

LORRE WYATT

Roots and Branches



Folk Legacy Records, Inc. FSI-88

SIDE 1

1. MINGULAY BOAT SONG

3:34 (Traditional Scottish/additional lyrics and arrangement by L. Wyatt, BMI)

The Hebrides, a group of islands off the west coast of Scotland, are noted for their beautiful work songs. This rousing sea song from Mingulay is one of my favorites.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Gordon Bok—vocal, Bokwhistle; Ed Trickett—vocal, "Bell" guitar

2. ISLAY REAPING SONG

2:56 (Traditional Scottish/additional lyrics and arrangement by L. Wyatt, BMI)

A weary woman pauses in her work and searches the sea for sight of a sail. She is filled with dreams of her love, and of a special harvest yet to come. Originally in Gaelic, this hauntingly beautiful work song is from Islay ("I-lay"), the southernmost island in the Hebrides.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; David Paton—concertina; Paul "Truck" Croteau—bouzouki

3. PEACH PICKIN' TIME IN GEORGIA

3:07 (Jimmie Rodgers and Clayton McMichen, ASCAP)

I first started yodeling during puberty, but at the time had no idea it was a skill which could be applied to music. Would that I'd known songs like this one, originally recorded in 1932 by Jimmie Rodgers, "The Father of Country Music."

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, rhythm guitar; John Guth—vocal, lead guitar; Steven Armstrong—bass

4. THE L & N DON'T STOP HERE ANYMORE

3:39 (Jean Ritchie, ASCAP)

Appalachia, 1958. The coal boom is over; mines close, people leave, trains roll by without stopping. And men who "dug each other's graves" now sit on the porch and ponder.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar

5. THE CHEMICAL WORKER'S SONG

1:58 (Ron Angel, Teeside, England)

English folksinger Vin Garbutt, from whom I learned this song, says: "Ron Angel was working for Imperial Chemical Industries when the fact came out that the average life expectancy of a chemical worker was 42 years. Ron was 41, so he handed in notice and wrote this song!"

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar

6. DER YID DER SHMID (The Jewish Blacksmith)

3:29 (Wolf YOUNIN and Vladimir Heifetz, ASCAP)

The Jewish blacksmith sings of his life to the rhythm of his hammer. His lively song rings out from street to street, from house to house—and a folk song is born! Sung in Yiddish—the wonderful, secret, long-ago-Sunday-morning language of my mother and grandfather.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; John Guth—lead guitar; Steven Armstrong—bass

7. LET IT BE YOUR LULLABYE

3:45 (Lorre Wyatt, BMI)

Trust what is inside you to comfort and guide you through all the nights that you face.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Caroline Paton, John Guth, George Ward—vocals; David Paton—hammered dulcimer

Photographs by David Torcoletti

Graphic Design by Patricia Greene

Recorded by Sandy Paton

Appearing with Lorre on front cover is one of his branches—son Benjamin.

LORRE WYATT



"Lorre Wyatt's songs share a quality with the finest of traditional folk songs: they are at once timely and timeless. They grow on you and with you and become part of your life. I predict that many of Lorre's songs will be sung—humanity willing!—by our grandchildren's grandchildren."

— Pete Seeger

This debut album has been a long time in the making — but we are certain that all who hear it will agree that it was well worth waiting for.

Lorre is one of those magical performers we often seek but seldom find. You cannot help being caught up by his warmth and infectious enthusiasm. His fine, flexible voice and remarkable dexterity on guitar combine with a marvelous off-the-wall sense of humor to make his music both beautiful and downright fun!

A superb interpreter of traditional folksongs, he has a special ability to give the old songs new life and meaning. Furthermore, Lorre is an extremely gifted songwriter. Songs such as "Lullabye", "Once A Boat" and "Somos El Barco" have a simplicity that goes right to the heart of the matter, and yet each can be understood on many levels, all of them perfectly appropriate. Add to these subtle songs the more direct statements of "Old Time Nutrition" and "No Nukes for Me" and you have an idea of his strong commitment to peace and a decent life and healthful environment for all.

Lorre, who lives in Greenfield, Massachusetts with his wife Patricia Greene and son Benjamin, is involved in teaching music as well as performing.

His shortest review, and one that perhaps best sums up the energizing and exhilarating experience of encountering Lorre the man and the musician, came from four-year-old Juanita Carrero in a Headstart Project in New York City:

She said, "You make me feel like popcorn!"

Caroline Paton
November 1984

BOOKLET ENCLOSED CONTAINING LYRICS
AND ADDITIONAL SONG NOTES

FSI-88 FOLK LEGACY



SIDE 2

1. OLD TIME NUTRITION

3:00 (Tune traditional, lyrics by Lorre Wyatt and friends, BMI)

Dedicated to the proposition that it may indeed be more nutritious to bite the hand that's feeding you!

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Caroline Paton—vocal; John Guth—vocal, guitar; George Ward—vocal, banjo; Robin Paton—mandolin

2. I COULD NOT FIND MY BABY-O

4:47 (Traditional Welsh, additional lyrics and arrangement by L. Wyatt, BMI)

This song of mysterious loss and endless search, with its waves of repetition and lingering sense of the supernatural, touches something close to the heart.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Gordon Bok—vocal, cello; Ed Trickett—vocal, hammered dulcimer

3. KEEP ON THE SUNNYSIDE OF LIFE

2:38 (Ada Blenkhorn and J. Howard Entwistle)

The long range forecast calls for mixed clouds and sunshine. So, to help us keep perspective, here is a hopeful song, first recorded in 1928 by the Carter Family.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Caroline Paton, Ann Mayo Muir, Gordon Bok—vocals; David Paton—hammered dulcimer; Bruce Foley—bass

4. NO NUKES FOR ME

2:38 (Lorre Wyatt, BMI)

This song came to me at an anti-nuclear demonstration in a non-explosive burst of inspiration—call it "The Songwriter Syndrome." My love of Black gospel quartets, such as the Soul Stirrers and the Swan Silvertones, left its mark on this one.

Lorre Wyatt—lead vocal; and the "Seabrook Seven"—Patricia Greene, Meg Gage, Sara Cohen, Court Dorsey, Jim Kessler, Robin Paton, Marcus Casman—vocals

5. ONCE A BOAT HAS BROKEN FROM THE SHORE

2:20 (Lorre Wyatt, BMI)

Anchors aweigh! It takes courage to go, but there are so many harbors waiting to welcome you. Bon voyage!

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar

6a. THE LAIRD O' DRUM

b. The Hare in the Corn (Instrumental)

4:31 (a. Traditional Scottish ballad; b. Traditional Irish jig)

(Child ballad 236) A seventeenth century true story of a spirited woman who questions the ideas of family authority and class. Compelling story, gorgeous tune—I find it irresistible.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; David Paton—concertina; Paul "Truck" Croteau—bouzouki; Robin Paton—bouzouki (on jig only)

7. SOMOS EL BARCO/WE ARE THE BOAT —Version 1 (Spanish/English)

3:34 (Lorre Wyatt, BMI)

"We are the boat, we are the sea; I sail in you, you sail in me." These lines express my most personal and political belief. Many thanks to Gordon and Annie for their very special musical simpatico on these vocal and instrumental variations. Some time after the recording, this chorus happily found itself "with verse" (four, in fact!), and now it is best known in that form.

Lorre Wyatt—vocal, guitar; Gordon Bok—vocal, guitar; Ann Mayo Muir—vocal, flute; Bruce Foley—vocal, bass

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For bookings, or to be placed on a mailing list, contact Lorre at the above address.

LORRE WYATT

Roots and Branches

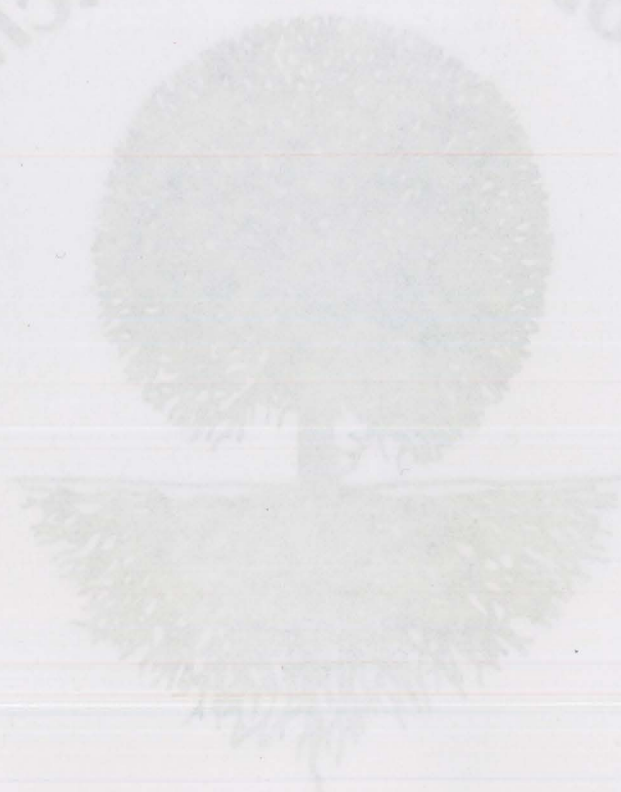


FSI-88

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LORRIE WYATT

Roots and Branches



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ROOTS AND BRANCHES

Introduction

I was bread and buttered, as they say, in the small but plump town of Millburn, New Jersey.

My earliest musical memories are of my mother's singing — sweet, strong, sincere — as my father's jazz-filled fingers tumbled over the piano keys, his jovial, rusty voice tagging along behind.

Tricycles led to bicycles, and around the fifth grade the violin cast its spell on me. I drove my mother to distraction, and she finally drove me to Newark for lessons with a highly acclaimed teacher, the author of numerous "method" books.

I soon discovered the teacher's real claim to fame went unheralded, except among his private students: he had developed a unique technique of teaching in absentia. Once the violin was tuned, he would retreat from the lesson room to his adjoining "music study" in which he purportedly "researched" music while listening to the lesson. Now and again he'd call out all-purpose platitudes like: "Could be better," or "Keep your wrist back." (You might say he carried the "Music Minus One" concept to an ultimate and illogical conclusion.)

Punctually, five minutes before the end of the lesson, he would reappear, complete with flashbulb smile and a cloudburst of compliments that would crescendo as he escorted the young prodigy to the mother-filled waiting room. His performance climaxed there with a heart-wrenching plea to Paganini, Jr., to practice even harder to perfect this God-given gift, for the sake of the musical world!

It was thicker in there than a barn floor in early spring, and the Woodward and Bernstein in me eventually uncovered the truth, namely, that the main feature of the music study was a bar, and I don't mean the musical kind.

After the violin lessons I would walk to my father's tavern in a nearby black neighborhood. As the ABC (Alcoholic Beverage Commission) frowned on ten-year-olds frequenting bars, I was usually hidden in the back beside the ever-playing jukebox. There I'd nibble my cheese sandwich and fill up on Fats Domino, Jimmy Reed, and a hundred other Rhythm and Blues platters.

Inauspicious beginnings for a musical career, perhaps, yet these and similar randomly gathered pebbles of happenstance somehow fused into a firm foundation for this folksinger. Innocent camp harmonies, multi-cultural melodies on the ever-fresh airwaves of WBAI in New York City, much-loved ballads sung by Vannie Trivett up on Dark Ridge in North Carolina — for me, time has stitched a multitude of musical experiences into a meaning-filled patchwork quilt.

Some are born into their own musical traditions, which are passed on and kept alive by a sort of "mouth to ear" resuscitation. But most of us have to dig for our own roots from which we can branch out. It's a hard growing, in many ways. On the other hand, we're not locked into one particular culture, but can cross-pollinate and choose what seems most lasting and real to us.

I hear the old songs as echoes from other lives and times which still reverberate with clear, honed insight into the human condition as they converse with the new songs on the block. As William Faulkner said, "The past is never dead — it's not even past."

As to the songs on this album, well, as the old Robert Johnson blues says, "Come on into my kitchen," — I've filled up a platter with equal portions of traditional folk roots, folk-flavored concoctions cooked up by others, and some home-grown of my own.

For the recording, a diverse and talented group of friends gathered at various times in the Folk-Legacy music room, and Sandy let the two-track roll. We did no overdubbing, and consequently the songs have a "live" feel about them.

To all who participated, I give heartfelt thanks. Gordon Bok was especially gracious and giving of talent and spirit. John Guth, my long ago NYC room-mate, was a source of vocal and instrumental inspiration whose ideas permeate many of these songs.

Special thanks are due the Patons — Sandy for his hours — years! — of work, and Caroline for her hospitality, patience and enthusiasm.

This album is dedicated to:

my wife, Patricia Greene, and my son, Benjamin Jacob Wyatt-Greene, who are my most patient and loving teachers,

and to Skipper Pete Seeger, who — despite the water being very wide — has ferried so many over, and shown us the tools with which to build our own craft.

Lorre Wyatt
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THE SONGS

MINGULAY BOAT SONG
(Traditional/Wyatt/Greene, BMI)
Side 1, Band 1.

Norman Kennedy, one of Scotland's finest and most knowledgeable singers, has first-hand experience of the Isle of Mingulay off the west coast of Scotland.

"It's a tiny, wee place, you see. I doubt if it's two miles by two," he told me. "It's a barren place — long uninhabited. I don't suppose there were ever more than fifty people, and if the breakers were too wild, they were cut off and short of food for weeks on end. Life there was too hard, so the people came

off in 1917."

He went on to say that the tune derives from a much older song about an owl being consulted as an oracle, and that it has the feel of a rowing song that is also a sailing song. Between islands, they would put up a sail, but they relied on oars most of the time.

Whenever I've heard "Mingulay" sung, it's had a lovely 3/4 lilt to it which brings to mind a crew falling asleep while the boat drifts to shore. To me, it seemed to fall naturally into a driving 9/4 rhythm which strongly emphasizes the first beat of the nine and places less emphasis on the third and sixth beats. This re-

sults in an ongoing tension and pull that creates a rowing feel. I think this version recaptures the raw spirit of the straining oarsmen pulling with a will to get home across the treacherous Minch before dark.

"Mingulay" is a wonderful group song, but the commonly sung version with only two verses seemed too short and the chorus just begged to be sung again. So my wife, Patricia, and I wrote a new verse — the second in this version. In our verse, the sailors look back toward the Cuillin Hills on the Isle of Skye and look forward to seeing the candles in the windows of Mingulay that were traditionally lit for boats still out after dark.

Chorus: Il ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Swing her head 'round into the
weather;
Il ya ho, boys, let her go, boys,
Sailing homeward to Mingulay.

What care we how wild the Minch is?
What care we for the wind or weather?
For you know, boys, every inch is
Closer home, now, to Mingulay.

Far behind us the peaks of Cuillin,
Soon we'll see our own hills of heather;
And you know, boys, candles glow, boys,
Lighting the windows of Mingulay.

Wives are waiting by the harbor,
They have been waiting since break of day;
Now you know, boys, that we'll anchor
As the night falls on Mingulay.

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
Ed Trickett: tenor harmony, "Bell" guitar
Gordon Bok: bass harmony, Bokwhistle

ISLAY REAPING SONG
(Traditional/Wyatt/Greene, BMI)
Side 1, Band 2.

This song was collected by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser in the early part of this century on the island of Islay, southernmost of the inner Hebrides. She translated the Gaelic songs she collected into English and published them in her famous and very valuable volumes, *Songs of the Hebrides*. Norman Kennedy says of her translations: "They are entirely romanticized parlor songs with only a vague likeness to the original Gaelic. Nowadays, people could make a better translation."

I loved this song from the first time I

heard Jean Redpath sing it, but could never quite live with its lyrics about the "fair-cheeked boy o' the curly ringlets." I didn't think of rewriting it until my wife, Patricia, whose sense of the traditional and the poetic is impeccable, suggested we try. The result of our effort is, I believe, a more lyrical, traditional-sounding and cohesive song than Kennedy-Fraser's. The first two lines of the first and second verses and the last two lines of the third verse are hers; the rest is ours.

The chorus is unchanged. It is a series of syllables or "vocables," as Kennedy-Fraser calls them, which have no literal meaning, but help create the wide open, lonely mood of this lovely song of longing.

A day in the cornfield, I a-reaping,
Cutting my sheaf, and it was not easy;
All the day long, the hot sun beating,
Ocean below me a-moaning and weeping.

Ho ro na ho ro ri o
Hi ri na ho ro eile
Ho ro na ho ro ri o.

Sighing, I sat on the lonely hillside,
Looking to see if my lover was coming;
Longing to see the sails appearing,
Telling me that it's home he'll be nearing.

Sowing the field was in the springtime,
When will he know what a harvest is coming?
Snow white seagull, little white seagull,
Carry my singing across to my true love.

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
David Paton: concertina
Paul "Truck" Croteau: bouzouki

PEACH PICKIN' TIME IN GEORGIA
(Rodgers/McMichen, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 3.

Jimmie Rodgers, "The Singing Brakeman," was born in Mississippi in 1898 to a railroading family. From an early age he travelled on the trains with his father and was exposed to the vast and varied treasures of Southern music. He became one of the earliest recording artists to successfully intertwine the black and white musical streams. His influence on the shape and direction of country music is incalculable, and his recordings formed an essential link between older traditional styles and modern country music.

This song was written and recorded in 1932.

A couple of generations down the line, I heard it from a high school friend. Midway through the first verse, when I heard the droll line, "Everybody picks on me," I knew I had to learn it.

I've changed it subtly over the years from a song about a rambler and a one-night-stander to a song about a travelling musician who wants to go home to his true love.

When it's peach pickin' time in Georgia,
Apple pickin' time in Tennessee,
Cotton pickin' time in Mississippi,
Every body pickes on me!
When it's round-up time in Texas,
The cowboys make whoopee;
Then down in old Carolina, boys,
It's gal pickin' time for me.

(Yodel)

We pick bluegrass in old Kentucky,
Texas is where we do the swing;
At squares in old Virginny,
We really make those rafters ring.
Ah, but Caroline, I hear you callin'
And I hope to see you soon,
There I hope to do a little pickin'
Underneath the harvest moon.

(Yodel)

When the hard times come a-knockin',
I won't let the blues catch me;
'Cause I've got a sweetheart in old Caroline
And I know she waits for me.
I'll be going to see her,
And I know it won't be long
'Til we pick a little cabin
To call our mountain home.

(Yodel)

Now, when the old folks pick the cotton,
We'll be pickin' rings;
We'll go to town, buy a suit and a gown,
For a wedding in the spring.
I hope the preacher knows his business;
I know he can't fool me,
'Cause when it's peach pickin' time in
Georgia, boys,
It's gal pickin' time for me.

(Yodel)

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, rhythm guitar
John Guth: harmony yodel, lead guitar
Steven Armstrong: bass

THE L & N DON'T STOP HERE ANYMORE
(Ritchie, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 4.

In the late 1950's when the coal companies of the Appalachian South secretly began to tool up for strip mining, they started closing the deep mines. The coal cars stood empty; even the "short dog" passenger train, the Louisville and Nashville (L & N) stopped running.

Jean Ritchie not only carries on the songs of her native Kentucky, but continues to replenish the tradition with superlative works like this one. She tells me that the song is "kind of the talk that I heard from my old relatives and neighbors who were just standing around wondering about the mines, speculating on what was going on and reminiscing. They didn't know then how the strip mines would ravage their land."

This song has been close to me for over ten years. Every time I sing it I find it filled with countless emotional nuances. I shaped the guitar accompaniment over a period of years to capture the high, lonesome, banjo-y sound of the Kentucky mountains.

When I was a curly-headed baby,
My daddy set me down upon his knee;
Said, "Son, you go to school and learn your letters;
Don't be no dusty miner, like me."

For I was born and raised at the mouth of
the Hazard Holler,
Coal cars roarin' and a-rumblin' past my
door;
Now they're standin' rusty, rollin' empty,
And the L & N don't stop here anymore.

I used to think my daddy was a black man
With scrip enough to buy the company store;
But now he goes downtown with empty pockets,
And his face as white as February snow.

Last night I dreamt I went down to the office,
To get my payday like I done before;
But them old kudzy vines* had covered up the
doorway,
And there was trees and grass, just a-growin'
right through the floor.

Well, I never thought I'd live to love the
coal dust;
I never thought I'd pray to hear the tipples
roar.
But, Lord, how I wish that grass could change
to money,
And them greenbacks fill my pockets once more.

*Kudzu vines, imported from Japan as a ground cover for spoil banks from new highways and strip mines.

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar

CHEMICAL WORKER'S SONG

(Angel, copyright 1964 in manuscript, 1984 BMI)
Side 1, Band 5.

This hard-hitting indictment of working conditions in the chemical industry comes straight from the heart — no preaching, no rhetoric. It makes you experience first-hand the horror of becoming ever more entangled in an almost imperceptible but deadly web.

Ron Angel, of Teeside, England, wrote this song in 1964, while doing time at the huge Imperial Chemical Industries plant, making fertilizer, cyanide and synthetic fabrics. His declining health immediately improved when he left.

He dedicates the song to his dad, Billy Angel, who "worked all his life at ICI and used to have nightmares about the dust killing him. He died at 62, a few months after being brought home, sick, from work."

Today, there is a growing demand by workers and by the general public to know more about everything that is bringing us "two days nearer death." Let's hope this leads to less willingness to just unquestioningly "go."

A process man am I and I'm telling you
no lie,
I've worked and breathed among the fumes
that trail across the sky;
There's thunder all around me, and poison
in the air,
There's a lousy smell that smacks of hell,
and dust all in my hair.

And it's go, boys, go.
They'll time your every breath;
And every day you're in this place,
You're two days nearer death,
But you go.

I've worked among the spinners, I've
breathed in the oily smoke,
I've shovelled up the gypsum, and it nigh
on makes you choke;
I've stood knee-deep in cyanide, gone sick
with the caustic burn,
I've been working rough, I've seen enough
to make your stomach turn.

There's overtime, there's bonus, opportun-
ities galore,
All the young lads like the money, and they
all come back for more;
Ah, but soon you're knocking on, looking
older than you should.
Aye, for every bob made on this job, you pay
with flesh and blood.

process man - production line hand
spinner - a machine that spins synthetic
fibers into thread
gypsum - a white mineral used to manufacture
fertilizer

Lorre Wyatt: vocal. guitar

DER YID DER SHMID (The Jewish Blacksmith)
(Younin/Heifetz, copyright Mills Music)
Side 1, Band 6.

Here is a song of someone who loves his work, sung in Yiddish, the everyday language of Eastern European Jews. In three short verses it tells how a folk song is born.

I learned it in the late 1960's while spending many joyous hours in the kitchen of Sol and Fran Jaffe, who generously filled both stomach and songbag with countless Jewish delights. On this recording, John Guth's guitar conjures up Sol's dancing mandolin.

Originally written by Wolf Younin as a ten-stanza children's poem, "Der Yid" was later set to music by the late Vladimir Heifetz, a noted composer and choir director.

It is interesting to note that Younin really worked for some time as a blacksmith, starting at age thirteen in a little shtetl in White Russia. After coming to New York, he wrote a folklore column in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, taught Yiddish at Columbia University, and wrote many poems and songs.

I first spoke with him in 1982, when he was 74 years old, and asked if he were retired. "Retired? Only people in the cemetery are retired — do I sound like one? Not yet, fellow! There are still some things to do!" And on Wolf worked, until he retired in 1984, leaving behind a rich legacy.

Translation: Let's make up our own song
about a Jewish blacksmith in his
shop.
(His hammer rings out — one-two-
three, one-two-three,
one-two, one-two, one-two-three.)

While working at his forge,
the blacksmith sings himself
a song,
a Jewish song.

The song rings out into the
streets all around,
jumping from street to street
and house to house —
the song rings out!

(But, ah, the playfulness and poetry that gets
lost in the translation!)

Lomir, lomir, lomir, lomir ma-chn an
ei-gn lid,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey,
drai.
Vegn, vegn, vegn, a yid-n, a yid a shmид,
In zain shmид, in zain shmид,
In zain shmider, shmiderai, rai,

Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
In zain shmider, shmiderai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
In zain shmider, shmiderai.

Shmид der yid, der yid, der yid, der yid,
der yid der shmид,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey,
drai.
Un er, un er, un er, un er zingt zich tsu
a lid,
A Yiddish lid, a Yiddish lid,
Zingt a Yiddish lid derbai, rai,

Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Zingt a Yiddish lid derbai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Zingt a Yiddish lid derbai.

Klingt dos lid, dos lid, dos lid in gas, in
gas a roys,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey, drai,
Eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey — eyns, tsvey,
drai.
Klingt fun gas, fun gas, fun hoyz tsu hoyz,
fun hoyz tsu hoyz,
A Yiddish lid, a Yiddish lid,
Klingt dos Yiddish lid derbai, rai,

Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Klingt dos Yiddish lid derbai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Rai, rai, rai,
Klingt dos Yiddish lid derbai.

A Yiddish lid der-bai.

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, rhythm guitar
John Guth: lead guitar
Steven Armstrong: bass

LET IT BE YOUR LULLABYE
(Wyatt, BMI)
Side 1, Band 7.

Once, while teaching a folk music course, I
assigned the class to sing someone to sleep that
week — a younger brother or sister, a child at
a local hospital, whatever. Armed with headfuls
of tried and true tunes, the students confidently
sallied forth to subdue the enemy. Their foes
proved to be more formidable than anticipated,
for at song's end, not a snore was heard.

In order to conquer these sleep-resistant
rebels, our heroes abandoned the notion that a
lullabye is a group of set lyrics sung once
through, and found themselves making up new
words to the old tune.

For a lullabye is really a constantly changing
worksong, soothing and strong, patient and per-
sistent, drawn from one's own life.

When you sing you've got to sing
With the strength of a lullabye,
You'll never know 'til you try.
And when you sing you've got to sing
With the patience of a lullabye,
You'll never know 'til you try,

Your song's inside you,
Let your song guide you,
Let it be your lullabye.

(Continue verses 2, 3, & 4 and choruses in a
similar manner, replacing the underlined words
with the words indicated.)

2. dream — dream's
3. work — work's
4. love — love's

(Last chorus is sung twice.)

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
David Paton: hammered dulcimer
Caroline Paton: soprano vocal
John Guth: tenor vocal
George Ward: bass vocal

OLD TIME NUTRITION

(Tune: traditional; lyrics: Wyatt & Friends, BMI)
Side 2, Band 1.

No matter how tired and hungry and dry,
The banquet how fine, don't begin it
Till you think of the past and the future
and sigh,
"Oh I wonder, I wonder what's in it?"

These lines are from a poem written circa 1899 by Harvey Washington Wiley, the first commissioner of the Food and Drug Administration. Wiley's commitment to public health and safety, and his crusading spirit, which led him to battle irresponsible industry and unresponsive government, are in short supply in the FDA of today.

Ted Warmbrand, songwriter from Tucson, Arizona (by way of Brooklyn), is always brimming over with brilliant ideas. I first met Ted about a decade ago, when he whizzed into our apartment on Manhattan's lower East Side and sang us the chorus of "Newtrition." It was just a one word change of the American hymn "Old Time Religion," but what a difference a word makes! He said, with a wink, "I sure wish there were some good verses for it!" and then whizzed out again for parts unknown.

He planted that song seed in fertile ground, as my future wife and I were good-food-eaters and co-ops. The verses quickly sprouted. Since then, Ted's written a batch of verses of his own. On this recording, the chorus is, naturally, his, and the second verse (Twinkies) is from Boston songwriter Fred Small; the rest are mine. If you come up with any new verses, I'd love to see them (see address at the beginning of this booklet).

Although this song is already "in the can," don't let that curb your musical appetite — it'll really start cookin' if you spoon along with us... Pun *appétit*!... (off-stage moans and groans).

Food advertising and technology often convince us to ignore what our senses tell us, so here's hoping a song can serve, in some small way, to help us "return to our senses."

Just gimme that old time nutrition,
Gimme that old time nutrition,
Gimme that old time nutrition,
It's good enough for me.

Feed your TV TV dinners,
Feed your TV TV dinners,
Feed your TV TV dinners,
But don't feed them to me!

Hostess Twinkies sure are filling (3X)
The pockets of ITT!

They can sugarcoat the corn flakes (3X)
But they can't sweet talk me!

While we clip those ten cent coupons (3X)
They're clipping you and me!

Oh, they spend more on the package (3X)
Than the stuff they stuff inside!

In that long list of ingredients (3X)
You might even find some food!

When I die, don't bury me;
I've been embalmed by BHT.

(Chorus sung twice)

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
Caroline Paton: soprano harmony
John Guth: tenor harmony, guitar
George Ward: bass harmony, 5-string banjo
Robin Paton: mandolin

I COULD NOT FIND MY BABY-O
(Traditional/Wyatt, BMI)
Side 2, Band 2.

As a teenager, I heard this song on one of my first folk music albums, *Flat Rock Ballads*, sung by poet and folk song collector Carl Sandburg. Though Sandburg says in his book, *The New American Songbag*, that it is a centuries old Welsh song, I have been unable to unearth further information about the song's origins.

Gordon Bok sings a version whose chorus is "Yo hoven, hoven, gardiole gole." It is possible that the chorus may be vocables; if not, whatever language the chorus was originally in has probably been garbled, as Celtic sources I have questioned cannot identify it. Regardless, for me the chorus evokes a feeling beyond words.

Beneath the song's seemingly simple surface, rich layers of meaning reverberate, waiting to be unearthed. Dream-like, evanescent, entranc-

ing, the song beckons you farther and farther down the path toward things missing and just beyond reach.

I added the second verse, and changed "path" to "trace" in the sixth verse to carry on the journey from the concrete to the ephemeral.

*I left my baby lying there,
Lying there, lying there,
I left my baby lying there
While I went to gather blaeberries-o.*

*And when I came back again,
Back again, back again,
And when I came back again
Not a sign of baby-o.*

*Oh, rovin, rovin, gorirole gole,
Gorirole gole, gorirole gole;
Oh, rovin, rovin, gorirole gole,
I could not find my baby-o.*

*I followed the trail of the yellow fawn,
Yellow fawn, yellow fawn,
I followed the trail of the yellow fawn,
But not a sign of baby-o.*

*I followed the wee brown otter's track,
Otter's track, otter's track,
I followed the wee brown otter's track —
Where, oh where is baby-o?*

(chorus)

*I followed the path of the mist on the moor,
Mist on the moor, mist on the moor,
I followed the path of the mist on the moor,
But not a sign of baby-o.*

*I followed the trace of the moon on the snow,
Moon on the snow, moon on the snow,
I followed the trace of the moon on the snow,
But still no sign of baby-o.*

(chorus)

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
Ed Trickett: tenor harmony, hammered dulcimer
Gordon Bok: bass harmony, 'cello.

KEEP ON THE SUNNYSIDE
(Blenkhorn and Entwisle)
Side 2, Band 3.

As a young woman, Ada Blenkhorn cared for an invalid nephew whose daily request to be pushed in his wheelchair "down the sunny side of the street" became the inspiration for this

song.

Written in 1899, it gained wide circulation throughout the South. The original Carter Family recorded it on May 9, 1928, and it soon became their radio theme song.

I rewrote the last two lines of the third verse on this recording. The original lyrics were:

*"Let us trust in our Savior alway,
Who keep'th everyone in His care."*

Secularizing the song opens it up as a song of energy and optimism for everyone.

*There's a dark and a troubled side of life;
There's a bright and a sunny side, too.
Though we meet with the darkness and strife,
The sunny side we also may view.*

*Keep on the sunny side, always on the
sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side of life.
It will help us every day; it will
brighten all the way,
If we keep on the sunny side of life.*

*Though a storm in its fury breaks today,
Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear,
Storms and clouds will in time pass away;
The sun again will shine bright and clear.*

*So let us greet with a song of hope each day,
Though the moments be cloudy or fair;
As we walk, let us clear a sunlit way,
And hope other souls will travel there.*

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
Caroline Paton: soprano harmony
Ann Mayo Muir: alto harmony
Gordon Bok: bass harmony
David Paton: hammered dulcimer
Bruce Foley: bass

NO NUKES FOR ME
(Wyatt, BMI)
Side 2, Band 4.

What a variety of musical styles and traditions there are to feast on! And over the years, many influences are stored in a songwriter's cupboard, to later emerge in unpredictable combinations at unexpected times. Witness this song, which owes a lot to white, and especially to black, gospel music.

In June of 1978, I was among 20,000

concerned people who gathered to peacefully demonstrate against construction of a nuclear power plant in Seabrook, New Hampshire. In town, a headline caught my eye: "RAVAGING HORDES INVADE SEABROOK!" My first reaction: "Oh, God, wouldn't it be just our luck to have ravaging hordes arriving while we're here!" and I considered leaving, post-haste. Then the 60-watts flashed on, and I realized "them" was "us"...

After the demonstration, as we trudged along the roads leading out of Seabrook, I made up this song. It was a way to tell the townspeople we were passing why we'd come. (And I knew the song had redeeming social value when the hordes dropped their raw meat and sang along, too!)

Some answers to what lies beyond "No Nukes" are found in the verses. Conservation, in conjunction with solar panels, wood stoves, rebuilt dams and hilltop windmills I see all over, show that people have begun to look at what is available locally to fill their energy needs. Imagine what strides could be made "with a little help from our Federal friends."

Most of those singing here are Western Massachusetts friends — including my wife, Patricia — who were at Seabrook.

Sun keeps a-glowing, sun keeps a-glowing,
See it shine, shine, shine;
Sun keeps a-glowing, sun keeps a-glowing,
See it shine, shine, shine;
Sun says together we can harness up the
power that is yours and mine,
Give me energy that's pollution-free,
No Nukes for me!

That's why I choose (No Nukes!)
To use (No Nukes!)
No Nukes for me!
There are far safer ways (No Nukes!)
So I say (No Nukes!)
No Nukes for me!
'Cause we care for our land (No Nukes!)
Let us stand (No Nukes!)
And say No Nukes for me.
Give me energy that's pollution-free,
No Nukes for me!

Wind keeps a blowing, wind keeps a-blowing,
All the time, time, time; (2X)
Wind says together we can harness up the
power that is yours and mine,
Give me energy that's pollution-free,
No Nukes for me!

River keeps a-flowing, river keeps a-flowing
Down the line, line, line; (2X)
River says together we can harness up the
power that is yours and mine,
Give me energy that's pollution-free,
No Nukes for me!

Lorre Wyatt: lead vocal

Supporting vocals by the "Seabrook Seven" —
Patricia Greene, Meg Gage, Sara Cohen,
Court Dorsey, Jim Kessler, Robin Paton,
Marcus Casman (and a one-line guest appearance by Caroline Paton).

ONCE A BOAT HAS BROKEN FROM THE SHORE
(Wyatt, BMI)
Side 2, Band 5.

Merely drifting a bit won't change much, but once you've clearly and consciously broken away, you've begun your voyage. The trick is to weather the storms, survive the breezeless times, and catch your second wind whenever you can.

People have found lots of interpretations stored in this song's hold, and it's pleasing to hear from individuals and groups who have adopted it as their own.

Once a boat has broken from the shore,
You cannot hold her anymore;
Drag her back with lines so strong,
You'll find they won't hold her very long,
Once a boat has broken from the shore.

Once she's felt the swelling of her sail,
Be it from a gust or a gale,
Try to lure her close to shore,
You'll find you can't steer her anymore,
Once she's felt the swelling of her sail.

You cannot frighten her
With threats of flood or fire,
You'll never bury her,
You'll never buy her,
Once a boat has broken from the shore.

She'll find the sea has chains of its own,
And they'll pull at her in ways she's never known;
But if the stars she follows are bright enough,
They'll light her way when the waves get rough,
Reminding her she's really not alone.

As her sails are torn and reefs rip
 at her sides,
 She'll learn to carefully choose which
 waves she rides;
 Where she's bound, she cannot say,
 But at least she's on her way,
 And the course she'll follow she alone
 decides.

(chorus)

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar

THE LAIRD O' DRUM
 (Traditional, collated by Patricia Greene)
 THE HARE IN THE CORN
 (Traditional)
 Side 2, Band 6.

Though it is seldom sung today, "The Laird o' Drum" was one of the most popular Scottish ballads for centuries, and with good cause. Not only is it a dramatic, fascinating story wedded to an exquisite melody, it is also one of the few ballads whose facts are verifiable, and in which a woman is triumphant!

Alexander Irvine, the young Laird o' Drum, lived about ten miles west of Aberdeen. In 1643 he married his first wife, the high-born Lady Mary Gordon. As a result of his support of the Stuart cause, he was excommunicated, fined and imprisoned. After the Restoration, he married the ballad's unnamed central figure, who was, in fact, Margaret Coutts, daughter of a local shepherd, "a woman of inferior birth and manners, which step gave great offense to his relations." (1) Margaret seems to have gained at least some of his family's approval though, as after Alexander's death in 1687, she married one of his relatives.

More detailed information can be found in Gavin Greig's *Folk-Song of the Northeast* and Francis James Child's *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (#236), as well as Bronson's *The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*, which were sources for collating this version of "Laird."

The ballad dovetails into the Irish jig, "The Hare in the Corn."

(1) Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, 1827

Oh, the Laird o' Drum has a-walking gone,
 On one morning early;
 He has spied a well-favored lass,
 Shearing her father's barley.

"Oh, would you nae be a gentleman's wife?
 Would you nae fancy me-o?"
 Would you nae be of some higher degree,
 An let your shearing be-o?"

"Yes, I would be a gentleman's wife,
 And I would fancy thee-o;
 But I cannae wear silk that rustles at the
 knee,
 Nor make a cup of tea-o."

"My father is a poor shepherd man,
 With sheep on yonder hill-o;
 You may go there and ask of him,
 I'm always at his will-o."

"My daughter can neither read nor write,
 She was never at a school-o;
 But any other thing right well can she do,
 For I learned the lassie myself-o."

"It's who will bake our bridal cake,
 And who will brew the ale-o;
 And who will welcome my bonnie lassie home,
 Is more than I can tell-o."

"Oh, the baker can bake the bridal cake,
 The brewer can brew the ale-o;
 If no one welcomes your bonnie lassie home,
 Welcome her in yourself-o."

Four and twenty fine gentlemen
 Stood at the gates of Drum-o;
 But no one lifted his hat from his head
 To welcome the bonnie lassie in-o.

Then up and spoke his brother John,
 An angry man was he-o;
 "You've married a wife this sad, sorry night,
 And she's not a match for thee-o."

"Oh, the last lady I had in this house
 Was far above our degree-o;
 I dared not enter into her room,
 'Til my hat was below my knee-o."

He has ta'en her by the hand
 And gently led her in-o;
 Saying, "Welcome home, my Lady of Drum,
 For this is all your own-o."

"I told you, my laird, ere we came here,
 I was not of your degree-o;
 But now we are wed and lying in one bed,
 I'm just as good as thee-o."

"For if you were dead and I were dead,
And both laid in one grave-o,
Nine years down and lifted up again,
Who's to know your dust from mine-o?"

(Instrumental — "The Hare in the Corn")

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
David Paton: concertina
Paul "Truck" Croteau: bouzouki
Robin Paton: bouzouki (The Hare in the Corn)

SOMOS EL BARCO/WE ARE THE BOAT - Version 1
(Wyatt, BMI)
Side 2, Band 7.

There are really two versions of "Somos," each with a life of its own. The one recorded here, which I call Version 1, was begun on the Hudson River in 1973 while I was crewing aboard the environmental sloop *Clearwater*. Originally I had intended to write a song about the overthrow of the Allende government in Chile, but as I worked on it, the chorus kept expanding in meaning and I realized it was complete in itself.

A number of people, including Gordon Bok, started singing it, often as an evening's "goodnight song." When Gordon wrote me a note saying, "Record it — not without me!", I decided to do just that. At the session we stayed up half the night improvising on it — his guitar singing in a fluent native tongue while Annie's flute danced.

Even after the recording, the song kept growing in me. Last year the verses finally blossomed. I sang the newborn version to Pete Seeger who immediately took it under his wing, and has recorded it, along with Arlo Guthrie, Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert, on the album *HARP* (Redwood Records RR409). If any of you would like a copy of the verses with music, just drop me a SASE.*

I've already received translations of the chorus in several languages. If any of you linguist-poets feel inspired, please send me the results. Shalom.

Somos el barco,
Somos el mar,
Yo navego en ti,
Tu navegas en mi.

We are the boat,
We are the sea,
I sail in you,
You sail in me.

Lorre Wyatt: vocal, guitar
Gordon Bok: vocal, guitar
Ann Mayo Muir: vocal, flute
Bruce Foley: vocal, bass

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For bookings, or to be placed on a mailing list, contact Lorre at the above address.

*As it turned out, we had space available in this booklet, and are, therefore, printing the words and music to "Somos el Barco II" on the next page, so that you can learn and sing the verses for yourself.

Folk-Legacy

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