



Folk-Legacy CD-121

FOR ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE

A Golden Ring Reunion



Cathy Barton and Dave Para
Caroline, David, and Sandy Paton
Ed Trickett and Harry Tuft

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Cathy Barton and Dave Para live in Boonville, Missouri, Ed Trickett in Brookville, Maryland, Harry Tuft in Denver, Colorado, and the Patons in Sharon, Connecticut. Getting together is never easy, but it is always worth the effort. In the concept of the Golden Ring, however, the spirit of the gathering is really more important than the personnel. May you create and enjoy your own Golden Ring wherever you may be.

Caroline Paton

CATHY BARTON: banjo, autoharp, hammered dulcimer, vocals.

DAVE PARA: guitar, vocals.

CAROLINE PATON: mountain dulcimer, vocals.

DAVID PATON: concertina, hammered dulcimer.

SANDY PATON: guitar, vocals.

ED TRICKETT: guitar, hammered dulcimer, piano, vocals.

HARRY TUFT: guitar, bass, vocals.

Recorded by Sandy Paton and David Paton.

Mixed by Sandy Paton and Ed Trickett.

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1. SINGER'S REQUEST (Nic Jones/anon.) *Leading Note Publishers.*

Ed: guitar, lead vocal; Dave: guitar, lead vocal;

Cathy: banjo, lead vocal; Additional chorus vocals: Caroline, Sandy, Harry

Cathy, Ed and I learned this song from Joanie Bronfman and Neal MacMillan at their home in Boston in 1985, and we sang it for the remainder of what was a very memorable and productive New England tour. Joanie and Neal got it from Nic Jones' recording, *From the Devil to a Stranger*, on Highway Records. (DP) I'm told that this is a poem by Sir Walter Scott entitled "The Minstrel's Request," revised and set to an old melody. We find that it has the kind of chorus folk audiences learn quickly and sing with great enthusiasm. (SP)

Dark the night and long till day; do not bid us further stray.

Dark the night and long till day; do not bid us further stray.

Now the sun it doth decline; pour the beer and pour the wine.
We can lead your thoughts astray from the world and from the day.

We sing songs of history, love and war and mystery.
We can lead you from despair, or can chill the darkening air.

You may choose to pass us by with a cruel or scornful eye.
We will see the ending through, then we'll turn and say to you:

2. **GRANDMA'S SONG** (Gail Davies, BMI) *Vogue Music, BMI, 1980.*

THE REINDEER SONG (trad.)

Cathy: banjo, lead vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal; Ed: guitar, vocal

"Grandma's Song," composed by country singer, songwriter and producer Gail Davies, makes reference to a traditional English song about Reynard the Fox which her grandmother in the eastern Oklahoma Ozarks often sang to her. In this country, "Bold Reynard" has many titles, most involving a corruption of the name "Reynard," such as "Bold Ranger," "Tom Redman," and "Bow Randers." Dave and I learned this Ozark version, "The Reindeer Song," from a close family friend, Wilma Pepmiller, who learned it as a child growing up near the Ozark town of Doniphan, Missouri. I recommend listening to Gail Davies' recording of "Grandma's Song" – it opens with a recording of her grandmother singing this old song, a unique sound not heard on slick, Nashville-produced recordings these days. (CBP)

All along the old back road
The people stop and they talk at her garden gate.
While, inside, the family cried all through the night
Because the old woman had passed away.

I loved her so; I knew she was a special one,
A lovely lady and a gentle old soul.
And she taught me to sing an old folk song;
It's got a melody of a hundred years ago.

And she sang "Come-a-hoot, come-a-hoot, come-a-hi-lo,
Come down the merry string."
I remember it.

Those memories have given me so much.
She wore her age so gracefully.
And there was not a living thing she did not love,
And I pray there's a little of her in me.

Oklahoma in the summertime:
In her rocking chair, she's singing there on the porch,
While the hounds are barking through the hot, black night,
And that old fox, well, he's a-running like he never has run before.

When you hear the melody,
When I play my song,
Every note you hear from me
She's singing right along.

And she sang "come-a-hoot. . .

(repeat first verse)

Come all you young sportsmen who love to chase the fox,
And we'll go chase the reindeer all through the hills and rocks.

Come-a-hoot, come-a-hoot, come-a-hollow
All around that merry stream.
Come-a-ring, ting, ting and a hip, tip, tip
And away go the rolling bow-wow dogs
And a hoodle, doodle do
And a bugle horn and a tide-dee-oh
And through the woods we run, now boys,
Through the woods we run.

I come to a blind man, blind as he could be.
He said he saw the reindeer run up a hollow tree.

I come to a terrapin, crawling through the mud.
He said he saw the reindeer washed away in the flood.

(not sung: I come to a boatman, dipping out his boat.
He said he saw the reindeer run up the river float.)

(repeat first verse)

3. **SPRINGTIME BRINGS ON THE SHEARING** (trad.)

Ed: guitar, lead vocal; Cathy: banjo, vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal;
Additional chorus vocals: Caroline, Sandy, Harry

Martyn Wyndham-Read, a wonderful English singer, learned two verses of this song in 1963, while he was working on the Emu Springs sheep station, thirty miles from the town of Tintinara in South Australia. He later found two more verses "in a book." Ed heard him sing it last year in a concert in Washington, DC, and Martyn has recently recorded it on his *Fellside* release, *Mussels on a Tree*. The traditional song seems to have evolved from a longer poem, "The Wallaby Track," by E. J. Overbury, first published in his *Bush Poems*, 1865. (SP)

Well, the springtime brings on the shearing,
And it's then you will see them in droves,
To the west country stations all steering,
To find them a job up the coast.

With a ragged old swag on me shoulder,
And a billy quart-pot in me hand,
I tell you we'll astonish the new chums
To see how we travel the land.

From the Billabone, Murray, and Lodden
To the far Tatiara and back,
Oh, the mountains and plains are well-trodden
By the men on the Wallaby Track.

There are many who stick during shearing,
Then pack up their swag on their back.
For the rest of the year they'll be steering
On their well-beloved Wallaby Track.

And after the shearing is over,
And the wool season's all at an end,
It's then you will see those flash shearers
Making johnny-cakes on 'round the bend.

4. **RICHMOND** (trad.)

LAST LETTER HOME (McDade/Brown, ASCAP)
Tintagel Music, ASCAP, 1977

Harry: guitar, lead vocal; Ed: guitar, vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal

I learned "Richmond" from Roger Abrahams, who learned it from Marybird McAllister, a remarkable traditional singer from Brown's Cove, VA. The song is actually based on an older song, "The Plains of Alma," from the Crimean War. Mrs. McAllister's father was a Confederate soldier

in the Civil War and she had many songs from that period in her repertoire, plus a number of the older ballads and songs. "Last Letter Home" I learned from a recording of the Amazing Rhythm Aces back in the late 1970s. I was intrigued by the idea of juxtaposing the two songs, one written over a hundred years before the other. (HT)

'Twas on the 4th and 9th of May,
In spite of all that we could say,
In spite of all that we could say,
We stood in front of Richmond.

'Twas all night lying on the ground;
Not a tent or shelter could be found,
And it rained so hard we damn near drowned
That day in front of Richmond.

So, early next morning the sun did rise
And east and north across the skies,
And Jackson rides the lines and cries,
"It'll be hard work at Richmond."

God bless the children in their homes;
God bless the women all alone.
God bless the men who never failed
That day in front of Richmond.

I have heard the cannons thundering all night,
And I cannot help but wonder, why's the Rebel Cause so right?
And the morphine seems to do no good at all.
I would run away, if I would not fall.

Well, I joined the Southern cavalry for fun.
Must have rode a thousand horses; always had a way with a gun.
Now I'm among the horseless riders lying still,
Swallowed up by the Cause on the Widow's Hill.

And I dreamed of a rose in a Spanish garden,
And I kissed you and placed it in your hair.
And, if I'm ever on my feet again, I will,
I will run all the way just to meet you there.

(repeat chorus)

5. DAMNED OLD PINEY MOUNTAINS (Craig Johnson, BMI)
Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., BMI, 1992

Sandy: lead vocal; Chorus vocals: Caroline, Cathy, Ed, Harry

Some years ago in the mountains of West Virginia, Craig Johnson met an old logger, once a fiddler, who explained why he could no longer make music. He had lost all four of the fingers on his left hand. Craig listened to his story, sang him the requested "sad old song," and then wrote this outstanding one. As long as we have people like Craig making songs like this (and the next one), we can be assured that what I like to call our "continuing tradition" will do exactly that—continue. Folk-Legacy is proud to act as Craig's publisher. (SP)

Well, sit down, buddy, we'll drink and smoke.

Woman, don't you weep for me.

My hands can't fiddle and my heart's been broke.

You damned old piney mountains.

I lost my fingers in the Galax mill.

Buddy, sing a sad, old song.

My heart got broke in the yew-pine hills.

Lord, and my time ain't long.

(Similarly:)

I started in to logging when I was in my prime,

Hitchin' up spruce to the big drag-line.

And the skidders started buckin' when the gears come down,

Makin' God's own thunder on the new-cut ground.

We was fightin' over nothin' and drinkin' too hard,

Ridin' up to camp on a flat-wheel car.

I was thirty years a-hangin' on the old chain brake.

I got laid off and paid off in '58.

Now the skidders got sold to the scrap-iron yard.

I moved down Virginia when the times got hard.

And I lost my fingers to the steel bandsaw.

My fiddle just hangs, untuned, on the wall.

Now the trees have growed up in the loggin' road

And wildflowers bloom where the big Shays blowed.

And there's nothin' left for me but to drink and smoke.

My hands can't fiddle and my heart's been broke.

6. GOODBYE TO THE LOWLANDS (Craig Johnson, BMI)

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., BMI, 1992

Caroline: lead vocal; Sandy: guitar, vocal; Cathy: autoharp, vocal

Dave: guitar, vocal; Harry: bass, vocal; David: concertina

Craig Johnson is one of my favorite songwriters, even though there are only about a dozen songs he is willing to claim as his own. In my opinion, he is batting .1000! I love his nostalgic "New Harmony" that we recorded a few years ago, and I think that "Damned Old Piney Mountains" is as fine a song as has appeared in the folk revival. "Goodbye to the Lowlands" is another favorite of mine. I feel that the second verse, with its description of the changes from rural to suburban, is worthy of any poet. (CP)

My home town's been tore down, I can't find my way,
With its high-gabled houses and my grand-dad's old place
And the last hobo camps have been bulldozed away,
And lately I wonder just why I should stay.

Goodbye to the lowlands and the green fields of home.
Goodbye to the long roads I loved to roam.
Goodbye to the good friends and the good times I've known.
(I'm) going away, and maybe going home.

They've landscaped the cornfields, the back roads are paved,
And they've built lots of houses with false country names;
Names of the farms and the fields that they've changed,
But they can't hide the truth of what little remains.

There's a love I remember; when I told him goodbye,
With the deep hurt of parting, I was too lost to cry.
There's a love I remember for a place and a time;
They're gone like the trains that once passed in the night.

7. DEVIL IN THE GARDEN (Bob Coltman, BMI)

Cathy: autoharp, lead vocal; Dave: guitar, lead vocal; Additional chorus vocals: Caroline, Sandy, Ed

It is one of life's great rewards to meet and work with people you have long admired. Bob Coltman is one of many people to whom Ed Trickett introduced us in the winter of 1980, and we long have marveled at his music and creativity. This song, a rewrite of Child #1, "Riddles Wisely Expounded," or "The Devil's Nine Questions," is from Bob's great album of such rewrites, *Son of Child* (Minstrel JD-205). Bob says he sees it "set in a moonlit garden of some decaying southern mansion, the Devil in the shape of a portly senator and the wise virgin a sassy flapper out for a breath of air." Professor Child may be in orbit over this, but it sure is fun to sing. (DP)

Pretty little girl all dressed in white,
Weave, wove, and woven,
Walking in the garden alone at night,
Walking in the garden without any light,
Hee-ho, Devil in the garden,
Devil in the garden a-rovin'.

(Similarly:)

Out in the garden she met a man walking.
She knew she shouldn't, but she couldn't help larking.
Before she knew it, she and him were a-talking.

"Looky-here, girl, do you know who I am?"
"Yes, sir, yes, sir, and I'm in a jam,
Because you're the original flim-flam man."

"Looky-here, girl, you gotta play my game:
Nine hard questions, your soul to claim,
And you must answer them just the same.

"What is lost and can never be found?
What is the ring that can never roll around,
And what is the rock that can never break down?"

"Days are lost and can never be found.
The ring of the bell will never roll around,
And the rock of the cradle will never break down."

"What are the strings that can never be tied?
What is the mare nobody can ride,
And what is the question no one can decide?"

"Man's heartstrings can never be tied.
Old nightmare nobody can ride,
And where I'm going, even you can't decide."

"What is bluer than the sky so blue?
What is truer than me and you,
And what can you tell the poor old Devil to do?"

"Bluer is the blue (water) in Duncan's well.
Truer is love than tongue can tell,
And I can tell the Devil to go straight to Hell."

"Fare you well, then, human girl.
It's God and me and you in the middle,
And you speak so smart to the Devil's riddle,
You are not mine, you are of this world."

8. STONEY'S WALTZ (Ernest "Pop" Stoneman)

Cathy: hammered dulcimer; Ed: hammered dulcimer; Dave: guitar

Ed taught this tune to Cathy and me after learning it from Rick Lee. A story has it that someone pointed out to Pop Stoneman that his "waltz" was not in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, to which he replied, "It's my tune, and I can call it whatever I want." (DP)

9. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE (p.d.)

Sandy: guitar, lead vocal; Ed: guitar, vocal; Caroline: vocal; Additional chorus vocals: Cathy, Dave

Craig Johnson not only writes some of our favorite songs, often he reminds us of songs we've known so long we'd simply forgotten how good they really were. Pansy Pickren, my second-grade teacher down in Palatka, Florida, taught me (and the rest of the class) this "chestnut" over a

half-century ago. I loved it then, and I love it even more now that I'm old enough to understand it. It was hearing Craig sing it in a living room in Harrisburg, PA, one evening, that brought it back to my mind. This is the kind of sentimental old song we used to sing around the piano in the parlor when I was growing up. Remember those oldtime, pre-TV, family gatherings? The song was written back around the end of the Civil War by one George W. Johnson. You can find it, appropriately enough, in *Heart Songs* (Chapple Publishing Co., Boston, 1909), where the melody is attributed to J. A. Butterfield. (SP)

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
Where we sat long, long ago.
The green grass is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where once the daisies sprung.
The creaking old mill now is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie;
The trials of life nearly done.
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city, so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the blest,
In polished, white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
And we sang as gaily as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

And now we are aged . . .

And now I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My step less sprightly than then;
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
And time, alone, was the pen.
And they say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As spray by the white breakers flung;
But, to me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

And now we are aged . . .

Yes, now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
The trials of life nearly done;
But, to me, you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

10. WEAVER'S REVERIE (Bob Coltman, BMD)

Ed: guitar, lead vocal; Chorus vocals: Cathy, Dave, Caroline, Sandy, Harry

Ed learned this song while visiting Bob Coltman a few years ago at his home in South Chelmsford, MA. While researching the history of nearby Lowell, Bob found a bit of prose written by Harriet Farley which appeared in the *Lowell Offering*, a mill newsletter printed in 1841. Much of the song comes from that prose, and Bob says that the first verse is almost verbatim. He wrote the song in 1989, "in a matter of minutes." (DP)

Where the weaver stands to work, she can scarcely see the sky;
The songs of the sparrow can't be heard.
The golden sunlight out the dirty window shines;
She turns to her weaving without a word.

Slap go the belts against the pulleys;
Shuttles fly across the loom.
There are hours to go, and they never go so slow
As they go in the weaving room.

I think on nature as the hungry think on food;
Without it, I've solitary grown.
But in this restless place, every loom, every face,
Tell me, how can I ever be alone?

It could be worse; I suppose I might be
A dresser sizing the yarn.
So hot and so wet and the lint in the air,
I'm sure that my lungs would come to harm.

Oh, yes, as jobs go, it is a very good job;
Few finer for a woman can be found.
But this cannot be the end for which womankind was made
'Twixt the cradle and the green, grassy mound.

I tire of the noise; there are too few joys.
I am drawn to the window and the sky.
But "Your looms are going without filling," says a voice,
And I run to change my shuttles on the fly.

11. LITTLE CREEK (trad.)

Caroline: mountain dulcimer, lead vocal; Cathy: banjo, lead vocal
Sandy: guitar, vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal; David: hammered dulcimer

I learned this sprightly Southern Appalachian tune from Sara Grey and Ellie Ellis. (They recorded it in England on their Fellside album, *A Breath of Fresh Air*.) Sara learned "Little Creek" in Arizona from fiddler/singer Chester James who, in turn, had learned it from Lulabelle and Scotty Wiseman. I grew up near Chicago, where I listened to the National Barn Dance on WLS, and Lulabelle and Scotty were favorites of mine. I don't remember ever hearing them do this song, but I'm not surprised that I was drawn to it when I did hear it.

Sara and Ellie follow "Little Creek" with a tune called "Big Liza" which they learned from mountain dulcimer player and singer Leo Kretzner. In our arrangement, we use part of the "Big Liza" tune as a break between the verses. (CP)

Goin' to Little Creek, just 'fore long,
Goin' to Little Creek, just 'fore long.
Goin' to Little Creek, just 'fore long,
To see that gal of mine.

When I was a little boy, my mother kept me in.
Now I am a great big boy, she can't do that again.

Cheeks are like a blooming rose, hair of golden brown.
I'm gonna see that pretty little girl before the sun goes down.

Yonder comes that pretty little girl. How do you reckon I know?
I know her by her apron strings, tied up in a double bow.

Finger ring, finger ring, shines as bright as gold.
I'm gonna marry that pretty little girl before she gets too old.

12. EARLY (Greg Brown, ASCAP) Brown/Feldman, ASCAP.

Cathy: banjo, lead vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal; Ed: guitar, vocal

Greg Brown is a popular singer/songwriter often associated with Garrison Keillor's "Prairie Home Companion" radio show, and his musical portrait of the town of Early, Iowa, has made the rounds among revival singers and traditional artists alike. I learned it from the singing of Robin and Linda Williams on their *Dixie Highway Sign* album (June Appal 031). (CBP)

Early one morning, I walked out alone.
I looked up the street; no one was around.
The sun was just coming up over my home
On Hickory Street in a little farm town.

Ooo-wee, ain't the morning light pretty,
While the dew is still heavy,
So bright and early.
My home on the range,
It's a one-horse town, but it's all right with me.

The clouds rolled the prairies; the prairies brought life.*
Little towns blossomed; soon there were many,
Scattered like fireflies in the dark night.
One was called Early, and they sure named it right.

Many dry summers have burned up our fields,
Scorched our fine colors, cut back our yields.
But the rain always comes to wash away our fears.
It'll be the greenest summer we've seen in years.

*Cathy sings this as it was sung by Robin and Linda, which Greg tells us he really likes, but what he actually wrote is: "The plow broke the prairie, and the prairie gave plenty." (CP)

13. NAPOLEON CROSSING THE RHINE (trad.)

Dave: guitar; Cathy: hammered dulcimer; Ed: hammered dulcimer

I learned this tune playing with the Little Dixie Hoss Hair Pullers who probably got it from the Fuzzy Mountain String Band, but it is played by a lot of people in Missouri and Arkansas. Other titles have Bonaparte crossing the Alps and the Rocky Mountains. Of other titles, "Caledonia March" suggests a Scottish origin, while "Sherman's March" suggests something else. (DP)

14. DARK ISLAND (trad. Hebridean)

Caroline: lead vocal; Sandy: guitar, vocal; Ed: guitar, vocal; Harry: bass, vocal; David: concertina; Additional chorus vocals: Cathy, Dave

For me, "Dark Island," like "South Wind" and "Star of the County Down," is a melody so beautiful that it simply must have words so that it can be

sung. I am told that the tune has an older Gaelic text. Ann Mayo Muir heard it sung by the Captain of the ship as she was sailing between islands in the Hebrides. I learned "Dark Island" from Joe Hickerson, our source for so many great songs over the years. It has also been recorded by the Canadian group Ryan's Fancy. (CP)

Isle of my childhood, I'm dreaming of thee
As the steamer leaves Oban and passes Tiree.
I'll capture the magic that lingers for me
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

Away to the westward I'm longing to be,
Where the beauties of heaven unfold by the sea,
And the sweet purple heather blows fragrant and free
On a hillside, high above the Dark Island.

True gem of the Hebrides, bathed in the light
Of the midsummer's dawning that follows the night.
How I long for the cry of the seagulls in flight
As they circle high above the Dark Island.

How gentle the sea breeze that ripples the bay.
Where the streams meet the ocean, young children play.
On the strand of pure silver I'll wander each day,
When I'm back once more upon the Dark Island.

15. GOLDEN YEARS (Lee Ruth) *Happy Hollow Songs*, 1988.

Dave: guitar, lead vocal; Ed: piano, vocal; Additional chorus vocals:
Cathy, Caroline, Sandy, Harry

Lee Ruth has been playing and teaching music in central Missouri for many years, and several players owe some of their first guitar and banjo chords to him, Cathy and I among them. Lee plays guitar with wonderful invention and versatility and sings with a warm, honest voice. His album, *Happy Hollow Songs* (available from Lee at Happy Hollow Farm, Route 1, Box 228A, Jamestown, MO 65046), is full of the loving care and artistry for which his friends know him.

Lee wrote this song for his parents' 50th anniversary in 1988. I rewrote some of the lyrics for my parents' anniversary, but I sing Lee's words here. If you should want to rewrite them for someone you know, I'm sure Lee would think that was great. (DP)

They were married on Thanksgiving Day in 1938.
Though times were hard and war was near, their life together
would not wait.
And it took them an even dozen years to fill the house with kids.
If they ever had regrets, they kept them hid.

Golden years, golden years,
After fifty years, they're still romancing, still go dancing,
Dance the night away.
Golden years, golden years,
What a blessing to be in love for fifty golden years.

Hard work and overtime, Mama worked as hard as Dad
To keep the house in order and the kids all clothed and fed.
And then one day they looked around, the kids were grown and gone.
It was their turn to do some moving on.

From Texas to Alaska, they heard the highway's call.
And it's northward in the springtime and southward in the fall.
And I'm always glad to see them every time they're passing through
On their way from someplace old to someplace new.

Well, I bet it's been ten thousand days I've enjoyed their company,
And it's strange to think that it's come down to one, or two
or three,
Or five, or ten, or twenty times I'll see them on this earth.
So, here's a song to thank them for my birth.

16. THE LAST WAGON (Bennett Foster/Slim Critchlow)

Ed: guitar, lead vocal; Cathy: banjo, vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal; Harry: bass

Bennett Foster, who died in 1969, wrote this poem, and Slim Critchlow gave it the tune. Slim included it on his Arhoolie record, *The Crooked Trail to Holbrook*, an album put together from tapes made by Barry Olivier of a number of programs Slim gave in the Berkeley, California, area during the late 1960s. Slim died just a few weeks before the album was released (and only one month after the author of the poem). I'm indebted to Katie Lee's Katydid publication, *Ten Thousand Goddam Cattle*, for most of this information. Let me give you a quote from the book: *Slim was, until settling in California, an outdoor man; a cowboy in Idaho, a deputy sheriff in Salt Lake County, a park ranger in*

Bryce and Zion National Parks, and finally corraled indoors, a radio singer. (You can order this book, as well as Katie Lee's recordings, from her at P.O. Box 395, Jerome, AZ 86331.) Slim himself had this to say about the song: "To the old time cowboy the coming of the wire fences was the signal that the old days and the old ways had gone for good." Ed tells us he learned the song from Larry Hanks out in Berkeley, "a long time ago." (SP)

One day, when the barbed wire flings its band
Like a fisherman's net 'round the last rangeland,
The last round-up wagon will roll its way
To the last bedground, at the end of the day.
Lord, don't let me live to see.

The last remuda will jingle in
To the last corral, while the nightbirds sing.
The last cooking fire will flicker bright
By the dwarf mesquite on that round-up night.
Lord, where will that bedground be?

And then, in the morning, from tarp and tent,
The round-up crew, on their work intent,
Will answer the call of the wagon boss.
On the dew-wet range their circles cross.
Lord, where will those circles end?

The drive will come from flat and hill
And the cattle bawl while the irons grow chill,
And silent men watch the last herd go,
While, notched in the hills, the sun sinks low.
Lord, how will you make amends?

The last round-up crew, the last wagon boss.
How will you measure the thing that is lost?
What will live on the grass-grown range?
All will be lost; what will be gained?
Lord, how will you comfort me?

17. **LAST TRAIN TO GLORY** (Arlo Guthrie, ASCAP)

Howard Beach Music, ASCAP, 1973.

Harry: guitar, lead vocal; Ed: guitar, piano, vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal;
Additional chorus vocals: Cathy, Caroline, Sandy

Arlo Guthrie wrote this in 1973, and I've enjoyed singing it almost ever since. (It's hard to resist a line like "you'll know you're reasonably there.") I have taken the liberty of using the first verse as a chorus. Many of you will appreciate the reference to "Man of Constant Sorrow," but, if you don't, I urge you to look up a version of that fine traditional song. (HT)

I want to hop on the last train in the station;
Won't need to get myself prepared.
When you're on the last train to glory, people,
You'll know you're reasonably there.

Maybe you ain't walked on any highways.
You've just been flying in the air.
But, if you're on the last train to glory, people,
You'll know you must have paid your fare.

Maybe you've been lying down in the jailhouse;
Maybe you're hungry and poor.
Maybe your ticket on the last train to glory
Is the stranger who is sleeping on your floor.

Now, I ain't a man of constant sorrow,
And I ain't seen trouble all day long.
We are only passengers on the last train to glory
That will soon be long, long gone.

18. ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE (Ken Hicks, BMI)

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., BMI, 1987

Sandy: guitar, lead vocal; Dave: guitar, vocal; Cathy: banjo, vocal;
Additional chorus vocals: Caroline, Ed, Harry

Ken Hicks, the "round mound of sound" from Virginia Beach, VA, is known for his humorous songs delivered amid monologues that leave one's laugh-muscles aching. But, occasionally, one catches a glimpse of the sensitive and caring person that lives within the clown. This song, a simple "thank you" written for his friends and his wife, could be a theme song for all of those who enjoy sharing good songs and good times with good people – in other words: for all the "Golden Rings" that gather to make music in kitchens and living rooms everywhere. Many singers have added verses to this song, including Joan Sprung, Bob Zentz, and Ken himself. In fact, Ken says, "It's not unusual for someone to change verses or add new ones to thank their own 'good people,' so if this is, one day, the longest song ever written, I'll be pleased as punch." (SP)

This is a song for all the good people,
All the good people who've touched up my life.
This is a song for all the good people,
People I'm thanking my stars for tonight.

This is a song for all the good people
Who knew what I needed was something they had:
Food on the table, a heart that was able,
Able to keep me just this side of sad.

And this is a song for all the good fellows
Who shared up my times, the good and the bad.
We sang in the kitchen, held no competition,
Each knowing the other was a good friend to have.

And this is a song I sing for my lady,
I sing for the lady who puts up with me,
My ramblin', my roamin', my late-night come-homin';
She is the sunshine that shines down on me.

FOR ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE A Golden Ring Reunion

In 1964, the essential spirit of what was then called the folksong revival was captured on a Folk-Legacy recording of "a gathering of friends for making music" — the original Golden Ring. For many of us, that spirit continues: an informal, non-competitive, affectionate sharing of music with others who hold similar musical values.

An even larger Golden Ring came together during the halcyon years of the Fox Hollow festival to record two more albums for Folk-Legacy titled "Five Days Singing—the New Golden Ring."

And now, in 1992, the concept of the Golden Ring is renewed with Ed Trickett, Harry Tuft, Cathy Barton, Dave Para, Caroline Paton, Sandy Paton and David Paton. The songs are both traditional and contemporary, the approach is thoughtful, the performances are deliberately without pretension or the obvious devices of commercial intent. The focal point here is the music, the songs. And thus, we hope, the spirit lives on.

This recording is dedicated to our friends George and Gerry Armstrong in whose Wilmette, Illinois, home the original Golden Ring first gathered and whose profound love and great respect for traditional music has long inspired us all.

*Sandy Paton
January, 1992*



Harry • Sandy • Ed • Dave
Caroline • Cathy

FOR ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE

A Golden Ring Reunion

1. SINGER'S REQUEST (Nic Jones/anon.)	3:08	CATHY BARTON: banjo, autoharp, hammered dulcimer, vocals
2. GRANDMA'S SONG/THE REINDEER SONG (Gail Davies, BMI; trad.)	5:55	DAVE PARA: guitar, vocals
3. SPRINGTIME BRINGS ON THE SHEARING (trad.)	3:47	CAROLINE PATON: mountain dulcimer, vocals
4. RICHMOND/LAST LETTER HOME (trad.;McDade/ Brown, ASCAP)	4:13	DAVID PATON: hammered dulcimer, concertina
5. DAMNED OLD PINEY MOUNTAINS (Craig Johnson, BMI)	3:41	SANDY PATON: guitar, vocals
6. GOODBYE TO THE LOWLANDS (Craig Johnson, BMI)	3:49	ED TRICKETT: guitar, hammered dulcimer, piano, vocals
7. DEVIL IN THE GARDEN (Bob Coltman, BMI)	4:02	HARRY TUFT: guitar, bass, vocals
8. STONEY'S WALTZ (Ernest "Pop" Stoneman)	2:02	
9. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG, MAGGIE (p.d.)	5:18	Recorded by Sandy Paton and David Paton.
10. WEAVER'S REVERIE (Bob Coltman, BMI)	5:10	Mixed by Sandy Paton and Ed Trickett.
11. LITTLE CREEK (trad.)	2:37	Mastered by Bob Katz, Digital Domain, NYC.
12. EARLY (Greg Brown, ASCAP)	3:57	Notes by the various participants.
15. NAPOLEON CROSSING THE RHINE (trad.)	3:47	Cover photograph by Sandy Paton.
14. DARK ISLAND (trad. Hebridean)	4:47	Back cover photograph by Dina Birman.
15. GOLDEN YEARS (Lee Ruth)	5:13	Graphics by Walter Schwarz, Graphics Unlimited, Sharon, CT.
16. THE LAST WAGON (Foster/Critchlow)	3:04	
17. LAST TRAIN TO GLORY (Arlo Guthrie, ASCAP)	4:23	
18. ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE (Ken Hicks, BMI)	3:09	
Total time:		72:02

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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.



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CD-121

FOR ALL THE GOOD PEOPLE: A GOLDEN RING REUNION

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