

All Shall Be Well Again

Ed Trickett Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir



Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. CD-96

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Whenever these three artists get together for another recording session or another concert tour, it is an event of some significance in the folk music world. Ed is now in Maryland, Ann lives in France, Gordon is permanently attached to the State of Maine. Yet they manage, somehow, to prepare and polish their performances through an exchange of tapes, through infrequent but very intense practice sessions on those occasions when they manage to actually get together, but mostly, I think, through their remarkable, almost uncanny abilities to really *listen* to one another while they are making music. The result, in concert or on recordings, is an unusual merging of three distinct musical personalities into a single unit that successfully retains and reflects the unique talents of each — merging, but never *submerging*.

That, I am convinced, is their secret. Each maintains his or her individual musical identity, yet each supports the other two with an understanding and an appreciation that is born of mutual respect.

This was Folk-Legacy's fourth recording of "TBM" (as we call them in our affectionate verbal shorthand). Once again, it offers the satisfying variety of tonality and style that makes them unique.

Sandy Paton
Sharon, Connecticut

1. **Julian of Norwich** (Sydney Carter) 3:52

I first heard this on an album of Sydney Carter songs, recorded by himself and other English singers. Carter is the one who gave us “Silver in the Stubble” (which can be heard on Cliff Haslam’s Folk-Legacy recording, *The Clockwinder* - FSB-93) and the words to “The Lord of the Dance.”

Carter tells us that Julian lived at about the time of Chaucer, in a cell (she was a hermit and a mystic) in what is now the Chapel of Julian in Norwich, England. According to my differing sources, Julian spoke to her God in a vision, asking why evil was necessary in the world. The answer she got was that it was indeed necessary, but that “All will be well; all manner of things shall be well.” (Loosely remembered.) That then became her message, and she apparently brought peace to the troubles of her area at one time by repeating that message. (GB)

2. **My Images Come** (Cooper) 2:58

I learned this from Bob Stuart of Maine, who learned it from Don Odja-Dunaway of Florida, who learned it from “a fellow from New Hampshire named Don Cooper...(or was it Vermont?).” Once Ed and Ann and I had learned it, I started trying to track down the author. After two years of asking people, Margaret MacArthur said she’d try for me. Two weeks later, she informed me that after a lot of blind leads she had found word of a fellow that had at one time sung around Vermont, a Don (or Ron) Cooper, who might be related to a woman who had something to do with a greenhouse in Easton, Connecticut, but he might be in India, too. Oh, yes, the greenhouse had something to do with orchids.

“Orchids!” says Bob Stuart, “No problem.” Within a day he not only knew the greenhouse, but had Don Cooper on the telephone, and Don gave us permission to record the song. Lesson: if you want to find out something (the more obscure the better) ask a folk-musician. (GB)

3. Farewell to the Gold (Metsers) 4:14

Another song about gold mining, this time in Australia. It was written by Paul Metsers. I learned it, as I have so many songs, from Neal MacMillan, who learned it from Sara Grey. (ET)

4. Matinicus (Bok) 5:30

Of all the children I went to school with in Camden, four of them stood out to me especially. Among the rest of us little tear-ups they seemed to have a special grace and dignity that seemed almost out of place, perhaps because it was so *in place*. We all went our separate ways, of course, and I don't think I ever saw three of them again.

But one day the schooner I was working on put into the little island of Matinicus and, while going up to the village for something, I recognized one of them, whose name was Judy, and for some reason she recognized me. She was lovely, a thin little thing, almost delicate, with a brand new baby on her hip; she had married one of the young fishermen on the island. We talked for close to an hour, and I left the island very happy for her, that she had found a place she loved and that she was happy. It seemed to make one corner of the world very right.

A few years later, on the mainland, I heard that she had died of cancer. It wasn't neglect or anything, just incurable, and for years I could never bear to see the face of that island darken the horizon.

But then in 1980 or so, I fell into a conversation with a slightly drunk fisherman in a local inn. He was fishing out of New Bedford, and we were talking about that. At one point he mentioned that he was originally from Matinicus, and I thought to ask him if he had known Judy. He sobered up like I had hit him in the face. He said:

“When that girl died, every soul on the island mourned her, and they never did that for anyone.” And then he said: “Look, if you loved her like we did, there's something you ought to know. You know she had two

daughters?” I said I knew she had one. He said: “Well, she had two, and one of them is exactly like her. She’s got that same kind of awkward grace that reminds you of a deer. And she’s got that same way of smiling that can light up the whole field she’s standing in. And, for us, it’s almost like Judy never went away.”

For years, I had been playing with a tune, a sort of vague lament for Judy that had never wanted to come together. I went home then, and dug it out and took it apart, and from every sad part I built a happy part, and put it back together. And it is true that from the same ingredients that give us grief we are given our happiness. (GB)

5. **Rory Dall** (Stewart/Bok) 1:58

Jim says that most of the known Scottish harp tunes are attributed to Rory Dall (Dall meaning “blind”), whose real name was Roderick Morison (about 1660-1713), who became harper to the MacLeods of Dungevin (Isle of Skye). Contemporary to him (some think) was an Irish harper, Rory Dall O’Cathain (O’Keene) who travelled in Scotland in the first part of the 17th century. It’s hard to tell which tunes should be attributed to which man. The tune here is my own; the arrangement is TBM’s. (GB)

6. **Boat of Silver** (Goodenough) 5:20

The late Judy Goodenough was a fine poet, published in many books and anthologies, who occasionally indulged in songwriting, which invariably delighted us. She gave us many fine songs.

I took the liberty of using her second verse as a chorus, hence the change in our singing of it from the initial word “But” to “For.” Other small word changes were also forgiven by the author. (GB)

7. **Living on the River** (Rasmussen) 3:20

This nice, self-explanatory word picture was written by Jerry Rasmussen and may be found on his Folk-Legacy recording *Get Down*

Home (FSI-77). We hope he enjoys our effort at it. Much of our way of doing the song comes from my singing of it with Cathy Barton and Dave Para. The cellamba, of course, is Gordon's distinctive contribution, since he is the only person in the world who plays one. (ET)

8. Archie/Namagati/Odivair (Bok) 3:00

Three stray tunes of mine. The first was written thinking about Archie Fisher and how he was always flaming around whenever I saw him. It's properly called "Archie, Take Your Boots Off and Stop Chasing Yourself Around." "Namagati" (a direction of wind) is a dance from "Song for Vela" which appeared as a guitar duet with John Pearse on *Another Land Made of Water* (CD-72). "Odivair is a Lonely Man" is one of the many tunes I put to the old Shetland saga, *The Play of the Lady Odivair*, now available as a Timberhead cassette. (GB)

9. Jennifer Gentle (trad) 5:02

It is fascinating to trace the chain of transmission of a song through the folk revival. Ed Trickett learned this lovely and gentle version of Child ballad #1 from Joanie Bronfman and Neal MacMillan, who in turn learned it from Peter and Mary Alice Amidon. The Amidons heard the song from English musician and instrument builder Stefan Sobell.

This particular version comes from Cornwall, in the west of England, and was first printed in Gilbert's *Christmas Carols* in 1823.

(This note by Caroline Paton)

10. Sailor's Prayer (Rod MacDonald) 3:30

It was a year or so before the present recording that Gordon first heard this powerful song sung by Margaret MacArthur, who had learned it from Jim Couza. The month was February and Gordon, always on the

lookout for comforting songs to help us (and himself) through the long New England winter, decided that this was a fine and fitting addition to his store of "February songs." (Caroline Paton)

11. **St. Thomas** (Rollins) 2:58

In the notes to *A Rogue's Gallery of Songs for 12-String* (CD-94), on which Gordon may be heard playing this wonderful tune as a 12-string guitar solo, he wrote: "I am told that, even though this tune is now played on the island of St. Thomas as a 'folk' tune, it was originally written by the jazz musician Sonny Rollins." Here we have it played by Gordon on the 12-string, with the addition of Ed's hammered dulcimer and Ann's "Bell," a small bell-shaped 12-string guitar. (Sandy Paton)

12. **Fear a Bhata** (trad) 6:18

I learned this as a child from my Aunt Beanto, who later taught it to Ann. It is a translation of a Gaelic song from the Hebrides, and even the surviving Gaelic in the chorus has suffered some grammatic misfortunes over the years.

Thanks to Jean Redpath for additional words, and thanks to various people who have, at one time or another, sent me their written versions of the song. This version is a compilation of all of the above. (GB)

The chorus, as translated by Lachlan MacBean in Alfred Moffat's *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands*, may be sung:

O, my boatman,
 na horo aila;
O, my boatman,
 na horo aila;
O, my boatman,
 na horo aila;
May joy await thee
 where'er thou sailest. (SP)

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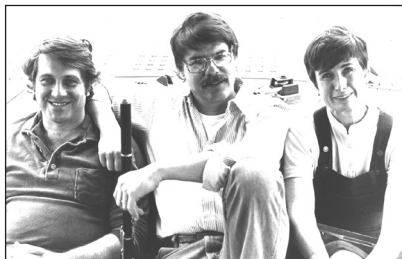
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