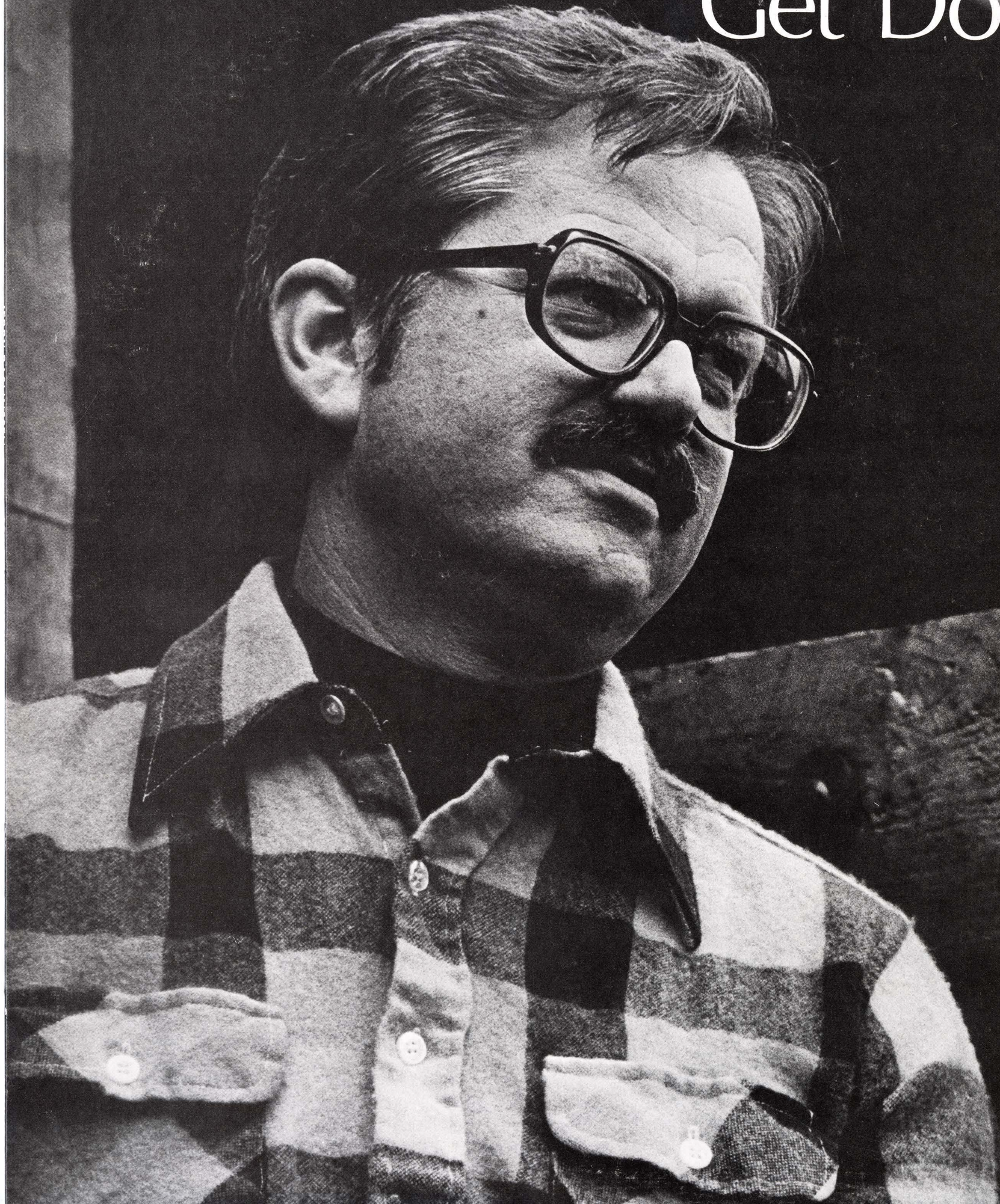


Jerry Rasmussen

Get Down Home



Jerry Rasmussen Get Down Home



FOLK-LEGACY FSI-77

With Colin Healy, Mark Horvath, Jeff McHugh and Caroline Paton

Side 1:

Milwaukee/St. Paul*
County Fair*
Silver Queen*
Blues in the Bottle (*trad.*)
(Good Old) Country Living*
Get Down Home*

Side 2:

Living on the River*
Whoa, Back, Buck (*trad.*)
Poor Elijah*
Zaccharias*
John the Baptist*
Stem of Jesse (Christ Song)*
Dixon*
Good Times/Sad Song*



Jerry Rasmussen grew up in Janesville, Wisconsin, a small community on the Rock River, about fifty miles west of Milwaukee. Out of recollections of his boyhood there he has fashioned many fine songs which offer us a glimpse of life in the northern midwest several decades ago. Many listeners will be able to say, "Yes, that's the way it was. I can remember doing that." We, too, have counted the ties or balanced on the rails as we hiked along the tracks toward our favorite fishing hole; we've spent our last nickel in the Penny Arcade at the annual County fair. And, I suppose, many of us have tried to go back, years later, only to find that things had changed — our high-school friends were gone to find their fortunes elsewhere, the old railroad depot was gone, too, the tracks torn up and sold for scrap. Perhaps it is only in our minds and in our songs that we can ever go home again.

*Down around the bend by the railroad bridge,
Wading in the shallows where the crayfish live,
And over by the cotton mill the catfish bite,
They'll be swimming in the skillet before tonight.*

*Living on the river was nice and easy,
People on the river just take their time.
The wind in the summer was warm and breezy;
Wind in the winter it cut like ice.*

*Off down the hill on a winter's night
To go skating on the river in the cold moonlight.
There's an old wood stove and a hardwood floor,
And you can sit and take it easy while your feet get warm.*

Jerry went away, too, to college and graduate school, and is now the executive director of the Stamford Museum, here in Connecticut. He lives in Stamford with his wife and his two young sons. His work allows him little time for performing, of course, although he has been singing folk songs with and for his friends and his family for over twenty years. He never really thought of himself as a songwriter, though; he just happened to write a song now and then, often about Janesville or some mythical American town like it. When we asked him to make a record for us he assumed it would be a collection of his favorite traditional songs with, maybe, one or two of his own sandwiched in somewhere. During the sessions, we kept asking for first one and then another of his own songs and, when we put them all together, we realized that we had an album of Jerry's songs with only two traditional songs to intersperse among them. In fact, we had a remarkable document of small town Americana by a thoughtful singer/songwriter who earns his living at something else, as folk artists have always done, and who presents his songs in a strong, straightforward manner, as folk artists have always done.

We think you will like both the songs and Jerry's singing of them. We certainly do.

Sandy Paton Sharon, Connecticut February, 1980

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover Photos by Sandy Paton
Jacket Design by Trollwood Graphics

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Jerry Rasmussen

Get Down Home



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Introduction

Growing up in a small town in Wisconsin, music was always a part of my life. Even though my older sisters took piano and violin lessons, we weren't really a musical family, and if there were any traditional folk singers in the area, I never knew about it. I was raised on popular music — the sentimental ballads and novelty songs of the 40's, all the excitement of discovering rhythm and blues and rock, and finally, folk music in the 50's. I bought my first guitar when I was seventeen — an old Stella — and had great delusions of becoming a jazz guitarist. At the same time, while I was trying to teach myself to play guitar, I was writing my first, awkward songs. I had never seen a five-string banjo, or even heard anyone play folk guitar until the late 50's when I heard Marshall Brickman while I was at the University of Wisconsin.

In 1960, I came to New York and discovered the Village. There was a lot of excitement then, and I spent two or three nights a week at the Gaslight Cafe, listening to Dave Van Ronk, Tom Paxton, Phil Ochs, Noel Stookey, Richie Havens, Tiny Tim and Bob Dylan. I took lessons from Dave Van Ronk and he introduced me to the Folkways Anthology, country blues and finger-picking. I was still writing an occasional song, one or two that I still sing, and bought my first five-string banjo in a pawn shop. In those days, just about nobody played the banjo, and when I met Luke Faust, he gave me a couple of lessons to get me started.

After four years in New York, I moved to Connecticut and started picking up instruments — a mandola during a Christmas vacation in Wisconsin, another banjo or two, a fiddle, just about anything with strings. The songs kept trickling out and it finally seemed like I should do something about it. I had never performed very much, and hesitantly asked Dallas Cline, who was running concerts at the Barn in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and she gave me a night. I had a good time, and went home enthusiastic about working on new songs. Not long after that, I met Sandy and Caroline Paton at the Hartford Folk Festival, and now, five or six years later, I have finally put some music down on a record.

When Sandy and Caroline asked me to cut this record, I didn't have any idea how to go about it. It took me a long time to decide who to ask to help me, with many false starts. Along the line, I became an enthusiastic fan of the Ash Creek String Band, and it seemed natural that I should finally turn to them. Colin Healy and Mark Horvath came, with fiddle and mandolin in hand, and after another false start or two, Jeff McHugh joined us to help on harmonies along with Caroline.

In working on the record, I wanted to keep it simple — something that is not very fashionable these days, but I have played music alone for so many years that I hear my music simple. I have always thought that when I die, if there really is a Saint Peter at the Golden Gate, I am going to have to account for every note I've played, so I'd better have a mighty good reason for using them. As much as anything else, Colin, Mark and Jeff kept me moving with their appreciation of my music and their willingness to do what I felt was needed. They filled out the music and still kept it simple. I don't know what else I could ask from a musician and friend.

There are so many people to thank for encouraging my music that I hesitate to thank anyone, for fear of leaving someone out. Sandy and Caroline deserve special thanks for never losing faith in me when I was working on this record, and for all of their encouragement and patience when things went wrong. A special thanks, too, to Mrs. Ruth Widdicombe for tracking down the photographs from the Rock County Historical Society, and to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Zigler for the tickets and photograph of the Silver Queen.

Jerry Rasmussen

THE SONGS

MILWAUKEE/ST. PAUL (*Rasmussen, BMI*)
Side 1, Band 1.

When I was growing up, I was never very far from the railroad: lying in bed listening to the whistle trailing off into the night; walking the rails out of town, balancing to see how far you could go before you fell off; fishing off of the trestles or catching pigeons underneath them, or just sitting by the tracks counting the cars on a long freight train as it went by.



Before the two car family (we didn't have a car until I was fifteen) and the interstate highways, trains were the way to travel or to ship anything, and there were eight tracks kept busy running through our town. By the

sixties, the railroad depot had been shut down and a room in the old Railway Express office was being used as a depot.

I wonder what ever happened to the vending machines that sold two Chiclets in a little cardboard box for a penny. My favorite flavor was cinnamon.

*Walking down the track on a dusty
day
With the long steel rails so shiny;
Now they tore the railroad depot
down
And the tracks have all gone rusty.*

*Fishing off the edge of a railroad
bridge,
You can feel those steel rails
humming.
Better put your bait and your
bucket down
'Cause the train will soon be coming.*

*I could sit and watch those trains
all day
And the cars just keep on coming:
Chicago Northwestern, Milwaukee
St. Paul,
And the steel wheels keep on humming.*

All you got to do is to walk those
ties
And they're bound to lead you to
the country.
Lie on your back in the tall sweet
grass,
Or you can take your dog and go
hunting.

(repeat first verse)

COUNTY FAIR (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 1, Band 2.

My home town was the county seat,
so each summer around mid-August, all
daily routines ceased while everyone
went to the County Fair. Like any
good rural fair, there was something
for everyone: crafts and preserves
for the women; livestock and new farm
equipment for the men; and rides, games
of chance, and things to eat for the
kids.

Over in the Penny Arcade there
were hand-cranked peep shows — the
kind with cards that flipped, giving
the feeling of a very jerky movie.
This was big kid stuff — we were
definitely interested, but would have
died of embarrassment if we had been
caught taking a peek. When we got
into highschool, we checked them out
and had to laugh at their innocence —
Victorian ladies prancing around in
their voluminous underwear, flirta-
tiously poking a generous calf out
from behind a heavy velvet drape.
Hot stuff back then, but G-rated
these days.



No trip to the fair would have
been complete without stopping over at
the John Deere tent to listen to the
farmers arguing the merits of the new
tractors and to pick up a shirt-pocket
button — a small, brightly lithographed
button that clipped over the edge of
your pocket. Over at the Dekalb tent,
not only could you get a shirt-pocket
button, but if you hit it lucky, you
might even get a Dekalb sign like they
put on the posts at the ends of the rows
of corn.

Out on the back road, wait till
night;
Watch until the moon rolls out
of sight,
Then you slip through the gate just
as slick as a whistle,
And you float through the crowd like
the down from a thistle.

When you wake up in the morning
you can feel it in the air,
It's time again for the County Fair.
And if you're looking for me, you
can find me there,
'Cause it won't be back again until
summer.

Off across the fields from a mile away
The lights in the sky are just as
bright as day.
And it's ten cents a ride, and three
for a quarter,
But if you only ride twice, you got
a nickel left over.

When you're running out of money
and it's getting late,
You can have yourself a time at the
Penny Arcade.
And if you got a nickel and you're
five feet tall,
You can sneak a peek and see "What
the Butler Saw."

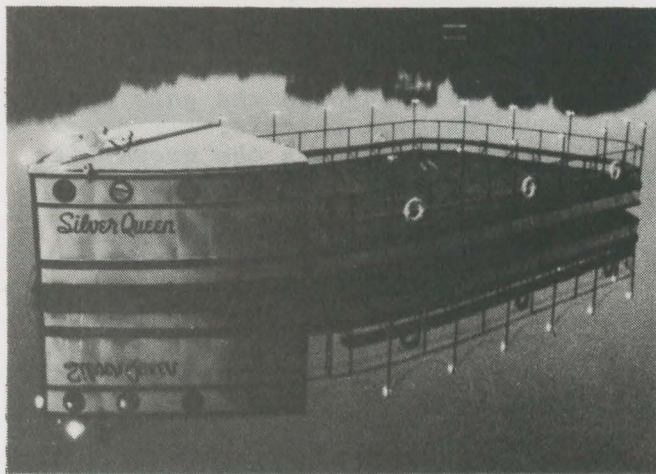
The men are all talking by the John
Deere tent.
They'll give you shirt-pocket buttons,
don't cost a cent.
And the 4-H girls, they all act so shy,
And they all stop talking when you're
passing by.

(repeat first verse)

SILVER QUEEN (*Rasmussen, BMI*)
Side 1, Band 3.

Colin Healy & Caroline Paton: harmonies

During the Second World War, when I was 8 or 9 years old, one of my greatest pleasures was to go for a ride on the Silver Queen. She was an odd boat — mostly dance floor with a bench and railing running around the edge, and a small cabin and bathrooms in the front (kids are always fascinated with bathrooms on boats and trains).



My cousin, Dorothy, whose husband was in the Navy, my mother, my sisters and I would walk down to the river and across the bridge, then out to Riverside Park to catch the Silver Queen. It was a long walk, filled with anticipation on the way, and a lot longer and sleepier on the way home. I would sit on the bench, drinking a Seven-Up and eating a bag of cheese-covered popcorn, watching the couples dancing to the big-band music of the 40's, or watching the lights from the farms and cottages along the shore. When we would go by a cottage, the outside light would go on and someone would come out onto the dock and call hello to us in the night.

The Silver Queen stopped running in 1949, and the river never seemed quite the same without it.

*Riding up the river on the good
ship Silver Queen,
Dancing on the water for a dime,*

*There's a young girl and a soldier
who's just come home on leave,
And he asks her for a dance just
one last time.*

*And the music softly floats
across the water,
And the lights are dim and
distant on the shore,
And though those times are long
since gone, they're not
forgotten,
And they'll go dancing on the
Silver Queen no more.*

*Each day she'd write a letter,
remembering that night,
Until the day he answered her no
more.
Now in a front room window, there
hangs a faded star,
And the Silver Queen lies empty
on the shore.*

But the music softly floats...

(repeat first verse)

BLUES IN THE BOTTLE (*traditional*)
Side 1, Band 4.

This is an old string band song I picked up off a tape from Ed Denson. It has been recorded more recently by Jim Kveskin and by the Holy Modal Rounders. The guitar worked out so well with the song that it has remained fresh for me for many years.

*Blues in the bottle, blues in the
bottle,
Bottle all in my hand, pretty mama,
Blues in the bottle, bottle all in
my hand,
And when the bottle gets empty, you
know it ain't worth a damn.*

*I'm going to Chattanooga, I'm going
to Chattanooga
To see my ponies run, pretty mama,
Going to Chattanooga to see my
ponies run,
And if I win some money, I'll give
my baby some.*

*I'm going to Chillicothe, I'm going
to Chillicothe,
Sorry I can't take you, pretty mama,*

Going to Chillicothe, sorry I can't
take you,
'Cause there ain't nothing in the
country a gal like you can do.

Rooster chews tobacco, rooster chews
tobacco,
And the hen uses snuff, pretty mama,
Rooster chews tobacco and the hen
uses snuff,
The little chickens don't use nothing,
but they sure strut their stuff.
Strut your stuff...

Go dig your 'tatas, go dig your 'tatas,
It's 'tata digging time, pretty mama,
Go dig your 'tatas, it's 'tata digging
time,
You better dig those 'tatas, 'fore
Jack Frost kills your vine.

(repeat first verse)

(GOOD OLD) COUNTRY LIVING (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 1, Band 5.

Colin Healy: fiddle and harmony
Mark Horvath: mandolin
Jeff McHugh: harmony
Caroline Paton: harmony

This is one of those songs that took
a long time to come to me. The chorus
and two verses came quickly, and then it
stopped. I had just about forgotten the
song when I heard Elton John's "Country
Comfort," and it reminded me of this song.
I dusted it off, and the two remaining
verses were all ready to come out. The
reference to old dog Tray is from a pop-
ular sentimental song by Stephen Foster
which was sung with great feeling by
Houn' Dog in a Pogo strip years ago.

Old dog Tray, he's out on the back
porch sleeping,
And all the windows of the house got
the shades pulled down.
Down by the fence, the old tom cat's
a-creeping,
And it looks like I'm the only one
around.

And I want to get back to that
good old country living;
I want to lie on my back and
watch those clouds roll by
all day.

And every night, when I should
be home a-sleeping,
I'll be with my friends, and
we'll drink the night away.

Caber Johnson, he comes to town on
Sunday,
And he books himself a room at the
Grand Hotel.
And not a word is heard from then
till Monday morning,
And what he does, he ain't about
to tell.

Weeds have grown knee-high down at
the Barker's.
They moved out when Jim died,
long ago.
And no one understood why Jim
should die so sudden,
And now the house is the only one
that knows.

Two bits buys a beer down at the
bar-room,
And four bits buys you lunch at
the restaurant.
And for a five, if you stop down
at Mazie's,
She's like to give you anything
you want.

GET DOWN HOME (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 1, Band 6.

Mark Horvath: mandolin
Colin Healy, Jeff McHugh,
& Caroline Paton: harmonies

This song was written at the end
of a long friendship. The song is only
two verses long, because that was all I
had to say.

I know you're troubled, don't know
where to turn;
You're facing a lesson that's so
hard to learn.
No one can lead you; I can't take
your hand.
You know that you'll have to start
over again.

You better get down home, and find
out where you went wrong.
It's been such a long, long time
since you went away.
And when you find yourself, you

won't have to look for someone
else.
You know where to find me; I'll
still be around.

He was a good friend, at least you
thought so;
That only should show you how little
you know.
You shared his troubles when times
were bad;
Now he says you gave nothing, when
you gave all you had.

LIVING ON THE RIVER (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 1.

Colin Healy & Jeff McHugh: harmonies

The Rock River runs through my home
town, and it ran through the life of
every kid who ever grew up there. The
river is not particularly beautiful, and
even when I was a kid it was too dirty
to swim in. But there was fishing on a
lazy summer day, ice-skating in the win-
ter, or just messing around looking for
crayfish or seeing how far you could
skip a stone on the water.



When I wrote a song about the rail-
road that ran through town, I knew that
sooner or later I'd end up writing a song
about the river. This is it.

Down around the bend by the railroad
bridge,
Wading in the shallows where the
crayfish live,
And over by the cotton mill the
catfish bite.

They'll be swimming in the skillet
before tonight.

Living on the river was nice and
easy;
People on the river just take
their time.
The wind in the summer was warm
and breezy;
Wind in the winter it cut like ice.

Off down the hill on a winter's
night
To go skating on the river in the
cold moonlight.
There's an old wood stove and a
hardwood floor,
And you can sit and take it easy
while your feet get warm.

Up in the morning at four o'clock;
I'll meet you on the landing at
Johnson's dock.
Drifting on the river when the
sun comes up,
Drinking hot black coffee from
an old tin cup.

Down by the marsh where the black-
bird sings,
Over by the rocks there's a
crystal spring,
And back in the shadows where the
watercress grows,
The sweet spring water runs clear
and cold.

(repeat first verse)

WHOA, BACK, BUCK (traditional)
Side 2, Band 2.

I first heard this song sung by
Lonnie Donnegan, and it has remained
one of my favorite songs over the
years. A few years after first hear-
ing it, I picked up another verse and
the ending from Dave Van Ronk. The
guitar came last, influenced by a
picking style of Luke Faust's.

If you don't understand what the
chorus means, don't worry about it.
I'm not sure that I do either.

Eighteen, nineteen, twenty years ago
I taken Sal to the party-0,
I taken Sal to the party-0,
I wouldn't let her dance but a
set or so.

Whoa, back, Buck, and gee by
the lamb.
Who made your backband, Cunningham?
When I was working for Jimmy Bryan
I was carving my initials on a
mule's behind.

Me and my gal come walking down the
road,
The wind from her feet playing "Sugar
in the Gourd," (that's a dance)
Sugar in the gourd and gourd on the
ground,
You want to get the sugar, got to roll
the gourd around.

Pa didn't plant no corn or beans,
He had bad luck with the 'tatas-0.
The cotton crop it didn't turn out,
But Lord Godamighty, tomatoes-0.

It takes two mules to haul a load;
It takes four mules to haul double.
Take my back to Birmingham
And I won't give you no trouble.

Rideo, rideo,
Well, you got your wagon loaded, let
me see her go.

POOR ELIJAH (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 3.

Colin Healy & Jeff McHugh: harmonies

Several years ago, I went back and
read *Giants in the Earth* by O. E. Rolvaag
for pleasure (I had to read it in college)
and the image of Per Hansa lost on the
prairies in a blizzard always stayed with
me. A year or so after re-reading the
book, for some odd reason, "Poor Elijah"
suddenly came bursting out. Usually,
songs trickle out, sputter, stop, and
re-emerge years later. This one came out
with a rush.

I never did like this song very much
until I heard Ash Creek, and then I knew
that what was lacking was some good,
strong harmony. Colin and Jeff provide
it here.

Well, he woke up that morning, couldn't
feel no pain;
All that he owned was his master's name.
Folks called him 'Lijah, like the
prophet of old;
Poor Elijah lying out in the cold.

And it's poor Elijah, poor Elijah,
Poor Elijah, well, he's dead and
gone.

Well, he hitched up the wagon long
before dawn,
Said he'd be home for supper, if
nothing went wrong.
Sky turned cloudy and it snowed
all day.
Poor Elijah, he got lost on the way.

Well, they found him that morning
by the side of the road,
Curled up in the wagon, all covered
with snow.
And if you wonder how this could be,
Poor Elijah, well at last he is
free.

(repeat first verse)

ZACCHARIAS (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 4.

Colin Healy: harmony
Mark Horvath: mandolin

"Zaccharias" followed "John the
Baptist" by a couple of years. The
Bible is so rich in good stories that
you could write songs from it for a
lifetime and never run dry.

Oh, Zacchraias was a fine old man,
Had no daughter or son,
Until the angel Gabriel
To Zaccharias did come.

Zaccharias, you better hold
your tongue.

Don't be afraid, old Gabriel said,
I've come to bring you a son,
And if you don't believe all I tell
you,
You better hold your tongue.

He shall be great in the eyes of
the Lord,
He shall not smoke or drink,
And he shall be the greatest man
The world has ever seen.

Well, sure enough, as Gabriel said,
His wife was soon with child,
And her cousin, Mary, came to her
To visit for awhile.

Nine months later the child was born;
They tried to choose a name.
They said, let's call him Zaccharias,
In honor of his father.

Well, Zaccharias would have none of
that,
Went to the table and down he sat,
And on the paper he wrote down,
You better call my son John.

No sooner had he wrote those words
Than they loosened up his tongue,
And then he gave a shout of joy
For having such a son.

Zaccharias, you loosened up your
tongue,
And Zaccharias had a son.

JOHN THE BAPTIST (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 5.

Colin Healy: harmony

This song was written back in the mid-sixties, with no indication that "Zaccharias" or the "Stem of Jesse" would come later. Unlike most songs I have written, the instrumental part came first. The words followed and had to be made to fit the banjo. Over the years, it has become a comfortable fit for me.

John, John, in the wilderness,
All decked out in his camel dress,
Lived on locusts and a honey tree,
Came for you and me.

John, John, where did you come from?
John, John, from the wilderness.
Baptize, pray and get ready,
Prepare yourself for the one who
comes next.

Just walk on down to the river bed,
He'll pour the water on your head.
Wash away all your sins
And you'll be whole again.

John the Baptist he did say
The Lord chose him to show the way
For Christ, the King from Gallilee,
Who came to set us free.

John, John, he was a fine old man,
Did his job the best he can.
There's a better man coming, old
John foretold,
Baptize with water and the Holy
Ghost.

STEM OF JESSE (CHRIST SONG) (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 6.

Colin Healy: fiddle and harmony

Of the three songs, "Zaccharias," "John the Baptist," and "Stem of Jesse," this one came the hardest. It's awfully hard not to be overwhelmed by the subject matter.

Jesse had several sons, the youngest of whom was David. God asked Samuel to go to Jesse and choose one of his sons as the annointed one. David was a shepherd out in the fields, and he was chosen by Samuel. The Saviour was to come from the lineage of David — or more simply, "he was born of the stem of Jesse."

You can read it in the Bible,
Matthew, chapter twenty-three,
How Jesus Christ once walked on earth
Along the shores of Gallilee.

And He was born of the stem of
Jesse,
Like the prophets all foretold.
He taught the wise men in the
temple
When He was just twelve years old.

And at the wedding feast of Cana
Christ said it was not the time,
But because His mother asked Him,
He turned the water into wine.

Down by the sea He saw two fishers,
James and John of Zebedee.
He said, now's the time to drop
your nets
And come and fish for men with me.

And when they laid Him in the tomb,
They thought His life had ceased,
But just like Jonah in the whale,
In three days He was released.

DIXON (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 7.

Back in the early sixties, I spent a summer collecting fossils in Kansas and Illinois. Driving back to Wisconsin on the weekends, I went through Dixon, Illinois, a lot of times that summer, and the town always stuck in my mind.

One weekend, heading home, I picked up a hitch-hiker. At the time, being in my twenties, he seemed like an old man — now I realize he was probably only in his fifties. He was like a lot of people I knew in the Midwest: simple, modest, and proud. Even though he only had one arm, he was quick to tell me that he earned his way around by doing odd jobs. Just that morning he had chopped wood for his breakfast. He was hitch-hiking back to Illinois. To be honest, I don't remember where he was going, or why, but he ended up leaving me with this song.

Illinois has never held a particularly warm place in my heart, but this song comes as close to making me feel homesick as any song I've written.

*If you don't mind, could you drop me
off in Dixon?
Just one more time, I'd like to see
that old hometown.
It's been so long since I had something
to cling to,
And this living on the road can get you
down.*

*Used to be was all I knew was Dixon.
Dixon never meant that much to me.
But when you're working five to nine,
and you hear that highway whine,
Makes you think that the road can set
you free.*

*I can see those tree-lined streets of
Dixon,
Feel the breeze from the new-plowed
fields of corn,
And down around the bend, down where
the cornfields end,
There's an old frame house that I used
to call a home.*

(repeat first verse)

*Won't be long and I'll be leaving
Dixon;
Nothing's like it used to be before.
All the friends I've known, they're
either dead or gone,
And it just don't feel like home
there any more.*

(repeat first verse)



GOOD TIMES/SAD SONG (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 8.

Mark Horvath: mandolin
Colin Healy: mandolin and harmony
Caroline Paton: harmony

The discordant guitar in this song was influenced by "She's Leaving Home" by the Beatles — not that I knew it at the time, but when I started playing

this song for people, and they couldn't remember the title, they referred to it as "that Beatles-sounding song."

When I asked Colin and Mark to try to come up with something on this song, I didn't think they could do anything with the out-of-balance guitar. I underestimated them.

*What do you do when the good times
are gone?*

*Sit by the window and wait for the
dawn.*

*And you can't remember how things
went so wrong any more.*

*What does it matter how hard you
tried,*

*Or how many times you kept it
inside?*

*There's no more to say, and nothing
to hide any more.*

*Nobody wants to hear a sad song.
We've all got troubles of our
own, of our own.*

*No use pretending this isn't the end.
She tried to tell you, but you wouldn't
bend.*

*Now something's broken that you'll
never mend any more.*

*What will you say when they ask where
she's gone?*

*How will you say it was you that was
wrong?*

*And how will you face it when you
can't go on any more?*

*What do you do when the good times
are gone?*

*Sit by the window and wait for the
dawn.*

*And you can't remember how things
went so wrong any more.*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

*Booklet cover photo: courtesy of
Rock County Historical Society*

*Photo, page 2: courtesy of Rock
County Historical Society*

Photo, page 3: Sandy Paton

*Photo, page 4: Courtesy of
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Zigler*

*Photo, page 6: the Bower City
Belle (rear) and the Idlewild
(front) on the Rock River;
courtesy of Rock County Historic
Society*

*Photo, page 9: of Jerry Rasmussen
and his father, courtesy of the
Rasmussen family*

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 | |

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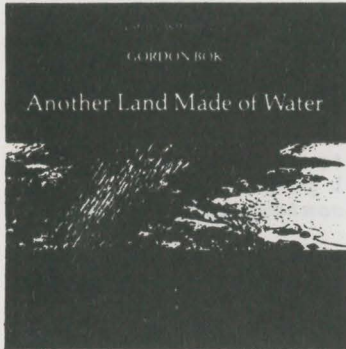


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RECENT RELEASES FROM FOLK-LEGACY

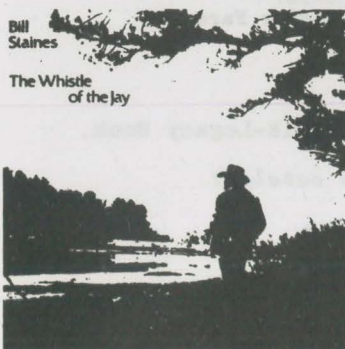
FSI-72 - GORDON BOK - ANOTHER LAND MADE OF WATER. This must be described as a most unusual recording — a story with music that captures all of the magic of Gordon's unique artistry. Some twenty-five singers bring the songs to life, around which Gordon weaves a narration that is music in itself. We are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



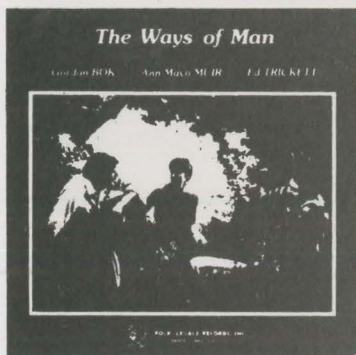
FSI-70 - BILL STAINES - THE WHISTLE OF THE JAY. Bill's second recording for Folk-Legacy contains eleven of his own songs, including the oft-requested "A Place in the Choir" (which most people insist on calling "All God's Critters"), plus one by Elkin Fowler, a tune from Bob McQuillen, and a lovely traditional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

