

## **The Kansan Celts are:**

**Papa Nate:** Guitars, Banjo, Vocals, Accordion on Maggie’s song. Producer.

**Mama Paula:** Mother & trainer of 12 children, Mixing board, BGV’s, Project consultant.

**Josh:** Mandolin, BGV’s, Legal consultant.

**Beni:** Cello, Violin, BGV’s, Recorder flute on Correvuela, Music consultant.

(Beni married Rachel this year, and Rachel helps the band with childcare.)

**Amos:** Recorders, Flutes, Didgeridoo, Bagpipes, Uke (Red Clay), Vocals, History consultant.

**Peter:** Doumbek, Bodhran, Hammered Dulcimer, BGV’s, Photographer & album graphics.

**Grace Anne:** Violin, Ukulele, Vocals.

**Irene:** Bass Guitar, BGV’s, Concert scheduling.

**Lillian:** Mixing board, BGV’s, Childcare.

**Hope:** Mandolin, Accordion, BGV’s.

**Aletheia:** Auxiliary percussion, BGV’s.

**Betsy:** Auxiliary percussion, BGV’s.

**Jed:** BGV’s, General liveliness factor.

**Maggie:** BGV’s, General cuteness factor.

In an attempt to better capture the feel of our family band, we recorded almost all of these songs in our living room with everybody playing at once, mixing it live to stereo (Except for tracks 12, 13, 14, & 17). If you haven’t bought the CD, you’re missing out! You can buy it at <https://www.createspace.com/800519166>

## **1. The Free & The Brave**

*This arrangement of national anthems by Amos and GraceAnne erupted serendipitously while we were recording something else. The juxtaposition of “O Say Can You See” with “Dixie,” “The Bonnie Blue Flag,” and “Scotland the Brave,” although unusual, commemorates the love for freedom in the ethnicities that flow through our veins.*

## **2. Irish Rover**

*Amos wrote a new second verse to transform a traditional drinking song into a morality tale. He sings the lead vocal too, but wants you to know that he had a cold the day we recorded it.*

In the year of our Lord 1806 we set sail from the cold cove of Cork. In the hold of the bay was a cargo of bricks for the grand city hall of New York. She was an elegant craft, she was rigged fore and aft, and oh how the trade winds blowed her. She had 27 sails that withstood every blast, and we called her the Irish Rover. There was Barney McGee from the banks of the Lee, and there was Hogan from county Tyrone, and Charlie McGirk who was scarce of all work, and a man from West Bank called Malone. There was Slugger O’Toole who was drunk as a rule, and fighting Bill Tracy from Dover, and your man, Mick McGann from the banks of the Bann was the skipper of the Irish Rover.

Well, before we went our way, we made a stop at Bristol Bay, where the crew went for drinks in the town. On our way back down the street, tell me who do you think they’s meet but a preacher a’wearing cap and gown. They laughed and made fun; they were drunk every one, but they should have been running for cover! The preacher poured out all their gin and said they’d perish in their sin, so they fled to the Irish Rover.

We had sailed seven seas when the measles broke out and the ship lost her way in the fog, and the whole of the crew was reduced down to two: that’s myself and the captain’s old dog. Then

the ship struck a rock; oh what a shock! The bulkhead turned right over; she turned nine times around, and the poor old dog was drowned. I’m the last of the Irish Rover.

## **3. Jennifer’s Favorite/Swallowtail Jug**

*GraceAnne leads off in this fun fiddle frolic of traditional tunes which we first heard at a Crossing concert.*

## **4. Sergeant Bath’s Guitar**

*Traditional tune with words by Nate & Amos, telling a true story. Recording fourteen vocalists playing twelve instruments at once presented a huge production challenge, especially since we only had 12 microphones! We recorded it in two passes, first with everyone playing their instruments (Nate on the Takamine guitar), then the second pass with Nate listening on headphones to the instrumental track we had just recorded while playing the Jasmine guitar to cue the rest of the family as they did all the vocals at once.*

NATE: When I was but a young lad, I got my first guitar, a pre-owned Takamine from a Southside music store. It was a Christmas present from my folks in Birmingham. It’s been with me through thick and thin; through every gig and jam. To that guitar was added a Jasmine one fine day, A gift from Sergeant Bath our neighbor, when he moved away. He said he thought we’d use it more than he ever would, And I do suppose he’s right, and I suppose that’s good!

CHORUS: So this is how we came to own the instruments we play, And how they were acquired in a providential way, Yes, some were bought, some were given, some came from afar,

NATE: A pre-owned Takamine, ALL: And Srgnt. Bath’s Guitar.

NATE: The next amazing instrument that we have come to own Was a P-bass from a pawn shop on Broadway, Denver town, I plugged it in to test it out, and could not get a sound, So the salesman cut the price in half, & a fix at home was found. The bass amp was a broken Gorilla practice box From an MK. chap on Lookout Mtn, (who wore paisley socks) He said that I could have it, if I could make it work. I fixed it with a power switch from my electronics stock!

CHORUS: So this is how we came to own the instruments we play...

NATE: A pre-owned Takamine, IRENE: A p-bass from a pawn-shop, ALL:

And Srgnt. Bath’s Guitar.

BENI: One day we heard a bluegrass band out Sangre de Cristo way, Afterwards, we asked the lead how he got his boys to play, So Mr. Wolkling brought us home and lent a violin. He showed us how to fiddle-play and how to pick & grin.

NATE: Another time I volunteered at General Assembly When across the hall, my old prof. Mrs.

McCowan hailed me

PAULA: She said, “Could y’all use a cello and a bed in Tennessee?”

NATE: “Och yes,” said we! So we stayed and played a jig or 2 or 3.

CHORUS: So this is how we came to own the instruments we play...

PAULA: A bass amp that was broken, GRACE: The Wolkling’s extra fiddle, BENI: Ms.

McCowan’s cello

ALL: And Srgnt. Bath’s Guitar.

NATE: Kampala square, Uganda, I bartered for a drum, “Two hundred shillings” said the clerk, “One hundred is my sum,” (said I). Impressed, she let me have the doumbek at that price, Although the airplane’s luggage space almost did not suffice!

PAULA: It was coming up a birthday for our woodwind player guy, His Mama told him she would buy a sword or some bagpipes. He bought himself a claymore, and left his Ma no choice, And now he drowns out all our sound with all his Scottish noise!

CHORUS: So this is how we came to own the instruments we play...

PETER: A doumbek from Uganda, AMOS: A bagpipe from a birthday, ALL: And Srgnt.

Bath’s Guitar!

NATE: While looking for an instrument to grow our band next time We prayed for God to give us an accordion. Next day a friend in Minnesota called us on the line, HOPE: “I have an old accordion; if you’d like it, that’s just fine!”

ALL: It would not do to overlook one last music source, Where we bought our mandolins, and who knows what all else. It matters not what some folks say – what others may proclaim, We all agree Musician’s Friend has lived up to its name!

CHORUS: So this is how we came to own the instruments we play...

HOPE: An Accordion we prayed for, JOSH: A mandolin from Musician’s Friend (Spoken)

PETER: Well, then there’s the dulcimer, BENI: And the French violin I bought in Lawrence,

AMOS: The bass recorder Dr. Zeller gave us, NATE: What about the Djembe I bought in

Yemen? ALÉ: Or the flutes from Indian and China? LILLIAN: And how could you forget the

oud? GRACE: Or the ukelele? BETSY: Or the didgeridoo? JED: Or how about this? MAGGIE:

No, Jed, don’t touch that!

ALL: And Sergeant Bath’s Guitar!

## **5. Toss the Feather & 6. Correvuela (Live Versions)**

*Our first Kansan Celts album contained multi-tracked recordings of these traditional songs, and they have become signature performance pieces for our band with Beni and GraceAnne dueling fiddles on “Toss the Feather” and Beni and Amos dueling Recorders on “Correvuela,” so here’s the next best thing to coming over to our house for Sunday dinner and music.*

## **7. The Jolly Preacherman**

*Traditional tune with words about a beggar, adapted by Nate, who is a preacher.*

I am a little preacher-man, a preaching have I been For three score years in this little isle of green. I’m known along the Liffey from the Basin to the Zoo, And everybody calls me by the name of Preacher Dhu. Of all the trades a going, sure the preaching is the best, And when your life is over you can have eternal rest. Before or after dinner, he has nothing else to do But the preaching at the corner with his old Bible true

I preached in a revival tent a night in Currabawn; A shocking wet night but I preached until the dawn. There was holes in the roof and the rain was coming through, And the rats and the cats were a-playing peek-a-boo. Who should fall asleep but a woman of the house With a white spotted apron and a calico blouse, But when she heard that Jesus said she could be born anew, Even she began to waken and to follow Jesus too!

I met a little maiden while a-walking out one day, “Good-morrow, did you hear that Jesus loves you,” I did say. “Good-morrow Mister preacherman, and- Yes I do! God- bless your rags-and-tags and your auld Bible true!” I’ll buy a pair of leggings and a collar and a tie, And a nice young lady I’ll go courting by and by. I’ll buy a pair of goggles and I’ll color them with blue, And I’ll cherish her and raise a little family with her too.

So all along the highway with my Bible in my sack, A-Preaching in the villages and home right back. With holes in my shoes and my toes a-peeping thru, Singing Here's the Way to Heaven with my auld Bible true! Oh I must be going to bed for it's getting late at night, And the fire is all raked and- now 'tis out of light, But now you've heard the story of my auld rigadoo, So good and God be with you, from Preacher Johnny Dhu!

### 9. Red Clay Halo

*GraceAnne leads the vocals on this traditional bluegrass song. Fiddle by Beni.*

Well the boys all dance with the girls from the city, but they don't care to dance with me. But it just ain't my fault that the fields are muddy and the red clay stains my feet. And it's under my nail and its under my collar, and it shows on my Sunday clothes. Though I do my best with the soap and the water, that dadgum dirt won't go!

So it's mud in the Spring and it's dust in the Summer, and it flows in a crimson tide 'till the leaves and trees and the cows are the color of the dirt on the mountainside. Oh Jordan's banks are red and ruddy, and they're rolling hard and wide, but I got no boat, so I'll be good and muddy when I get to the other side. When I pass through those pearly gates, will my gown be gold instead? Or just a red clay robe with red clay wings, and a red clay halo for my head?

### 10. Sailor's Hornpipe/Wilson's Hornpipe

*Amos arranged this medley of traditional hornpipes and leads on his recorder flutes.*

### 11. Thistle of Scotland/ Donald Dubh

*Amos arranged this medley of traditional bagpipe songs, with Nate on electric guitar and Peter on drum.*

### 12. Betsy's Song (Six in a Row)

*Traditional tune with words by Nate & GraceAnne Wilson, written on the occasion of the birth of our 10<sup>th</sup> child, Betsy. This song was recorded several years ago at a cabin in Clarke, CO, on a multi-track system. Beni starts out the tune with a fiddle tuned to 3 D's.*

CHORUS: After 5 in a row, it's another pretty daughter, And I praise the Lord that I'm once again a father, And I marked her well from the moment that I caught her, That Elisabeth is a bonnie, bonnie gir!

Biggest brother Josh made a prophecy when he was new of four soldier boys and six battle girls – it's true!

Next biggest brother Beni says she's a dead ringer; She's got all her brothers wrapped around her little finger

Well, next brother Amos likes to play her a serenade on his recorder with a melody that he has made

Sitting in the lap of your youngest brother Peter, banging on the drum or reading in the latest reader

Grace Anne adores you; she is the biggest sister; Since she's so cute, she cannot resist her Irene Anastasia gets you after supper when you made a big mess and you need a cleaner-upper Lillian Faith loves you, best as I can reckon, Giving you a kiss about every ten seconds

Hope Victoria she can really make you giggle; When she says, "Boo," she can always get a wiggle!

Next biggest sister you know is Aletheia, and When she's not fightin' ya, she'll be glad to play with ya.

### 13. Maggie's Song

*Nate composes a song for each of his children when they are born. Maggie is his dozenth child, so this is her song. (This is also Nate's first recording on accordion; it took him 5 tracks!)*

### 14. Psalm 89

*Composed and sung by GraceAnne with her ukulele. This recording is one of the few that was not recorded live, but it means Nate and Amos had a lot of fun in the studio adding accompanying tracks to it!*

### 17. He Will Hold Me Fast

*The string quartet was created by Beni and GraceAnne multi-tracking in the studio. GraceAnne did all the vocals as well for this classic hymn written by Ada Habershon and updated with words and music by Matt Merker in 2013.*

When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast; When the tempter would prevail, He will hold me fast; I could never keep my hold through life's fearful path; For my love is often cold; He must hold me fast. CHORUS: *He will hold me fast, He will hold me fast; For my Savior loves me so, He will hold me fast.*

Those He saves are His delight, Christ will hold me fast; Precious in His holy sight, He will hold me fast. He'll not let my soul be lost; His Promises shall last; Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast. For my life He bled and died, Christ will hold me fast; Justice has been satisfied; He will hold me fast. Raised with Him to endless life, He will hold me fast Till our faith is turned to sight, when he comes at last!

### 18. Love Song on Calvary

*Nate's brother Ben composed this song. Nate is lead vocalist for this live recording.*

The day was dark and cloudy. The crowds pressed close to see The dying man on Calvary Who hung upon a tree, But through His blood, His sweat, His tears rose a sad, sweet melody, 'Cause through His pain and anguish, He was looking right at me, and He was singing me a love song As He hung His head and cried, A love song of forgiveness, As in my place He died. The sweetest song I ever heard Flowed down from a Roman tree, And now I owe my life for the love song Sung on Calvary

My life was full of sorrow; I was living my own way. I tried to bear my suffering, until I heard one day, The sweetest song I'd ever heard come drifting through the years, And I've never quite been the same, Since it fell upon my ears.

### 19. Psalm 23

*Amos put the words of this beloved Psalm into verse and matched it to a traditional tune. In this live recording, Amos alternates between singing and playing recorders.*

I will never lack a thing, For the Lord is my shepherd, He who clothes little flowers, And gives food to all the field-birds. I will never lack a thing. He will give me peace to rest, Like a lush and blooming pasture, And a crystal cool water. A calm stream to take my leisure. He will give me peace to rest. He will well refresh my soul, Make me walk with the righteous, For His own reputation, Fills my mind with thoughts sagacious. He will well refresh my soul. I need never fear at all, Though I tread death-like valleys, For the Lord God is with me, And His rod and staff shall cheer me. I need never fear at all.

### 20. Tag: How our first take of Blair Atholl actually ended...

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