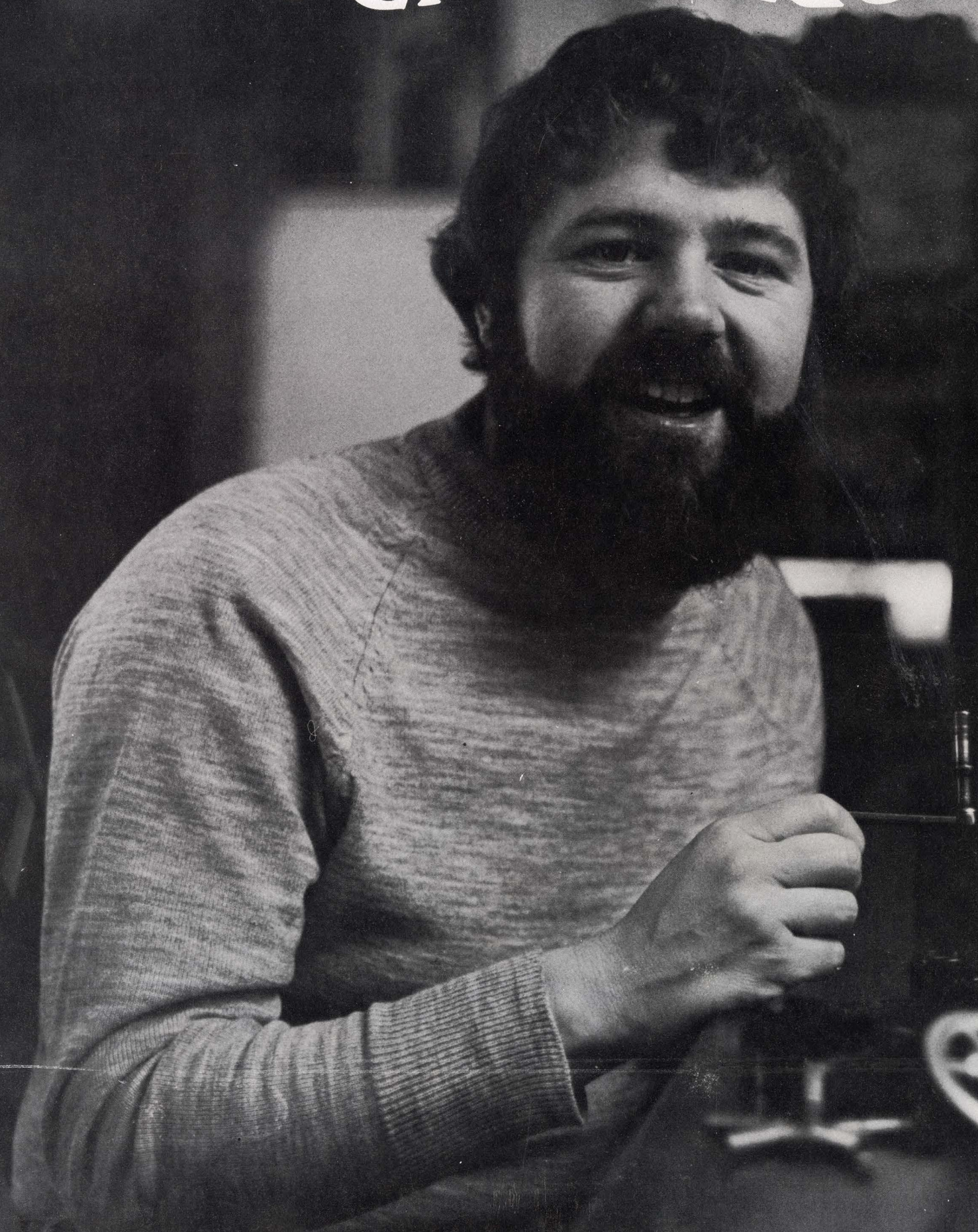


CLIFF HASLAM

The Clockwinder



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSB-93





FOLK-LEGACY FSB-93

CLIFF HASLAM The Clockwinder

Cliff Haslam comes from the small village of Woolston, about half-way between Liverpool and Manchester, England. He has been chanteyman on the *H.M.S. Rose*, has sung in concerts, festivals and pubs all over the northeastern U.S., has appeared on various other albums, toured Europe with a fife-and-drum corps, and sailed far and often.

In another life, he's head of machine programming at a manufacturing plant in Connecticut. In real life, he's an extraordinary folksinger.

He looks like a lovable bear. (He is.) On second glance, he's got the richest voice ever found on an Englishman. A *big* voice; it can sound like someone throwing anchors around, when he wants it to. Once there were six of us on stage, each with his own microphone, when Cliff came up to lead a song. He stood about four feet behind us and led the song with no microphone at all. He's got a real command of that voice, too; he sings songs like "Peggy Gordon" and "Matt Hyland" with a gentleness that wraps them right around you.

This is a pretty broad sampling of his repertoire. He chose some of the more intricate, delicate ballads, as well as the more rowdy songs (like "The Old German Clockwinder," in which he is accompanied by a human calliope), and it's a mark of respect that when he mentioned doing an album here in Maine, all of those musicians made sure they were handy if he needed them. Since Nick Apollonio has sung with Cliff the longest of us all, he got the job of masterminding the album.

When we each found Cliff—in various places, at various times—we each knew we'd found someone we wanted to muckle on to, sing with; someone who'd be a good friend. We're glad we found him. So is he.

And he wasn't even lost.

*Nick Apollonio & Gordon Bok
Tenant's Harbor & Camden, Maine
April, 1983*

SIDE 1:

Sovay (trad.)	2:04
Sixteen Come Sunday (trad.)	3:24
Marco Polo (Hugh Jones)	2:00
Manchester Angel (trad.)	2:38
Matt Hyland (trad.)	5:42
I Wish They'd Do It Now (trad.)	2:38
The Mallard (trad.)	2:14
Old Pendle (Lambert)	2:38

SIDE 2:

Peggy Gordon (trad.)	2:53
Silver in the Stubble (Sydney Carter)	2:24
The Old German Clockwinder (trad.)	3:16
Pete Brown and the Parrot (trad.)	2:12
Willie of Winsbury (trad.)	5:34
Fathom the Bowl (trad.)	3:14
The Curragh of Kildare (trad.)	3:38

Notes by Cliff Haslam (enclosed)
Recorded by Bob Stuart, Greg Marley, Gideon Bok, and Glenn Jenks
Edited by Bob Stuart
Cover photograph by Dan Buop
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz / Silver Lining Productions

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CLIFF HASLAM

"The Clockwinder"

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THE CLIFF HASLAM
BOOKS
100 00

CLIFF HASLAM

The Clockwinder

I was born in a small village called Woolston, which is near the town of Warrington, which is approximately half way between the cities of Liverpool and Manchester. That's approximately two hundred and fifty miles northwest of London.

I was born a Lancashire lad, because Woolston was in the County of Lancashire. The only problem is that Woolston is now in the County of Cheshire; so I'm really a Lancashire lad from Cheshire. You may be thinking there was some kind of war, like the War of Roses, between Lancashire and Yorkshire. That's not so. What happened was that the politicians got together and decided they were not getting a fair share of the votes. They decided to split the country up into new areas. So now nobody knows where they are really from. It's like being born in Connecticut and having the government decide to make it part of Rhode Island.

I guess I've been singing, one way or another, most of my life. When I was little, I remember singing or reciting a poem after Christmas dinner for a small reward from my family. After my four brothers and I did our little bit, we used to sit down and listen to everybody having a good time singing the old music hall songs, trying to sneak a little eggnog when nobody was looking.

I sang in the school and church choirs and learned a few folksongs in music class. There was also quite a bit of folk music on radio and television when I was growing up. There was a lull in my interest in folk music when rock and roll came along.

I left school when I was fifteen to take up an apprenticeship as a machinist. I remember a fellow-apprentice and I used to use broom-handles as guitars and pretend we were John and Paul of the Beatles. The foreman used to come around and smack us across the back of the head for not paying attention. It was a great apprenticeship, having fun and getting smacked across the back of the head.

My interest in folk music became stronger as I neared the age of drinking. It seemed that, if you paid and went into the folk clubs, which were always in pubs, you had a better chance of getting served under age. I attended the folk clubs for a couple of years before being volunteered by some friends to get up and sing as one of the floor singers. After the guest singer's first set, I had gone to the loo to relieve myself of a couple of pints. When I came back I heard my name being announced to sing a couple of songs.

After the completion of my apprenticeship at the age of twenty-one, I applied for a job as a machinist in America, via an ad in an English newspaper. I wanted to look at those streets paved with gold (ha-ha!). When I arrived in the States

I found that folk music was sung in coffee-houses and not in pubs. Another thing I realized was that nobody sang the kind of songs I knew. I did eventually volunteer to sing and have never regretted a day since then.

My special thanks to all of the friends I have met since that day. Thanks for all the fond memories and good times. Special thanks to Gordon Bok, Bob Stuart, Glenn Jenks, Tom Judge, Nick Apollonio, Rene and Jim Gilbert, Greg Marley, and Gideon Bok for helping so much in making this record.

Cliff Haslam
Madison, Connecticut
April, 1983

THE SONGS

SOVAY

Side 1, Band 1.

This is the first song I ever sang in a folk club. The unusual rhythm attracted me very much, as well as the great story of true love. My thanks to Martin Carthy for this one.

Tom Judge - fiddle

Nick Apollonio - fiddle and guitar

Sovay, Sovay, all on a day,
She dressed herself in man's array,
With a sword and pistol all by her
side,
To meet her true love,
To meet her true love away did
ride.

As she was riding over the plain,
She met her true love and to him said,
"Your gold and silver, kind sir," she
said,
"Or else this moment,
Or else this moment your life I'll
have."

And when she'd robbed him of his
store,
She said, "Kind sir, there's just
one thing more.
A golden ring which I know you have,
Deliver it,
Deliver it, your sweet life to save."

"That golden ring a token is.
My life I'll lose; the ring I'll
save."

Being tender-hearted, just like a
dove,
She rode away,
Rode away from her true love.

Next morning, in the garden green,
Just like two lovers they were seen.
He spied his watch hanging by her
clothes,
Which made him blush,
Made him blush like any rose.

"What makes you blush at so silly
a thing?
I thought to have had your golden
ring.
'Twas I that robbed you all on the
plain,
So, here's your watch,
Here's your watch and your gold
again.

"For I did intend and it was to know
If that you were my true love or no.
Well, now I have a contented mind.
My heart and all,
My heart and all, my dear, is thine."

SIXTEEN COME SUNDAY

Side 1, Band 2.

I learned this song from Norman Kennedy, one of the finest Scottish singers. He has been living in the

United States for quite a number of years now.

"Seventeen Come Sunday" is an English variant of this song, and "As I Roved Out" is an Irish version.

Chorus - Gordon Bok
Rene Gilbert
Glenn Jenks

As I gaed up yon hieland hill,
I met a bonnie lassie.
She gave me a wink wi' the tail o'
her eye;
Ah, faith, but she was saucy.

Wi' my rovin' eye,
Fal a diddle die,
Wi' my rovin' fal do derry,
Wi' my rovin' eye.

Where are ye gang, my bonnie lass?
Where are ye gang, my honey?
Where are ye gang, my bonnie lass?
For 'baccy for my granny.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

What is your name, my bonnie lass?
What is your name, my honey?
What is your name, my bonnie lass?
They cry me Bonnie Annie.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

How auld are ye, my bonnie lass?
How auld are ye, my honey?
How auld are ye, my bonnie lass?
I'll be sixteen come Sunday.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

Where dae ye sleep, my bonnie lass?
Where dae ye sleep, my honey?
Where dae ye sleep, my bonnie lass?
In a wee bed next my mammy.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

Gin I was tae come tae your hoose
then,
When the meen it's shining clearly,
Will ye arise and let me in
Sae your mither would not hear me?

Wi' my rovin' eye....

Gin ye come doon tae my hoose then,
When the meen is shining clearly,
I'll arise and let ye in
Sae my mither would not hear me.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

When I got tae the lassie's door,
I found that she was awaukened,
But long, long ere the morning came
Her mither heard us talkin'.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

She went tae the grate tae poke up
the fire,
Tae see gin she would ken me,
But I shoved the auld wife intae the
fire
And bid my heels defend me.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

Oh, sodger, sodger, marry me noo,
It's either noo or never.
Oh, sodger, sodger, marry me noo,
For I am done forever.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

Come o'er the burn, my bonnie lass,
Blink o'er the burn, my honey,
For ye are a sweet and kindly lass
For a' your cankered mammy.

Wi' my rovin' eye....

MARCO POLO (Hugh Jones)
Side 1, Band 3.

This song was written by Hugh Jones of the Liverpool-based "Spinners" folk group. It's about the days of the gold rush in Australia. Crews would often jump ship in Australia to seek their fortunes. Bully Forbes was a notorious skipper whose job was to keep the crew on board once they reached port. His grave may still be seen in a churchyard in Liverpool.

Banjo - Glenn Jenks
Chorus - Glenn Jenks
Gordon Bok

The Marco Polo's a very fine ship,
Fastest on the sea.
On Australia's strand we soon will
land;
Bully Forbes he can look for me.

Going to jump the ship in Melbourne
town;
Going a-digging gold.
There's a fortune found beneath
the ground
Where the eucalyptus grows.

Marco Polo, fastest on the sea;
Marco Polo, fastest on the sea.

Said the Blackball owner, Mr. Baines,
To Bully Forbes one day,
"It's up to you to keep your crew
While the gold lures them away."

Said Bully Forbes to Mr. Baines,
"I have a plan so fine;
Leave it to me and you'll agree
I'm king of the Blackball Line."

Marco Polo... etc.

When we reached Australia's shore,
Bully Forbes declared, "There's
scurvy.
On this trip you won't leave the
ship
Until we reach the Mersey."

Now we lie in Salthouse dock;
I'll go to sea no more, sir.
Done me time with the Blackball Line
And Captain Bully Forbes, sir.

Marco Polo... etc.

MANCHESTER ANGEL Side 1, Band 4.

I learned this song from the Man-
chester Angel record by Ewan MacColl
and Peggy Seeger. I later found the
words in *The Penguin Book of English
Folksongs*.

In coming down to Manchester to
gain me liberty,
I met one of the prettiest girls
that ever me eye did see.
I met one of the prettiest girls
that ever me eye did see.
At the Angel Inn in Manchester,
there lives the girl for me.

Early next morning, before the break
of day,
I went unto me love's bedside, me
morning vows to pay.
I hugged her and I cuddled her, I
bid her to lie warm.
She said, "Me jolly soldier, do you
mean me any harm?"

"To mean you any harm, me love, is a
thing that I do scorn.
If you let me lie with you all night,
I'll marry you in the morn.
Before me lawful officer, me vows I
will fulfill."
She said, "Me jolly soldier, you may
lie as long as you will."

On Thursday our route came; on Monday
we marched away.
The drums and fifes and bugles so
sweetly did play.
Some hearts were merry, but mine was
full of woe.
"May I go along with you?" she said.
"Oh, no, me love, oh, no."

"If I saw you stand on sentry on a
cold and a bitter day,
Your colors they would fade, me love,
your beauty would decay.
Your colors they would fade, me love,
your beauty would decay;
So stay at home, dear Nancy." But
still she answered, "Nay."

"I will go down to your officer and
beg for your discharge.
Ten guineas I will give to him to set
my love at large.
And if that will not do, me love, then
along with you I'll go.
May I go along with you?" she said.
But still I answered, "No."

"I will go down to some nunnery and
there I'll end me life.
I never will get married, nor yet
become a wife.
I'll always be true-hearted, I'll
never love again,
Until me jolly soldier comes marching
home again."

MATT HYLAND Side 1, Band 5.

I'm not sure where I first heard this
song. When I decided to record it, I

was sifting through my book of songs and found the words which had been written down by Gordon Bok a few years ago.

This ballad ranks high among the songs I love to sing.

*There lived a lord within this town
Who had a fair and lovely daughter.
She was courted by a fine young lad
Who was a servant to her father.
But when her parents came to know,
They swore they'd drive him from
this island.*

*But the maiden knew that her heart
would break,
If she should part from young Matt
Hyland.*

*Straightway unto his room she goes,
Unto his room for to wake him.
Saying, "Arise and go, my own true
love;*

*This very night you will be taken.
I overheard my father say,
In spite of me, he will transport
you.*

*So, arise and go, my own true love;
I wish to God I'd gone before you."*

*"How can I go?" he said to her.
"How can I go without my wages;
Without a penny in my purse,
Just like some poor forlorn
stranger?"*

*"Here's fifty guineas in bright
gold,*

*And that's far more than father
owes you.*

*So, arise and go, my own true love;
I wish to God I'd gone before you."*

*Then they both sat down upon the
bed,*

*Just side by side for one half hour,
And not a word to each other said,
But down their cheeks the tears
did shower.*

*She laid her head upon his breast;
Around his waist her arms entwined.
"No lord or earl or duke I'll wed;
I'll wait for you, my young Matt
Hyland."*

*This lord came to his daughter dear,
One night alone in her bed chamber,
Saying, "I'll give you leave to bring
him back,
Since there is none you sight above
him."*

*She sent a letter to him then;
For him her heart was still entwined.
She's brought him back to the church
in haste;
She's made a lord of young Matt
Hyland.*

I WISH THEY'D DO IT NOW
Side 1, Band 6.

I first learned this song from John Roberts and Tony Barrand. Later on, I heard Michael Cooney sing it a little differently, so this is a mixture of both versions.

This is a favorite song with people at the famous Griswold Inn, Essex, Connecticut, where I have been singing for a number of years. I love watching those little old ladies' eyes glitter with laughter when I sing this song.

*I was born of Geordie parents
One day when I was young;
That's how the Geordie dialect
Became me native tongue.
Well, I was my father's image,
My mother she did vow.
The girls all ran to kiss me;
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.*

*Oh, I wish they'd do it now,
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.
I've got itches in my britches,
And I wish they'd do it now.*

*When I was only six months old,
The girls would handle me.
They'd clutch me to their bosoms
And they'd bounce me on their knee.
They would rock me in the cradle
And if I made a row,
They'd tickle me, they'd cuddle me;
Oh, I wish they'd do it now.*

Oh, I wish... etc.

At sixteen years, as fine a lad
 As ever could be seen,
 The girls all liked to follow me
 Right down to the green.
 They would make a chain of butter-
 cups,
 Drop it 'round my brow,
 Then they'd roll me in the clover.
 Oh, I wish they'd do it now.

Oh, I wish... etc.

Them very same girls would call
 for me
 To swim when it was mild
 And down to the river we would go
 And splash about awhile.
 They would throw the water over me,
 Duck me like a ewe,
 Then they'd rub me nice all over.
 Oh, I wish they'd do it now.

Oh, I wish... etc.

It's awful lonely for a lad
 To lead a single life;
 I think I'll go to the dance tonight
 And try and find a wife.
 Well, I have got six bundle pigs,
 Likewise one big fat sow;
 There'll be plenty love and bacon
 For the girl who'll have me now.

For the girl who'll have me now,
 For the girl who'll have me now.
 There'll be plenty love and bacon
 For the girl who'll have me now.

THE MALLARD

Side 1, Band 7.

Most of the songs that I sing are
 concerned with consuming large quanti-
 ties of beer; this is a song about con-
 suming an entire mallard duck and then
 paying the penalty for gluttony. I
 learned the song from a group called
 "The Yetties" from Dorset.

I have eat and what have I eat?
 I have eat the leg of a mallard.
 Leg, leggy
 Thigh, thighy
 Shin, shinny
 Foot, footy
 Web, webby
 Heel, heely
 Toe, toey
 Two nippers and all.

And good a meat was the mallard.
 Now I am in Debility House,
 And good a meat was the mallard.

(Cumulatively, adding:)

Wing, wingy
 Rump, rumpy,
 Neck, necky
 Head, heady,
 Bill, billy
 Tongue, tonguey

And good a meat was the mallard.
 Now I am in Debility House,
 And good a meat was the mallard!

OLD PENDLE (Lambert)

Side 1, Band 8.

A friend lent me a tape of a singer
 named Roger Westbrook. I had never
 heard of him, but liked him after listen-
 ing to him. He said this song was origin-
 ally written by the two Lambert brothers
 to an Edwardian tune. Brian Osborne, of
 the group called "The Taverners," wrote
 the tune that I sing here, and also added
 a verse.

Pendle Hill is a famous hill in the
 north of England. My mum told me that
 there is a book titled *The Pendle Hill
 Witches*. Pendle was the place where
 they gathered.

Old Pendle, old Pendle, thou
 standest alone
 'Twixt Burnley and Clitheroe and
 Whally and Coln,
 Where Hodder and Ribble's fair
 waters do meet
 With Barley and Down, and
 contented I'd be.

Old Pendle, old Pendle, majestic,
 sublime,
 Thy praises shall ring to the end
 of all time.
 Thee beauty eternal by banner and
 fell,
 That dearest and grandest old hill
 in the world.

Old Pendle... etc.

When witches do fly on a cold
winter's night,
We won't tell a soul and we'll
bolt the door tight.
We'll sit around the fire and
keep ourselves warm
Until once again we can walk in
your arms.

Old Pendle... etc.

Old Pendle, old Pendle, by moor-
land and fell,
In glory and loveliness ever to
dwell,
Through life's fateful journeys,
where e'er we may be,
We'll pause in our labors and
oft think of thee.

Old Pendle... etc.

PEGGY GORDON
Side 2, Band 1.

I first heard this sung with differ-
ent words. It was called "Come Kiss
Me, Love" and I learned it from the
Ian Campbell Folk Group. I later
learned the version I sing here from
The Dubliners. I thought, at first,
that it was a Scottish song, but later
found out that it came from Canada.

The song always brings back fond
memories of being snowed in at Margaret
MacArthur's with some of the finest
folksingers around. We just kept
singing this song until the harmonies
lingered in the rafters.

Oh, Peggy Gordon, you are my darling;
Come sit you down upon my knee.
Come tell to me the very reason
Why I am slighted so by thee.

I'm so in love, I can't deny it;
My heart lies smothered in thy
breast.

It's not for you to let the world
know;
A troubled mind sure can find no
rest.

I put my head to a cask of brandy;
It was my fancy, I do declare.
For when I'm drinking, I am thinking
And wishing Peggy Gordon was here.

I wish I was away in Ingo,
Far across the briny sea,
Sailing o'er the deepest ocean,
Where love nor care never bother me.

I wish I was in some lonesome valley
Where womenkind cannot be found,
Where the pretty small birds do change
their voices
And every moment a different sound.

(Repeat first verse)

SILVER IN THE STUBBLE (Sydney Carter)
Side 2, Band 2.

This song was quite popular in the
folk clubs I used to frequent in England.
It was written by Sydney Carter, who is
better known for his "Lord of the Dance."

I had forgotten all about this song
until I started growing a beard and
noticed some silver sprouting through.
I label this song "An Ode to a Dirty
Old Man."

Early in the morning,
Hear the razor roar.
There's silver in the stubble
And it wasn't there before.

For the leaves are getting greener
And Spring is on the way;
Girls are getting prettier
And younger every day.

Silver in the stubble;
Winter in the wood.
Fare you well, you wicked world,
I'm going to be good.

For the leaves... etc.

Time to think of Heaven;
Time to think of Hell.
Time to go to church on Sunday;
Hark, I hear the bell.

For the leaves... etc.

But if any girl is willing,
She only has to say;
I'll hang my halo on a shelf
Until another day.

For the leaves... etc.

THE OLD GERMAN CLOCKWINDER
Side 2, Band 3.

I got this song from one of England's funniest folksingers, Mike Harding.

A German clockwinder to Manchester came,
And Peter von Gherkin was the old German's name.
All up our street with his little brass bell,
"Some clocks for to wind," this old German would yell.

I toodalum, I toodalum,
I toodalum I aye;
I toodalum, I toodalum
In the old fashioned way.
I toodalum, I toodalum,
I toodalum I aye;
Well, I winds 'em by night
And I mends 'em by day.

Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong.

He's met a young woman in Stephenson Square;
She said as her clock was in need of repair.
She took him upstairs and he followed with delight;
In less than ten minutes, he'd set her clock right.

I toodalum... etc.

Now, this old German was the ladies' delight;
He often went to 'em by day and by night.
And some went too fast-like, others went too slow,
But, nine out of ten, he could make 'em all go.

I toodalum... etc.

While they were busy at what they was at,
All of a sudden there came a rat-tat.
And in came her hubby, who got such a shock,
To see this old German winding up his wife's clock.

I toodalum... etc.

Our clock it was bent and knocked out of repair.
Well, that poor old German, he got such a scare,
That never, oh never, for the rest of his life,
Would he wind up the clock of another man's wife.

I toodalum... etc.

(repeat last two lines of chorus)

PETE BROWN AND THE PARROT
Side 2, Band 4.

The county of Lancashire is well-known for its monologues. Although a lot of customs and traditions have gone by the wayside, there are still some singers trying to revive them. Some are doing this by writing material in the old tradition. I learned this monologue from a popular Lancashire group called The Five Penny Piece."

WILLY OF WINSBURY
Side 2, Band 5.

I first heard this tune performed by Fairport Convention with only two or three verses, written by them, none of which had anything to do with Willy. Later, I learned this version of the ballad from another electric folk group called Pentangle.

The king had been a prisoner,
And a prisoner long in Spain,
And Willy of the Winsbury
Has lain long with his daughter at home.

"What ails you, what ails you, my daughter Janet?
Why, you look so pale and wan.
Have you had any sore sickness
Or yet been sleeping with a man?"

"I have not had any sore sickness,
Nor yet been sleeping with a man;
It is for you, my father dear,
For biding so long in Spain."

"Cast off, cast off your berry-brown gown,
Stand naked on the stone,
That I may know you by your shape
If you be a maiden or no."

So she cast off her berry-brown
gown;
Stood naked on the stone.
Her apron was low, her haunches
round,
Her face was pale and wan.

"Was it with a lord or a duke or
a knight,
Or a man of birth and fame,
Or was it with one of my serving
men
That's lately come out of Spain?"

"It wasn't with a lord or a duke
or a knight,
Nor a man of birth and fame,
But it was with Willy of Winsbury.
I could bide no longer alone."

The king has called on his merry
men all,
By thirty and by three,
Saying, "Fetch me this Willy of
Winsbury,
For hanged he shall be."

But when he came before the king
He was clad all in the red silk;
His hair was like the strands of
gold,
His skin was as white as the milk.

("It is no wonder," said the king,
"That my daughter's love you did
win,
For, if I was a woman as I am a man,
Then my bed-fellow you would have
been.")

"Now, will you marry my daughter
Janet,
By the truth of your right hand?
Will you marry my daughter Janet?
I'll make you lord of all my land."

"Oh, yes, I'll marry your daughter
Janet,
By the truth of my right hand.
O, yes, I'll marry your daughter
Janet,
But I'll not be the lord of your
land."

He's mounted her on a milk-white
steed,
Himself on a dapple grey.
He has made her the lady of as
much land
As she will ride in a long summer's
day.

He has made her the lady of as much
land
As she will ride in a long summer's
day.

FATHOM THE BOWL Side 2, Band 6.

A great drinking song which I learned
from the Waterasons.

Come all you bold heroes,
Give an ear to my song;
I'll sing in the praise of
Good brandy and rum.
It's a clear crystal fountain
Near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl,
I'll fathom the bowl,
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl.

From France we do get brandy,
From Jamaica comes rum;
Sweet oranges and apples
From Portugal come.
But stout and strong cider
Are England's control.
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl... etc.

My wife, she do disturb me
When I'm lay at my ease.
She says as she likes and
She does as she please.
My wife, she's the devil,
She's black as the coal.
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl... etc.

Me father, he do lie in
The depths of the sea,
With no stone at his head,
But what matters for he?
It's a clear crystal fountain
Near England shall roll.
Give me the punch ladle,
I'll fathom the bowl.

I'll fathom the bowl... etc.

THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE

Side 2, Band 7.

The only person I ever heard sing this song was Owen McBride. That was at the Philadelphia Folk Festival one year. I asked Owen for the song, and he obliged. The problem was that he was rushing for a plane, so I rushed along with him and he sang the song for me while I attempted to remember it.

Later, a friend from Boston, Deklund Hunt, put out a small song book that included the words to the song. I used the words from the song book with what I could remember of Owen's tune. I saw Owen a few years later and realized that the "folk process" goes on: my tune was not quite the same as his.

*Oh, the winter it has passed
And the summer's come at last.
The small birds are singing in
the trees,
And their little hearts are glad,
Ah, but mine is very sad,
Since my true love is far away
from me.*

*And straight I will repair
To the Curragh of Kildare,
For it's there I'll find tidings
of me dear.*

*Oh, the rose upon the briar
And the clouds that float so high
Bring joy to the linnet and the bee.
And their little hearts are blessed,
Ah, but mine can find no rest,
Since my true love is far away
from me.*

And straight I will... etc.

*All you who are in love,
Aye, and cannot it remove,
I pity the pain that you endure.
For experience lets me know
That your hearts are full of woe.
It's a woe that no mortal can cure.*

And straight I will... etc.

PARTICIPATING PERSONAE:

Folk-Legacy's typist, after including this information in the body of the booklet for the first three songs, failed to continue the practice for the remainder of the booklet. To make up for this oversight, we will print all of the pertinent information here. The typist, needless to say, has been forced to do penance (washing dishes, sweeping floors, etc.), since he could not very well be fired. He's me.

Sandy Paton

CHORUS: Nick Apollonio
Rene Gilbert
Jim Gilbert
Tom Judge
Gordon Bok
Glenn Jenks
Greg Marley
Bob Stuart

SOVAY (*Side 1, Band 1*): Tom Judge - fiddle
Nick Apollonio - fiddle & guitar

SIXTEEN COME SUNDAY (*Side 1, Band 2*): Chorus: Gordon Bok
Rene Gilbert
Glenn Jenks

MARCO POLO (*Side 1, Band 3*): Glenn Jenks - banjo
Chorus: Gordon Bok
Glenn Jenks

MANCHESTER ANGEL (*Side 1, Band 4*): Nick Apollonio - guitar

MATT HYLAND (*Side 1, Band 5*): Gordon Bok - cellamba
Tom Judge - fiddle
Bob Stuart - guitar

I WISH THEY'D DO IT NOW (*Side 1, Band 6*): Full chorus

THE MALLARD (*Side 1, Band 7*): Full chorus

OLD PENDLE (*Side 1, Band 8*): Gordon Bok - cellamba
Nick Apollonio - guitar & vocal

PEGGY GORDON (*Side 2, Band 1*): Nick Apollonio - vocal
Bob Stuart - vocal

SILVER IN THE STUBBLE (*Side 2, Band 2*): Gordon Bok - cellamba

THE OLD GERMAN CLOCKWINDER (*Side 2, Band 3*): Full chorus
Nick Apollonio - calliope nail

WILLY OF WINSBURY (*Side 2, Band 5*): Gordon Bok - cellamba
Tom Judge - fiddle
Nick Apollonio - guitar & vocal

FATHOM THE BOWL (Side 2, Band 6): Full chorus

THE CURRAGH OF KILDARE (Side 2, Band 7): Gordon Bok - 12-string & vocal
Bob Stuart - vocal

CHORUS: Nick Apollonio
Gordon Bok
Jim Gillett
Tom Jager
Gordon Bok
Glen Jones
Greg Marley
Bob Stuart

NOVA (Side 1, Band 1): Tom Jager - fiddle

NICK APOLLONIO - fiddle & guitar

SIXTEEN COME SUNDAY (Side 1, Band 2): Gordon Bok - 12-string

Tom Jager - fiddle
Glen Jones - guitar

WINDY FOLD (Side 1, Band 3): Glen Jones - guitar

Gordon Bok - 12-string
Glen Jones - guitar

MANCHESTER ANGEL (Side 1, Band 4): Nick Apollonio - guitar

WATT HILAND (Side 1, Band 5): Gordon Bok - 12-string

Tom Jager - fiddle
Bob Stuart - vocal

I WISH THEY'D DO IT NOW (Side 1, Band 6): Fiddle

THE WILLOW (Side 1, Band 7): Full chorus

OLD REMOTE (Side 1, Band 8): Gordon Bok - 12-string
Nick Apollonio - guitar & vocal

BECKY GORDON (Side 1, Band 9): Nick Apollonio - guitar

Bob Stuart - vocal

SILVER IN THE STUBBLE (Side 1, Band 10): Gordon Bok - 12-string

THE OLD GERMAN CLOCKWORKER (Side 1, Band 11): Full chorus

Nick Apollonio - guitar & vocal

WILL OF WINDHURST (Side 1, Band 12): Gordon Bok - 12-string

Tom Jager - fiddle
Nick Apollonio - guitar & vocal

