

Gordon Bok
Ann Mayo Muir
Ed Trickett
A
Water Over
Stone



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-80



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With the release of this, our third recording of Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir and Ed Trickett, Folk-Legacy celebrates the beginning of its twentieth year.

Caroline refers to the last song on the album, "Hearth and Fire," as "Gordon's comfort song for the 1980's." It seems appropriate, then, that we borrow a few of its words with which to express our own wish for all of you:

*Wine and song be ours tonight,
And all the cold outside;
Peace and warmth be yours tonight,
Wherever you may bide.*

*I'd be the sun upon your head,
The wind about your face;
My love upon the path you tread,
And upon your wanderings, peace.*

Sandy and Caroline Paton
Sharon, Connecticut 06069
October, 1980

SIDE A:

Dark Old Waters (Bok, BMI)	4:28
Hush Ye, My Bairnie/Buckeye Jim	4:20
Aragon Mill (Kahn, ASCAP)	3:55
North-South Handy (Eskimo Dance/ Sweet Richard)	3:33
A Water Over Stone (Bok, BMI)	4:10

SIDE B:

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Run, Come See Jerusalem	3:22
Scarborough Settler's Lament	4:49
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Jacket Design: Swede Plaut

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SOME THOUGHTS ON "TBM-III"

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This is Folk-Legacy's third recording of Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir, and Ed Trickett ("TBM," as they are referred to in our staff's affectionate shorthand). Most of you will be familiar with their earlier albums, as well as with those we have produced of Gordon alone, of Ed alone, and of Gordon with Ann. Perhaps those who have only now discovered their music would like to write for our catalog in order to learn more about their previous work.

At any rate, the distinction between what these three artists comprise when they perform together and what is normally called a "trio" seems to be worth a brief discussion.

Gordon, Ed, and Ann are less a trio than an "ensemble of three" in which each supports the others in various ways — contributing vocal harmonies and/or additional instrumentation, but never submerging his or her individual artistry into a whole that can become curiously less than the sum of its parts, as is the case with so many trios. While a few of their songs are appropriately performed in their entirety by three voices, TBM usually feels that a given song is better served by a single lead voice, with the others adding harmonies only on the refrain — and they are right.

Our English-language folksongs, despite the popularity of several "folk" trios in the recent past, are more often than not the statements of an individual — personal, intimate. To arrange such a song into standard trio form would be like transforming an introspective Shakespearean soliloquy into the detached, expository recitation of a Greek chorus, robbing it of its immediacy, wrenching it into the abstract. Yet, when a song has a refrain, as have many of the songs here recorded, the addition of the other voices in fully appropriate, becoming, in effect, an affirmation of the story by the singer's own community. The refrain invites participation, the narrative does not.

Thus it is that Gordon, Ed, and Ann approach their music: finding what seems "right" for each musical statement, seeking vocal and instrumental textures which serve to reinforce the meaning of that statement, rather than imposing an artificial harmonic structure upon it in a cynical search for a more "commercial sound." The result is a treatment that carefully avoids any meaningless distortion of the original source as it fashions an ancient theme into a contemporary setting.

Would that all who make use of our folk sources were equally sensitive in their approach.

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
November, 1980

THE SONGS:

DARK OLD WATERS (Bok, BMI) Side 1, Band 1.

I wrote this originally for the film documentary of the short life of the schooner *John F. Leavitt*, by the Atlantic Film Company. It's two ways of looking at the birth of a sailing vessel. (GB)

*Don't be thinking of me,
All away and alone,
On the rolling old sea,
On the foreign ground,
For I laid your keel and that's
dandy for me,
On the dark old waters,
All alone.
Where you go, go well,
And a fair wind home.*

(Similarly:)

*Don't be thinking of me
On the rolling old sea,
For I raised your frame and that's
bully for me...*

*And where will you go
With your rail dipping low?
And where you may wander there's
none can know...*

*Don't be thinking of me
On the rolling old sea,
For I hung your canvas and sent
you to sea...*

*And where will you be
When the winter comes nigh?
And where will you be when I'm
thinking of thee?*

*And how stands the wind?
Will he come as a friend
And keep you from dangers that
lie off the land?*

*And how stand the stars
In the whispering dark?
May they guide you and bless you
and the seas you sail on...*

(chorus:)

Oh hey, oh ho...

*Oh, where will you bide
At the end of your ride,
And who'll sing you songs when
I'm not at your side?*

(chorus:)

Oh hey, oh ho...

HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE/BUCKEYE JIM Side 1, Band 2.

As usual, I have Gordon to thank for teaching me this Scottish lullaby. The words feel so good, rolling off the tongue, and, for me, the melody remains as fresh and alive as a good-night kiss.

"Buckeye Jim" is a lullaby from the southern Appalachian Mountains. Alan Lomax, who published the song in *Best Loved American Folksongs*, writes that it has "a feeling of other-worldliness, a sense of things seen through the world of fantasy." Fletcher Collins found the song many years ago, and later taught it to Burl Ives. (AMM)

*Hush ye, my bairnie,
Bonny wee laddie,
When you're a man
You shall follow your daddy.
Lift me a coo 'n'
A goat and a wether,
Bringing them hame
To your mammy together.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie,
Bonny wee laddie,
Nowt but good things
Ye shall bring to your mammy:
Hare frae the meadow,
Deer frae the mountain,
Grouse frae the moorland
And trout frae the fountain.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie,
Bonny wee laddie,
Sleep now and close your eyes,
Heavy and weary.
Close now your weary eyes,
Rest ye are taking;
Sound be thy sleeping
And bright be thy waking.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie,
Bonny wee laddie...*

Way up yonder above the sky,
Bluejay nests in a jaybird's eye.
 Buckeye Jim, you can't go.
 Go weave and spin, you can't go,
 Buckeye Jim.

Way up yonder above the moon,
Bluejay nests in a silver spoon.

Way up yonder by a hollow log,
Redbird danced with a green bullfrog.

Way up yonder by a wooden trough,
An old woman died of the whooping
 cough.

Way up yonder above the sky,
Bluejay nests in a jaybird's eye.

Way up yonder above the moon,
Bluejay nests in a silver spoon.

ARAGON MILL (copyright Si Kahn, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 3.

Si Kahn's song about the human side of the closing of the mill is just one of the many good songs he's given us. He has recorded the song himself on his June Appal album, *New Wood*, and the Red Clay Ramblers have also performed it on one of their recordings. (ET)

And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town,
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

At the east end of town,
At the foot of the hill,
Stands a chimney so tall
That says "Aragon Mill."

But there's no smoke at all
Coming out of the stack.
The mill has shut down
And it ain't a-coming back.

Well, I'm too old to work
And I'm too young to die.
Tell me, where shall we go,
My old gal and I?

There's no children at all
In the narrow, empty street.
The mill has closed down;
It's so quiet I can't sleep.

Yes, the mill has shut down;
It's the only life I know.
Tell me, where will I go,
Tell me, where will I go?

And the only tune I hear
Is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town,
Weave and spin, weave and spin.

NORTH-SOUTH HANDY (arr. Bok, BMI)
(Eskimo Dance/Sweet Richard)
Side 1, Band 4.

I learned "Sweet Richard" from Tom Judge and Nick Apollonio, of Tenant's Harbor, Maine. Tom called it "a southern tune." The Eskimo tune is about as far from that as you can get: it was collected in Greenland around the turn of the century, where some Eskimos were dancing to it. The chords are my own. (GB)

A WATER OVER STONE (Bok, BMI)
Side 1, Band 5.

"Three songs for Ethelwyn"

My aunt, Ethelwyn, lives on a boat and once married a fellow from the Isle of Man. One of her favorite quotes was:

For sad I was, and sore I was,
And lonely to the bone.
A green a grass, a gray a grass,
A water over stone.
Oh, lay a rose upon a rose
And take away the lone.

It is apparently from an old Irish book that she and her sisters were fond of reading when they were children. One day she wrote it down for me and said, "Here. Put a tune to this."

The first tune here happened while I was trying to write the second. The third tune is a traditional lullaby from the Isle of Man called "Oye Vie" (goodnight). (GB)

GO AND DIG MY GRAVE

Side 2, Band 1.

This song was originally collected in the Bahamas, where Alan Lomax and Mary Elizabeth Barnicle recorded it in 1935, sung in Nassau by a group of men from Andros Island. It appeared in *Our Singing Country* (1941) by John and Alan Lomax. Around 1942, it was issued on an album by the Library of Congress (#5, LP #L5). Pete Seeger recorded it on his first Folkways LP in the early 1950's. I learned it from Joe and Lynn Hickerson. (ET)

*Go and dig my grave
Both long and narrow;
Make my coffin
Neat and strong.*

(repeat)

*Two to my head,
Two to my feet,
Two to carry me, Lord,
When I die.*

(repeat)

*My soul's gonna shine like a star,
My soul's gonna shine like a star,
 like a star,
My soul's gonna shine like a star,
Lord, I'm bound for heaven when I die.*

*My soul's gonna shine like a star,
Gonna twinkle and twinkle like a
 little star,
My soul's gonna shine like a star,
Lord, I'm bound for heaven when I die.*

(repeat from beginning)

ANDY'S GONE FOR CATTLE

Side 2, Band 2.

It was from the very beautiful singing of Maggie Peirce that I first became acquainted with this lovely song. Clearly, Andy holds a cherished position in the hearts of those left behind to tend the lonely Australian cattle station. Severe drought is not uncommon to these large selections and, once again, in an effort to survive, one of the favored young men has had to leave to find water, taking all the cattle

with him. The song is based on a poem by Henry Lawson, first published in 1888. (AMM)

*Andy's gone with cattle now,
Our hearts are out of order.
With drought he's gone to battle now,
Across the Queensland border.
He's left us in dejection now,
With him our thoughts are roving.
It's dull on this selection now,
Since Andy's gone a-droving.*

*Who will wear the cheerful face
At times when things are slackest,
And who will whistle 'round the place
When Fortune smiles her blackest?
And who will cheek the squatter now
When he comes 'round us snarling?
His tongue is growing hotter now
Since Andy crossed the Darling.*

*Oh, may the rain in torrents fall
And all the tanks run over,
And may the grass grow green and tall
In pathways of the drover.
And may good angels send the rain
To desert stretches sandy,
And when the summer comes again,
God grant it brings us Andy.*

(repeat first verse)

RUN, COME SEE JERUSALEM

Side 2, Band 3.

I learned this Bahamian ballad many years ago, probably principally from the singing of Blake Alphonso Higgs (Blind Blake). I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the words, as I have heard, and been influenced by, quite a few versions over the years, the most recent being sent to me by a friend on a research vessel on the Labrador.

The song seems to lose none of its power and poignancy with the passing of the years, and we think it is due for yet another incarnation.(GB)

*It was nineteen hundred and twenty-
nine,
Run come see, run come see,
I remember that day pretty well,
It was nineteen hundred and twenty-
nine,
Run come see Jerusalem.*

(Similarly:)

They were talking about a storm in
the islands,
My Lord, what a beautiful morning.

There were three sail leaving out
the harbor,
With mommas and children on board.

It was the Ethel and the Myrtle and
Praetoria,
They were out on the perilous ocean.

Now the Ethel was bound for Fresh
Creek,
With mommas and children on board.

And the Myrtle was bound for Staniel
Cay,
She was out on the perilous ocean.

And Praetoria was out on the ocean,
Knocking down on her beam in the sea.

My God, and a big sea build up in
the Northwest,
And the mommas come grabbing for
their children.

My God, and the first sea hit the
Praetoria,
And the children come grabbing for
their mommas.

My God, and the sailor go downward
for the bottom,
And the captain come grabbing for
the tiller.

Now George Brown, he was the captain;
He shouts, "My children, come pray."

He says, "Come now, witness your
judgement,"
And the women all crying for the
Daniel-God.

There was thirty-three soul on the
water,
My Lord, what a beautiful morning.

SCARBOROUGH SETTLER'S LAMENT

Side 2, Band 4.

Tim Rogers, in Calgary, writes that Scarborough, now a part of metropolitan Toronto, was primarily agricultural in

the 1800's and was one of the many counties settled by Scottish immigrants fleeing the Jacobite "fiasco" in the homeland. The song, written, according to Edith Fowke, by Sandy Glendenning around 1840, uses the tune of the Scottish air "Of A' the Airts Can Blaw." I learned the song from Wendy Grossman, who found it in *The Penguin Book of Canadian Folk Songs*, compiled by Edith Fowke. My thanks to Tim Rogers for the details about the song. (ET)

Away with Canada's muddy creeks
And Canada's fields of pine;
Your land of wheat is a goodly land,
But, oh, it is not mine.
The heathy hill, the grassy dale,
The daisy spangled lea,
The purling burn and the craggy
linn,
Old Scotia's land give me.

How I'd love to hear again
The lark on Tinny's hill,
And see the wee bit gowany
That blooms beside the rill.
Like banished Swiss who views
afar

His Alps, with longing e'e,
I gaze upon the morning star
That shines on my countrie.

No more I'll wend by Eskdale Pen
Or Pentland's craggy cone.
The days shall ne'er return again
Of thirty years that's gone.
But fancy oft at midnight hour
Will steal across the sea;
Yestre'en amidst a pleasant dream
I saw my own countrie.

Each well-known scene that met my
view
Brought childhood's joys to mind.
The blackbird sang on Tushy Linn
The song he sang lang syne.
But like a dream, time steals away,
Then the morning came,
And I awoke in Canada,
Three thousand miles from hame.

purling burn: winding brook
linn: precipice over which water
falls
gowany: daisy
e'e: eye
Pen: hill
yestre'en: yesterday evening
lang syne: long ago

LAMENT FOR OWEN CHRISTY (Stewart, BMI)
Side 2, Band 5.

Owen Christy was one of the thousands of Irish immigrants who came to Canada in the mid-1840's fleeing the potato famine. Owen died in quarantine on Partridge Island in St. John Harbor, New Brunswick, never having set foot on the Canadian mainland.

James (Jim) Stewart, according to at least one genealogist, is the last descendant of Charles Stuart, thereby the last and rightful King of the Celts. He lives with his family in St. John, N.B., and is (among other things) a poet, an exceedingly tasteful bodhran player, and plays the whistle the way I would like to play it. (GB)

HEARTH AND FIRE (Bok, BMI)
Side 2, Band 6.

So many places I've been, sharing music and food and friendship, and always it's a bittersweet thing, remembering those who aren't there to share it, friends who are sick or hungry or alone. So I made this song for them. (Caroline calls it "Gordon's comfort song for the 1980's.")

It needs more verses, by the way, for different seasons and circumstances. If you come up with any good ones, I hope you'll send them to us. (GB)

*Hearth and fire be ours tonight,
And all the dark outside;
Fair the night and kind on you
Wherever you may bide.*

*And I'd be the sun upon your head,
The wind about your face;
My love upon the path you tread,
And upon your wanderings, peace.*

*Wine and song be ours tonight,
And all the cold outside;
Peace and warmth be yours tonight
Wherever you may bide.*

*Hearth and fire be ours tonight,
And the wind in the birches bare;
Oh, that the wind we hear tonight
Would find you well and fair.*

On this recording, Gordon plays:
*12-string guitar
classical guitar (nylon)
Bokwhistle
'cellamba (a 6-string,
fretted 'cello)*

Ann plays:
*"Bell" (a small, bell-shaped,
12-string guitar)
Celtic harp
flute*

And Ed plays:
*6-string guitar (steel)
hammered dulcimer*