

FSI-48
STEREO

"Seal Djiril's Hymn"

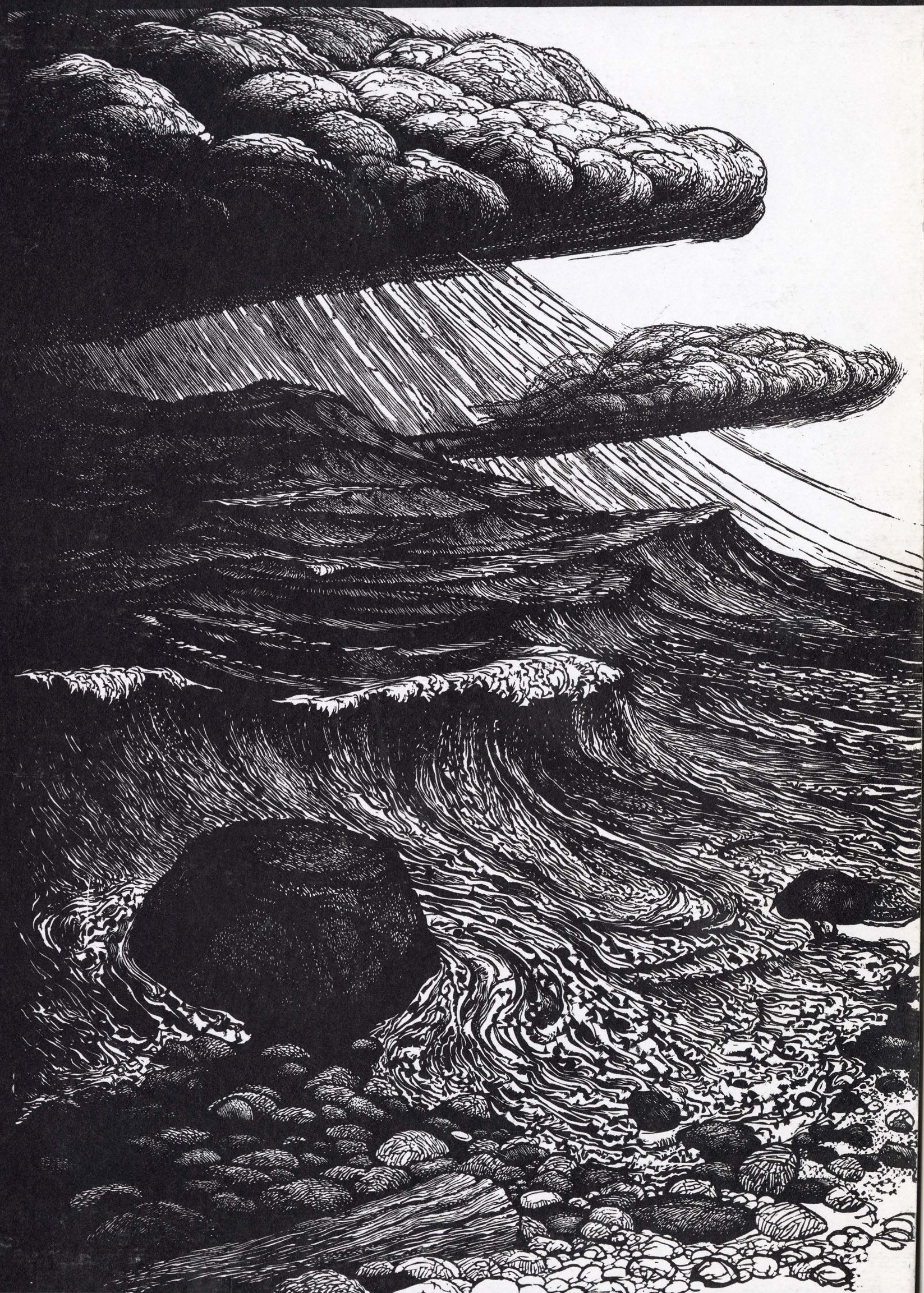
by
GORDON BOK

Sung and told with Ann Mayo Muir



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT





FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSI-48
STEREO*"Seal Djiril's Hymn"*by **GORDON BOK***Sung and told with Ann Mayo Muir**Recorded by Sandy Paton**Notes by Gordon Bok*

*From my mother's people, I think, I was given
that all things were always equal.
Though it might never appear so, all things
had equal weight: flowers, mountains, water,
wind, life and death and men and animals.
And that it wasn't so important what you were
But how you filled other things.*

*The Eskimo said that, in the old days,
the earth was filled with a presence called Sila.
The goodness in all things, the order between them,
and so, peace.*

*But, long ago, Sila began to draw itself together
and leave the lands and seas of men,
far and away to some remote corner of the sky.*

*Some said it was because evil grew in men,
against their goodness; they said that man
was doomed if Sila abandoned him.*

*But others said it was because Sila was
implanted in men: goodness, the desire for order,
the possibility of peace.
And that man could give it back to the earth.*

Gordon Bok

With these words, Gordon Bok places us in the proper frame of mind to listen to "*Seal Djiril's Hymn*", a series of poems (he calls them "tellings") and songs that make up the first side of this recording. We understand, then, that we are not to listen for factual data concerning the legends of the seal-folk; rather, we are to immerse ourselves in the mysteries that lead to a non-verbal perception of the truths they contain. The meanings are there for us to sense, if not to know.

S. P.

SIDE 1:**SEAL DJIRIL'S HYMN (Bok)****SIDE 2:**

DILLAN BAY (Bok)	2:30
LA BRIGANTINE (Trad. Fr. Canadian)	1:59
BHEIR ME O (Trad. Hebridean)	2:27
THE REEDY LAGOON (Trad. Australian)	4:12
PALOMA (Trad. Yaqui Indian)	1:54
HATU KHARA OLS'N (Trad. Khalmuk Mongolian)	2:19
THE BRANDY TREE (Bok/otter)	3:21
TURN YE TO ME (Trad. arr. North)	3:03

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

“Seal Djiril’s Hymn”

GORDON BOK

**Sung and told with
Ann Mayo Muir**

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"Swal Dirl's Hymn"

GORDON BOK

Sung and told with
Ann Mayo Muir

121-22



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SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06089

They say the seals come up, you know, and they do:
come out of the water and become a man,
the grey seals.

And they say if you can catch one, you'll never find
a better man to you, for he'll take the money-hunger
from you, and the fear of dying from you,
and give you peace.

There was a woman who fell in love with a seal,
and his calling was O-E-Dallay. But she couldn't
hold him, she couldn't keep him, and he went away
from her, and went back to the sea.

— the Telling of O-E-Dallay

O-E-Dallay

Lathan mo run
O-E-Dallay, lathan.
Wind west and tide westing:
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Lo Lathan, mo run.

Down on the wave
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Wind west and tide westing:
Came he by day, singing
Lo lathan, mo run.

I gave to him
All in my heart's keeping.
He gave to me, laughing,
Sea shells and sea's yearning.
Lo lathan, mo run.

I gave to him
All in my heart's morning.
He gave to me, weeping,
A baby died borning.
Lo lathan, mo run.

October wind
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Wind west and tide westing:
And I go down, running.
Lo lathan, mo run.

There was no one there
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Only the seal crying,
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Lo lathan, mo run.

There was no one
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Only the seal crying.
O-E-Dallay, lathan,
Lo lathan, mo run.

One child was a man, then,
and he went up on the land and away.
This is a blessing for him, for all young
things walking.

GO THOU, LONG LEGS

Go thou, long-legs,
go up the windey way.
Go from the white way where your mother made you.
See how the nearing sun
calls to your feary eyes,
calls to the blood in your high head,
long-legs.

Go thou, sea-child,
way up the windy way.
Go from the still way where your mother found you.
See how the little moon
rides on your shoulder,
chilling the blood in your sad head,
sea child.

(Soonday, come:
home from the rock-path,
terried and torn.)

Go thou, strong-hand,
go to the twisty tree.
Break him, bind him: tell him his master.
Soon from the high tree
building another tree,
building a tree for another god,
strong-hand.

(Soonday, then:
leave the twisty tree alone.)

Go thou, white-head,
go from the cold bed.
Go from the slow wave where your mother left you.
See how the old sun,
sun and the terried moon
run from the might of your reaching,
white-head.

(Sila is not gone away, sea-child,
wind-child.
Sila is not hid from you.)

Come thou, sea-child,
home from the feary lands,
home from the burnt sky where your mother sent you.
Sila is here, child,
all o'er the windy world:
all, and in peace, and forever still,
sea-child.

One came back to the sea, and died there.

This is a lament, a crying for him.

AN DIRAN THAN SOULDER

An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.

Though the song should know thy fame,
Though the wind bring back thy name,
They'll not bring thee home again
That walked the seas in sorrow.

An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.

Far from me is singing gone,
Far from me is laughter gone:
They can never bring thee home
That walked the seas in sorrow.

An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.

Now the deep a home for thee,
Now the seal thy keeper be,
Now the sea-bird hear thy cry
That walked the seas in sorrow.

An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.

Call the wild and stepping sea,
Call the wave to comfort thee:
May she bear thee peacefully
The windy world over.

An diran than soulder,
An diran than soulder:
The tide at thy head and feet,
The wind about thy shoulder.

Hadjenek was a man, then, and he lived in
the cold land, waiting for his people to come
and take him home.

He was not a good man; he tried to be,
but he was all alone.

But he had seen the woman Djiril,
and he wanted her.
He tried to make her come to him;
he didn't know she was a seal.

HADJENEK — The Snow that Comes

Before the snows, before the sea was white,
old Hadjenek came out of his house, and he was hungry.
He saw the Dureg-seal on the ledge before him,
and he said:

— Why do you come here?

But this Dureg-seal said to him:

— I take fish to eat. Come and eat with me.

But Hadjenek was too proud for that. He went down
and began to fish by himself. He sat on the ledge
and fished like a great white bear.

But Dureg went into the water, and took the fish
where he swam, and before the sun had moved
he was filled with fish, but Hadjenek had taken
only four.

Dureg came out of the water, and he was a man.
Hadjenek sat on the ledge by himself, and he was hungry.
He said:

— Mednanda, I can't live here in this cold,
nor can I fish. Get some fish for me: I'm hungry.

Dureg was still, and the sun moved. He said:

— I don't want to get fish for you; I think you are
always hungry.

— Then go and get the woman Djiril; maybe she will
fish for me.

Dureg went into the water, and the sun moved again.

* * *

The waves came. Hadjenek was up in the field,
looking for food.
The waves went away again.

* * *

Then Hadjenek heard the calling of the seal,
and he went down to the water. Dureg came
out of the water, and he was a man. He said:
— I brought Djiril. Tell her what you want.

Hadjenek looked out on the land, but he saw
no Djiril, so he called to her:
— Oh, Djiril is kind, they say,
Djiril is beautiful, too,
but I don't see her.

And that was true; he couldn't see her. He looked
out on the land and out on the water, and still
he saw no Djiril; all he could see was the head of
a seal in the third wave, watching.

So he called again:

— Oh, Djiril is kind, they say,
Djiril is beautiful, too, but I don't see her.
All I do see, in the wave before me, is a little
seal with a grey head, watching.
Why do I see no woman walking?

The seal stayed between waves, but she sang to him:

— Kayou, yethaa. O, ythyree, Gedanda:
All I do see walking before me:
hunger and shouting,
sorrow and weeping,
though I do hear no man speaking.

Hadjenek heard her, then, but he didn't understand,
so he called again:

— Oh, Djiril, grey grows the eastwind, blowing.
Snow comes, and wind, to fill my door.
Cold is my house, now, and poor,
and fish nor friend have I
to keep me.

The seal stayed between waves, and the sun
moved behind her. But then she sang to him:

— Kayou, yethaa. O, ythyree, Gedanda:
Grey grows the eastwind, blowing.
Snow comes, and wind, to fill your door.
Would I stay in snow and wind
when all the seas are warm?

Then Hadjenek knew it was the Djiril-seal,
and he was sad. But still he called to her:

— Oh, Mednanda, listen to me:
Before this land, before this water,
another land, another water.
Houses I see, like ships-on-end
with gold and silver; warm and shining.
A ship I see, and it comes to take me.
It comes to take you, too;
come with me.

Djiril listened to him then, and the sun moved
above her. She came into the next wave,
and she sang to him:

— Kayou, yethaa. O, ythyree, Gedanda:
After this water, after this land,
another land made of water.
I have seen a ship-on-end:
very deep, the whale beside her.
Nothing warm there, nothing shining.
The ship with the wind-oar
sleeps in the sea.

Then Hadjenek knew that his ship was gone,
and he was afraid, and he got angry.

He went down on the ledge and said to her:

— No, Mednanda: hunger and cold,
these are cruel things.
But I did ask for beauty and was given
only mockery. When I asked for kindness:
sorrow and drowning.
There is no kindness in this land, no beauty.
All I see now, in the wave before me
is an ugly seal with a grey head, laughing.

Djiril listened to him then, and the sun moved
before her.

And she came into the first wave, and sang to him:

— Kayou, yethaa. O, ythyree, Gedanda:
I did not ask for beauty,
nor was it given me.
Sorrow I cannot give you,
for it is sunk in the sea.
I was not told of kindness ever,
only of hunger.

I did not ask for a master,
nor with fish will I feed one.

When Hadjenek heard that, he was filled with anger,
and he took up a great rock from the sea-ledge
and he threw it at the Djiril-seal,
and the rock did kill her.

And then he sat down on the sea-rock and wept,
and the sun went away,
and it was cold.

* * *

The snow that comes, blowing down the bay,
makes the islands blind.

Man is born with snow in his eyes.

The white bear fishes from the ledge,

The seal beside him:

The seal is blind

But the white bear is born without eyes.

The seal will go wherever seas

Are turning;

The white bear will die in the hills.

All life that comes to us, turning,
comes in burning to the earth and lives burning.
Turns then, and burns no more.

We were the leaning trees we loved, andiranda,
we were the hills and grasses, and we are:
given to them, as they were given.

Now the years run, turning:
earth slows her turning to the sun.
Slow turns the ice to come again.

Now are good things come and gone, andiranda;
gone soon the man and all the dreaming.
Still turn the seas from land to land.

Only the turning seas remain.

— Andiranda (the turning):
the telling of Djiril's Hymn.

DJIRIL'S HYMN

Long are the days gone, andiranda,
Long down the sad and windy years;
Long from the land of our desire.

Rain comes and wind and snow, andiranda,
Stormcloud and squall do shroud the sea
And peace shall follow us no more.

Now through the hollowing green wave we wander,
Long down the stormy seas, and sad,
Long from the land of our desire.

Years when the sun was our provider,
Milk of the meadows gathering.
Winds brought the riches to our door.

Now are the days come, andiranda,
When to the seas again we go:
Now do we cry for those green years.

Why, when the winnowing sun was keeping
All of our harvest and our toil,
Made we no peace among our kind?

Why, when the summering wave was swinging,
And all our hills and trees were green,
Did we not sow our fields with love?

How did it ever come to us that we became so far removed from all around us, and from each other? So many believe that once there was no spiritual separation between life-forms; even if this were never true, I would like to see it come, someday.

Hadjenek and Djiril are just two parts of a living thing, but as long as they think of each other as separate beings, they will be at war. Djiril knew that. (And she always tried to answer one more question than Hadjenek had asked.) But the important thing about her is that she could see both ways well, could think in the other one's tongue.

I don't think we are really evil; we are only goodness that is afraid to understand. We are only these many parts of perfect, now at war.

SIDE TWO

Band 1: DILLAN BAY

Dillan Bay, laddie-o,
dillan-dau, laddie-ay.
Dillan Bay, laddie-o,
all the boats are gone.

Gone away, laddie-o,
gone awa', laddie-ay.
Gone away, laddie-o,
with their topsails high.

Topsail high, laddie-o,
topsail low, laddie-ay,
topsail high, laddie-o,
when the wind's away.

Wind's away, laddie-o,
wind's awa', laddie-ay.
Wind's away, laddie-o,
down in Dillan Bay.

Dillan Bay, laddie-o,
dillan-dau, laddie-ay.
Dillan Bay, laddie-o,
all the boats are gone.

Band 2: LA BRIGANTINE

The Canadian French often preferred the brigantine rig to the schooner, for cargo and fishing. Here they speak of it as the ship-of-death; a funeral chant.

I learned it when I was quite young, but forgot the melody, so I asked Shirley Ruffalo (Brown) to read it for me, and took the shape of the tune from her inflection.

*La Brigantine qui va tourner,
Roule, et s'incline,
Pour m'entraîner.*

*Ah, vierge Marie,
Pour moi priez-Dieu;
Adieu Patrie,
Quebec, Adieu.*

(The brigantine that goes, rolling and pitching,
takes me with it.

Oh Virgin Mary, pray to God for me.
Goodbye, my country; goodbye, Quebec.)

Band 3: BHEIR ME O

My aunt Beanto (Boericke) Cohen gave me this lovely thing.
She sang me many songs from the Scottish Hebrides when I
was growing up — to help me keep my feet off the ground,
I think.

*Bheir me O, horo van-oh,
Bheir me O, horo van-ee.
Bheir me O, o hooro ho,
Sad am I without thee.*

*Thou'rt the music of my heart,
Harp of joy, o cruit mo chruidh,
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.*

*In the morning, when I go
To the white and shining sea,
In the calling of the seal
Thy soft calling to me.*

*When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night and wild the sea;
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.*

Band 4: THE BANKS OF THE REEDY LAGOON

I learned this from Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wales, of Australia. He
said a reedy lagoon would be on a bend in a river, where it
shoals off into marshes.

This old character has holed up there for the winter, and now
he's thinking about his friends; a little Spring-lonely, perhaps,
but not really sad.

The sweet scented wattle sheds perfume around,
Delighting the bird and the bee,
While I lie and take rest in me fern-covered nest
In the shade of the currajong tree.
High up in the air I can hear the refrain
Of a butcherbird* piping his tune,
For the Spring in her glory has come back again
To the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

I've carried me bluey for many a mile,
Me boots are worn out at the toes,
And I'm dressing this season in different style
Than what I did last year, God knows.
My cooking utensils, I'm sorry to say,
Consist of a knife and a spoon,
And I've dry bread and tea in a battered Jack Shea
By the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

Oh, where is young Frankie? (And how he could ride!)
And Johnny, the light-hearted boy?
They tell me that lately he's taken a bride,
A benedict's life to enjoy.
And Mac, the big Scotsman; I once heard him say
He'd wrestled the famous Muldoon...
But they're all gone away and it's lonely, today,
By the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

And where is the lady I oftener caressed,
The girl with the sad, dreamy eyes?
She pillows her head on another man's breast
Who tells her the very same lies.
My bed she would hardly be willing to share
Where I camp by the light of the moon,
But it's little I care, for I'd never keep 'square'
By the banks of the Reedy Lagoon.

* Capt. Kendall Morse tells me that this is our shriek.

Band 5: PALOMA

"Paloma" is a Yaqui Indian dance tune from Northwest Mexico. It has three basic parts, delightfully interrelated and quite powerful. The third part is usually played many times, but in the same octave, whereas I let the guitar take it into the bass, the harp's territory. It's the kind of song that, when played for 20 - 30 minutes, becomes more and more beautiful and mesmerizing.

Band 6: HATU KHARA OLS'N

During the winters that I worked in Philadelphia, I became part of the band that played the traditional music of the Khalmuk Mongolian (Altaic) people that lived there, and learned some of their songs.

This was a pulling song, probably for hauling boats up a river, and some feel it originated during the time the people lived around the mouth of the lower Volga Basin. It has a stronger Russian influence than their older songs.

Because of changes in the language, the young people I learned it from couldn't translate all of it — this is only an outline, and my phonetic approximation of the words.

Hatu Khara Ols'n
Hak'run badje tatulau.

Hak'run badje tatuschen
Har'mshdele edje minje saanugdna.

Idje linje irgede kudluschen
Injegem ondzin nandan, saanugdna.

* * *

I pull the hard black rope and I sing

Mother

Father

My people

My country

} In the far land I do not forget you.
While this river runs, I do not forget you.

Learned from: Sara (Stepkin) Goripow and
Nadja (Stepkin) Budschalow.

Band 7: THE BRANDY TREE (Otter's Song)

I learned this from a small otter on Sherman's Point, Knox County, Maine, on a cold morning in 1966. The refrain is my own.

I go down to the Brandy Tree
And take my nose and tail with me,
All for the world and the wind to see
And never come back no more.

Down the meadowmarsh, deep and wide,
Tumble the tangle by my side,
All for the westing wind to run
And slide in the summer rain.

Sun, come follow my happy way; wind, come walk beside me.
Moon on the mountain, go with me: a wondrous way I know.

I go down to the windy sea
And the little grey seal will play with me;
Slide on the rock and dive in the bay
And sleep on the ledge at night.

But the seal don't try to tell me how to fish in the
windy blue:
Seal's been fishing for a thousand years, and he knows
that I have, too.

When the frog goes down to the mud to sleep
And the lamprey hides in the boulders deep,
I take my nose and tail and go
A hundred thousand hills.

Someday, down by the Brandy Tree,
I'll hear the Shepherd call for me;
Call me to leave my happy ways
And the shining world I know.

Sun on the hill, come go with me, my days have all been
free.

The pipes come laughing down the wind
and that's the way I go;
that's the way for me.

Band 8: TURN YE TO ME

Words by John Wilson (Christopher North), 1785-1854.

A beautiful song I learned as a child, but kept forgetting how
beautiful it was, so I must thank Lainie Snow Porter and Dr.
Sandy Ives for giving it back to me.

The time you think of this one is when you're out off the
islands on a grey winter afternoon, and it is starting to
snow.

You look up from the chart and there's a grey old ledge
sneaking by in the gloom, with a gull standing on it.
He's not doing anything, just staring off at nothing,
and the cold swell sliding over his toes.

You know that if he doesn't feel like going all the way home before dark it won't matter much to him, he can just go off and set down on a wave somewhere, comb a little more oil into his feathers, squat his head down and go to sleep.

And that wave could be anywhere in the world.

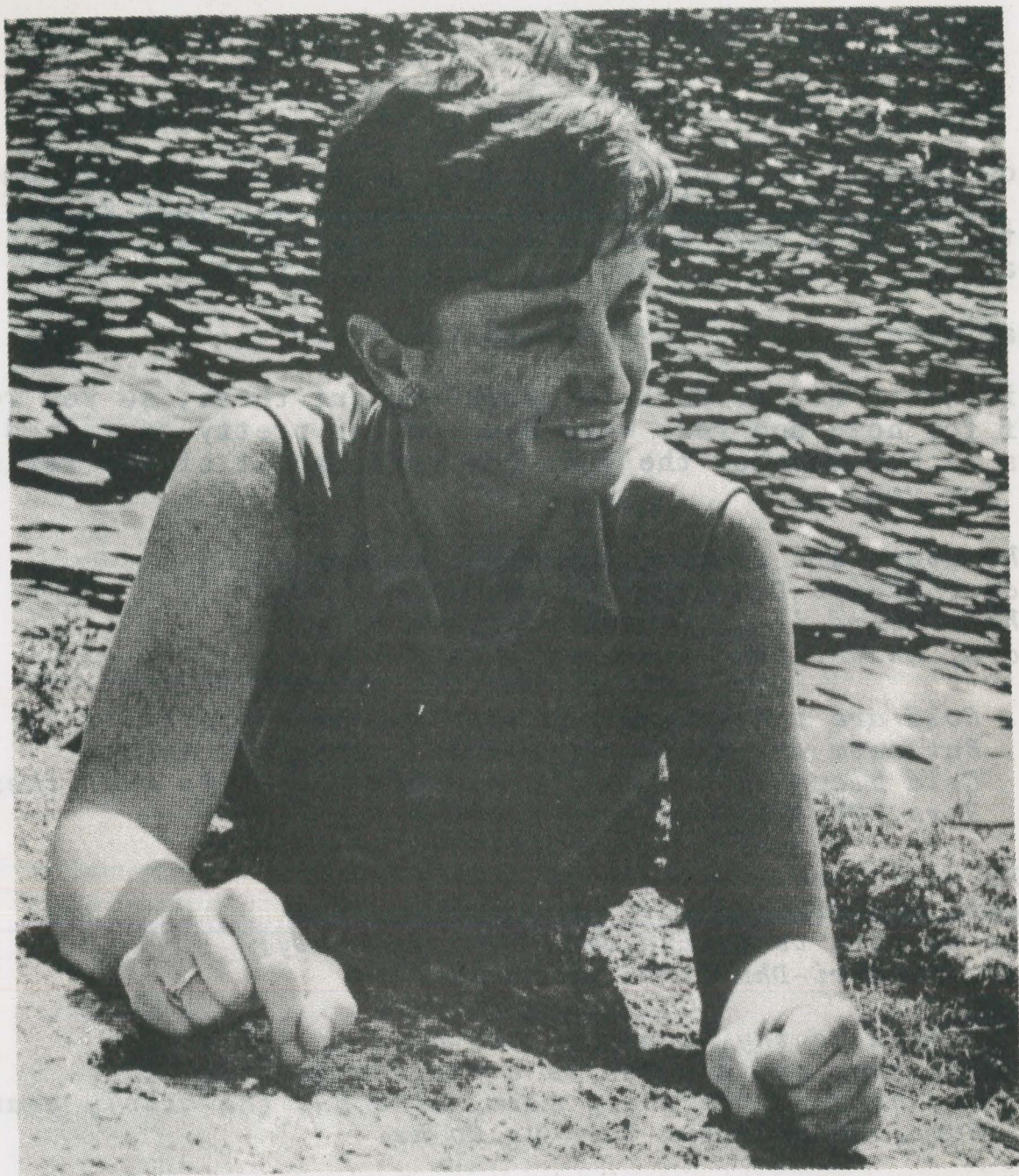
Well, it won't do for dark to catch you out there, so you roll her off for home and your warm bedroom and pretty curtained windows — but somehow the gull has taken a bit of the reality off it for you.

*The stars are shining cheerily, cheerily;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.
The seabird is crying wearily, wearily;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.*

*Cold are the stormwinds that ruffle his breast,
But warm are the downy plumes lining his nest.
Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.*

*The waves are driving wearily, wearily;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu, turn ye to me.
The seabird is crying drearily, drearily;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.*

*Hushed be thy moaning, lone bird of the sea:
Thy home on the rock is a shelter to thee.
Thy home is the angry wave, mine but the lonely grave;
Horo, Mhairi-Dhu: turn ye to me.*



D. Hall Photo

Two kinds of song are important to me: one is a tool to understand the world, one is the world itself.

If a song is complex, Annie will be the clearest path to the heart of it; if the song is only the winter wind, you will hear it in her voice.

She is so grateful for the gift of life, so happy for the gift of song, that she brings a great insight and wonder to each of them, and songs such as these are always more real for her having loved them.

A NOTE ABOUT FOLK-LEGACY —

Should this album sound a bit different from other Folk-Legacy albums, it is because we felt that the music required a slightly different way of recording.

While Sandy Paton is a perfectionist, he is also, more deeply, a musician, and many times we felt that he understood this music more than we did. I feel that it would have been impossible to do this album with anyone else.

Gordon Bok
Camden, Maine
October 25, 1972



Joanie Bronfman Photo

PLEASE NOTE: Some of the written words in this booklet will differ from the sung or spoken words, probably. What I have written down is the proper way it should go.

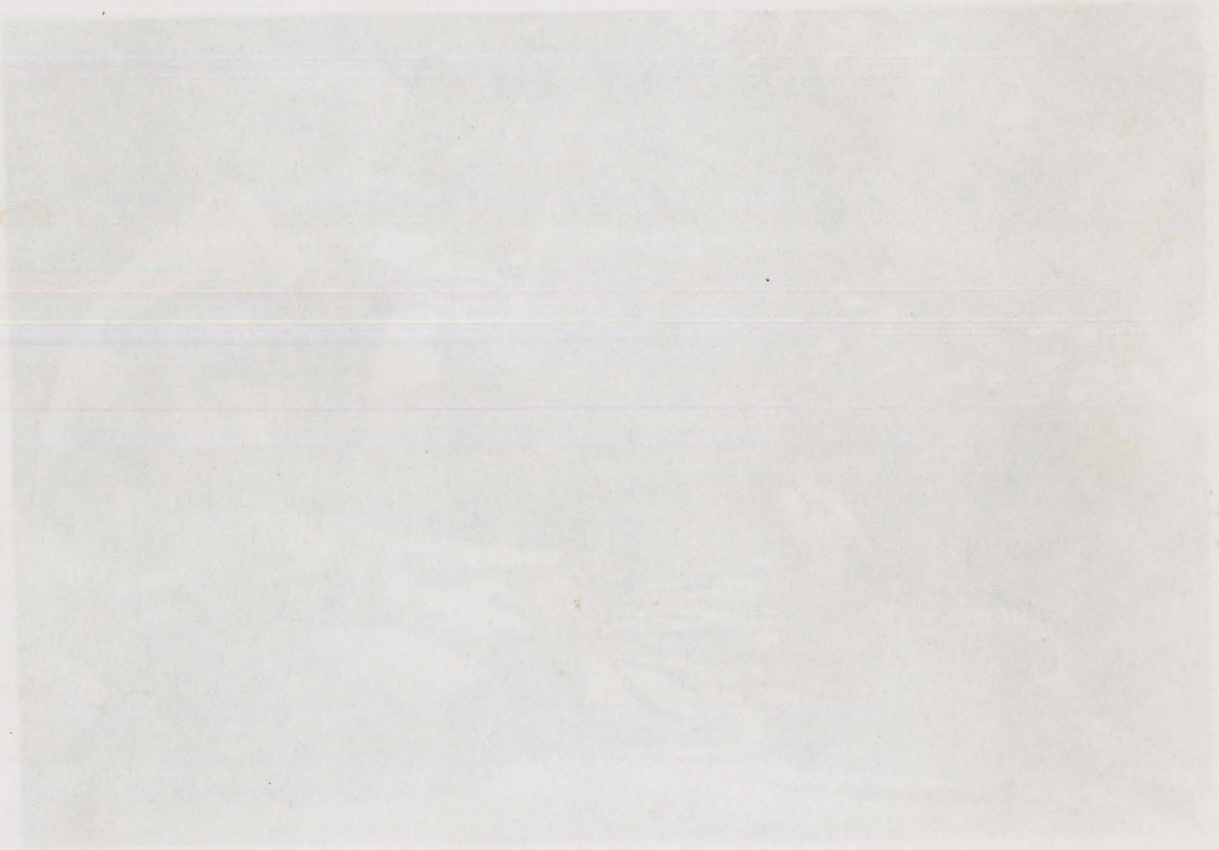
G.B.

A NOTE ABOUT POLK-LAGADY

Should this album sound a bit different from other Polk-Lagady albums, it is because we felt that the music required a slightly different way of recording.

While Randy Paton is a perfectionist, he is also, more deeply, a musician, and many times we felt that he understood this more than we did. I feel that it would have been impossible to do this album with anyone else.

London Box
London, Maine
October 28, 1978



Joan's Brownie Photo

PLEASE NOTE: Some of the written words in this booklet will differ from the song or spoken words, probably. What I have written down is the proper way it should go.

G.B.