

FSI-56

Ann Mayo Muir

Ed Trickett Gordon Bok

TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING



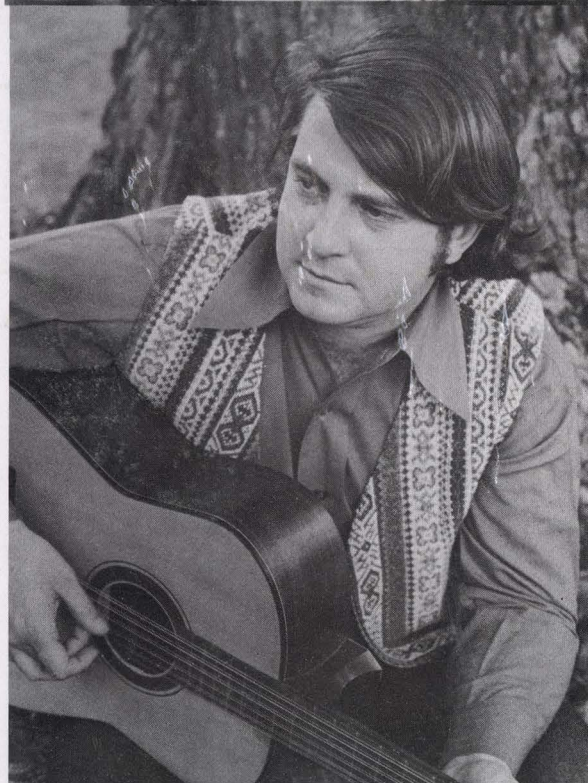
FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

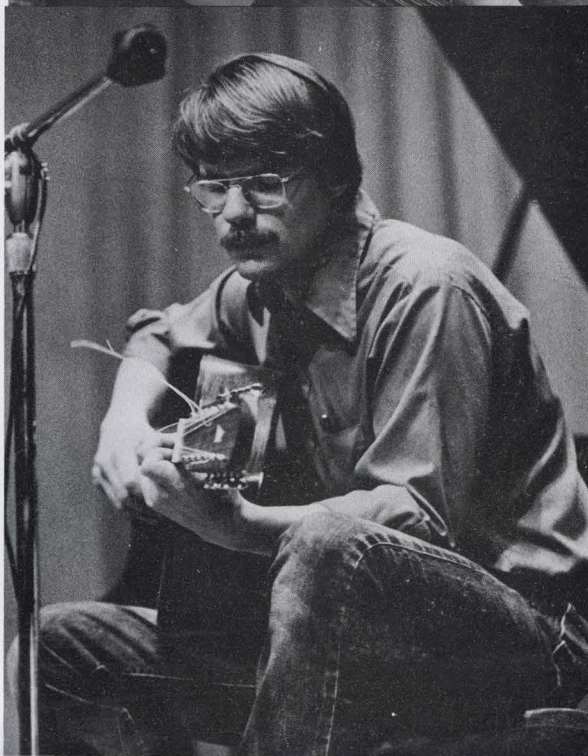
DAVID H. LYMAN



SANDY PATON



DAVID H. LYMAN



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSI-56

Ann Mayo Muir

Ed Trickett Gordon Bok

TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING

Three outstanding solo artists have joined together to create this album, each contributed his or her talent to enhance the music of the others in whatever way seemed appropriate to the song being performed. For example, on the title song, sung by Gordon Bok, accompanying himself on 12-string guitar, Ed adds a remarkably gentle hammered dulcimer, while he and Annie both sing harmony on the chorus. "The Wind that Shakes the Barley" is sung by Ed, with Gordon playing an obbligato on one of his hand-made 'Bokwhistles.' Annie does "Sunday Morning" by herself, as it seemed to be such a personal statement that any additional voice or instrument would have been an unnecessary intrusion.

The result is an album of wonderfully varied vocal and instrumental texture, fashioned into a coherent whole by the integrity of impeccable taste. The songs range from the English traditional lyric, through Ireland and Australia (with a side trip to Peru), to several fine contemporary songs, two of which were written by Gordon Bok.

Side One:

THREE SCORE AND TEN
I DREW MY SHIP
ST. ANNE'S REEL & OVER THE WATERFALL
THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY
ISLE AU HAUT LULLABY (HAY LEDGE SONG)
HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

Side Two:

THE HORN OF THE HUNTER
THE COCKY AT BUNGAREE
SLOW DANCE FROM MACHU PICCHU
GENTLE ANNIE
SUNDAY MORNING
TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING

©1975

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

Sharon, Connecticut 06069

cover photo: Mary Lou Estabrook

Ann Mayo Muir
Ed Trickett Gordon Bok

**“Turning
Toward
The
Morning”**

FSI - 56



© 1975

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

Ann Mayo Miller
Ed. Trickett
Gordon Bok

Morning
The
Toward
Turning



11/11/11
FOLK-LEGACY RECORDING INC.
MERCER COUNTY, NEW JERSEY

A BRIEF HISTORICAL SUMMARY:

Annie Muir and Gordon Bok first met in 1961, when both were fulfilling singing engagements in Vermont. Ever since, off and on, they have sung together whenever it was possible.

In 1962, Annie met Ed Trickett at a musical gathering at Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut, where Ed was a student. Convinced that Gordon and Ed ought to know one another, Annie arranged for them to meet "in absentia" through an exchange of tapes. Gordon was working as a sailor along the northeast coast; Ed was heading for Ohio, Colorado and California to do his doctoral and post-doctoral work in psychology. For seven years they corresponded, swapping songs by tape, but it was not until Ed returned to Connecticut in 1969 that he and Gordon managed to actually get together to make music "live," as they say.

Over the years of their friendships, the three have explored their remarkable musical affinity as frequently as time and circumstances have permitted. In the Spring of 1975, they arranged to share a series of joint concerts, and it was from these that the concept of this recording developed.

Perhaps it should be pointed out that the three are not a "trio" in the conventional sense. Even when they share a concert stage, each retains his or her separate musical identity. Indeed, they perform as many numbers as soloists as they do as a "group," joining together for others in any one of the various vocal and instrumental combinations that are possible when three very versatile artists merge their talents out of mutual affection and respect.

S.P.

We still lose men and vessels from our coastal fleet (recently I heard a ballad about the loss, last winter, of the *R. V. Gulf Stream*), so this song is still timely to many of us. John Conolly, of Grimsby, writes of this song:

"In the 1880's, a series of great gales wrecked hundreds of fishing boats along the East coast of Britain, and many men were lost. William Delf was a Grimsby fisherman who tried to help the widows and orphans by writing poems about these disasters and selling copies of them, the proceeds going to the dependents of the men lost at sea. The "Threescore and Ten" poem was one of his better efforts, but nobody seems to know how it acquired a tune and a chorus.

"The song as it is now known was discovered by a Yorkshire collector, Mr. Nigel Hudleston. He recorded it as sung by some fishermen at Filey, on the Yorkshire coast about 100 miles north of Grimsby."

I learned this from quite a variety of sources over the years. (GB)

*Methinks I see a host of craft, spreading their sails alee,
As down the Humber they do glide, all bound for the North-
ern sea;
Methinks I see on each small craft a crew with hearts so
brave
Going out to earn their daily bread upon the restless wave.*

*And it's threescore and ten, boys and men, were lost
from Grimsby town;
From Yarmouth down to Scarborough, many hundreds more
were drowned.
Our herring-craft, our trawlers, our fishing-smacks
as well,
They long did fight, that bitter night, their battle
with the swell.*

*Methinks I see them yet again as they leave this land
behind,
Casting their nets into the sea, the herring shoals* to
find;
Methinks I see them yet again, and they on board all right,
With their nets hove in and their decks cleaned up, and
their sidelights burning bright.*

— chorus...

*schools

Methinks I hear the Captain say, "My lads, we'll shorten
sail,
For the sky, to all appearances, looks like approaching
gale."
Methinks I see then yet again, and the midnight hour was
past;
Their little craft a-battling there all with the icy
blast.

— chorus...

October's night brought such a sight, 'twas never seen
before —
There was masts and yards and broken spars come a-driving
in to shore.
There was many a heart of sorrow, there was many a heart
so brave,
There was many a fine and a hearty lad to find a watery
grave.

— chorus...

Gordon Bok: 12-string & lead vocal
Ed Trickett: 6-string & vocal
Ann Muir: vocal

Side I, Band 2.

I DREW MY SHIP

This beautiful song was taught to me by Joe Hickerson.
It has been recorded by Shirley Collins on Folkways Records,
and it appears in *Northumbrian Minstrelsy*, edited by Bruce
and Stokoe. The first verse comes from Stephen Sedley's book
The Seeds of Love. (ET)

Oh, I will put my ship in order
And I will set it on the sea,
And I will sail to yonders harbor
To see if my love minds on me.

I drew my ship into the harbor,
I drew it up where my true love lay.
I drew it close by into her window
To listen what my love did say.

"Who's that who knocks loud at my window?
Who knocks so loud and would come in?"
"It is your true love who loves you dearly,
Then rise, love, and let me in."

So slowly, slowly got she up,
And slowly, slowly came she down,
But before she got the door unlocked,
Her true love had both come and gone.

He's brisk and braw, he's far away,
He's far beyond the raging main
Where bright eyes glancing and fishers dancing
Have made him quite forget his own.

— repeat first verse...

Ed Trickett: guitar & lead
Gordon Bok: whistle & vocal
Ann Muir: vocal

Side I, Band 3. ST. ANNE'S REEL & OVER THE WATERFALL

"St. Anne's Reel" (or "Saint-Ann" — as they call it at home) is quite a common tune around Maine and the Maritimes, and well to the Westward, too, I notice. I learned it from playing with the Old New Englanders, a group of local musicians who used to get together to play on the little radio station in the next town. (GB) Alan Jabbour notes that "Over the Waterfall" is a "charming reworking of an old British tune, sometimes called 'The Job of Journeywork,' well on its way to becoming a new melody." (SP)

Gordon Bok: guitar
Ed Trickett: hammered dulcimer
Ann Muir: 'Bokwhistle'

Side I, Band 4. THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY

I learned this song several years ago from Cliff Haslam, who, I believe, learned it from the singing of Martin Carthy. (ET) Robert Dwyer Joyce (1830-1883), a poet of the Fenian movement, wrote the song. (SP)

I sat within a valley green,
Sat there with my true love,
And my fond heart strove to choose between
The old love and the new love.
The old for her, the new that made
Me think on Ireland dearly,
While soft the wind blew down the glade
And shook the golden barley.

'Twas hard the mournful words to frame,
To break the ties that bound us.
Ah, but harder still to bear the shame
Of foreign chains around us.
And so I said, "The mountain glen
I'll seek at morning early,
And join the brave United Men,"
While soft wind shook the barley.

'Twas sad I kissed away her tears,
Her arms around me clinging,
When to my ears that fateful shot
Came out the wild wood ringing.
The bullet pierced my true love's breast,
In life's young spring so early,
And there upon my breast she died,
While soft wind shook the barley.

I bore her to some mountain stream,
And many's the summer blossom
I placed with branches soft and green
About her gore-stained bosom.
I wept and kissed her clay-cold corpse,
Then rushed o'er vale and valley
My vengeance on the foe to wreak
While soft wind shook the barley.

'Twas blood for blood, without remorse,
I took at Ourlet (Oulart) Hollow.
I placed my true love's clay-cold corpse
Where mine full soon may follow.
Around her grave I wandered drear,
Noon, night, and morning early,
With aching heart whene'er I hear
The wind that shakes the barley.

Ed Trickett: vocal
Gordon Bok: 'Bokwhistle'

Side I, Band 5. ISLE AU HAUT LULLABY (Hay Ledge Song)

The melody of this song was composed one day on a schooner while beating past a small grassy island called Hay Ledge, for Capt. Havilah Hawkins, who bet me I couldn't write a tune as uncomplicated as the island. The words came together one pretty night going across that same bay in my own boat, for a young one who was asleep below in the cabin, and who never heard it sung. Ed and Annie reminded me of this song over the years, and kept it going while I had all but forgotten it. (GB)

Ann Muir: lead vocal
Gordon Bok: 12-string and vocal
Ed Trickett: 6-string and vocal

If I could give you three things,
I would give you these:
Song and laughter and a wooden home
In the shining seas.

When you see old Isle au Haut
Rising in the dawn,
You will play in yellow fields
In the morning sun.

Sleep where the wind is warm
And the moon is high.
Give sadness to the stars,
Sorrow to the sky.

When you see...

Do you hear what the sails are saying
In the wind's dark song?
Give sadness to the wind,
Blown alee and gone.

When you see...

Sleep now, the moon is high
And the wind blows cold;
For you are sad and young
And the sea is old.

When you see...

If I could give you three things,
I would give you these:
Song and laughter and a wooden home
In the shining seas.

Side I, Band 6. HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING

I learned this song from Vince and Kathy DeFrancis in Denver in 1966. It can be found in *SING OUT!*, Vol. 7, No. 1, 1957. (ET) Pete Seeger helped to make this song fairly well-known in the folk-revival. He learned it from Doris Plenn, who had it from her North Carolina family. Mrs. Plenn now makes her home here in Sharon, Connecticut, where Folk-Legacy also lives. (SP)

Ann Muir: lead
Ed Trickett: tenor
Gordon Bok: bass

My life flows on in endless song
Above earth's lamentation.
I hear the real, though far off hymn
That hails a new creation.
 Above the tumult and the strife,
 I hear its music ringing;
 It sounds an echo in my soul.
 How can I keep from singing?

What though the tempest loudly roars,
I hear the truth, it liveth.
What though the darkness round me close,
Songs in the nights it giveth.
 No storm can shake my inmost calm
 While to that rock I'm clinging.
 Since love is lord of Heaven and earth,
 How can I keep from singing?

When tyrants tremble, sick with fear,
And hear their death-knell ringing,
When friends rejoice both far and near,
How can I keep from singing?
 In prison cell and dungeon vile
 Our thoughts to them are winging.
 When friends by shame are undefiled,
 How can I keep from singing?

— repeat first verse

Side II, Band 1. THE HORN OF THE HUNTER

"The Horn of the Hunter" is one of the oldest and most widely sung songs from the Lakeland area in England — a post-humous tribute to John Peel. The song appears in *English Dance and Song*, 31 (2), 1969, but I first heard it five years ago when Michael Cooney said, "I've got a song for you," and did. The Watsons have recently recorded a variant of the American song "Old Shep" to the same tune. (ET)

Ed Trickett: lead voice and guitar
Gordon Bok: 6-string guitar & voice
Ann Muir: voice

For forty long years have we known him,
Cumberland yeoman of old,
And twice forty years shall have perished
Ere the fame of his deeds shall grow cold.

No broadcloth of scarlet adorned him,
No buckskin as white as the snow.
Of plain Skiddaw grey was his garment,
And he wore it for work, not for show.

Now the horn of the hunter is silent;
On the banks of the Ellen no more,
No more will we hear its wild echo,
Clear sound o'er the dark Caldews roar.

When dark draws her mantle around us
And cold by the fire bids us steal,
Our children will say, "Father, tell us
Some tales of the famous John Peel."

And we'll tell them of Ranter and Royal,
Of Britain and Melody, too,
How they rattled a fox round the Carrock
And drove him from scent into view.

Now the horn...

How often from Branthwait to Skiddaw,
Through Isel, Bewaldeth, Whitefield,
We galloped like madmen together
To follow the hounds of John Peel.

And though we may hunt with another
Till the hand of old age bids us yield,
We will think on that sportsman and brother,
And remember the hounds of John Peel.

Now the horn...

Side II, Band 2. THE COCKY AT BUNGAREE

I don't know much about this song, except that a "cocky" is a farmer (in Australia) and the hero should have known what he was getting into. It was taught to me by my friend Ray Wales, now of Perth, Australia. (GB)

Gordon Bok: 12-string and voice
Ann Muir: 'Bokwhistle'

Come all you weary travellers that's out of work, just mind,
And take a trip to Bungaree and plenty there you'll find.
Have a trial with the cockies, you can take it straight
from me,
You'll very likely rue the day that you first saw Bungaree.

And how I came this weary way I soon will let you know:
Being out of employment, I didn't know where to go,
So I went to the registry office, boys, and it's there
I did agree
To take a job at clearing for the cocky at Bungaree.

On a thirsty Monday morning, mates, it was the usual go:
He called me to me breakfast before the cock did crow.
The stars did shine most gloriously and the moon was high,
you see,
And I thought before the sun would rise I would die in
Bungaree.

Well, after about a week of that, I reckons I'd had
enough,
So I went straight up to the cocky's door and I asked him
for me stuff,*
And I went straight in to Bellallat, but it didn't last
me long;
I went straight in to the Railway Hotel and I blew me
one-pound-one.

— repeat first verse

*pay

Side II, Band 3. SLOW DANCE FROM MACHU PICCHU (Peru)

I heard this dance from the Machu Picchu area of Peru on a tape made there by a friend.* It was played on the local cane flutes and assorted other instruments; our version is my reconstruction of it from memory. The only conscious change we made was to shorten up the pattern in the first two parts. In the last part (where the whistle duet begins again) you can hear the full pattern as I remember it.

We also used what instruments we had: high whistle = Annie Muir, low whistle = Pat Bok, high guitar = Gordon Bok, low guitar = Ed Trickett.** Only those who know and love traditional South American music will know how much of this is lost-in-translation, but we hope the joy and dignity of the tune will come through to hold you as it has held us. (GB)

* This friend now lives in Brazil, but I'm trying to find out the name of the melody and the excellent local group that performed the song. When I do, this information will be on file at Folk-Legacy.

** Whistles by Gordon Bok, guitars by Nick Apollonio.

The original song, "Gentle Annie," seems to have been written by Stephen Foster in 1856. Like many good songs, it found its way to Australia, where it took on local references and, perhaps, a more ambiguously sensual flavor. It appeared in print in Vol. I, no. e, (1964) of *Australian Tradition*, and was recorded by Martyn Wyndham-Read. Joe Hickerson learned this song from his singing, and I learned it from Joe several years ago. Some say the song describes a warm conversation of farewell between a field hand and a young girl, possibly a daughter of the family who owned the land. Some say otherwise. (ET)

Ed Trickett: lead voice & guitar
Gordon Bok: voice and guitar
Ann Muir: voice

*The harvest time's come, gentle Annie,
And your wild oats are all scattered round the field.
You'll be anxious to know, gentle Annie,
How your little crop of oats is going to yield.*

*We'll say farewell, gentle Annie,
For you know with you I can no longer stay.
Yes, I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,
Till we meet you on another threshing day.*

*Your mutton's very sweet, gentle Annie,
And I'm sure it can't be packed in New South Wales,
But you'd better put a fence around the cabbage
Or they'll all get eaten up by the snails.*

We'll say farewell....

*You'll take my advice, gentle Annie,
And you'd better watch your chappie goin' away
With his packbag flung over his shoulder,
And he stole some knives and forks the other day.*

We'll say farewell....

*The bullocks they are yoked, gentle Annie,
For you know with you I can no longer stay.
So I'll bid you adieu, gentle Annie,
Till we meet you on another threshing day.*

We'll say farewell....

This song speaks of a simple, unshakeable faith. As it begins, a young child is sitting in church for the very first time. Noel Stookey, who wrote this song with J. Mason and K. Gold, calls it simply "Hymn." (AM)

Ann Muir: voice and 'Bell'

*Sunday morning, very bright,
I read your book by colored light;
It came in through the pretty window picture.*

*I visited some houses
Where they said that you were living,
And they talked a lot about you,
And they spoke about your giving.
They passed a basket with some envelopes;
I just had time to write a note,
And all it said was, "I believe in you."*

*Passing conversations,
Where they mentioned your existence,
And the fact that you had been
Replaced by your assistants.
The discussion was Theology,
And when they turned and smiled at me,
All that I could say was, "I believe in you."*

*I visited your house again
On Christmas and Thanksgiving;
And a balded man said you were dead,
But the house would go on living.
He recited poetry,
And when he saw me stand to leave,
He shook his head and said I'd never find you.*

*My mother used to dress me up,
And while my dad was sleeping,
We'd walk down to your house
Without speaking.*

One of the things that provoked this song was a letter last November from a friend who had had a very difficult year and was looking for the courage to keep on plowing into it. Those times, you lift your eyes unto the hills, as they say, but the hills of Northern New England in November can be about as much comfort as a cold crowbar.

You have to look ahead a bit, then, and realize that all the hills and trees and flowers will still be there come Spring, usually more permanent than your troubles. And, if your courage occasionally fails, that's okay, too: nobody expects you to be as strong (or as old) as the land. (GB)

*Gordon Bok: lead voice & 12-string guitar
Ed Trickett: voice and hammered dulcimer
Ann Muir: voice*

*When the deer has bedded down
And the bear has gone to ground,
And the northern goose has wandered off
To warmer bay and sound,
It's so easy in the cold to feel
The darkness of the year
And the heart is growing lonely
For the morning.*

*Oh, my Joanie, don't you know
That the stars are swinging slow,
And the seas are rolling easy
As they did so long ago?
If I had a thing to give you,
I would tell you one more time
That the world is always turning
Toward the morning.*

*Now October's growing thin
And November's coming home;
You'll be thinking of the season
And the sad things that you've seen,
And you hear that old wind walking,
Hear him singing high and thin,
You could swear he's out there singing
Of your sorrows.*

Oh, my Joanie....

*When the darkness falls around you
And the Northwind comes to blow,
And you hear him call your name out
As he walks the brittle snow:
That old wind don't mean you trouble,
He don't care or even know,
He's just walking down the darkness
Toward the morning.*

Oh, my Joanie....

*It's a pity we don't know
What the little flowers know.
They can't face the cold November,
They can't take the wind and snow:
They put their glories all behind them,
Bow their heads and let it go,
But you know they'll be there shining
In the morning.*

Oh, my Joanie....

*Now, my Joanie, don't you know
That the days are rolling slow,
And the winter's walking easy,
As he did so long ago?
And, if that wind should come and ask you,
"Why's my Joanie weeping so?"
Won't you tell him that you're weeping
For the morning?*

Oh, my Joanie....

A NOTE ON THE INSTRUMENTS:

A '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 developed for Annie Muir by Gordon Bok, Sam Tibbetts, and Nick Apollonio, of Camden, Maine.

Ed Trickett's hammered dulcimer was made by Howie Mitchell.

It's a pity we don't know
What the little flowers know,
They can't lose the cold November,
They can't take the wind and snow,
They put their flowers all behind them,
Bow their heads and let it go,
But you know they'll be there waiting
In the morning.

Oh, my love...

Oh, my love, don't you know,
That the days are rolling slow,
And the winter's walking slow,
As he did so long ago?
And if that wind should come and say,
"Oh, my love, don't you know,
You've got to wait for me,
For the morning?"

Oh, my love...

A NOTE ON THE INSTRUMENTS:

The instruments used in this recording are:
The "Harp" is a small, well-tuned 12-string guitar developed
for music that is neither too loud, nor too soft, and that follows
of London, etc.

The "Violin" is a standard violin, made by Kopeck & Sons,
of London, etc.