

# All Shall Be Well Again

GORDON BOK  
ANN MAYO MUIR  
ED. TRICKETT



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC. FSI-96





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Each year, Gordon, Ann and I gather more music. Gordon writes from his dreams, experiences, and hopes for people; we sit down and sort out the catch, throwing those songs and ideas that are too small back where they—and we—can grow a little more, and craft what's left into music we feel proud to share.

Sometimes, as with Paul Metsers's wonderful current folk hit "Farewell to the Gold," the songs almost glue themselves together before our very eyes. Other pieces, such as the instrumental medley of "Archie and Odivair," are old friends whom we've known for years, but who have only recently crept over the threshold with a coherence that makes us feel they're ready for recorded posterity.

*All Shall Be Well Again* is the fourth record to come from our eight years of working together, of swapping tapes, rehearsing in private and, through concerts, rehearsing in public. The songs are diverse in concept, tone, and origin, and the instrumentals include both Gordon's work and that of the jazz great, Sonny Rollins. The phrase "All shall be well again" comes from Sidney Carter's "Julian of Norwich," a spiritual song of hope in the spirit of the more secular "Turning Toward the Morning" (a song of Gordon's which may be heard on Folk-Legacy's FSI-56). Whether it's sitting in a cell in Norwich, England, attempting to reconcile religious beliefs with the presence of great evil in the world, or sitting in a living room in Camden, Maine, discovering ways to transcend the metaphorical power of winter as a world view, it seems that hope springs, if not eternal, at least with some regularity in our music.

May it spring in yours.

Ed Trickett  
New Haven, Connecticut  
October, 1983

## SIDE 1:

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. Julian of Norwich (Sidney Carter)   | 3:52 |
| 2. My Images Come (Don Cooper)         | 2:58 |
| 3. Farewell to the Gold (Paul Metsers) | 4:14 |
| 4. Matinicus (Gordon Bok)              | 5:30 |
| 5. Rory Dall (James Stewart)           | 1:58 |
| 6. Boat of Silver (J. Goodenough)      | 5:20 |

## SIDE 2:

- |  |      |
|--|------|
| 1. Living on the River (Jerry Rasmussen) | 3:20 |
| 2. Archie/Namagati/Odivair (Gordon Bok)  | 3:00 |
| 3. Jennifer Gentle (trad.)               | 5:02 |
| 4. Sailor's Prayer (Rod MacDonald)       | 3:30 |
| 5. St. Thomas (Sonny Rollins)            | 2:58 |
| 6. Fear a Bhata (trad.)                  | 6:18 |

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Recorded by Sandy Paton  
Cover Photograph by Ellen Vincent  
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This record is also available as a cassette: Folk-Legacy C-96



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"ALL SHALL BE WELL AGAIN"

Whenever these three artists get together for another recording session, or another concert tour, it is an event of significance in the folk music world. Ed is in Connecticut this year, Ann lives in Maryland, 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 individual 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 retains 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 is Folk-Legacy's fourth recording of "TBM" (as we call them in our affectionate verbal shorthand). Once again, it offers the variety of tonality and style that makes them unique.

Sandy Paton  
Sharon, Connecticut  
October, 1983

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THE SONGS

JULIAN OF NORWICH (*Sydney Carter*)  
Side 1, Band 1.

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

According to Carter, 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)

*Loud are the bells of Norwich  
and the people come and go.  
Here by the tower of Julian  
I tell them what I know.*

*Ring out, bells of Norwich,  
and let the winter come and go.  
All shall be well again, I know.*



*Love, like the yellow daffodil,  
is coming through the snow;  
Love, like the yellow daffodil,  
is Lord of all I know.*

*Ring out, bells of Norwich,  
and let the winter come and go.  
All shall be well again, I know.*

*Ring for the yellow daffodil,  
the flower in the snow.  
Ring for the yellow daffodil  
and tell them what I know.*

*Ring out, bells of Norwich,  
and let the winter come and go.  
All shall be well again, I know.*

*All shall be well, I'm telling you,  
let the winter come and go.  
All shall be well again, I know.*

*(repeat first verse and last chorus)*

**MY IMAGES COME** (Don Cooper)  
Side 1, Band 2.

Words and music by Don Cooper  
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New Mutant Music

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?). After Ed and Ann and I had learned it, I started trying to track down the author in case we should want to record it. After two years of asking people (even from the stage, on a couple of occasions — it feels like cheating, but it's almost sure-fire), Margaret MacArthur said she'd try for me.

Two weeks later, Margaret 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 (?) 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

phone, and Don gave us permission to record the song.

[I hope you don't regret it, Don; this song has probably taken quite a pounding in its wanderings, and probably has wandered far from the original. We print here the correct words to it, as you sent them to Folk-Legacy. The aberrations are our own, of course.]

Lesson: if you want to find out something (the more obscure the better), ask a folk-musician.

*My images come  
From the people who do the work  
From the people who sing the songs  
From the people who live the life  
From the people who get along  
A bottle of rum  
For the demon what always lurk  
For the demon what do me wrong  
For the fury what is my wife  
For the struggle what is my song*

CHO: *It get me down sometime  
It get me down but only  
A little look around I find  
That I am not so lonely  
We in the same boat brother!*

*My images come  
From the pleasures I had before  
From the pleasures I'm still to know  
From the pleasures my dreams provide  
From the pleasures what I bestow  
A bottle of rum  
For the trouble what's at my door  
For the trouble where're I go  
For misfortunes what I abide  
And for the courage I'm trying  
to show*

*(chorus)*

*My images come  
From the woman what's on my knee  
From the woman what's in my head  
From the woman out in the sun  
From the woman what shares my bed  
A bottle of rum  
For a broken love's misery  
For a love what has grown so dead  
Expectations my life's undone  
For illusions what I've been fed*

*(chorus)*



My images come  
 From the world in which I live  
 From the world I love so well  
 From the world of change and light  
 From the world of which I tell  
 A bottle of rum  
 For the feelings I can not give  
 For the feelings what fears impell  
 For the screams of a fraughtful  
 night  
 And for the time what is spent  
 in hell

(chorus)

Thank you Linda, Alouette, Margaret and Bob.

[And thanks, too, to Ma Bell; without your (reluctant) help, this small odyssey may never have reached the shore it rests upon. Good luck with your dry-rot.] (GB)

FAREWELL TO THE GOLD (Peter Metsers)  
 Side 1, Band 3.

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

Shotover River, your gold it is  
 waiting;  
 It's years since the color I've seen.  
 (There's) no use just waiting and  
 Lady Luck blaming;  
 I'll pack up and make the break clean.

Farewell to the gold that never  
 I found,  
 Goodbye to the nuggets that some-  
 where abound,  
 For it's only when dreaming that  
 I see them gleaming  
 Down in the dark, deep underground.

Well, it's nearly three years since  
 I left my old mother,  
 For adventure and gold by the pound.  
 With Jimmy the prospector, he and  
 another,  
 For the hills of Otago we were bound.

We searched the Cardrona's dry valley  
 all over,  
 Old Jimmy Williams and me.  
 They were panning good dirt on the  
 winding Shotover,  
 So we went down there just for to see.

Oh, we sluiced and we cradled for  
 day after day,  
 Making hardly enough to get by,  
 When the terrible flood took poor  
 Jimmy away  
 During six stormy days in July.

MATINICUS (Bok, BMI)  
 Side 1, Band 4.

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 even 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)

RORY DALL (*James Stewart & Gordon Bok*)  
Side 1, Band 5.

Copyright © 1980 by James Stewart  
102 Shore Road, Renforth,  
Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada

Published in a book of Stewart's poems  
called "So the Night World Spins."  
Breakwater Books, Ltd.  
St. Johns, Newfoundland, Canada, 1980.  
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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 Dunvegin (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)

*Was it just last night or long ago  
That Rory Dall was here?  
Does anyone remember  
The evening or the year?*

*He came in from the darkness  
With the shadows in his eyes  
And the night was full of yearning  
And the wind was full of sighs.*

*We asked him where he came from  
And how far he had to go.  
He answered without speaking  
That we surely had to know.*

*He placed his harp before him  
In his laughter and his pain  
And strings were weeping for the  
world  
Before he left again.*

*Does anyone remember  
The evening or the year?  
Was it just last night or long ago  
That Rory Dall was here?*

BOAT OF SILVER (*J. B. Goodenough, BMI*)  
Side 1, Band 6.

Judy is a fine poet from Carlisle, Massachusetts, has published in many books and anthologies and occasionally indulges in songwriting, which invariably delights us. She's given us many fine songs.

I took the liberty of using the second verse as a chorus; hence the change (in our singing of it) from the initial word "But" to "For." Other small word changes have been forgiven by the author. (GB)

*Oh, many ships tarry in the harbor,  
Many roads wind across the hill;  
And many roses grow on the arbor,  
Many's the girl waits for me there  
still.*

*For swiftly come all the tides  
returning;  
Swiftly go then and will not stay.  
There is no boatman can net the  
morning;  
There is no boatman can net the  
day.*

*Oh, the fish run deep, oh, they run  
so deeply  
I cannot find them in the seas.  
The lonely road winds the hill so  
steeply,  
I'll lay me down now and take my ease.*



Oh, the rose that blooms blows its  
petals over  
And the thorns lie upon the bough.  
The girls have gone now to a differ-  
ent lover;  
They will not linger beside me now.

Oh, I will build me a boat of silver,  
Steer it with a golden oar,  
And I will row out of this sad  
harbor  
And never sail back to this dark  
shore.

LIVING ON THE RIVER (Rasmussen, BMI)  
Side 2, Band 1.

This nice, self-explanatory word picture was written by Jerry Rasmussen and may be found on his Folk-Legacy record, *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 it. (ET)

Down around the bend by the railroad  
bridge,  
Just wading through the shallows  
where the crayfish live.  
Over by the cotton mill the catfish  
bite;  
They'll be swimming in a skillet  
before tonight.

Living on the river was nice and  
easy;  
People on the river just take  
their time.  
The wind in the summer was warm  
and breezy;  
The wind in the winter it cut  
like ice.

Off down the hill on a winter's  
night,  
To go skating on the river in the  
cold moonlight.  
There's an old woodstove and a  
hardwood floor;  
And you can sit and take it easy  
while your feet get warm.

Down around the bend where the  
blackbird sings,  
Over by the fountain there's a  
crystal spring.  
Back in the shallows where the  
watercress grows,  
Sweet spring water runs clear  
and cold.

Up in the morning at four o'clock;  
Meet you on the landing at Johnson's  
dock.  
Drifting on the river 'til the sun  
comes up,  
Drinking hot, black coffee from an  
old tin cup.

(repeat first verse)

ARCHIE/NAMAGATI/ODIVAIR (Bok, BMI)  
Side 2, Band 2.

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* (Folk-Legacy FSI-72).

"Odivair is a Lonely Man" is one of the many tunes I put to the old Shetlandish saga: *The Play of the Lady Odivere*. (GB)

JENNIFER GENTLE  
Side 2, Band 3.

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 MacMillen, who in turn learned it from Peter and Mary Alice Amidon. The Amidons heard the song from Ricky Rackin, who heard it 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. (Caroline Paton)



There were three sisters, fair and  
bright,  
Jennifer Gentle Fair Rosie Marie,  
Wanted to wed with a valiant knight,  
As the dew flies over the mulberry  
tree.

The eldest sister took him in,  
Also bolted the silver pin.

The second sister made his bed;  
Placed the pillow right under his  
head.

But the youngest sister, fair and  
bright,  
Wanted to wed with the valiant knight.

Well, if you will answer my questions  
three,  
Then, fair maid, I would marry thee.

Oh, what is whiter than the milk?  
What is softer than the silk?

Oh, snow is whiter than the milk;  
Down is softer than the silk.

And what is sharper than the thorn?  
What is louder than the horn?

Oh, hunger is sharper than the thorn;  
Thunder's louder than the horn.

And what is broader than the way?  
What is deeper than the sea?

Oh, love is broader than the way;  
Hell is deeper than the sea.

Well, now you've answered my questions  
three;  
Now, fair maid, I would marry thee.

**SAILOR'S PRAYER** (Rod MacDonald)  
Side 2, Band 4.

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It was a year or so ago 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)

Though my sails be torn and ragged  
And my mast be turned about,  
Though the night wind chill me to  
my very soul,  
Though the salt spray sting my eye  
And the stars no sight provide,  
Give me just enough morning light  
to hold.

I will not lie me down,  
This rain a-raging,  
I will not lie me down  
In such a storm.  
And if this night be unblessed,  
I shall not take my rest  
Until we reach another shore.

If the only water's salt  
And I cannot quench my thirst,  
I will drink the rain that falls  
so steady down.  
If night's blindness be my gift,  
If there be thieves upon my drift,  
I will praise the dark that shelters  
me from them.

If my friends be drained and weary  
And it seems their hopes are lost,  
There's no need for their bones on  
this blackened bottom.  
And if death wait just off the bow,  
We need not answer to him now;  
We'll stand on and face the morning  
light without him.

**ST. THOMAS** (Sonny Rollins)  
Side 2, Band 5.

In the notes to *A Rogue's Gallery of Songs for Twelve-String* (Folk-Legacy FSI-94), on which Gordon may be heard playing this wonderful tune as a solo for twelve-string guitar, Gordon wrote: "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... I can't vouch for the accuracy of my version of it."

Here it is played by Gordon on the twelve-string, with the addition of Ed's hammered dulcimer and Ann's "bell" (a small twelve-string). (Sandy Paton)



FEAR A BHATA (The Boatman)

Side 2, Band 6.

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 the 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)

*Fear a' bhata, na horo aila,  
Fear a' bhata, na horo aila,  
Fear a' bhata, na horo aila,  
Mo shoraidh slan dhuit's gach  
ait a teid thu.*

*Forever haunting the highest hilltop,  
I scan the ocean, thy sails to see.  
Wilt come tonight, love, wilt come  
tomorrow,  
Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me?*

*They call you fickle, they call you  
false-one;  
They seek to change me, but all in  
vain,  
For thou art with me throughout the  
dark night,  
And every morning I watch the main.*

*There's not a hamlet but well I know it  
Where you go walking or stay awhile,  
And all the old folk you win with  
talking,  
And charm its maidens with song and  
smile.*

*From passing boatmen I would  
discover  
If they had heard of or seen  
my lover.  
I'm never answered; I'm only chided  
And told my heart has been sore  
misguided.*

(chorus sung twice at end)

This recording is also available as a cassette (C-96) from Folk-Legacy. We invite you to write for our complete catalog.

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