

Cathy Barton

Vocals, Autoharp, banjo, guitar, mountain dulcimer, hammered dulcimer

Dave Para

Vocals, guitar, 12-string guitar

Kevin Hennessy

Bass

David Wilson

Fiddle, cello, mandolin

Pete Szkolka

Keyboards

Knox McCrory

Harmonica

The voices of

First Christian Church Chancel Choir

Tempe McGlaughlin

Bob and Melissa Atchison

Deep Settled Peace

You'll Be Rewarded Over There

My Sabbath Home

Poppa Was a Preacher

I Used to Have a Father and Mother

Amazing Grace

The Unclouded Day

Light at the River

Ain't No Grave Gonna Hold My Body Down

I've Got a Father in the Kingdom

On the Jericho Road

Gone Home

Abide With Me/ Faith of Our Fathers/

Bound for the Promised Land

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Africa

The Peace Carol

Handsome Winsome Boy

May the Roads Rise With You

Ship Ahoy!

There's a Deep Settled Peace in My Soul

Kate Peters Sturgill

We learned this song from Ginny Hawker and Kay Justice, whose singing we greatly admire. A renowned singer in the Appalachians, Sturgill was a cousin of A.P. Carter who accompanied him on some of his song collecting trips in and around Poor Valley, Virginia.

*I found no rest for my soul,
Until I heard that story told.
Now I'm in the shepherd's fold,*

And there's a deep settled peace in my soul.

*There's a deep settled peace in my soul.
I've been redeemed and made whole.
I've been washed in the blood of the lamb,
And I know I understand
That deep settled peace in my soul.*

*Let not your heart be troubled so
If to Jesus you will go.
Through him you'll learn to know
That deep settled peace in your soul.*

*And when death around you lies,
And you must cross that great divide.
If you have Jesus by your side
You'll have a deep settled deep inside.*

You'll Be Rewarded Over There

Ira Louvin

The Louvin Brothers' recorded this in 1951, and their songs are still current in the repertoires of many a bluegrass band and vocal duo.

*I am walking with my Lord each day,
Warning everyone I see.
If they're headed down the wrong highway
Asking them to walk with me.*

*Join me in my prayer,
(Join me in my journey; join me in my prayer.)
If you're worried, Jesus cares.
(If you're sad and worried, Jesus will be there.)
If you serve Him, serve Him in this life
Brother, you'll be rewarded over there*

*Those who travel down the road of sin
Wear a lock upon their heart,
Seeking honor and the praise of men.
God to them will say, "Depart."*

*I was drifting down the broad highway,
Many journeyed there with me,
At the crossing I was made to pray,
Now I'm singing victory.*

My Sabbath Home

Dr. Christopher Ruby Blackall and W.H. Doane

One of the gospel songs cited by Laura Ingalls Wilder in her books as sung both in Sunday school and at home. Blackall was an Army surgeon during the Civil War and wrote this song in 1871, one of several collaborations with Doane composing songs for Sunday school.

*Sweet Sabbath home, more dear to me
Than fairest palace dome.
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.*

*Sabbath home, (Sabbath home)
Blessed home (blessed home)
Sabbath home, (Sabbath home)
Blessed home (blessed home)
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath home.*

*Here first my willful, wandering heart
The way of life was shown.
Here first I saw the better part
And gained a Sabbath home.*

*Here Jesus stands with loving voice
Entreating me to come
And make of Him my earnest choice
In this dear Sabbath home.*

Poppa Was a Preacher

Jerry Rasmussen

Jerry is a good friend and one of our favorite songwriters. For his 1985 album, "The Secret Life of Jerry Rasmussen," Jerry noted that while his father was not a preacher, some his uncles were, specifically his Uncle Walt, whom Jerry remembers singing "Old Hundred" to grace a family picnic.

*Poppa was a preacher down in Kankakee
Where the soil is black as coal,
And the only job he ever had was planting of the seed
And the harvesting of the soul.
And when we got together 'round the table every night
We always sang the grace.
And I can hear my momma singing high harmony
While my poppa sang the bass.*

*And we sang "Old One Hundred" and "Walking in the Garden"
And "A Closer Walk With Thee."
And there never was a song that my poppa didn't know
And he taught 'em all to me.*

*Well, every Sunday morning while the other kids were sleeping
I'd be up at the crack of dawn,
Trying to put a polish on my old brown shoes
And getting all my best clothes on.
And I could hear my momma; she'd be down in the kitchen
And she'd start to sing a song,
And if it wasn't Poppa it would be my little sister,
And they'd start to sing along.*

*Well, Momma played the organ in the 10 'o clock service,
And my sister sang in the choir.
Then Poppa would give a sermon about the degradation
And the brimstone and the fire.
And me, I was an usher with a white carnation
And I'd help to pass the tray,
And I'd smile at all the ladies in the congregation
Every time they'd look my way.*

I Used to Have a Father and Mother

George Washington Phillips

Many in the dulcimer world were introduced to the music of Washington Phillips by pleasant mistake in 1980 when the Dutch label Agram Records reissued some obscure 1929 recordings of the gospel singer accompanying himself on what was labeled a dolceola. Apparently unfamiliar with the rare piano/zither hybrid patented in 1908, Agram instead used a drawing of a hammered dulcimer for the album cover. At a time when dulcimer recordings were scarce a cover picture of the instrument usually warranted its purchase. It didn't take much listening, however, to determine that Phillips' instrument was not a dulcimer; and more recent research indicates it was not even a dolceola, but rather a homemade, plucked zither. But Phillips' warm and sincere singing endears him to us and reveals how simply some of the most powerful messages of the gospel can be put.

*I used to have a real good mother, and a father,
And they certainly stood the test.
Now they have gone to bright glory,
And I know their souls are at rest.*

*They laid a good example for me.
They taught me how to pray.
Now I am truly converted,
And I'm walking in the narrow way.*

*I'm so glad that salvation is free,
It is free for you and me.
Now, if we just could only live with Jesus,
O, how happy we would be.*

*I know the whole wide world does not love me anyhow,
And it is on the count of sin,
But I am thankful God is able
To give me many friends.*

*Now, Jesus has said for you to love one another
As he has loved you.
Then you will rightly treat your neighbor,
And it won't be hard to do.*

The Unclouded Day

Josiah K. Alwood

This 1890 hymn regularly turns up in instrumental form at jam sessions. The combination of mountain dulcimer, guitar and harmonica evoke memories of the Simmons family and Percy Copeland, fine Ozark musicians from Stone County, Ark., whom we met in our earliest days of learning traditional music.

Amazing Grace

John Newton

The most familiar setting for Newton's verse is the tune "New Britain" from 1829. The words have been set to other common meter tunes since Newton wrote them in the 1770s, but probably not to the fiddle tune "Benton's Dream," from North Carolina fiddler Benton Flippen, until Peter and Alice Amidon of Vermont came up with the idea. We have admired the Amidons' music for more than 20 years and have procured a number of songs from them. Newton wrote two other verses to this song, but not the last one, which was added later.

*Amazing grace, how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.*

*'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved.
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed.*

*Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come.
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.*

*When we've been there, ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we'd first begun.*

Light at the River

This song came to us from Alice Gerrard of North Carolina by way of the Wright family of Texas. Hearing Margaret Wright sing it was a highlight for us at the Winter Creek Reunion Festival in Oklahoma in 2005. Alice, who wrote the last two lines of the last verse, learned the song from Tennessee fiddler Clarence Farrell.

*There is a river we must cross over,
Where the sun goes to sleep in the west.
There'll be a light for me at the crossing,
Guiding me safe to my home of sweet rest.*

*There'll be a light for me at the river,
Guiding my soul over the foam.
Down through the valley, past the dark shadows,
I know my light will guide me safe home.*

When I shall reach the banks of the river,

*Where the chill waters murmur their song;
Nothing to harm me, nothing alarm me,
While I am sailing to my new home.*

*Down by the river soon I'll be standing,
Bidding farewell to friends left behind.
As loved ones free me old friends will greet me
Shining their light at the river for me.*

Ain't No Grave Can Hold My Body Down

Traditional

Our source for this song is the classic recording by Estil and Orna Ball of North Carolina whose repertoire and style have been a musical guidepost for us. The Balls' version has more of the Holiness movement imagery (a characteristic of a number of the Carter Family's gospel numbers) than does the other magnificent traditional rendition by the Rev. Bozie Sturdivant, recorded by the Lomaxes in 1942 in Clarksdale, Miss.

*Ain't no grave gonna hold my body down. (twice)
When I hear that trumpet sound
I'm going to get up off of the ground.
Ain't no grave can hold my body down.*

*Well, go down yonder, Gabriel, put your foot on land and sea.
Oh, Gabriel don't blow your trumpet until you hear from me.
Well, I looked way over yonder, saw people dressed in white.
I knew they were God's people: I saw them doing right.
Well I looked way over yonder, and what do you think I see?
I see a band of angels, and they're coming after me.*

*I'm going to the River of Jordan, going to bury my knees in the sand,
Going to holler out "Hosanna," 'til I come to the Promised Land.
Well I looked way over yonder, and what do you think I see?
I see a band of angels, and they're coming after me.
Meet me, Jesus, meet me; meet me in the middle of the air,
And if these wings don't fail me, I won't need me another pair.*

I've Got a Father in the Kingdom

Traditional

Also sung as "sitting on the throne with Jesus", this is one of the many camp meeting songs in the repertoire of Ollie Gilbert, of Stone County, Arkansas, whom we knew from earlier days at the Ozark Folk Center. We have long enjoyed making our own harmonization to songs like this.

*I've got a father in the kingdom (three times)
Sitting on the seat with Jesus.*

*High up in heaven,
Way up in heaven,
Sitting on the seat with Jesus.
Won't you be glad when he calls you (three times)
To sit on the seat with Jesus?*

Gone Home

Bill Carlisle

A lovely song that unfortunately becomes more true the older we get, this is one we always associate with our years of friendship with Grandpa and Ramona Jones, having heard them sing it often. (Ricky Skaggs sang this at Grandpa's funeral.) Knowing the family not only gave us some great songs but also influenced how we think about and perform the music we play.

*All of my friends that I loved yesterday,
Gone home (they have gone home)
Gone home (they have gone home)
The songbirds that sing in the dell seem to say,
Gone home (they have gone home)
Gone home (they have gone home)*

Chorus:

*They've joined the heavenly fold.
They're walking the streets of pure gold.
They left one by one, when their work here was done.
Gone home (they have gone home)
Gone home (they have gone home)*

*Life is so lonely since they've gone before.
Gone home ...
The old weeping willow that stands by the door
Sadly sighs (they have gone home)
Gone home (they have gone home)*

*The trumpet will sound on that Great Judgment Day.
We'll meet all our friends who have gone on their way.*

On the Jericho Road

Don S. McCrossan

Grandpa Jones recorded this 1928 classic quartet first with the Brown's Ferry Four (with Merle Travis and the Delmore Brothers) in the 1940s, and again in the mid 1960s with Travis and Ramona. Grandpa seemed to enjoy this kind of music best, especially for group singing, and Bob and Melissa and Cathy and I have fond memories of joining in during fine times at his home in Arkansas.

*As you travel along, on the Jericho Road
Does the world seem all wrong and heavy your load?
Just bring it to Christ, your sins all confess.
On the Jericho Road your heart he will bless.*

*On the Jericho Road, there's room for just two.
No more or no less; just Jesus and you.
Each burden he'll bear, each sorrow he'll share.
There's never a care, for Jesus is there.*

On the Jericho Road, blind Bartimaeus sat.

*His life was a void, so empty and flat,
But Jesus appeared; one word brought him sight.
On the Jericho Road, Christ banished his night.*

*Oh, brother to you this message I bring:
Though hope may be gone, He'll cause you to sing.
At Jesus' command sins shackles must fall.
On the Jericho Road will you answer his call?*

Abide With Me/ Faith of Our Fathers/ Bound for the Promised Land

"Eventide," the setting for Henry Lyte's 1847 verse, "Abide With Me," was written by William Monk in 1861, "during a time of great sorrow," his wife noted. Lyte was revising his text while dying of tuberculosis. The 1874 hymn "Faith of Our Fathers," sung at the funeral of Franklin Roosevelt, was set to the tune "St. Catherine," published by Henri F. Henry in 1864. The camp meeting song "Promised Land" is listed as an American folk hymn in the 1835 hymnal *Southern Harmony*.

I Sing the Mighty Power of God

Isaac Watts

Watts originally published this song in 1715 in his *Divine and Moral Songs for Children*, but it became popular with adults. Growing up "Protestant-challenged," Dave "discovered" this later in life.

*I sing the mighty power of God that made the mountains rise,
And spread the flowing seas abroad and built the lofty skies.
I sing the wisdom that ordained the sun to rule the day.
The moon shines full at His command and all the stars obey.*

*I sing the goodness of the Lord that filled the earth with food.
He formed the creatures with His word and then pronounced them good.
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed where'er I turn my eye
If I survey the ground I tread or gaze upon the sky.*

*There's not a plant or flower below but makes Thy glories known,
And clouds arise and tempests blow by order of Thy throne.
While all that borrows life from Thee is ever in Thy care,
And everywhere that we can be, Thou, God are present there.*

Africa

Isaac Watts and William Billings

This tune and harmonization by Billings of Watts' text dates to 1770. The last phrase of the first verse is the title of one of our favorite recordings of shape-note music by One Accord, of St. Louis. We have sung with First Christian Church choir since 1988, when we're home. Our fellow members are Rita and Larry Sanders, Ed and Judy Scrivner, Scott and Kelly Fray, Sharon Korte, Jill Stafford, Linda Wells, Lani Allton, Joy Crum and Janice Bradshaw, director

Now shall my inward joys arise and burst into a song.

Almighty love inspires my heart and pleasure tunes my tongue.

*God on His thirsty Zion's hill some mercy drops has thrown
And solemn oaths have bound his love to shower salvation down.*

Handsome, Winsome Boy

Bob Coltman

Not long after we recorded an album of Christmas music with Sandy and Caroline Paton for Folk-legacy Records in 1990, Bob sent us two cassettes of Christmas songs he had written. They have since become some of our very favorites, as Bob is one of the most prolific and amazing songwriters we know. The concurrence of theology, faith and triumph makes this song a rush to sing.

*Such a bright and glorious night that never was before.
This moment time has stopped stark still, and hark! it starts once more
Mankind finds a champion to battle the ranks of sin.
Wail, ye sons of ill betide, and bearers of the mark of Cain.*

*Harps and viols, harps and viols, harps and viols of joy,
And the angels bend to sing and smile for the handsome, winsome Boy.*

*Wonder, ye barbarians, ye ancient lands of light,
For this that ye wot of this day will give thee sense and sight.
The new is now among you all; the old is now made new.
Think not that ye shall be passed by; he blesses even you.*

*Then learn to crack your cheeks with smiles and lift your lips in song.
This morning is the world washed clean and purified from wrong.
At last, 'twas as 'twas meant to be: death is erased in birth.
Glad sun, arise and course the skies of this rejoicing earth.*

The Peace Carol

Bob Beers

Bob noted that he composed this song in honor of an elderly minister, Edith Craig Reynolds. Bob's sister Janet Boyer led the song on the 1971 recording, "Seasons of Peace," and it is her voice we always hear in this song, having heard her sing it many times with her dear family with whom we have long felt a musical kinship.

*The garment of life be it tattered and torn,
The cloak of the soldier is weathered and worn,
But what Child is this that was poverty-born?
The peace of Christmas Day.*

*The branch that bears the bright holly,
The dove that rests in yonder tree,
The light that burns for all to see,
The peace of Christmas Day.*

*The hope that has slumbered for two thousand years,
A promise that silenced a thousand fears,
A faith that can hobble an ocean of tears,*

The peace of Christmas Day.

*Add all the grief that people may bear;
Total the strife and the trouble and care.
Put them in columns and leave them all there.
The peace of Christmas Day*

May the Roads Rise with You

Sandy Paton

I believe that every time we have made an album we have had Sandy and Caroline Paton and Folk-Legacy Records in mind for their influence on us is great. Sandy revised the popular Irish blessing to a melody he wrote hoping to make a sing-able and easily learned song. We helped Sandy and Caroline record this signature tune on their "New Harmony" album in 1987 and have been singing it ever since.

*May the roads rise with you;
May the winds by gentle where you stand.
May the Lord smile upon you,
And hold you safely in his hand.*

*May your friends be many;
May they share your joys through all your days.
May the sun shine upon you
And warm you on your wandering ways.*

*May your dreams be peaceful in the night;
May you wake to welcome morning's light.*

Ship Ahoy!

M.J. Cartwright and D.B. Towner

Published in 1927, this is one of the more obscure songs in the extensive repertoire and discography of the Carter Family. The published lyrics and Sara Carter's singing indicate a "pitiless sea," but indolence is as well as anger a troublesome enough current in the sea of life.

*I was drifting away on life's shiftless sea
When the angry waves threatened my ruin to be
There away at my side I dimly described
A stately old vessel, and loudly I cried,
 "Ship ahoy (ship ahoy), ship ahoy (ship, ahoy),
 Then loudly I cried, "Ship ahoy!"*

*It was the old ship of Zion sailing along.
All aboard seemed happy, I heard their sweet song.
And the captain, kind dear, ever ready to hear
Of my wail of distress as I cried out in fear,*

*The good captain commanded a boat to be lowered,
And with tender compassion he took me on board.
Then trust him today and no longer delay:
Get on board the old vessel and shout on your way,*

