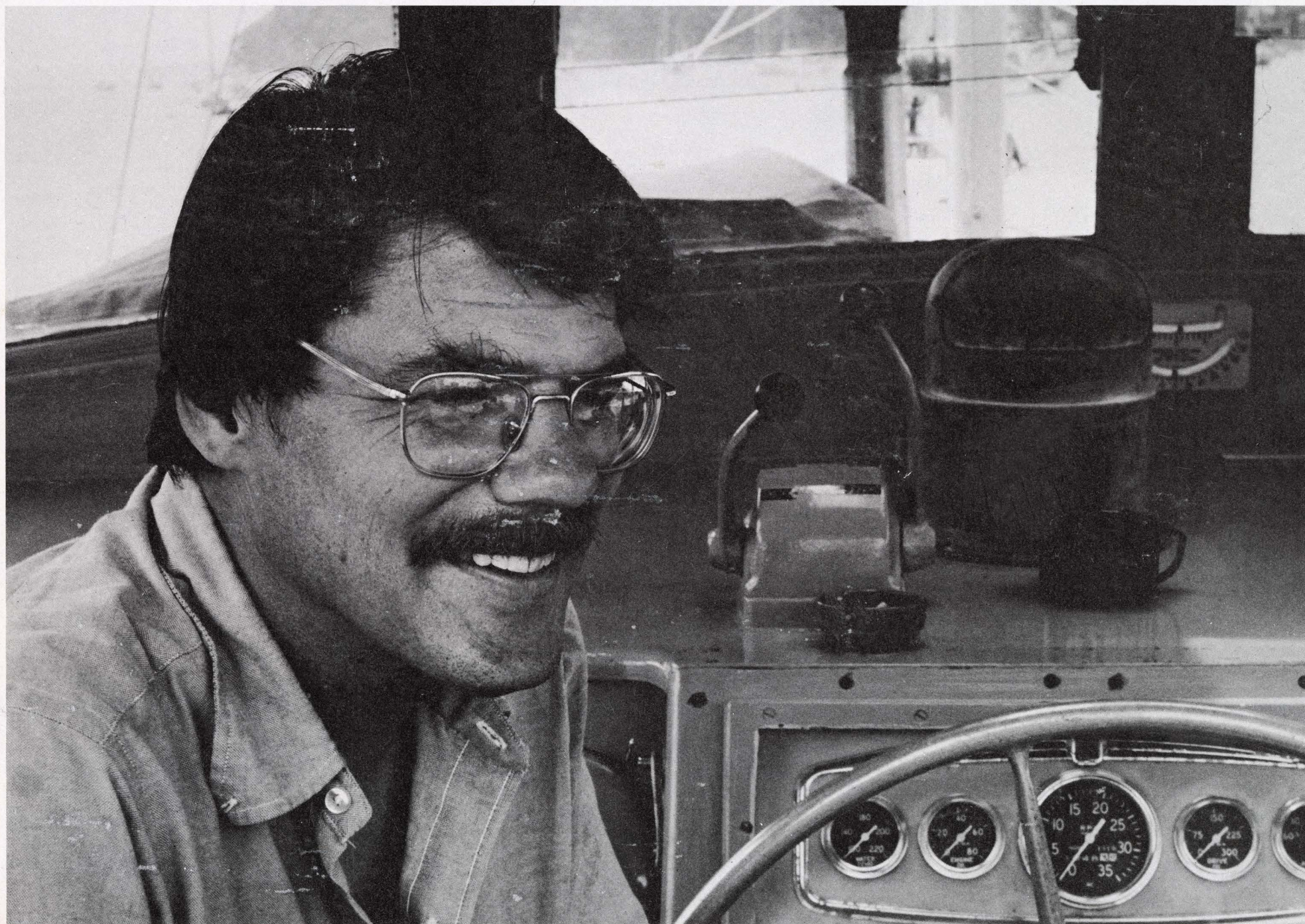


Gordon Bok

“Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal”



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-84



Gordon Bok

“Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal”

Jeremy Brown is a Nova Scotia Irishman (though “they don’t grow very many of them over there”) and Jeannie Teal is his wise and wonderful schooner. Poor Jeremy is plagued by two of the wee folk, “Hogans” they are, who have taken up residence in his yawl-boat. When he decides that it would be nice to sail over to West Quacko to visit his niece on Christmas Day, Jeremy needs all the help he can get from Jeannie Teal to deal with the resistance of that irascible pair of rascals.

Here is a Christmas story to lift your spirits and warm your heart, a story as entertaining for youngsters as it is delightful for adults.

The second side of the record contains five songs and two of Gordon’s splendid guitar instrumentals. Among the songs is the often-requested “Herring Croon,” a great favorite of Gordon’s fans and long unavailable.

Side 1:

Bay Saint Mary (hammered dulcimer)*
Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal*
Bay Saint Mary (laud)*

Side 2:

Herring Croon*
All My Friends (trad.)
Camping in the Bend (trad.)
Modest and Bright Eileen O’Farrell (trad.)
The Schooner Ellen Munn (trad.)
Harvest Home/Gordon’s Fancy*
Hook Or Rionn Ohee (trad.)

Recorded by Bob Stuart in Camden, Maine
Booklet illustration by Gordon Bok
Booklet designed by Lani Herrmann
Cover photograph by Sandy Paton
Jacket design by Swede Plaut

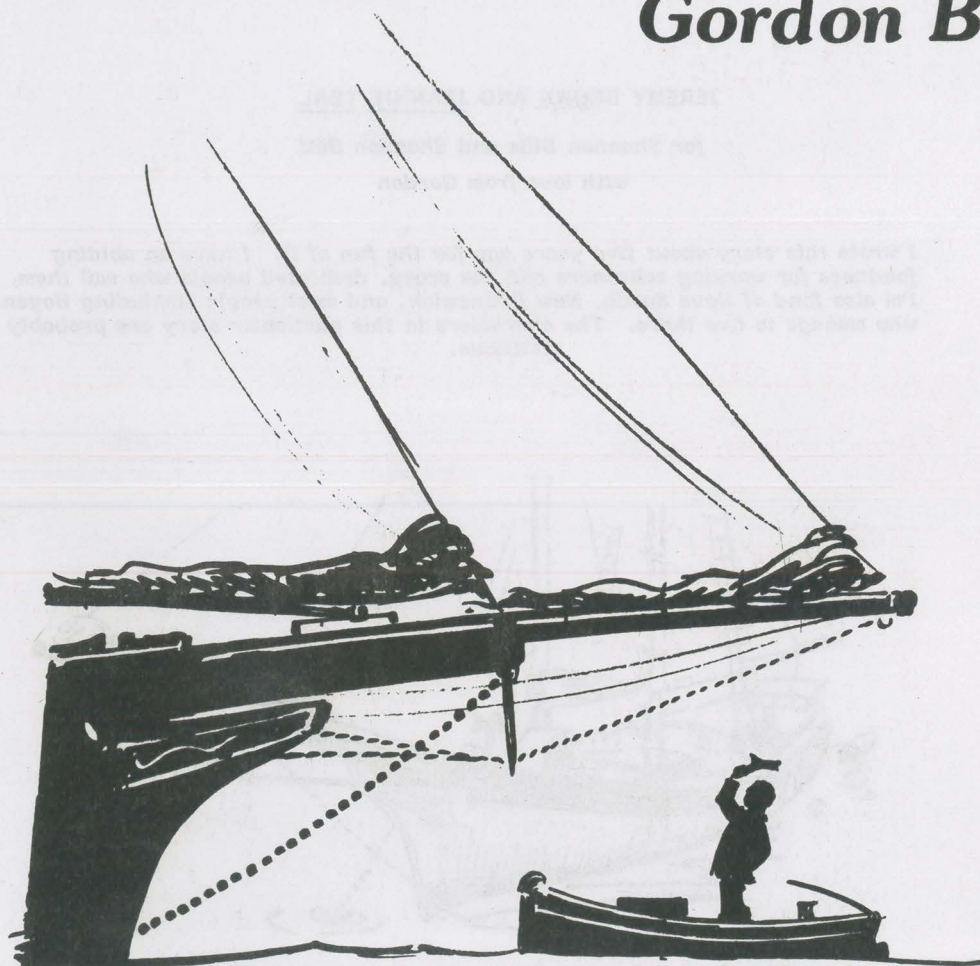
* © 1981, Gordon Bok, BMI.

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FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Jeremy Brown ***and Jeannie Teal***

Gordon Bok



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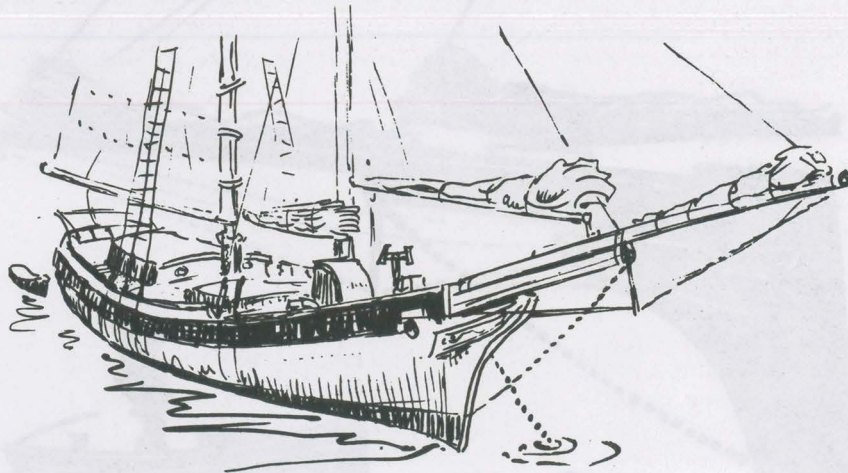
SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069

JEREMY BROWN AND JEANNIE TEAL

for Shannon Bills and Shannon Bok

with love from Gordon

I wrote this story about five years ago for the fun of it. I have an abiding fondness for working schooners and the crazy, dedicated people who sail them. I'm also fond of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and most people (including Hogans) who manage to live there. The characters in this particular story are probably fictitious.



Once, upon the winds of Autumn, not so very long ago,
away the far and gone down Nova Scotia way,
there sailed a very gentle man, called Captain Jeremy Brown.

Jeremy was an Irishman, thanks be to God,
and that was odd, too,
for there's not too many Irishmen grow over there in Nova Scotia,
so they tell me.

Well, Jeremy had a little old boat, he did, and her name was *Jeannie Teal*.
And a wee little hard-luck lot of a schooner was she, poor thing.

For whenever Jeremy Brown was sailing one way, the wind was blowing the other.
Whenever he was going east, the tide was running west,
and he always missed the cargo by the day, or the day by the hour,
and nothing seemed to get him anywhere.

So Jeremy spent the most of his days sitting by the stove in the main cabin,
smoking his old clay pipe, and wondering what he had done to deserve it all.

So little *Jeannie Teal* spent most of her time at anchor, with her mainsail up,
wating for the tide, or the fog to lift, or something.

But, you see, it wasn't even Jeremy Brown's fault. In fact, Jeremy couldn't
have helped it if he had tried, for the terrible truth of it is that
Jeremy Brown had FAIRIES-IN-HIS-YAWLBOAT.
And there wasn't a thing in the loving world he could do about it.

They'd come aboard at Antigonish, you see, where Jeremy was waiting for the
tide one morning. They were from the Cape Breton Shee, so they weren't
exactly fairies, but Hogans, of the Angus an Dingle Hogan-Beg stock (or so
they said, the two of them). In fact, the old
one with the green hat and the seaboots was
Angus an Dingle Hogan-Beg himself, or so
he said.

Now, it was bad enough having them about
the premises, but it was worse than
that having them in the yawlboat,
because that was the little rowboat
with a motor in it that Jeremy used
to push *Jeannie* around with when
there wasn't any wind, like a tugboat,
you see.



Now the normal thing to do would be to cut the yawlboat loose in the middle of the night, and let it drift away, but Jeremy couldn't do that, because he didn't want to lose the yawlboat.

(And besides, they told him if he did, they'd put a fix on his rudder, and make him sail around in figure-eights for twenty years.)

They wouldn't even let him go ashore. Not that he would, you see, because the last place in the world to be is in a lapstrake rowboat with two rowsters the likes of themselves.

So there they sat, happy as you please, and every time Jeremy tried to go somewhere, they'd play their tricks on him:

They scared the wind away and whistled up the fog.

They hid his foghorn so he couldn't sail.

They tickled his compass and ran him amongst the ledges.

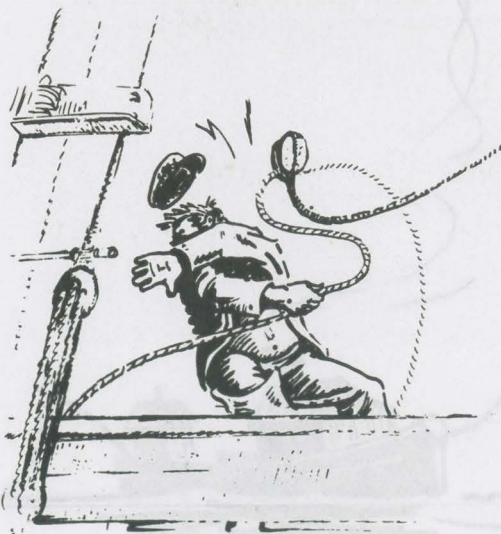
They switched his halyards and taught his jibsheets how to box.

And they blistered the paint off Jeannie's hide with their hideous songs.

Oh, they used him hard, they did: they'd sing all night.
Ould Angus would start it off, singing:

*Where hae ye been, my canny honey?
Where hae ye been, my handsome man?*

And the little Hogan, the one with the tummy, would holler:



*I been to the Norrad, cruising back and
forrad,
I been to the Norrad, sailing sore and
lang,
I been to the Norrad, cruising back and
forrad,
But I daren't go ashooooore —
For Angus and his gang.*

And there was the other one, too, that they used to tease him with:

*I seen Jeremany Brown,
Jeremany Brown with his anchor down!*

and all that; it went on forever.

But then one day Jeremy had an idea. The year was getting on down into December, you see, and Jeremy was beginning to think about Christmas, more and more.

FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

He had a terrible case of the Nova Scotia Lonelies, and he began to think about his sister's little house, way over in West Quacko, across the Bay of Fundy. And he thought about his little niece, over there, and how he'd like to see her, and how happy she'd be to see *Jeannie Teal* come a-sailing in the harbor on a Christmas morning.

And he thought: "You know, I'll bet even the Dingle Hogans wouldn't stop me from doing such a nice thing, being for Christmas and all."

Well, the more he thought, the better he felt, the happier he got, and he jumped out of his seat to go and tell *Jeannie* about his plans.

And he's up the ladder and poked his head out of the hatch — and —

Oh, by the Dear Ould Wandering Anguish, it was snowing.
It was snowing so hard you couldn't see the toes in front of your feet.

Poor old Jeremy Brown.

So he trudged away forward to tell it all to *Jeannie Teal*.

"Oh, Jeannie," he said,
"'Tis so sad I am. Here we are away out in Northern Scotia, and me wanting to go over to West Quacko and bring the joy of Christmas to the little niece, and it's snowing away as blind as the middle of a pillow. Oh, Jeannie: what'll become of it all?"

And *Jeannie* said: "Do ye think it was ould Angus and his friend that whistled up the snow, Jeremy? I saw them shaking out their long underwears yesterday, ye know...."



"By the Dab, I wouldn't put it past those two hooligans," said Jeremy.

"Well, now, do ye suppose if ye went back and talked to them, told them about the Christmas and all, they'd blow away the snow and let us be on our way?" says *Jeannie*.

"Why, I'll try that," says Jeremy. "I'll go back and do my best, now, such as it is."

So back he went through the snow and he stuck his head over the taffrail and he hollered down to the yawlboat: "Ahoy and excuse me there, gentlemen!" he said.

Gordon Bok

The old Hogan Dingle, with the green hood and the seaboots (Angus was his name), came out of the little house he'd built in the bow of the yawlboat and glared up at him.

"May your boots leak!" he said. "What's in your foggy ould heid?"

"Well, now, your honor," Jeremy said. "It's only that it's December, so it is, and I've been thinking, ye see, that it'll soon be coming on Christmas, at this rate...."

"May yer nose itch, you ould blatherslab! What's that to do with me?"

"Well, ye see, sir," said Jeremy, rubbing his nose, "I have a wee little niece, way over in West Quacko, and I know she'd love to be seeing me and Jeannie Teal of a Christmas morning, so she would."

"I don't give a twitch for your niece, you ould stuffer, may yer pipe stink! Say what you're after, and leave us alone!"

"Well, ye see, I was wondering if you wouldn't mind slacking up on the snow a bit and leaving us all go across and make the little girl happy, seeing it's Christmas and all...."

"Ye can stow yer blab, you ould lapstrake, slab-sided, two-reefed tub of potatoes: we'll stay here as long as we like, and ye can freeze yer toes off if it doesn't suit ye! Go away and leave me alone, or I'll melt the teeth out of your heid!"

"Yes, sir," Jeremy said, and he slushed away through the snow to the main cabin, and very sad he was.

The fire had gone out, so he lit that, and he took off his boots and sat down in front of it, and lit his pipe (but he thought it smelled funny, so he put it down), and after a while he fell asleep, thinking about the Bay of Fundy and his little niece away over in West Quacko.



FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

Well, sir, that day it got dark long before dark, and the wind got to thinking how much fun it would be to have itself a little dance, so it braced up and backed around into the northeast, and began to blow.

Jeannie Teal swung round on her anchor, and began to pitch a little bit, in the new waves. And Jeremy woke up, and pulled on his coat, and went forward to talk to her about it.

"What do you think she's doing, Jeannie?" he said. "Och, she's twitched around northeast, Cap'n," *Jeannie* said, "and I think she may blow a little bit, for the fun of it...."

"How's your anchor holding there, dear?"

"Oh, not so good," Jeannie said; "Maybe you'd better put the other one over, too, Jeremy."

"Okay," said Jeremy, and while *Jeannie* swung away off to port he let go the big port anchor and let out about twelve fathom of chain.

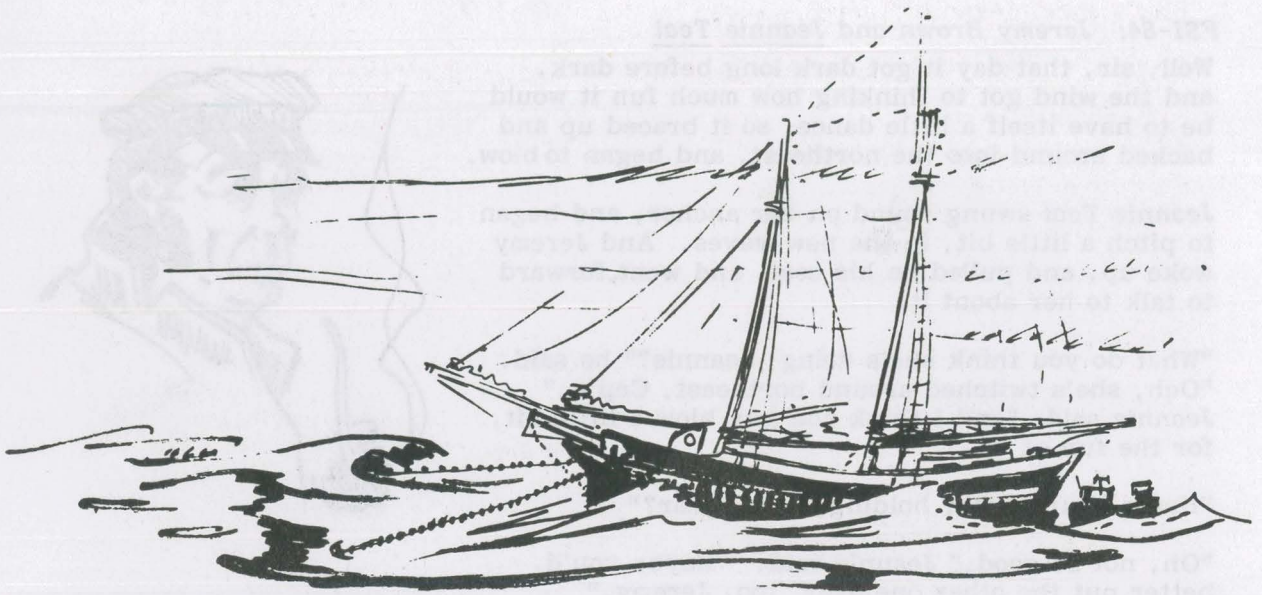
Well, all that night the wind rose. It tried a little waltz and then a two-step from the northeast, for a while, and then backed round to the north and blew away the snow (so it could see better) and then settled in and began to blow like all the trumpets of the morning.

So there at dawn was little *Jeannie Teal*, wild-eyed, and pitching like a colt, and leaving great claw marks down the harbor, from her anchors dragging.

Well, Jeremy saw that he'd better do something, so he went aft and leaned over the taffrail, and he could hear the two Hogans still singing away from the night before.

"I hope you'll pardon me, now, but Ahoy!" he hollers, and auld Angus, the Hogan Dingle, perks his head up out of the hatch and squints up at him.





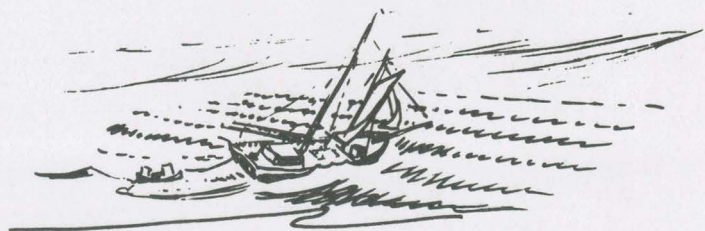
"May yer tongue fall out," he says. "What d'ye want now?"

"Well, I hate to be disturbing your revelries, your honors, but there's a mashing old storm about, and we're dragging all the anchors we've got, and I've got to shift ould Jeannie (if it's all right with yourselves) to save us all, d'ye see?"

"May yer head fall off! Move her, then!" hollers ould Angus.

So Jeremy goes and gets the foresail up, and he and *Jeannie* go and get the anchors (and *Jeannie* wants a bit of headsail so Jeremy sweats the staysail up) and they're off and away, now, driving into the seas at a great old rate.

And oh, it's across the wind they go, and among the ledges and down the bay, and the yawlboat dancing in their wake. And up she comes, to another harbor; the sails come down, and the anchor's over.



FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

"How's that, Jeannie?" Jeremy says.

"Oh, no, laddie: it's much too small and the water's too deep, and we'll drag ashore!"

So Jeremy's aft and over the rail, and hollering down to the Hogan-Beg: "Pardon me, sirs, but ahoy again: We can't stay here on account of the deep and the harbor's small and we'll drag ashore!"

"May yer collar choke ye!" auld Angus cries. "Move her, then!"

So it's in with the chain and sweat the staysail, and Jeannie's away with a bone in her teeth, through the islands and up the bay and the yawlboat leaping in her wake.

("You know, it looked all right to me...." says Jeremy Brown.)

But the wind is into the trombone now, and it's round the Cape and past the shoals and into the river, and Jeremy lets the anchor go.

"How's that for ye?" says Jeremy Brown.

"Poor auld Jeremy," Jeannie says, "I hate to make ye work so hard, but the wind is hauling and the tide is falling, and if we lay here we'll soon be ashore."

So it's Jeremy aft to the yawlboat davits and hollering down to auld Angus below:

"Pardon me, boys, but it's me again. Jeannie says that the wind won't stay and the tide's away, and we'd better go....Why, ye know — it's ye don't look well, I'm thinking!"



Gordon Bok



"Enough o' the blather, ye soggy old skate! Move your auld slab and be done with it, then!" auld Angus hollers, and then he says, like an afterthought, "May your belt-buckle burn ye!!"

So it's up with the hook and a reef in the foresail and out of the rivermouth, hie and awa', and the yawlboat flying around behind.

("There was *nothing* wrong with that one, now," says Jeremy Brown to himself....)

But the wind is into the second movement, full and bye; and away they go, heel and toe with the lee rail under, out through the gut at the head of the bay. And suddenly Jeremy hears *Jeannie* calling him, so he eases the mainsail and goes up forward to talk to her.

"What'll it be, ould girl?" says he.

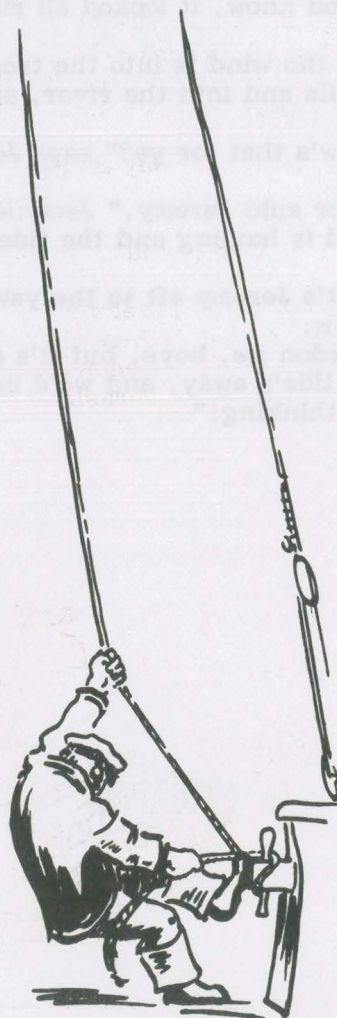
"Jeremy Brown," says *Jeannie*, "I think it's time you went aft and asked the Hogans where they'd like to be spending the night."

"Out here? Ask them? Why, what in the windy world for? We'll find a harbor, sooner or late."

"Just ask them," says *Jeannie*. "The answer may surprise you."

So Jeremy Brown, a bit bewildered, stumps down the deck to the stern again.

"Pardon me, sirs, but it's only me, with a word from *Jeannie*. She'd like to know (and excuse me again, but ye *don't* look well) — she'd like to know where ye'd care to be spending the night."



FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

And there by the Dab were the Hogan-Beg, hanging on to the half-sunk yawlboat, green as the flowers of Christmas themselves.

"Why, Heavens to Mary," says Jeremy Brown. "I do believe that it's seasick you are! Surely I never did know that the Hogan-Beg could get seasick!"

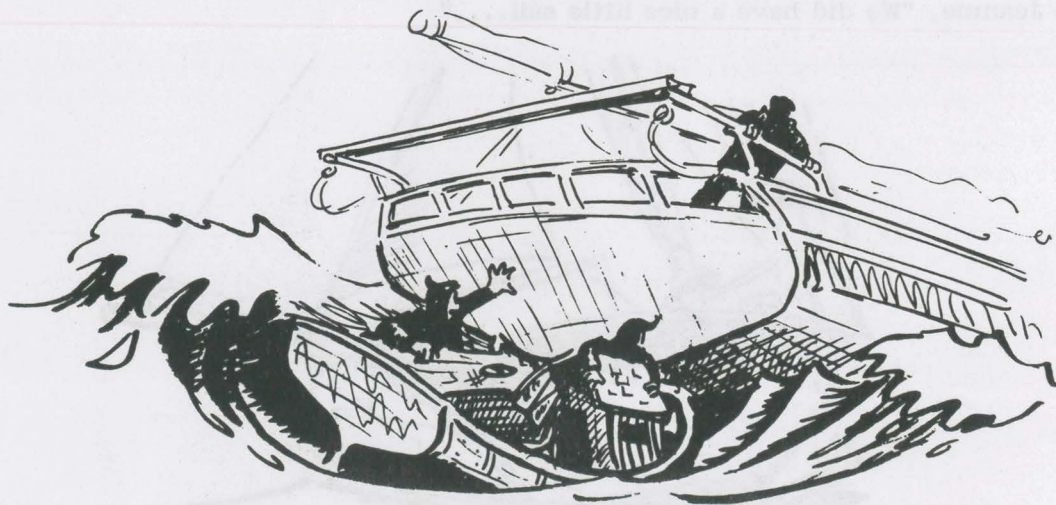
"Blather your knowing! Heist us aboard, or I'll scale your rigging and broil your moustache!" ould Angus growls.

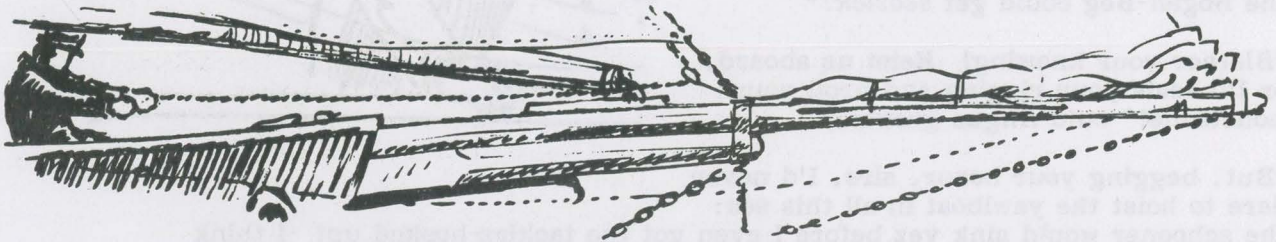
"But, begging your honor, sirs, I'd never dare to hoist the yawlboat in all this sea: the schooner would sink yez before I even got the tackles hooked up! I think I'd better go ask ould Jeannie what's best to be done about it." And he starts away forward to talk to *Jeannie Teal*.

"Nae! Nae! Jeremy Brown!" auld Angus shouts, and Jeremy's aft to the rail again.

"How can I help you?" he says to Angus.

"Och, aye, ye bivvering fool," old Angus groans. "Ye know ye can! Just take us in, man! Any old place. We'll make a bargain with ye! We'll take the curse off ye, sure enough, and call the Hogan-spell off and away if you'll only stop this terrible thrashing and take us in from the murdering sea!"





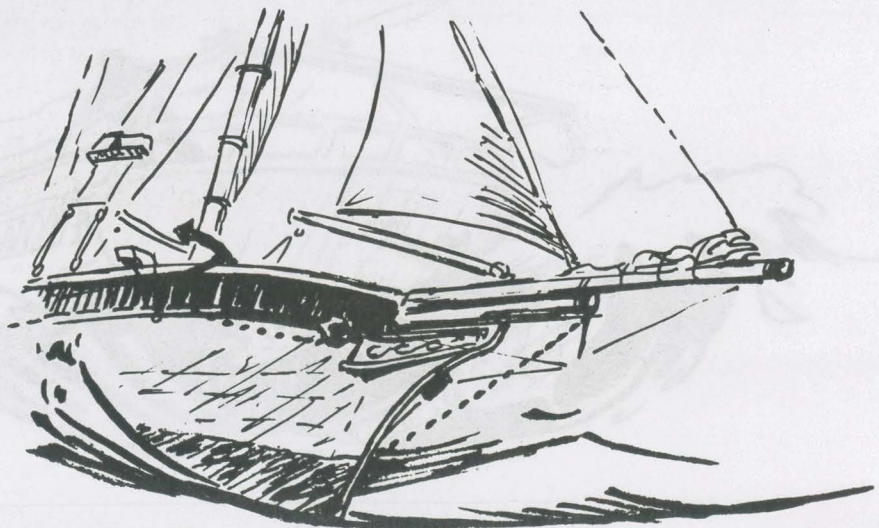
"And *that's* the trick!" cries Jeannie Teal, and off she swings like a two-reefed kite; west by south and away she goes, and it's through the narrows and up the river and round the corner and back to the same old cove!

And she rounds up, then, in a bivver of spray and a great shake of her lifts, and hollers out to Jeremy Brown:

"There, now, Jeremy! Give me the hook and get in your sails! We're as safe right here as we'll ever be!"

"Back in the same old place?" says Jeremy.

"Well," says Jeannie, "We did have a nice little sail...."

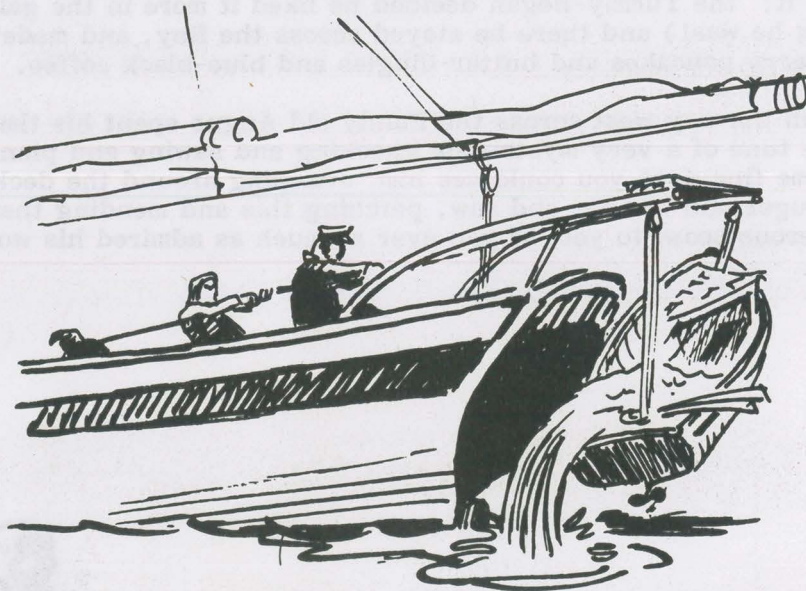


FSI-84: *Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal*

Well, now, that evening the storm went away to Newfoundland. So the wind went down and the sun went down and the tide came in and the seas went away.

And Jeremy let a rope down over the stern to the yawlboat, and the Hogans came up and they all three went into the main cabin and had a short but solemn talk. The Hogans stood by the stove and steamed the water out of themselves, and promised Jeremy they'd play no more tricks on him and do all they could to help him across the Bay of Fundy to see his little niece in West Quacko. And they seemed to know all about Christmas, too.

But, just to be sure of it all, when everybody was talking away in the main cabin, Jeannie let the yawlboat swing round under her counter, and just sat down on it a little bit, and swamped it, and the salt water got all over the smokes and potions and spells and all....



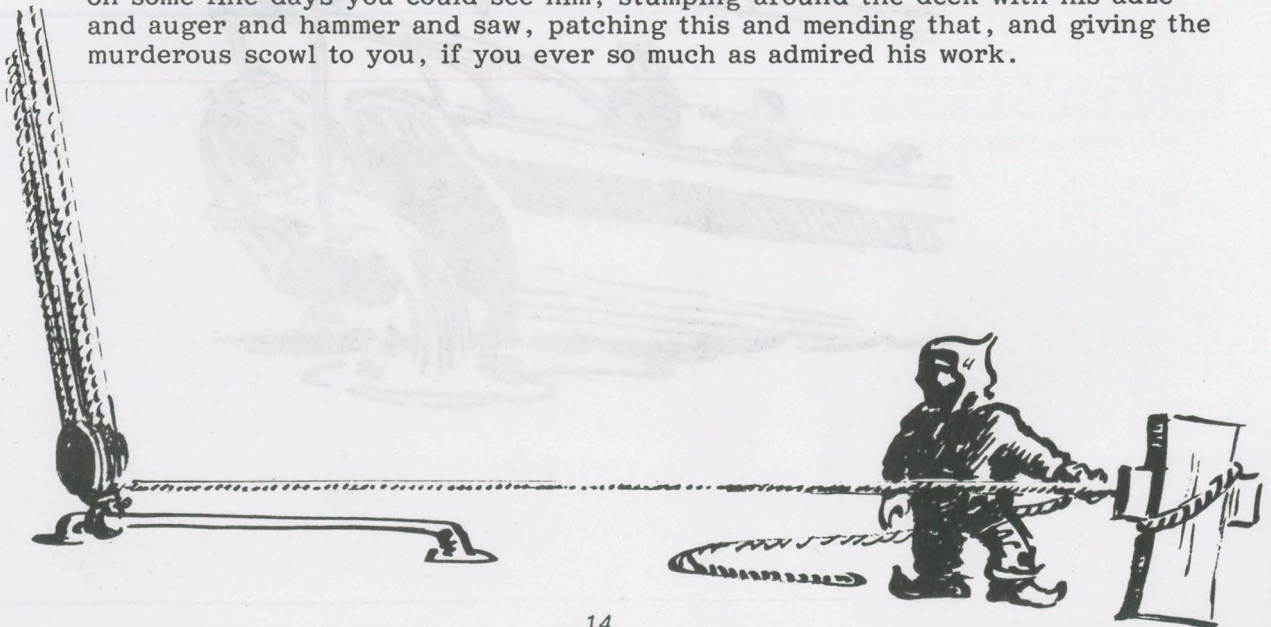
Well, the next morning, when Jeremy woke up in his bunk in the (bright) main cabin, there was a frightening little figure of a thing standing beside his bunk, and there, by the bobstays of Heaven, was the little Hogan (the one with the tummy) standing there as sure as the tide, with a great mug of coffee that smelled like the whole morning.

And so, in the blush of the day they went out and hoisted the yawlboat into the davits, and pulled the plug and drained her out, and the Hogans went on board of her, to air out their soggy affairs.

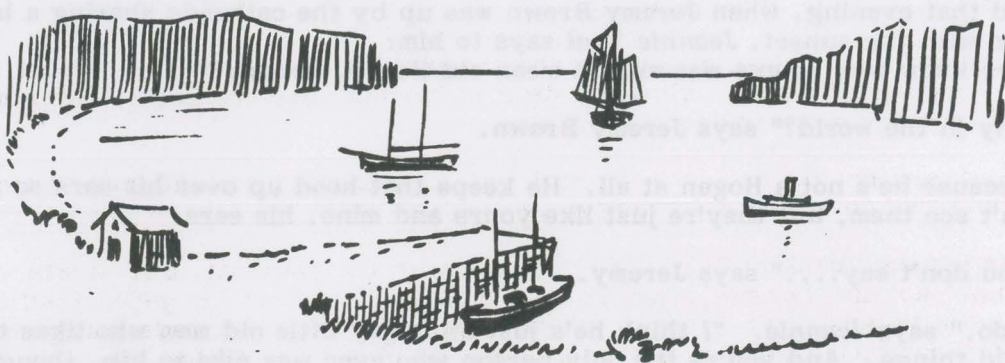
And they got the anchor and shook out the reefs and got underway for old Cape Sable, all on a fine and a northwest wind.

Angus went back to live in his little house in the yawlboat, but he was all alone about it: the Tummy-Hogan decided he liked it more in the galley (and O, what a cook he was!) and there he stayed across the Bay, and made stump-cookies and blueberry pancakes and butter-dingles and blue-black coffee.

And all the way west across the Fundy old Angus spent his time in the yawlboat, to the tune of a very mysterious knocking and sawing and planing and all. But on some fine days you could see him, stumping around the deck with his adze and auger and hammer and saw, patching this and mending that, and giving the murderous scowl to you, if you ever so much as admired his work.

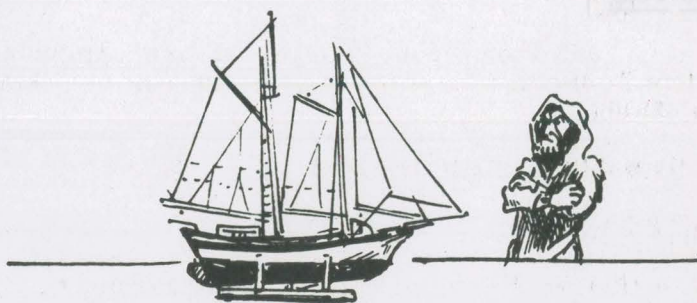


FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal



And oh, what a coming-home that was.

They made into the cut (at West Quacko) on the tide of the morning at Christmas, and tied right up to the dock. And never in all of the days of your life will you ever see something so small as that little girl so happy.



And when the first of the dancing was over, and the cakes and cookies the Tummy-Hogan had made had just disappeared, up comes ould Angus, out of the yawlboat, with a look in his eye that would broil a whale, and the prettiest little model of *Jeannie Teal* in his hands, with all the paint and rigging and hatches and sails, as real as she ever could be. (To be sure, he'd

made her a little bit heavy in the quarters, but perhaps she deserved that....)

And that evening, when Jeremy Brown was up by the catheads sharing a last pipe with the sunset, *Jeannie Teal* says to him:

"You know why Angus was such a mean old Hogan, Jeremy?"

"Why in the world?" says Jeremy Brown.

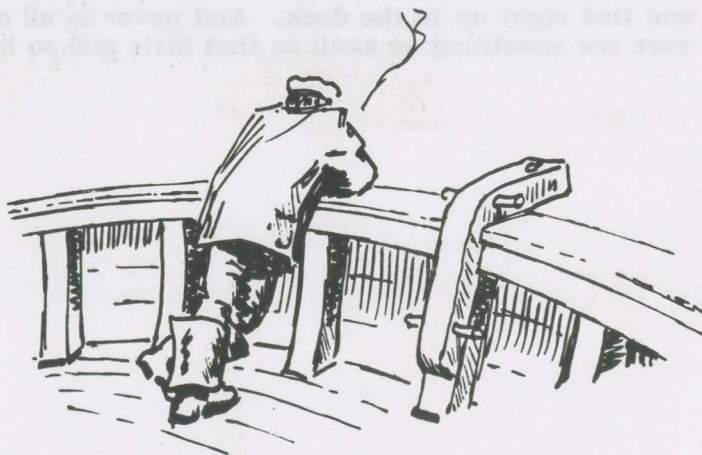
"Because he's not a Hogan at all. He keeps that hood up over his ears so you can't see them, but they're just like yours and mine, his ears."

"You don't say...." says Jeremy.

"I do," says *Jeannie*. "I think he's just an angry little old man who likes to build things. And you're the only person who ever was nice to him, though he's too grumpy to say Thank You. And I think we should ask him to stay."

"Even after we got him so wet?"

"He deserved to get wet," says *Jeannie Teal*, "and he should be asked to stay. We just won't ever ask him about his ears...."



FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

So, a little bit later, Jeremy went aft, and there, sure enough, was ould Angus an Dingle the Hogan-Beg, with his bag in one hand and his tools in the other, looking as black as the rocks of New Brunswick.

So Jeremy says: "I guess you'll be wanting to go, Angus."

"Growf," says Angus (or something like that).

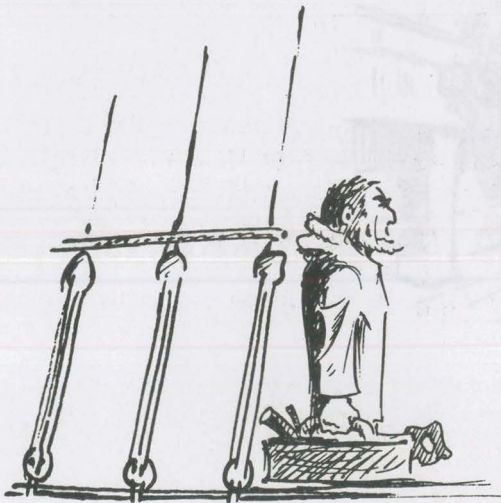
"But ye know," says Jeremy, "Now that me luck has turned, I'll be needing a good man to help me out."

"Rumph," says Angus (or something like that).

"Like yourself, ye know," says Jeremy Brown, "though it's bother and all, I could pay ye, now...."

Angus gives Jeremy Brown a look that would turn your collar up twice, and he says:

"What-about-the-TUMMY-HOGAN?"



"And where and away," says Jeremy Brown, "can I ever be finding a cook like himself?"

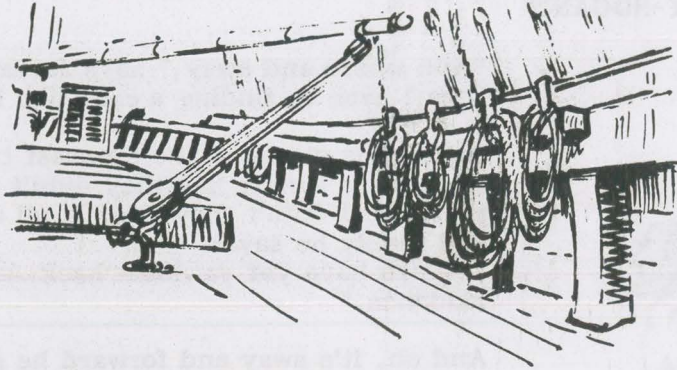
Old Angus stares at the foremast trestle-trees for a minute like they didn't belong there, and didn't they know it all along, and finally he says:

"Ye can have yer yawlboat back, and good riddance."

And oh, it's away and forward he goes, and he stumps down the scuttle and into the forecastle to stow his gear in his bunk.

And that was that.

Gordon Bok



Side 1

BAY SAINT MARY

Played as a prelude by Ann Mayo Muir on the hammered dulcimer. I follow the story playing it on the laud (la-ood'), originally a short, double-strung gourd-shaped guitar-like animal from Spain and the Canary Islands.

Nick Apollonio built this one for me a few years ago. That fall, he and I were driving down the French shore of Nova Scotia after doing a concert together in Wolfboro, watching the sun go down over Cape Saint Mary, tired and happy, heading home.

I was just holding the instrument when it started collecting notes from the land and the water and the people who lived there, like a butterfly net.

So I played the notes, and Nick told me to remember them, because they were pretty. So all the way back across the Bay of Fundy he remembered them, and played them back to me. (He can play and sing anything.) So now I have the Bay of Saint Mary under October's setting sun, thanks to himself.

I don't remember how many instruments Nick has built for others (or even myself). I think Santa Claus just chose his favorite elf and set him down in Tenants Harbor, Maine, to show us old stuffers what an instrument could be, if we gave it a chance.

Tell that to Nick, of course, and he'd only say: "Growf" or "Grumph," or something the same.

Side 2, Band 1

HERRING CROON

© Gordon Bok, BMI

One of the first songs I wrote (and kept) and still like to sing. People can tell you what they think or see, but I always wonder how things look to non-people, too. Most of the things I make are sort of a byproduct of trying to understand the world I'm living in.

Where do you go, little herring?
What do you see, tail-and-fin?
"Blue and green, cold and dark,
Seaweed growing high,
Hills a hundred fathom deep
Where the dead men lie,
Dogfish eyes and mackerels' eyes,
And they hunger after me;
Net or weir, I don't care,
Catch me if you can."

Where do you go, little boat?
(Tar and timber, plank and sail)
"I go to green bays,
Lift them under me,
Cold grey combing seas
Come to bury me,
Rocky jaws and stony claws,
And they hunger after me;
Harbors cold and deep and bold,
Wish that I could see."

What do you see, fisherman?
(Poor old sailor, blood and bone)
"Mackerel skies, mares' tails;
Reef and furl and steer.
Poor haul and hungry days,
Rotten line and gear,
Snow wind and winter gales,
And they hunger after me;
Net or weir, I don't care,
Catch you if I can.

(repeat first verse)

Side 2, Band 2

ALL MY FRIENDS

Many years ago Ann Muir and I sang as often as we could with a fellow named Pete Davidson, now of Long Island. This is one of the songs he brought to us. It sounds English to me.

All my friends fell out with me
Because I kept my love company,
But, though they do or say what they will,
I love my love with a free good will.

When I have gold, she has her part;
When I have none, she has my heart,
And that she's earned with a free good will...
Love my love, and I love her still.

Now to the mountains I must go
Because my fortune is so low
With a heavy heart and a troubled mind
For leaving of my love behind.

Winter is gone, the summer's come,
The trees are budding, one by one,
And if my love should choose to stay,
I'll stay with her till the break of day.

CAMPING IN THE BEND

A rare fellow in folksongs, here: a happy man.
He's seen the route of the migrant shearer and
only wants to be in one place — where he is. I
learned it through Ray Wales, who now lives some-
where near Perth, Australia.

Hurrah for the "Lauchlin," [1] boys,
and join me in a cheer,
For them's the place to go and get
a good check every year,
With me toadskin [2] in me pocket
that I borrowed [3] off a friend,
And isn't it nice and cozy
to be camping in the bend?

And with me little brown flour-bag
sitting on a stump,
Me little tea-and-sugar bag
looking nice and plump,
I've a nice fat codfish [4]
just off the hook
And four little johnnycakes,
a credit to the cook.

I've half a loaf of bread
and some praties [5] that I shook, [6]
Perhaps a couple of brownies
that I snaffled [7] off the cook;
I've a nice leg of mutton
with a bit cut off the end,
And isn't it nice and cozy
to be camping in the bend?

I've a good supply of books
and some papers [8] to read,
I've plenty of matches
and a good supply of weed; [9]
I wouldn't be the squatter [10]
as beside the fire I sit
With me paper in me hand
and me old pipe lit.

And when the shearing time comes,
I'll be in me glory then;
I'll saddle up a horse,
and I'll soon round up a pen.
Then I'll ride over mountains,
I'll gallop over plains,
Shoot [12] a turkey, [13] stick [12] a pig, [13]
and I'll be in the bend again.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Sheep station. | 2. Wallet? |
| 3. Lifted. | 4. Catfish? |
| 5. Potatoes | 6. Swiped |
| 7. Gaffed | 8. Last year's? |
| 9. Archaic for tobacco. | |
| 10. Large land-owner. | |
| 11. Place that needs shearers. | |
| 12. See 'snaffled.' | |
| 13. Provisions. | |

MODEST AND BRIGHT EILEEN O'FARRELL

Somehow, the Irish people help make this world
a little easier to live in. They give us songs we
can live in, fly in, drown in, share the cares and
joys of the world in. They're masters at making
melody of the human condition, whatever it may
be. Jo-Ellen and Ed Bosson and Helen Stokoe
gave me this lovely tune a few years ago on a
porch in the hills of New York. Jo-Ellen says
they learned it from a record of the Chieftains,
where it is called "Eibhlí Gheal Chiúin Ní Chear-
bhaill" and ascribed to the collection of Edward
Bunting (published 1809).

THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER ELLEN MUNN

It's not hard to lose an old vessel in skim ice;
her seams amidships lie so parallel to the water-
line that the ice can reef one of them out so easily
that you'd never know it until she started to go
out from under you.

Many years ago Doyle's Pharmacy of St. John's,
Newfoundland, put out a little book that was half
songs, half advertisements. This song was in it.
Capt. Jim Sharp loaned it to me because he thought
I could read music.

Well, it happend to be on a Christmas day,
'Twas from King's Cove we sailed away,
And we were bound up for Goose Bay
the Ellen to repair;
When we left, the wind was down,
We headed her up for Newman Sound,
But the tide was strong and we did lose ground,
(she) fell off for Little Denier.

The wind came out of the west-southwest,
And Barrow Harbor we could not fetch.
The gale come blustering up the Reach;
'twas near the close of day.
So to Dark Hole we ran her in
And waited there for a half-fair wind
The twenty-seventh to begin
our anchors for to weigh.

Early next morning our hearts were light,
We ran her up for the standing-ice,
Thinking that all things were right,
as you may understand,
When from below there came a roar:
"There's water over the cabin floor!"
The signal of distress did soar
for help from off the land.

FSI-84: Jeremy Brown and Jeannie Teal

The men into the hold did make,
The women to the pumps did take,
Thinking that we could stop the leak
and beach her in a trice,
But still the water came tumbling in;
Against the flow we could not win.
The skipper's voice rose o'er the din:
"All hands get out on the ice!"

But 'twas our very sad mistake,
We found the ice was very weak,
And we had to carry and to take
the children to dry ground.
Poor Tommy Holland scratched his head:
"For God's sake, skipper, save me bed!"
Immediately these words were said,
the Ellen she went down.

Early next morning we bid adieu
To bring down Tommy Holland's crew;
We landed them in Plate Cove, too,
for to walk along the shore.
Repeating often, Tommy did say:
"I'll never get caught up in Goose Bay,
And if I get out of her today,
I'll trouble her no more."

Tim Holloway lives on Goose Bay shore,
His father and two brothers more,
All hardy men to ply an oar,
to the wreck their way did wend.
A pair of boots, a barrel of flour
They salvaged in working half an hour,
And leather for Joe Horney
for Susanna's boots to mend.

So, now, to close, take this advice:
Don't ever trust the new-made ice;
She'll hold and squeeze you like a vise,
else shave your plank away,
Until at last they're worn so thin,
Through your seams the sea comes in,
And, when a sea-voyage you begin,
don't sail on Christmas Day.

Side 2, Band 6

HARVEST HOME and GORDON'S FANCY

I learned "Harvest Home" from Truck Croteau;
the second tune is my own. It's easier than it
sounds, really; you just pretend you're frailing
the banjo. You don't need to know how to play
the banjo, either (I don't), nor do you really need
a thumb on your right hand, for that matter.

Side 2, Band 7

HOOK OR RIONN OHEE

Learned from my aunt Beanto (Boericke) Cohen.
She learned it from Alice Lang of Edinborough
(who, she said, was born in Valparaiso, which
accounts for some of the softness of her way of
speaking and singing). Beanto also said that,
dreamy as the song is, when you have to row or
drive a canoe into a headwind it helps a lot to sing
this. She and her sister Ethelwyn used it in the
woods years ago to keep in touch with each other,
each singing alternate lines. When she first (or
second) sang it to me, I could hear the two bells
off the ledges singing, too. She sang it alone, but
I asked the twelve-string to help me with the bells.

Hook or rionn ohee,
All the ships that sail from Lochlann
I would steer if I but may.

Hook or rionn ohee,
All the wonders 'yont the croft-dykes
I would see if I but may.

Hook or rionn ohee,
All the wonders 'yont the cuillins*
I would reach if I but may.

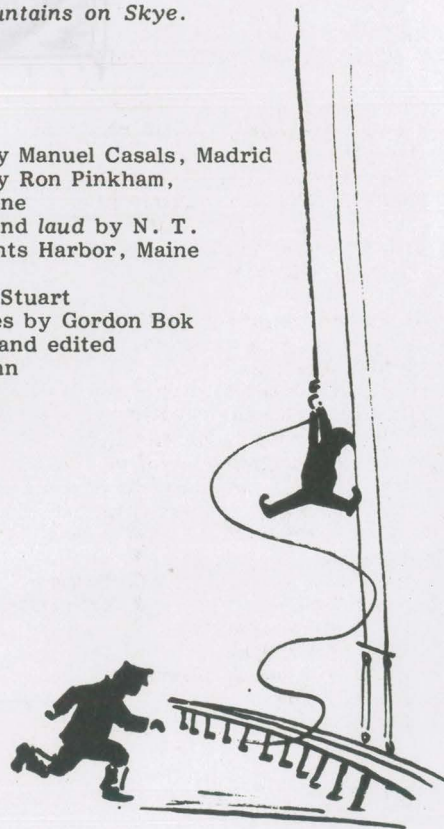
All the ships that sail the wintry sea.

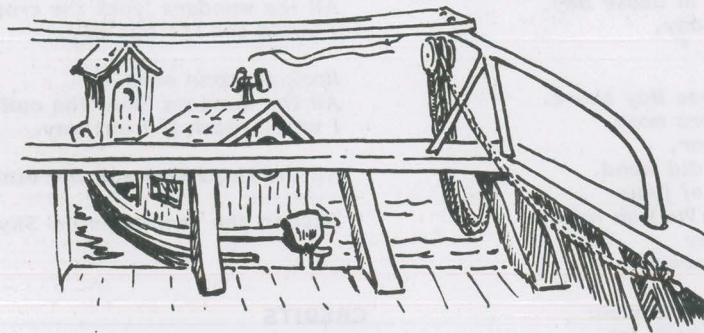
* Beyond the mountains on Skye.

CREDITS

Classical guitar by Manuel Casals, Madrid
Classical guitar by Ron Pinkham,
Lincolntonville, Maine
12-string guitar and laud by N. T.
Apollonio, Tenants Harbor, Maine

Recorded by Bob Stuart
Notes and sketches by Gordon Bok
Booklet designed and edited
by Lani Herrmann





FROM THE PUBLISHERS

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., was founded in 1961 by Lee B. Haggerty, Mary W. Haggerty, and Sandy Paton. Our primary purpose has been to preserve the rich heritage of our traditional music and lore while encouraging the best of what has been termed the "emerging tradition" — that is, the performance of folk material by dedicated interpreters (those not born to the tradition, but whose repertoires are derived from it), as well as the creation of new songs and ballads by contemporary songmakers whose original material has been influenced by their respect for our folk legacy.

Our first recording (FSA-1: Frank Proffitt, of Reese, North Carolina) is one example of the former; this album might well represent the latter. We feel that the two aspects of our endeavor are of equal importance and urge our listeners to investigate them both. To listen only to the interpretive artists is to overlook the sources of their inspiration; to listen only to the traditional performers is to ignore a new, non-commercial music that offers much of value to contemporary living.

In addition to the performances they contain, our records are engineered to our own high standards of sound quality, and most are accompanied by a booklet of notes, comments, and the full lyrics of the songs. We are proud of these "hidden extras" and willingly accept the extra cost and effort they require — a large factor for a small company, but, we believe, an indispensable one.

The extent of our commitment to these policies is reflected in this complete list of our releases:

FSA-1 Frank Proffitt	FSI-41 New Golden Ring, 1	FSI-71 Ian Robb & Hang the Piper
FSA-2 Joseph Able Trivett	FSI-42 New Golden Ring, 2	FSI-72 Gordon Bok: Another Land
FSA-3 Edna Ritchie	FSI-43 Mitchell: Hammered Dulcimer	Made of Water
FSI-4 Fleming Brown	FSI-44 Gordon Bok: Peter Kagan	FSI-73 Joan Sprung:
FSI-5 Howie Mitchell	FSI-45 Jon Wilcox	Pictures to my Mind
FTA-6 Richard Chase: Jack Tales	FSI-46 Ed Trickett:	FSI-74 Howard Bursen:
FSE-7 Paddy Tunney	Telling Takes Me Home	Cider in the Kitchen
FSE-8 Peg Clancy Power	FSI-47 Jim Ringer	FSI-75 The Continuing Tradition:
FSC-9 Marie Hare	FSI-48 Gordon Bok & Ann Mayo Muir:	A Folk-Legacy Sampler,
FSC-10 Tom Brandon	Seal Djiril's Hymn	1: Ballads
	FSS-49 Jean Redpath	FSI-76 Skip Gorman & Ron Kane:
	FSI-50 Helen Schneyer	Powder River
FSA-11 Max Hunter		FSI-77 Jerry Rasmussen:
FSA-12 Eugene Rhodes	FSI-51 Bob Zentz	Get down Home
FSA-13 Hank Ferguson	FSK-52 Caroline & Sandy Paton:	FSE-78 Seamus & Manus McGuire:
FTA-14 Ray Hicks: Jack Tales	I've Got a Song	Humours of Lissadell
FSA-15 Lawrence Older	FSI-53 Betty Smith	FTA-79 Kendall Morse: Seagulls
FSI-16 Golden Ring	FSI-54 Gordon Bok & Ann Mayo Muir:	and Summer People
FSA-17 Hobart Smith	Bay of Fundy	FSI-80 Bok, Trickett, Muir:
FSA-18 Arnold Keith Storm	FSI-55 Rick & Lorraine Lee	A Water over Stone
FSB-19 Bob & Ron Copper	FSI-56 Bok, Trickett, Muir:	
FSB-20 Harry Cox	Turning tow'd the Morning	FSI-81 (to be announced)
	Kendall Morse	FSI-82 Jonathan Eberhart:
FSE-21 Bill Meek	FSI-57 Joe Hickerson: Drive Dull	Life's Trolley Ride
FSA-22 Beech Mountain, N.C., 1	Care Away, 1	FSI-83 Cindy Kallet: Working
FSA-23 Beech Mountain, N.C., 2	FSI-59 Joe Hickerson: Drive Dull	on Wings to Fly
FSA-24 Carolina Tarheels	Care Away, 2	FSI-84 Gordon Bok: Jeremy Brown
FTA-25 Hector Lee: Mormon Tales	FSI-60 Joan Sprung	and Jeannie Teal
FSA-26 Sarah Ogan Gunning		FSI-85 Helen Schneyer: On the
FSA-27 Grant Rogers	FSS-61 Archie Fisher	Hallelujah Line
FSI-28 Sandy & Jeannie Darlington	FSC-62 Margaret Christl & Ian Robb*	FSI-86 Sharon Mountain Harmony:
FSI-29 Mitchell: Mountain Dulcimer	FSI-63 Harry Tuft	Sacred Folk Songs
EGO-30 Sandy & Caroline Paton	FSI-64 Ed Trickett: Gently	*FSA-87 Paul Van Arsdale: Trad.
	down the Stream of Time	Hammered Dulcimer Tunes
FSI-31 Rosalie Sorrells	FSI-65 John Roberts & Tony Barrand*	FSI-88 Lorre Wyatt:
FSA-32 Hedy West	FSI-66 Bill Staines: Just Play	Roots and Branches
FSA-33 Sara Cleveland	One Tune More	*FSI-89 Lorraine Lee: The Magic
FSS-34 Norman Kennedy	FSI-67 Bob Zentz:	Dulcimer (book & record)
FSI-35 Michael Cooney	Beaucatcher Farewell	*FSI-90 Art Thieme:
FSA-36 Frank Proffitt Memorial	FSI-68 Bok, Trickett, Muir:	That's the Ticket
FSI-37 Tony & Irene Saletan	The Ways of Man	
FSI-38 Sara Grey with Ed Trickett	FSI-69 Cilla Fisher & Artie Trezise	*FSS-91 Ray Fisher: Willie's Lady
FSI-39 Joe Hickerson	FSI-70 Bill Staines:	*FSI-92 Ed Trickett
FSI-40 Gordon Bok:	Whistle of the Jay	with Cathy Barton
A Tune for November		

(* to be released in 1982)

We have also published several books:

The Mountain Dulcimer: How To Make It and Play It, Howie Mitchell

The Hammered Dulcimer, Howie Mitchell

Time and the Flying Snow: Songs of Gordon Bok

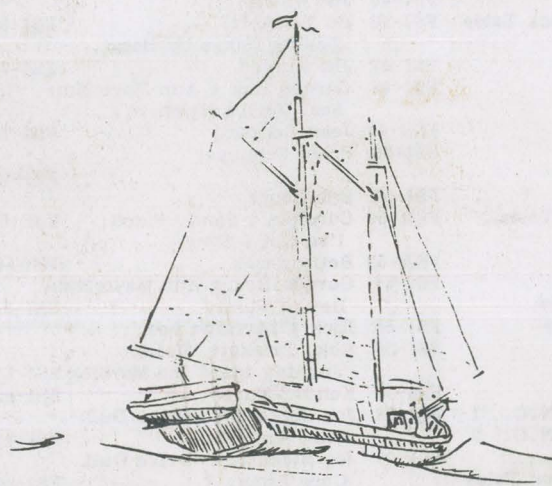
If I Were a Word, Then I'd Be a Song: Songs by Bill Staines

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FROM THE MUSEUM



45. 1860.