

Ed Trickett
"PEOPLE
LIKE YOU"



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI 92



FOLK-LEGACY
FSI-92



photo: Sandy Paton

Ed Trickett

"PEOPLE LIKE YOU"

With: Cathy Barton, Bob Coltman,
and Dave Para

Ed Trickett has a very special way with a song—he treats it with unusual understanding, respect, and love. Too often, a song is seen by a performer as a vehicle for self-aggrandizement. This is never the case with Ed. He seems, rather, to look upon a song as a vessel containing a precious truth, fashioned and filled by someone, at some time, out of genuine feelings born of experience. Ed is drawn to a song, learns it, and sings it because he perceives its truth and understands how it relates to life—to all our lives. Such are the songs on this record. One will express the eager joy of a youthful love, another the sadness of a life that is unfulfilled. One will be an old song that has offered its particular insight to many generations, while another will be recently composed, assuring us that truths may still be discovered and shared.

Ed has been described as a great song-finder, which is an accurate assessment, as far as it goes. But once a song is found, it must be communicated, shared with others. Gordon Bok once observed that Ed sings a song "from the inside outward." How true that is! With sure and gentle artistry, Ed makes us aware of the ultimate value of each song he presents, sharing with us his perception of the unique truth it contains. That, I think, is Ed's special way with a song, and it is also why his music is so special to so many of us.

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
November, 1982

It is always a pleasure to record with people who energize you, who complement what you hear in a song, who enjoy puns and laughter, and who are sensitive musicians. Dave Para, having driven straight through from Missouri to Connecticut, provided a wonderful touch to all those songs he could stay awake for. Bob Coltman has always been a source of inspiration to me, and his many contributions are evident in the record. Cathy Barton deserves a special—a very special—comment. I had the privilege of meeting her, her husband Dave, and her family three years ago in Kansas, having heard the most laudatory things about her from friends in the midwest. Hers is the perfect combination of competence, dedication, musical sensitivity, and personal grace. In providing musical ideas, artistic advice, and an even demeanor, she contributed far more to "People Like You" than meets the ear, and what meets the ear is lovely.

Ed Trickett
College Park, Maryland
October, 1982

Side 1:

Cold Winter is Coming (trad.)	3:31
Sweet Freedom (trad.)	3:02
Old Wing (Pat Garvey)	3:14
Dry Cardrona (Baxter/Tomms)	4:42
Rock the Cradle, Joe (trad.)	2:28
People Like You (Si Kahn, ASCAP)	2:13

Side 2:

River of the Big Canoe (Bob Dyer, BMI)	3:30
Cotton Mill Blues (Si Kahn)	2:40
The Lover's Return (trad.)	3:47
Kitty and I (Joe Carter)	2:56
Clayton Boone (trad.)	3:48
Ashes on the Sea (Bruce Phillips)	5:33

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover photo by Ellen Vincent
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"PEOPLE LIKE YOU"

Ed Trickett

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DEDICATION

"People Like You" is dedicated to two people whose musical contributions and personal qualities stand for the absolute best in the presentation and preservation of traditional music. Frank Proffitt, whose mountain dulcimer appears on the cover, gave us not only a special repertoire of songs, but a feeling of gentle integrity and an irrepressible sense of humor which will remain forever as a loving memory.

Lawrence Older shared his music, his caring for tradition, and, most importantly, himself with the traditional music community in a quiet and dignified way. Their affection for each other and for their music has been a source of inspiration about the gentle power of traditional music to bind and to nurture, and the privilege of knowing them a source of joy for me.

Appearing on this record:

Ed Trickett - hammered dulcimer, guitar, voice
Cathy Barton - hammered dulcimer, banjo, guitar, voice
Bob Coltman - guitar, fiddle, mandolin, voice
Dave Para - guitar, voice

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*Ed Trickett
College Park, Maryland
October, 1982*

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THE SONGS

COLD WINTER IS COMING

Side 1, Band 1.

I learned this years ago from Barry O'Neill, who played it on the concertina. This particular version of the song comes from Utah and can be found in Thomas E. Cheney's *Mormon Songs from The Rocky Mountains*. There are plenty of good versions of this song, including that recorded by Lisa Null on *American Primitive* (Green Linnet SIF 1025).

Ed - guitar, Cathy - banjo

*Cold winter is coming,
There's frost in the air,
The beautiful summer is past.
Flowers are all dying
That once were so fair,
Their fragrance has gone with
the blast.*

*Oh, the tops of the mountains
Are covered with snow;
The north wind blows under,
your door.*

*Then, if you are able
To pay what you owe,
'Tis time to remember the poor.*

*Cold winter is coming,
His footsteps are near,
He will spread desolation around
And make the earth dreary
And frosty and sere,
And scatter the snow o'er the ground.*

*Oh, the leaves have turned yellow
And fallen from trees,
The beautiful harvest is o'er,
And the beautiful brooks
Are beginning to freeze.
'Tis time to remember the poor.*

*Cold winter is coming,
His cold, icy breath
Is whistling through mountain
and dell.*

*All nature he'll touch
With the finger of death,
And lock up the earth with his spell.
He will laugh at the needy
And mock at the poor,
As widely he opens their door.
Then try to spare something;
A mite every day
A blessing will seem to the poor.*

*Cold winter is coming.
Where plenty abounds,
The dance and the song will be heard.
With mirth and with music
Your halls will resound,
And many will bow at your word.*

*Then remember the poor,
Let their hearts be made glad
By something you spare from your
store.*

*It will nourish the feeble
And cheer up the sad,
So be sure to remember the poor.*

SWEET FREEDOM

Side 1, Band 2.

Learned from Bob Coltman, who reports that "it was recorded August 26, 1931, by the Nance Family with Clarence Dooley. They recorded mostly spiritual songs... Did the Nances write the song?... Don't know... I know of no source for it that is earlier than 1931." For my part, it's the only variant I've heard that includes some flesh in the story.

Ed - guitar, Cathy - banjo

*There's many a freed man
Upon the northern banks
By the side of the saltwater sea,
And it thrills my very soul
To behold the billows roll
And to know in my heart I am free.*

*Oh, freedom, sweet freedom,
Freedom is for me,
And before I'd be a slave
I'd be buried in my grave
And go home to my Father and
be free.*

*Oh, don't you remember
The promise that you made
On my dear old dying mother's request,
That I would not be sold
For silver or the gold
While the sun rose from east to
the west?*

Oh, freedom...

But she had not been dead
In the ground three weeks,
No, the grass had not grown o'er
her grave,
When I's advertised for sale
And would have laid in jail
Had I not crossed the Ohio wave.

Oh freedom...

Oh, freedom...

OLD WING (P. Garvey)
Side 1, Band 3.

For a couple of years I'd heard about this bittersweet, affectionate recollection of a one-armed hobo sung by Margaret MacArthur. She sent me a photocopy of the words and music which had been printed in some publication we have been unable to identify, from which I learned it. The time in the copy Margaret sent me differs considerably from the way she sings it. The song was written by Pat Garvey.

Ed - guitar, Bob - guitar, Cathy - banjo, Dave - voice

We been travelling thirty-five
years or so,
Working from town to town.
Seen the jobs roll in and the
dough get thin;
We been up and we been down.

So, it's goodbye, Pete, and
the Windy City Kid,
Goodbye to the Shoe.
Old Wing's got a date on the
long, slow freight,
And his bumming days are through.

He lost his arm on the Great
Northern line
Back in nineteen and thirty-five,
But he done more work and he drank
more wine
Than any ten men alive.

So, it's goodbye, Pete...

We was gonna move up to Montana, too,
When the weather warmed up a spell.
We had a job in a mining town
Forty miles from Kalispell.

So, it's goodbye, Pete...

He was sitting by the fire with a
can of beans
When he tumbled to his side.
When we felt him there on the hard,
cold ground,
'Twas then we knowed he'd died.

So, it's goodbye, Pete...

There was no one there to pay
his fare,
So they laid him in the county ground.
When you write him down in the
paper, son,
Put Old Wing in 'Lost and Found.'

So, it's goodbye, Pete...

DRY CARDRONA (Baxter/Tomms)
Side 1, Band 4.

This sad appraisal of the life of an alcoholic was written by New Zealand poet James Baxter, with a tune from D. Tomms. Glenn Jenks passed this song to Gordon Bok, who taught it to me. Glenn has recorded it on his recent record, *Background Music* (Fretless 157). Ken Smith, an Australian colleague, says that the image of the dry Cardrona powerfully captures the desolation of the ex-rivers in his part of the world.

Ed - guitar

Oh, I have seen the cherries bloom
By the dry Cardrona,
Where I plucked them long ago
On a day when I was sober,
On a day when I was sober.

My father he wore a parson's coat,
By the dry Cardrona,
He kept a tally of the sheep and
the goat,
But I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

My mother she sewed her Sunday skirts,
By the dry Cardrona,
They say she died of a broken heart,
For I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

And I loved a maiden, but only one,
By the dry Cardrona,
She up and married a banker's son,
For I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

So, I married a widow of forty-nine,
By the dry Cardrona,
She had stable and sheep like mine,
But I was never sober,
No, I was never sober.

Oh, bury my bones till the judge-
ment crack,
By the dry Cardrona,
A blanket swag upon my back
To pillow me, drunk or sober,
To pillow me, drunk or sober.

Oh, rivers they run to a rimless
grave,
Even the dry Cardrona,
But nary a one will turn my way
Till I am bone-cold sober,
Till I am bone-cold sober.

And I have seen the cherries bloom
By the dry Cardrona,
Where I plucked them long ago
On a day when I was sober,
On a day when I was sober.

ROCK THE CRADLE, JOE
Side 1, Band 5.

This fiddle tune was recorded in 1948 by Dudley Spangler of Patrick County, Virginia (see County 201). Our version comes from the Little Dixie Hoss Hair Pullers of Columbia, Missouri, who changed the first part of the tune slightly to distinguish it from the more familiar D-tune, "Sally Ann."

Ed - hammered dulcimer,
Cathy - hammered dulcimer

PEOPLE LIKE YOU (Si Kahn)*
Side 1, Band 6.

Si Kahn's songs are a remarkable combination of clarity of statement and simplicity, yet beauty, of melody. "People Like You" speaks not only to the power of ordinary people to inspire through unintentional example, it also dignifies and puts words to the gentle yet powerful impact - often unnoticed and unspoken - that we have on each other by being who we are.

Emily Friedman was the first to pass this song on to me, fresh from a just-

recorded cassette of Si Kahn, in some noisy recess of a Chicago festival.

Ed - guitar

Old fighter, you sure took it on
the chin.
Thought you never had the strength
to stand,
Never giving up or giving in.
You know, I just want to shake
your hand
And say that people like you help
people like me go on, go on,
People like you help people like me
go on, go on.

Old battler, with a scar for
every town,
Thought you were no better than
the rest,
And you wore your colors every way
but down.
All you ever gave us was your best,
And you know that people like you
help people like me go on, go on,
People like you help people like me
go on, go on.

Old dreamer, with a world in every
thought,
Where'd you get the vision to go on?
And you sure give back as good as
what you got.
I hope that when my time is almost
gone
They'll say that people like me helped
people like you go on, go on,
'Cause people like you help people
like me go on, go on,
People like you help people like me
go on, go on,
People like you help people like me.

RIVER OF THE BIG CANOE (Bob Dyer)*
Side 2, Band 1.

Bob Dyer writes: "I wrote the song in 1975 at the request of a film-maker acquaintance who was doing a documentary on the Missouri River for a public TV station in Kansas City, Missouri. He decided, ultimately, not to use the song, but I am grateful to him for giving me the occasion to write it.

"In doing research for the song, I discovered that the first name known for the Missouri River was 'Pekitanoui' (or 'Muddy Water'), a name given to it by

Father Marquette, an early explorer of the Mississippi River system. In 1712, Father Marest, a French priest from Kaskaskia, fixed the name 'Missouri' permanently to the great river. For at least a century thereafter, it was assumed that the word 'Missouri' meant 'muddy water,' but later research revealed that the word belonged to the Illinois dialect of the Algonquin Indian language and meant either 'wooden canoe people' or 'he of the big canoes.' The Smithsonian was asked to verify the meaning of the word and said that the 'big canoe' translation was the most accurate. This, then, is the source of my title for the song.

"In the chorus of the song I say that the river was the 'spawn of the ice of another age,' which is a reference to the fact that the Missouri River was formed during the last Ice Age as the glacier retreated.

"The Missouri River has a long and colorful history and I tried to capture some of the key aspects of that history in the song. In the words of the late, great Midwestern poet, John Neihardt, whose own work was strongly influenced by the river: 'I have come to look upon the Missouri as more than a river. To me it is an epic... From Three Forks to its mouth - a distance of three thousand miles - this zigzag watercourse is haunted with great memories. Perhaps never before in the history of the world has a river been the thoroughfare of a movement so tremendously epic in its relation to the development of man. And in the building of the continent, Nature fashioned well the scenery for the great human story that was enacted here in the fullness of years. (*The River and I*, 1910)."

Ed - guitar, Cathy - guitar

*You can see her in the mountains
in the melting snow,
See her in the falling rain.
See her dancing down through a
thousand valleys;
She's got at least a thousand names.*

*She's the spawn of the ice
of another age,
The river of the big canoe,
And she's rolling on down from
the Rocky Mountains,
Carrying the Great Plains' news.*

*From the Yellowstone, the
Musselshell,
The Milk and the Little Mo,
The James, the Grand, the White
and the Bad,
The Cheyenne and the wide Moreau.*

She's the spawn...

*When the Frenchmen found her, she
was Pekitanoui,
A muddy river, wild and free.
Gave her the mane of the Indians
who lived there,
The people called it Missouri.*

She's the spawn...

*She's been a river of coal,
a river of fur,
A river of crazy schemes,
Steamboat wrecker, and a river
of gold,
She's been a river of broken dreams.*

She's the spawn...

*She's the ghost in the night
when the moon is full,
The spirit in the mist of dawn;
She's the light in the eye of
the painter's mind,
The music in the poet's song.*

She's the spawn...

COTTON MILL BLUES (*Si Kahn*)*
Side 2, Band 2.

Another no-nonsense song from Si Kahn. My grandfather, among other things a coalminer, once described a company store in the Western Maryland/West Virginia coal region as being designed on a cradle-to-grave motif, with items for babies on the first floor and coffins on the top floor. This song reminds me fondly of him and the committed integrity and struggle in his lengthy life.

This song can also be found on June Appal's JA 006: *Brown Lung Cotton Mill Blues*.

Ed - guitar, Bob - fiddle,
Cathy - hammered dulcimer

Well, it's roof leak, door creak,
bed soak, window broke,
Cat chase a rat, chase a mouse;
If you ever want to see a man
flip his spindle,
Make him live in a company house.

It's card room, spinning room,
winding room, weave room,
Lint all over my shoes;
When I get over to the
other shore,
Gonna sing about the cotton
mill blues.

Well, it's pinto beans, lima beans,
kidney beans, pork and beans,
Pay every day or more.
If you ever want to see a man
flip his spindle,
Make him buy in a company store.

It's card room...

Well, I know in Heaven there's
room for all,
And I hope I'm going there;
I don't know much about
the other place,
But I doubt there's room to spare.

But, if they get over-crowded
And need a place to go,
Just send those devils to
the cotton mills
And they'll all feel right at home.

It's card room...

It's card room...

THE LOVER'S RETURN

Side 2, Band 3.

An old song - poignant and spare -
describing a conversation between a man
and a woman who, as younger people, had
fallen in love. Both the Carter Family
and "Pop" Stoneman had versions of the
song, but the one I learned is from Jim
Ringer's family, through Kate Wolf.

So, you've come back to me at last,
Since time once more has set you free,
And asked again this heart of mine,
Whose early youth was bound in thee.

Come close and let me see your face;
The chestnut locks are strewn with
snow.
And yet, it is the same dear face
I loved so fondly, long ago.

Oh, no, you cannot take my hand;
God never gives us back our youth.
The love and youth we trusted
then
Was yours, my dear, in perfect
truth.

That same face, on one summer's night,
Bent over low and kissed my brow.
I loved you, oh, so dearly then,
But that's all passed over now.

Oh, no, you cannot take...

And yet, I think I love you still;
As friend loves friend, I love you
dear.
God take you down life's darkening
path
To where the skies are bright and
clear.

Oh, no, you cannot take...

(repeat last two lines)

KITTY AND I (Joe Carter)

Side 2, Band 4.

A composition by Joe Carter, son of
A. P. and Sara Carter of the original
Carter Family. A recording of this
tune can be heard on County 706: *Joe
and Janette Carter*. On the original
recording, fiddle and guitar are
featured. A carpentry foreman, to
whom music is only a sideline, Carter
lives in Hiltons, Virginia, on a hill
overlooking the home place of A. P.
and Sara.

Ed - guitar, Cathy - banjo

Oh, tomorrow night,
and I just can't wait,
Me and Kitty's got a date,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.
Promenade and do-si-do,
Cheek-to-cheek and toe-to-toe,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Well, you ought to see her
clap her hands
When they play old "Sally Ann,"
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.
Take your money, if you bet,
Never miss a single set,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Oh, dance all night
till the break of day,
Don't care what the old folks say,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.
Promenade and do-si-do,
Cheek-to-cheek and toe-to-toe,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

Well, I hope some day
she'll marry me;
Think how happy we would be,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.
Teach our kids to dance and play,
Driving all our blues away,
Kitty alone, Kitty alone,
Kitty alone and I.

(repeat first verse)

CLAYTON BOONE
Side 2, Band 5.

I learned this southwestern version of the Blackjack Gypsy from Larry Hanks through David Jones. It is found on Harry Jackson's *The Cowboy: His Songs, Ballads and Brag Talk* (Folkways FH-5723). Clayton refers to Clayton, New Mexico, a small town in the eastern part of the state, through which the Goodnight-Loving trail headed north. Last time I was there, it still had a functioning domino parlor. Larry Hanks, by the way, sings the song unaccompanied, and very beautifully.

Ed - guitar, Cathy - hammered dulcimer

Out along in New Mexico,
Down on the Spanish line,
Working for old Clayton Boone,
A man well past his prime.

He rides in and he asks of me,
"What's happened to my lady?"
Says to him, "She's quit your range;
Gone with the handsome Davey."

"Go saddle for me the proud-cut dun,
With coal-black mane and tail;
Point to me their fresh-laid tracks,
And after them I'll trail.

"I'll buckle on my leathern chaps
And tie my pistol over;
Step aboard that proud-cut dun,
Ride this wide world over.

"I'll ride upon a saddle fine,
Saddle made of silver,
With bridle reins of the beaten gold,
Not of your common leather."

Well, I rode until the midnight moon,
When I seen the campfire gleaming;
Heard the sweetest mandolin
And the voice of the young Dave
singing.

"Come home, come home to your own
sweet bed,
With the sheets turned down so gaily.
Don't forget my silver and gold,
And your darling baby."

"Oh, I'll not come home to my own
sweet bed,
With the sheets turned down so gaily,
And I'll forget your silver and gold,
All for the love of Davey.
But I can't forget my baby.

"Last night I slept on a goose-feather
bed
In a golden room so stately;
Tonight I'll sleep on the hard,
cold ground
By the warm side of my Davey,
And I'll ride along with Davee."

ASHES ON THE SEA (Bruce Phillips)
Side 2, Band 6.

Written by Bruce Phillips in recollection of Woody Guthrie, and of Marjorie and Arlo Guthrie's scattering of Woody's ashes off the Coney Island Pier. The tune is very close to that of the Civil War love song, "Lorena."

Ed - guitar, Bob - mandolin,
Dave - guitar, Cathy - banjo

*What is this tune I hear repeating,
Sprung from the careless seed you've sown?
Our songs will come and go like seasons,
And bloom or fade all on their own.*

*Now I know I will not find you;
You're gone from all but memory.
For I am told that one who loves you
Has strewn your ashes on the sea.*

*I stepped outside for just a moment,
To turn around and look on my own face.
Who was the shadow just behind me?
The old man I reach out to embrace.*

Now I know...

*It's one thing to look upon a picture,
Another still to read the pages through;
Perhaps to search along the wayside,
Hoping I might find a trace of you.*

Now I know...

*Your dust-cloud still drifts across the footprints;
Your best friend's still standing there alone.
Your boxcars still keep the lovers parted;
Your little boys still run away from home.*

Now I know...

*What is this tune you hear repeating,
Sprung from the careless seed I've sown?
Our songs will come and go like seasons
And bloom or fade all on their own.*

*Now I know we will not find you;
You're gone from all but memory.
For I am told that one who loves you
Has strewn your ashes on the sea.*

*Now I know we will not find you;
You're gone from all but memory.
For I am told that one who loves you
Has strewn your ashes on the sea.*

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