

A black and white photograph of a man with curly hair and a mustache, wearing a light-colored shirt and a dark vest, sitting outdoors and playing a banjo. He is looking upwards and to the left. The background is filled with dense foliage. The title text is overlaid on the right side of the image.

Howard Bursen Cider in the Kitchen

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-74



Howard Bursen Cider in the Kitchen

Whenever I visit Howie Bursen, I can be sure of three things: I'll be regaled with a bottle of superb wine, purchased years before, aged to perfection in one of the various cellars used by Mr. Bursen, oenologist; I'll enjoy an evening of cultured conversation, courtesy of Dr. Bursen, philosopher-at-large; and I'll be introduced to yet another selection of marvelous fiddle tunes, as they ripple off the banjo of Howie Bursen, folk musician extraordinaire.

Howie's banjo arrangements never cease to amaze me. As if playing the tune alone wasn't difficult enough, successive repetitions bring increasingly complex decorations and embellishments, and even more amazing, they're all executed with perfect taste. (It's at this point I really begin to appreciate the wine.)

It's been a long time since our days together at Cornell. Howie has gone on to other things, running a nascent winery in the Hudson Valley and realizing a major ambition. But whenever we get together I can always be sure of good music. And now you get your chance. Settle down with the company of your choice, a bottle of your favorite wine, and listen. You'll be knocked out, too.

But there's more. Howie is also a terrific guitarist and a fine singer. Everything he does exudes class. I've been a friend and admirer of his for over ten years, and I know.

John Roberts
Wilmington, Vermont
February, 1980

Side 1:	
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The Linnet	1:52
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(Destler, © 1980, Folk-Legacy, BMI)	3:27

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Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover Photo by Sandy Paton
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Cider in the Kitchen

Introduction

I wish to confess that much of my music is simply a slavish imitation of my idols. There are at least 350 of them, and I try to sound like all of them at the same time. That, I'm afraid, is the true origin of my "style." So, I'd better thank all of these hundreds of musicians, some of whom will be surprised at finding their music on this record. Some of them, I'm glad to say, are friends.

One of the best things about recording this album was getting to know the entire Folk-Legacy clan. I hope they won't be embarrassed if I say that I think of them almost as family. And I hope they won't be apprehensive if I say that I think of their place almost as a home — a home for wayward musicians.

Thanks to Jo Lynn Dougherty for the able guitar accompaniments.

Thanks to John Roberts for concertina above and beyond the call, and also for the music I have stolen from him over the years.

Howie Bursen
February, 1980

THE NOTES:

CLARA'S HORNPIPE

Side 1, Band 1.

I got this tune at an out-of-control dance in Marlboro, Vermont. The version played here is done as a reel, and is from New England. At one point, it must have been played as a hornpipe. Where it came from originally, I don't know.

HANDSOME MOLLY

Side 1, Band 2.

"Handsome Molly" is an old chestnut recorded in 1927 by Grayson and Whitter. Peggy Seeger swore (in an old copy of *SING OUT!* magazine) that it's just a variant of "The Irish Girl." If she's right, I have inadvertently recorded the same song twice on this album.

*I wish I was in London,
Or some other seaport town;
I'd set my foot in a steamboat
And sail the ocean 'round.
While sailing around the ocean,
While sailing around the sea,
I'd think of handsome Molly,
Wherever she might be.*

*I went to church on Sunday,
She passed me on by;
I knew her mind was changing
By the roving of her eye.
Oh, don't you remember, Molly,
When you give me your right hand?
You said if you ever married
That I would be the man.*

But now you broke your promise;
Go home with whom you please.
While my poor heart is aching,
Here lying at your ease.
Her hair was black as the raven,
Her skin was white as snow;
Her cheeks were like some lilies
That in the morning glow.

I wish I was in London,
Or some other seaport town;
I'd set my foot in a steamboat
And sail the ocean 'round.
While sailing around the ocean,
While sailing around the sea,
I'd dream of handsome Molly,
Wherever she might be.

GREEN WILLIS

Side 1, Band 3.

This was recorded recently by the
Fuzzy Mountain String Band. I learned
it from the Correctone String Band, now
disbanded. They can still be heard,
though, on Swallowtail Records.

Drinkin' moonshine at the age of
fifteen
Caused poor Willis' face to turn
green.
Then it turned red, 'cause he
was ashamed;
So we'll play the tune that goes
by the name
Of... Green Willis.

THE NEW IRISH GIRL

Side 1, Band 4.

One afternoon a long time ago, Tony
Barrand sang this song in a bar, while
John Roberts and Jeff Warner accompanied
him on concertina and guitar. It sound-
ed so great I turned green with envy —
lime green. Years later, I sang the
song for Tony — not in a bar this time,
but at Johnny's Big Red Schoolhouse of
Ethnomusicology and Grill, in Ithaca,
New York. He said I had the chords all
wrong. Satisfied, I hunted up Mr. Ro-
berts and asked him if he'd be so kind
as to do a concertina accompaniment on
my album. "Sure," said he. I waited
until he arrived at the studio to tell
him he'd have to play the concertina in
D#, which is a little like asking him

to play wearing boxing gloves. As you
can hear, he did a wonderful job.

As I went out one May morning,
One May morning betimes,
Gazing all around me,
An Irish girl I spied.
The tears ran down her rosy cheeks,
And bitter she did cry;
My love's gone to America,
And he's quite forsaken me.

I went to church last Sunday,
My love he passed me by;
I knew his mind was altered
By the roving of his eye.
I knew his mind was altered
To a girl of high degree;
Oh Willie, lovely Willie,
Your love has wounded me.

Last night as I lay on my bed,
So sick and bad was I,
I called for a napkin
Around my head to tie.
Was he as bad in love as I,
Perhaps I'd mend again.
Oh, love it is a killing thing.
Did you ever feel the pain?

I wish I was a butterfly,
I'd fly to my love's breast;
I wish I was a linnet,
I'd sing my love to rest.
I wish I was a nightingale,
I'd sit and sing so clear;
I'd sing a song to you, false love,
For once I loved so dear.

As I went out one May morning,
One May morning betimes,
Gazing all around me,
An Irish girl I spied.
So red and rosy were her cheeks,
And coal black was her hair,
And costly were the robes of gold.
That the Irish girl did wear.

THE LINNET

Side 1, Band 5.

An Irish tune, not to be confused
with "The Green Linnet." I acquired
this one at a late evening celebration
north of the border in Toronto, after a
little recital at Fiddlers' Green.

MORPETH RANT

Side 1, Band 6.

A widely known English tune, and one of my favorite rants.

WHEN FIRST UNTO THIS COUNTRY

Side 1, Band 7.

The New Lost City Ramblers recorded this song some years ago. Then Ian and Sylvia took it and showed just what a plaintive masterpiece it could be. Apparently, the song comes from nowhere: its origins are a mystery. The Lomaxes collected it in Texas in 1934, from Foy and Maggie Gant. Foy Gant?

*When first unto this country,
A stranger I came,
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name.
I courted her for love,
And her love I didn't obtain;
Do you think I've any reason
Or right to complain?*

*I rode to see my Nancy,
I rode both day and night;
I courted my dearest Nancy,
My own heart's true delight.
I rode to see my Nancy,
I rode both night and day;
'Til I spied a fine horse
Both plump looking and gray.*

*The sheriff's men they followed
And they overtaken me;
And they carted me away
To the penitentiary.
They opened up the door
And then they shoved me in;
And they cut off my hair
And they shaved off my chin.
Oh, they beat me and they banged me,
And they fed me on dry beans,
'Til I wished to my own heart
I'd never been a thief.*

*With my hands all in my pockets,
My cap set on so bold,
And my coat of many colors
Like Jacob's of old.
When first unto this country,
A stranger I came,
I courted a fair maid
And Nancy was her name.*

FOXHUNTER'S JIG

Side 1, Band 8.

A representative sample from my vast repertoire of slip-jigs. I don't know who gave it to John, but I got it from the High Level Ranters and also from Louis Killen, who happens to be one of my favorite singers in the whole round world.

WOULD YOU HAVE TIME (DESTLER, FOLK-LEGACY, BMI)

Side 1, Band 9.

A beautiful song written by a good friend, Bill Destler. The arrangement is, by and large, his, except for a few corrections I made in the lyrics.

*Would you have time for an early
morning sunrise?
Would you have time for another
day of rain?
Could you go back home, to where
we both were started?
Could you find time for the learn-
ing of my name?*

*Somehow, the days just seem to pass
without recall;
Somehow, the years just seem to go.
Lately I've been thinking of the
Summer and the Fall,
And how the seasons seem to go,
before I even know.*

*In my own time I have seen the
geese fly southward;
In my own time I'll see them back
again.
Summertime comes, and the morning
fills with music;
In my own time I'll return to
living then.*

*Why must I run so far away from my
own race?
Why must the peaceful live alone?
Why must the days pass by so quick-
ly in a chase;
Today to run tomorrow down for a
prize that's never known?*

Maybe you'll know when you see my
shuttered windows;
Maybe you'll know when no one takes
the mail.
Come along Fall, Lord, and I'll be
in the country;
Come along Spring, this place will
be for sale.

I know it seems just like I left
you in the cold;
You've got to see that isn't true.
There's nothing in this world could
ever take a thing from me,
If I could take you by the hand,
and know you're coming, too.

Would you have time for an early
morning sunrise?
Would you have time for another
day of rain?
Could you go back home to where
we both were started?
Could you find time for the learn-
ing of my name?

JOSHUA GONE BARBADOS **(VON SCHMIDT, BMI)**

Side 2, Band 1.

This beauty was written and recorded
during the FOLK BOOM by Eric Von Schmidt.
Tom Rush recorded it, too.

Cane standin' in the field,
Gettin' old and red,
Lot of misery in Georgetown,
Three folks lyin' dead.
Joshua head of government,
Say, "Strike for better pay."
Cane cutters strikin',
Joshua gone away.

CHO: Joshua gone Barbados,
Stayin' in a big hotel;
People on St. Vincent's
Got many sad tales to tell.

Sugar mill owner told the strikers,
"Don't need you to cut my cane.
Bring in another bunch of fellas,
Your strike be all in vain.
Yeah, bring in a bunch of tough
fellas,
Bring 'em from Zion Hill,
Bring 'em in a bus to Georgetown —
You know somebody get killed."

Police givin' protection,
New fellas cuttin' cane,
Strikers can't do nothin',
Their strike be all in vain.

CHORUS

Sonny Child, the overseer,
I swear he's an ignorant man,
He's walkin' through the cane field,
Pistol in his hand.
Sonny Child, he curse the strikers,
You know he wave his pistol 'round,
They're beatin' Sonny with a cutlass,
They beat him to the ground.

Cane standin' in the field,
Gettin' old and red,
Sonny Child lyin' in the hospital,
Pistol by his bed.

CHORUS

I wish I could go to England,
Trinidad, or Curacao,
People on the island,
They got no place to go.
There's a lot of misery in Georgetown,
You can hear the women bawl;
Joshua gone Barbados,
He don't care at all.

WILD HORSE

Side 2, Band 2.

One of those fine, vintage hand-
me-downs from Charlie Poole. I learned
it from Walt Koken, who is one of the
best frailing banjo players ever was.
I haven't heard him play the banjo in
years.

YEAR OF JUBILO

Side 2, Band 3.

Henry Clay Work, a New England a-
bolitionist, composed this song in 1862.
Everyone remembers the tune; no one re-
members the words. And no one remembers
their creator, who also tossed off such
obscure songs as "My Grandfather's Clock,"
"Marching Through Georgia," and the music
for "Wreck of the Old 97." Henry Clay
Work was a musical genius. Much of this
arrangement was purloined from a top-
shelf banjo player named Dan Gellert.

Oh, brother, have you seen the
 master,
With the moustache on his face?
He went out of here sometime this
 mornin'
Like he's goin' to leave this
 place.
He seen the smoke way up the river
Where the Lincoln gunboats lay,
Well, he packed his bags and he
 left mighty sudden —
I believe he's gone away.

CHO: Oh, the master run, ha ha!
 And the darkies stay, ho ho!
 So now must be the Kingdom
 comin'
 And the year of Jubilo.

He's six foot one way, three foot
 the other,
And he weighs three hundred pounds;
His coat's so big that he couldn't
 pay the tailor,
And it won't fit halfway 'round.
He drilled us so that we called
 him "Captain,"
And he got so mighty tan,
I s'pect he'll try to fool them
 Yankees
For to think he's contraband.

CHORUS

Oh, the overseer, he got restless
And he run us 'round a spell,
So we locked him down in the smoke-
 house cellar,
With the key throwed down the well.
Now, his whip got lost and his hand
 got broken,
And the master'll have his pay,
But he's big enough and old enough
 and should have known better
Than to try and run away.

CHORUS

Now the darkies all got lonesome
 livin'
In their log huts on the lawn,
So we moved our things in the mast-
 ers mansion
For to keep it while he's gone.
There's wine and cider in the
 kitchen
And the darkies'll all have some;
I s'pect it'll all be confiscated
When the Lincoln soldiers come.

CHORUS

GREASY GREENS

Side 2, Band 4.

Pink Anderson was one of the first environmentalists to question the all-too-common practice of spraying petrol-eum-based herbicides on golf courses. In this tone poem (Riverside Records, 1950) we find a moving description of the tragic after-effects of spraying; all the golfers had crooked putts.

Folks, I'm just a man from New
 Orleans,
Crazy 'bout them Greasy Greens.
I don't get 'em three times a day,
I get mad and walk away.

CHO: It's them greens;
 All I want's my greens.
 (I love 'em!)
Soft and easy,
Good and greasy,
Crazy 'bout them Greasy Greens.
 Second gear:

Way down South in Alabom,
They grow them good old greens
 and corn,
Sweet potatoes, black-eyed peas,
Green tomatoes and pecan trees.

CHORUS

(Without 'em I just can't
 swing.)
Goin' down for the third time.

Baby, you can fix them lima beans,
You can fix somethin' I ain't never
 seen.
But, Darlin', when you fix that
 table for me,
Don't fix nothin' but.....

CHORUS

(Without 'em I just can't
 move.)
This is the last chance:

I don't care what your mama don't
 allow,
Cook them greens anyhow.
Soon as I get 'em, baby, I'll be
 gone;
Your mammy won't know that you put
 them on.

CHORUS:

(I don't even stop for the
 red lights.)

CHEROKEE SHUFFLE

Side 2, Band 5.

This is a West Coast version of "Lonesome Indian," fiddled by Tommy Magness. It has some similarities to the tune "Colored Aristocracy." I've even encountered several monstrous hybrids.

BISCUITS

Side 2, Band 6.

A Bo Carter chef-d'oeuvre about one of Man's favorite dishes, taken from a Bluebird recording of the Mississippi Sheiks, 1936.

Baby, don't put no more bakin'
powder
In your bread, you see,
'Cause your biscuits
Plenty tall enough for me.
Baby, don't put no more sugar
In your jelly roll, you see,
'Cause your jelly roll's
Plenty sweet enough for me.

Some men like lunch meat,
Some men they like salt tongue,
Some men they don't like biscuits,
They like them doggone big, fat
buns, but

Baby, don't put no more bakin'
powder
In your bread, you see,
'Cause your two biscuits
Plenty tall enough for me.

Some men are straight,
Some men are crooked as a barrel
of snakes.
Some men they don't like biscuits,
They like them doggone flat batter
cakes, but

Baby, don't put no more bakin'
powder
In your bread, you see,
'Cause your two biscuits
Plenty tall enough for me.
And, Baby, don't put no more sugar
In your jelly roll, you see,
'Cause your good jelly roll
Is plenty sweet enough for me.

PACIFIC SLOPE

Side 2, Band 7.

Ken Kosek fiddles this one on Country Cookin's first album (Rounder Records).

MY BABY DONE CHANGED THE LOCK

Side 2, Band 8.

The great Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee recorded this one on a Vanguard album in the 1950's. Mainly, mine comes from theirs, with a few spare parts from Shirley Griffith and J. T. Adams, on a record called *Indiana Avenue Blues*.

Came home late last night,
'Bout half past ten,
Tried to get the key in the lock,
But I couldn't get it in,

CHO: 'Cause she had changed,
Changed the lock on the door.
She said, "That little key you
got there, Howard,
Just won't fit that lock no more.

So I went 'round to my window
To see what I could see.
I seen my baby kissin' my best
friend,
And I know it wasn't me.

CHORUS

So I called her on the telephone,
Said, "Honey, what do you want me
to bring?"
In a voice sweet, soft, and low
she answered,
"DON'T BRING A GODDAMN THING!"

CHORUS

My baby changed her way of dancin',
I mean she don't two-step no more;
She does that new dance called
"Jitterbug,"
Man, she jumps clear of the floor.

CHORUS But the change that hurt me,
was when she changed....

My baby done changed,
My baby done changed,
My baby done changed,
But I love her just the same.

CHORUS Hey.... changed the lock on
her door....

I NEVER CRIED
Side 2, Band 9.

John Miller is one of the most talented musicians I know. He can do anything. He extracted this one from Blind Teddy Darby's "Built Down Low to the Ground," found on a blues collection called *The St. Louis Blues*, 1929-33.

*I never cried 'til my babe got on,
on that train,
Well, I never cried 'til my babe
got on that train.
Then the tears came down, great
God, like showers of rain.*

*Well, if you don't want me, Baby,
give me your, your right hand,
And if you don't want me, Baby,
give me your right hand.
I'll go back to my woman, you go
back to your man.*

*Well, if blues was whiskey, I
believe I'd lose, lose my mind,
And if blues was whiskey, I believe
I'd lose my mind.
'Cause I'm worried and bothered,
Baby, drinkin' all the time.*

*I believe, I believe I, I will quit
my barrelhouse, barrelhouse ways,
I believe, good Lord, I will quit
my barrelhouse ways.
'Cause I feel myself, Baby, sinkin'
in the grave.*

*Well, I never cried 'til my babe
got on, on that train,
And I never cried 'til my babe got
on that train.
Then the tears came down, great
God, like showers of rain.*

A WORD OF THANKS:

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— to Guthrie T. Meade, Jr., who did the "Cherokee Shuffle,"

— and, finally, to Richard Brislin, Hawaiian correspondent for *Banjo News*-letter.

H. B.