

Fashioned in the Clay



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS INC. FSI-104



FOLK-LEGACY FSI-104

Fashioned in the Clay

GORDON BOK
ANN MAYO MUIR
ED TRICKETT



This is the fifth album Folk-Legacy has produced of Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir, and Ed Trickett, and, in our opinion, it is as fine as any they have ever recorded. It's release also represents an anniversary for the trio, celebrating ten years of making music together, years during which their music has continued to grow, discovering ever greater strengths.

And what a fine collection of songs and tunes they have for us this time! Songs of continuity and hope such as "Fashioned in the Clay" and "Tree of Life," two lyrical songs of western cattle drives (one American, one Australian), a great classic ballad, a humorous trans-Atlantic medley, and two beautiful instrumentals. One can almost feel the chilly fog in "John," Larry Kaplan's stark New England vignette, and the record closes with the enchanted "John of Dreams," a wonderfully soothing collaboration by Bill Caddick and Pete Tchaikovsky.

For many of you, this trio needs no introduction, so we need to say no more than that we are proud to have brought their music to you.

Enjoy!

*Sandy and Caroline Paton
Sharon, Connecticut
August, 1985*

This recording is also available as a cassette — Folk-Legacy C-104

SIDE 1

Fashioned in the Clay (© Elmer Beal, Jr.)	4:31
John (© Larry Kaplan, BMI)	4:21
Carrion Crow/Barbagal (Trad./© Canto Vivo)	4:13
Barley Rising (Trad./© Gordon Bok, BMI)	2:46
Johnny Stewart, Drover (© Chris Buch, Talunga Music)	6:03

SIDE 2

Tree of Life (© Eric Peltoniemi; Arr: Ed Trickett, BMI)	3:31
Carolan's Concerto (P.D.)	3:35
Yarrow (Trad.)	5:36
Night Rider's Lament/Evening Waltz (© Mike Burton, BMI/© Sandy Paton, BMI)	4:34
John of Dreams (© Bill Caddick, Tchaikovsky)	5:18

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Front cover photograph by Sandy Paton
Busts by Ellen Vincent
Back cover photograph by Ellen Vincent
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz

For copyright and publishing information on the individual songs, see enclosed booklet. Please address all inquiries to Folk-Legacy Records.

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FSI-104



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Sharon, Connecticut 06069
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AN APPRECIATION

This is the fifth album we have produced of the music of Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir, and Ed Trickett, and its release coincides with the tenth anniversary of their performing together as a trio. This, then, would seem to be an appropriate time for us to express our personal appreciation of them as artists, and our affection for them as friends.

Our relationship with them as individuals goes back even more than ten years. Ed was a participant in the original Golden Ring, an album we produced in 1964. Gordon's first solo album for Folk-Legacy was released in 1970, and he first brought Ann Mayo Muir to record with him in 1972. However, their first album as a trio, Turning Toward the Morning, was released in 1975; thus, Fashioned in the Clay celebrates a full decade of our work with them as "TBM." Their remarkable collaboration has given us all a lot of wonderful music to enjoy, and we are proud to have played a part in bringing it to you.

And so, to Gordon, Ann, and Ed: a warm "thank you" for your music, and for your valued friendships. We are looking forward to the next decade, and to the exciting projects it will surely bring.

Sandy and Caroline Paton
Lee B. Haggerty

Sharon, Connecticut
September, 1985

FASHIONED IN THE CLAY

FASHIONED IN THE CLAY

Copyright (c) 1983 by Elmer Beal, Jr.
Side 1, Band 1.

Elmer Beal is from Blue Hill, Maine. He's a farmer, woodcutter, educator and musician, and a maker of fine songs. He's also a member of Maine's favorite acoustic group, "Different Shoes."

Elmer says he wrote this for his wife, Carole, a potter, inspired by the optimism in her work, at the time it takes between starting the job and seeing the results. (GB)

When it seems that everyone is worried
for themselves,
Buying plans for fallout shelters,
stocking up the shelves,
Living in the fast lane, and staying
high at night,
Thinking that by accident we'll blow
out all the lights;

Look, now, at the potter whose wheel
is spinning 'round,
Shaping with her hands the past and
future from the ground:
Cups that will be filled and drunk, so
warm in wintertime,
Plates and bowls for dinner served with
candlelight and wine:

She believes, she believes,
By her work it's so easy to see
That the future is more than the
following day,
It's fashioned securely in the clay.

Look now at the farmer working in
his field,
Hoping that the sun and rain will
guarantee his yield.
Like the seed the wind has blown to
unfamiliar ground,
He waits to see what fate will bring as
each year rolls around.

He believes...

Elsewhere, there are lovers in a warm
embrace,
Happy with their plans to carry on the
human race.
Now the baby cries and wonders if it's
all alone;
Softly, voices reassure: there'll always
be a home.

They believe...

So, if you had been worried that tomorrow
wouldn't come,
Look to see the ones whose lives are
following the sun.
And the hope that springs so clearly
from the work they do
Will spread a little further when it
finds a place in you.

We believe, we believe,
By our work it's so easy to see
That the future is more than the
following day,
It's fashioned securely in the clay.

JOHN

Copyright (c) 1976 ("New England's Cold Waters")
by Larry Kaplan, Winter Harbor Music, BMI.
Side 1, Band 2.

Larry is now a children's doctor in Boston.
He worked on some of the same vessels I did,
and wrote many fine songs about them.

This is about a friend of ours who devoted
his life to a schooner he loved (not his own).
He stayed with her summer and winter over the
years, while we part-time sailors went our
various ways when the year got dark. (But
having wintered in this harbor myself, I can
vouch for every word of this song.)

The idea for the song came one late autumn,
when Larry had made the agonizing decision to
leave the boats forever and go on with medicine,
and he saw John down on the docks in the fading
light, staring around at the boats with their
covers on, making the old decision all over
again. (GB)

Gordon: 12-string guitar (Arr. G. Bok)

Foggy harbor,
Cold and wet and not a soul,
The boats are lying crooked in the mud.
All about the sounds of life are chilled
and distant;
The kerosene lamps flicker in the night.

Rub your hands together, pull your
collar up,
We'll drink another round before the
night is done.
Then it's to your chances, boys,
Soon we'll all be leaving,
And not a word about the times to come.

John comes home to his old boat, all alone.
(He's got his stocking-cap pulled down
around his ears.)
Ten years going and he's worked his hands
to stone and leather,
Tonight he says he's got to get away.
Busted broke, no place to go, that's what
he says you get
For putting all your time into the sea,
Then a man gets old, he says,
Too late to settle down, he says,
Too late to find a place for company.

Rub your hands together...

Hear the hulls a-creaking hard against the
rocky bottom,
Hear the hungry, lonesome singing gulls.
Curse those winter winds,
The empty dreams that took you in:
When you're young enough, you never get
your fill.
Turn your lanterns up, and throw the big
hatch open wide:
No man is a stranger in the cold.
Throw another log into the stove; the night
is young enough,
And good friends keep a man from getting old.

Rub your hands together, pull your
collar up,
We'll drink another round before the
night is done.
Then it's to your chances, boys,
Soon we'll all be leaving,
And not a word about the times to come.

CARRION CROW

Traditional.

BARBAGAL

*Tune: trad.; words copyright (c) by Canto Vivo.
Side 1, Band 3.*

I hadn't sung "Carrion Crow" for some time until Gordon came up with "Barbagal," which is sung to the same tune. "Carrion Crow" can be interpreted as a whimsically sad little piece in its own right, or as a thickly veiled reference to specific historical characters and events unknown to me. In either interpretation, it has a good chorus.

I learned the song from George Ward, he from Michael Cooney, who, I believe, got it from Dorothy and Derek Elliott. My knowledge of genealogy stops there, although other versions are found in a variety of sources, including Sharp's *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. Lynn Hickerson sings a version from Lomax's *Folk Songs of North America* on Folk-Legacy's *Five Days Singing*, Vol. II (FSI-42). (ET)

By the way, I omitted two verses that I learned from George (they would be verses 5 and 6):

"Oh," said the tailor, "I care not a mouse;
We'll have black pudding, chitterlings and
souse."

"Oh," said his wife, "you're a silly old
goose,
To kill your old sow and care not a mouse."

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
With a ling dong dilly dol ki row me,
Called for a tailor to make him a cloak,
With a ling dong dilly dol ki row me.

Hey fa lero, gil fin a gero
Hey fa lero, gil fin a gay,
Up jumped John, ringing on his bell,
With a ling dong dilly dol ki row me.

"Wife, oh wife, hand me my bow
That I may shoot yon carrion crow."

The tailor shot and he missed his mark;
Shot his old sow bang through the heart.

"Wife, of wife, bring me brandy in a spoon;
The old sow's fallen down in a swoon."

Well, the old sow died and the bells did toll;
The little pigs squealed for the old sow's
soul.

Mauro Quai, a friend from Italy whom we've never met, has been trading tapes and albums with me for many years. (He also writes very flattering reviews of Folk-Legacy artists in Italian Rock magazines, with undiminished courage.) He encourages acoustic music in many different ways; he's another bridge-builder between cultures and their people, and there's no adequate way to thank a person 'for' that.

It was because of Mauro that we heard the fine Italian group "Canto Vivo" (from the Piedmont) and learned this song. "Canto Vivo" has this to say about this version:

"The meaning of this song, of whose text we are the authors, resides in the old proverb found in the last verse... a typical example of ironic piemontese nonsense. We believe it is possible to enjoy folk culture without 'bowler hat and briefcase,' but conceding ample space for simple amusements."

So Ed, Ann, and I, who knew we had sung this song before, somewhere, set about tracking it down... with bowler and briefcase in hand. Help was as close as the Patons.

Our thanks to the great Italian painter, Imero Gobbato (now of Camden), for his patience in helping with translations and many other guidings in many fields. (GB)

(Piemontese)

Barbagal l'e andait l'era ancora neuit
Dilidin don dilidon - povra mi!
co'l bonet an sj'euji l'e monta a caval
dilidin don dilidon - povra mi!

e folli folla follero
e follero 'llero 'lle
oh bon om, Barbagal povr om
dilidin don dilidon - povra mi!

con le braje curte e co'l pinton an man
a crijava a tuta forsa: "son un rabadan"

sel cioche la neuit a fasia 'n ciadel
a crijava fort: "i son mi 'l pi bel"

Quandi che 'l Monvis a l'ha 'l capel
o ch'a fa brut o ch'a fa bel

("Straight" Italian)

Barbagal e partito che era ancora notte
Dilidin don dilidon - povera me!
con is berretto sugle occhi e montato a
cavallo
dilidin don dilidon - povera me!

e folli folla follero
 e follero 'llero 'lle
 oh buon uomo, Barbagal pover uomo
 dilidin don dilidon - povera me!

con i calzone corti e con il bottiglione
 in mano
 urlava a tutta forza: -sono un "rabadan" (*)

Sul campanile la notte faceva baccano
 urlava forte: -sono io il piu bello!-

Quando il Monviso ha il "cappello" (di
 nuvole)
 o fara brutto o fara bello

(*) modo di dire piemontese per indicare un
 uomo tra lo strano e il buono a nulla.

(Translation)

Barbagal has gone out and it's still night
 Dilidin don dilidon, oh dear me!
 With his hat down on his eyes, he's climbing
 on a horse
 Dilidin don dilidon, oh dear me!

E folli folla follero
 E follero 'llero 'lle
 Oh, good man, Barbagal, poor man,
 Dilidin don dilidon, oh dear me!

With only his shorts on and the great bottle
 in his hand
 Howling with all his might: "I'm a rascal!" (*)

On the bell tower at night, he was making
 an uproar
 He was shouting loudly: "I'm the most
 beautiful!"

When the Monviso has a hat (of clouds)
 It will be bad or good (the weather)
 (You can't tell what the weather will be)

(*) Rabadan: Piedmont idiom. Halfway between
 a funny man and a good-for-nothing. Hence
 "rascal."

BARLEY RISING

"Wind that Shakes the Barley" - traditional.
 "Rising Theme," "Summer-Song," "Ho Ro, the Wind
 and Snow" - Copyright (c) 1985 by Gordon Bok.
 Side 1, band 4.

"Wind that Shakes the Barley," the first tune
 played here, is so traditional to my area that
 all of us can find scraps of it under our finger-
 nails after a contradance. It is followed, here,

by "Rising Theme" (which the flute insinuates
 as a harmony to "Barley" and that Ed and I come
 around to following, eventually), "Summer-Song,"
 and part of "Ho Ro, the Wind and Snow," a tune
 of mine which has words of many people's making,
 and which started as a toast to schooner-boats
 that had survived a hundred years -- so far.

The three tunes of my own were cobbled to-
 gether as background for the film *Coaster*, by
 Jon Craig Cloutier, about the schooner *John F.*
Leavitt. Ed, Ann, and I were a lot of the
 musicians in the sound-track. (GB - ed. SP)

JOHNNY STEWART, DROVER
 Words and music by Chris Buch
 Copyright (c) Talunga Music Pty. Ltd.
 Side 1, Band 5.

Kel Watkins, of Western Australia, sent me
 quite a lot of Australian things, just out of
 the love of sharing what he loved. This was
 among them, and when I finally met him in
 Toronto, he said, "Out of all those songs, I
 bet I know which one you chose," -- and he was
 right. Bloodwood said of the author: "Chris
 Buch, a mate of ours from Mt. Isa (sometimes
 referred to in hushed tones as "Father Folk"),
 spent some time with Johnny Stewart, droving.
 From the experience came this outstanding song."
 Buch is pronounced "Buck," I'm told. (GB)

The mob is dipped, the drive is started out,
 They're leaving Rockland's dusty yards (*)
 behind them.
 The whips are cracking and the drovers shout;
 Along the Queensland stock-routes you will
 find them.

Droving days have been like this for years;
 No modern ways have meant their days are
 over.
 The diesel-road-trains (**) cannot know the
 steers,
 Or walk them down like Johnny Stewart,
 drover.

On the banks of the Georgina and down
 the Diamantina
 To where the grass is greener, down by
 New South Wales,
 Johnny Stewart's roving, with mobs of
 cattle droving.
 His life story moving down miles of
 dusty trails.

(*) Sung "sheds" - wrong.

(**) Road-trains = trucks.

The cook is busy by the campfire light,
Above the fire a billy gently swinging.
The mob is settled quietly for the night,
And Johnny's riding slowly 'round and
singing.

Johnny doesn't spend much time in town,
Impatient for the wet to be over;
Most of the year he's walking cattle down;
The stock-routes are home to Johnny
Stewart, drover.

(chorus)

Dawn will surely find another day;
Sun still chasing moon — never caught her.
The morning light will find them on
their way,
Another push to reach the next water.

(chorus)

They're counted in now; Johnny's work is
done,
And fifteen hundred head are handed over.
It's into town now for a little fun
And a beer or two for Johnny Stewart,
drover.

(chorus)

TREE OF LIFE

Copyright (c) by Eric Peltoniemi;
Arr. Ed Trickett, BMI.
Side 2, Band 1.

Last year in Minneapolis, I had the opportunity to see a wonderful play entitled *Plain Hearts: Songs and Stories of Midwestern Prairie Women*, performed by a seven woman cast. Its producer, Lynn Lohr, wrote the following about the play:

"Behind the seven women on stage, who are the Plain Hearts Band, stand thousands of other women. They are our prairie mothers and grandmothers and their single women friends — farm women all. They stand in the sun, in the dry wind, and in the blessed rain after a drought. Some of them are holding flowers in their hands, lilacs or humble cosmos or yellow bush roses. Some are carrying pails of eggs or milk, some are carrying children. They are not very well dressed. They are wearing work clothes. They are all beautiful. They are all very proud. They have come to hear their stories again. *Plain Hearts* is offered in gratitude for their humanity, their hard work, and their humor."

Plain Hearts was written by Lance S. Belville; music and lyrics by Eric Peltoniemi. Eric wrote "Tree of Life" as part of the play, and I appreciate his willingness to allow us to record it.

The first two verses are comprised entirely of the names of quilting patterns. I first sang the song with Cathy Barton and Dave Para, who made important musical contributions to its current state. (ET)

Beggar's Blocks and Blind Man's Fancy,
Boston Corners and Beacon Lights,
Broken Stars and Buckeye Blossoms
Blooming on the Tree of Life.

Tree of Life, quilted by the lantern
light,
Every stitch a leaf upon the Tree of
Life:
Stitch away, sisters, stitch away.

Hattie's Choice (Wheel of Fortune) and High
Hosannah (Indiana),
Hills and Valleys (Sweet Woodlilies) and
Heart's Delight (Tail of Benjamin's Kite),
Humming Bird (Hovering Gander) in Honey-
suckle (Oleander)
Blooming on the Tree of Life.

Tree of Life...

We're only known as someone's mother,
Someone's daughter or someone's wife,
But with our hands and with our vision
We make the patterns on the Tree of Life.

Tree of Life...

CAROLAN'S CONCERTO

Copyright (c) 1727 by Turlough O Carolan.
Side 2, Band 2.

Learned from Al Stanley of Prince Edward Island. A delicious tune, with a hint of the classical. (I played it in the car for a friend once, and he was about to bet me that Bach had written it as a flute concerto.) Paul Schaffner and I agree it is probably the #1-most-recorded-Irish-tune in recent years, but here it is again — at a slightly slower, more savory speed.

Turlough O Carolan (1670-1738) was a blind Irish harper.

Gordon: nylon 6-string guitar
Ed: hammered dulcimer

YARROW
Traditional
Side 2, Band 3.

This is one of those oft-sung ballads (Child #215) that has a variety of good texts and tunes. The version we sing here was learned from Helen Schneyer. Helen says she learned the song in the early 1940's. Although she doesn't recall her specific source, it's very close to the version found in Mary O. Eddy's *Ballads and Songs from Ohio*. (ET)

Helen seems to have stopped singing this song a good many years ago, to our loss, so we thought to try to do it her way, if we could remember it. If this isn't exactly her way, remember that there are only three of us. (GB)

My Willy's fair, my Willy's rare,
My Willy's wondrous bonnie;
He promised he would marry me,
If ever he married any.

Any, any,
If ever he married any;
He promised he would marry me,
If ever he married any.

(Similarly:)

My Willy's to the hunting gone,
Afraid that he might tarry;
He sent a letter back to me
That he was too young to marry.

Last night I had a dreadful dream,
'Twas full of pain and sorrow,
I dreamt I was pulling the heather so green
High upon the banks of the Yarrow.

She wandered high, she wandered low,
High on the braes of Yarrow,
'Til right beneath a rock she found
Her true lover drowned in the Yarrow.

Her hair it was three-quarters long,
The color of it was yellow;
She's turned it 'round her Willy's waist
And she's pulled him out of the Yarrow.

(repeat first verse)

NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT

Words and music by Mike Burton
Copyright (c) 1975, Groper Music, Inc.
EVENING WALTZ
Copyright (c) 1985 by Sandy Paton, BMI.
Side 2, Band 4.

I first heard "Night Rider's Lament" from

Harry Tuft and Jack Stanesco. It's a nice statement from Mike Burton about different strokes for different folks, with a nice bite to it. In other recordings, notably that of Jerry Jeff Walker, there's a yodel at the end of the song. We opted to include an apt waltz written by Sandy Paton instead, which opens the song, provides an instrumental interlude, and closes the song. (ET)

Last night as I was riding
Graveyard shift, midnight to dawn,
Oh, the moon was as bright as a reading light
For a letter from an old friend back home.

He asked me, "Why do you ride for your money?
Why do you rope for short pay?
You ain't gettin' nowhere and you're losing your share —
Oh, you must have gone crazy out there."

He said, "Last night I run onto Jenny;
She's married and has a good life.
Oh, you sure missed the track when you never come back;
She's a perfect professional's wife.

"She asked me, 'Why does he ride for his money?
Why does he rope for short pay?
He ain't gettin' nowhere and he's losing his share —
Oh, he must have gone crazy out there.'"

But they've never seen the Northern Lights,
Never seen the hawk on the wing;
Never seen the spring hit the Great Divide,
No, they never heard old camp cookie sing.

Well, I read up the last of the letter;
I tore off the stamp for Black Jim.
And Billy come by to relieve me;
Just looked at my letter and grinned.

He said, "They ask you why do you ride for your money?
Why do you rope for short pay?
You ain't gettin' nowhere and you're losing your share —
Oh, they must be all crazy back there."

But they've never seen the Northern Lights,
Never seen the hawk on the wing;
Never see the spring hit the Great Divide,
No, they never heard old camp cookie sing.

JOHN OF DREAMS

Words: Copyright (c) by Bill Caddick.

Tune: Tchaikovsky

Side 2, Band 5.

John Murphy, of New Brunswick, Canada, first sang this for me in some dark field near our borders. Said the tune was from Tchaikovsky and the words were, more recently, from Bill Caddick, of England. (Usually it works the other way around -- those folks get their good tunes from us-folk.)

I think we (or I) missed something, a whole line, probably, in the second verse, so I covered it up by making the rover a "she." Our gratitude to all of the above.

Oh -- and if you think you're hearing "peepers" in the background, you're probably right. They were so loud the night we recorded this that no closed windows could keep them from joining us. Kind of welcome, considering the song. (GB)

When midnight comes, good people homeward tread;
Seek now your blankets and your feather bed.
Home is the rover, his journey's over.
Yield up the nighttime to old John of Dreams,
Yield up the nighttime to old John of Dreams.

Across the hills the sun has gone astray;
Tomorrow's cares are many dreams away.
Home is the rover, her journey's over.
Yield up the darkness to old John of Dreams,
Yield up the darkness to old John of Dreams.

Both Man and Master in the night are one;
All things are equal when the day is done.
The Prince and the plowman, the slave and the freeman,
All find their comfort in old John of Dreams,
All find their comfort in old John of Dreams.

Now as you sleep the dreams come winging clear;
The hawks of morning cannot harm you here.
Sleep is a river, flows on forever,
And for your boatman choose old John of Dreams,
And for your boatman choose old John of Dreams.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In the notes to his Green Linnet recording (SIF 1010), Mick Maloney writes about "John of Dreams:" "Sean Cannon was informed by Toni Savage, who studied opera and bel canto in Italy, that the tune was borrowed by the Russian composer from a southern Italian lullabye entitled 'Piva Piva.' So, in a remarkable way, the tune has come full circle."