

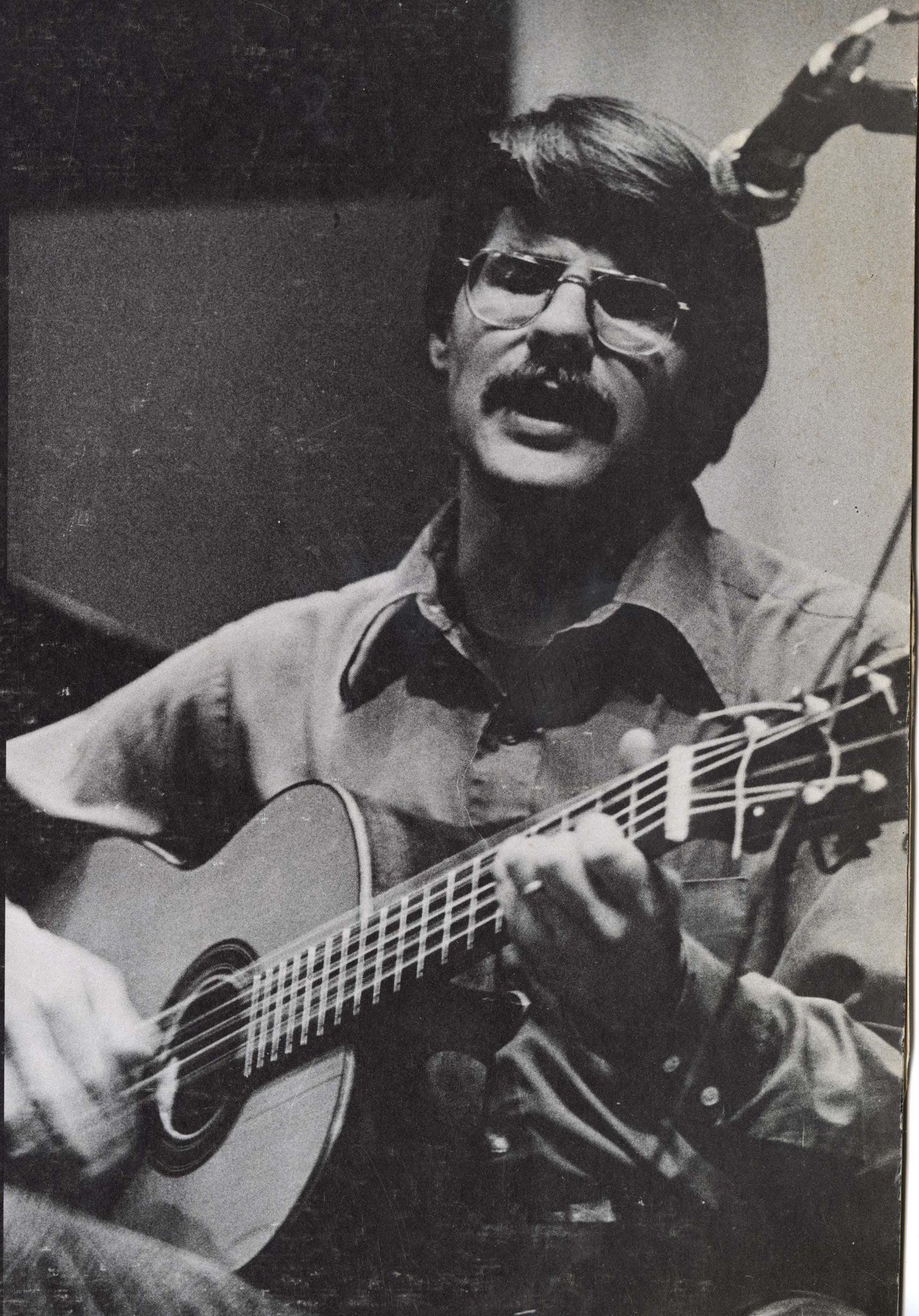
FSI-54
STEREO

GORDON BOK

with Ann Mayo Muir, sings

"BAY OF FUNDY"

and other songs.



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
SHARON, CONNECTICUT



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FSI-54

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with Ann Mayo Muir, sings

"BAY OF FUNDY"

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Concerning the title song of this album, Gordon writes:

"This is about a long and weary, windless trip from Maine around to Halifax, on a little black schooner that seemed to move only by the slatting of her gear. (We had a coal stove in her, and the foresail used to downdraft onto the charlienoble, turn the stack into an intake and the cabin into a chimney. So, with the coalgas and the wet, the offwatch was not much more comfortable than the deadwatch . . .)

I think the one who worked the hardest was Ed's wife, Lainie, and you could hear her, working below or at the wheel, singing a little tune of her own, over and over. It was a private comfort tune, that probably became as much a comfort to the rest of us as to her.

When we got down to Cape Breton Island, I asked her if I could borrow the tune and put words to it, as a memento of the trip, and she said yes. And I tried, all the next fall, to make that tune say what I remembered, but after all, 'twas Lainie's tune, and private, and I had to make my own.

I tried to keep the lonely sounds, and a few notes from Sable and the Sambro horn, but what she gave to us then I have no way to give.

We asked Gordon to record "Bay of Fundy" again, as we had received so many letters asking for it. (He had recorded it once before, on an album produced by another company and long since out-of-print.) So, for all of you who wrote to us, here it is . . . "Bay of Fundy," along with a dozen other fine songs, sung as only Gordon can sing them. Now you can start writing to us about "Herring Croon."

S. P.

Side One

Western Boat (Kelland — 2:26)
Little River (Bok/Moore, BMI — 2:48)
Snow Gull (Trad. — 3:11)
Queer Bungo Rye (Trad. — 3:48)
Fifteen Ships on George's Bank (Trad. — 4:07)
Mister, I Don't Mind (Bok, BMI — 2:18)
Bay of Fundy (Bok, BMI — 4:10)

Side Two

Come By the Hills (tune: trad./text: G. Smith — 4:14)
Kirsteen/Christinn (Trad., arr. Bok, BMI — 4:03)
Dublin City (Trad., arr. Bok, BMI — 3:48)
The Texas Song (Trad., arr. Bok, BMI — 2:39)
Broken Down Squatter (Trad. — 3:33)
Freedom on the Wallaby (Trad. — 3:09)

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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Cover photo: DAVE LYMAN, Maine Photography Workshop

GORDON BOK

“Bay of Fundy”

*Sung with Ann Mayo Muir
Notes by Gordon Bok
Recorded by Sandy Paton*

FSI - 54



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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

GORDON BOX

"Ray of Fundy"

Produced by Gordon Box
Screenplay by Gordon Box
Directed by Gordon Box



FOUR-LEAF RECORD, INC.

BRIDGE PLAZA, NEW YORK, N.Y.

I named a guitar 'Gideon,' after an uncle of mine.* Partly because the guitar can sing lower than I can, but mostly because it sounds best when you play it softly.

I think he was the first person I actually saw playing the guitar. He'd blow in from some place like Australia, wrap himself around the old Mango guitar in the corner and spend hours teaching it to whisper, when all I could get it to do was backfire. I'm still working on that.

I think it was Gideon who gave me the song "Dublin City" to chew on when I was very little; at least I associate the song with him.

He, and his people, look for magic and mystery in many things, and when they find some, they hide it in a song and give it to a young one.

— Gordon Bok

* The guitar you hear in "Broken Down Squatter."

"Let Me Fish Off Cape St. Mary's"

Take me back to my Western Boat,
Let me fish off Cape St. Mary's,
Where the hagdowns* sail and the foghorns wail,
With my friends the Browns and the Clearys
In the swells off old St. Mary's.

Let me feel my dory lift
To the broad Atlantic cumbers**
Where the tide-rips swirl and the wild ducks furl
And the ocean calls the numbers...
In the swells off old St. Mary's.

Let me sail up golden bays
With my oilskins all a-streaming
From the thunder squall where I hauled my trawl
And the old 'Cape Ann' a-gleaming...
In the swells off old St. Mary's.

— repeat first verse

Written by Otto P. Kelland, warden of St. John's Penitentiary, but apparently adopted into the tradition of Newfoundland folkmusic. Peggy Day heard it there and taught it to me many years ago, but recently a friend named Geordie brought me back a little book by Mills and Peacock called *Favorite Songs of Newfoundland* which had a different version than the way Peggy heard it (or I heard it) and also some other good verses:

Let me view that rugged shore
Where the beach is all a-glisten
With the Caplin spawn where from dusk to dawn
You bait your trawl and listen
To the undertow a-hissin'.

When I reach that last big shoal
Where the ground-swells break asunder,
Where the wild sands roll to the surge's toll;
Let me be a man and take it
When my dory fails to make it.

Take me back to that snug green cove
Where the seas roll up their thunder.
There let me rest in the earth's cool breast
Where the stars shine out their wonder
And the seas roll out their thunder.

After all, who wouldn't rather work with friends in a land he can love and admire... and wish to die, like Jim Jones, in his bunk.

- * I sing this "Hog-downs" — local reference
- ** Can be sung "combers," of course. I heard it "cumbers."

Side I, Band 2.

LITTLE RIVER

From the lady who wrote *Speak to the Winds* and *Candlemas Bay* and many other fine novels and books of poetry of the Maine coast — and the book of 'ballads' (to be read aloud rather than sung) *Cold as a Dog and the Wind Northeast*. This was a poem she wrote (another of her great and gentle bursts of light) that I put the tune to.

So many times in the fog, you stop and listen for the haunting groan of that whistle-buoy, or come down the bay all iced up from a northwest wind and that little friendly winking eye of the buoy looks so much like home you can smell the coffee, but you always know that some night you could be out there seeing it from different eyes, with that little light flicking the wavetops above you, and the looming grunt of the buoy hunting the swinging blackness around you.

For me, I hope it's as peaceful as they say it is.

*Little River lighted-whistle,
Cry no more.
Sleepy sound from the breakers calling me
Back to shore.*

*Whistle it soft to the silver river,
Whistle it loud to the drumming sea,
Whistle it low to the moon and the morning,
Not to me,
Never to me.*

*For I'm swinging high in another country,
Swinging low.
Playing it easy, the dolphins follow me
Where I go.*

*Whistle it loud to the floodtide making,
Whistle it soft to the wheeling sun,
Whistle it wild to my girl's heart-breaking;
She'll remember,
She was the one.*

*Spring comes warm over Little River,
Storm comes black;
I was headed home when the Indian Giver
Took me back.*

*Whistle it high to the grey-beard breakers
Where the secret over the great shoals ran;
Whistle the world that was in my pocket
When I had pockets,
When I was a man*

— repeat last verse

Side I, Band 3.

SNOW GULL

"The Seagull of the Land-Under-Waves"

This one changes with the singing: I can't remember where I heard it. It was printed in *Songs of the Hebrides*, Volume I, by Marjory Kennedy-Fraser (London, 1909). She described it as "an old Skye air from Francis Tolmie, with words from Kenneth Macleod." In the published version, the accompanying sounds are slightly different, so we decided not to try to write them out.

I've been told that there is a land to the Westward where the dead go; in this song the gull is the keeper of those who dwell there, and you'll have to ask him for the rest of it...

Ann Muir - voice and 'Bell'
Gordon Bok - 'Bokwhistle'

*Snow white seagull high ...
Tell to me
Where, ah, where thou rest them ...
Where our fair young lads are resting.*

.....
.....
.....

Grief within my heart is nesting....

*Heart to heart they lie,
Side by side,
Seafoam the sigh
From their cold lips coming;
Seawrack their shroud
And their harp the cold sea moaning.*

.....
.....
.....

Grief within my heart is nesting....

*Snow white seagull high ...
Tell to me
Where, ah, where thou rest them ...
Where our fair young lads are resting.*

*.....
.....*

*Seawrack their shroud
And their harps the cold sea moaning.*

*.....
.....*

Grief within my heart is nesting ...

Side I, Band 4.

QUEER BUNGO RYE

You'll probably find a version of this wherever you find sailors. This one came from Nick Apollonio, who built the guitar you hear on this singing of it, and who learns good songs from everywhere, from anyone, anytime.

*Well, Jack was a sailor, and he walked up to town,
And she was a damsel, she skipped up and down.
And she says to Jack, as she passed him by:
"Would you care for to purchase some Old Bungo Rye?"
Ruddy rye,
Fal-the-diddle-die,
Ruddy rye, ruddy rye.*

*Says Jack to himself, "Now, what can this be
But the finest of whiskeys from far Germany,
Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
And the name that it goes by is Old Bungo Rye."*

*Jack gave her a pound, for he thought nothing strange;
"Hold the basket, young man, while I run for your change."
Jack peeked in the basket, and a child he did spy.
"I'll be damned," did he cry, "this is queer Bungo Rye!"*

*Well, to get the child christened was Jack's next intent;
To get the child christened, to the parson he went.
Says the parson to Jack, "What will he go by?"
"I'll be damned," did he cry, "call him Queer Bungo Rye."*

*Says the parson to Jack, "That's a very queer name."
"I'll be damned," did he cry, "and it's a queer way he came.
Snuggled up in a basket and sold on the sly,
And the name that he'll go by is Queer Bungo Rye."*

*So, come all you young sailors that walk up to town,
Beware of them damsels that skip up and down.
Take a peek in their baskets as ye pass 'em by,
Or else they might pawn on you Queer Bungo Rye.*

Side I, Band 5. FIFTEEN SHIPS ON GEORGE'S BANK

I don't know where I learned this — perhaps from (or through) Sandy Ives, the great folklorist of the Northeast.

I'd make a semi-educated guess that this loss occurred before Gloucester harbor was dredged out to its present depth, before the deeper, safer 'Gloucester fisherman' model of sailing vessel was introduced, back in the days when they took the fleets of shoal-draft 'Mackerel-Seiner' types of schooners off onto the Banks. They were fast, and could carry a lot of fish, but had an unpleasant habit of capsizing and pitchpoling in the steep seas of the Banks.

*I pray you pay attention and listen unto me
Concerning all those noble men who drowned in the sea.
'Twas in the month of February, in 1862,
These vessels sailed from Gloucester, with each a hardy
crew.*

*The course was East-South-East they steered, Cape Ann
being out of sight;
They anchored on the Banks that night with everything
all right.
But on the 24th at night, the wind come on to blow,
The seas rose up like mountain-tops, which proved their
overthrow.*

*The thoughts of home and loving ones did grieve their
hearts full sore,
For well convinced were all these men they'd see their
homes no more.
No tongue can ever describe the scene, the sky was full
of snow,
And fifteen ships did founder there, and down to bottom
go.*

*A hundred forty-nine brave friends, who lately left the
land,
Now they sleep on George's Bank, in the rough and shifting
sand.
One hundred and seventy children these men have left on
shore,
And seventy mournful widows their sorrows to endure.*

*So, now you'd think with gloomy thoughts, as on life's
path you roam,
Of many's the happy hours and days you've spent with them
at home;
For you they left their native shore, for you the seas did
roam,
For love and duty called them forth to leave their happy
home.*

*So, now adieu to George's Bank, my heart it doth despise,
For many's the gale I've seen out there, and heard those
widows cry.
And now I bid you all adieu, dry up your tearful eye;
Prepare to meet your God above, and dwell beyond the skies.*

Side I, Band 6.

MISTER, I DON'T MIND

Some people take the various winds personally; to Threeboot Philbrick, the Northwest wind was a personal affront. Where he got all those shutters and sheds on a little old sloop anchored up the creek is probably where I got all that wind (as the story goes), but he did have a bona-fide chimney staggering up all crooked through the deck, and he split his wood on the pawlpst of her and set his heels up on the hob on a cold and raving night. And if he wasn't always sober and rarely employed beyond his needs (and if he wasn't exactly *one* person, but perhaps a compendium of three or four people whose names you don't need to know), he was a happy man. And he had the edge on most of us, because he knew why he was happy.

He used to say, "You got to know what's yours, and why it's good."

*Mister, I don't mind you calling me a fool;
Better men than you have called me more.
But the man that's lumping fish out on this crying
Northern wind
Hasn't got the brains to stay ashore.*

*Lord, I think of all them boats lying down the bay,
Riding back and stretching out their chain,
And I thank my cozy toes that I ain't on 'em, Mr. Man;
I thank the Flying Pete that they ain't mine.*

*Well, you know that I don't mind her beating on my door,
I don't mind her howling 'round my head,
But she drives me and she grieves me all the weary winter
day
And then she wants to share my lonely bed.*

*Piled the foolish snow four feet up my door,
Scaled my pretty shutters down the bay,
Took the poor old shed apart and shingled half the hill;
Now she laughs to see a grown man cry.*

*You know, I'm pretty sure where I'm going when I'm done,
But I'd like to send the message on ahead:
Put the coal right to her, keep her jumping up and down,
'Cause that's the way I'll want her when I come.*

Side I, Band 7.

BAY OF FUNDY

This is about a long and weary, windless trip from Maine around to Halifax on a little black schooner that seemed to move only by the slatting of her gear. We had a coal stove in her, and the foresail used to downdraft onto the charlienoble, turn the stack into an intake and the cabin into a chimney. So, with the coalgas and the wet, the offwatch was not much more comfortable than the deadwatch...

I think the one who worked the hardest was Ed's wife, Lainie, and you could hear her, working below or at the wheel, singing a little tune of her own, over and over. It was a private comfort tune that probably became as much of a comfort to the rest of us as to her.

When we got down to Cape Breton Island, I asked her if I could borrow the tune and put words to it, as a momento of the trip, and she said yes. And I tried, all the next fall, to make that tune say what I remembered, but after all, 'twas Lainie's tune, and private, and I had to make my own.

I tried to keep the lonely sounds, and a few notes from Sable and the Sambro horn, but what she gave us then I have no way to give.

*All you Maine-men, proud and young,
When you run your Easting down,
Don't go down to Fundy Bay,
She'll wear your time away.
Fundy's long and Fundy's wide,
Fundy's fog and rain and tide;
Never see the sun or sky,
Just the green wave going by.
Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
Wonder why,
Wonder why.*

Oh, you know, I'd rather ride
The Grenfell Strait or the Breton tide,
Spend my days on the Labrador,
And never see old Fundy's shore,
 All my days on the Labrador,
 And never see old Fundy's shore.
 Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
 Wonder why,
 Wonder why.

Give her staysail, give her main,
In the darkness and the rain;
I don't mind the wet and cold,
I just don't like the growing old.
 I don't mind the wet and cold,
 I just don't like the growing old.
 Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
 Wonder why,
 Wonder why.

East-by-North or East-North-East,
Give her what she steers the best;
I don't want this foggy wave
To be my far and lonely grave.
 I don't want this foggy wave
 To be my far and lonely grave.
 Cape Sable's horn blows all day long;
 Wonder why,
 Wonder why.

 Cape Breton's bells ring in the swells;
 Ring for me,
 Ring for me.

Side II, Band 1.

COME BY THE HILLS

This was learned from Ed Trickett and Cliff Haslam. The lyrics were written by Scottish television producer Gordon Smith, and set to the traditional Irish air "Buchal an Eire."

Ann Muir - voice and 'Bell'
Gordon Bok - voice and 12-string guitar

Oh, come by the hills to the land where fancy is free.
Stand where the peaks meet the sky and the loughs meet
 the sea,
Where the rivers run clear, bracken is gold in the sun;
Oh, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where life is a song.
Stand where the birds fill the air with their joy all
day long,*

*Where the trees sway in time, even the wind sings in tune;
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.*

*Oh, come by the hills to the land where legend remains.
The stories of old fill the heart and may yet come again,
Where the past has been lost, the future is still to be won;
Ah, the cares of tomorrow can wait till this day is done.*

— repeat first verse.

Side II, Band 2.

KIRSTEEN/CHRISTINN

I can't remember where I heard the first "Kirsteen," but it struck me with its simplicity, and how thoroughly it covered the lady's life — from the high Spring-tides to the end of it. The second one is sadder, and I thought it was Irish by its gentle way of introducing such news, but Norman Kennedy told me it was Scottish. I heard it at Annie Muir's house and may have misremembered some of the words, but it will do for me.

*I) Who will walk with thee, Kirsteen,
By the shining sea, Kirsteen,
O'er the fragrant lea?*

*Who'll be by thy side, Kirsteen,
At the high Spring-tide, Kirsteen,
Walking with his bride?*

*And when thou grown frail, Kirsteen,
Winds do bring the veil, Kirsteen.
Who longs with thee to sail?*

*II) Soft be thy pathway and light be thy stepping,
Sweet be the song on thy lips, Christinn.
Lone on the hillside, thy lover is lying,
And pale is the hue of his cheek, Christinn.*

*The bird in the woodland, the trout in the river,
The deer on the hillside are fair, Christinn,
But he who was fairer lies low in the bracken;
He's emptied his heart of his cares, Christinn.*

*Bright blow the flowers by clear, winding cutty,
Like bonnie white clouds in the blue, Christinn,
But their glory at noontide is darkened with mourning
For joys that can never return, Christinn.*

— repeat first verse of II

"Thank you, Brother-Boe."

*As I was a-walking through Dublin City
About the hour of twelve at night,
It was there I saw a fair pretty maiden
Washing her feet by candle-light.*

*First she washed them and then she dried them,
And around her shoulder she pegged the towel,
And in all my life I ne'er did see
Such a fine young lass in all the world.*

*She had twenty, eighteen, sixteen, fourteen,
Twelve, ten, eight, six, four, two, none;
Nineteen, seventeen, fifteen, thirteen,
Eleven, nine, seven, five, three and one.*

*Round, round the wheel of fortune:
Where it stops wearies me;
Fair maids, they are so deceiving,
Sad experience teaches me.*

Twenty, eighteen, etc.....

*Oh, but tides do be running the whole world over:
Why, 'twas only last June month, I mind that we
Were thinking the call in the breast of the lover
So everlasting as the sea.*

Twenty, eighteen, etc.....

*But here's the same little fishes that swims and spin,
And the same old moon on the cold wet sand,
And I no more to she, nor she to me,
Than the cool wind passing over my hand.*

Twenty, eighteen, etc.....

Once again, from my mother's family. I can't remember which one of them sang it to me, but it feels like Beanto, this one. I've never heard this particular minor tune to it outside of the family (some say: "I sing that tune," but when pressed, they're still singing "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie").

I'm going to leave old Texas now,
They've got no use for the long-horned cow.
They've plowed and fenced my cattle range,
And the people there are all so strange.

I'll say goodbye to the Alamo
And turn my head for Mexico;
Make my home on the wide, wide range —
The people there are not so strange.

And when my ride on earth is done,
I'll take my chance on the promised land.

I'll tell St. Peter that I know
A cowman's soul ain't white as snow,
But in that far off cattle land
He sometimes acted like a man.

Side II, Band 5. BROKEN DOWN SQUATTER

Part of this was sung to me by Ray Wales, who later sent me a book to learn the rest from: *The Penguin Book of Australian Folksongs*, I think. I copied the words out, and learned the tune in a vague way, but couldn't check it out because I loaned or lost the book soon after. So, the words are pretty close, but I wouldn't swear by the tune. Some beautiful, close writing in here....

Come, Stumpy, old man, we must shift while we can;
All your mates in the paddock are dead.
We must say our farewells to Glen Eva's sweet dells
And the hills where your master* was bred.

Together to roam from our drought-stricken home;
Seems hard that such things have to be,
And it's hard on a horse when he's naught for a boss
But a broken down squatter like me.

For the banks are all broken, they say,
And the merchants are all up a tree.
When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court,
What chance for a squatter like me?

No more shall we muster the river for strays,
Or hunt on the fifteen-mile plain,
Or dash through the scrub by the light of the moon,
Or see the old homestead again.

Leave the slip-railings down, they don't matter much now,
For there's none but the crow left to see,
Perching gaunt on the pine as though longing to dine
On a broken down squatter like me.

*For the banks are all broken, they say,
And the merchants are all up a tree.
When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court,
What chance for a squatter like me?*

*When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst,
And the cattle were dying in scores,
Though down on me luck, I kept up me pluck,
Thinking Justice might soften the laws.*

*But the farce had been played and the government aid
Ain't extended to squatters, old son.
When me money was spent, they doubled the rent
And resumed the best part of the run.*

*For the banks are all broken, they say,
And the merchants are all up a tree.
When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court,
What chance for a squatter like me?*

* This is the way I heard it, but I saw it in print as "your Lordship," which makes good sense in another direction.

The chorus for "Broken Down Squatter" was made up of Pat Bok, Ed Trickett, Annie Muir, and "The Sow's Ear" (Helen Phillips, Ed and Jo-Ellen Bosson).

Side II, Band 6. FREEDOM ON THE WALLABY

I suppose there's always been a stress between England and her "colonies" — implied or outspoken, as in this song. Ray Wales tells me that "grubbing" is humping out stumps, and the idea of Freedom hooting around the outback because she got lonely for all the hardworking people who left England is a dear one to me. A good picture, painted by Henry Lawson, to a tune that was floating around Australia before the turn of the century. Annie Muir sings this one with me.

Australia's a big country and Freedom's humping bluey,
And Freedom's on the Wallaby, oh, can't you hear her cooey**?
She's just begun to boomerang, she'll knock the tyrant silly,
She's going to light another fire and boil another billy.*

*Our fathers toiled for bitter bread, while loafers thrived
beside them,
For food to eat and clothes to wear, their native land
denied them.
And so they left their native land, in spite of their
devotion,
And so they came, or, if they stole, were sent across the
ocean.*

*Then Freedom couldn't stand the glare of royalty's regalia;
She left the loafers where they were and came out to
Australia.*

*But now, across the mighty main, the chains have come to
bind her;
She little thought to see again the wrongs she left
behind her.*

*Our fathers grubbed to make a home (hard grubbing 'twas,
and clearing);*

*They wasn't troubled much with lords when they was
pioneering.*

*But, now that we have made this land a garden full of
promise,*

*Old Greed must crook his dirty hand and come to take her
from us.*

*So we must fly a rebel flag, as others did before us,
And we must sing a rebel song and join in rebel chorus.
We'll make the tyrants feel the sting of those that they
would throttle;*

*They needn't say the fault was ours, if blood should
stain the wattle.*

— repeat first verse.

* "humping bluey" - to shoulder a blanket and walk the outback.

** "cooey" - call

NOTE: The 'Bokwhistle' is a form of traditional 6-hole whistle
designed and built by Gordon Bok.

The 'Bell' is a small, bell-shaped 12-string guitar devel-
oped for Annie Muir by Gordon Bok, Sam Tibbetts, and Nick
Apollonio of Camden, Maine.

OTHER FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS BY GORDON BOK:

FSI-40 - "A Tune for November"

FSI-44 - "Peter Kagan and the Wind"

FSI-48 - "Seal Djiril's Hymn"

FSI-56 - "Turning Toward the Morning" (with Ed Trickett and Ann
Mayo Muir)