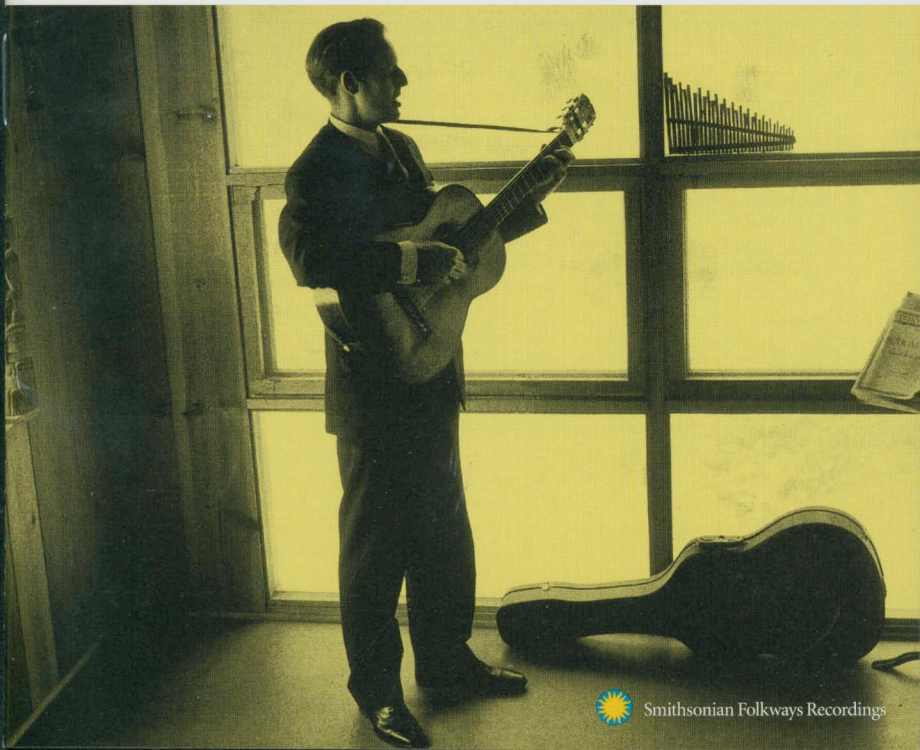


2

*Dyer-Bennet
records*

Richard Dyer-Bennet

TENOR, accompanying himself on the classic Spanish guitar



Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

Richard Dyer-Bennet 2

Richard Dyer-Bennet (1913–1991) played a key role in the folk music revival of the 1950s and 1960s. He founded his own record label in 1955 in order to maintain artistic control over the sound quality, repertory, and style of his performances. His meticulously cultivated vocal style, high tenor range, and studied delivery of poetic text attracted adoring audiences across North America and Europe. This reissue of the second album released on the Dyer-Bennet label in 1956 presents Richard Dyer-Bennet's interpretive minstrelsy rendered in his signature impeccable style and subtle guitar accompaniment. 20-page booklet, includes lyrics, 34 minutes.

"Marvelous: I shall never tire of it and neither will you."

—John M. Conly, Atlantic Monthly

1. **When Cockleshells Turn Silverbells** 3:35
2. **Corn Rigs Are Bonnie** 2:46
3. **The Garden Where the Praties Grow** 2:20
4. **The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington** 3:25
5. **Two Maidens Went Milking** 2:18
6. **Who Killed Cock Robin?** 3:21
7. **Veillée de Noël** 1:36
8. **Jan Hinnerk** 3:48
9. **Woman! Go Home!** 2:04
10. **Blow the Candles Out** 1:33
11. **Eggs and Marrowbone** 2:01
12. **The Beggar Man** 1:45
13. **The Turkish Revery** 2:49



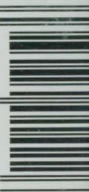
Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

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Richard Dyer-Bennet 2

TENOR, accompanying himself on the classic Spanish guitar

Originally issued on Dyer-Bennet Records in 1956

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1. **When Cockleshells Turn Silverbells** 3:35
2. **Corn Rigs Are Bonnie** 2:46
(Words by R. Burns, arr. R. Dyer-Bennet)
3. **The Garden Where the Praties Grow** 2:20
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(Unless otherwise noted, all songs are arranged by Richard Dyer-Bennet)

CURATOR'S INTRODUCTION

April 2001

Richard Dyer-Bennet (1913–1991) played a key role in the folk-music revival of the 1940s–1970s. His meticulously cultivated vocal style, high tenor range, and studied delivery of poetic text attracted adoring audiences across North America and Europe, where people faithfully flocked to his concerts over several decades of touring and regular appearances in the 1940s at the Village Vanguard in New York City. Ironically, it is this same singularity of style that made it difficult for others to follow in his musical footsteps. As a consequence, today he is among the least recognized of the most significant folk-revival figures. To make his extraordinary musical legacy more widely accessible, Smithsonian Folkways Recordings has now reissued four of the fifteen volumes of his music recorded on his own label (Volumes 1, 2, 5, and 6). In the notes accompanying *Richard Dyer-Bennet Volume 1* (SFW CD 40078), his daughter, Bonnie Dyer-Bennet, offers a fuller account of his life and shows his acute concern for artistic integrity. Also included is a thoughtful description of his vocal style by his friend and music critic Conrad L. Osbourne. The remaining 11 volumes are available on cassette and special-order CD-R from our mail-order office (see last page for contact information).

The songs on this recording are typical of Richard Dyer-Bennet's sources of material for his interpretive minstrelsy. "When Cockleshells Turn Silverbells" and "The Beggar Man" came from Dolly Abbott, who had picked them up from an old woman in Manhattan, who in turn had learned them from her mother in Cornwall. The French folksong "Veillée de Noel" came from Dyer-Bennet's Swedish folksong mentor Sven Scholander. "Jan Hinnerk" is an English translation of a song Dyer-Bennet sang as a high-school student in Germany. Dyer-Bennet learned the Elizabethan ballad descendant "The Turkish Revery" from Burl Ives. All 13 songs are rendered in Dyer-Bennet's signature impeccable style and subtle guitar accompaniment.

In loaning the Dyer-Bennet master recordings to the Smithsonian Folkways collection, the Dyer-Bennet family and record-label partner Harvey Cort wished that the sound and integrity of the original recordings be preserved. In honor of this wish, the contents of this recording are presented in their original sequence, and the sound quality closely duplicates that of the original. Consequently, the listener may hear this important artist's exquisite vocal delivery and guitar accompaniment as faithfully as technology permits.

Daniel Sheehy Director and Curator, Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

NOTES ON THE SONGS**Richard Dyer-Bennet**

This is the second in a series of high-fidelity recordings under my own label. I have grouped the songs as I do in my concert programs, with variety and continuity in mind. Some songs previously recorded are offered again here because my audiences and I are fond of them, and because we believe they deserve the new home provided by superior recording techniques and better performances. Three of the songs may never reach you via radio, though they should offend no one willing to include Shakespeare in his or her library—not to mention Chaucer.

1. When Cockleshells Turn Silverbells

Dolly Abbott sang this to me in New York City in 1939. She first heard it coming up through the heating system of her living quarters. Going down into the basement, she found an old woman singing away in a manner not common in 20th-century Manhattan. The old woman had the song from her mother, who came from Cornwall, England.

*When cockleshells turn silverbells,
And mussels grow on every tree,
When blooms the rose 'mongst frost and mows,
Then will my false love prove true to me.*

*O waily, waily, but love is bonny
A little while when it is new,
But when it's old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.*

*O had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been so ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in case of gold,
And pinned it with a silver pin.*

*O waily, waily, but love is bonny
A little while when it is new,
But when it's old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.*

2. Corn Rigs Are Bonny

A traditional Scottish tune with words by Robert Burns.

*It was upon a Lamma's night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
Till 'twixt the late and early,
With small persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.*

*Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

*The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I laid her down wi' right good will
Amang the rigs o' barley;
I kent her heart was all my ain,
I loved her most sincerely;
I kissed her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.*

*Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

*I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear,
I hae been merry drinkin';
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear,
I hae been happy thinkin';
But all the pleasures e'er I saw
Tho' three times doubled fairly
That happy night was worth them all,
Amang the rigs o' barley.*

*Corn rigs and barley rigs,
Corn rigs are bonnie;
I'll ne'er forget that happy night
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

3. The Garden Where the Praties Grow

A 19th-century Irish song. Praties are potatoes. (A *chignon* is a knot of hair worn at the back of the head.)

*Have you ever been in love, my boys,
Or have you felt a pain?
I'd rather be in gaol meself,
Than be in love again'
For the girl I loved was beautiful,
I'd have you all to know,
And I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.*

*She was just the kind of creature, lads,
That nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys,
Without the Grecian bend;
Nor did she wear a chignon,
I'd have ya all to know,
And I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.*

*Says I, "My pretty Kathleen,
I'm tired of single life,
And if you've no objection,
Sure, I'll make you my sweet wife."
She answered me right modestly
And curtsied very low,
"Sure, you're welcome to the garden
Where the praties grow."*

*She was just the kind of creature, lads,
That nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys,
Without the Grecian bend;*

Nor did she wear a chignon,
I'd have ya all to know,
And I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.

Says I, "My pretty Kathleen,
I hope that you'll agree."
She wasn't like your city girls,
That say you're makin' free,
She says, "I'll ax me parents,
And tomorrow I'll let you know,
And I'll meet ya in the garden
Where the praties grow."

She was just the kind of creature, lads,
That nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys,
Without the Grecian bend;
Nor did she wear a chignon,
I'd have ya all to know,
And I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.

O, the parents they consented,
And we're blessed with children three;
Two boys just like their mother,
And the girl's the image of me.
And now we're going to bring them up
The way they ought to go,
For to dig in the garden
Where the praties grow.

She was just the kind of creature, lads,
That nature did intend
To walk right through the world, me boys,
Without the Grecian bend;
Nor did she wear a chignon,
I'd have ya all to know,
And I met her in the garden
Where the praties grow.

4. The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

According to Percy's *Reliques of English Poetry*, this is to be found in the Pepys collection, which places it at least back to the 17th century. The last verse is my own.

There was a youth, and a well-beloved youth,
And he was the squire's son,
And he loved the bailiff's daughter,
That dwelt in Islington.
But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him off to fair London,
An apprentice for to bind.
And it's there he toiled for seven long years,
And never his love did see,
Till it chanced one day that he rode by,
Where she sat in the shade of a tree.
She sprang to her feet with color so red,
Catching hold of his bridle rein,
"One penny, one penny, kind sir!" she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born."
"In Islington, kind sir," she said,
"Where I have had many a scorn."
"I prithee, sweetheart, tell to me,
Pray tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"
"She died, sir, years ago."
"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
And I will to some far country,
Where no man may me know."
"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side!
She is not dead, but here alive,
And ready to be thy bride!"
And so this youth, this well-beloved youth,
Who was the squire's son,
He married the bailiff's daughter,
That dwelt in Islington.

5. Two Maidens Went Milking

My friend John M. Ward, a musicologist at Harvard, is inclined to think this song comes from the so-called "pleasure gardens" of outer London in the early 1700s. I have come across another version, but it is cruder and less charming than this one, which Burl Ives gave me in 1942.

Two maidens went milking one day, (2x)
And the wind it did blow high,

And the wind it did blow low,
And it tossed their pails to and fro, la, la, la,
And it tossed their pails to and fro.

They met with a man they did know, (2x)
And they said, "Have you the skill?"
And they said, "Have you the will,
For to catch us a small bird or two?" (2x)

"Here's a health to the blackbird in the bush,
Likewise to the merry little doe,
If you'll come along with me,
Under yonder flowering tree,
I might catch you a small bird or two." (2x)

So they went and they sat 'neath a tree,
They went and they sat 'neath two,
And the birds flew round about,
Pretty birds flew in and out,
And he caught them by one and by two. (2x)

So, my boys, let us drink down the sun,
My boys, let us drink down the moon,
Take your lady to the wood,
If you really think you should,
You might catch her a small bird or two. (2x)

6. Who Killed Cock Robin?

Known primarily as a nursery rhyme, this is occasionally sung, and usually to a very dull tune. By raising the second strain of melody a major third (instead of repeating the first

strain), and by playing a descending counter-passage on the guitar, I have taken a minstrel's traditional liberty and, I think, made an improvement. The rhyme itself was well known in the mid-18th century, and may well refer to a political murder or professional downfall of some kind.

Who killed Cock Robin? "I," said the sparrow,
"With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."
Who saw him die? "I," said the fly,
"With my little eye, I saw him die."

All the birds in the air fell a-sighin' and
a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor Cock
Robin. (2x)

Who'll dig the grave? "I," said the owl,
"With my little trowel, I'll dig the grave."
Who'll toll the bell? "I," said the bull,
"Because I can pull, I'll toll the bell."

All the birds in the air fell a-sighin' and
a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor Cock
Robin. (2x)

Who'll be the parson? "I," said the rook,
"With my bell and book, I'll be the parson."
Who'll be chief mourner? "I," said the dove,
"I mourn for my love, I'll be chief mourner."

All the birds in the air fell a-sighin' and
a-sobbin'
When they heard of the death of poor Cock
Robin. (2x)

7. Veillée de Noël

A French folksong which I got from Sven
Scholander in Stockholm in 1935.

Voici le Noël; faites la veillée. (2x)
Nos amants seront tous à l'assemblée.
Va, mon ami, va; la lune s'éveille.
Va, mon ami, va, la lune s'en va.

Translation:

Christmas Eve is coming; prepare the evening
gathering. (2x) All our loved ones will be at the
assembly. Go, my friend, go; the moon is rising.
Go, my friend, go; the moon is setting.

8. Jan Hinnerk

We used to sing this when I was in school in
Germany in 1930. We sang it in a Low Ger-
man dialect, and I have had to take some lib-
erties to capture the same mood in an English
translation. I have omitted a verse about
Napoleon, which suggests around 1800 as the
time of origin.

Jan Hinnerk lives in Hamburg town,
In Hamburg town, he is a man of great
renown,

Of very great renown, (2x)
Jan Hinnerk lives up a little, quiet street,
A very quiet street
He can make whate'er he will.

One day he made a violin, a little fiddlekin,
That could play all by itself.
"Violin, violin," said that fiddlekin. (2x)
And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

One day he made a little Dutchman, a little
Dutchman,
Who could speak all by himself.
"Gottsverdori! Gottsverdori!" said that
Dutchman. (2x)
And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

One day he made a little Englishman,
a little Englishman,
Who could speak all by himself.
"Damn your eyes! Damn your eyes!"
said that Englishman. (2x)
And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

One day he made a little German, a little
German, / Who could speak all by himself.

"Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch der Kaiser!"
said that German. (2x)
And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

One day he made a little Frenchman, a little
Frenchman,
Who could speak all by himself.
"Vive l'amour! Vive l'amour!" said that
Frenchman. (2x)
And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

"Gottsverdori! Gottsverdori!" said that
Dutchman.
"Damn your eyes! Damn your eyes!"
said that Englishman.
"Hoch der Kaiser! Hoch der Kaiser!"
said that German.
"Vive l'amour! Vive l'amour!" said that
Frenchman.
"Violin-lin," said that fiddlekin.(2x)

And a vio-violin, a vio-violin,
And he named his wife Katrin,
He named his wife Katrin.(2x)

Jan Hinnerk still lives up that little quiet street,
That very quiet street.
He can make whate'er he will.

*So keep very, very still,
Keep very, very still.* (2x)

9. Woman! Go Home

A translation of my own of an Austrian folk song as Scholander sang it.

*Woman! Go home! Your man, he is ill!
"Is he ill? Give him a pill!
O my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man."* (2x)

*Woman! Go home! Your man, he is worse!
"Is he worse? Well, I'm not a nurse!
O my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man."* (2x)

*Woman! Go home! Your man, he is dead!
"Is he dead? There's no more to be said!
O my dear Franz, just one more dance,
Then I'll go home to my poor old man."* (2x)

*Woman! Go home! His will is to be read!
"Well, now that he's dead, the Lord rest
his head!
No! my dear Franz, this is no time to dance!
I must go home to my poor old man!
I go to weep for my poor old man!"*

10. Blow the Candles Out

Tom Glazer sang me this in New York City in 1943. As I remember, he had learned it from a

girl in Washington, D.C., who had learned it from her grandmother in Missouri. The song was first published in Thomas D'Urfey's *Wit and Mirth; or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, in London between 1682 and 1720. As John M. Ward says, here is an example of how much oral tradition can improve a song.

*When I was apprenticed in London,
I went to see my dear;
The candles were all burning,
The moon shone bright and clear.
I knocked upon her window,
To ease her of her pain;
She 'rose to let me in,
Then she barred the door again.*

*I like your well-behaviour,
And this I often say, I cannot rest contented
Whilst you are far away.
The roads they are so muddy,
We cannot gang about;
So hold me in your arms, love,
And blow the candles out.*

*Your father and your mother
In yonder room do lie,
A-huggin' one another; / So why not you and I?
A-huggin' one another / Without a fear or doubt,
So roll me in your arms, love, / And blow the
candles out.*

*And if you prove successful, love,
Pray name it after me.
Keep it neat and kiss it sweet,
And dap it on your knee.
When my three years are ended,
My time it will be out;
Then I will double my indebtedness
By blowing the candles out.*

11. Eggs and Marrowbones

I have picked up several versions of this, and none of them told a complete story. By piecing them together and adding some lines of my own, a certain ruthless continuity has been achieved. You will please note that the criminal theme is unrelieved by any false moral at the end.

*There was an old woman in our town,
In our town did dwell;
She loved her husband dearly,
But another man twice as well.
So she went down to the doctor
To see what she could find,
To see what she could find, sir,
To make her old man blind.
"Feed him eggs and marrowbone,
Feed them to him all;
And that will make his so durned blind,
He cain't see you at all.
So she fed him eggs and marrowbone,
Fed them to him all;*

*And that did make him so durned blind,
He couldn't see her at all.
"O now I'm getting old and blind,
Tired of my life;
So I'll go down and drown myself,
And that will end my strife."
"To drown yourself," said she, said she,
"O that would be a sin;
So I'll go down to the river's edge
And kindly shove you in."
So the old woman took a running jump,
For to shove her old man in;
But the old man he stepped to one side,
And the old woman she fell in.
She yelled for help, screamed for help,
Loudly she did bawl;
But the old man said, "I'm so dad-burned
blind / That I cain't see you at all!"
So she swam along, swam along,
Till she came to the river's brim;
But the old man he got a great long pole,
And shoved her further in.
So now the old woman is dead and gone,
And the devil has got her soul;
And wasn't she a durned old fool
That she didn't grab that pole?
Eggs, eggs, and marrowbone
Will make your old man blind;
But if you want for to do him in,
Creep up from behind.*

12. The Beggar Man

Again, Dolly Abbott was my source, and again her source was the woman in the basement.

There was an old man and for begging he was bound, / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o,

He came to a house about a mile outside the town, / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o.

The woman rose up for to bolt up the door, / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o, / And the beggar man, he grabbed her, and he rolled her on the floor, / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o

The woman rose up about an hour before the day, / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o, / To try and catch the beggar man before he got away, / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o,

"O tell me, old man, pray what is your name?" / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o,

"So that when my babe is born I may call it the same." / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o.

"When your babe is born, you may bounce it on your knee!" / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o.

"You may call it Davey Jones, or the Duke of Aberdeen!" / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o.

"But if you'd been a right girl, as I thought you

for to be," / With me right, falalal, to me dandy-o,

"You'd be settin' in your carriage, ridin' down the street with me!" / With me toora loora loora loora dandy-o.

13. The Turkish Revery

This is an American descendent of the Elizabethan ballad "The Golden Vanity." I learned it from Burl Ives in 1941.

"Captain, captain, what'll you give me, / If I do sink the Turkish Revery?"

If I sink her in the low down, low down, / Sink her in the low down lonesome low?"

"Gold and silver shining so bright, / And my fairest daughter shall wed you tonight,

If you sink her in the low down, low down, / Sink her in the low down lone some low."

So he bared his breast and he swam in the tide, / And he bored three holes in the old ship's side,

And she sank in the low down, low down, / Sank in the low down lonesome low.

Then he bared his breast and he swam in the tide, / And he swam till he came to his own ship's side,

As she rolled in the low down, low down,

low down, / Rolled in the low down lonesome low.

"Captain, captain, take me on board, / If you don't, you'll have to forfeit your word; / For you promised in the low down, low down, / Promised in the low down lonesome low."

"Sailor boy, sailor boy, don't appeal to me, / For you drowned sixty souls when you sank the Revery,

When you sank her in the low down, low down, / Sank her in the low down, lonesome low."

"If it weren't for the love that I bear for your men, / I'd sink you the same as I sank them!"

I'd sink you in the low down, low down, / Sink you in the low down lonesome low!"

Then he bared his breast and down sank he, / He sank till he came to the bottom of the sea, / And he drowned in the low down, low down,

low down, / Drowned in the low down lonesome low.

DYER-BENNET RECORDS

A Complete List

Dyer-Bennet Records 1, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1955), reissued as Smithsonian Folkways SFW CD 40097 (1997)

Of in the stilly night; Molly Brannigan; Down by the Sally Gardens; The bold Fenian men; Three fishers; The bonnie Earl of Morey; Fine flowers in the valley; The vicar of Bray; So we'll go no more a-roving; Phyllis and her mother; The joys of love; I'm a poor boy; Pull off your old coat; Down in the valley; Pedro; The lonesome valley

"The first release under his own label is the finest album he has yet recorded. The singing is tops, the engineering is superb, the production job is excellent. Without a doubt this is a masterpiece of its kind"

— Kenneth Goldstein, *The Record Changer*

Dyer-Bennet Records 2, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1956)

When cockleshells turn silverbells; Corn rigs are bonnie; The garden where the praties grow; The bailiff's daughter of Islington; Two maidens went milking; Who killed Cock Robin?; Jan Hinnerk; Woman! Go Home!; Blow the candles out; Eggs and marrowbone; The beggar man; *The Turkish Revery*

"Marvelous: I shall never tire of it and neither will you."

—John M. Conly, *Atlantic Monthly*

"A superb release by a superb artist. Miss it at your peril."—Howard La Fey, High Fidelity Magazine.

Dyer-Bennet Records 3, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1957)

The lady's policy; Dinah and Vilikens; Fain would I wed; Willie Taylor; Charlie is my Darling; Lilli Bulero; The beloved kitten; Spotted auf Napoleons Rückzug aus Russland 1812; The lass from the low country; The swapping song; The house carpenter; The lady who loved a swine; Go down, Moses
"Artistic gems . . . high style, immaculate timing and admirable . . . again produce a decisive success. The sound is excellent, the repertoire is chosen with discernment."
 —Christian Science Monitor

"An essential part of any group of folk recordings"—New York Folklore Quarterly

Dyer-Bennet Records 4, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1957)

A May Day carol; The rising of the moon; The Kerry recruit; Searching for lambs; The bonnets of Bonnie Dundee; The Spanish lady in Dublin City; The three ra'ens; Song of reproach; Jag vill gå vall; The three tailors; The swagman; The foggy, foggy dew; The fox; Drill, ye tarriers, drill!

"An outstanding recording. Once again the minstrel lives up to the high standards he has set for himself, and once again the superb engineering captures every nuance of

his singing with flawless clarity and lifelike presence. Needless to say, all the songs are stamped with Dyer-Bennet's exceptional artistic and musical integrity. Belongs in every serious collection."—Robert Sherman, American Record Guide

Dyer-Bennet Records 5, Richard Dyer-Bennet: Requests (1958) reissued as **Smithsonian Folkways SFW CD 40143** (2001)

The *Golden Vanity*; The white lily; Lord Rendal; Westryn Wynde; Barbara Allen; Venezuela; The Quaker lover; John Henry; Spanish is the loving tongue; I ride an old paint; Edward

"Can be recommended unreservedly"
 —Nat Hentoff, The Reporter

Dyer-Bennet Records 6, Richard Dyer-Bennet: With Young People In Mind (1958), reissued as **Smithsonian Folkways SFW CD 45053** (2000)

Come all ye; Old Bangum; Three jolly rogues of Lynn; Aunt Rhody; Frog went a-courting; John Peel; The Leprechaun; The piper of Dundee; Bow down; The tailor and the mouse; I went out one morning in May; Green corn; Buckeye Jim; Little pigs; Three crows; The hole in the bottom of the sea

"Probably we have no greater balladeer in America than Richard Dyer-Bennet. . . . No musically inclined family can afford to miss it."
 —Emma Dickson Sheehy, Parents Magazine

Dyer-Bennet Records 7, Beethoven's Scottish and Irish Songs (1958)

Richard Dyer-Bennet, tenor; Natasha Magg, piano; Urico Rossi, violin; Pritz Magg, cello

Faithfu' Johnie; On the massacre of Glencoe; Bonnie laddie; Highland laddie; Sunset; The lovely lass of Inverness; The pulse of an Irishman; Once more I hail thee; Morning a cruel turmoiler; The morning air plays on my face; The return to Ulster; Oh! Who my dear Dermot; Again, my lyre

"It is amply apparent that the songs recorded by Dyer-Bennet are the work of Beethoven in the full tide of his career. They stand up with the best of Beethoven's chamber music. Such, at least, is their effect when they are so well performed as they are in this instance."

—Alfred Frankenstein,
 San Francisco Chronicle

Dyer-Bennet Records 8, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1959)

The Agincourt song; Come live with me; Come away, Death; I care not for these ladies; Flow, my tears; All in a garden green; Henry Martin; All mein Gedanken; Die bekehrte Schäferin; Kränzelkraut; Jagdabendteuer; Warnung; Le brave marin; Aminta

Dyer-Bennet Records 9, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1960)

The Laird o' Cockpen; The two sisters of Binnoire; Early one morning; The pride of Petravore; Gently, Johnny, my Jingalo; The British light dragoons; Schneider's Höllenfahrt; Der Tod von Basel; Le joli tambour; The buffalo skinnners; John Riley; The cherry-tree carol

Dyer-Bennet Records 10, Richard Dyer-Bennet (1962)

The Lincolnshire poacher; Lowlands; I once loved a girl; She moved thro' the fair; The seven little pigs; O speak then my love; Le véritable amour; The unfortunate troubadour; The reaper's ghost; Two comments; Go 'way, old man; The wife wrapped in wether's skin; My good old man; No hiding place

"A feast of balladry He gives each piece its particular character of pain, passion, joy, love, humor and even an eeriness to those ballads steeped in the lore of the supernatural. His voice and guitar transcend time and space to breathe life into notes and verses."
 —The Hartford Times

Dyer-Bennet Records 11, Richard Dyer-Bennet: Stephen Foster Songs from the Original Editions (1962)

Richard Dyer-Bennet, vocals; Harry A. Rubenstein, piano
 Linger in blissful repose; Gentle Annie; Come with thy sweet voice again; If you've only got a

moustache; Jeanie with the light brown hair; For thee, love, for thee; Ah, may the red rose live away!; Beautiful dreamer; Sweetly she sleeps, my Alice fair; There are plenty of fish in the sea; Open thy lattice, love; Come where my love lies dreaming

Dyer-Bennet Records 12, Richard Dyer-Bennet: Of ships, seafaring men, watery graves, card sharpers, a giant ram, an Indian scalping, and one edible rat (1964)

Shallow Brown; The drunken sailor; The Eddystone light; Hullabaloo belay; The mermaid; The willow tree; The Charleston merchant; Peter Gray; The roving gambler; Billy Barlow; Australian girls; Hanging Johnny; The Derby ram; Plain language from Truthful Jones

Dyer-Bennet Records 13, Richard Dyer-Bennet: Stories and songs for children and their parents (1964)

The soldier and the lady; The tale of the tales; The man who was full of fun; The king of the noise; The devil and the farmer's wife; The old gray goose; The wolf who was a friend; The fox and the geese.

"A selection of enchanting folk tales with equally enchanting ballads. . . . Will divert the most cynical as well as the most innocent audiences. . . . Highly recommended."

—High Fidelity

"He is an artfully simple tale spinner, neither overdramatizing nor indulging in coyness, and always keeping the lines of suspense taut. . . . For children and their parents who are still open to the wonder and fantasy of the inner life of children."

—Nat Hentoff, Hi-Fi Stereo Review

Dyer-Bennet Records 1601, Mark Twain's 1601, Fireside conversation in the time of Queen Elizabeth I, and songs in the same free spirit. Read and sung by Richard Dyer-Bennet (1962)

Warning: This is not a record for children or the easily shocked adult. The language is strong and explicit.

Mark Twain's 1601; Old Joe Clark; The old she-crab; The tailor's boy; The Eer-i-e Canal; There was a friar in our town; The gatherin' o' the clan

"Dyer-Bennet has produced a masterpiece—a reading of Mark Twain's irreverent Elizabethan sketch and a group of ribald American and British songs and ballads. Only a seasoned performer should dare such a disc; only a master of nuance could do it justice. Dyer-Bennet far exceeds the qualifications for such a task. It is the work of a mature artist. . . . The result is excruciatingly funny as well as aesthetically right. The songs admirably complement the reading. . . . As hilarious and uninhibited a collection as ever was recorded. Praise to Mr. Dyer-Ben-

net for his gentlemanly delivery, bold honesty, and uncompromising language withal! Caveat emptor. Not for the squeamish!"

—Henrietta Yurchenko, The American Record Guide

"A comic masterpiece"—The New Records.

"A delightfully bawdy disc"—Everett Helm, Musical America

"Could not be better!"—Stephanie Gervis, The Village Voice

"Uncompromising Honesty—high artistry"—O. B. Brummel, High Fidelity

Credits

Originally produced by Harvey Cort for Dyer-Bennet Records in 1956

Original LP design by Martin Rosenzweig

Engineered by J. Gordon Holt

Annotated by Richard Dyer-Bennet

Cover and tray photo by Betty Rosenzweig

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Photo by Archie Lieberman

ABOUT SMITHSONIAN FOLKWAYS RECORDINGS

Folkways Records was founded by Moses Asch in 1948 to document music, spoken word, instruction, and sounds from around the world. In the ensuing decades, New York City-based Folkways became one of the largest independent record labels in the world, reaching a total of nearly 2,200 albums that were always kept in print.

The Smithsonian Institution acquired Folkways from the Moses Asch estate in 1987 to ensure that the sounds and genius of the artists would be preserved for future generations. All Folkways recordings are available by special order on high-quality audio cassettes or CDs. Each recording includes the original LP liner notes.

Smithsonian Folkways Recordings was formed to continue the Folkways tradition of releasing significant recordings with high-quality documentation. It produces new titles, reissues of historic recordings from Folkways and other record labels, and in collaboration with other companies also produces instructional videotapes and recordings to accompany published books and other educational projects.

The Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Dyer-Bennet, Fast Folk, Monitor, and

Paredon record labels are administered by the Smithsonian Institution's Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage. They are one of the means through which the center supports the work of traditional artists and expresses its commitment to cultural diversity, education, and increased understanding.

You can find Smithsonian Folkways Recordings at your local record store. Smithsonian Folkways, Folkways, Cook, Dyer-Bennet, Fast Folk, Monitor, and Paredon recordings are all available through:

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For further information about all the labels distributed through the center, please consult our Internet site (www.si.edu/folkways), which includes information about recent releases, our catalogue, and a database of the approximately 35,000 tracks from the more than 2,300 available recordings (click on *database search*). To request a printed catalogue write to the address above or e-mail folkways@aol.com

"Marvelous: I shall never tire of it and neither will you."

—*John M. Conly, Atlantic Monthly*

"A superb release by a superb artist. Miss it at your peril."

—*Howard La Fey, High Fidelity Magazine.*



Smithsonian Folkways Recordings

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