

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2367 STEREO

KEVIN ROTH
SINGS & PLAYS
DULCIMER



FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2367

STEREO

SIDE 1

1. There Is a Ship (3:32)
(Trad. / Bass arrangement: Doug Bohrer)
2. Bold Pirate (2:40)
(Words: Bobbie Wayne, Music: Kevin Roth)
3. The L & N Don't Stop Here Anymore (4:25)
(Jean Ritchie)
4. In the Good Old Colony Days (3:05)
(Trad.)
5. Flowers of the Field (3:30)
(Instrumental/By Kevin Roth;
Guitar arrangement: David Reed)
6. June Apple (1:15)
(Trad. Instrumental)

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SIDE 2

1. One Morning in May (2:40)
(Trad.)
2. Leather Winged Bat (3:00)
(Trad.)
3. Black Jack Davey (2:17)
(Trad.)
4. Soldiers Joy (2:07)
(Trad. Instrumental)
5. Rosemary Lane (4:00)
(Trad.)
6. Green Sleeves (3:15)
(Trad. Instrumental)

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Library of Congress Catalogue Card No. 74-750940

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A. 10023

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

KEVIN ROTH SINGS & PLAYS DULCIMER

Kevin Roth—Dulcimer

David Reed—Guitar

Dave Cain, Doug Bohrer—Bass

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FA 2367

KEVIN ROTH

Sings and Plays

DULCIMER

INTRODUCTION

SIDE ONE

| | TIME: |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| 1. THERE IS A SHIP | 3:32 |
| 2. BOLD PIRATE | 2:40 |
| 3. THE L&N DON'T STOP HERE ANYMORE | 4:25 |
| 4. IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS | 3:05 |
| 5. FLOWERS OF THE FIELD | 3:30 |
| 6. JUNE APPLE | 1:15 |

TOTAL TIME: 18:49

SIDE TWO

| | TIME: |
|-----------------------|-------|
| 1. ONE MORNING IN MAY | 2:40 |
| 2. LEATHER WINGED BAT | 3:00 |
| 3. BLACK JACK DAVEY | 2:17 |
| 4. SOLDIERS JOY | 2:07 |
| 5. ROSEMARY LANE | 4:00 |
| 6. GREENSLEEVES | 3:15 |

TOTAL TIME 17:31

There are numerous dulcimer albums available on the market today by folk enthusiasts like Jean Ritchie, Jean and Lee Schilling, Paul Clayton, the Simmons Family, and Howie Mitchell. In each of these records, the dulcimer is typified as an instrument native to old time and traditional folk songs. These limitations have probably hindered the acceptance of the dulcimer in today's music field.

This album by Kevin Roth, a young dulcimer player from Kennett Square, Pa., is one of the first to show the fullness to which a dulcimer can be used. The selection of folk songs in the LP includes a cross-section of authentic American music. From fast and brisk tunes normally associated with the fiddle as exemplified by Soldiers Joy and June Apple, the listener is entertained with folk ballads like In The Good Old Colony Day, One Morning In May, Black Jack Davey, and Rosemary Lane all of which are presented by a skillful dulcimer player. Although still traditional in nature, the more recent tunes Leatherwinged Bat and There Is A Ship complete the collection of folk songs on the record.

The diverse origins of folk songs is also evident in the selection of tunes Kevin has chosen for this album. Some of the songs like In The Good Old Colony Days, Black Davey, One Morning In May have evolved from groundwork laid in the British Isles during the Elizabethan Period while others like June Apple, Leatherwinged Bat, and There Is A Ship are of a more recent vintage.

In its fullness, this album is a landmark. No more is the dulcimer or the musician, himself placed in a category of a particular type of traditional music. Kevin has remarkably displayed the suitability of the dulcimer in all varieties of folk songs. While he is more of an interpreter than a traditionalist in the folk music field, he plucks the dulcimer in a remarkably distinct manner which some might say is almost classical in nature.

What everyone might say about the album and Kevin is that he is a talented artist and that, through his genius in performing each song, the dulcimer is an instrument of major importance in the folk music field today.

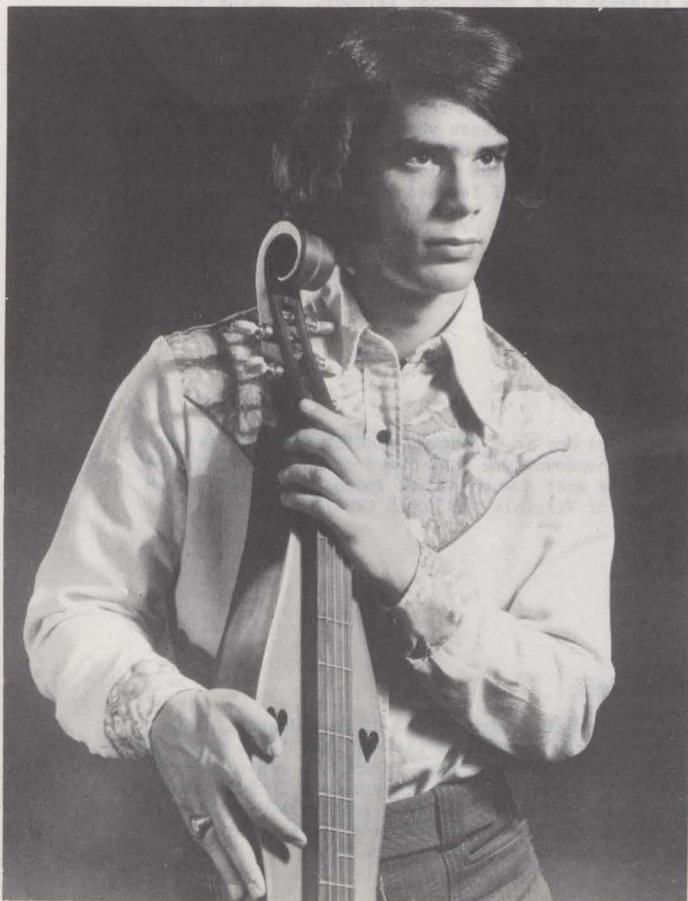
David Pate - 1974

LEATHERWINGED BAT AND THERE IS A SHIP

Leatherwinged Bat And There Is A Ship are traditional folk songs which were collected, adapted, and arranged by John and Alan Lomax which have been recently recorded, with further modification by contemporary folk singers Peter, Paul and Mary and Pete Seeger. While authentic in nature, these two songs are more closely associated with contemporary folk music. Both are love songs, LEATHERWINGED BAT expressing grief over lost love and THERE IS A SHIP expressing the depth of a man's love for his woman.

BOLD PIRATE

Words by: Bobbie Wayne
Music by: Kevin Roth



The closing of the coal mines affected not only Jean and her family, but everyone else that lived around Viper Kentucky.

The first symptom was when the small train branch line called a "spur" that ran from McRoberts to Lexington, Kentucky stopped running. It was easier to travel by train than by foot, or horse, so you see many people depended on the train.

The train, which changed to Louisiana, and Nashville was called the "L&N Railroad." It wasn't until much later did Jean learn that the reason the train line stopped running was because of the coal mines closing down.

I first heard this song sung by Jean Ritchie at a folk festival and it has become a favorite of mine ever since.

IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS

In The Good Old Colony Days is a folk song which is widely known in both England and America. It has been found in states such as Maine, Virginia, North Carolina, and Ohio. From a more traditional standpoint, it is titled The Three Rogues or In The Good Old Colony Times. The song tells the story of a dishonest miller, a weaver and a tailor who stole corn, yarn and broadcloth to keep themselves warm, each of whom later died as a result of his treachery.

I learned this song from an English teacher in high school, Ellen Boling.

FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Originally I wrote this song for two dulcimers to play as a dulcimer duet. One would play the melody, and the other the chords. It is of course possible to play with one dulcimer, but it would not have the same beauty as if played with two.

One day last fall, I played this song for David Reed, and asked him if he could figure out a guitar part to go with the dulcimer. After a few times of playing it together the song was complete.

Many people ask me where I found such a rare and beautiful piece of music. I often kid folk singers, and performers, and tell them that I don't know where I found it, I just heard it and liked it.

This simple song is dedicated to those of you who are still in search of its origin.

copyright - 1974
by Kevin Roth

JUNE APPLE

June Apple is another of the old and native American fiddle songs. While having a distinctive sound and being traditional in nature, it has received limited exposure, its popularity centering in the southwestern Virginia area around Galax. There is much belief that the song originated in this region.

ONE MORNING IN MAY

This is more commonly known as The Nightingale. Some mountain folk have also sung it as The Soldier And The Lady. It is found primarily in the southern Appalachian regions and is believed to date from the seventeenth century in England. Through its verses, a young and beautiful woman colonist woos a handsome soldier to go to the spring where the waters are gliding and hear the nightingales sing. He consents, plays her a song on his fiddle, but when she asks if he'll marry her, he replies he has a wife and three children across the sea but that he'll return again. This story of love that cannot be is familiar to many folk songs.

Of interest, is that the soldier becomes a cowboy on his way to Mexico in another version of One Morning In May which is included in the collection of texts of the Unfortunate Rake.

This song is quite traditional and is rarely heard today except by a few artists with their foundations in truly old-time music. When it is played it is accompanied by a basic stringed accompaniment of usually guitar or banjo.

LEATHERWINGED BAT

See first booklet of History.

Leatherwinged Bat is on the same page as There Is A Ship

BLACK JACK DAVEY

Black Jack Davey is another song of the British origin which is still sung by folk singers today. It is derived from Child Ballad #200 The Gypsy Laddie. It has been found by researchers in the southern Appalachians as well as the middle western states like Ohio and Indiana. Some persons have likened the character Davey to a traveling salesman or a "modern-day swinger." To the Scots, with whom the song originated, Black Jack Davey was a lover identified as Johnny Faa and his song was called Gypsy Laddie. Woody Guthrie took the song and updated it to Gypsy Davey which tells about a wild westerner dressed in buckskin. In the other versions, it depicts the affair of a gentleman who charms the heart of a lady, convinces her to leave her house and home and to ride with him "to lay on the cold, cold ground in the arms of Black Jack Davey." I learned this version from Ola Belle Reed.

SOLDIERS JOY

Soldiers Joy is a popular fiddle song. It is an old fashioned hoedown type tune based on an old Irish reel. The song is most common to and found in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia and North Carolina

ROSEMARY LANE

I learned this version off of Bert Jansch's album. It is a strange version in the way that there are three people talking in one song. It somehow reminds me of Pretty Polly, but the closest reference I could find was that it is somehow related to a song Raspberry Lane. Both songs have the same idea, and the same line, "he went for a candle to light him to bed."



GREENSLEEVES

"No folk song in the world is as indestructable as this one, and none has been subjected to more indignities. It has been played on electric guitars and sung by female quartets. It has been used as a jungle and twisted by vulgar parodies, but it still holds and haunts."

The earliest written reference to it was in 1580. A reading of the lyrics will show that it is not a sweet innocent love song, but a plea from the 16th century sugar daddy to his bored mistress."



THERE IS A SHIP (traditional)

There is a ship, and she sails the sea.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not as deep, as the love I'm in,
I know not if, I sink or swim.

I leaned my back against an oak.
Thinking it was, a trusty tree.
But first it bent, and then it broke.
Just as my love, proved false to me.

Oh love is gentle, and love is kind.
The sweetest flower, when first in bloom.
But love grows old, and waxes cold,
And fades away, like the morning dew.

There is a ship, and she sails the sea.
She's loaded deep, as deep can be.
But not as deep, as the love I'm in.
I know not if I sink or swim.

BOLD PIRATE

Oh, I'm a bold pirate who sails the ocean
For love and adventure, I'm sure to find.
It's many a lady whom I have courted,
And equally many I've left behind.

Chorus:

(Sing too-ra-lee-co-ra-lee-air-ee
too-ra-lee-co-ra-lee-aye,
an-too-ra-lee-co-ra-lee-air-ee,
too-ra-lee-co-ra-lee-aye.)

My vessel's as sleek as a seal in water
As trim as a dolphin from fore to aft.
There isn't a navy upon the sea,
With a bonnier ship, or a swifter craft.

Chorus:

My crewmen are outlaws whom I have rescued
From gallows, and dungeons along the way
They're stout sailing men who can fight with vengeance,
For all that they plunder becomes their pay.



Chorus:

A rich merchant vessel's a sailing towards us,
Sits low in the water with Spanish gold
We lower our guns, and within the hour,
She lees from a cannon ball through her hold.

Chorus:

It's up on her deck where the gold's unloaded,
Each laddie among us may claim his share
Along with the silks and doubloons and spices
I found a fair lady in jewels so rare.

Chorus:

Oh, hear the men sing as they clink their glasses
The sails are unfurled, and there's land in sight
Our future's uncertain but I don't mind,
With the young Spanish girl in my arms tonight.

Chorus:

First verse again.

THE L&N DON'T STOP HERE ANYMORE

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

Chorus:

For I was born, and raised at the mouth of the
Hazard Holler.

Cool cars roarin' and a rumblin' past my door.
But now they're standing rusty, rolling empty.
And the L&N don't stop here anymore.

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

Chorus:

Last night I dreamt I went down to the office,
To get my pay day like I done before.
But them old vines had covered up the doorway
And there were trees and grass,
Well, a growin' right through the floor.

Chorus:

I never thought I'd live to love the coal dust.
I never thought I'd pray to hear the tippie roar
But, Lord, how I wish that grass would change to money,
Them greenbacks fill my pockets once more.

Chorus:

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FLOWERS OF THE FIELD

Instrumental

JUNE APPLE
(traditional)

Instrumental

ONE MORNING IN MAY
(traditional)

One morning, one morning, one morning in May.
I met a young couple, they were making their way.
One was a lady, so sweet and so fair,
And the other was a soldier, and a brave volunteer.

Well good morning, good morning, good morning said he.
And where are you going, my pretty lady?
I'm a going out a walking, by the banks of the sea.
Just to see the waters gliding, and hear the night-
ingale sing.

Well they had not been standing, but a minute or two.
Till out of his knapsack a fiddle he drew.
And the tune that he played, made the valleys all ring.
Oh, hush, cried the maiden; hear the nightingale sing.

Oh, lady, oh, lady, 'tis time to give oer.
Oh, no, kind soldier, please play one tune more.
I'd rather hear you fiddlin' at the touch of one string
Than to see the waters gliding, and hear the night-
ingale sing.

Well I'm going back to London, gonna stay there for a
year.

It's often that I'll think of you, my little dear.
And if ever I return, it will be in the spring.
Just to see the water gliding, and hear the night-
ingale sing.

Just to see the water gliding, and hear the night-
ingale sing.

LEATHERWINGED BAT
(traditional)

Hi, said the little leather winged bat.
I'll tell to you, the reason that.
The reason that I fly by night,
Is because I've lost my heart's delight.

Chorus:

How-di-dow-dee-did-dle-um-day
How-di-dow-dee-did-dle-um-day
How-di-dow-dee-did-dle-um-day

Hi, said the woodpecker sittin' on the fence.
Once I loved a handsome wench.
But she got saucy and from me fled.
And ever since then, my head's been red.

Chorus:

Hi, said the little turtle dove,
I'll tell you how to win her love.
Court her night, and court her day.
And never give her chance to say, oh, nay.

Chorus:

IN THE GOOD OLD COLONY DAYS
(traditional)

In the good old colony days,
When we lived under the king.
Lived a miller and a weaver, and a little tailor,
Three jolly rogues of Lynne.
Three jolly rogues of Lynne.
Three jolly rogues of Lynne,
Lived a miller, and a weaver, and a little tailor,
Three jolly rogues of Lynne.

Now the miller he stole corn.
And the weaver he stole yarn,
And the little tailor, he stole broadcloth, for to keep
the three rogues warm.
For to keep the three rogues warm.
For to keep the three rogues warm.
And the little tailor, he stole broadcloth, for to keep
the three rogues warm.

Now the miller he drowned in his dam.
And the weaver hung in his yarn.
And the devil laid his paws on the little tailor, with
the broadcloth under his arm.
With the broadcloth under his arm.
With the broadcloth under his arm.
And the devil laid his paws on the little tailor, with
the broadcloth under his arm.

Now the miller still swims in his dam.
And the weaver still hangs in his yarn.
And the little tailor goes skipping through hell, with
the broadcloth under his arm.
With the broadcloth under his arm.
With the broadcloth under his arm.
And the little tailor goes skipping through hell, with
the broadcloth under his arm.

Hoot, said the owl with his head so white.
A lonesome day, and a lonesome night.
Thought I heard a pretty girl say.
She'd court all night, and she'd sleep next day.

Chorus:

Sing first verse.

Chorus:



BLACK JACK DAVEY (traditional)

Black Jack Davey came riding through
The woods singing loud and merrily.
He made the greenwood around him ring,
And he charmed the heart of a lady.
Yes, he charmed the heart of a lady.

Would you leave your house and land,
Your husband and your baby?
Would you leave everything you got,
And ride with the Black Jack Davey,
Will you go with the Black Jack Davey?

Yes, I will leave my house and land,
My husband and my baby.
I will leave everything I've got.
And ride with the Black Jack Davey,
Yes, I'll go with the Black Jack Davey.

Would you forsake your house and land,
Your husband and your baby?
Would you forsake everything you've got
And ride with the Black Jack Davey,
Would you go with the Black Jack Davey?

Last night I slept on a warm featherbed,
With my husband and my baby.
Tonight I sleep on the cold, cold ground,
In the arms of the Black Jack Davey,
In the arms of the Black Jack Davey.

SOLDIERS JOY (traditional)

Instrumental

ROSEMARY LANE (traditional)

When I was in the service in the Rosemary Lane,
I won the goodwill of my master, on the day.
Till a sailor came there, one night to lay
And that was the beginning of my misery.

He went for a candle to light him to bed.
And likewise a silk handkerchief to tie up his head.
To tie up his head, as sailors will do,
And he said, "My pretty Polly, will you come too?"

Now this maid being young and foolish, she thought
it no harm
For to lie him to bed, for to keep herself warm.
And what was done there, I will never disclose,
But I wish that short night had been seven long year.

Next morning this sailor so early arose
And into my apron three guineas did throw.
Saying, "This I will give, and more I will do,
If you will be my Polly wherever I go."

Now if it's a boy, he will fight for the king,
And if it's a girl she will wear a gold ring.
She will wear a gold ring, and a dress all aflame,
And remember my service in the Rosemary Lane.

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GREENSLEEVES (traditional)

Instrumental



About Kevin Roth - December 18, 1974

I have known Kevin Roth for over one year and I have come to know him as a performer and also as a person. I have played concerts - radio - hospitals also T.V. programs with him. He is a masterful performer to be such a young man. It is great for him to be interested in the heritage of his people or I might say all people. There are many that don't understand the route he has taken. This route is definitely an educational field--music--history--philosophy--public relations and I think if he continues at the rate he is going he will will definitely succeed. He has the voice and musical ability to do so--I think--on the inside he also has the ability to understand what he is representing and what the purpose is. However, he is still in the process of learning this particular aspect of the true folk revival. I like the way he has progressed in the past year in this field. His concerts and lectures also workshops, have been rendered to colleges, radio and T.V. and many other organizations. He has gained much ground on his own two feet.

On this album, (in my opinion) he is gaining together what I would call classic folk traditional, almost chamber music in his own contemporary fashion. I want you, the listener, to listen very carefully and I think you'll get the message. He is far advanced in music for a young man of his age and also a fine singer. He has learned much in the history and background of the dulcimer. One of his greater arts is writing. I sincerely wish him great success and hope he will continue to study and learn from people who have lived in this field. The history, life style, and philosophy of these people go hand in hand with their music.

He also collects instruments and information about them. I wish him success with this album and may God guide him in his endeavors with music and people.

Ola Belle Reed

Bobbie Wayne

To make a long fairy tale short, I met Bobbie (who, incidentally is a woman) at the Philadelphia Folk Festival in 1974. Bobbie came up to me after a dulcimer workshop, and asked whether I'd be so kind as to give her dulcimer lessons.

A week or two later, I began teaching her dulcimer and from then on it seems like a fairy tale. I often kid Bobbie about her being an elf. I honestly feel that she is one of a kind.

Bobbie moved to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania a year ago and lived a secluded existence until our meeting at the folk festival. I couldn't understand why, or what she was doing up in an apartment all by herself, growing sky gardens, talking with the birds and writing such extraordinary things as a "Starving Artists' Cookbook, not to mention making apple dolls and crocheting scarves (incidentally, she crocheted a unique scarf for me with two dulcimers on it, probably the only one of its kind in the world).

Bobbie intrigued me to the point of my asking her if she would mind if I studied her life style as an artist. She humbly accepted my offer and within the next few months we became close friends. I've come to realize that she is one of the kindest people I know.

Bobbie wrote the words to "Bold Pirate" and did the drawings for this album. Besides being somewhat of an 'elfin' lady with long honey colored hair and big blue eyes she has ability as a music therapist supervisor. She is now back in college as a graduate student at Maryland Institute of Art. As if all of these talents were not enough, Bobbie is also a gourmet cook besides.

Most of all I personally am grateful for the moral support which she has given me through these last four months.

David Reed (commonly known as "Fox")

A character in his own right and following in the footsteps of his mother and father, Ola Belle and "Bud" Reed, David is a giving and warm hearted person and a whole lot of fun anytime of the hour. David has appeared on his mother's album, "Ola Belle Reed" on Rounder Records and has performed with established as well as non-established artists and continues to spread his name as a talented musician across this country.

The arrangements which you hear on the guitar are David's own. Take special notice of his arrangement for guitar on "Flowers of the Field".

A truly remarkable musician, David can, and most likely will, play any instrument he gets into his hands.

Dave Cain

I performed with David last year in a concert at a local museum and once again I have the pleasure of performing with him on this album.

Dave Cain is one of the most patient musicians I've worked with and I am indebted to him for all of the work he has done on this record.

A local musician from Unionville, Pennsylvania, Dave and his laughter and patience added much to this record.

Doug Bohrer

I can't think of any bass arrangement for "There Is A Ship" that I'd rather record, nor can I think of any other musician with whom I'd rather record my first album.

I have a great amount of respect for Doug Bohrer, not only because of his musical abilities, but because of the warm feelings which he displays as a human being. It is rare indeed to find a bassist who can add to such a beautiful and personal song as "There Is A Ship".

A bass major at West Chester State College, Doug continues to play and perform. You will probably be hearing more from him in future recordings.

DAVID FIELD Five String

SUNHEARTH Three Strings

Introduction, and histories supplied in part by Jason D. Pate, and the Northern Maryland Council Of Folk Arts, Havre De Grace, Maryland.

Special thanks to Pat Darling, Patty Mellinger, Jack Roth, David Pate, Bob Cohen, and Ola Belle Reed, for all their help in making this album complete.

This album is dedicated to Anne, who was the first person I ever saw play the dulcimer. A wonderful person, and a fine musician, I hope this album brings you, all the happiness in the world.

This album was recorded at B.C. Recording Studios, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 1974.

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