

Gordon Bok

ensemble

FOLK-LEGACY FSL-112





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SIDE 1:

Old Zeb (<i>Kaplan, BMI</i>)	4:35
Mo Nighean Donn (<i>Trad. Hebrides</i>)	4:07
Re Gilardin (<i>Trad. N. Italy</i>)	5:21
Vasija De Barro/Para Pelusa (<i>Trad. Ecuador/Milchburg</i>)	4:18
Banks of Newfoundland (<i>Trad. Canadian</i>)	2:49
The Brean Lament (<i>Trad. English/Arr. G.Bok, BMI</i>)	3:47

SIDE 2:

Song for the Mira (<i>MacGillivray</i>)	4:10
Love Lie Beside Me/Morgan Megan (<i>Trad./O'Carolan</i>)	3:55
Easy Flowing River (<i>Clayre</i>)	3:25
Weary of the Darning (<i>Windwick</i>)	3:18
Tatati (<i>Alvarez</i>)	3:55
Little Fishy (<i>Trad. Australian</i>)	3:00
Kol Slaven Nash (<i>Trad. Russian/Arr. G.Bok, BMI</i>)	3:18

This is a collection of songs that almost got away. I've known most of them for many years, but they needed other hands and other voices to make them come clear.

The last few years, however, have brought a great musical energy to my part of Maine, people with the love and skill to tackle any kind of music and bring it to life.

My thanks, then, to Joanmarie Osier and the Midcoast Consort and to all those gallant refugees from the February Tapes, the Quasi Modal Chorus and Trash Band and the Small World-Orchestra, for helping to give these songs a good home.

Gordon Bok
Camden, Maine
July, 1988

Recorded (in Belfast and Camden, Maine) by Bruce Boege, LIMIN' MUSIC
Jacket design and photographs by Ellen Vincent

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GORDON BOK - "ENSEMBLE"

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Recorded (in Belfast and Camden, Maine) by Bruce Boege, LIMIN' MUSIC
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Sharon, Connecticut 06069

GORDON BOX - "EMERALD"

This is a collection of songs that almost got away. I've known most of them for many years, but they needed other hands and other voices to make them come alive.

The last few years, however, have brought a great musical energy to my part of Maine, people with the love and skill to tackle any kind of music and bring it to life.

My thanks, then, to Jonathan Geller and the Midcoast Consort and to all those gallant referees from the February papers, the Great Medal Chorus and Fresh Band and the small World Orchestra, for helping me to give these songs a good home.

Gordon Box

SIDE 1:

4:15	Old Bob (Kaglan, NH)
4:07	No Mignon Don't (Newfoundland)
3:51	No Climb (Trad. N. Italy)
4:15	Vaughan de Barro (Trad. French-Quebec-Newfoundland)
3:49	Banks of Newfoundland (Trad. Newfoundland)
3:47	The Green Lament (Trad. English, Arr. G. Box, NH)

SIDE 2:

4:10	Song for the Moon (Macmillanville)
4:02	Love the Gentle Mountains (Trad. V. Carolina)
3:52	Long Running River (Chagrin)
3:18	Heavy of the Pavilion (Newfoundland)
3:12	Forest (anonymous)
3:00	Lattice (Trad. Australia)
3:18	No! Mignon Don't (Trad. Newland, Arr. G. Box, NH)

Recorded (in Maine and Canada, Maine) by Bruce Swowe, LITTLE MUSIC
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INTRODUCTION

In 1984 I decided to get some friends together to make a tape; something cheerful to give to friends as the darkness wore on into March.

It turned into an on-going project, everyone bringing songs (or friends with songs) and arranging them with every available voice, instrument and utensil. Hence the names Trash Band, Quasi Modal Chorus, Small World-Orchestra, etc. All the music had to do was take you somewhere you were not, in February. (It worked: some of us haven't been seen since, and the idea spread to other towns.)

We made them for three years, and called them the February Tapes.

The "chorus" (a loose term, here) still gets together regularly to sing any kind of music, and so do many combinations of instrumental musicians. Very few of us are professional musicians, by the way.

Quite a few of these musicians helped me to make this album; it seemed a logical thing to do with all this bounty.

To this, our friend Joanmarie Osier added her own choral and aural experience, her glorious voice and (on "The Brean Lament") her Midcoast Consort, twelve other singers just as wacky as we are, but more disciplined. Joanmarie has also been my voice teacher for the last three years, to my great relief. May we all be as true to our gifts as she is to hers.

This album has taken more than three years, and I have not regretted a moment of it. For these friends, for their lives, I am deeply grateful.

Loell Kennedy
Reeny Gilbert
Greg Marley
Anne Dodson
Carol Rohl
Jan Harmon
Christine Statler
Mary Bok
Pat Bok
Will Brown
Nancy Matilla
Carney MacRae
Bob Stuart
David Dodson
Bruce Boege
Molly Schaffler
Gordon Brott

Joanmarie Osier
Phoebe Gustavson
Neala Peterson
Judy Fricke
Janet Simmons
Janet Stoner
Kathy Brand
Jay Pendleton
Gene Oaks
Wayne Gustavson
Don Osier
Terry Bregi
George Fricke

Ann Mayo Muir
Nick Apollonio
Paul Schaffner
Beth Borgerhof
Glenn Jenks

OLD ZEB (Larry Kaplan, BMI)
Side 1, Band 1.

About a real coasting schooner and a real man.

I sailed as mate in the Alice S. Wentworth when she was 98 and 99 years old and I was 17 and 18. Early in her career she was owned and sailed by Capt. Zebulon Tilton of Martha's Vineyard, a crusty old pod-auger, whose ways spawned a whole folklore about him and his lovely schooner.

A few years after the Wentworth's death, Larry Kaplan started collecting these stories, some of which appear in his song. (All are, of course, true.) Rosie and Gertrude were Zeb's daughters.

It's hard to know who will be better remembered, Zeb or his schooner.

Gordon: Bass guitar and laud.

Bruce Boege: 6-string commentary-guitar.

I'm not tired of the wind, I'n not weary
of the sea,
But they've probably had a bellyful of a
damned old coot like me.
So I'm going ashore, and she's bound for
better days,
But I'll see her topsail flying when I
come down off the ways.

Rosie, get my Sunday shoes, Gertie get
my walking cane;
We'll take another walk to see old Alice
sail again.

If I had a nickel for every man I used to
know

Who could load three cord of wood aboard
in half an hour or so,
Who could get on sail by hauling, instead
of donkeying around (*),
I'd be the poorest coasterman this side
of Edgartown.

Any fool can work an engine; takes brains
to work a sail,
And I never see no steamer get much good
out of a gale.
You can go and pay your taxes on the
rationed gas you get,
But at least for me the wind is free, and
they haven't run out yet.

If I ever get back to her, I'll treat her
just the same;
I'll jibe her when I want to, and sail in
the freezing rain.
I'll park old Alice on the beach and go
dancing in the town,
'Cause a man that's born for hanging
probably never will get drowned.

(repeat first verse)

(*) Using a deck- or stationary-engine.

Zeb sold the schooner because he thought
his knees were giving out; turned out he had
cataracts, so his days on the water were
numbered.

MO NIGHEAN DONN (Trad. Hebrides)
Side 1, Band 2.

A classic Gaelic love song. Ken and
Priscilla Laws taped it at a ceilidhe in
Stornoway in the early 1960's, and I sang
it since then without knowing what it meant.
Finally, Doug Hunt from Boston found a printed
source and gave me a rough translation. At
least the singer has the goodness of heart to
wish his love well at the end, but some things
sure lose their glory in English.

Gordon: Vocal and cellamba; whistle.
Paul Schaffner: Hammered dulcimer.
Nick Apollonio: Fiddle.

Dh'fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn
Uam do'n Iuraidh.
Dh'fhalbh mo nighean chruinn, donn,
'Cneas mar eal' air barr thonn,
Och is och! mo nighean donn
'Dh'fhag mi-shunnd orm.

'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
An gleann cubhraidh;
'S truagh nach robh mi 's mo ghaol
Ri uisg' ann 's ri gaoith
'S fo shileadh nan craobh
Bhiomaid sunndach.

Ged tha thusa an drasd'
An Gleann Iuraidh,
Ged tha thus' ann a' tamh
Tha t'aigne fo phramh;
Agus mise gun sta
Le do ghradh ciurrta.

Bheir mo shoraidh le gradh
 Uam do'n Iuraidh,
 Bheir mo shoraidh le gradh
 Dh'fhios na h-oigh' rinn mo chradh;
 'S o'n nach math leath' mar tha
 Tha i fein tursach.

MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

My beautiful brown-haired maiden
 has gone from me to Iuraidh.
 Gone like a swan on the crest of the wave.
 Oh my brown-haired maiden,
 my joy has left me.

A pity my love and I were not in the warm glen,
 A pity we were not in the rain and the wind,
 Under the raindrops from the trees
 We would be contented.

But now it is you in the Glen Iuraidh,
 You at rest and your affection sleeping,
 And I, useless with your tarnished love.

But I will give my blessing, with love
 From me to Iuraidh,
 My blessing with love. Knowing it is not good
 With her has made my anguish and self pity.

RE GILARDIN (KING GILARDIN - Trad. N. Italy)
 Side 1, Band 3.

Mauro Quai, from Udine, Italy, has been sending me a variety of folk music for years. This powerful ballad from the North, sung here in Piemontese, is also found in other European languages, with the same basic story. I heard it from "La Ciapa Rusa" of Turin, one of my favorite groups singing traditional music today, and this version is basically theirs, with only the instrumentation changed.

As I was learning this, I realized with delight that I already knew the other voices who could sing it with me, and all were within a couple hours drive of here: Glenn Jenks as the King, Ann Dodson as the over-protective mother-in-law, and Beth Borgerhof as the daughter, the young wife of the King. I'm the narrator.

Beth plays accordion here; Ann a 'cello drone, and the double-accordion-sounding effect is my 'cellamba playing melody over the accordion.

This song was recorded by Greg Marley, and Imero Gobbato provided us with the English translation.

Re Gilardin Lu'l va a la guera
 Lu'l va a la guera a tirar di spada. (bis)

O quand'l 'e stai mita la strada
 Re Gilardin 'l 'e restai ferito

Re Gilardin ritorna 'ndietro
 Dalla sua mamma vo 'nda a morire

O tun tun tun, pica la porta
 O mamma mia, che mi son morto

O pica pian caro 'l mio figlio
 Che la to dona 'l g'a 'n picul fante

O madona, la mia madona
 Cosa vol dire ch'i sonan tanto?

O nuretta, la mia nuretta
 j g'fan 'legria al tuo fante

O madona, la mia madona
 Cosa vol dire ch'j cantan tanto?

O nuretta, la mia nuretta
 j g'fan 'legria ai soldati

O madona, la mia madona
 Disem che moda o da vestirme

Vestati ti rosso, vestati ti nero,
 Ma le brunette stanno piu bene

O Quand l'e stai 'nt l'us de la chiesa
 D'un cirighello si l'a incontrato
 Bundi bungior, an vui vedovella!

O no no no, che non son vedovella:
 'g o 'l fante 'n cuna e 'l marito in guerra

O si si si, che vui sei vedovella,
 Vostro mari l'e trei di che 'l fa terra

O tera o tera aprati 'n quatro
 Volio vedere il mio cuor reale!

La tua boca la sa di rose
 'nvece la mi la sa di terra

King Gilardin has gone to war
 Gone to war with his sword

Then, in the middle of it all,
 King Gilardin is wounded

King Gilardin then goes back again
 To his mother, to die

Knock, knock, knock, he hits the door
 Oh my mother, I am dead

Don't knock so hard, my son,
Your wife is having a little baby

Oh mother-in-law, mother-in-law,
Why are they knocking so hard?

Oh daughter-in-law, daughter-in-law,
It is the festivities for your child

Oh mother-in-law, mother-in-law,
Why are they singing so much?

Oh daughter-in-law, daughter-in-law,
They are making a feast for the soldiers

Oh mother-in-law, mother-in-law,
Tell me how I should dress

Dress in red, dress in black
But the black would be more appropriate.

When the daughter-in-law is on the threshold
of the church, she meets a young priest who
says: "Good morning, young widow."

Oh no no no, I am not a widow
I have a baby, and a husband in the war.

Oh yes, you certainly are a widow,
Your husband is in the ground three days, now.

Oh earth, earth, open up
That I may see my true love!

Your mouth tastes like roses
But mine tastes of clay.

VASIJA DE BARRO/PARA PELUSA (Trad. Ecuador/
THE EARTHEN JAR/FOR PELUSA Milchburg)
Side 1, Band 4.

Ann and I have played these tunes for many
years; we learned them from a tape a friend sent
from South America.

Someone told me that they thought "Para
Pelusa" might have been written by J. Milchburg.
Alan J. Rom wrote me from Bolivia that he had
looked all over for it there, and finally found
it on a tape by the group Urubamba — in his
own collection. (It now occurs to me that Alan
was my source for both of these tunes, in 1972.)

He found three sources for "Vasija de Barro":
the groups Inti-Illimani [Chile] and Los Chal-
chaleros [Argentina] have recorded it, as well
as Jaime Torres [Bolivia]. No wonder we liked
it so much. Thanks, Alan.

Ann Muir: Flute
Gordon: Classical guitar
Seal Child: Black bodhran

THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND (Trad. Canadian)
Side 1, Band 5.

Can't remember where this particular version
is from; I've known it for many years. I've
always pictured two old fellows in a dory,
handlining and grouching about their lot,
though the lovely old "Parlor English" they're
using belongs to a different breed and place.
(Billows, indeed.)

Gordon: Vocal and 'cellamba
Nancy Mattila: Concertina

*The springtime of the year has come,
And so we must away,
Out on the stormy Banks to go
In quest of fish to stay.*

*Where sea do roll tremendous strong,
Like mountaintops so high,
And the wild seabirds around us
In their mad career go by.*

*Out there we spend our summer months,
'Midst heavy fog and wind,
And often do our thoughts go back
To the dear ones left behind.*

*At midnight when the sky is dark
And heavy clouds do frown,
It's there we stand great danger
Of our small craft being run down.*

*And when those summer months are o'er,
We return with spirits bright,
To see our loved-ones and our wives
Who helped us in the fight.*

*From where the wild sea-billows roam,
There by cold breezes fanned,
Out on the stormy billows
By the Banks of Newfoundland.*

THE BREAN LAMENT (Trad. English)
Choral arrangement by G. Bok, BMI
Side 1, Band 6.

I found the melody and words of this song
in a little book called *The Chime Child* at the
Patons' house. The book was written by Ruth
L. Tongue, and is a collection of songs from
Somerset singers.

Apparently there was a custom in England that sailors or fisherman were not allowed to be buried in the churchyard like other folks, because the townsfolk were afraid that the sea would "come looking after them," thereby taking a considerable part of the rest of the town when it found them. So for a long time, seafaring men were buried below the hightide line. Later they relented of this practice and decided that if they only buried their boots below the hightide line the sea could find them quite easily, and be satisfied with that.

I first arranged this for chorus and handbell choir, and the Quasi Modal Chorus and the Bel-fast Handbell Choir performed it at the Rockport Folk Festival. We couldn't get a good recording of it, so I rewrote it for chorus and two dulcimers (with Paul Schaffner's help) and this recording was made in the First Church of Bel-fast with the Quasi Modal Chorus, the Midcoast Consort, and Paul Schaffner on dulcimers, Joan-marie Osier conducting.

*The waters they washed them ashore, ashore,
And they never will sail the seas no more.
We laid them along by the churchyard wall
And all in a row we buried them all,
But their boots we buried below the tide
On Severn-side.*

*The gulls they fly over so high, so high,
To see where their bodies all safe do lie;
They fly all around, and loud they do call
All over the place where we buried them all,
But their boots we buried below the tide
On Severn-side.*

Paul's reprise of "The Banks of Newfoundland" in the introduction of this piece is a holdover from the days when Glenn Jenks and I would sing "The Banks" and this song together. I still connect the two songs in my mind.

SONG FOR THE MIRA (Allister MacGillivray, 1979)
Cabot Trail Music - R. R. #2, Marion Bridge
Cape Breton, N. S. B0A 1P0.
Side 2, Band 1.

Bernie Houlihan of New Brunswick, Canada, taught this to me; he sings it with our favorite Canadian folk group, "Hal an' Tow."

It speaks well and gently to the kind of world we must keep envisioning if we are ever to bring it to be. (My apologies, Allister, for getting the last verse wrong; I copy it here from your songbook that King James sent to me.)

*Out on the Mira on warm afternoons
Old men go fishing with black line and
spoons,
And if they catch nothing they never
complain,
And I wish I was with them again.*

*As boys in their boats call to girls on
the shore,
Teasing the ones that they dearly adore,
And into the evening the courting begins,
And I wish I was with them again.*

*Can you imagine a piece of the universe
More fit for princes and kings?
I'll trade you ten of your cities for
Marion Bridge
And the pleasure it brings.*

*Out on the Mira on soft summer nights
Bonfires blaze to the children's delight.
They dance 'round the flames singing songs
with their friends,
And I wish I was with them again.*

*And over the ashes the stories are told
Of witches and werewolves and Oak Island
gold.
Stars on the riverface sparkle and spin.
I wish I was with them again.*

Can you imagine...

*Out on the Mira the people are kind —
They treat you to homebrew, and help
you unwind.
And if you come broken they'll see that
you mend.
I wish I was with them again.*

Can you imagine...

*Now I'll conclude with a wish you go well.
Sweet be your dreams, and your happiness
swell.
I'll leave you here for my journey begins;
I'm going to be with them again.*

Can you imagine...

LOVE LIE BESIDE ME/MORGAN MEGAN (Trad./O'Carolan)
Side 2, Band 2.

Nick is a delightful singer, instrumentalist and composer; he's just learning to share that outside of his circle of friends. He built the 12-string guitars I have always played, and I treasure every hour I have spent with him.

I learned "Love Lie Beside Me" from the good folks of Bellingham, Washington, and Turloch O'Carolan's "Morgan Megan" from friends in Nelson, New Hampshire.

Nikos Apollonio: Nylon 6-string guitar (of his own building)

Gordon: 'Cellamba (experimental viol-da-gamba on a 'cello body, converted by N. Apollonio)

EASY FLOWING RIVER (Alasdair Clayre)
Side 2, Band 3.

All I remember of this is Jim Couza singing it to me in a parking lot in S. E. Massachusetts many years ago. I remember that he somehow imparted the heft of the harmony to me at the same time. I've sung it off and on with Ann Muir, so the 'cellamba part here is taken from her flute harmony.

Jim said that Alasdair wrote it about the Thames River barges.

*When you come afloat before the morning gulls
And you're towing through the summer weather,
And you keep no clock but the ebb and flow,
She's a gentle, easy flowing river.*

*Oh, I've punched my way through the deep
Spring gales,
When you stand on board your barge and shiver,
And go creeping slow 'gainst the weight of
water
With the ebbtide pushing down the river.*

*And it's cold on board in the Winter's dark
And you think that the night will last
forever,
And you crouch and wait below in your cabin
'Til the dawn tide takes you down the river.*

*And I've stood on deck in the lightning
storms,
When the big waves bump the boats together,
And the thunder shakes the sea below you (*)
And you're working on the open river.*

*Well, she ebbs and flows with her rain and
oil:
When London's gone, she'll flow on forever.
To the sea and brine, to the black salt water,
She's a gentle, easy flowing river.*

(Repeat last verse)

(*) I've seen this.)

WEARY OF THE DARNING (Allie Windwick, 1979)
Side 2, Band 4.

The Orkney Islands, off the Northern end of Scotland, are a lovely, grim, windswept desolation of a place. There's nothing to stop the wind there, the gales are almost incessant; most of the boats are small and it would be suicide to take them out to fish on many, many days of the year.

This day, they're sitting around home and a tinker ("tinkler") comes to the door looking for free rags, so they're having some sport at his expense.

Gordon: Vocal and laud

Jan Harmon: Vocal

Paul Schaffner: Hammered dulcimer

*Here's a tinkler seekin' rags,
Seekin' rags, seekin' rags,
He begs wi' plea that never flags,
Though Collie growls a warning.
What's the use of comin' here?
We're siller-less, wi' little gear.
All the time the billows roar
Men wha fish must bide ashore.*

*So come ye back some ither day,
Ither day, some ither day.
Wur wearin' a' the rags we hae
And weary o' the darnin'.*

*Here's a man wha winnae ploo,
Winnae ploo, winnae ploo.
Ne'er a thowt tae keep a coo;
He cinno thole the farmin'. (1)
Cauld the wind wi' whistle seeks
The muckle holes in Willie's breeks. (2)
All the time the billows roar
Men wha fish must bide ashore.*

So come ye back...

*In and oot the needle flies,
Needle flies, the needle flies;
We've patches here o' sic a size,
'Twill keep her goin' 'til morning.
Gang we all wi' tattered sarks (3)
While faither's creels lie oot o' wark.
All the time the billows roar
Men wha fish must bide ashore.*

So come ye back...

(Repeat first verse)

(1) cannot abide (2) large/britches (3) shirts

TATATI (Horatio Salinas Alvarez)
Side 2, Band 5.

From yet another tape sent to me by a friend, with a lot of unidentified tunes on it. (I've loved this kind of music since friends used to bring it back from South America in the early 60's. These friends of mine who get together once a week just to play heard this and said: "Let's try that; that's beautiful!" So we did, with what we had. There were more musicians on the tape than we had, but our indomitable Will Brown decided that the tambourine (which was playing a different rhythm from the others) could, indeed, be played, so we strapped (with masking tape) a borrowed tambourine to his right foot and he played guitar with both hands and the odd rhythm with his foot — and having seen that, we were committed.

I'm not sure what the original instruments were (turns out the tape was from the ubiquitous group: Inti-Illimani; "Viva Chile"), but this is how we reconstructed it.

Gordon: Laud (A small, gourd-shaped 12-string: Canary Is./Apollonio)

Christine Statler: Flute

Carol Rohl: Black bodhran

Will Brown: Rhythm guitar and (simultaneous) foot-tambourine

Thanks to Molly Schauffler for help, and to Debbie Suran for locating the source of the tune.

LITTLE FISHY (Trad. Australian)
Side 2, Band 6.

The melody of this song is ancient; it probably was wandering the hills north of Rome before the Romans knew how to sing. It came to Northern Spain with the bagpipes of the Gallicians and went to sea with the Portuguese in the last century. Once at sea, it moved a little faster; this is mostly an Australian version that I heard Dave de Hugard sing many years ago, with a kink or two of my own.

Only part of fishing is fierce and bloody; most of it is just hanging about waiting for things, and this is delightfully typical of the kind of foolishness your head comes up with in those times.

(For the standard, or "movie" version, listen to Ed Trickett's album "The Telling Takes Me Home" — FSI-46.)

Someone remarked that this is the only song I sing with the words "yeo ho" in it.

Oh, the crew is asleep and the ocean's at rest,
And I'm singing this song to the one I love best.

Yeo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.
Yeo ho, little fishy, don't cry, don't cry.

Little fish, when he's hooked, he fights like a whale,
And he thrashes the water with his long, narrow tail.

Now the anchor is weighed and the weather is fine,
And the captain's on deck hanging out other lines.

(Yeo ho, little fish, we'll be back
bye and bye)

I'm singing this song for the one I love best,
And her picture is tattooed all over my chest.

(Yeo ho, little fishy, I'll be back
bye and bye)

KOL SLAVEN NASH (Trad. Russian)
Arrangement by G. Bok, BMI
Side 2, Band 7.

I first heard this sung at a kitchen table, probably around 1960, in New Jersey, by a group of Khalmyk (Mongolian) friends. Save for the few times we sang it in those years, I have not heard it since. I taught it (as well as I remembered) to Ed Trickett and Ann Muir, and we sang it, off and on, for many years.

Once, after we sang it in Minneapolis, Frank Kane presented me with a written version of it, which helped me "ungarble" our version.

Even the Khalmyks, most of whom spoke Russian better than English at that time, couldn't give me a full translation — "Too many very old words there," they said. (Same with every other Russian-speaker I've sung it to.)

It is attributed to Dmitri Bortnianski, who was the Court Musician to Catherine the Great, but I call it "traditional" because the Khalmyks (who are Tibetan-type Buddhists) loved it enough

to add it to their already-rich musical tradition. I thank them for the peace and joy it has given me.

I arranged it here for Quasi Modal Chorus, Bok and 'cellamba.

(My phonetics:)

KOL SLAVYEN NASH,
GAS POD F'SIDNYE
NYI MOZJET TI ZYAS NIT YIZIK

VI LIN KON VNYI
BI SACH NA TRONYE
V'BILYNKAKH NA
ZIM LI VILIK

Cho: VEZ DIEH, GAS POD
VEZ DIEH TUI SLAVYEN
V'NOZH DJI VADNYI
SIONYE RA-AVEN

Partial translation: from various friends;
a compendium:)

All over is God

All over everything

Night and day, all the same,

The friend.

to add it to their already-rich musical tradi-
tion. I thank you for the peace and joy
it has given me.

I extended it here for Great World Theatre,
and now I believe

my character.

THE PLAYERS WERE

ALL FROM THE

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CASSETTES FROM FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS:

- C-39 - "FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS" sung by Joe Hickerson and friends
- C-40 - "A TUNE FOR NOVEMBER" - Gordon Bok's first Folk-Legacy recording
- C-44 - "PETER KAGAN AND THE WIND" - Songs of the sea by Gordon Bok
- C-49 - "FRAE MY AIN COUNTRIE" - Jean Redpath's lovely album of Scottish songs
- C-51 - "MIRRORS AND CHANGES" - Bob Zentz (includes "The Ramblin' Conrad Story")
- C-52 - "I'VE GOT A SONG" - Sandy and Caroline Paton (songs for youngsters)
- C-53 - "SONGS TRADITIONALLY SUNG IN NORTH CAROLINA" - Betty Smith
- C-54 - "BAY OF FUNDY" - Gordon Bok with Ann Mayo Muir
- C-56 - "TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir
- C-61 - "THE MAN WITH A RHYME" - Archie Fisher's Folk-Legacy album
- C-65 - "DARK SHIPS IN THE FOREST" - John Roberts and Tony Barrand
- C-66 - "JUST PLAY ONE TUNE MORE" - Bill Staines' first Folk-Legacy album
- C-67 - "BEAUCATCHER FAREWELL" - Our second recording of Bob Zentz
- C-68 - "THE WAYS OF MAN" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir
- C-70 - "THE WHISTLE OF THE JAY" - A perennial favorite from Bill Staines
- C-74 - "CIDER IN THE KITCHEN" - Howie Bursen's first solo recording
- C-79 - "SEAGULLS AND SUMMER PEOPLE" - Maine humor with Capt. Kendall Morse
- C-80 - "A WATER OVER STONE" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir
- C-83 - "WORKING ON WINGS TO FLY" - Cindy Kallet's exciting debut album
- C-84 - "JEREMY BROWN AND JEANNIE TEAL" - Gordon Bok's charming Christmas story
- C-86 - "SHARON MOUNTAIN HARMONY" - Lucy Simpson, Rock Creek, etc. (gospel songs)
- C-87 - "DULCIMER HERITAGE" - Paul Van Arsdale's hammered dulcimer album
- C-88 - "ROOTS AND BRANCHES" - Lorre Wyatt's wonderful solo album
- C-91 - "WILLIE'S LADY" - Ray Fisher (Scottish songs and ballads)
- C-93 - "THE CLOCKWINDER" - Cliff Haslam (with Gordon Bok, Nick Apollonio, etc.)
- C-94 - "A ROGUE'S GALLERY OF SONGS FOR 12-STRING" - the incomparable Gordon Bok
- C-95 - "NEW ENGLANDER'S CHOICE" - Skip Gorman's New England fiddle tunes
- C-96 - "ALL SHALL BE WELL AGAIN" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir
- C-97 - "'TIS OUR SAILING TIME" - The Boarding Party (sea songs and shanties)
- C-98 - "CINDY KALLET 2" - Cindy's second album for Folk-Legacy
- C-99 - "SO GOES MY HEART" - Ann Mayo Muir (with Gordon Bok and Ed Trickett)
- C-100 - "NEW HARMONY" - Sandy and Caroline Paton sing with friends
- C-101 - "THE SECRET LIFE OF JERRY RASMUSSEN" - Jerry Rasmussen's newest album
- C-103 - "TRAIL TO MEXICO" - Skip Gorman's new album of western songs and tunes
- C-104 - "FASHIONED IN THE CLAY" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Muir
- C-105 - "ON THE WILDERNESS ROAD" - Art Thieme's delightful new album
- C-106 - "ROSE AND CROWN" - Ian Robb (with Grit Laskin and others)
- C-107 - "ON A DAY LIKE TODAY" - Cathy Barton and Dave Para's newest recording
- C-109 - "FAIR WINDS AND A FOLLOWING SEA" - The Boarding Party's second album
- C-110 - "MINNEAPOLIS CONCERT" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, and Ann Mayo Muir
- C-112 - "ENSEMBLE" - A Gordon Bok performance; solo and with choral ensembles
- C-1001 - "CLEAR AWAY IN THE MORNING" - Gordon Bok (sea songs and ballads)
- *C-1002 - "WHEN THE SPIRIT SAYS SING" - Kids' songs by Sandy & Caroline Paton
- "MOVIN' ON DOWN THE RIVER" - Cathy Barton and Dave Para's first album
- "BALLAD OF THE BOONSLICK" - Cathy Barton and Dave Para's second album
- "PEANUTBUTTERJAM" - Eileen Packard & Paul Recker's charming children's album
- "PEANUTBUTTERJAM GOES TO SCHOOL" - Eileen Packard & Paul Recker's latest
- "ARCHIE FISHER" - Archie's splendid Celtic album now available on cassette
- "COLD AS A DOG AND THE WIND NORTHEAST" - Ruth Moore ballads told by Gordon Bok
- "ANGELS IN DARING" - Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein and Michael Cicone
- "PADDLE DOWN THE RAHWAY" - A delightful solo album by Kim Wallach
- "THE SHORT SISTERS' SHORT TAPE" - Fay Baird, Kate Seeger and Kim Wallach
- "A LITTLE GRACEFULNESS" - The Short Sisters' newest recording
- "SANDSTONE CATHEDRALS" - A fine album from Bill Staines

* To be released in the spring of 1989

CASSETTES FROM FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS:

- C-35 - "FOLKSONGS AND BALLADS" sung by Joe Williamson and friends
- C-40 - "A TUNE FOR NOVEMBER" - Gordon Bok's first folk-legacy recording
- C-44 - "PETER RAGAN AND THE WIND" - Songs of the sea by Gordon Bok
- C-48 - "WEAVE MY AIN COUNTRY" - Jack Kephart's lovely album of Scottish songs
- C-51 - "WISDOM AND CHARM" - Bob Taylor (includes "The Scottish 'Concord Story'")
- C-52 - "I'VE GOT A SONG" - Sandy and Carolyn Barton (songs for youngsters)
- C-53 - "SONGS TRADITIONALLY SUNG IN NORTH CAROLINA" - Betty Davis
- C-54 - "DAY OF FIGHT" - Gordon Bok with Ann Mayo Holt
- C-55 - "TURNING TOWARD THE MORNING" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-57 - "THE MAN WITH A SHIRT" - Robbie Fisher's folk-legacy album
- C-58 - "DARK WINTER IN THE FOREST" - John Kephart and Tony Parsons
- C-59 - "JUST PLAY ONE MORE NOTE" - Bill Steiner's first folk-legacy album
- C-61 - "RENAISSANCE FIVE" - Our second recording of Ed Bokis
- C-62 - "THE WAY OF MAN" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-63 - "THE WHISTLE OF THE JAY" - A personal favorite from Bill Steiner
- C-64 - "CROWN IN THE KITCHEN" - Robbie Fisher's first solo recording
- C-65 - "REAGLES AND SUMMER PEOPLE" - Brian Jones with Capt. Ronald Jones
- C-66 - "A SATE OVER STONE" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-67 - "WORKING ON WINGS TO FLY" - Cindy Kallie's exciting debut album
- C-68 - "JERRY BROWN AND JERRY TELL" - Gordon Bok's charming Christmas story
- C-69 - "SHADOW MOUNTAIN HARMONY" - Lucy Simpson, Book Creek, Ohio (legend songs)
- C-70 - "BUTCHER HERITAGE" - Paul Van Arsdale's hammered dulcimer album
- C-71 - "ROOTS AND BRANCHES" - Larry Hyatt's wonderful solo album
- C-72 - "WILLIE'S LADY" - Ray Fisher (Scottish songs and ballads)
- C-73 - "THE CLOCKWORKER" - Cliff Neelan (with Gordon Bok, with ballads, etc.)
- C-74 - "A WOMAN'S GALLERY OF MEN FOR IS-ING" - The incomparable Gordon Bok
- C-75 - "NEW ENGLAND'S CHOICE" - John Gorman's New England fiddle tunes
- C-76 - "ALL SHALL BE WELL AGAIN" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-77 - "LET OUR SAILING BEGIN" - The haunting folk songs and ballads
- C-78 - "TIMOTHY TALKS" - Cindy's album for folk-legacy
- C-79 - "NO GOES BY NIGHT" - Ann Mayo Holt (with Gordon Bok and Ed Trickett)
- C-80 - "THE WINTER" - Sandy and Carolyn Barton with friends
- C-81 - "THE SECRET LIFE OF JERRY BROWN" - Jerry Brown's debut album
- C-82 - "TRIAL TO WINTER" - John Gorman's new album of winter songs and poems
- C-83 - "TRAVELING IN THE CRY" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-84 - "FOR THE WINTER" - Ed Trickett's delightful new album
- C-85 - "ROSE AND CORON" - Ian Watt (with Ed Trickett and others)
- C-86 - "FOR A DAY LIKE TODAY" - Carolyn Barton and John Kephart's new recording
- C-87 - "FAIR WINDS AND A WELCOME SEA" - The Gooding Party's second album
- C-88 - "MINNEAPOLIS CONCERT" - Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett, Ann Mayo Holt
- C-89 - "FIREWHEEL" - A Gordon Bok performance, solo and with others, recorded
- C-90 - "CLEAR AWAY IN THE MORNING" - Gordon Bok (new songs and ballads)
- C-91 - "WHEN THE SPINNY SAYS SING" - Ed's songs by Sandy and Carolyn Barton
- C-92 - "MUSIC ON DOWN THE RIVER" - Carolyn Barton and John Kephart's second album
- C-93 - "CALLED BY THE SCOTSLAND" - Carolyn Barton and John Kephart's second album
- C-94 - "RENAISSANCE FIVE" - Robbie's splendid Celtic album now available on cassette
- C-95 - "A TUNE FOR NOVEMBER" - John Gorman's new album of winter songs and poems
- C-96 - "THE WIND WINDS" - Cindy Kallie, Ellen Kallie and Michael Kallie
- C-97 - "THE WIND WINDS" - A delightful solo album by Ann Mayo Holt
- C-98 - "THE WIND WINDS" - A delightful solo album by Ann Mayo Holt
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