

# THE FIRST OF AUTUMN



MALCOLM DALGLISH & GREY LARSEN



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### **Paddy Concannon's Reel, The Wise Maid**

We learned **Paddy Concannon's Reel** from Michael Kennedy, a good friend of ours and a great melodeon player from Co. Galway, Ireland. Michael was born in 1900 and has lived in the Cincinnati area since 1923 and is now residing across the Ohio River from us in Covington, Kentucky.

We find that **Paddy Concannon's Reel** makes a beautiful slow tune. Michael plays it in A dorian and, of course, at the normal dance tempo. You can hear him play the tune on his own record, "Michael J. Kennedy, 65 Years of Irish Music," June Appal JA 019. We play the tune in E dorian.

Michael learned the tune in Co. Galway from Paddy Concannon, hence the tune's name. Paddy Concannon was a fiddler, melodeon player, flute player, and step-dancer from Co. Roscommon, a county neighboring Michael's own home county.

**The Wise Maid** is a well known reel that goes by several titles including **Tinker Doherty**, **Matt Molloy's Reel**, and **A Walk in the Country**. This version of the tune has been around Cincinnati for some time and seems to be a composite of several versions. On this tune, and on others on this record, our good friend Michael Murphy plays the bodhrán, an Irish drum played with a wooden stick called a "tripper." Michael is a neighbor of ours and is undoubtedly one of the country's best bodhrán players.

### **Langstrom's Pony, The Geese in the Bog**

Malcolm first heard **Langstrom's Pony**, a four part jig, played by the Boys of the Lough. After he learned their version of the tune, it gradually evolved in his hands into the ornate dulcimer setting that you hear on this record. The tune can be found as tune #46 in Breandan Breathnach's **Ceol Rince na hEireann**, Volume Two.

**The Geese in the Bog**, also a jig, is one of Michael Kennedy's most mysterious yet forceful tunes. He plays the first part four different ways. Each of the many times we have heard him play it he plays all four variants, but he combines them in different ways each time. We play the tune on two dulcimers.

There is another jig by the same name, but it is a totally different tune. It can be found in **Ceol Rince na hEireann**, Volume Two as tune #53 and in Francis O'Neill's **O'Neill's Music of Ireland, 1850 Melodies** as tune #1085.

### **A Fig for a Kiss, The Butterfly**

These are two beautiful slip jigs. We learned **The Butterfly** from Barbara Zvon, a Cincinnati fiddler, who learned it from Mark Jardine, a fiddler from Salt Lake City, Utah, formerly with the Deseret String Band.

**A Fig for a Kiss** we learned from Tom Byrne and Tom McCaffrey. Tom Byrne is a great flute player from Co. Sligo, Ireland, now living in Lakewood, Ohio. He is one of the best representatives of the Sligo flute style and has been a great influence on us. Tom McCaffrey, a neighbor of Tom Byrne's, is a fine fiddler and singer from Co. Leitrim, Ireland. His strong, rhythmic fiddling and great musical sensitivity has influenced us strongly as well. We have had many wonderful sessions with Tom and Tom that went late into the night and into the morning hours, full of laughter and spirited music. Tom and Tom may be heard on their own record, "Irish Music from Cleveland with Tom Byrne and Tom McCaffrey," Folkways FS 3517.

### **The Tune That Came Out**

This is a ditty that Tom Byrne sang and played at one of our sessions, with the prodding of his wife. The reel is a variant of **Collier's Reel** which can be found as tune #1404 in **O'Neill's Music of Ireland, 1850 Melodies**.

They invited me out to the party,  
I brought my old bagpipes by chance.  
They asked for a song but I said, "No, no,  
I'll play you a bit of a dance."  
So I took out my pipes and began for to play  
And someone was fooling about.  
They poked a big hole in the bag of me pipes  
And this is the tune that came out.

### **The Plains of Boyle, The Dog in the Sycamore Leaves**

Grey learned **The Plains of Boyle** in a late night session with Tom Byrne and Tom McCaffrey. Boyle is a town in Co. Roscommon, Ireland. The tune can be found as tune #315 in **Ceol Rince na hEireann**. **The Dog in the Sycamore Leaves** is a hornpipe composed by Malcolm during one of his trips from Philadelphia back home to Cincinnati during the fall of 1975. Liking the tune he was humming, he pulled off onto the shoulder of the Pennsylvania Turnpike and jotted it down. It wasn't until several years later that we worked out the tune together. Sometimes we play it with a dulcimer and Anglo concertina, sometimes with dulcimer and piano. So during the





Tom McCaffrey & Tom Byrne, fiddle & flute

recording we took advantage of the studio's capabilities and played it with all three, overdubbing the piano.

#### **I Don't Work for a Living**

Malcolm learned *I Don't Work for a Living* from the late Jimmy Cooper from Airdrie, Scotland (near Glasgow), one of the best and most spirited hammer dulcimer players in the world. In January of 1977, Malcolm met Jimmy at his home in Dorset, southern England. They played a little but mostly visited.

As a young man Jimmy would strap his dulcimer to his back and pedal up the eastern coast of Scotland with his friends, playing in the streets of villages along the way. Much of his repertoire consists of popular songs of his youth, such as *I Don't Work for a Living*.

There is a different version of *I Don't Work for a Living* which was copyrighted in 1929 by Shapiro, Bernstein, and Company of New York City. The version we have here can be heard on Jimmy Cooper's album, "Jimmy Cooper—Dulcimer Player," Spoot Records, Tisbury, Wiltshire, England. Jimmy can also be heard on "The Boys of the Lough—Good Friends and Good Music," Philo PH 1051.

I don't work for a living,  
I get along alright without.  
I don't toil all day;  
I suppose it's because I'm not built that way.  
Some people work for love,  
They say it's all sunshine and gain.  
But if I can't get sunshine without any work,  
I'd rather stay out in the rain.

Give me a nail and a hammer  
And a picture to hang on the wall.  
Give me a strong stepladder,  
So that I won't fall.  
Give me a bottle of whiskey  
And a barrel of Strong's best ale,  
And I bet you I'll hang up that picture  
If somebody drives the nail.

#### **The Honeysuckle, The Farewell Reel**

Grey got these two tunes from Tom Byrne. Tom told us that in Co. Sligo when a person was going to leave Ireland his or her friends would throw a party and someone would always play *The Farewell Reel* as the last tune, just before the horse and cart came to take the person to the train station. The tune was indeed played at Tom's



Michael Murphy with bodhrán & tripper



Michael J. Kennedy & Grey Larsen,  
with melodeon & Anglo concertina

own farewell party. Grey plays the tunes here on the B-flat whistle and Michael Murphy plays the bodhrán.

#### **Lannigan's Ball**

This is a jig that we learned from Michael Kennedy. His version is quite unusual and his playing gives the tune the feeling of a march. We play the tune slower than Michael does but we still retain the march-like quality. He plays it in A dorian, but most people play it in E dorian as we do here. Malcolm's accompaniment is done with mallets wrapped with rubber bands giving the dulcimer a beautiful soft sound. The tune is given, in a more standard setting, as #858 in O'Neill's *Music of Ireland, 1850 Melodies*.

#### **The Mountain Streams, The Bucks of Oranmore, The Indian on the Rock**

*The Mountain Streams* is a song that we heard sung by Cathal McConnell, the great singer, flute player, and whistle player of the Boys of the Lough. He can be heard singing the song on their fourth album, "Lochaber No More," Philo PH 1031. There is also an entirely different melody to the same set of words which one can hear on De Danann's first album, Polydor 2904 005, sung by Delores Keane.

We learned this four part version of *The Bucks of Oranmore* from Phil McGing, an excellent melodeon player from Co. Mayo, Ireland, who has lived in Cincinnati since 1948. Phil plays his version in the key of C. We have raised it to D to better suit the flute. Most people play a five-part setting in D. A version similar to Phil's can be found as tune #1199 in O'Neill's *Music of Ireland, 1850 Melodies*.

*The Indian on the Rock* is one of Michael Kennedy's best reels. In his home county of Galway people would call it "Michael Kennedy's Reel" because he was one of the few people who played it and because he played it with such spirit. It is a favorite among his fans here in Cincinnati as well and he often plays it for us when we are together.





### Shawneetown

We learned **Shawneetown** from a good friend of ours, Dillon Bustin. Dillon is an Indiana writer, musician, dance caller, and member of a band called the Indiana Rain Crows with whom we have done a lot of playing.

Dillon learned part of the song when he was young from a year-round fisherman on the White River in Indiana. Since then he has picked up verses from travel logs and novels of the keelboat era. He even made up one of the verses.

Shawneetown is an Ohio River town in southern Illinois, just a little south of the Wabash River junction. The town was the first Anglo settlement on the Ohio and before 1830 was the major trade center for Illinois settlers and the Indians. The nearby salt mines provided the town's major commodity.

The most efficient commercial boats in those days were the keelboats. Unlike flatboats and rafts, which only travelled downriver, the keelboats made the difficult trip back as well. In the days before steam power, and before present day dams tamed the river's currents, the methods for getting a boat up river (whether "cordelling" or "bushwacking") involved the crew literally pulling the boat against the current. While a downriver trip, from Cincinnati to New Orleans took only a few weeks, the return trip took several months. The crews on the keelboats were some of the most rowdy, adventuresome characters of the day and, for obvious reasons, some of the strongest.

The use of the beech oar, a long oar that most river craft had to guide the boat as well as to physically maneuver it off mudsicks and snags, was the main work of the downriver course. **Shawneetown**, as we sing it here with Jack Wright and Jeff Hooper helping on the chorus, has that down river feel to it.

Some rows up but we floats down,  
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown.

Chorus:

Hard on the beech oar, she moves too slow,  
Way down to Shawneetown on the Ohio.

Now the current's got her and we'll take up the slack,  
Float her down to Shawneetown and we'll bushwack her back.



Phil McGing with melodeon



Dillon Bustin & Kathy Restle  
with flute & fiddle

Chorus

The whiskey's in the jug boys, the wheat is in the sack.  
We'll trade 'em down to Shawneetown and we'll bring the rock salt back.

Chorus

I got a wife in Louisville and one in New Orleans  
And when I get to Shawneetown gonna see my Indian Queen.

Chorus

The water's mighty warm boys, the air is cold and dank,  
And the cursed fog it gets so thick you cannot see the bank.

Chorus

Some rows up but we floats down,  
Way down the Ohio to Shawneetown.

Chorus

### Morning of 1845

We learned our version of **Morning of 1845** from Dillon Bustin. Dillon learned the song while he was living in Orange County, Indiana, from a fiddler named Kenny Smelser. Kenny's late brother, Vern, learned the song from his grandfather, Arthur Chapman, who first heard it in Wyoming. Vern recorded the song on "Fine Times at Our House," Folkways FS 3809, Indiana Ballads, Fiddle Tunes, and Songs collected by Pat Dunford and Art Rosenbaum. His version can also be found in the June-July 1968 issue of "Sing Out!" magazine. Kenny's version, unlike his brother's, includes the last verse about guilt and gossip.

The song is widespread and its origin is obscure. The geographical location of the song's story varies with the version collected. Dillon, after hearing a version sung by Tip McKinney of Arkansas and having heard a southern Indiana fiddle tune called **Going Down to Shippingsport**, used the towns of Louisville and Shippingsport, a town near Louisville that functioned as a stopover for boats waiting for passage around the falls. Vern's and Kenny's versions cited Laurel Hill and Chippensports instead. When the song has been collected in Pennsylvania, the western Pennsylvania towns of Laurel



Hill and Shippingport are used. Art Rosenbaum has heard that the song was composed in a lumber camp near Rutland, Vermont around 1875. An Appalachian version of the song can be heard on "Mountain Music of Kentucky," Folkways FA 2317. According to Dillon, the song can be found in Wisconsin as well. Now there's a version floating around Cincinnati.

I got up last Monday morning in 1845.  
I thought myself quite lucky to find myself alive.  
I harnessed up my old team my business to pursue,  
And I went to haulin' coal like I used for to do.

But the alehouse being open and the whiskey being free,  
I thought I'd just have one glass, but another was given to me.  
I thought I'd drink that second glass but I was offered four  
And I got so drunk in Shippingport that I could not haul no more.

I put my saddle upon my back and I staggered to the barn.  
I harnessed up my old grey mare thinking it no harm.  
I jumped upon her back and I rode away so still  
That I scarcely drew a breath 'till I came to Louisville.

Now my father he fast pursued me and he rode both night and day.  
He must have been that road before or else he'd have lost his way.  
He peeped in every hole and corner where e'er he saw a light  
And his old grey locks were wet with the dew of the night.

Now I have an honest comrade, his name I will not tell.  
He invited me to go downtown and with him cut a swell.  
And after much persuasion with him I did agree  
And we went down to the tailor's shop some fiddlers for to see.

Well up jumped four young ladies all ready for the dance  
And up jumped four young gentlemen all in advance  
And the fiddlers being willin' and the whiskey being strong  
I danced the ground of Louisville the whole night long.

Now come all you friends and neighbors, you listen to my song,  
And don't go tellin' stories of what I did was wrong.  
And don't you go spreading gossip just because I told you first,  
I know you're guilty of the same thing, and perhaps a whole lot worse.

### Meriweather

We learned Meriweather from Kathy Restle, the fiddler with the Indiana Rain Crows. She learned it from Bruce Greene, a western Kentucky fiddler. Bruce learned it from his friend Jake Phelps of Todd County, Kentucky who died in the winter of 1977 at the age of 93. Jake had heard it from Will Stigall who brought it to Todd County from the Jackson Purchase area in the southwest corner of Kentucky. As far as anyone seems to know, Meriweather was one of the old important family names of those that settled the southwest part of Kentucky.

### Johnny Cope

Grey learned Johnny Cope from Lisa Ornstein, a great fiddler from Shaker Heights, Ohio, while they were both students at Oberlin College. Lisa got it from Bill Hicks, the fiddler in the Red Clay Ramblers, who got it from Frank George, a fiddler from West Virginia. The tune is traditional in Frank George's area of West Virginia as far as we can tell. The tune bears resemblance to the tunes and songs by the same name that are played in Ireland, Scotland, and Cape Breton. "Napoleon's Charge" is another name for the West Virginia version of the tune.

### Shake These Bones

Malcolm made up the melody and words to **Shake These Bones** in the summer of 1977. A few days afterwards Grey made up the harmony.

The song was inspired by a style of singing white spirituals commonly known as shape note singing. Beginning in the late 18th century, old time singing school teachers visited churches in rural communities in the North and South. In as few as five or six days they would teach whole congregations the rudiments of four part harmony and sight singing. The books they brought incorporated the use of geometric shapes to indicate the degrees of the scale. The singing style and harmony which survives still in the South is forceful, hauntingly beautiful, and for singers and listeners alike, a spiritually powerful experience.

I'll show you what I'm feeling, Lord, anyway.  
I'll shake these bones and shout and sing my life away.  
I'll shake these bones and I will shout and sing my life away;  
It won't be long before these bones turn to clay.

I'll tell you what I'm thinking, Lord, anytime.  
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams, you won't mind.  
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams, I know that you won't mind,  
There's something there that's out of reach, I will find.

I'll tell you what I'm seeing, Lord, ev'rywhere.  
It may be only a small part of what is there.  
It may be only a small part of what is really there,  
But I'll stumble like the blind man, Lord, without fear.

I'll tell you what I'm hearing, Lord, all the time.  
I'm hearing songs and melodies in my mind.  
I'm hearing songs and melodies but when they're out of mind,  
I'll hear the sweetest peace of all left behind.

I'll show you how I'm living, Lord, everyday.  
I may not fall down on my knees and start to pray.  
I may not fall down on my knees and worship you or pray,  
But there's reverence in my laughter, Lord, anyway.

I'll show you who I'm loving, Lord, in the night.  
And when the door is open, Lord, and filled with light,  
And when the door is open, Lord, and filled with the morning light,  
We'll hear the child that calls for us out of sight.

I'll show you who I'm loving, Lord, in the day.  
And to my fellow people, Lord, these words I'll say.  
And to all my fellow people, Lord, these loving words I'll say,  
And I'll shake these bones and shout and sing my life away.

I'll show you how I'm feeling, Lord, anyway.  
I'll shake these bones and shout and sing my life away.  
I'll shake these bones and I will shout and sing my life away;  
It won't be long before these bones turn to clay.

### Soup, Banjo Tramp

Soup grew out of one of Malcolm's many improvisations with the spoons and mouth sounds. It still turns out differently every time he performs it. In this rendition Malcolm plays the wooden spoons both in the normal spoons position and also in the "bones position."

We couldn't resist at this point using the capabilities of the recording studio to produce the sound of a whole string band coming in on **Banjo Tramp**.

Grey learned this tune from Ward Jarvis, a fiddler well into his eighties who lives near Athens, Ohio. Ward is originally from nearby West Virginia and settled near Athens some time ago after working for years in the logging camps.



Grey and some friends arrived at Ward's place after a perilous trip through the deep snow of January, 1975 to find that Ward, a fiddle and gun collector, had traded his last fiddle for a gun. Grey lent Ward his fiddle, which had gut strings at the time, and Ward was moved to say, "I like your fiddle but not your strings." Nevertheless Ward was kind enough to play for a long time and give them many fine tunes.

### Fod

Malcolm learned Fod from a record of folksongs when he was a child. He and his brother, Campbell, sang it together throughout their youth. Though we are still searching for the original version, we're fairly certain that it will bear little resemblance to the piece of ham you hear on this record.

This really isn't out of keeping with the evolution of the song. The *Ballad of Springfield Mountain*, Fod's ancestor, is an old disaster ballad from Massachusetts about a young farmer who gets bitten by a snake. The serious version of the song did not meet with the same popularity as the comic versions which proliferate in many different regions of the country.

I went down to the mowin' field,  
A poison serpent bit my heel.

Sat upon a stump for to take a little rest,  
Looked like a woodchuck on its nest.

Woodchuck sings a banjo song,  
Up jumps a skunk with his britches on.

Woodchuck and skunk got into a fight,  
Smelled so strong had to put out the light.

I had an old dog with a cold, wet nose,  
She caught a cold and she couldn't smell cloves.

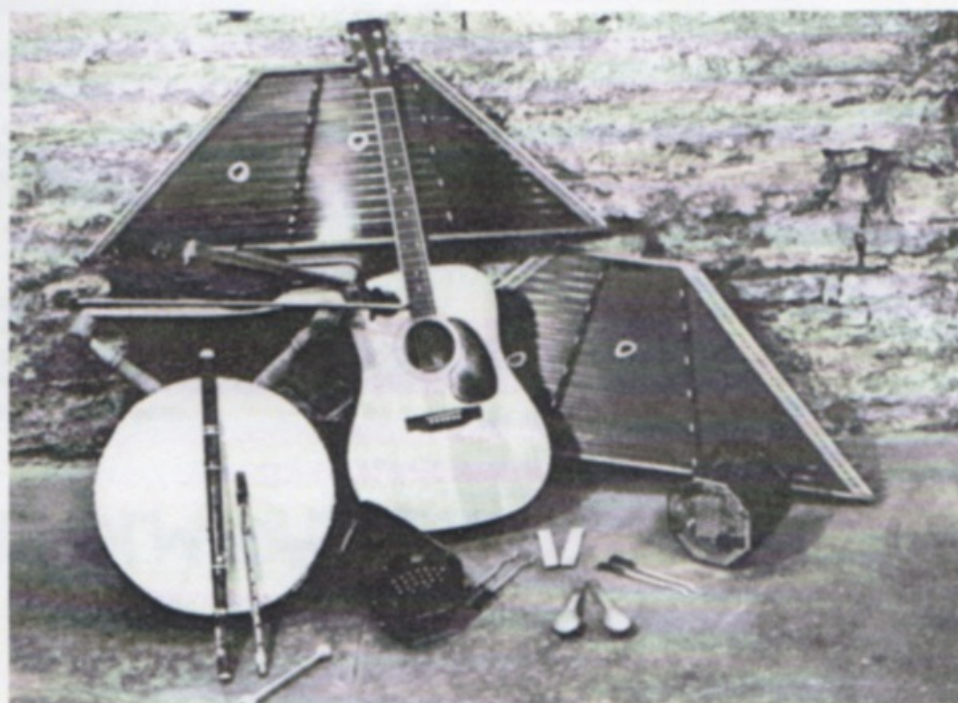
So I put the dog's nose in the baby's shoe,  
Instead of goin' "woof-woof" she went "a-choo."

### Cotton Eyed Joe

*Cotton Eyed Joe* is one of the most widespread and well-known of American fiddle tunes. This fine Arkansas version is one not often heard; it utilizes the GDAD fiddle tuning. Grey got it long ago from *The Fiddle Book* by Marion Thede. The author credits the tune to John Hendricks of Bates, Arkansas. According to Marion Thede, "cotton eyed" is a term "... descriptive of a person with very light blue eyes."

### The First of Autumn

This began as a simple humming tune on the same trip Malcolm made from Philadelphia to Cincinnati during which he also made up *The Dog in the Sycamore Leaves*. It wasn't until several years later that we worked out this dulcimer duet using hard and soft mallets.



Instruments played on the record (clockwise): fiddle (anonymous maker), 1978 Dalglish hammer dulcimer (medium size), 1971 Martin D-35 guitar, 1976 Dalglish hammer dulcimer (large size), Wheatstone English concertina c. 1930, dulcimer hammers, 1977 wooden spoons by Malcolm Dalglish, bones, dulcimer hammers, Wheatstone Anglo concertina in D and A c. 1945, 1978 bodhrán and tripper by Michael Murphy, Generation tin whistle in B-flat, wooden flute c. 1860 (anonymous English maker). Not shown: piano.

# The First of Autumn

1. Paddy Concannon's Reel  
The Wise Maid
2. Langstrom's Pony  
The Geese in the Bog
3. Fig for a Kiss  
The Butterfly
4. The Tune that Came Out
5. The Plains of Boyle  
The Dog in the Sycamore Leaves\*
6. I Don't Work for a Living
7. The Honeysuckle  
The Farewell Reel
8. Lannigan's Ball
9. The Mountain Streams  
The Bucks of Oranmore  
The Indian on the Rock
10. Shawneetown
11. Morning of 1845
12. Meriweather
13. Johnny Cope
14. Shake These Bones\*
15. Soup  
Banjo Tramp
16. Fod
17. Cotton-Eyed Joe
18. The First of Autumn\*

Hammer Dulcimer  
Spoons  
Bones  
Vocals

Irish Flute  
Tin Whistle  
Anglo Concertina  
English Concertina  
Hammer Dulcimer  
Fiddle, Guitar  
Piano  
Vocals

\*© 1978 Malcolm Dalglish, arranged by  
Malcolm Dalglish & Grey Larsen

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Kathy Restle, & Barbara Zavon

Malcolm Dalglish



Grey Larsen



with Michael Murphy, bodhrán

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