

*Sandy and
Caroline Paton
New
Harmony*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-100





FOLK-LEGACY FSI-100

Sandy and Caroline Paton New Harmony

With David Paton, Robin Paton,
Cathy Barton, Dave Para, Ed Trickett
Gordon Bok, and Ann Mayo Muir

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Our older son, David, who is usually off somewhere playing Celtic tunes with his friends or paddling a slalom canoe through a whitewater course, agreed to accompany us on some of the songs, as he often does in our concerts, and Gordon Bok generously volunteered to come down from Maine to add his cellamba to the mix (and ended up adding his voice to the chorus of "Rowdy Soul," as well). We caught Annie Muir just before she left to take up residence in France for awhile, so you will hear her singing with Caroline and Cathy on the lovely Herbridean song "Hori, Horo." To complete the family scene, we asked our younger son, Robin, to help on the chorus of "Rowdy Soul."

The entire endeavor turned out to be such an enjoyable experience, it hardly seemed like a recording session at all. It was much more like an informal songswap, except that either Caroline or I took the lead on all of the songs (except for "Joshua," on which we both sing the lead), while the rest of the group found their own harmonies on the choruses, plus appropriate accompaniments on a variety of instruments. Recording should be this painless for everyone! In fact, it was so much fun that we are now planning to get together again soon to record some of our favorite gospel songs and, if we have time, maybe even a collection of unusual Christmas songs for a special album. We'll keep you posted on our progress. It turns out that making a record doesn't have to be agony, after all!

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
October, 1987

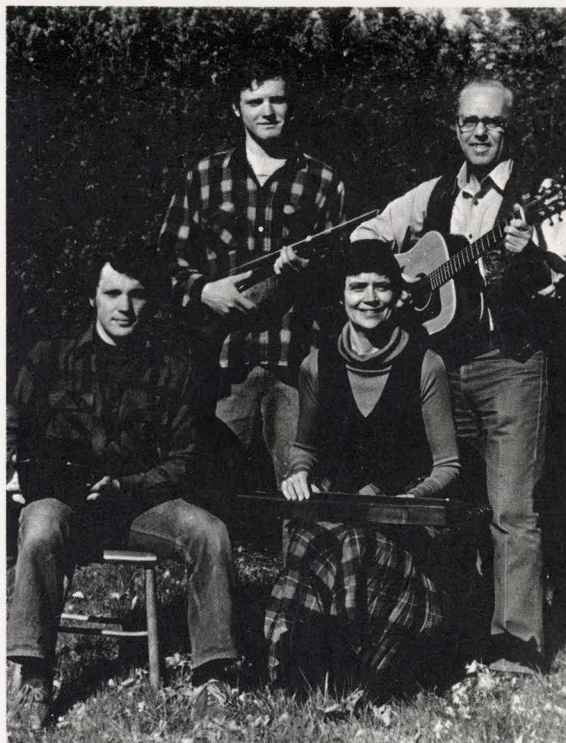


Photo by Sandy Paton

David, Robin, Caroline and Sandy Paton

Cathy Barton and Dave Para

Photo by Sam Griffin



Photo by Ellen Vincent

Ed Trickett, Gordon Bok and Ann Mayo Muir

SIDE A:

NEW HARMONY (Craig Johnson, BMI)*	4:03
RAMBLING MAN (Peggy Seeger)	4:30
HORI, HORO (trad., arr. Caroline Paton, BMI)*	3:49
ALL GONE FOR GROG (trad.)	5:00
JOSHUA Y (trad.)	3:14
DIDN'T I DANCE (Lori Holland, BMI)*	3:33

SIDE B:

I HAVE SEEN MY VALLEY (Richard Wilkie, BMI)	3:12
LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ (Wade Hemsworth)	3:08
ROWDY SOUL (trad.; arr. Dillon Bustin, BMI)*	3:27
ROUSTABOUT SONG (Dillon Bustin, BMI)*	5:27
THE GREAT STORM IS OVER (Bob Franke, BMI)	4:12
MAY THE ROADS RISE WITH YOU (Sandy Paton, BMI)*	3:26

(*) Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Recorded (at one time or another) by Dave Para, Gordon Bok,
David Paton and Sandy Paton
Mixed and edited by Sandy Paton
Notes by Sandy and Caroline Paton
Cover photograph by Nell Simon
Jacket design by Walter Schwarz; Graphics, Unltd.

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"NEW HARMONY"

Sandy and Caroline Paton

With David Paton, Robin Paton,
Cathy Barton, Dave Para, Ed Trickett
Gordon Bok, and Ann Mayo Muir

INTRODUCTION:

It has been fifteen years since Caroline and I last made a record -- of ourselves, that is. I've always found it very satisfying to make records of other people, but I've never enjoyed the job of recording myself. Singing to a microphone is not at all like sharing a song with friends. But when Cathy Barton and Dave Para came to help Ed Trickett with his most recent solo album (*People Like You*, FSI-92), and then returned to make their own Folk-Legacy album (*On A Day Like Today*, FSI-107) with Ed coming up to help them, we had so much fun singing together around the dining room table that we eagerly accepted their unsolicited offer to come back to help us make a new album of our own. It seemed as if the "sharing" spirit of the old Golden Ring had been revived -- a mini-ring, if you will.

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The entire endeavor turned out to be such an enjoyable experience, it hardly seemed like a recording session at all. It was much more like an informal songswap, except that either Caroline or I took the lead on all of the songs (except for "Joshua," on which we both sing the lead), while the rest of the group found their own harmonies on the choruses, plus appropriate accompaniments on a variety of instruments. Recording should be this painless for everyone! In fact, it was so much fun that we are now planning to get together again soon to record some of our favorite gospel songs and, if we have time, maybe even a collection of unusual Christmas songs for a special album. We'll keep you posted on our progress. It turns out that making a record doesn't have to be agony, after all!

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Gordon Bok, David Paton and Sandy Paton

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NOTES ON THE SONGS:

NEW HARMONY

(c) Craig Johnson, BMI

Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Side 1, Band 1.

Caroline - lead vocal

Sandy - guitar & vocal

Cathy - banjo & vocal

Dave - vocal

Ed - guitar & vocal

"New Harmony" is one of my favorite songs, and was written by one of our favorite songwriters, Craig Johnson. Craig now lives in Takoma Park, Maryland, but he grew up in Michigan, and spent quite a bit of time in his grandfather's home town, New Harmony, in southern Indiana. New Harmony is on the Wabash River, just a few miles upstream from where it joins the Ohio. Craig has fond memories of going from New Harmony down to the towboat landing in Mount Vernon, Indiana.

Craig says that this is the first song he ever wrote that he considered a "keeper." He wrote it in 1975, after being in New Harmony for awhile following his father's death. As a matter of fact, he says he wrote most of it while driving from Terre Haute to Gary. As a Hoosier myself (from Whiting, not far from Gary), I guess I have a natural affinity for songs like this. I am delighted to see such good new songs coming out of the Heartland. And it's nice for Hoosiers to have an alternative to "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away."

Many of Craig's songs deal with nostalgia and changing times. It was New Year's when he wrote "New Harmony," a time for reflection and reminiscence. He had just become aware of the way shape note hymns and fiddle tunes often have titles that are place names, like "Arlington" and "Cumberland Gap," and named his song "New Harmony" in keeping with that tradition.

To the best of my knowledge, this song has been recorded only once before, by Jim Ringer in 1977 on his Philo album, *Tramps and Hawkers* (PH 104). (CP)

I've been sitting by the Ohio,
Watching the tow-boats rolling up slow,
Thinking on the places we used to go.
You've been on my mind.

Evening hillsides, summertime,
The jars we filled with fireflies.
I remember you and I;
Say, it's been a long, long time.

I've been sitting, etc.

Rain across the bottom land,
Broken stones from an old mill dam.
West wind a-blowing in the dawning day;
Enough to blow the blues my way.

I've been sitting, etc.

Rusty rails, an old river town,
Whistle blowing, New Orleans bound,
Cornfields waiting for the plow,
All those things, I can't tell you now.

I've been sitting, etc.

Indiana country roads,
Winter sky, so deep and cold,
New moon's arms cradling the old,
Come-home songs on the radio.

I've been sitting, etc.

(repeat last line)

RAMBLING MAN

(c) Peggy Seeger
Side 1, Band 2.

Sandy - guitar & lead vocal
Caroline - vocal
Cathy - banjo & vocal
Dave - vocal
Ed - guitar & vocal
David - mountain dulcimer
Gordon - plucked cellamba

I am quite sure that Peggy Seeger assembled this Americanized version of the confusing (to me) ballad-complex that includes "The Jolly Beggar," "The Beggar-Laddie" (Child 279 and 280) and, sometimes, "The Gaberlunzie Man," from her knowledge of several Scottish versions sung by her husband, Ewan MacColl. But when I asked her about it, she was unsure of whether she had expanded on a traditional version or written it from scratch. A search through Bronson (*The Traditional Tunes of the Child Ballads*, Princeton University Press, 1959/1972), however, reveals nothing comparable from the American tradition. I'm happy to give Peggy credit for a fine song, whatever the facts of its genesis. We got the song from Lee Knight, who sang it in our living room a few years back, and kindly allowed us to tape it as he sang it again at our request. Those recording "Walkman" devices are a boon to slow learners. Thanks, Lee. And thanks, Peggy. (SP)

Well, the rambling man was weary and wet;
Down by the side of the fire he sat.
He had a poke and a walking stick,
And merrily he did sing.

The youngest daughter sat by the fire,
And, oh, he sang to her desire.
With every song she would inquire,
"Could I ramble away with you?"

Iddy-ran, diddy-ran, oran-dee,
Ramble to Richmond along with me.
Ramble to Richmond along with me,
Away with the rambling man.

Well, he said, "My dear, try, if you can,
To walk and talk like a rambling man;
Bend your back like a rambling man,
Away with me you'll go."

She bent her back with a wink of her eye,
Sang her songs with many a sigh.
Whenever he'd laugh, she would cry,
"Could I ramble away with you?"

Iddy-ran, etc.

He said, "My dear, if I was free
As when I came to your country,
I'd dress you up like a fine lady,
And away with me you'd go."

She said, "My dear, if I was free
To leave my mama and my own family,
I'd dress myself all beggarly,
And away with you I'd go."

Iddy-ran, etc.

Well, the songs were sung and the stories were told;
She was loving and he was bold.
Though the night was wet and cold,
Away they both did go.

Down in the meadow there's a white oak tree,
Grass as green as you ever did see.
She was loving and he was free,
'Cause he was the rambling man.

Iddy-ran, etc.

The years went by, maybe three or four;
The corn it was cut five times or more.
Rambling man, he come to my door,
Same old rambling man.

"Well, I've got no use for a rambling man;
That's how my tears and my sorrows began.
I had a daughter and away she ran,
Away with the rambling man."

Iddy-ran, etc.

"Well, yonder she comes, along with me;
She's got babies, one, two, three,
One on her hip and one at her knee,
And another one a-rambling home.

"She's got a wagon and she rides to town,
Silver spoons and a taffety gown;
She's got a pig and a muley cow,
Since she rambled away with me."

Iddy-ran, etc. (twice)

HORI, HORO

Traditional; arr. with new material by Caroline Paton, BMI
New material published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Side 1, Band 3.

Caroline - lead vocal
Ann - vocal
Cathy - vocal
Sandy - guitar
Dave - guitar
David - English concertina
Gordon - bowed cellamba

After I rambled away to England with my rambling man, thirty years ago, we settled in London for a year, and there had the advantage of hearing all of the great singers in the folk scene at that time -- Ewan MacColl, A. L. Lloyd, Seamus Ennis, and many others. One of my personal favorites was a sweet singer from Sussex named Shirley Collins, whose friendship we very much enjoyed, and from whom I learned many beautiful songs.

Shirley learned this song from her Uncle George, who got it from a New Zealander. It is certainly a translation from the Gaelic, and I am quite sure that it is to be found in Margery Kennedy-Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides*, although it is not in Volume II, the only one of the four that we have in our own collection. And it is hard to locate a song like this by its title, since half of the songs in the Kennedy-Fraser collection are liberally sprinkled with similar phrases.

Shirley recorded this song on an Argo record (*Sweet England*, RG 150) in 1959, but sang only the chorus and one verse. I felt the song was too lovely to end that quickly -- I have a real weakness for most mixolydian melodies -- so I have expanded the text a bit. The third verse is my attempt to emulate "Bokian lyricism" (Gordon, that is -- and his aunts used to sing him songs from the Kennedy-Fraser collection, too). (CP)

Hori, horo, my bonny young man,
Hori, horo, my rare one.
When will you come with me, my love,
To be my own, my fair one.

Smiling the land, smiling the sea,
Sweet is the wind in the heather.
Would we were yonder, just you and me,
The two of us together.

Hori, horo, etc.

Shining the land, shining the sea,
Gold is the sun on the heather.
Would we were yonder, just you and me,
The two of us together.

Hori, horo, etc.

Shining the land, singing the sea,
Blithesome and braw is the weather.
Our boat is ready for to sail,
The two of us together.

Hori, horo, etc. (twice)

ALL GONE FOR GROG

Traditional

Side 1, Band 4.

Sandy - 12-string guitar & lead vocal

Caroline - vocal

Cathy - banjo & vocal

Dave - vocal

Ed - guitar & vocal

David - English concertina

Some years ago, Caroline and I were scheduled to sing at the "Five Gold Rings" coffeehouse in Ridgefield, CT, but she got some kind of a flu bug and I was forced to do the evening alone, something I had not done for a couple of decades. After the program, a young woman sang this song for me, explaining that she had learned it from her grandfather who had lived in South Carolina. I need to hear a song more than once in order to learn it, but I was able to sing a bit of it for Caroline when I got home. Without my efficient wife, I'm pretty inept, especially when it comes to asking attractive young women for their telephone numbers. In fact, all I could remember was that her name was Kate something. Well, Caroline is not one to let a good song slip away without a fight. It took several months, but she managed to track down the singer, who had married and moved to New Hampshire in the interim. We arranged to visit her there, and finally got this song, plus several others from her family's tradition, properly entered into our electronic instant-memorizer.

We've heard versions of this song from England, Ireland, Scotland and Australia, but Kate Koons' somewhat more pensive version is the only one we know of from America. And what a delight it is to have a good song with both a refrain and a chorus for folks to sing along on. By the time we reach the third verse, people are usually able to sing almost the entire song with us. So don't just listen. SING! (SP)

I had but one old hat;
The hat it had no crown,
All wore out, tore out, and asunder.
If I cannot buy another,
I will keep this hat I've got;
I will keep this old hat to remember.

It's all gone for grog,
Jolly, jolly grog,
All gone for whiskey and tobacco.
Oh, I spent all I had in cash
On those girls, to cut a dash;
Now I'm left in this wide world to wander.

I had but one old coat;
The coat it had no back,
All wore out, tore out, and asunder.
If I cannot buy another,
I will keep this coat I've got;
I will keep this old coat to remember.

It's all gone, etc.

I had but one old shirt;
The shirt it had no sleeves,
All wore out, tore out, and asunder.
If I cannot buy another,
I will keep this shirt I've got;
I will keep this old shirt to remember.

It's all gone, etc.

I had one pair of pants;
The pants they had no knees,
All wore out, tore out, and asunder.
If I cannot buy another,
I will keep this pair I've got;
I will keep these old parts to remember.

It's all gone, etc.

I had one pair of boots;
The boots they had no soles,
All wore out, tore out, and asunder.
If I cannot buy another,
I will keep this pair I've got;
I will keep these old boots to remember.

It's all gone, etc. (last two lines repeated)

JOSHUAY

Traditional

Side 1, Band 5.

Sandy - vocal

Caroline - vocal

We collected this version of "The Maid Freed from the Gallows" (Child 95) from Frank Proffitt, back in 1961. I think it may be one of the many ballads he learned from his aunt, Nancy Prather. Frank was a tobacco farmer, part-time carpenter, maker of old-time banjos and dulcimers, and a fine traditional singer. Folk-Legacy's very first release was an album of Frank's songs and ballads, recorded at his home down in Sugar Grove, North Carolina. Shortly before his death, we recorded a second album of his music during a visit he made to Vermont, where we were living at the time.

We sing this ballad in parallel fifths, with each of us singing the melody, but a fifth apart. This is the sort of harmony one hears in the singing of Gregorian chants. We discovered it, more or less by chance, while we were trying to remember the harmony used by our old friends, George and Gerry Armstrong, when they sang this same version. We decided it was appropriate for such an ancient ballad, so we kept it. And the ballad is quite old. Reed Smith, in *South Carolina Ballads* (Cambridge, 1928), describes its history quite succinctly: "Composed before Chaucer's pilgrimage, sung in England and Scotland during the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth, recorded by the antiquarian scholar Bishop Thomas Percy in the days of George III, just before the American Revolution, scattered over most of the countries of Europe, crossing the Atlantic with the early settlers and still lingering in out-of-the-way places in both America and Great Britain, the ballad has in the end become a rude English tale, a cante-fable in the Bahamas and the West Indies, a playlet at a Negro school commencement, and a children's game in the slums of New York City. A long life and a varied one!"

In most of the European versions of the ballad, the maid has been captured by pirates and her family members refuse to part with various items of value to ransom her; her true love, however, proves to be less mercenary, and she is rescued, providing a nice happy ending. In Frank Proffitt's version, "Joshuay" appears to be a substitution for "Judge;" other American versions find the maid appealing to the "hangman" to hold his rope for awhile. One can see how this song could easily be turned into a children's game, especially if one includes appeals to all of the family members, one at a time -- brother, sister, etc. We keep it more concise by omitting them, but you are welcome to make the tale last as long as you want.

Our friend Karen Kobela really wanted us to record this one, so here it is. (SP)

Hold up your hand, oh, Joshuay, she said;
Wait awhile and see.
I think I see my dear old father
Come crossing over the sea.
Do you have any money for me?
Gold for to pay my fee?
For I have stole the silvery cup
And hangeth I'm a-gonna be.
I don't have any money for you,
Gold for to pay your fee,
But I have come to see you hang
On yonders gallows tree.

Hold up your hand, oh, Joshuay, she said,
Wait awhile and see.
I think I see my dear old mother
Come crossing over the sea.
Do you have any money for me?
Gold for to pay my fee?
For I have stole the silvery cup
And hangeth I'm a-gonna be.
I don't have any money for you,
Gold for to pay your fee,
But I have come to see you hang
On yonders gallows tree.

Hold up your hand, oh, Joshuay, she said;
Wait awhile and see.
I think I see my own true love
Come crossing over the sea.
Do you have any money for me?
Gold for to pay my fee?
For I have stole the silvery cup
And hangeth I'm a-gonna be.
Yes I have some money for you,
Gold for to pay your fee,
And I have come to save your neck
From yonders gallows tree.

DIDN'T I DANCE

(c) Lori Holland, BMI

Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Side 1, Band 6.

Sandy - guitar & lead vocal

Caroline - vocal

Cathy - hammered dulcimer & vocal

Dave - vocal

Ed - hammered dulcimer & vocal

Lil Appel sang this for me at the Hartford Family Folk Festival in August of 1986, and told me that it was just one of a number of fine songs written by Lori Holland, a singer/songwriter who lives in Manhattan (New York, that is). We hadn't seen Lori for many years, and had no idea that she was writing songs. When we had known her,

she was singing traditional ballads, mostly from Britain. Anyway, Lil told me that she thought this would be a fine song for Caroline, so I got in touch with Lori, who kindly sent us a tape of this and several other good songs. I offered the song to Caroline, but she had just started a new modern dance class, and was still dancing, thank you, at every opportunity. So I kept the song for myself, although I had to

modify the words in the last verse to make it possible for me to sing it. In fairness to Lori, we'll print it here as she wrote it, with the words I actually sing in parentheses. Lori has recently produced a cassette of some of her songs and we will be happy to give you her address, if you would like to purchase one of them. The arrangement recorded here, with the two hammered dulcimers and the echoing final choruses, we owe to Ed Trickett.

My own mother danced her way through the 1920's and 30's -- she and my dad were really good ballroom dancers -- but she spent most of her last twenty years badly crippled by arthritis. I guess I sing this one for her. (SP)

My grandmother heard him;
The tune was so sweet,
She danced to the fiddler
On little bare feet.
She was fifteen and fair,
With black, braided hair,
And didn't she dance in her day.

And, over the years,
I remember she said,
One night, as she kissed me
And put me to bed,
"When I was a maid,
And my song was played,
Didn't I dance in my day."

Didn't I dance,
Didn't I dance,
Didn't I dance in my day. (twice)

My mother, she danced
In a long, silken gown,
Hair hung in curls;
The belle of the town.
Many a man
Asked for her hand.
Didn't she dance in her day.

And now, when she dances,
Just once in awhile,
She says, "I remember
Those times, and I smile
When I think of the nights
My feet danced so light.
Didn't I dance in my day."

Didn't I dance, etc.

Now see the young girls
On a soft summer's night;
Silhouettes slender
Against the moon's light,
Hair flowing free.
Once that was me, (she)
And didn't I dance in my day. (she/her)

And, now that I'm older, (she's)
There's one thing I know.
I'll go on dancing, (she'll)
Though the tempo be slow.
And I know that someday,
To my grandchild I'll say, (her/she'll)
Didn't I dance in my day.

Didn't I dance, etc. (repeated)

I HAVE SEEN MY VALLEY

(c) Richard Wilkie, BMI

Published by Three City Press and Maritime, Inc.
Side 2, Band 1.

Sandy - guitar & lead vocal
Caroline - vocal
Cathy - hammered dulcimer & vocal
Dave - guitar & vocal
David - English concertina
Gordon - bowed cellamba

Richard Wilkie wrote this love song for the Hudson River valley. I can remember hearing him sing it at Fox Hollow, lo, those many years ago, and being delighted to discover someone waxing poetic about Albany and Troy, New York, for heaven's sake. I've been singing it ever since, and it has worn extremely well. The text has the elegance of simplicity and there's a nice modal drop in the tune that appeals to me, somehow.

Richard teaches at SUNY/Albany and sails on his beloved Hudson whenever he gets the chance. He has even written, illustrated and published a small guidebook for the Hudson sailor, including some tales and songs, as well. He plays guitar, banjo, a lot of mountain dulcimer, and has written a dandy pamphlet on the proper way to hone a knife with a whetstone, as well as a slew of fine songs. I am pleased to have had the chance to record one of them here. Thanks, old friend, for the privilege. (SP)

I have seen my valley filled with springtime;
Seen it filled again with the fall.
I have walked along the sand
With the rushes by my hand;
Heard the speckled river birds call,
Heard the speckled river birds call.

Some say the river wind is rising;
Some say they hear the valley cry.
And, if the winds prevail,
I'll catch a morning sail,
And hold a silent wing against the sky,
Hold a silent wing against the sky.

Have you seen the working in the valley?
Cargo ships bound southward to the sea?
And how the barges ride,
With the tugboats by their side,
All the way to Troy and Albany,
All the way to Troy and Albany?

(repeat first verse)

LOG DRIVER'S WALTZ

(c) Wade Hemsworth

Side 2, Band 2.

Caroline - lead vocal
Sandy - guitar & vocal
Cathy - autoharp & vocal
Dave - guitar & vocal
Ed - vocal
David - English concertina
Gordon - plucked cellamba

I first heard this delightful song from Sara Grey and Margaret MacArthur at a Washington Folk Club "Getaway" weekend back in the 1960's. I don't know where they learned it. The author of the song, Wade Hemsworth, made a record for Folkways back in 1955 (Folk Songs of the Canadian North Woods, Folkways FP 821). The record includes two of his well-known original songs, "The Blackfly Song" and "The Shining Birch Tree," but not the "Log Driver's Waltz."

To "birl," by the way, is to balance on a log as it is whirling down a river. No easy feat! Lumberjacks even developed birling into the north-woods-equivalent of an Olympic event, along with chopping, sawing, and hauling logs with competitive ox-teams. Two men would climb on a floating log and get it to spinning rapidly under their calked boots. The first one to lose his balance, tumbling into the icy water, lost.

Sandy and I have a penchant for river songs (there are five of them on this album), and now that our two sons have grown up to be whitewater canoe racers, as well as musicians, any song that includes the word "whitewater" is bound to attract our special attention. (CP)

You can ask any girl, from the parish around,
What pleases her most, from her head to her toes.
She'll say, "I'm not sure that it's business of yours,
But I love to waltz with my log driver."

For he goes birling down, down whitewater,
That's where the log driver learns to step lightly.
Birling down, down whitewater,
The log driver's waltz pleases girls completely.

For he goes, etc.

Because of my parents, I had to give way,
Dance with the doctor, the merchant, the lawyer.
Their manners are fine, but their feet are like clay;
None has the style of my log driver.

For he goes, etc.

When the drive's nearly over, I love to go down,
Watch all the men as they work on the river.
When the drive's over, they'll all be in town,
And I'll love to waltz with my log driver.

For he goes, etc.

Now, I've had my chances with all kinds of men;
None has the style of my man on the river.
When the drive's over, and he asks me again,
I know I shall marry my log driver.

For he goes, etc. (twice)

ROWDY SOUL

Traditional; arr. with new material by Dillon Bustin, BMI
Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Side 2, Band 3.

Sandy - lead vocal

Caroline, Cathy, Dave, Ed, Gordon, David, Robin - vocals

Mary Wheeler published a three-verse fragment of this song in *Steamboatin' Days* (Louisiana State University Press, 1944). Dillon Bustin, singer/songwriter/collector/folklorist and currently official State Folklorist of Massachusetts, expanded it with additional verses from other Ohio and Mississippi River roustabout songs. I added one verse (the one about "Big Jack Johnson") by combining two verses from another song ("Po' Shine") in the book. I learned the song from Dillon and thought I had the tune the way he sings it, which is not really as it was printed in the book, but I heard him sing it again recently and realize that I have inadvertently altered it.

Mary Wheeler says of this song: "The rousters could work and coonjine (*) to most of their songs, but some of them were more popular than others for dancing. 'Rowdy Soul' seems to have been a favorite, probably because of its strong rhythm." (SP)

(*) For an explanation of this term, see the note for the next song.

(CHORUS) I'm a rowdy soul, I'm a rowdy soul,
(I) don't care whether I work or not. (twice)

Well, I didn't plant no corn this year;
Didn't raise no beans or tomatoes.
Ground so poor that grass won't grow,
But, damn!, them Irish potatoes, oh.

Well, when I get my new house built,
I'll build my chimney higher.
I don't want no mud-daubers hanging around,
Puttin' out my fire, oh.

Well, my captain got him a new blue coat;
He hung it in the hall.
I stole down my captain's coat;
I wore it to the ball.

Well, I took my gal to the fancy ball;
Didn't say nothin' about it.
I'm not one to raise a row,
But I'm hell when I get started.

Well, where'd you get your whiskey, boy?
Where'd you get your dram?
Where'd you get your whiskey, boy?
I got it from Lincoln and Abraham.

Well, Duke see the tie pile, he get sad;
Duke see the money pile, he get glad.
Ain't no use in foolin' 'round;
You know them ties got to go on down.

Well, you can't do me like you done poor Shine;
You taken his money, but you can't take mine.
Ain't but one man that I fear;
That's Big Jack Johnson, and he ain't here.

So, come here, dog, and get your bone;
Tell me which shoulder you want it on.
A penny off, a penny on;
Well, it's one more load and I'll be gone.

(chorus sung twice)

ROUSTABOUT SONG

(c) Dillon Bustin, BMI
Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Side 2, Band 4.

Sandy - guitar & lead vocal
Caroline - vocal
Cathy - banjo & vocal
Dave - vocal
Ed - vocal
David - mountain dulcimer
Gordon - plucked cellamba

When Dillon Bustin was living in southern Indiana, he collected and studied the music of the region -- fiddle tunes, old-timey songs, hymns, ballads, etc. -- with a special focus on the songs of the river workers, the freight handlers who were called "rousters" or "roustabouts." But when he wanted the generic roustabout song, so to speak, he had to write it himself. This is it, and I dearly love it.

In the note to "Rowdy Soul," I promised an explanation of the term "coonjine," which is used in the final verse of this song. I can do no better than to quote from *Steamboatin' Days*.

"It is possible that the Negro songs known as 'Coonjines' originally referred to the old African dance, the *Coonjai*. But to the (roustabout) the Coonjine is the combination song and dance that is associated with handling freight. The 'plank walk' springs under a heavy weight, or even under the lighter step of the rouster when he trots back again empty handed for more freight. To avoid jarring, the feet are dragged along the stage plank, accompanied by a song that takes its rhythm from the shuffling feet and swaying shoulders.

"Possibly this levee dance step and the name 'Coonjine' that describes it were inspired by the way a coon makes his way along the limb of a tree, steadying himself by keeping one foot safely on the limb, while he 'coons along' with the other three."

Perhaps I should add that "calling lead-line" refers to the practice of dropping a lead-weighted line off the bow of the vessel to determine the depth of the channel, an important aid to the captain or pilot, especially when navigating rivers with shifting sandbars. (SP)

I'm rollin', flowin', around these hills;
I must take a rest, but this river never will.
Rollin', flowin', to Cairo town;
Just give me time to lay me down.

Boat's up the river; she won't come down.
I believe it to my soul, she is water-bound.
Back her, slack her, bring her around;
Give me time to lay me down.

I'm rollin', etc.

Come, Rosieanna, the boat is lyin' low
On a sandy bar, out in the Ohio.
Roustabouts are pullin', pullin' mighty slow,
To give me time to lay me down.

I'm rollin', etc.

I work on these steamboats, a dollar bill a day.
I buy a dress for my Rosieann'; drink the rest away.
Captain, he just told me to call lead-line today;
Lord, I got no time to lay me down.

I'm rollin', etc.

All of the rich folks, out on the promenade,
Twirl their parasols, drink their lemonade.
I got hot steam to drink; I got a smoke-stack for my shade,
And I got no time to lay me down.

I'm rollin', etc.

I load all of this freight by bale and by sack;
I slow coonjine the plank, then I quick coonjine it back.
A hundred-eighty pounds a bale, a hundred-ninety pounds a sack;
Two-hundred pounds'd break your back.

I'm rollin', etc. (repeat last line)

THE GREAT STORM IS OVER

(c) Bob Franke, BMI

Published by Telephone Pole Music Publishing Co.

Side 2, Band 5.

Caroline - lead vocal

Sandy - guitar & vocal

Cathy - vocal

Dave - vocal

Ed - guitar & vocal

David - English concertina

Gordon - bowed cellamba

Sometimes you hear a song and you know, right away, it's a song you have to sing. So it was, for me, with "The Great Storm is Over." I heard Bob Franke sing it at a gathering where many folksingers and musicians get together for a weekend; in this case it was the Indian Neck Folk Festival in Connecticut. How wonderful these events are for re-charging one's musical batteries!

The verses of this song are full of hopeful images which, Bob told me, allude to passages in the Book of Revelations in the Bible, and are combined with a great old-timey gospel chorus. "Karl Jung meets the Carter Family" is Bob's way of describing it. All I know is that I love it! (CP)

Alleluia, the great storm is over;
Lift up your wings and fly. (twice)

Thunder and lightning gave noise to the night;
The little lame child awoke in her fright.
Hush, little baby, and a story I'll tell
Of love that has vanquished the powers of hell.

Alleluia, etc.

Sweetness in the air, justice on the wind,
Laughter in the house where the mourners have been.
The deaf shall have music, the blind have new eyes,
The standards of death taken down by surprise.

Alleluia, etc.

Release for the captives, an end to the wars,
New streams in the desert, new hope for the poor.
The little lame children will dance as they sing,
And play with the bears and the lions in the Spring.

Alleluia, etc.

Hush, little baby, let go of your fears;
The Lord loves his own, and your mother is here.
The child fell asleep and the lantern did burn;
The mother sang on till the bridegroom's return.

Alleluia, etc. (thrice)

MAY THE ROADS RISE WITH YOU

(c) Sandy Paton, BMI

Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

Side 2, Band 6.

Sandy - guitar & lead vocal

Caroline - vocal

Cathy - hammered dulcimer & vocal

Dave - guitar & vocal

Ed - vocal

David - English concertina

I put together this revision of the old Irish blessing and set it to what I hope is an easily-learned and singable tune. I had long wanted to sing the old blessing, but it didn't really rhyme and didn't even scan very well from one line to the next, so I allowed myself, somewhat audaciously, to rework it. In the several years that we have been singing this song, we have been told of other settings composed for the text, but we have grown attached to this one. In fact, it has almost become a "signature tune" for me. Which is why, I suppose, we have chosen to close this album with it. After all, we opened the album with a song that might be considered Caroline's signature tune. (SP)

May the roads rise with you;
May the winds be gentle where you stand.
May the Lord smile upon you,
And hold you safely in His hand.

May your friends be many;
May they share your joy through all your days.
May the sun shine upon you
And warm you on your wandering ways.

May your dreams be peaceful in the night;
May you wake to welcome morning's light.

May the roads rise with you;
May the winds be gentle where you stand.
May the Lord smile upon you,
And hold you safely in his hand.

(repeat entire song)

From both of us, a heartfelt thanks to all of the friends who
helped us make this record, including our sons.

Caroline and Sandy

May the roads rise with you,
May the winds be gentle where you stand,
May the Lord smile upon you,
And hold you safely in His hand.

May your friends be many,
May they share your joy through all your days,
May the sun shine upon you,
And warm you on your wintering ways.

May your dreams be peaceful in the night,
May you wake to welcome morning's light.

May the roads rise with you,
May the winds be gentle where you stand,
May the Lord smile upon you,
And hold you safely in His hand.

(Repeat entire song)

From both of us, a heartfelt thanks to all of the friends who
helped us make this record, including our sons.

Caroline and Sandy

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