

Minneapolis Concert

GORDON BOK
ANN MAYO MUIR
ED TRICKETT



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

FSI-110



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On Saturday and Sunday, March 21/22, 1987, Gordon, Ann and I gave two concerts at the Coffeehouse Extemporé in Minneapolis. We were joined by the 400-voice Extemporé-neous choir, as dedicated and lyrical a clanjamfrey as you'll ever find. The concerts were taped, and this, our sixth record together, is the result.

The songs well reflect the range of material that our concerts include. There are, for example, a requisite number of what Gordon has referred to as "tales of pain, death, and angst." "Rolling of the Stones," learned from Helen Schneyer, and Kipling's "The Sea Wife" see to that. But we also sing of truth ("What You Do With What You Got"), beauty ("Melora's Song"), and, yes, fun ("Waltzing With Bears"). Instrumentals and unaccompanied songs are also included. And we have a special feeling for Dan MacArthur's song "Changing Times," with Ann moving to France for the foreseeable future. With one exception, the songs have not been previously recorded by us. That exception, "Julian of Norwich," was included because the 400-voice chorus lent a magnificence that we felt should be shared.

So, here you have it—the *Minneapolis Concert*. We want to thank Jack Hayes at the Extemp for promoting the idea of a "live" album and Jill Anania for her wonderfully calm and thoughtful efforts as recording engineer. For old times' sake, we wish to express a special thanks to Steve Alarik who, for many years, helped develop and sustain the Coffeehouse Extemporé as a place for musicians and audience to come together in common cause. And, finally, a word of appreciation to the chorus, many of whom we will never know. May your voices continue to contribute to the power and pleasure of folk song. [On behalf of Gordon and Ann, thanks.]

Ed Trickett
Wheaton, Maryland
October, 1987

SIDE 1:

The Gin and Raspberry (<i>M. Curtis</i>)	3:59
Little Dan (<i>J.B. Goodenough, BMI</i>)	3:00
Penobscot Memory (<i>V. O'Donnell</i>)	4:39
The Rolling of the Stones (<i>trad.; arr: TBM, BMI</i>)	1:43
Bothwell Castle (<i>text trad.; tune R. Williamson</i>)	3:49
Waltzing With Bears (<i>D. Marxen, ASCAP</i>)	4:49

SIDE 2:

Changing Times (<i>D. MacArthur, BMI</i>)	4:34
Melora's Song (<i>S.V. Benet/F. Heath</i>)	4:17
Belfast Hornpipe (<i>trad.</i>)	2:17
The Sea Wife (<i>R. Kipling/G. Bok, BMI</i>)	2:58
What You Do With What You Got (<i>S. Kahn, ASCAP</i>)	2:52
Julian of Norwich (<i>S. Carter, ASCAP</i>)	3:44

Recorded "live" at Coffeehouse Extemporé by Jill Anania
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THE SONGS

THE GIN AND RASPBERRY
Copyright (c) Martin Curtis
Side 1, Band 1.

Larry Carpenter of Minneapolis has sent me many fine New Zealand songs over the years, from friends made while he and his wife were teaching there. This is the title song from an album Martin Curtis made with Eric McEachen and Paul Hutchings. Larry quotes from the jacket notes:

"In 1862, a group of prospectors searching for the elusive William Fox... stumbled

upon the Cardrona goldfields. Although the Cardrona goldrush was short-lived, the Gin and Raspberry mine continued on for many years, and was the richest in the valley. Legend has it that the mine acquired its name because the miners drank this particular poison when they struck an ounce of gold in a bucket of paydirt." (GB)

While hunting for Fox we first came
this way,
From Lake Pembroke township took many
long days
To cut through the bush, and we found
a new rush
With a mine called the Gin and Raspberry.

The rumors went out and the thousands
poured in;
A handful grew rich and many grew thin.
They all hoped to find their own patch
of tin
As rich as the Gin and Raspberry.

Oh, but it's hard, cruel and cold,
Searching Cardrona for nuggets of
gold.
An ounce to a bucket, and we'd all
sell our souls
For a taste of the Gin and Raspberry.

At first it was summer and we all thought
it grand;
No shirts on our backs as we sluiced and
we panned.
But then came the snow and the southern
winds blow
And there's ice in the Gin and Raspberry.

Billy McGrath, he worked hard and worked
long,
Ready to smile and to give us a song.
But then he struck gold and was found
dead and cold
Down in the Gin and Raspberry.

So, I'll work at the mine and I'll stay
out of strife;
I'll save all me time to send home to me
wife.
And when the job's done, I'll leave at
the run,
And to hell with the Gin and Raspberry.

LITTLE DAN

Copyright (c) 1983, J. B. Goodenough, BMI
Side 1, Band 2.

"Little Dan" is a charming song by Judy
Goodenough, gently breaking the news to
the children that playtime is over and bed-
time is at hand. Judy's songs are published
by Folk-Legacy Records. (AMM)

Little Dan, little Dan,
Sifting gold in an old fry pan,
You're half a baby and you're half a man,
And I'm waiting at the top of the hill,
Singing:

Come home, all my children,
Come home, that's what I said.
Dark is a-falling, hoot-owl's a-calling,
All in the wagon and home to bed.

Little Mary, little Mary,
Catching fish with a thread and a berry,
Sun's going down and your bones are
weary,
And I'm waiting at the top of the hill,
Singing:

Little Joe, little Joe,
Tracking unicorns in the snow,
You've gone about as far as you can go,
And I'm waiting at the top of the hill,
Singing:

Little Dinah, little Dinah,
Muddy overalls and a blue bandanna,
Digging a hole clear down to China,
And I'm waiting at the top of the hill,
Singing:

Four little children, too sleepy for speaking,
Long old road, old wagon a-creaking;
Three wheels turning, one wheel squeaking
Down from the top of the hill,
Singing:

PENOBSCOT MEMORY

Copyright (c) 1981, Vincent O'Donnell
Side 1, Band 3.

Two years back, Dave Para and Cathy
Barton sent Ed a tape of music they'd heard
on the West Coast; this tune was on it with-
out name or names of the musicians. When
Ed played it for us, we loved it and learned
it on the spot.

Later, we played it in New Haven, asking
if anyone at the concert knew who made it,
and we were told it was by Vince O'Donnell
and it was about Penobscot Bay — where I
grew up.

At the end of the tour, I brought it home
with great glee, only to find that Nick Apol-
onio and George Fowler were already playing
it, with name and author attached. Turns
out that Nancy Mattila, from the next town,
had introduced me to Vince on the very week
of the sailing trip which had inspired the
tune.

We record it here with Vince's kind per-
mission; he says he's glad the tune finally
found its way back to the bay, even though
it did take the long way around. (GB)

THE ROLLING OF THE STONES

Traditional, arr. copyright (c) 1987, TBM, BMI
Side 1, Band 4.

This version of Child ballad #49 I learned from Helen Schneyer a number of years ago. While the text leaves some aspects of the story to the imagination, Joe Hickerson, at the Library of Congress, reports that some scholars have interpreted the ballad as describing an incestuous relationship between Susie and her brother. One can't tell that from Helen's text. Regardless, it's a chilling song of mystery, magic, and love. (ET)

Will you go to the rolling of the stones,
The tossing of the ball,
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
Dance among them all?

Will you drink of the blood,
The white wine and the red,
Or will you go and see pretty Susie
When that I am dead?

They had not danced but a single dance,
Nor half the hall around,
When the sword that hung from her
brother's side
Gave him a dreadful wound.

They picked him up and they carried
him along
And laid him there on the ground,
And there he lay till the break of day,
Nor made no single sound.

Susie charmed the birds from the sky,
The fish from out the bay,
And she lay all night in her true-lover's
arms,
And there was content to stay.

(repeat first verse)

BOTHWELL CASTLE

Text, p.d.; tune copyright (c) R. Williamson
Side 1, Band 5.

I learned this many years ago from Nick Apollonio, who learned it from an album by the Corrie Folk Trio with Paddie Bell. The poem was written in the mid-nineteenth century by William Cameron; the melody is a new one written by Roy Williamson. In the notes to the Corrie's album, W. Gordon Smith wrote: "The ballad seems not only to be mourning the death of the last of the

great family of Douglas, one of the noblest names in Scottish history, but also the passing of an old way of life, the old culture of Scotland." (GB)

Old Bothwell Castle, ages gone
Have left thee mould'ring and alone,
While noble Douglas still retains
Thy verdant halls and fair domains.

Oh, where are now thy martial throng,
Thy feasting hoard and thy midnight songs?
Bold warriors all who lined thy walls
Will rise no more when battle calls.

No Saxon foe may storm thy walls
Nor riot in thy regal halls;
Long, long has left bold Wallace's shade,
Aye, and broken now his battle blade.

Old Bothwell Castle's ruined towers
Stand lone among yon woody bowers;
Old ivy binds her mould'ring walls,
Aye, and ruin reigns in Bothwell's halls.

WALTZING WITH BEARS

Copyright (c) 1986, Dale Marxen; published
by Tomorrow River Music, ASCAP
Side 1, Band 6.

The story behind this delightful song is a complicated one. In 1967, Dr. Seuss published "My Uncle Terwilliger" in *The Cat in the Hat Songbook*, with piano score and guitar chords by Eugene Poddany. Inspired by this song, Dale Marxen wrote "Waltzing With Bears," but when he tried to copyright it as an adaptation of the Seuss song, the copyright office told him that it was NOT an adaptation, but, rather, it was a NEW song. He then applied for and was granted a copyright on the song recorded here. Tomorrow River Music, P.O. Box 165, Madison, WI 53701, is the publisher. The new song has been a big hit with many of our friends who have asked us to include it on an album, so here it is. (AMM)

Wa-wa-wa-waltzing, waltzing with bears,
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy
bears, too.

There's nothing on earth Uncle Walter
won't do,

So he can go waltzing, wa-wa-wa-waltzing,
So he can go waltzing, waltzing with
bears.

I went upstairs in the middle of the
night,
I tiptoed in and I turned on the light,
But, to my surprise, there was no one
in sight.
My Uncle Walter goes dancing at night.

I gave Uncle Walter a new coat to wear.
When he came home, he was covered
with hair.
Lately I've noticed several new tears.
I'm sure Uncle Walter goes waltzing
with bears.

We told Uncle Walter that he should be
good
And do all the things that we said he
should.
But I know he'd rather be out in the
woods.
I'm afraid we might lose Uncle Walter
for good.

We begged and we pleaded, "Oh, please,
won't you stay?"
We managed to keep him at home for a
day,
But the bears all barged in and took
him away.
Now he's dancing with pandas
And he can't understand us.
The bears all demand at least one dance
a day.

(chorus is sung twice at the end)

CHANGING TIMES

Copyright (c) 1985, Dan MacArthur, BMI
Published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Side 2, Band 1.

Dan lives in the woods of Vermont, and
tends them, sugaring, building houses from
them. He works the fields around him, and
cares for them as only a person could who
plans to pass their bounty on to another
generation. I've seen this: the things those
MacArthurs touch (our hearts included) tend
to bloom and grow because of their caring.

And as though that weren't enough, oh,
my word, you should hear them sing. (GB)

(first chorus:)

The grasses grow tall
Until the hay it is mown,
Then the fields lie still
Till the new seed is sown.

Many children standing here
Have watched the grass wave in the
wind;
We're the ones who stand here now,
But many others will again.

Long, long ago these fields,
And the crops that they grew here,
Might decide a family's fate
For another coming year.
Like the grasses that grow tall
And get cut down for the hay,
So generations moved in here,
Made their mark and moved away.

(second chorus:)

And the fields lie still
Till the new seed is sown,
And the grasses grow tall
Till the hay it is mown.
Many children standing here
Have watched the grass wave in the
wind.
We're the ones who stand here now,
But many others will again.

After clearing off the land
And piling up their long stone walls,
They walked miles for the seed,
Then they hoped the good rains fall.
And when the rains come down right
And all the crops grow tall and strong,
Families had enough to eat
For another winter long.

(first chorus)

Perhaps the time will come again
When these fields will mean more,
And we'll learn to care for them
As others did so long before,
And, like the seed that's newly sown
And springs to life with sun and rain,
People's lives may grow to know
The value of these fields again.

(second chorus)

We're the ones who live here now,
But many others will again.

MELORA'S SONG

Copyright (c) S. V. Benet/Fenno Heath
Side 2, Band 2.

I first heard this from Molly Scott in the
1960's. It's from Stephen Vincent Benet's
John Brown's Body. Melora Vilas has taken

in a wounded Yankee soldier, Jack Elliott, nursed him back to health and, when he leaves to return to the war, she is carrying their child. The poem was put to music by Fenno Heath, long-time director of the Yale Glee Club. I taught Ann the song in 1963, and she has made it a real gem with her harp accompaniment. (ET)

Love came by on the river smoke
When the leaves were fresh on the trees,
But I cut my heart on the blackjack oak
Before it fell on me.

The leaves are green in the early spring;
They're brown as linsey now.
I did not ask for a wedding ring
From the wind in the bending bough.

Lightly, lightly, leaves of the wild
Fall lightly on my care.
I'm not the first to go with child
Because of the blowing air.

Cold and cold and cold again,
Cold in the blackjack's limb,
With the winds at the sky for his
sponsor-men
And a bird to christen him.

Snow down, snow down, you white
feather bird,
Snow down, you winter storm,
Where the good girl sleeps with the
Gospel word
To keep her honor warm.

Good girls sleep with their modesty;
Bad girls sleep in their shame,
But I must sleep in a hollow tree
Till my child can have a name.

I'll feed him milk out of my own breast,
And call him Whistling Jack,
And his dad will bring him a partridge
nest,
As soon as his dad comes back.

He's going to act like a hound let loose
When he comes from the blackjack tree.
He's going to walk in proud, proud shoes
All over Tennessee.

BELFAST HORNPIPE

Traditional
Side 2, Band 3.

I learned this from a recording of the

Dubliners sent to me by my psychology colleague Jerry Singer who, like me, suffers from the dual addiction to psychology and folk music. It can be found on *The Dubliners, 15 Years On*, Chyme Records, CH CP 1025). Ann plays the whistle, I hammer the dulcimer, and Gordon supplies a perceptively puckish guitar accompaniment. (ET)

THE SEA WIFE

Text: Rudyard Kipling; Tune copyright (c) 1987
Gordon Bok, Timberhead, Inc., BMI
Side 2, Band 4.

My father once sang me a song whose words were written by Rudyard Kipling. He knew Kipling as a boy (perhaps even learned the song from him) and gave me the impression that Kipling would rather have had his words sung or recited than just read from the printed page.

I'm not surprised, then, that so many musicians over the years have set his words to music (most notable recently: Peter Bellamy), as his verses so often seem to be shouting a tune in your ear as you read them.

We sing a slightly shortened version, distinctly Americanized, from the original which my stepmother, Stormy, so kindly ferreted out of her collection for me. This is what she found:

There dwells a wife by the northern gate,
And a wealthy wife is she.
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men
And sends them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water
And some in sight o' shore,
And word goes back to the weary wife
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate and gear
And hearth and garth and bield*, [shelter]
She's willed her sons to the white harvest
And that is a bitter yield.

She's willed her sons to the wet plowing,
To ride the horse of tree,
And syne her sons come back again,
Far spent from out the sea.

Rich are they in wonders seen,
But poor in the goods o' men,
For what they ha' got for the skin of
their teeth
They sell for their teeth again.

(*The version I saw said field, as we sing it)

For whether they lose to the naked skin*
Or win to their heart's desire,
They tell it all to the weary wife
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind
That makes the white ash spin,
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides,
Her sons go out and in.

Out with great mirth that do desire
Hazard of trackless ways;
In with content to wait their watch
And warm before the blaze.

And some return by failing light
And some in waking dream,
For she hears the heels of the dripping
ghosts
That ride the rough roof beam.

Home they come from all the ports,
The living and the dead;
The good wife's sons come home again
For her blessings on their head.

(*the version I saw said "knife")

Kipling was born in Bombay, 1865, and died
in 1936. (GB)

WHAT YOU DO WITH WHAT YOU GOT
Copyright (c) Si Kahn, ASCAP
Side 2, Band 5.

One of Si Kahn's most powerful songs,
this was written for the International Year
of the Handicapped. Si is able to see through
to the core of issues and writes about them
without frill or pretense. As an anthem for
those with disabilities, it's moving. As a
metaphor for us all, it's elegant. (ET)

Well, you must know someone like him,
Tall and strong and lean,
Body like a greyhound,
With a mind so sharp and keen.
But his heart, just like a laurel,
Grew twisted on itself
Till almost everything he did
Brought pain to someone else.

It's not just what you're born with,
It's what you choose to bear;
It's not how large your share is,
But how much you can share.
And it's not the fights you dream of,
But those you really fought.
It's not just what you're given,
It's what you do with what you got.

For what's the good of two strong legs
If you only run away,
And what good is the finest voice,
If you've nothing good to say?
What good are strength and muscle,
If you only push and shove?
What's the use of two good ears,
If you can't hear those you love?

Between those who use their neighbors
And those who use a cane,
Between those in constant power
And those in constant pain,
Between those who run to evil
And those who cannot run,
Tell me, which ones are the cripples
And which ones touch the sun?

(repeats last line of final chorus)

JULIAN OF NORWICH
Copyright (c) Sydney Carter, ASCAP
Side 2, Band 6.

Julian, according to Sydney Carter, who
wrote this song, 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. It is said that Julian
spoke to her God in a vision, asking why
evil was necessary in the world. In reply,
she was told that it was indeed necessary,
but that "All will be well; all manner of
things shall be well."

I must paraphrase this, because I loaned
my book about Julian to someone. But, in
one of her visions, her discussions with her
God, she reported that: He did not say you
would not be assailed; He did not say that
you would not be belabored; He did not say
you would not be travailed. He did say you
would not be overcome.

That alone is a help in these years. (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....

Ring for the yellow daffodil,
The flower in the snow.
Ring for the yellow daffodil
And tell them what I know.

Ring out....

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

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....

All shall be well....

THE GIN AND RASPBERRY:

Gordon - Bell 12-string & vocal
Ann - flute & vocal
Ed - 12-string & vocal

LITTLE DAN:

Gordon - 12-string & vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - 6-string & vocal

PENOBSCOT MEMORY:

Gordon - classical guitar
Ann - flute
Ed - hammered dulcimer

THE ROLLING OF THE STONES:

Gordon - vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - vocal

BOTHWELL CASTLE:

Gordon - cellamba & vocal
Ann - flute & vocal
Ed - hammered dulcimer

WALTZING WITH BEARS:

Gordon - 12-string & vocal
Ann - Bell & vocal
Ed - 6-string & vocal

CHANGING TIMES:

Gordon - 12-string & vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - 6-string & vocal

MELORA'S SONG:

Gordon - cellamba
Ann - harp & vocal
Ed - 6-string

BELFAST HORNSPIPE:

Gordon - classical guitar
Ann - whistle
Ed - hammered dulcimer

THE SEA WIFE:

Gordon - vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - vocal

WHAT YOU DO WITH WHAT YOU GOT:

Gordon - 12-string & vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - 6-string & vocal

JULIAN OF NORWICH:

Gordon - 12-string & vocal
Ann - vocal
Ed - hammered dulcimer & vocal