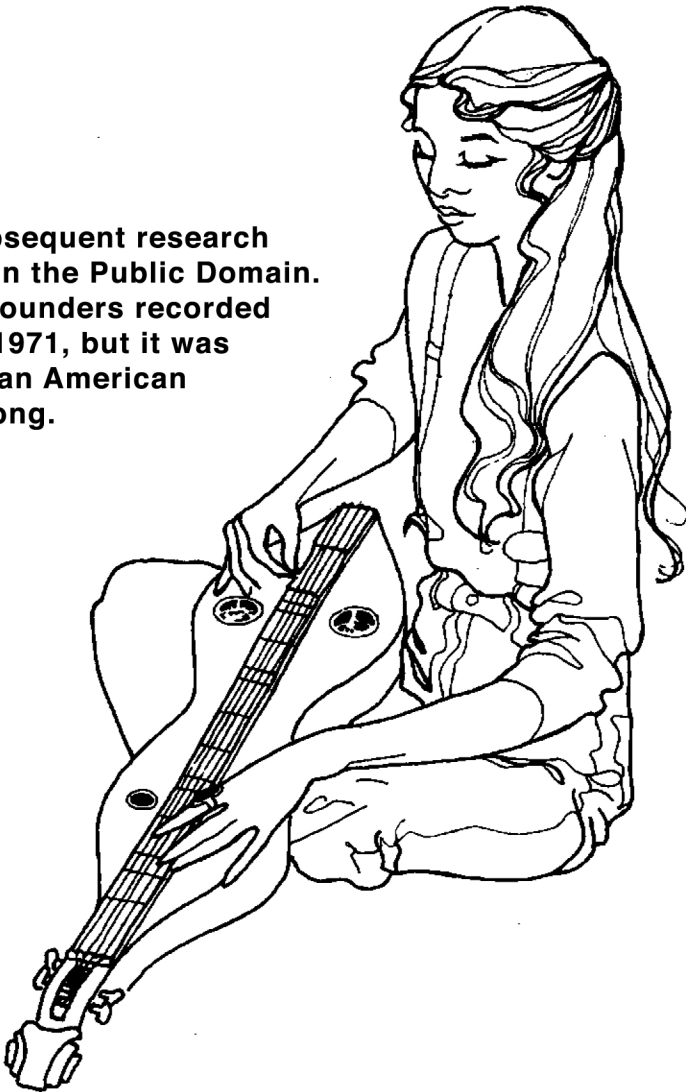


SPRING OF '65

Peter Stampfel of the Holy Modal Rounders wrote this song about the Reconstruction period. For many years we introduced it as a traditional American folksong until we learned its true origins. We heard the tune from someone who heard it from someone else and so forth. That is exactly the nature of the folk process. We've changed a few words from the original. For instance, "newsy women" is changed to "newsy people".

We like the spirit of the song. The freedom for improvisation is enhanced by being in the D-Aeolian mode. The addition of the single seventh tone below the tonic (resolved on the first fret) gives a solid springboard for finalizing phrase endings. Many of the breaks are set up just for the swapping of lead-lines, using counterpoint and various rhythmic alterations. The bass drone becomes really resonate, adding a hollow whistling that could well be the "crippled kingfisher" himself. "Cash for cuff" means paying for the whiskey.

30 years later subsequent research places this song in the Public Domain. The Holy Modal Rounders recorded a version of it in 1971, but it was then, and still is, an American Traditional folk song.



LYRICS

I woke up one morning in the spring of '65
Considering myself lucky to be found alive.
I hitched up my horses, my business to pursue,
Instead of hauling four loads I only hauled two.

I'd had my fill of plowing before the sun was high.
Sunshine made my head feel strange, it was an honest try.
So, I unhitched my horses and saddled up my mare
And rode down to the grocery to see what's doin' there.

Now farmin' folk from miles around were gathered in the store,
Each sayin' they had never left their plow so soon before.
While talkin' of the mystery of God's unfoldin' Will,
Old man Hawkins brought a load of whiskey from his still.

Most of us had never drunk so early in the day.
But, since today was special, we got drunk anyway.
We got so drunk and crazy that we all did agree,
To meet that very night where the music was to be.

The night was clear as crystal, the moon was full and bright,
Nothing looked familiar in that pale, unearthly light.
There was no wind, no calling bird, in fact it was so still,
I scarcely drew a breath 'till I'd reached old Laurel Hill.

Let me tell you of our party and how it did commence,
When four of us jolly folk got on the floor to dance.
The players being willin', their arms a'being strong,
They played the Crippled Kingfisher about four hours long.

IMPROVISATIONAL BREAK

I see the morning star, boys, I guess we've danced enough.
We'll spend another hour and pay in cash for cuff.
We'll spend another hour, we'll whistle and we'll sing,
And we never shall be guilty of another such a thing.

Come all you newsy people who gather news about,
Don't tell no tales upon us, we're bad enough without.
Don't tell no tales upon us or kick up any fuss —
You been guilty of the same thing, perhaps a whole lot worse.

SPRING OF '65

Arr. Force & d'Ossché

Key: D Aeolian Minor

tuning: ccAD

D⁵ **Dm** **c⁴/D** **Dm**

I WAKE UP ONE MORN-ING IN THE SPRING OF SIX- TY FIVE; CON-

5 5 5 5 4 5 4 0 1 2 5 3 2 1 0 1 5

Dm **c⁴/D**

SI- DER-ING MY-SELF LUCK-Y TO BE FOUND A- LIVE. I

5 5 5 5 5 5 5 8 9 8 7 5 7 5

Dm **c⁴/D**

HITCHED UP MY HOR- SES, MY BUSI-NESS TO PUR- SUE. IN-

5 5 5 5 8 8 9 8 7 5 7 7

Dm **Dm** **c⁴/D** **D⁵**

STEAD OF HAUL- ING FOUR LOADS, I ON- LY HAULED TWO.

5 5 5 5 4 5 4 0 1 2 3 3 2 1 0 1

<p>D⁵</p> <p>0</p> <p>5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 0 1 2</p>	<p>Dm C^b/D Dm</p> <p>0</p> <p>3 3 3 2 1 0 1 1 5</p>
---	---

<p>Dm</p> <p>0</p> <p>5 5 5 5 5 5 5 8 8 8 8</p>	<p>C^b/D</p> <p>0</p> <p>9 8 8 7 7 5 7 5</p>
--	---

<p>Dm</p> <p>0</p> <p>5 5 5 5 5 5 5 8 8 8 8</p>	<p>C^b/D, 3, 7</p> <p>0</p> <p>9 8 9 8 7 7 → 5 → 7 7</p>
--	---

<p>Dm</p> <p>0</p> <p>5 5 5 5 5 5 4 5 0 1 2</p>	<p>Dm C^b/D D⁵</p> <p>0</p> <p>3 3 3 2 1 0 1 1</p>
--	--