delicate, and positively peppy, this good story is found in Randolph (Ozark Folksongs) and other folk music collections. It is credited to Thomas Haynes Bayley, who also wrote "Long, Long Ago," and dates back to the early 19th century.

Maggie Pierce, of New Bedford, says that she learned it as a recitation from her mother when she was a child in Ireland.

Ellie's psaltery accompaniment is perfect background for this song.

The mistletoe hung in the castle hall;  
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall.  
The Baron's retainers were blithe and gay,  
Keeping the Christmas holiday.  
The Baron beheld, with a father's pride,  
His beautiful child, Lord Lovell's bride.  
And she, with her bright eyes, seemed to be  
The star of that goodly company.  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

"I'm weary of dancing, now," she cried;  
"Here, tarry a moment, I'll hide, I'll hide,  
And, Lovell, be sure you're the first to trace  
The clue to my secret lurking place."  
Away she ran, and her friends began  
Each tower to search and each nook to scan.  
And young Lovell cried, "Oh, where do you hide?  
I'm lonesome without you, my own fair bride."  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

They sought her that night, they sought her next day,  
They sought her in vain when a week passed away.  
In the highest, the lowest, the loneliest spot,  
Young Lovell sought wildly, but found her not.  
The years passed by and their grief at last  
Was told as a sorrowful tale long past.  
When Lovell appeared, all the children cried,  
"See, the old man weeps for his fairy bride."  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

At length, an old chest that had long laid hid  
Was found in the castle; they raised the lid.  
A skeleton form lay mouldering there  
In the bridal wreath of that lady fair.  
How sad the day when in sportive jest  
She hid from her lord in the old oak chest,  
It closed with a spring and a dreadful doom,  
And the bride lay clasped in a living tomb.  
Oh, the mistletoe bough.

## PRISONER FOR LIFE

Side 2, Band 5.

I've taken the first verse and used it as a chorus, being too good a song to just sing at people. The main source was Moore's *Folksongs of the Southwest*, which says the composer was a prisoner in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Remember "Hanging Judge Parker"? Several other books contained variants, some indicating Irish origin. One version gave the line, verbatim, no doubt, from the informant, "Fare you well, little doogie, to an emble you fly." Well, if a "doogie" is a bird, I figured an emble must be a thistle or a seed pod, or some botanical thing a bird would fancy. Another variant cleared it up: "Farewell, little birds, how nimble..." Bob on guitar, Bob and Dave singing harmonies.



Fare you well, little birds,  
As you fly in the sky,  
You sing all day long  
And put your troubles by.  
What would I give  
Such freedom to share,  
To roam at my ease  
And to breathe the fresh air?

Fare you well, green fields,  
And green meadows adieu;  
Rocks and the mountains  
I now part from you.  
Never more shall my eyes  
By your beauty be blessed;  
Never more shall you soothe  
My sad bosom to rest.

Fare you well, little fishes  
That glide through the streams,  
Your lives are all happiness,  
Sunshine and dreams.  
Never more shall my eyes  
Watch your skill in the waves,  
And I'll part from my friends  
This side of the grave.

Fare you well, kind friends,  
And I'm willing to own  
That such a wild outlaw  
Never was known.  
The sun, moon and stars  
No more on me do shine;  
No change in my dungeon  
From daylight to dawn.

Fare you well, little wife,  
I now bid you adieu,  
I would not have been here  
Had it not been for you.  
You're the cause of my sorrow,  
My downfall and strife.  
God pity and pardon  
A prisoner for life.

### THE PILGRIM'S SONG

Side 2, Band 6.

Gentle and lovely, this hymn can  
be found in *Spiritual Folk Songs of  
Early America* by George Pullen Jackson.  
You are hearing dulcimer with banjo  
finger picking.

My brethren, I have found  
A land that doth abound  
With fruit as sweet as honey.  
The more I eat, I find  
The more I am inclined  
To shout and sing Hosannah.

My soul doth long to go  
Where I may fully know  
The glories of my Savior,  
And as I pass along  
I'll sing the Christian's song:  
I'm going to live forever.

Perhaps you think me wild,  
Or simple as a child;  
I am a child of Glory.  
I am born from above;  
My soul is filled with love.  
I love to tell the story.

My soul now sits and sings  
And practices her wings  
And contemplates the hour  
When the messenger shall say:  
Come quit this house of clay  
And, with bright angels, tower.

### ROW US OVER THE TIDE

Side 2, Band 7.

This version is from the recording  
of Kelly Harrel, 1927. Another source  
connects the song with a great yellow  
fever epidemic in Memphis, Tennessee,  
in 1878, in which the children were not  
abandoned, but orphaned. Ed is here  
with harmony and guitar.

Two little children went strolling  
one day,  
Down by the riverside.  
One stepped up to the boatman and  
said:  
"Row us over the tide.

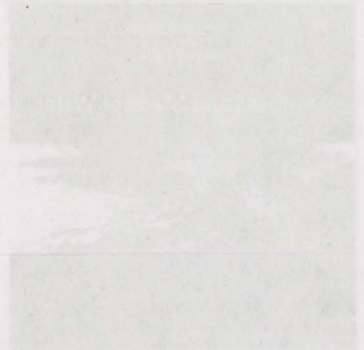
"Row us over the tide,  
Row us over the tide."  
One stepped up to the boatman and  
said:  
"Row us over the tide."

"Be kind to us, mister, our mother is  
dead;  
We have no place to abide.  
Father's a gambler and cares not for  
us.  
Please row us over the tide."



"The angels took Mother to her  
 heavenly home,  
 There with the saints to abide.  
 Our father's forsaken us, left us  
 alone.  
 Row us over the tide.

"Mama and papa grow weary, one day,  
 Jesus would come for their child.  
 We are so tired of waiting so long,  
 Row us over the tide."



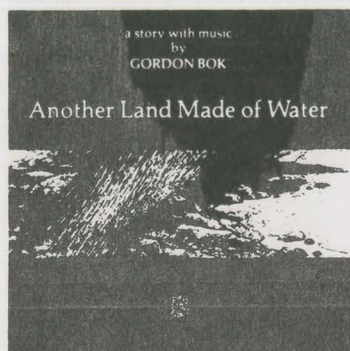
THE WISDOM OF THE FAY. Bill's second recording for Folk-Library contains eleven of his own songs, including the old-remembered "A Place in the Choir" (which most people insist on calling "All God's Children"), plus one by Elinor Fowler, a tune from Bob McGillicuddy, and a lovely traditional song, "Gone with the Wind". Susan Hansen, Linda Peters, Rich Lee and Van Dusen, joined Bill for this recording. We are convinced that this will quickly become one of our best selling albums. It is irresistible. Includes: "Mourning Song", "The Rosebush Song", "Oh, Jack, Tell Me", "Rural Lullaby", "The Widow of Texas", "The Weaver's Lullaby", "The Dogging Song", "Never Girl", "A Cowboy's Hard Times", "Whispering Will", "A Place in the Choir", and others.





# RECENT RELEASES FROM FOLK-LEGACY

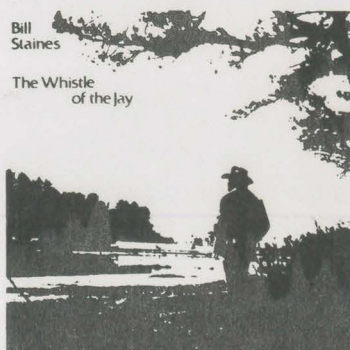
FSI-72 - GORDON BOK - *ANOTHER LAND MADE OF WATER*. This must be described as a most unusual recording — a story with music that captures all of the magic of Gordon's unique artistry. Some twenty-five singers bring the songs to life, around which Gordon weaves a narration that is music in itself. We 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.

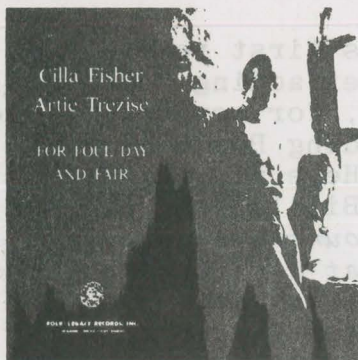


FSI-70 - BILL STAINES - *THE WHISTLE OF THE JAY*. Bill's second recording for Folk-Legacy contains eleven of his own songs, including the oft-requested "A Place in the Choir" (which most people insist on calling "All God's Critters"), plus one by Elkin Fowler, a tune from Bob McQuillen, and a lovely 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*.

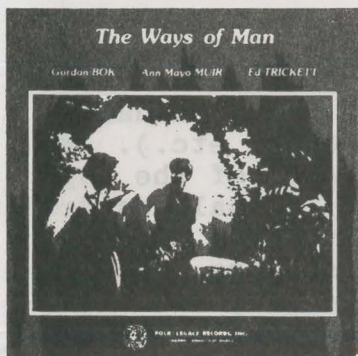




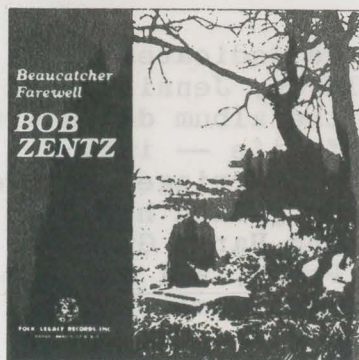
**FSS-69 - CILLA FISHER and ARTIE TREZISE - FOR FOUL DAY AND FAIR.** During one of their frequent visits to the United States, we managed to record this powerful young duo from Scotland in the few days they had between festival engagements. The program they selected ranges from strong, unaccompanied 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 Dornmore, 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.*



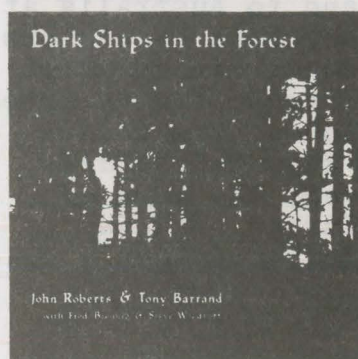


FSI-66 - BILL STAINES -



*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.*



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

Now available: TIME AND THE FLYING SNOW: Songs of Gordon Bok. A Folk-Legacy Book.



Order from your dealer, or write directly for our free catalog:

**FOLK - LEGACY RECORDS, INC.** SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069



# FROM THE PUBLISHER:

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1961 by Mr. S. H. Haggerty, Mary V. Haggerty, and Nancy Haggerty. Our primary purpose has been to preserve the rich heritage of our traditional music and folk arts, and to make it available to the general public. We have achieved this purpose through the publication of Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. records, and through the operation of Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. as a record label. We have also been successful in securing the rights to the recordings of many of the great folk artists of the past, and in making these recordings available to the public. We have also been successful in securing the rights to the recordings of many of the great folk artists of the past, and in making these recordings available to the public.

Our first recording, FOLK-1, "The Ballad of the Green Berets," was a success. It was the first of many recordings that we have made, and it was the first of many recordings that we have made. It was the first of many recordings that we have made, and it was the first of many recordings that we have made. It was the first of many recordings that we have made, and it was the first of many recordings that we have made.

In addition to the performances they contain, our records are also a source of information. They contain information about the artists, the songs, and the times. They contain information about the artists, the songs, and the times. They contain information about the artists, the songs, and the times.

The best proof of the value of our records is the fact that they are still in demand. They are still in demand, and they are still in demand. They are still in demand, and they are still in demand.

FOLK-1	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-2	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-3	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-4	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-5	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-6	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-7	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-8	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-9	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-10	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-11	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-12	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-13	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-14	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-15	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-16	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-17	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-18	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
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FOLK-91	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-92	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-93	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-94	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-95	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-96	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-97	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-98	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-99	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS
FOLK-100	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-101	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS	FOLK-102	THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS

THE BALLAD OF THE GREEN BERETS. A Folk-Legacy Record.