

GORDON BOK

A Rogue's Gallery of Songs for 12-String



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSI-94



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I've wanted to produce this album for a long time. For a dozen years or so, I have been listening to Gordon Bok in concert and have always marveled at the wide range of styles and the great variety of tones and textures he manages to coax out of his 12-string guitars. A couple of years ago, I finally suggested to him that he consider making "a 12-string album." Secretly, I figured that such a project would not only demonstrate the many voices of the instrument, it might also encourage him to record some of the songs I had heard him perform with the 12-string, but which had never shown up on his various lists of "ideas for future recordings."

As the album began to take shape, we realized that most of the songs dealt with rogues, rascals, or reprobates of one sort or another. Hence, the title, which Gordon came up with one evening while we were listening to playbacks of all that had been recorded up to that point.

If this sounds as though I'm trying to grab a share of the credit for the album, well, *nolo contendere*. I think it's a dandy!

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
April, 1983

Once I broke my nylon-strung six-string guitar before a concert and, though it was possible to borrow one from a local musician, it did occur to me to wonder what a whole program of just 12-string songs would be like. I decided it would not only be quite a varied program, but quite a bit of fun, too.

So when Sandy Paton remarked a couple of years ago that someday he'd like to hear a program or an album of just my work with the 12-string, I started putting some stuff down on tape, first at home and then at Folk-Legacy. This is the result, and I have to admit it has been interesting.

Gordon Bok
Camden, Maine
January, 1983



Enclosed booklet of notes by Gordon Bok
Recorded by Bob Stuart and Sandy Paton
Cover photograph by Sandy Paton
Back photograph by John Hufnagel/
Middletown (N.J.) Folk Festival
Jacket design by Walter Schwarz
Guitars by Nick Apollonio; Tenant's Harbor, Maine

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GORDON BOK

"A Rogue's Gallery"

I'm of the opinion that the twelve-string guirar has not been entirely invented yet. Surely Leadbelly, Seeger, Kottke, and a host of others have done some pretty incredible exploring of the instrument as it stands — a big double-six, monstrously cabled in steel, timbered-out like the State of New Hampshire, a guitar-like object whose tone has always depended on its qualifications for survival.

Sam Tibbetts (for me) changed all that. He built a twelve based on my old family guitar, the Mango, which was never really designed to last, even as a nylon/gut-strung guitar. The "Sam-Box" only lasted a few years, but it gave Nick Apollonio a vision which he has pursued for years: "It's an organ in a shoe-box," he said. "Let's build some for tone alone."

So he did. And we've fired many a stove with the results of years of Nick's experiments in tone.

"Thinner top!" hollers I; "lower braces in the back!"

"She'll implode!" hollers Nick, and builds her anyway.

They imploded, of course, but, Lord, they sounded good. You could get all the tone and texture out of them that you could get out of a classic, and I was happy.

At some point, I had the grace to leave Nick alone, and he came up with ways to keep that range of tone and expression (and power) and start to build a machine that would stand up under:

- 1) the heavy stringing I subjected it to, and
- 2) the weird conditions I subjected it to, summer and winter.

This bunch of recordings was done over a period of two years (in three different locations on four different sets of recording gear), using two twelves that Nick built:

- 1) "Adrian Primero" (the blonde one) is strung with medium-gauge D'Angelico strings and tuned three frets below normal.
- 2) "Little John," my travelling instrument, is tuned four frets below normal and is strung with fire-tower cable and towing wire.

[The La Bella String company, by the way, has been working very kindly with some of us musicians to develop a good set of heavy-duty strings for these pitches.]

Both guitars are now using the "Bok/Apollonio Balanced Bridge" and tail-pieces. If I remember correctly, Adrian has a classical

bracing system (with a very thin Sitka top) and Little John is more conventionally braced, with a cedar top. Our "balanced bridge" allows a very strong, but adjustable, string connection to the face, but eliminates torque (twisting) problems on the face from string tension.

So what is a twelve-string, after all? I don't know. Play it like a backhoe and it sounds like "Old Fat Boat;" play Carolan's Concerto on it and it sounds like a clairsench.

I want to encourage guitar builders to accept the technology that can bring out the versatility of it, and encourage us players to think of it, not as a louder six-string, but as a different animal altogether.

Should anyone want to know more about Nick Apollonio (or his twelve-strings, bells, laudos, boat guitars, tenor mandolins, dulcimers, etc.), they can write to him at Shearwater Designs. Tenant's Harbor, Maine, or to me at Box 840, Camden, Maine, 04843.

Gordon Bok

THE SONGS AND TUNES

McKEON'S COMING (Bok, BMI)
Side 1, Band 1.

The story goes that McKeon was a fisherman from Canada. Had a little schooner; ran it with his son, or another man. Back during Prohibition, the lucrative trade of smuggling booze into the States attracted many people, and McKeon was one. Unfortunately, he got caught, his schooner was impounded and sold at auction, and he was thrown in jail in Massachusetts. When he got out, years later, his health was ruined, and it took him almost two years to work his way back home.

Now when the wind is bright with
the spring
And the snow has gone away,
The days grow long and the time
has come
To hoist my sail and go.
And I'll hear no more your
dungeon door,
Nor eat your bitter beans.
Surely it's a long and a hungry
road
'Til McKeon's home again.

I'll go down by the Naskeag sound
Where the tide runs fast and strong.
The water's deep and the hills are
steep
And the nights are cold and long.
And through the rocks of Jericho
I'll wind my weary way
And roll her off for Sable, aye,
And the grey seas of Fundy.

For the wind is fair and the tide's
at the spring
And the time has come to go.
Heist my sail on a Northern wind
And I'll be on my way.
Ah, but there's no one can go with me,
And there's no one by my side;
Surely it's a long and lonely road
For the Straits of Canso.

Oh, the wind is fair and the tide's
at the spring
And the time has come to go.
Heist my sail on a Northern wind
And I'll be on my way.
And I'll hear no more your dungeon
door,
Nor eat your bitter beans.
Surely it's a long and a hungry road
'Til McKeon's home again.

I'M A RAMBLER, I'M A GAMBLER
(Arr. Bok, BMI)
Side 1, Band 2.

One of the many versions of this song I've heard. I don't even remember where this version came from, it was so long ago. I wrote the two verses about the Canso girls, meaning no harm; any person referred to in those verses is purely fictitious, or lives somewhere else.

*I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler;
I'm a long way from home.
And the people don't like me,
They can leave me alone.*

*I'll eat when I'm hungry,
Drink when I'm dry,
And the whiskey don't kill me,
I'll live 'til I die.*

*If you go down to Canso,
Don't go there for long,
For their dark eyes are pretty,
But their fingers are strong.*

*They'll anchor your drifting
In their smiles and their thighs,
And their tresses will bind you,
And there's gold in their eyes.*

*There's changes in the ocean,
Changes in the sea,
There's changes in my true love;
There's no change in me.*

*I'm a rambler, I'm a gambler;
I'm a long way from home.
And the people don't like me,
They can leave me alone.*

THUMPY (Bok, BMI)
Side 1, Band 3.

A tune that came out of my work on the film "Coaster," about the building of the schooner John F. Leavitt. I developed the theme for some footage of the boatbuilders and sailmakers; it seemed to have the right "gait" for that work. Since I couldn't talk the great ragtime pianist, Glenn Jenks, into playing for that section of the film, I had to imitate his smiling fingers as best I could.

DUNCAN AND BRADY
Side 1, Band 4.

I used to play blues quite a bit in my youth, but I learned a style of it mostly from piano players like Bob Bannard (who was a Jimmy Yancey fan) and Capt. Bill Peterson. This is basically the version that Leadbelly sang, but the hurry-up guitar is not very Leadbelly at all. (Dedicated to Emily Friedman.)

*Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar;
In walks Brady with a shining star.
He says, "Mr. Duncan, you are under
arrest,"
And Duncan shot a hole in Brady's
breast.*

*Brady carried a forty-five;
They said it would shoot a half a
mile.
Duncan carried a forty-four,
And that's what laid Mr. Brady so low.*

*Brady fell down on the barroom floor;
"Please, Mr. Duncan, don't shoot me
no more."
Women all crying, ain't it a shame,
Shot King Brady, going to shoot him
again.*

*"Mr. Brady, Mr. Brady, you know you
done wrong,
You busting in my parlor when the
game is going on,
Knocking down the tables, breaking
down the door,
Now you dripping blood on my barroom
floor."*

*Well, the women all heard Brady was
dead;
They go back home and they dresses
in red.
Sniffing and sighing down the street
In their big Mother Hubbards and
their stocking feet.*

BELAMENA
Side 1, Band 5.

Learned this on a steel, Dutch-built sloop from a young fellow from South Caicos named Harold Wilson. Taught him a few chords on the guitar one year, and when I took over as captain of that boat, he taught me a few songs from the Caribbean, Harold learned the guitar quite

quickly, and made his brother (who worked on another boat in the neighborhood and whose name I have forgotten) a little jealous thereby. So, while Harold played and sang, his brother used to play that boat like a harp, or a steel band. The guitar is trying to imitate me and Harold and Harold's brother all at once, here. (This one can give you blisters.)

The three boats in the song were, according to Harold, rum-runners. A favorite trick, in those days, was to make a run, bring the boat ashore, paint her a different color and take her back out again. Harold said that the U. S. Feds were fooled by that, off and on.

I rely a lot on phonetic memory, here; Harold pronounced the third boat's name in a variety of ways, and I'm not sure we ever really understood each other, anyway. Here's my best shot:

Belamena, Belamena (Bella Mena?),
is in the harbor,
Belamena, Belamena is in the
harbor.

Put the Belamena on the dock
And paint the Belamena black.
Paint the Belamena black, black,
black,
When she come back, she was white.

Oh the Mystery, oh the Mystery,
she used to carry whiskey.
Little Mystery, oh the Mystery,
little boat very frisky.
Put the Mystery on the dock... etc.

(Here I had trouble: every time he sang the boat's name, he pronounced it differently...)

Oh, Inagua, Great Inagua (name of island) (Lady 'Nagua?), she got stuck in New York Harbor.
Oh, Managua (?), Late Inagua (?), carried a very funny cargo.
Put the Inagua on the dock... etc.

MARINA/BIMBO DE COLONELLO
Side 1, Band 6.

Dave Berry, from Bowdoinham, Maine, and I used to do some sailing together.

He came back from Italy one year with some lovely tunes, which he played on the mandolin. These are two that I remember.

ON THE WALLABY (Henry Lawson)
Side 1, Band 7.

Ray Wales, of Perth, Australia, brought me this song on a tape many years ago. He knew nothing about the song or the singer. Ray went back to Australia, the tape got lost, but I remembered the song pretty accurately, it turns out.

Emily Friedman, of Chicago, finally tracked the song down, with the help and kindness of the brilliant Australian story-teller, Kel Watkins, who not only found the original rendition I had heard, but taped that and a reading of Lawson's original bush ballad (second text) for us.

Emily believes the original was shortened for singing by a Peter Dicky, and the version I heard is beautifully sung by Dave De Hugard, with concertina accompaniment. My thanks to everyone involved.

I give the text here the way De Hugard sang it; the differences in these and the words I actually sing is what happens when you sing a song for years and don't write it down.

I

The tentpoles are rotten and me camp-fire's dead,
And the 'possoms may ramble in the trees overhead.
I'm out on the Wallaby, I'm humping me drum, (1)
And I come down the road where the Sundowners come. (2)

It's Northwest by West over ranges afar
To the place where the cattle and the sheep stations are,
With the sky for me roof and the earth for me bunk,
And a calico bag for me damper and my junk, (3)
And it's scarcely a comrade me memory reveals,
Though the spirit still lingers in me toe and my heels.

My tent is all torn and my blankets
are damp
And the fast-rising floodwaters flow
down by the camp.
The cold water rises in jets from
the floor
And I lie in my bed and I listen
to it roar
And I think of tomorrow, how me
footsteps will lag
As I tramp beneath the weight of
a rain-sodden swag.

But the way of a swagman is mostly
uphill,
Though there's joy to be found on
the Wallaby still
When the day has gone by with its
tramp and its toil
And your campfire you build and
your billy you can boil (4)
And there's comfort, at least, in
the bowl of your clay (5)
Or the yarn of a mate who is
tramping that way.

But beware of the cities, where
it's poisoned for years,
And beware of the dangers in drink-
ing long beers.
When the bushman gets bushed (6)
in the streets of the town,
When he's lost all his friends and
his cheques are knocked down,
Well, he's right 'til his pockets
are empty and then
He waltzes old bluey (7) up the
country again

- (1) on the track
- (2) swagmen
- (3) bread makings
- (4) pan for tea
- (5) pipe
- (6) lost
- (7) blanket roll

ON THE WALLABY Henry Lawson

Now the tentpoles are rotting, the
campfires are dead,
And the 'possums may gambol in the
trees overhead.
I'm humping me bluey far out on
the land
And the prints of me bluchers sink
deep in the sand.
I'm out on the Wallaby, humping
the drum,
And I come by the tracks where the
sundowners come.

It is Nor'west and West to the ranges
and far
To the plains where the cattle and sheep
stations are,
With the sky for my roof and the grass
for my bunk,
And a calico bag for my damper and junk,
And scarcely a comrade my memory reveals,
Save the spiritless dingo in tow with
my heels.

But I think of the honest old light of
my home
When the stars hang in clusters like
lamps from the dome,
And I think of the hearth where the
dark shadows fall
When my campfire is built on the widest
of all.
But I'm following Fate, for I know she
knows best.
I follow; she leads, and it's Nor'west
by West.

When my tent is all torn and my blankets
are damp
And the rising floodwaters flow fast by
the camp,
When the cold water rises in jets from
the floor,
I lie in my bunk and I list' to the roar,
And I think how tomorrow my footsteps
will lag
When I tramp 'neath the weight of a
rain-sodden swag.

Though the way of the swagman is mostly
uphill,
There are joys to be found on the
Wallaby still.
When the day has gone by with its tramp
or its toil
And your campfire you light and your
billy you boil,
There's comfort and peace in the bowl
of your clay
Or the yarn of a mate who is tramping
that way.

But beware of the town; there is poison
for years
In the pleasure you find in the depths
of long beers.
For the bushman gets "bushed" in the
streets of the town,
For he loses his friends when his cheque
is knocked down.
He's right, 'til his pockets are empty
and then
He can hump his old bluey up-country
again.

bluchers - boots
on the Wallaby - on the road
humming the drum - carrying bedroll
damper and junk - bread makings
dingo - wild dog
"bushed" - lost
knocked down - drunk up

OLD FAT BOAT [MATTAPOISETT HARBOR
INVENTORY] (Bok, BMI)
Side 2, Band 1.

I always felt a little cheated by life that I had never been in a situation where I felt sorry enough for myself that I had to write what Pete Seeger calls a "navel" or "bellybutton" song. (As Kendall Morse would say: what did all those other folksingers have that I couldn't get pounded into shape?)

Well, it finally struck. A few years ago I was bringing an old wooden boat from Connecticut to Maine. Ran out of crew about the time the weather started going crook. Threw my back out trying to get an anchor out of the mud. Crippled around Newport for three days in the cold June rain, looking for any unfeathered biped who would help me get the old slab a little farther along the coast. No luck. Got blisters on my butt rowing in wet dungarees. Got wet, too.

Got a raving N. W. wind one day and decided to have a go without any help. (Had to use the jib-sheet winch to get the anchor off the bottom... always wondered what those noisy round things were for...) Slammed out of there with half a bag of sail on and headed her East.

Ended up off Mattapoisett harbor with the weather getting glommy again; decided to get off my feet for the night, so I worked her in there and anchored, got the sails off her. Brownell workboat came out and told me, since it was going to blow Northeast, why didn't I take their mooring ... over there. Got the anchor up and went over to pick up their mooring. Realized that, with the wind Northeast, I was a mile downwind of the town wharf... again.

Piled into that ridiculous plastic

dog-dish they call a rowboat and pulled ashore, in the rain. Called home, went back down to the "rowboat" and, as I was shipping the oars, got a humongous great splinter in the crotch of my hand. Blew down wind back out to the ketch.

Went below, started the leaky stove to get the damp out, got out the hydrogen peroxide, the knife and oilstone. Looked at the splinter, got out the rum. Properly anesthetized, I was working on the splinter and it occurred to me to wonder what was for supper. Realized it was Saturday night, raining, town was a mile's row upwind and a mile's walk after that...

A couple of days later, I found most of this song, along with a list of groceries (existant and non-existant) in the logbook.

Even sailors have a right to sing the blues.

P. S. My thanks to Ken Hicks, that outrageous gentle-man from Virginia, who allowed me to rip off a bit of his fine song, "Half the Fun of Going Is Getting There."

*So, here I am, man, all alone again,
Anchored away the hell and gone again.
Another mile from another town,
The wind Northeast n'the rain coming
down.*

*Home is the sailor, home from the sea;
He's a home for the mildew, a friend
to the flea.*

I don't care, man, I'm happy.

*I got an old fat boat, she's slow
but handsome,
Hard in the chine and soft in the
transom.*

*I love her well; she must love me,
But I think it's only for my money.*

*And I don't mind staying and I
don't mind going,
But I some damned tired of
rowing.*

*No more tobacco, no more cheese;
I'm sprung in the back and lame in
the knees.*

*It's a damned good thing I'm easy to
please;*

*There ain't nothing in town on a
Sunday.*

I don't care, man, I'm happy.

I got an old fat boat... etc.

You know, I got milk and I got ice;
 I got home-made bread, a little old,
 but nice.
 Everybody puts their cooking hat on
 When you tell 'em you're leaving
 in the morning.
 And I don't mide staying... etc.

Oh hey, you know I got coffee, I
 got tea,
 I got the beans and the beans got
 me.
 I got tuna fish, I got rum,
 I got a two-pound splinter in my
 thumb.
 So, I'll take my toddy and my
 vitamin C
 And the radio for my company.
 Oh, me, I got the hydrogen peroxide
 blues.
 I don't care, man, I'm happy.
 I got an old fat boat... etc.

Well, mercy, mercy, I do declare,
 If half the fun of going is getting
 there,
 Mercy, Percy, you better start
 rowing,
 'Cause the other half of getting
 there is going.

RAMBLE AWAY

Side 2, Band 2.

Trent Sorenses brought John Roberts
 to my place a good many years ago, guess-
 ing rightly that we'd be kindred spirits.
 This is one of the many fine songs John
 sang for me that night. I've been enjoy-
 ing his music when and where I can, ever
 since.

As I was a-walking down Birmingham
 Street
 In my new scarlet jacket, all neat
 and complete,
 The young girls all smiled as they
 passed me by,
 Saying, one to another, "There goes
 Ramble Away."

And as I was a-walking down Birm-
 ingham Fair,
 I spied pretty Nancy a-combing her
 hair.
 She smiled in my face and to me
 did say,
 "Ain't you the young fellow they
 call Ramble Away?"

I said, "Pretty Nancy, don't smile
 in my face,
 For I do not intend to stay long in
 this place."
 "Oh, then, where are you going? Come
 tell me, my dear."
 Well, I told her I'd ramble, the
 devil knows where.

When twenty-four weeks they were over
 and past,
 This pretty young wench she grew
 thick 'round the waist,
 And her gown wouldn't pin, nor her
 apron strings tie,
 And she longed for the sight of young
 Ramble Away.

So, come all you young maidens, take
 a warning by me.
 When courting your fellows, don't be
 easy and free.
 Don't dress yourselves up and go out
 on the play,
 For it's there you might meet with
 young Ramble Away.

Ramble Away,
 Oh. it's there you might meet with
 young Ramble Away.

A MOST UNPLEASANT WAY, SIR (Goulder)

Side 2, Band 3.

This is in Dave Goulder's book of
 songs called *January Man and other songs*
 by Dave Goulder (Robbins Music Corpora-
 tion, Ltd., 35 Soho Square, London W.1).
 I don't know what all else is in the
 book, save for "The Dark North Sea,"
 which is one of the most lovely songs
 in the English language. This song
 represents one of his many facets; his
 songs are so distinct and different
 from each other that the only consistent
 denominator in them is their quality.

It was in the falling summer rain
 I found myself one day, sir,
 And I met a young man with a bird in
 his hand,
 And this, to me, did say, sir.
 "This bird you see has been with me
 Since the 23rd of May, sir..."
 And all the time the rain came down
 In a most unpleasant way, sir.

Well, I looked at the bird in the
 young man's hand,
 And the bird looked back at me, sir.
 'Twas a vulture plain from the hills
 of Spain
 I could so clearly see, sir.
 I said, "I fear it's waiting here
 For you to pass away, sir."
 And all the time the rain came down
 In a most unpleasant way, sir.

Well, the young man shook his head
 and cried,
 "Whatever shall I do, sir?
 For I swear it's only right and fair
 That I give this bird to you, sir."
 I answered, "No," and turned to go,
 But something made me stay, sir...
 And the bird was sitting on my arm
 In a most unpleasant way, sir.

So, here I've stood upon this spot
 For many's the night and day, sir,
 For who could tend my feathered
 friend
 'Til you came by this way, sir?
 And now, the bird to you transferred,
 I can no longer stay, sir,
 For it hurts to see you look at me
 In that most unpleasant way, sir.

MIST COVERED MOUNTAINS/BONNIE GALWAY
 Side 2, Band 4.

Two Irish tunes. I learned these
 from Cliff Perry and Richard Scholtz,
 two fine musicians from Bellingham,
 Washington. Their love and consider-
 ation of the music is a thing to behold;
 if you like a tune they're playing,
 they happily stop the world and play
 it until you can never forget it. A
 couple of years ago they played "Bonnie
 Galway" for me on my birthday, after a
 long flight to the west coast. They
 played me to sleep with it, one of
 the nicest birthday presents I've
 ever had.

BLACKBIRD (J. B. Goodenough)
 Side 2, Band 5.

Over the last few years, Judy and
 I have corresponded off and on, to
 my everlasting benefit. She first
 sent me some verses to a song I wrote
 ("Hearth and Fire") which were so
 singular and striking that I took the

liberty of writing a melody for them on
 their own.

Having told her that, I was rewarded
 by receiving two more songs she had
 written over the next couple of years,
 "Boat of Silver" and "Blackbird." Fine
 songs, fine poetry. Carlisle, Massachu-
 setts, should be proud.

Blackbird, blackbird, flying late,
 Grease in the pot and ash in the grate,
 They barred the door and they shut the
 gate,
 They've got no place for me.
 My bottle's empty and my head is sore;
 I don't know where I've been before.
 Bar your gate and shut your door,
 The blackbird's flying free.

Where have I been to? I don't know.
 Broken fiddle and crooked bow,
 Holes in my boots and I'm walking slow
 As the last long shadows fall.
 The boat I sailed lay down in the tide,
 The horse I stole got lame and died.
 I don't need a friend; I don't want
 a ride.
 The blackbird knows it all.

What's this song the blackbird hears?
 I sowed my days and I reaped my years,
 A basket of sins and a bucket of
 tears,
 And I can't come in to stay.
 My life's a tale that I don't tell,
 I did my worst and I did it well;
 I never got to heaven, but I stayed
 out of hell
 And still I'm on my way.

Where am I going to sleep tonight?
 I can't turn left and I won't turn
 right,
 Where the road goes on in the cold
 moonlight
 And the lonely blackbird cries.
 I'm going to sleep in a lonely bed
 With white and whiter linen spread,
 A cold grey stone at my foot and head
 And pennies on my eyes.

I'm going to sleep in a lonely bed
 With white and whiter linen spread,
 A cold grey stone at my foot and head
 And pennies on my eyes.

(Accompanying tunes between verses are
 "Jaybird," thanks to Bob Stuart, and
 "Whiskey Before Breakfast.")

ST. THOMAS (Rollins)
Side 2, Band 6.

I am told that, even though this tune is now played on the island of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands as a "folk" tune, it was originally written by the jazz musician Sonny Rollins.

I learned it from Debbie Suran, who learned it from Andy Cohen, and in the transition from guitar to hammered dulcimer to twelve-string, I can't vouch for the accuracy of my version of it.

WOODWORKER'S LITANY [QUESTIONS FOR
MALCOLM] (Bok, BMI)
Side 2, Band 7.

This is a series of questions, musical and verbal, that had been bubbling along for many years and were finally brought together while I was working on the film *Coaster* for Jon Craig Cloutier, watching the footage of the shipbuilder, Roy Wallace.

I've built/carved things in wood since I can remember; always loved wood and never understood it. To take a piece of the body of something that had a natural and contributive function on this planet and shape it into something else always seemed to require more care than anything else I did; more conscience, you could say.

So, while I'm holding that particular piece of God in my hands, before I change it, I try to slow down my thinking to a quieter, more careful, pace, try to become like the heroes of my youth, the master boatbuilders and carpenters of this coast, and the young ones who are following in their tracks.

And I ask these questions (in my mind) of Malcolm, Lloyd, and Gene and Dick and Bill and Nick and Orvil and all those who have cared enough to be care-full.

*Is there no change from season to
season,
Save the wearing of sea on stone,
Save the wearing of wind on water,
Save the passing of man alone?*

*And is there no change from living
to dying,
Save the passing from place to time,
Save the passing from form to forming,
Save the passing from dream to dream?*

*And is there no change from dying to
living,
Save the wearing of tool on beam,
From formless to form, from taking
to giving,
Dream to question,
Question to answer and dream to dream?*

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