

FSI-57

"Lights Along the Shore"

KENDALL MORSE

*Recorded by Gordon Bok
and Richard Oros*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.



"Lights Along the Shore"

KENDALL MORSE

*Recorded in Camden, Maine, by
Gordon Bok and Richard Oros*

The tapes from which this record was produced arrived with the following note from Gordon Bok:

Here are the tapes of Ken Morse we promised you. Most of it was done this week, when he came down to Camden for a few days.

We recorded mostly at night because of local noise, but Ken's not one to just lay around between songs; we repaired two accordions, at least one guitar, a refrigerator, the clutch pedal on the Jeep (he even had a front wheel off her before breakfast one morning) and diagnosed a number of other mechanical, electrical, economic and political problems, to my satisfaction, at least.

Ken can make coffee you can tiptoe on, bake a haddock, handle a boat, and would probably resent my telling you that we spent a whole afternoon finding a home for and delivering one large, lame goose because Ken has never been one to ignore the underprivileged.

You know that when I met him he was the Captain of the Sea and Shore Fisheries patrol boat Explorer, and the only other "folksinger" in the State of Maine, or so we thought. He's also, after his own fashion, a folklorist, humorist, historian, the best story-teller I've heard, and one of the most forbearing friends I've ever had — but if I ever wanted to cross his principles, I'd want the wrath of God in one hand and something awful heavy in the other.

So, all in all, it's been quite a week. I know you'll enjoy the tapes as much as we did, making them.

Gordon was right. We did. And we're sure that you will, too. Kendall Morse is really something special.

Side 1

GOING BACK TO WHERE I COME FROM — 2:00
GREEN BROOM — 2:25
DARBY O'LEARY — 2:56
BALLY JAMES DUFF — 2:55
THE WILD COLONIAL BOY — 2:32
THE LAVENDER COWBOY — 0:45
OLD SHEP — 2:35
LORENA — 7:00

Side 2

THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE — 2:55
I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN — 3:00
LIFE GETS TEDIOUS — 2:15
SATISFIED MIND — 3:25
BLACK VELVET BAND — 3:15
MAGGIE MAY — 3:03
MY PRETTY QUADROON — 2:43
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING — 2:30

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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

cover photo by Erlon Morse

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"Lights Along the Shore"

KENDALL MORSE

Presented by the
New York City

1911-12



POK-RECORD, INC.

MADE IN U.S.A.

KENDALL MORSE

I was born in the little community of Kennebec, a part of Machias, Maine, on May 10, 1934. Music has always been a very important factor in my life, and I started collecting songs at a very early age.

Living near Canada, we were able to pick up their radio programs and I remember my grandfather, in particular, would never miss "Don Messer and the Islanders."

When I was three years old, we had an old dog that had bitten just about everyone in the area. His most important job was to keep me out of trouble. One day I climbed down into a stone lined well and was unable to climb out. That dog knew there was something wrong and he went out to the road and stopped a man named Austin Armstrong. For a few minutes, Austin thought the dog was going to add him to the list of victims, but it soon became apparent that the dog was trying to tell him something. The dog kept running back and forth to the well and wouldn't allow Austin to go on his way. When he went to see what the dog was so excited about, he found me down in the well, running out of the strength to hang on. He climbed in and got me out. To this day, when I meet him, he recalls in detail what happened 38 years ago. He always remarks that he hopes I now have enough sense to stay out of that well, as he would hate to have to pull me out again.

During my school years, I worked at odd jobs: digging clams, mowing lawns, and working in a sardine plant. That sardine plant was hell for a teen-ager; cooped up day and night, it was hot and noisy and the air was always second-hand. Later on, I picked blueberries and worked on a dairy farm. That was when I learned to hate cows. It's not so much that they are stupid and dirty, but they have no respect for bare feet.

After high school, I joined the Coast Guard and served a four year hitch aboard the weather ship *Coos Bay* in Portland, Maine. Four years of homesickness, seasickness, stupid regulations and drudgery. Such conditions are rough on rebels; if a square peg will not fit a round hole, they make it fit by pounding it in.

Somehow, I survived the service with my sanity intact, but minus some of the rough edges (from being pounded into a round hole). I took a job with the State of Maine Department of Sea and Shore Fisheries as a conservation officer on the patrol boat *Explorer*. One of the best things about that job was having

a supervisor who liked folk music. I remember learning the words to "Lorena" because Charlie Boetsch liked it. I made many new and interesting friends while on that job. From a musical standpoint, probably the most influential person I met was Gordon Bok. I heard him playing the guitar while I was on my way to the boat one day, and I was stopped dead in my tracks by what he was dragging out of an old Harmony. I had never heard such beautiful guitar. We got to swapping songs and it was like stumbling across the desert and meeting a guy who just happened to have an extra bottle of ice-cold beer.

At the time, Gordon was sailing as Mate on the schooner *Alice Wentworth* out of Camden, Maine. From that day on, our two vessels tied up in the same ports at the end of many days. When you wear a badge, it is hard to get to know people without it getting in the way, but with Gordon it was different. He knew the badge was there, but he didn't stare at it, so to speak. He was able to realize that there was a human being behind it. Besides, I never caught him doing anything illegal.

Eventually, due to a feeling of frustration, stagnation, and economic strangulation, I resigned from the State service and took a similar job with the U. S. Department of the Interior. The only interior I ever saw was the insides of another Coast Guard ship. I can't really complain about the job: it paid well, the work was rewarding and the boss was human. There was one source of nagging frustration — foreign fishing vessels scooping up everything that swims, while we have to stand back, powerless to do anything about it because our people in Washington are too gutless to say, "Enough! Practice conservation or get out and take your goddamn vodka with you."

Since leaving the government service, I have taken up higher education. I'm working for a degree in History at the University of Maine and getting a lot of satisfaction out of it. History professors and folk music seem to mix quite well.

Kendall Morse

THE SONGS

Side 1, Band 1. GOING BACK TO WHERE I COME FROM

I've known this song so long I'm not sure where I first heard it. I think it was recorded by Carson Robison during the 1940's.

*I'm going back to where I come from,
Where the honeysuckle smells so sweet
It almost makes you sick.*

I used to think my life was humdrum,
But I sure have learned a lesson
That is bound to stick.

There ain't no use in me pretendin',
The city sure ain't no place
For a guy like me to end in.
Going back to where I come from,
Where the mockingbird is singing
In the lilac bush.

I used to go down to the station
Every evening just to watch
The pullman train come rollin' in.
And then one night that great temptation
Got the best of me and led me
To a life of sin.

I took my hat and fourteen dollars,
And I went through all the trouble
In this life that always follers
When you're rich and huntin' romance,
But my huntin' days are over,
I can tell you that.

I met a man in Kansas City;
He tipped his hat and asked me
If I'd like to step around,
And I says, "Yep. That's what I'm here for."
He said he'd take me to
The hottest spots in town.

He mentioned things he'd have to fix up,
So he took my fourteen dollars,
But there must have been a mix up,
He's been gone since Friday evening,
And I've got a hunch I'll never see
That guy no more.

When I get old and have a grandson,
I'll tell him 'bout my romance
And then watch his eyes bug out.
The chances are he won't believe me
And he'll do the same fool thing
When he's grown up, no doubt.

But he can't say I didn't warn him
What'll happen if he meets up
With that city guy, goldarn him.
Going back to where I come from,
Where the mockingbird is singing
In the lilac bush.

Side 1, Band 2. GREEN BROOM

I learned this one from one of Burl Ives' albums, going back about twenty years.

*There was an old man and he lived in the west
And his trade was the cutting of broom.
He had but one son and his name it was John,
And he lied abed till 'twas noon, bright noon,
And he lied abed till 'twas noon.*

*The old man arose and upstairs he did go
And he swore he'd set fire to his room
If he didn't uprise and unbutton his eyes
And away to the wood for green broom, green broom,
And away to the wood for green broom.*

*Then John did arise and he sharpened his knives
And he went through the woods cutting broom.
To market and fair, crying loud everywhere,
"Fair maids, do you want to buy broom, green broom?
Oh, fair maids, do you want to buy broom?"*

*A lady, way up in her chamber so high,
She heard Johnny crying, "Green broom."
She went to her maid and unto her said,
"Go fetch me the lad that cries 'Broom,
Green broom,' Oh, go fetch me the lad that cries 'Broom.'"*

*John he arose and upstairs he did go;
He entered the fair lady's room.
She said, "Dear Johnny, could you fancy me?
Could you marry a lady in bloom, in bloom?
Could you marry a lady in bloom?"*

*Then John gave consent and unto the church went,
And he married his lady in bloom.
She said, "I'll confess that there's none in the west
So good as the lad that cried 'Broom, green broom,'
Is so good as the lad that cried 'Broom.'"*

Side 1, Band 3. DARBY O'LEARY

I got this one from an album of an Irish group called The Dubliners. The record was brought from Ireland by a friend and his wife, Steve and Carol Knox.

*One evening of late as I happened to stray,
To the County Tipperary I straight took me way
To pick the potatoes and work by the day
For a farmer called Darby O'Leary.*

I asked him how far we were bound for to go,
The night being dark and a cold wind did blow.
I was hungry and tired and me spirits were low,
For I got me no whiskey nor water.

The dirty old miser, he mounted his steed,
To the Galbally Mountains he rode at great speed.
I followed behind till me poor feet did bleed
And we stopped when his old horse was weary.
When we came to his cottage, I entered it first;
It seemed like a kennel or a ruined old church.
Says I to meself, "I am left in the lurch
In the house of old Darby O'Leary."

I well recollect it was Michaelmas night,
To a hearty good supper he did me invite:
A cup of sour milk that was more green than white
And it gave me the trotting disorder.
The wet old potatoes would poison the cats,
And the barn where me bed was was swarming with rats.
The fleas would have frightened the fearless St. Pat
Who banished the snakes o'er the border.

He worked me by day and he worked me by night
While he held an old candle to give me some light.
I wish these potatoes would die of the blight
And himself would go up with the fairies.
'Twas on this old miser I looked with a frown
When the straw was brought in for to make me shakedown,
And I wish I had never seen him or his town
Or the sky over Darby O'Leary.

I've worked in Kilconnel, I've worked in Kilmore,
I've worked in Knockainey and Shanballymore,
In Palace and Nicker and Sol a hautmore (sic)
With farmers so decent and cheery.
I've worked in Tipperary, Shanragh and Ross Green,
At the Mount of Kilfeakle, the bridge of Allen,
Such woeful starvation I never have seen
As I got from old Darby O'Leary.

Side 1, Band 4. BALLY JAMES DUFF

This was recorded by Burl Ives a few years ago on an album of Irish songs. Gordon Bok tells me that this song was written as the result of a wager. The author was challenged to write a song using the name of the challenger's home town.

The Garden of Eden has vanished, they say,
But I know the lie of it still.
Just turn to the left at the bridge at Fennagh
And stop when half way to Coot Hill.

It's there I will find it, I know sure enough,
When fortune has come to me call.
Oh, the grass it is green around Bally James Duff
And the blue sky is over it all.

With tones that are tender and tones that are gruff,
They're whispering over the sea,
"Come back, Paddy Riley, to Bally James Duff,
Come home, Paddy Riley, to me."

My mother once told me, the day I was born,
The day that I first saw the light,
I looked down the street on that very first day
And gave a great crow of delight.

Now, most newborn babies appear in a huff
And start with a sorrowful squall,
But I knew I was born in Bally James Duff
And that's why I smiled on them all.

The baby's a man now, he's toil-worn and tough;
Still, whispers come over the sea:
"Come back, Paddy Riley, to Bally James Duff,
Come back, Paddy Riley, to me."

I've loved the young women of every land,
It always came easy to me,
Just barring the belles of the Eskimo lands
And the chocolate shapes of Fiji.

But that kind of love is of moonshining stuff,
And never will addle me brain,
For the bells will be ringing in Bally James Duff
For me and my Rosie Kilraine.

And all through their glamour, their gas and their guff,
Still, whispers come over the sea:
"Come back, Paddy Riley, to Bally James Duff,
Come home, Paddy Riley, to me."

I've struck oil at last, I've struck work and I vow
I've struck some remarkable clothes;
I struck a policeman for saying that now
I'd go back on my beautiful Rose.

The belles they may blarney, the boys they may bluff,
But this I will always maintain:
No place in the world is like Bally James Duff,
No girl like Rosie Kilraine.

*I've paid for me passage, the sea may be rough,
But borne on each breeze there will be:
"Come back, Paddy Riley, to Bally James Duff,
Come home, Paddy Riley, to me."*

Side 1, Band 5. WILD COLONIAL BOY

This is an old song that I used to hear when I was a child. Living in the easternmost part of the United States, we picked up Canadian radio broadcasts, and a large part of my collection of songs came from this medium.

*There was a wild colonial boy,
Jack Duggan was his name.
He was born and raised in Ireland,
In a place called Castlemaine.
He was his father's only son,
His mother's pride and joy,
And dearly did his parents love
The wild colonial boy.*

*At the early age of sixteen years
He left his native home,
And to Australia's sunny shore
He was inclined to roam.
He robbed the rich, he helped the poor;
He shot James McAvoy.
A terror to Australia was
The wild colonial boy.*

*One morning on the prairie
As Jack he rode along,
A-listening to the mockingbird
And singing a cheerful song,
Up rode a band of troopers,
Kelly, Davis, and Fitzroy.
They all set out to capture him,
The wild colonial boy.*

*"Surrender now, Jack Duggan,
For you see we're three to one!
Surrender in the King's high name;
You are a plundering son."
Jack drew two pistols from his belt
And proudly waved them high.
"I'll fight, but not surrender," said
The wild colonial boy.*

He fired a shot at Kelly
Which brought him to the ground;
Then turning around to Davis,
He received a fatal wound.
A bullet pierced his proud, young heart
From the pistol of Fitzroy,
And that is how they captured him,
The wild colonial boy.

Side 1, Band 6. THE LAVENDER COWBOY

This is another one I picked up from Burl Ives.

He was only a lavender cowboy;
The hairs on his chest they were two.
He wanted to follow the heroes
And do as the he-men do.

Red, green, and many colored hair tonics
He rubbed on his chest, day and night;
When he looked in the mirror next morning,
No new hairs grew in sight.

He battled for Red Nellie's honor;
He cleaned out a hold-up's nest.
He died with two six-guns a-smoking
And only two hairs on his chest.

Side 1, Band 7. OLD SHEP

I used to hear this one sung by the people back home. It sticks in my mind because of the experience I described in the introduction to this booklet. I know that I owe my life to that dog.

When I was a lad and old Shep was a pup,
Over hill and meadow we'd stray;
Just a boy and his dog, we were both full of fun,
And we grew up together that way.
I remember the time at the old swimming hole
When I would have drowned, beyond doubt,
But old Shep was there, to the rescue he came.
He jumped in and helped pull me out.

As the years rolled along, old Shep he grew old;
His eyesight was fast growing dim.
Then one day the doctor looked at me and said,
"I can't do no more for him, Jim."
With a hand that was trembling, I picked up my gun
And aimed it at Shep's faithful head.
But I just couldn't do it; I wanted to run.
I wished they would shoot me instead.

*I went to his side and sat on the ground;
He laid his head on my knee.
I stroked the best pal a man ever had;
I cried so I scarcely could see.
Now, old Shep he knew he was going to go
And he reached out and licked at my hand.
And he looked up at me as much as to say,
"We're parting, but you understand."*

*Now old Shep is gone where the good doggies go,
And no more with old Shep will I roam,
But if dogs have a Heaven, there's one thing I know:
Old Shep has a wonderful home.*

Side 1, Band 8. LORENA

My version of this old Civil War song is a composite of many other versions. Tennessee Ernie Ford put it on an album about ten years ago, but he did not sing all of it.

*The years creep slowly by, Lorena;
The snow is on the grass again.
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena;
The frost gleams where the flowers have been.
 But the heart beats on, as warmly now
 As when the summer days were nigh.
 Oh, the sun can never dip so low,
 A-down affection's cloudless sky.*

*A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held your hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
 A hundred months, 'twas flowery May,
 As up the hilly slope we'd climb,
 Oh, to watch the dying of the day
 And hear the distant churchbells chime.*

*We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell.
What we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our loving prospered well.
 But then, 'tis past; the years are gone.
 I'll not call up their shadowy forms.
 I'll say to them, "Lost years, sleep on;
 Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storm."*

*The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas, I care not to repeat.
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.*

*I would not cause even one regret
To rankle in your bosom now.
Oh, for "If we try, we may forget"
Were words of thine, long years ago.*

*Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena;
They live within my memory yet.
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
That thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not your woman's heart that spoke;
Your heart was always true to me.
Oh, a duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.*

*It matters little, now, Lorena;
The past is an eternal past.
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena;
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future, oh, thank God!
Of life, this is so small a part.
Oh, 'tis dust to dust, beneath the sod;
Up there, up there, it's heart to heart.*

Side 2, Band 1. THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE

I used two sources for this song. The Kingston Trio recorded it about fifteen years ago, and a friend of mine, Paul Anderson, gave me his version of it. I simply put the two together.

*Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
With people here working by day and by night.
They don't sow potatoes or barley or wheat,
But there's gangs of them digging for gold in the street.
At least, when I asked them, that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this digging for gold.
But, for all that I found there, I might as well be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

*I believe that, when writing, a wish you expressed,
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed.
Well, if you'll believe me, when asked to a ball,
They don't wear no tops to their dresses at all.
I've seen them meself, and you could not, in truth,
Tell whether they're bound for a ball or a bath.
Don't be starting them fashions now, Mary Mochree,
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

*There's beautiful girls here, oh, never you mind,
With beautiful shapes Nature never designed.
Lovely complexions, all roses and cream,
But let me remark with regard to the same:*

*That, if at those roses you venture to sip,
The colors might all come away on your lip.
So, I'll wait for the wild rose that's waiting for me
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

*You remember young Denny McLaren, of course;
Well, he's over here at the head of the force.
I met him one morning while crossing the strand
And he stopped the whole street with one wave of his hand.
And as we were talking of days that were gone,
The whole population of London looked on.
But, for all his great powers, he's wishful to be
Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.*

Side 2, Band 2. I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

This is another one that goes back to my childhood. It's been done by everyone from Burl Ives to Gene Autry.

*Now, I've got no use for the women;
A true one may never be found.
They'll stick by a man for his money;
When it's gone, they'll turn him down.
They are all alike at the bottom,
Selfish and grasping for all.
They'll stick by a man when he's winning,
And laugh in his face when he falls.*

*My pal was a straight young cowpuncher,
Honest and upright and square,
But he turned to a gambler and a gunman,
And a woman sent him there.
Quicker and surer his gun blazed
Till his heart in his body lay dead.
When a gambler insulted her picture,
He filled him full of lead.*

*All night long we trailed him
Through mesquite and thick chapparal.
Couldn't help but think of that woman
When I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal she should have,
He might have been raising a son,
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by a Ranger's gun.*

*Death's slow sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were too slim.
But where they were putting his body
Is all that worried him.*

He lifted his head on his elbow;
The blood from his wound flowed red.
He looked at his pals grouped around him;
He whispered to them and said:

"Bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave;
Bury me out on the prairie
And from them my bones please save.
Wrap me up in my blanket;
Cover me deep 'neath the ground.
Cover me over with boulders
Of granite, huge and round."

We buried him out on the prairie
And the coyotes still howl o'er his grave,
And now his soul is resting
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar cowpuncher,
As he rides by that pile of stone,
Recalls a similar woman
And envies his mouldering bones.

Side 2, Band 3. LIFE GETS TEDIOUS

This one goes back to the late 'forties. As I remember,
it was recorded by Carson Robison.

Sun comes up and sun goes down,
Hands on the clock keep goin' around.
You just get up and it's time to lay down.
Life gets tedious, don't it?

I open the door and the flies swarm in;
Shut the door and I'm sweatin' again.
Move too fast and crack my shins.
Just one thing after another.

Tin roof leaks and the chimney leans.
There's a hole in the seat of my old blue jeans.
I've et the last of the pork and beans.
Just can't depend on nothin'.

Shoe's untied, but I don't care;
I ain't figurin' on goin' nowhere.
I'd have to wash and comb my hair;
That's just wasted effort.

Hound dog howlin' so forlorn;
Laziest dog that ever was born.
He's howlin' 'cause he's settin' on a thorn;
He's just too tired to move over.

My old brown mule, he must be sick.
I jabbed him in the rump with a pin on a stick;
He humped his back, but wouldn't kick.
There's somethin' cock-eyed somewhere.

There's a mouse chawin' on the pantry door;
He's been at it, now, for a month or more.
When he gets through, he's gonna be sore:
'Cause there ain't a damn thing in there.

Water in the well's gettin' lower and lower;
I can't take a bath for six months more.
I've heard it said, and it's true, I'm sure,
That too much bathin' will weaken ya.

Cow's gone dry and the hens won't lay,
And the fish quit bitin' last Saturday.
Troubles pilin' up, day by day.
Now I'm gettin' dandruff.

Grief and misery, pain and woe,
Death and taxes, and so it goes.
Now I'm catchin' cold in my nose.
Life gets tasteless, don't it?

Side 2, Band 4. SATISFIED MIND

This is a fairly recent song. I think I got it from one of Porter Wagoner's albums.

How many times have you heard someone say:
"If I had his money, I'd do things my way."
But little they know; it's so hard to find
One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

Money won't buy back your youth when you're old,
Or a friend when you're lonely, or a love that's
grown cold.

The wealthiest person is a pauper at times,
Compared to the man with a satisfied mind.

Once I was winning in fortune and fame,
Everything that I planned for to get a start in life's game.
Then suddenly it happened, I lost every dime,
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.

When life is ended, my time has run out,
My friends and my loved ones I'll leave, there's no doubt.
But there's one thing for certain: when it comes my time,
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.

Side 2, Band 5. BLACK VELVET BAND

While I was employed as a conservation officer for the U.S. Government, I made frequent trips on both U.S. and Canadian patrol ships in the North Atlantic. On one of those trips, we were close enough to land one night to be able to receive a Canadian TV station and I heard this song sung by an Irishman who did it so well I had to learn it. I finally got the words from an album of the Irish Rovers.

*In a neat little town they call Belfast,
Apprentice to trade I was bound,
And many an hour of sweet happiness
I spent in that neat little town.
But a bad misfortune came o'er me
That caused me to stray from the land;
Far away from my friends and relations,
I followed the black velvet band.*

*Her eyes they shone like the diamonds,
You'd think she was queen of the land,
And her hair hung over her shoulder,
Tied up with a black velvet band.*

*Well, I went out strolling one evening,
Not meaning to go very far,
When I met with a fickle some damsel
A-plying her trade in a bar.
When a watch she took from a patron
And slipped it right into me hand,
Then the law came and put me in prison.
Bad luck to the black velvet band.*

*Next morning, before judge and jury,
For trial I had to appear,
And the judge said to me, "Me young fellow,
The case against you is quite clear.
And seven long years is your sentence;
You're going to Van Dieman's Land,
Far away from your friends and relations
To follow the black velvet band."*

*Come all you jolly young fellows,
I'll have you take warning by me.
Whenever you're drinking your liquor, me boys,
Beware of the pretty colleens.
They'll fill you with whiskey and porter
Until you're not able to stand,
And the very next thing that you know, me boys,
You've landed in Van Dieman's Land.*

Side 2, Band 6. MAGGIE MAY

This one I got from Gordon Bok. It's one of the few landsmen written "sailor songs" we can both tolerate.

*Come all you sailors bold and, when my tale is told,
I know you all will sadly pity me.
For I was a blooming fool in the port of Liverpool
On the voyage when I first paid off from sea.*

*And me Maggie, Maggie May, they have taken you away,
And you'll slave upon Van Dieman's cruel shore.
You've robbed many a whaler, many a drunken sailor,
But you'll never cruise down Paradise Street no more.*

They paid me off at home for a voyage to Leone,
Two pounds ten a month had been my pay.
While jingling me tin, I was sadly taken in
By a lady by the name of Maggie May.*

*When I sailed into her, I didn't have a care;
I was cruising up and down old Cannon Place.
She was dressed in a gown so fine, like a frigate of the
line,
And me, being a sailor, gave her chase.*

*Next day, when I awoke, I found that I was broke.
I didn't have a penny to me name.
I had to hock me suit, my John L.'s and me boots,
Down in the Parkway Pawnshop, number nine.*

*She was chained and sent away from Liverpool, one day;
The lads did cheer as she sailed down the bay.
And every sailor lad, he only was too glad
That they sent the old thing off to Botany Bay.*

*Sierra Leone, in West Africa

Side 2, Band 7. MY PRETTY QUADROON

This one goes so far back in my memory I am not sure of its origin. I searched for all the words for a long time, and finally got the whole song from Paul Anderson.

*I'll never forget when I met
Sweet Cora, my pretty quadroon;
I see her blue eyes shining yet
As we vowed to be true 'neath the moon.
Her form was exceedingly fair,
Her lips like the wild rose in June,
And her ringlets of dark glossy hair
Were the curls of my pretty quadroon.*

How happy we were for a day;
Like lovebirds, we dwelt 'neath the bowers,
And the brightness of Cora's sweet smile
Seemed to rival the blush of the flowers.
But happiness fades like the rose;
Before the first full of the moon,
The Grim Reaper knocked at my door
And took Cora, my pretty quadroom.

Farewell to Kentucky's green hills;
Farewell to Kentucky's green braes.
Farewell to the green, grassy fields
Where Cora and I often strayed.
To this old world I'll soon say farewell;
My heart will find rest in the tomb,
But my spirit will fly to the spot
And watch over my pretty quadroom.

Side 2, Band 8. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

I learned this one as a little boy in the Kennebec Baptist Church where I went to Sunday School fairly frequently. It is a standard Baptist and Methodist hymn.

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From the lighthouse evermore,
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

Let the lower lights be burning;
Send their gleam across the wave.
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

Dark the night of sin has settled;
Loud the angry billows roar.
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore.

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother;
Some poor sailor, tempest tossed,
Trying now to reach the harbor
In the darkness, may be lost.

CREDITS:

Gordon Bok plays the guitar on "Lorena" and "Maggie May." He adds a second guitar on "Green Broom" and "Satisfied Mind," and also sings on the chorus of the latter. He plays the whistle on "Darby O'Leary."

The chorus on "Maggie May" was made up of Gordon Bok, Nick Apollonio, Tony Bok, Gordon Brott, and John Ciano.

The chorus on "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning" included Tony Bok, Mary Bok, Nick Apollonio, Sandy Apollonio, Bob Stuart, John Ciano, Janet Ciano, Imero Gobbato, Loell Kennedy, Gordon Bok, and Pat Bok, who also played the accordion.

The master tapes were recorded at various times by Gordon Bok and Richard Oros.

Thanks to Sandy Paton, G. A. Nowotarski, N. P. Stookey, and Pat Bok.

APPENDIX

Gordon took place the night of "Lovers" and "Merry Men".
He added a second night on "Green Room" and "Sally's Night".
and also sings on the chorus of the latter. He plays the
violin on "Sally's Night".

The chorus on "Merry Men" was made up of Gordon, Bob, Nick,
and John. Gordon, Bob, and John sang.

The chorus on "Let the Good Times Roll" included
Gordon, Bob, Nick, and John. Gordon, Bob, and John sang.
Gordon, Bob, and Nick also played the accordion.

The music was recorded at various times by Gordon,
Bob, and Nick.

Thanks to: Sandy Paton, B. A. Nowakowski, W. P. Stokely, and
Pat Hox.