

1. Fool's Gold

(Pete Sutherland, Epact Music, BMI)

Marcy: lead vocal, cittern, pennywhistle, udo, six string banjo, accordion, percussion, Cathy: harmony vocal, guitar

I've been a gleaner in the wasteland, and never gone wanting
I've been a dowsers in a dry well, got drunk on a glass of pain
Struck down by love, healed up by lightning
I've ransomed captive joy for a fortune in fool's gold

I've slept in the firewalk, woken in a windstorm
I've been a mover of mountains, been a sailor on scrub and scree
Drawn lines in the heavens, seen whorls in the grasslands
I've dug with my bare heart for a fortune in fool's gold

I've mainlined miracles when no one was dealing
Made peace with the dark side as it made its ceaseless rounds
I've carried the lost boy, clung to the wild man's shoulders
Believed with all my soul in the power of fool's gold

Pete Sutherland is a prolific songwriter and old-time fiddler with many of his own recordings. This is from his latest, "A Clayfoot's Tale" which you can order directly from him at PO Box 123, Monkton, VT 05469.

2. Long Time Travelin'

(Traditional, arrangement Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, Leading Role Music ASCAP)

Cathy: lead vocal, baritone guitar Marcy: harmony vocal

Chorus:

I'm a long time travelin' here below,
I'm a long time travelin' away from my home.
I'm a long time travelin' here below,
Gonna lay this ole' body down.

When I can read my titles clear
To my mansions in the sky
I'll bid farewell to every fear

And I'll wipe my weepin' eye.

Let others seek a place below
Where the flames devour and forever roll
Give me a home above the sky
Where I'll live and never die

Farewell my friends whose tender care
has long engaged my love
Your fond embrace I now exchange
For better friends above.

We've sung this song for many years in jam sessions and song circles. The recent passing of Piedmont blues musician John Jackson brought it to the forefront, not because John sang the song, but because it seemed to honor him. John was the definition of a "gentleman" and a true role model for us.

3. Hopelessly in Love

(Ola Belle Reed, Midstream Music Publishing, BMI)

Cathy: lead and harmony vocal, guitar Marcy: harmony vocal, lead guitar
Mark Schatz: bass Rickie Simpkins: fiddle

You can measure the tallest, tallest tree
Just how far to the stars up in the blue
Can you fathom the deepest, deep blue sea
That's how much I'm hopelessly in love with you

Chorus:

Yes I'm hopelessly in love with you
Though you'll never know the pain that I go through
So I'll content this achin' heart
For it was hopeless from the start
Yes I'm hopelessly in love with you

You have heard of that road that has no end
How many raindrops fall into the sea
How many times does that weeping willow bend
Count them all and that's how much you mean to me

Born Ola Wave Campbell in Lansing, North Carolina in 1916 and brought up on Appalachian ballads and stringband music, Ola Belle Reed was also a singer-songwriter long before that term had today's meaning. Her haunting song, "High on a Mountain" was recorded by hundreds of bluegrass performers including Hot Rize and Del McCoury . It even became a hit country-rock single for Marty Stuart. You

can hear Ola Belle's fine singing on recordings on the Rounder and Smithsonian Folkways labels. During one of our many visits to Ola Belle and Bud Reed's home, she gave us this song to learn, which she never recorded. It's pure, old, country.

4. It's the Girl

Abel Baer, Dave Oppenheim, EMI Music Publishing Inc., ASCAP

Cathy: low harmony, acoustic guitar Marcy: high harmony, electric guitar

Grace Griffith: middle harmony Mark Schatz: bass

It isn't the paddle, it's not the canoe
It isn't the river, or skies that are blue
It isn't the love dreams that bring joy to you
It's the Girl, Oh, It's the Girl
It isn't the brooklet, that you, always wander to
It isn't the mountain, flowers, or the morning dew
It isn't the love nest that brings love to you
It's the girl that makes you happy and
It's the girl that makes you blue
You often doubt them, what a lonely world it'd be without them
It isn't the songbirds, the songs that they sing
It isn't the sunshine that makes you like spring
But what is this magic that makes lovers sing
It's the girl, Oh, It's the girl
Some folks need atmosphere when they're makin' love
They say that mother nature makes love grand
Still lovers will complain that they need the shore
If you're a Romeo, you'll understand
It isn't the paddle, it's not the canoe
It isn't the river, or skies that are blue
It isn't the love dreams that brings joy to you
Wherever you go, whatever you do
It's the Girl!
It isn't the brook-let, that you wander to
It isn't the mountain, the flowers or the morning dew
It isn't the love nest, that brings love to you
It's the girl! It's the girl!
It's not the places you go, It's not the crowd
It's not the folks you know
Oh, listen while I, shout out loud
Ba Da Ba Da Ba Ba-da Ba Ba Da

Ba Da Ba Da Ba Ba-da Ba Ba Da
Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba Ba It's the girl!

The Boswell Sisters' 1940's recordings set the standard for three-part jazz harmony singing.

5. Valse a Django (accent on a, left to right)

Django Reinhardt, WB Music Corp., ASCAP

Marcy: electric guitar Cathy: acoustic guitar Mark Schatz: bass

This is a very rare waltz from the repertoire of gypsy guitar master, Django Reinhardt.

Also known as Montagne Sainte-Genevieve (accent on 2nd e, left to right), Chris Biondo thought it might be a new form of Russian Surf Music.

6. Survivors of the Storm

(Cathy Fink, Tom Paxton, Leading Role Music/Pax Music ASCAP)

Cathy: lead vocal, guitar Marcy: harmony vocal, electric guitar

You read it in the paper
You watch it on TV
Once upon an ugly time
That story was about me
Little children trembling, blind with fear
But, we're done with secrets now
It's time we made it all come clear

Refrain:

We are you sisters
We are your brothers
We are your fathers, mothers, friends
We are your lovers
We are seeking a place that is safe and warm
We are survivors of the storm

There was no one who would listen
Who would hear me and believe
Children make these stories up
And so they all discounted me
Every day's another challenge
As I turn away from shame
Every day I tell myself
That no child is to blame

Refrain

Bridge

Children need parents who believe and listen
Teachers who pay close attention
Doctors and nurses who keep their eyes open
Who see and hear when no words have been spoken

When I take a look around me
The people that I see
The truth is that one in four is just like me
Times have changed and since I was young
But children are the same
And for them each day I rise and find the strength to love again

Refrain

Cathy helped found the Metropolitan Center for Assault Prevention (MCAP) which works to reduce the vulnerability of children to violence through a wonderful school program, the Child Assault Prevention program. This is not Cathy's story, but a collection of the stories told by many brave survivors of assault and abuse. Statistics tell us that one in four girls and one in five boys will be assaulted by the time they are 18 years old. Prevention is crucial.

We dedicate this song to Joanne Levin, MCAP's founder and president, for her vision, insight and tireless work to help keep children "safe, strong and free". Check out MCAP at www.metrocap.org. and the National Child Assault Prevention Project at www.ncap.org.

7. Arrange and Rearrange

(Pete Seeger, Sanga Music, Inc., BMI)

Cathy: lead vocal, banjo Marcy: harmony vocal, steel drums, congas, percussion
Chorus Singers: Sue Ribaldo, Mike Stein, Daryl Duff, Carolee Rand, Cathy, Marcy

Early in the morning when I first see the sun
I say a little prayer for the world
I hope our little children live a long, long time
Yes, every little boy and little girl
I hope they learn to laugh at the ways our precious old words do seem to
change
Cause that's what life is all about
To arrange and re-arrange and re-arrange

Chorus:

Oh-wee, oh why, to arrange and re-arrange and re-arrange
Oh-wee, oh why, to arrange and re-arrange and re-arrange

When I heard the first yowl of a brand new baby

When I see the sliver of a brand new moon

When I see the first flower poking up through the snow

When I see the first cardinal sittin' on a branch

Sometimes I wake up in the middle of the night

And I rub my achin' old eyes

Is that a voice from inside a my head

Or does it come down from the skies?

There's a time to laugh, but a time to weep

And a time to make a big change

Wake up, you bum, the time has come

To arrange and re-arrange and re-arrange

We first heard Pete Seeger sing this at a Folk Alliance conference in Toronto and loved it. It was fitting to combine steel drums and banjo since Pete wrote the first available tutorials for old-time banjo and for steel drums! Appleseed Recordings made two stellar CD's of Pete's songs sung by other artists, found at www.appleseed.com

8. Birds and Ships

(Woody Guthrie lyrics, Billy Bragg, music, Woody Guthrie Publications, Inc.(BMI)/BMG Songs (ASCAP)

Marcy: lead vocal, pennywhistle Cathy: harmony vocal, guitar

The birds are singing in your eyes today
Sweet flowers blossom in your smile
The wind and rain are in the words you say
Where might your lonesome lover be?

Birds may be singing in my eyes this day
Sweet flowers blossom when I smile
But my soul is stormy and my heart blows wild
My sweetheart rides a ship on the sea

The Woody Guthrie Archives is home to over 2000 pieces of writing that Woody created which have never been recorded or published. His daughter, Nora, realized that some of this work could come to life through collaborations with contemporary artists. We heard this song on the “Mermaid Avenue” CD that Billy Bragg did with Wilco. Please check out the Woody Guthrie Archives and join to help preserve and continue this wonderful body of work. www.woodyguthrie.org

9. Mason’s Apron

(Traditional, Arrangement by Cathy Fink & Marcy Marxer, Leading Role Music, ASCAP)

Cathy: banjo Marcy: guitar Mark: bass

Originally Scottish, later Irish and passed along to the bluegrass and old time musicians, we also added a bit of swing.

10. A House of Gold

(Hank Williams, Acuff-Rose Music, Inc./Hiriam Music, admin.by Rightsong Music, Inc. (BMI)

Cathy: vocal, baritone guitar Marcy:vocal, mandolin

People steal, they cheat and lie
For wealth and what it will buy
But don't they know on the Judgement Day
that gold and silver will melt away

I'd rather be in a deep dark grave
And know that my poor soul was saved
Than to live in this world in a house of gold
And deny my God and doom my soul

What good is gold and silver too
If you heart's not good and true
Sinner, hear me when I say
Fall down on your knees and pray

One of Hank Williams' many classics. We learned this for one of our annual "Tribute to Hank Williams" shows and kept on singing it.

11. The Speculator

Lyrics by Peter Berryman; Music by Lou Berryman, Lou & Peter Berryman Music, BMI

Cathy: vocal, acoustic guitar Marcy: vocal, electric guitar

We're never ever bored when we're ridin' in the Ford
Cause we have a Speculator on the dash
It doesn't pay the bills or assist you on the hills
And it isn't gonna save you if you crash
But when you pass a dairy now and then
And find that you are wondering again
What's that little shack by the barn around the back
You can turn the Speculator up to ten

Could it be a shed where the farmer keeps a bed
For the guy who comes to help him with the cows
Betcha it's a shop with a grinder and a strop
For the day they have to sharpen up the plows
A shanty for the pluckin' of the duck
Or where they turn the cattle into chuck
Or where they find the mule when it's time to go to school
And the farmer's havin' trouble with the truck

Nothin' really like a jalopy on the pike
With the rattle of the window in the door
With the whining of the wheels and the radio schpiels
And the clatter of the clutter on the floor
Then we hear a chuckle from the hood
Somethin' isn't workin' like it should
We may have to walk, but judgin' from the talk
The Speculator's workin' pretty good

Maybe it's the link from the pedal on the blink
Comin' off enough to wiggle and to clunk
Maybe it's the choke or the heating oil broke

Or there's someone entertaining in the trunk
Maybe it's a carburetor fire burning insulation off a wire
I thinka chunka rust coulda twisted in a gust
And be Ruben' on the rubber of the tire

When you're on the plains in the Colorado rains
Or you're drivin' to Bimidgi in the snow
When you're headed North from Chicago on the Fourth
And a Winnebego's holdin' up the snow
Conversation godalmitey dull absolutely 0 in the skull
You can drive to the equator if you have a Speculator
And you turn it on whenever there's a lull

'Zat a chip of wood in the middle of the hood
Or a chicken enchilada for an elf
Maybe it's a gob from the chin of Uncle Bob
Who is not a man to keep it to himself
Maybe it's a serviette for birds a glossary of ittybitty words
Maybe it's a tuffet where a hurried little muffet
Lost her whey when she was leavin' with the curds

When you're nearly hit by a yuppie little twit
With his godforsaken noggin on the phone
Swervin' in your lane goin' ninety in the rain
In a cloud of Amaretto and cologne
You feel the anger in you go to work
Maybe now's the time to go berserk
Before you pop a vessel let the Speculator wrestle
With another way of lookin' at the jerk

Maybe he's a shrink with a patient on the brink
And he's rushing there while trying to talk him down
Maybe he's aware there's a toxin in the air
And he's off to warn the people of the town
Someone in the family could be sick
His daughter hit his mother with a brick
His dog has got the rabies or his wife is havin' babies
Though the odds are in your favor he's a prick

This song took on new meaning for us as we drove through Australia, on the left side of the road, gawking at the Giant Orange, the Giant Pineapple, the Giant Lawn Mower and the Giant Prawn, not to mention the Giant Worm. Peter & Lou are masterful tune- & wordsmiths. Find more at www.louandpeter.com

12. Here is the Chorus

(Bernard Carney, Australian Performing Rights Association)

Marcy: vocal, electric guitar Cathy: harmony vocal, acoustic guitar Mark Schatz:
bass

House concert audience: The Chorus

I have a line of a song, it sets the mood it sets the time
I color it with images, and maybe it will rhyme
Now it gains momentum, getting stronger on the way
The chorus is approaching and it's what I want to say

CH: Here is the chorus, it's the title of the song
Here is the chorus, and it's taking you along
It sums up all the verses and the themes that it contains
Here is the chorus, and I'm singing it again

Now I'm into verse 2 and the energy drops down
Add a little story, another face, another town
Stir in some emotion and the voice begins to rise
You're starting to be drawn in, and then to your surprise

CHORUS

Maybe now I'll place a little bridge into the song
Something with a different sound that does not take too long
But brings me

Back to the chorus, ah, the message now is plain
This song's a load of rubbish, but it's stuck inside your brain
And if you don't go out and buy it, you know you'll go insane
Here is the chorus, and I'm singing it again, and again...

Here is the chorus, it's the title of the song
Here is the chorus, it's got to, got to, got to be a #1
So sing one last chorus, the finale will ascend
That was the chorus, now I'm finished, but it's not quite the end
'Cause here is the chorus, I've got nothing left to say
Here is the chorus, but I could sing my song all day.....

From labor songs to ragtime, social commentary to love songs, Bernard Carney is a masterful performer and songwriter. We heard him perform this song at the Southwest Music Festival in Nannup, Western Australia.

He said he wrote it after reading a book about songwriting. National Public Radio aired this recording from a house concert right before the GRAMMY Awards in

2001 as a commentary on *Morning Edition*. We hope the 5,000 people who emailed us wanting a copy are finding it now! Find Bernard Carney at www.cantech.net.au/~carneybe/