

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31065 STEREO

RED ALLEN & The Kentuckians

LIVE & LET LIVE



COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

M
1630.18
A428
L785
1979

MUSIC LP

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SIDE 1

Band 1 Doing My Time 5:43
Band 2 It's Only the Wind 2:58
Band 3 Are You Teasing Me 2:30
Band 4 Angle Band 4:09
Band 5 Troubles Around My Door 1:48
Band 6 Billie in the Lowground 2:50
(Instrumental)

SIDE 2

Band 1 Live and Let Live
Band 2 B.J. and D.J. 3:46
Band 3 I'm Confessing 2:57
Band 4 Christian Life 2:51
Band 5 Home Sweet Home 2:59
(Instrumental)
Band 6 O Don't Love Nobody 2:50

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DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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RED ALLEN & THE KENTUCKIANS

Red Allen started trying to get out of his native Pigeon Roost Hollow in the hills of East Kentucky around Hazard when he was 14. "We was raised so hard back in that country that I knew I was going to leave as soon as I could," he told an interviewer in recent years.

But the Marines sent him back, when they found he had exaggerated his age to enlist. The railroad sent him back, when he proved too young for the work he had signed on to do. And a year working in an Indianapolis cannon factory, which at the time sent buses into the hills to bring out workers, ended in his return, too.

At 17, he started a two-year stint in the Marines, legitimate this time. He kicked around Hazard for a few months afterwards and did a short stay on a local radio jamboree, but as Red puts it, "They thought I was good enough to put on the radio but not good enough to pay much."

So, late in 1948, Red Allen climbed on an Ohio-bound Greyhound and left the hills for good.

But the hills have never left Red Allen, and because they have not, more of the authentic pitch and timbre of traditional mountain singing remain in his voice than remain

in the voices of many of the other major bluegrass singers. As stubborn as Red Allen was about leaving Pigeon Roost Hollow once he made up his mind, he is just as stubborn about how the music he took with him ought to be sung and played.

The result is strong, committed bluegrass - not, understand, a style bogged down in itself but rather, on the verge of the 1980s, one that has escaped the fads that have passed through the idiom and instead has grown logically.

Red Allen is as close as you are likely to find to a one-man history of bluegrass. Born in the hills Feb. 12, 1930, he started picking up music early from relations and neighbors. He heard his first records on a wind-up phonograph, hiked into Hazard as a boy to hear Charlie Monroe and was among the first to bring bluegrass music north to the small radio stations and bars that were beginning to serve an audience of Appalachian migrants in the industrial cities. Red himself worked on the line at Frigidaire in Dayton when he was playing bars and radio shows in that area in the early '50s.

It was in Dayton that Red discovered mandolin-picker Frank Wakefield, one of the geniuses of bluegrass. They recorded a 1964 Folkways album whose musical innovations made it a classic

in the field. By then Red already had worked with the Osborne brothers, Sonny and Bobby, developing new harmonies that revolutionized bluegrass trio singing. Red since has toured through the United States and in Canada and lived in Washington, D.C., and Nashville. A recording career spread over a half-dozen or more labels has resulted in one of the richest individual discographies in bluegrass, including in addition to the work with Wakefield and the Osbornes, albums with an excellent band Red put together featuring Porter Church on banjo and an album with virtuoso banjo-picker J. D. Crowe.

Since 1970 Red has lived in Dayton. It has been a time of trial and growth for him, as man and as artist. He has tutored his sons into a fine bluegrass band, the Allen Brothers, who record and tour on their own as well as with their father. Their modernist impulses have involved Red with the leading edge of "newgrass" in ways few of his generation have experienced. But in the course, Red lost one of his sons, Neal - songwriter, singer - to sudden illness and young death in 1974. Red himself has undergone heart surgery. Even so, there have been recordings, frequent appearances on the Wheeling Jamboree - something of a performance home for him, off and on, since the 1950s - and shows at major festivals.

The end of the decade finds Red Allen singing as strongly as ever. To a degree matched by few, he continues to shape his concept of each song carefully, crafting harmonic

details and smoothing the contours of the phrasing to his own style and sensibility. It is a rare Red Allen performance that does not reveal something new about the content or musical potential even of songs you would have thought were worn to tatters from so much passing around.

Take, for example, "Doin' My Time" on this album. With his daring vocal plunges and the double-time banjo back-up by his son Greg, Red makes the familiar piece new again. Red: "I've been doing this song ever since Flatt and Scruggs recorded it, but they didn't record it like this. Anything I do, I'll do different from anybody else." In the band here are Danny Milhoun, dobro, Dorsey Harvey Sr., mandolin, and Red Hartley, bass.

Odds and ends about the other songs:

"It's Only the Wind" features tight trio singing by Red, Greg and Jerry Butler, who sings the high part. This is a song Red has sung for years but has not previously recorded. The mandolin is Butler.

"Angel Band" gets a richly soulful reading, with Greg singing both baritone and (overdubbed) bass. The lead guitar is Greg; the rhythm guitar is Red's.

"Are You Teasing Me?" was a Carl Smith country hit Red has made his own. Buddy Griffin is on fiddle, Greg on banjo, Butler on mandolin, Ron Mesing on dobro.

"Trouble 'Round My Door" is a song Red wrote. He recorded it on Starday in 1962 (with Don Reno, Frank Wakefield,

Chubby Wise, Junior Huskey!). It is still often requested at Red's appearances even though the original recording has long been hard to find. The mandolin is Butler; dobro, Mesing.

"Billy in the Low Ground" is a vigorous, exciting parade of instrumental solos, with another Allen son, Harley, on lead guitar; Dorsey Harvey Jr., mandolin; Greg, banjo; Griffin, fiddle; Mesing dobro and, as throughout, Hartley on bass.

Red: "I like to hear a guitar played like this - fast, not like that simple, one-note stuff. Three-finger I love or a fast flat pick like Harley here."

"Live and Let Live." Red: "Nobody else has done it like this that I know of." Red adds a fourth chord (F) to the usual three to enrich the sound, and the creamy chorus with Butler features crossing baritone and lead harmonies by Red and Greg.

"BJ the DJ" is a country song from Stonewall Jackson.

Red: "I like the way it's laid back, the easiness of it. The story puts me in mind of a friend, worked up Culpepper, Virginia, - only about 40 when he died. I've stayed out so late with him I was the one who had to go home." Mesing on dobro; Greg on lead guitar.

"I'm Confessin'." Red's voice is so light on this it floats on the song like a bright moon on a dark night. Red dubbed his tenor on his own lead. Tommy Boyd is the dobro.

"Christian Life" is another strong, clear statement from the Louvin Brothers repertory. Red: "Ira Louvin was the

greatest tenor singer of all the tenors that have ever stood beside me - and all the great ones have stood with me at one time or another."

"Home Sweet Home," an instrumental in C, features Butler and Mesing both on mandolins, Griffin on fiddle. Red says, "Easy, pleasant."

"I Don't Love Nobody" was originally a fiddle tune. Jerry Butler sings solo and plays mandolin. Red: "Jerry had a first verse for this but not another, so I wrote him another in the studio in about five minutes." Mesing is the dobro.

Album notes by Tom Teepen

February, 1979

DOIN MY TIME

ON THIS OLD ROCK PILE, WITH A BALL AND CHAIN
THEY CALL ME BY A NUMBER NOT A NAME
GOTTA DO MY TIME, GOTTA DO MY TIME
WITH AN ACHEING HEART, AND A WORRIED MIND

WHEN THAT OLD JUDGE, LOOKS DOWN AND SMILES
SAID I'LL PUT YOU ON THAT GOOD ROAD FOR A WHILE
GOTTA DO MY TIME, GOTTA DO MY TIME
WITH AN ACHEING HEART AND A WORRIED MIND.

YOU CAN HEAR MY HAMMER, YOU CAN HEAR MY SONG
GONNA SWING IT LIKE JOHN HENRY ALL DAY LONG
GOTTA DO MY TIME, GOTTA DO MY TIME
WITH AN ACHEING HEART, AND A WORRIED MIND.

IT WON'T BE LONG, JUST A FEW MORE DAYS
TILL I SETTLE DOWN AND QUIT MY ROWDY WAYS
WITH THAT GAL OF MINE, WITH THAT GAL OF MINE
SHE'LL WAIT FOR ME, WHEN I'VE DONE MY TIME.

FASE OUT MUSIC-----TALK

YES I KNOW SHE'LL WAIT FOR ME, FIFTEEN YEARS AIN'T LONG.
I LOVE THAT WOMAN. SHE DON'T GOT NO SUGER DADDY.
MARRIED, OH NO! WELL YOU CAN'T WIN THEM ALL.
BOY HOW I HATED TO LOSE HER. SHE WAS UP TIGHT,
AND OUT OF SIGHT. LORD, LORD, SADDNESS HAS STRUCK ME.

ONLY THE WIND

SHE WOULD SIT BY HER WINDOW AND GAZE OUT
DOWN THE ROAD WHERE HER CHILDREN HAD GONE
ONE BY ONE THEY LEFT SEEKING THEIR FORTUNE
AND LEFT THEIR OLD MOTHER ALONE.

SOMETIMES LATE AT NIGHT SHE WOULD CALL ME
SIR DID I HEAR A KNOCK AT THE DOOR?
I WOULD SAY IT WAS ONLY THE WIND MAM
JUST AS I HAD TOLD HER BEFORE.

CHORUS

IT'S ONLY THE WIND
YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT AT THE DOOR
IT'S ONLY THE WIND
THE WIND RESTLESS WIND, NOTHING MORE.

SOMETIMES SHE WOULD TALK OF HER CHILDREN
OF HER SON AND HER DAUGHTER SO FAIR
SHE SAID THEY WERE MUCH LIKE THE WILD WIND
THEY SOMETIMES NEGLECTED TO CARE.

ONE NIGHT I HEARD SOMEBODY KNOCKING
BUT I SAW AS I WENT TO THE DOOR
SHE WAS THERE IN HER CHAIR BY THE WINDOW
HER EYES CLOSED IN REST FOREVERMORE.

REPEAT CHORUS

ARE YOU TEASING ME

WHEN WE'RE ALL ALONE DEAR AND I'M IN YOUR ARMS
ARE YOU TEASING ME?
WHEN YOU'RE TELLING ME HOW I THRILL TO YOUR CHARMS
ARE YOU TEASING ME?

CHORUS

ARE YOU UNTRUE WHEN I'M NOT WITH YOU?
WHEN WE'RE APART ARE YOU FREE?
TELL ME DARLING WHILE OUR LOVE IS STILL YOUNG
ARE YOU TEASING ME?

YOU SAY THAT MY KISS SENDS YOUR HEART IN A WHIRL
ARE YOU TEASING ME?
AND THAT YOU'LL BE MINE TILL THE END OF THE WORLD
ARE YOU TEASING ME?

CHORUS

YOU TELL ME MY LOVE MAKES YOUR LIFE COMPLETE
ARE YOU TEASING ME?
AND NEVER FROM MY ARMS WOULD YOU LONG TO BE
ARE YOU TEASING ME?

CHORUS

ANGEL BAND

MY LATEST SUN IS SINKING FAST
MY RACE IS NEARLY RUN
MY STRONGEST TRIALS NOW ARE PAST
MY TRIUMPH HAS JUST BEGUN.

CHORUS

OH COME, ANGEL BAND
COME AND AROUND ME STAND
BEAR ME AWAY ON YOUR SNOWY WINGS
TO MY IMMORTAL HOME
BEAR ME AWAY ON YOUR SNOWY WINGS
TO MY IMMORTAL HOME.

OH BEAR MY LONGING HEART TO HIM
WHO BLED AND DIED FOR ME
WHO'S BLOOD NOW CLEANSSES FROM ALL SIN
AND GIVES ME VICTORY.

CHORUS

I'VE ALMOST GAINED MY HEAVENLY HOME
MY SPIRIT LOUDLY SINGS
THE HOLY ONES, BEHOLD THEY COME
I HEAR THE NOISE OF WINGS

CHORUS

TROUBLES AROUND MY DOORS

MY TROUBLES SEEM TO NEVER END
IT SEEMS I LOSE I NEVER WIN
THE NIGHTS ARE LONG I WALK THE FLOOR
TROUBLES KEEP HANGING ROUND MY DOOR.

MY TROUBLES SEEM TO NEVER END
THEY GO ON FOREVERMORE
ALTHOUGH I'LL SMILE AND PRETEND
TROUBLES KEEP HANGING ROUND MY DOOR.

WHAT HAVE I DONE YOUR LOVE IS GONE
BUT STILL I'M TRYING TO HANG ON
YOU HONKEY TONK ALL OVER TOWN
TROUBLES HAVE REALLY GOT ME DOWN.

INSTRUMENTAL-----BILLY AND THE LOW GROUND

LIVE AND LET LIVE

THEY TELL ME THAT YOU'RE GOING AWAY
WHAT MAKES YOU WANT TO LEAVE
YOU GAVE ME YOUR LOVE, YOU GAVE YOUR VOWS
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE TO GRIEVE.

CHORUS

LIVE AND LET LIVE, DON'T BREAK MY HEART
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE TO CRY
I NEVER COULD LIVE IF WE SHOULD PART
TELL ME YOU DON'T MEAN GOOD-BY.

STAYED AWAKE LAST NIGHT AND WALKED THE FLOOR
WHY DO YOU TREAT ME SO
I NEVER COULD LIVE IF WE SHOULD PART
I DON'T WANT TO LIVE IF YOU GO.

CHORUS

YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S MAKING ME LOVE YOU SO
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S MAKING ME CRY
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S BREAKING MY HEART IF YOU GO
TELL ME YOU DON'T MEAN GOOD-BY.

CHORUS

B. J. THE D. J.

A STORY BOUT A PAL OF MINE, THAT WORKED DOWN NEAR THE GEORGIA LINE
A D. J. IN A LITTLE COUNTRY STATION
EVERYBODY LOVED HIM DEAR, HE PLAYED WHAT THEY LOVED TO HEAR
HE BUILT HIMSELF QUITE A REPUTATION.

AT RECORD HOPS HE'D STAY OUT LATE, AND HIS MOM WOULD ALWAYS WAIT
TO SEE THAT HE HAD MADE IT HOME ALIVE
SHE WARNED AGAINST HIS LOSS OF SLEEP AND DRIVING FAST IN THAT OLD JE
THAT HE HAD TO BE AT WORK BY FIVE.

B. J. THE D. J., LIVING MUCH TO FAST
IF YOU DON'T CHANGE YOUR WAY OF LIFE,
DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN LAST.

THEN ONE COLD AND FROSTY MOURN ON BAD TIRES BADLY WORN
STILL HE SCREECHED OFF WITH HIS FASTEST TIME
B. J. HAD A LOT OF NERVE, HE COMPLETELY MISSED THE CURVE
HE CHECKED OUT DOWN NEAR THE GEORGIA LINE.

HIS MOM SAT BY THE RADIO, THE VOICE SHE HEARD SHE DID NOT KNOW
B. J. 'D NEVER BEEN THIS LATE BEFORE
BUT WITH THE RAIN SO BAD AND ALL, SHE WAITED A WHILE BEFORE
SHE CALLED THEN SHE HEARD A KNOCK UPON THE DOOR.

B. J. THE D. J. ONLY TWENTY-FOUR
A WRECK AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR
HE'LL SPIN THE HITS NO MORE.

I'M CONFESSING

I KNOW THAT I HURT YOU AND I'M CONFESSING
SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GONE I'M FEELIN MIGHTY LOW
PLEASE LET ME HEAR FROM YOU, DON'T KEEP ME GUESSING
I NEED YOU MORE THAN YOU COULD EVER KNOW.

CHORUS

NOW I'M TO BLAME I'VE TREATED YOU UNKIND
I BROKE YOUR HEART AND NOW YOU'RE BREAKIN MINE
I KNOW I'VE DONE YOU WRONG AND I'M CONFESSING
PLEASE TAKE ME BACK AND TRY ME ONE MORE TIME.

HOW COULD I EVER THINK I'D LOVE ANOTHER
THE WAY I TREATED YOU IT WAS A CRIME
YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE, I LOVE NO OTHER
PLEASE TAKE ME BACK AND TRY ME ONE MORE TIME.

CHORUS

CHRISTIAN LIFE

MY BUDDIES TELL ME THAT I SHOUL HAVE WAITED
THEY SAY I'M MISSING A WHOLE WORLD OF FUN
BUT I AM HAPPY AND I SING WITH PRIDE
I LIKE THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

CHORUS

I WON'T LOSE A FRIEND BY HEEDING GOD'S CALL
FOR WHAT IS A FRIEND WHO WANTS YOU TO FALL
OTHERS FIND PLEASURE IN THINGS I DESPISE
I LIKE THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

MY BUDDIES SHUN ME SINCE I'VE TURNED TO JESUS
BUT I STILL LOVE THEM THEY BURDEN MY HEART
I'LL TRY TO LEAD THEM TO WALK IN THE LIGHT
I LIKE THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

CHORUS

INSTRUMENTAL---HOME SWEET HOME

I DON'T LOVE NOBODY

WELL I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME.
ALL THEY WANT'S MY MONEY, THEY DON'T CARE FOR ME
I WANT TO LIVE SINGLE, HAPPY AND CAREFREE
I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME.

ONE DAY I WENT OUT WALKING, WALKING DOWN JOHNSON STREET
I MET A LITTLE OLD LADY, SHE SMILED AT ME SO SWEET
SAID HELLO MY HONEY, HOW ARE YOU TODAY
JUST AS I STARTED TO KISS HER, THESE WORDS I HEARD HER SAY.

LORD, I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME.
ALL THEY WANT'S MY MONEY, THEY DON'T CARE FOR ME
I WANT TO LIVE SINGLE, HAPPY AND CAREFREE
I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME.

NEXT DAY I WENT OUT WALKING, WALKING DOWN JOHNSON STREET
I MET THE SAME LITTLE LADY, SHE WAS DRESSED UP SO NEAT
SHE SMILED AT ME AND SAID HELLO, HOW ARE YOU TODAY
TIPPED MY HAT AND SAID HELLO AND JOURNEYED ON MY WAY.

CAUSE I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME
ALL THEY WANT'S MY MONEY, THEY DON'T CARE FOR ME.
I WANT TO LIVE SINGLE, HAPPY AND CAREFREE
I DON'T LOVE NOBODY, NOBODY LOVES ME.