

*so goes
my heart
Ann Mayo
Muir*



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS
FSI-99





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so goes my heart

Ann Mayo Muir

It wasn't Ann's idea to make this album; you can thank her friends for that.

For years, this extraordinary woman has been the Lark in the Morning to us, a song just waiting to happen. She has sung in hundreds of concerts and her voice and instruments have graced many other people's albums; now it's time you heard her do it her own way.

There's a considerable range of songs here, both traditional and contemporary, as broad as her range of compassion and wonder. She believes these songs. To her, each song is an album itself, a whole life. She is the Highland Widow, you can feel the water and the stars in her hair in *Stranger to the Land*, and she's the little girl watching *Faraway Tom* drift into the mists. Dave Goulder wrote it, but Ann has lived in it, too, and that has added to its strength and substance forever. She doesn't use a song, it uses her, and both are the richer for that.

She's joined here by her daughter Christina, herself a professional musician and a wise and lovely person, by master musician and harmony-smith Ed Trickett, and by Gordon Bok, whose 'cellamba-playing Ann has bravely encouraged for many years.

The Patons chose the title of this album from one of Ann's own songs, and considering that we've never heard this lady sing a note that bypassed her heart, we agree that it's entirely fitting.

G. Bok & E. Wilson
(Essex, Ct.) 1984

SIDE 1

Faraway Tom (Dave Goulder)	3:40
The Lady Mary Sails (Goodenough/Muir, BMI)	4:00
Oh, Hush Ye Now (trad./Bok, BMI)	2:27
Little Goat (Goodenough/Muir, BMI)	2:17
Highland Widow's Lament (trad.)	4:05
Know Me By No Other Name (Stookey)	5:01

SIDE 2

Stranger to the Land (Muir, BMI)	2:49
Old Blue Suit (Rasmussen, BMI)	2:33
The Dark North Sea (Dave Goulder)	2:58
Bantry Girl's Lament (trad.)	4:52
Cousin Emmy's Blues (trad.)	1:39
Geordie (trad.)	4:26
Love It Like a Fool (Reynolds, ASCAP)	2:17

*with: Gordon Bok
Ed Trickett
Christina Muir*

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Photograph by Sandy Paton
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz/
Silver Lining Productions, Sharon, CT.

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A VERY BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Ann Mayo Muir is originally from Michigan; she moved to the East coast early in her career. She has made music of one sort or another all her life, beginning with baritone ukelele and adding guitar, whistle, "bell," harp, and flute as she went along, singing all the time.

She has raised two children: Howie, 27, a working actor, and Christina, 24, who sings with her on several of the songs recorded here. She has also bicycled across the country, and has been a sailor, potter, unicyclist, artist, sky-diver, airplane pilot, concert and recording artist, and actress.

She now lives with her husband, Claude Graf, a marine architect and boat-builder, in Annapolis, Maryland, during the winter months. In the summer, she and Claude live with their family on their ketch on the East coast.

A PREFATORY WORD OF THANKS

I am grateful to my daughter, Christina, and to my friends, Gordon and Ed, who provided me with so much musical and vocal assistance on this album. Some of the arrangements were the result of the combined efforts of all of us; others, where I played alone on the harp, simply grew into themselves through my favorite trial and error method.

Music has been a constant source of pleasure in my life, putting me in touch with myself and restoring a sense of balance. Thanks to working with these superb talents, my rewards have been quadrupled.

I certainly feel a strong sense of gratitude to my good friend and husband, Claude Graf, who has encouraged and helped me in so many ways. Being a boat designer and builder, a man of many talents and interests, he thinks nothing of repairing my harp, or constructing a harp case or bell case capable of withstanding the rigors of air transportation. All his practical help, plus his enthusiasm for the music itself, has made it smooth sailing for me.

*Ann Mayo Muir
Annapolis, Maryland
January, 1985*

THE SONGS

FARAWAY TOM (Dave Goulder)
Side 1, Band 1.

Gordon: 12-string.

Dave Goulder wrote this wonderful song, which I learned from Gordon. Dave explains that "'Faraway Tom' is a fairy-tale character who is only half-seen at dawn and dusk, emerging from the trees or lurking by the stables." He goes on to say, "This is for Louise, a little girl who thought I always lived in a tent and ate nothing but porridge." Gordon and I have inadvertently changed the melody slightly. When Dave sings it, the last note of each verse goes up to the third, rather than down to the first note of the scale. You might want to sing it that way.

When the calendar brings in the cuckoo,
And the summer comes following on,
The thin mists of day
See him running away,
And they know him as Faraway Tom.

The earth is his bed and his pillow,
And his sheets are the clothes he has on.
He sleeps all afternoon,
Then he's hunting the moon,
Till it rises for Faraway Tom.

He sees the fox leaving his hollow,
And he knows where the badger has gone.
He watches the fawn
In the sheltering thorn,
But they don't see old Faraway Tom.

He knows nothing of letters and learning,
And of manners and such, he has none.
Yet he numbers the seasons
On fingers and toes,
As they pass over Faraway Tom.

But what of the winters to follow?
Will age and cold winds bring him down?
For where can he lie
When the snow fills the sky,
And the years tell on Faraway Tom?

(repeat first verse)

THE LADY MARY SAILS (Goodenough/Muir, BMI)
Side 1, Band 2.

Ann: bell (a small 12-string, bell-shaped).
Ed: 6-string & harmony.

I can't imagine a more lonely life than that of a woman married to a seafaring man, especially in the old days. She often had to endure years of separation, raising her children alone, while waiting for the day he returned — if he returned at all. Judy Goodenough's lyric describes a rare, stoic acceptance of this plight.

And what will I wear when the Mary sails?
A dress as red as red can be.
I'll think of him when the Mary sails,
And she takes him far away from me.

A week and a month and a year go by;
The stars go travelling 'round the sky.
Won't hear me weep, won't hear me cry,
When the Lady Mary sails.

And what will I wear when the corn's to cut?
His old brown britches, tied with a string.
I'll think of him when the corn's to cut,
And the geese are crying on the wing.

And what will I wear when the baby's born?
His old white shirt to give me ease.
I'll think of him when the baby's born,
Whose daddy's gone to sail the seas.

And what will I wear when the Mary comes?
A widow's veils and a widow's black.
I'll think of him when the Mary comes:
The man who won't be coming back.

And what will I wear when his stone's to set?
Some ribbons off my wedding dress.
I'll think of him when his stone's to set:
It's one man more and one man less.

OH, HUSH YE NOW (trad./Bok, BMI)
Side 1, Band 3.

Ann: harp.

Alouette Iselin sent this poem to Gordon, and he put the music to it. The effect is so beautiful that I have never tired of singing it. My small harp has become its permanent home.

Oh, hush ye now, oh, hush ye,
There's herrings in the bay,
And you'll be the wee fisherman
Some day, some day.

Oh, rest ye then, oh, rest ye,
The herrings do be small,
And you're the boy, when you be big,
Will catch them all.

Oh, rest ye then, oh, rest ye,
The night is dark and wet,
But you're too small, oh, heart of mine,
For fishing yet.

Oh, hush ye then, oh, hush ye,
'Tis cold upon the sea,
But this wee house is warm, itself,
For you and me.

Oh, sleep ye then, oh, sleep ye,
For sure a night will come
When you'll be waking on the sea,
And me at home.

LITTLE GOAT (Goodenough/Muir, BMI)
Side 1, Band 4.

Ann: bell.
Christina, Ed, Gordon: harmonies.

This is another jewel from the pen of Judy Goodenough, full of fantasy, joy, and mystery. The voice of my daughter, Christina Muir, added just the ingredient I needed to bring the mystery into the music. She sings with me here, along with Gordon and Ed. I'm playing the bell.

Two shillings got me a little goat,
Nor yet a billy nor a nanny.
It had white feathers to its coat,
And the eggs it laid were many.

Sing Hi, for the full of the moon,
Sing Hi, for a change in the weather.
We're going away to the carnival soon,
And we'll all be going together.

Two shillings got me a cow so thin
She made nor milk nor butter,
But gave me fleece to card and spin,
And never did I weave better.

Two shillings got me a pig for mine,
But never would she feed nor fatten.
But I bridled her with bells so fine,
And rode in silks and satin.

Two shillings got me a little brown hen,
Nor did she ever turn broody.
But she laid diamonds, now and then,
And pearls fit for a lady.

HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT (trad.)
Side 1, Band 5.

Ann: harp.
Gordon: 'cellamba.

This ballad springs from a sorrowful time in Scotland's history. Believing himself to be the rightful heir to the throne, Bonnie Prince Charlie gathered an army from among the loyal clans and, finally, marched them to defeat in the bloody battle at Culloden. This woman, widowed by the tragic event, is left with only the hope that, someday, her sons will avenge him.

Oh, I am come to the low country,
Ochone, ochone, ochree,
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It was not so in the hieland hills,
Ochone, ochone, ochree,
No woman in the country wide
So happy then as me.

For there I had a score of kye,
Ochone, ochone, ochree,
Feeding on yon hill so high
And giving milk to me.

And there I had three score of yowes,
Ochone, ochone, ochree,
Skipping on yon bonnie knowes
And casting wool to me.

I was the happiest of all the clan,
So sair do I repine,
For Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald, he was mine.

Till Charlie he come o'er at last,
So far, to set us free.
My Donald's arm, it wanted was
For Scotland and for me.

That woeful fate, what need I tell?
Right to the wrong did yield.
My Donald and his country fell
All on Culloden's field.

There's only a blink of hope left
To brighten my old eye:
To see my sons give bloody crowns
To them made Donald die.

Ochone, ochone, old Donald, oh,
Ochone, ochone, ochree;
No woman in the whole world wide
So wretched now as me.

KNOW ME BY NO OTHER NAME (Stookey, ASCAP)
Side 1, Band 6.

Ann: vocal and flute.
Ed: 6-string and harmony.
Gordon: 12-string and harmony.

Noel Stookey crafted this song about a prostitute, a woman whose livelihood is derived from giving pleasure, but whose reward is only loneliness. Gordon's 12-string accompaniment remembers Bob Bannard's piano playing and, together with Ed's guitar, they have created a wonderful arrangement.

Know me by the light
Of a fire burning bright,
Know me by your bed where I've lain.
Know me, and you might,
But just for a night,
You'll know me by no other name.

Some girls will bring you silver,
Some bring you fine Spanish lace,
Some will say they love you,
Some will have my face.

Some bring you gold,
Babies to hold,
I bring you only shame.
Know me, if you will,
By the wind on the hill.
You'll know me by no other name.

[*] Some girls will die for money,
Some will die as they're born.
Some will swear they died for love,
Some die every morn.

I die alone,
Away from my home;
Nobody knows where I came.
The stone at my head
Will say I am dead;
It knows me by no other name.

(repeat from [*])

STRANGER TO THE LAND (Muir, BMI)
Side 2, Band 1.

Ann: harp.

Back in the mid-70's, I sang at a festival in Mattapoisett, and had the pleasure of hearing Maggie Pierce, a gifted story-teller, tell a tale called "The Sloke," from County Antrim, Northern Ireland. It concerned three seals who loved to shed their skins and assume human form in order to play along the shore. They

were sisters, it seems, and they could be seen at the same time each day, dancing in the foam. There came a man one day who saw them there and fell hopelessly in love with one of them. He stole her skin from where she had left it, and, that day, only two of the sisters could return to their home in the sea. The third, unable to find her skin, was trapped on the shore, and helpless. The man took her for his wife, they say, and she bore him many sons. Yet not a day passed that she didn't long for her home. This song grew out of my imagining myself to be her.

So many people wish to be in some other place, or think they are locked into lives where they feel they don't belong. This song is for them.

I'm a captive on the land that meets the
shore.
The skin of my sea world I wear no more;
Stolen from its place beside the foam.
I'm a stranger to the land that is my home.

Turning now, forever on the land,
I feel the waters spray upon my hand.
Through all the twisting seas, I long to fly
On wings that bore me through another sky.

My home of lifting foam, once shining clear,
Now gleams within each single, salty tear,
And as I watch them flow into the sea,
So goes my heart, and all that I would be.

Cold within my heart, the dreams grow dim;
The strange and distant stars before me swim.
Still, within the dark and lonely swell,
Rise the voices from a place I love so well.

Singing, don't be sad, give all your tears
away.
We're waiting for the coming of the day
When you will find the one you used to be,
Returning to your home all in the sea.

OLD BLUE SUIT (Rasmussen, BMI)
Side 2, Band 2.

Ann: bell.
Ed: 6-string and harmony.
Gordon: 'cellamba and harmony.

I first heard Jerry Rasmussen, the composer of this song, sing it at the Folk-Legacy Festival in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1981. So many songs about death are sad and depressing, but this one makes me smile and feel reassured, because it celebrates the life lived in that old blue suit.

When he was a boy, just sixteen years,
Bursting at the elbows, wet behind the ears,
Papa called him in and sat him in a chair,
Said, "Son, I think it's time you had a suit
to wear."

It was his old blue suit, the one he
used to wear,
With his pants all shiny and the cuffs
worn bare.
He never had much, but he always bought
the best,
And, in his old blue suit, today they're
laying him to rest.

Every Friday evening, driving into town
In his '37 Chevy, with the top rolled down,
Waving at the ladies, he'd give his horn
a toot,
A-sitting there, a-beaming, in his old
blue suit.

At a wedding or a funeral, a party or a
dance,
You'd better brush your jacket, don't
forget to press your pants.
With polish on his shoes, Vitalis on his
hair,
He always looked his finest every time
he'd wear...

His old blue suit...

Down at the feed store, only yesterday,
Why, everyone was talking 'bout how he
passed away.
When he meets Peter on the golden stair,
I guess I don't have to tell you what he'll
wear.

He'll wear his old blue suit...

THE DARK NORTH SEA (Dave Goulder)
Side 2, Band 3.

Ann: harp.

This is another of Dave Goulder's songs,
but one he says he never sings himself. I
felt the need to remedy that, immediately,
when Gordon first sang it for me. It is
pure poetry; there is not a word in it that
doesn't sing itself.

The icicles are weeping in the morning sun,
And every tear being shed for me.
I feel so alone in the cool of the day;
My love is out on the dark north sea.

He's gone to the foreign lands of the north,
The blue of the frozen world to see.
He looked so small, sailing into the sun,
The sand and the tide between him and me.

The green turns to gold on the faraway hills;
White are the clouds in the empty sky.
And sad are the eyes that are turned to
the sea,
Watching the twelve long months go by.

I watch the ships coming in to the shore;
I watch them leave and go their way.
And here I shall be when the winter is gone,
And my love comes sailing home to stay.

I ran with the wind as it blew out the day;
Sang to the hills in my own country.
I cried to the moon as it fell to the earth:
When you return, bring him back to me.

BANTRY GIRL'S LAMENT (trad.)
Side 2, Band 4.

Ann: bell.
Ed: hammered dulcimer.
Gordon: 'cellamba.

I learned this beautiful song from Ed, who
heard it sung in Scotland by Irish singer Sean
Cannon. It may be found in Colm O Lochlainn's
Irish Street Ballads.

Who will plow the fields now, and who will
sell the corn?
Who will clean the sheep now, and have them
nicely shorn?
Oh, the stack that's in the haggard,
unthrashed it will remain,
Since Johnny, lovely Johnny's now thrashing
the King of Spain.

Oh, the girls from the bawnoge in sorrow
will retire,
And the piper and his bellows will go home
and blow the fire,
For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailing o'er
the main,
Along with other patriots, to fight the
King of Spain.

Oh, the boys will sorely miss him when
Moneymore comes 'round,
And they'll grieve for their bold captain,
who's nowhere to be found.
And the peelers must stand idle, against
their will and grain,
Since the valiant boy who gave them work
now peels the King of Spain.

At wakes or hurling matches, your like
 we'll never see,
 Till you return to us again, a-storin og
mo chroi.
 And who will trounce the buckeens, who show
 us much disdain,
 Because our eyes are not as bright as
 those you will meet in Spain?

And if cruel fate does not permit our
 Johnny to return,
 His heavy loss we Bantry girls will
 never cease to mourn.
 We'll resign ourselves to our sad fate,
 and die in grief and pain,
 Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride
 in the foreign lands of Spain.

COUSIN EMMY'S BLUES (trad.)
 Side 2, Band 5.

Ann: lead vocal.
 Christina: harmony.

First sung in the Appalachian mountains,
 this song was taught to me by the Patons. I
 first heard them sing it back in the '60's.
 My daughter, Christina, began singing it with
 me when she was still a little girl. I was
 proud of her, of course, for making up the
 wonderful harmony that she sings. I sometimes
 even have trouble distinguishing our voices.
 Singing with my daughter has always been one
 of the great rewards of my life.

Come all you Virginia girls and listen
 to my noise.
 Don't you court no West Virginia boys.
 If you do, your fortune will be
 Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea,
 Johnnycake and venison and sassafras tea.

When they come a-courting, well, I'll tell
 you what they'll wear:
 Long black coat, just about to tear,
 Old straw hat, more brim than crown,
 A pair of woolen socks they wear the
 whole year 'round,
 A pair of woolen socks they wear the
 whole year 'round.

When they come a-courting, well, I'll tell
 you what they'll say:
 First they'll say, "Did your daddy shoot
 a bear?"
 Then they'll say, when they sit down,
 "Honey, can you bake your johnnycake brown?
 Honey, can you bake your johnnycake brown?"

(repeat first verse)

GEORDIE (trad.)
 Side 2, Band 6.

Ann: harp and flute.
 Gordon: 'cellamba.
 Christina and Ann: chorus vocals.

Caroline Paton taught me this beautiful
 version of "Geordie." It tells of enduring
 love and harsh injustice. Gordon's 'cellamba
 and the flute are used to convey a feeling of
 solemn, liturgical ceremony, because our sym-
 pathies are all with Geordie.

As I walked out o'er London Bridge,
 One misty morning early,
 I thought I heard a fair young maid
 Lamenting for her Geordie.

"Go saddle me my milk-white steed,
 The black one's not so speedy,
 That I may ride to yon castle fair
 To plead for the life of Geordie."

She's taken out her silken purse,
 The like I've ne'er seen any,
 Saying, "Lawyers, come and fee yourselves,
 For I'll spend every penny."

Then Geordie spoke, and thus he said,
 "I've never murdered any.
 I stole sixteen of the king's white steeds,
 And sold them in Bohenny."

The judge, he looked down on him,
 He said, "Young man, I'm sorry,
 But thy own confession's hanged thee.
 Thy Lord have mercy on thee."

He's walked down the lined streets;
 He's bade farewell to many.
 He's bade farewell to his own true love,
 Which grieved him more than any.

"Let Geordie be hanged with a golden chain;
 His crimes were never many.
 He was born of royal blood
 And courted a virtuous lady."

"I wish I was on yonder hill,
 Where kisses I've had often.
 I'd stab myself on the point of a knife
 Beside my lover's coffin."

LOVE IT LIKE A FOOL (Reynolds, ASCAP)
Side 2, Band 7.

Ed: 6-string.

Gordon: 12-string and 'cellamba.

The folk process has already begun with this song. Over the past fifteen years, I have unintentionally forgotten or changed a word here and there. I'm sure that Malvina wouldn't mind. Just to keep the record straight, I have listened again to one of her recordings and have taken care to write the lyric exactly as she sings it.

Back in 1961, Malvina Reynolds came to the studio in New York where I was recording my first album. She came because I was singing three of her songs (which, I'm pleased to say, she liked very much). After that, she remained a friend, and a woman I admired very much. I sing this in memory of her.

Baby, I'm not afraid to die;
It's just that I hate to say goodbye
To this world, this world, this world.
This old world is mean and cruel;
Still I love it, just like a fool,
This world, this world, this world.

I'd rather go to the corner store
Than sing hosanna on that golden shore.
I'd rather live on Parker Street
Than fly around where the angels meet.

Oh, this old world, it's all I know.
It's dust to dust when I have to go
From this world, this world, this world.

Somebody else will take my place,
Some other hands, some other face.
Somebody else will look around
And find the things I never found.

Don't weep for me when I'm gone,
Just keep this old world moving on,
This world, this world, this world.