

And So Will We Yet

Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir Ed Trickett

CD-116

TBM has gone international, these days, representing three countries: Ed in Maryland, Ann in France, and I in Maine. Every practice session is, perforce, a reunion.

Getting together is difficult, but being together is always new, always a growing, and certainly an adventure.



Gordon Bok



Ann Mayo Muir



Ed Trickett

The songs keep coming faster than we can process them, and we keep finding new ways of working and being together, so these twice-annual reunions are high points of my year.

Our seventh album. I could see making a habit of this.

Thanks for being with us.

Gordon

And So Will We Yet

Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir Ed Trickett



Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. CD-116



And So Will We Yet

Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir Ed Trickett

CD-116

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. AND SO WILL WE YET (<i>Traditional with new words by Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 4:46 |
| <i>New words © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 2. I SAW HER AS SHE CAME AND WENT (<i>Bayard Rustin</i>) | 4:00 |
| 3. WILD BIRDS (<i>Jan Harmon, BMI</i>) | 4:31 |
| © 1986, Yksnidoroks Press, Camden, Maine | |
| 4. NASKEAG HARBOR (<i>Tom Judge, BMI</i>) | 3:54 |
| © 1984, Tom Judge, St. George, Maine | |
| 5. TAILS AND TROTTERS (<i>J. B. Goodenough, BMI</i>) | 3:45 |
| © 1982, J. B. Goodenough, Fox Chapel, Pennsylvania | |
| 6. HERE'S TO YOU ROUNDERS (<i>Don Lange, BMI</i>) | 4:55 |
| © 1985, Barking Spider Music | |
| 7. THE LOSS OF THE BAY RUPERT (<i>Larry Kaplan, BMI</i>) | 3:06 |
| © 1977, Winter Harbor Music | |
| 8. PAST CARING (<i>Henry Lawson/Phyl Lobl</i>) | 4:52 |
| © 1980, Phyl Lobl | |
| 9. PIPER'S REFRAIN (<i>Rich Nardin</i>) | 5:20 |
| © 1983, Bop Talk Music | |
| 10. IN YOUR EYES (<i>Anne Dodson, BMI</i>) | 4:10 |
| © 1987, Anne Dodson, Camden, Maine | |
| 11. JOHN BARLEYCORN (<i>George McKay Brown/Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 3:46 |
| <i>Melody © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 12. THE BERGEN (<i>Jez Lowe</i>) | 3:58 |
| © 1986, Fellsong | |
| 13. GÅNGLÅT FRÅN MOCKFJÄRD (<i>Traditional; Arr: Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 3:01 |
| <i>Arr: © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 14. LOCK-KEEPER (<i>Stan Rogers, PROC</i>) | 5:04 |
| © 1984, Cole Harbour Music, Ltd. | |
| 15. SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME (<i>Traditional</i>) | 3:25 |
| 16. THE BIRD ROCK (<i>Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 5:08 |
| © 1990, Timberhead, Inc. | |

Total time: 67:41

Copyright © 1990 Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Recorded by Sandy Paton

Mixed by Bok, Muir, Trickett and Paton

DAT master engineered by Bob Katz

Notes by Bok, Muir and Trickett

Cover photograph by Sandy Paton

Back photographs by Ellen Vincent

Design by Walter A. Schwarz/Graphics Unlimited

A booklet containing notes on the songs recorded on this compact disk, together with their complete texts, is available from Folk-Legacy. To obtain a copy, send \$2 to:

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

P.O. Box 1148

Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Please specify "Booklet #116."

CD-116

And So Will We Yet

Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir Ed Trickett



- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. AND SO WILL WE YET (<i>Traditional with new words by Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 4:46 |
| <i>New words © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 2. I SAW HER AS SHE CAME AND WENT (<i>Bayard Rustin</i>) | 4:00 |
| 3. WILD BIRDS (<i>Jan Harmon, BMI</i>) | 4:31 |
| <i>© 1986, Yksnidoroks Press, Camden, Maine</i> | |
| 4. NASKEAG HARBOR (<i>Tom Judge, BMI</i>) | 3:54 |
| <i>© 1984, Tom Judge, St. George, Maine</i> | |
| 5. TAILS AND TROTTERS (<i>J. B. Goodenough, BMI</i>) | 3:45 |
| <i>© 1982, J. B. Goodenough, Fox Chapel, Pennsylvania</i> | |
| 6. HERE'S TO YOU ROUNDERS (<i>Don Lange, BMI</i>) | 4:55 |
| <i>© 1985, Barking Spider Music</i> | |
| 7. THE LOSS OF THE BAY RUPERT (<i>Larry Kaplan, BMI</i>) | 3:06 |
| <i>© 1977, Winter Harbor Music</i> | |
| 8. PAST CARING (<i>Henry Lawson/Phyl Lobl</i>) | 4:52 |
| <i>© 1980, Phyl Lobl</i> | |
| 9. PIPER'S REFRAIN (<i>Rich Nardin</i>) | 5:20 |
| <i>© 1983, Bop Talk Music</i> | |
| 10. IN YOUR EYES (<i>Anne Dodson, BMI</i>) | 4:10 |
| <i>© 1987, Anne Dodson, Camden, Maine</i> | |
| 11. JOHN BARLEYCORN (<i>George McKay Brown/Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 3:46 |
| <i>Melody © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 12. THE BERGEN (<i>Jez Lowe</i>) | 3:58 |
| <i>© 1986, Fellsong</i> | |
| 13. GÅNGLÅT FRÅN MOCKFJÄRD (<i>Traditional; Arr: Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 3:01 |
| <i>Arr: © 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |
| 14. LOCK-KEEPER (<i>Stan Rogers, PROC</i>) | 5:04 |
| <i>© 1984, Cole Harbour Music, Ltd.</i> | |
| 15. SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME (<i>Traditional</i>) | 3:25 |
| 16. THE BIRD ROCK (<i>Gordon Bok, BMI</i>) | 5:08 |
| <i>© 1990, Timberhead, Inc.</i> | |

 Total time: 67:41

 Copyright © © 1990 Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
 Sharon, Connecticut 06069

Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

And So Will We Yet

CD-116

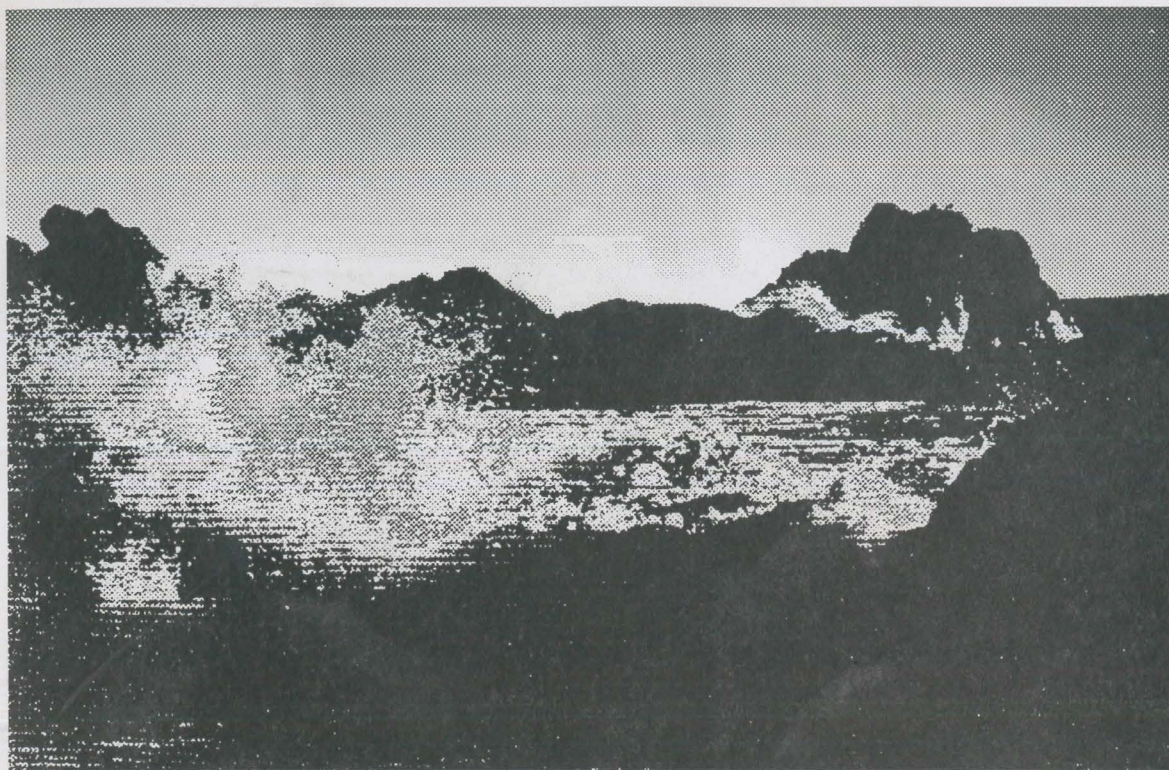
Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.

And So Will We Yet

CD-116

And So Will We Yet

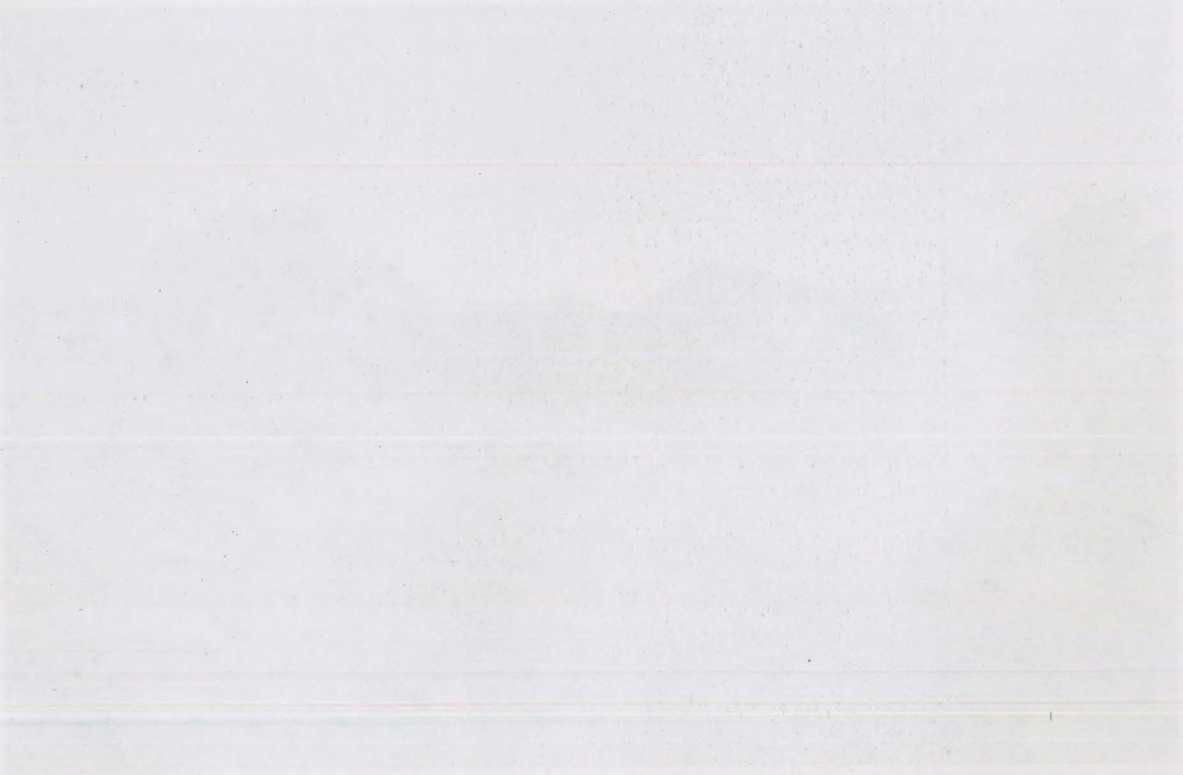
Gordon Bok Ann Mayo Muir Ed Trickett



CD-116



Copyright © 1990
Folk-Legacy Records, Inc.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069
All Rights Reserved



011471

SO WILL WE YET (trad.; with new words by Gordon Bok, BMI)

New words ©1990, Timberhead, Inc., BMI)

Side 1, Band 1.

I learned this from Anne Dodson, who heard it from John and Ellen Gawler, also of Maine. As the words sank in, I realized it was a drinking song, though Anne was not singing it that way. When I asked her why, she said it didn't *feel* like a song about booze, but more like a song about community.

So I changed a couple of words in the first three verses to comply with that feeling, and wrote the rest of the verses about the carpenter, singers, etc., picturing the particular community in which I like to spend my time.

(Anne has also recorded this on her recent album, *In Its Own Sweet Time*, with the traditional words. I accompany her on the guitar on that cut. She and I have merrily stolen songs from each other like this for many years.) [GB]

Gordon: 12-string guitar; Ed: 6-string guitar.

*Come sit down beside us and give us your chat;
Let the wind take the cares of this life off your back.
For our hearts to despondency we never will submit;
We've always been provided for and so will we yet.
And so will we yet, and so will we yet.
We've always been provided for and so will we yet.*

*Come lift up your voices so hearty or frail;
'Twill lighten your hearts and enliven the tale.
We will always be the merrier, the longer that we sit,
For we've sung together many a time and so will we yet.*

*Here's a song for the farmer who prospers the plow,
Rewarding his ardent toils all the year around.
And seedtime and harvest he always will get,
For he's left it all to Providence and so will we yet.*

*And a song for the carpenter, may patience guide your hand,
For the dearer your work to you, the longer it will stand.
And when the wind is at our door we never will forget,
We've sung your praises many a time and so will we yet.*

**And a song for the women with your voices so dear;
Field and road in sun and snow, you bring it all in here.
Your wisdom is as welcome here as is your laughter bright;
We've sung your praises many's the day, and so into the night.*

*And a song for all you singers who keep your voices clear;
Good health to you and happiness to all that you hold dear.
For the world, as you would have it be, you sing with all your wit,
And ease the work of Providence, and so will we yet.*

*So lift up your noble hearts with laughter and song,
And may your days be brighter and your nights be not so long.
For your joys were just as welcome here as woes you would forget,
And when you wept, we wept with you, and so will we yet.*

*Not sung on this recording.

I SAW HER AS SHE CAME AND WENT (*Bayard Rustin*)

Side 1, Band 2.

This was written by Bayard Rustin, the civil rights activist. I first heard this song in the early 1960's at a coffeehouse in Washington, DC. It was sung by a group of blind musicians. It's haunting, mysterious, and has been a favorite of mine since that time. I taught it to Ann shortly after I learned it and was delighted that, 28 years later, she urged us to revive it. You can hear another rendition on Harry Tuft's *Across the Blue Mountains* (Folk-Legacy FSL-63). [ET]

Ed taught this to me in 1962, nearly thirty years ago. I've loved its sadness. Often it has reminded me to say what I've felt to those I care about. A few weeks before this recording, I learned that a very dear childhood friend had died. I hadn't spoken with her in two years and her last letter to me was still waiting to be answered. I found I was singing this to her. [AMM]

Ann: harp; Ed: hammered dulcimer; Gordon: 'cellamba.

*I saw her as she came and went;
I saw her guenly, meek and mild,
As innocent as any child,
A flower among her flowers,
Among her flowers content.*

*I come again and in her place
A silence and a vacant room,
And in my heart a sudden gloom
That I no more shall see,
No more shall see her face.*

*There was a word I might have said,
But what it was I do not know.
I let the days fly by and now,
Now I must say it to,
Must say it to her dead.*

WILD BIRDS (*Jan Harmon, BMI*)

©1986, Yksnidoroks Press, Camden, Maine, BMI

Side 1, Band 3.

Jan has lived and worked and dreamed all over the place, from Maine to Mexico. Here's a song from her times in the West, her own unique view of a travelling life. (I've wondered, sometimes, if genius might just begin with always seeing the world around you as astonishing, wondrous, heartstopping. And genius she is, from her astonishing proliferation of plays, rounds, children's songs, political songs, and choral works to her endless outflowings of visual, tactile arts.) We'll never sing all she's written, though there are a few hundred of us, to date, trying.

Jan and I sing this song quite differently, which is okay by her. This version still feels a little "muscular" to me, but I know it will settle down, or settle up, as we sing it more. I'm looking forward to that. [GB]

Gordon: 12-string guitar.

*Lights flicker on in a town 'neath the mountain
Where night first comes down like a patch of black satin,
And the road seems too long between Casper and Jackson
When you're tired of travelling alone.*

*Blackthorn and cottonwood drink up the Muddy; *
Just buckwheat and sky between Cheyenne and Cody.
Like a maplewing sown under red leaves blown down,
It's time to be going back home.*

*You cross the Wind River on your way to Big Timber;
The people are friendly, the aspen is amber.
Folks sing all the choruses they can remember,
And you sleep in a room of your own.*

Blackthorn and cottonwood...

*And all by the roadside the wild birds fly
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.
...Thank Heaven for wild birds.*

*They're all dressed up in feathers with colors outrageous;
They soar from this earthly-bound kingdom of cages
On delicate wings, so small and courageous.
It's time to be going back home.*

Blackthorn and cottonwood...

*You can see the rain coming for miles down the prairie
Like a great herd of antelope, running like fury,
And you stop at a diner outside Canyon Ferry
For coffee and a taste of the town.*

Blackthorn and cottonwood...

*And all by the roadside the wild birds fly
Up out of the thistle and into the sky;
Red birds, black birds, they sing as they fly.
...Thank Heaven for wild birds.*

*They're all dressed up in feathers with colors outrageous;
They soar from their earthly-bound kingdom of cages
On delicate wings, so small and courageous...*

**"The Muddy": the Big Muddy River.*

NASKEAG HARBOR (Tom Judge, BMI)
©1984, Tom Judge, St. George, Maine
Side 1, Band 4.

Tom and I were playing tunes on a boat in Naskeag Harbor, Maine, with two anchors out, waiting for a storm from the Eastward, when he launched into a tune I hadn't heard. I thought it was an old Irish ballad, but I got suspicious when he played it a third time, and I asked him what its name was. He thought a moment and said, "Naskeag Harbor, I suppose." Things seem to come to Tom full-blown when his fiddle's happy.

He's one of those folks with whom, when you're around them, good things tend to flow in their proper place. (With Anne Dodson, Pixie Lauer, and Elmer Beal, Tom's part of the legendary "Different Shoes.") [GB]

Gordon: 'cellamba; Ed: 6-string guitar; Ann: flute.

TAILS AND TROTTERS (J. B. Goodenough, BMI)
©1982, J. B. Goodenough, Fox Chapel, Pennsylvania
Side 1, Band 5.

This song is so fresh and bright and fun that I never tire of it. [AMM] J. B. Goodenough is a nationally-acclaimed poet who takes time to write songs. Having owned a pig for many years, she speaks with authority on this particularly weighty subject. [GB]

Ann: laud; Ed: 6-string guitar; Gordon: 'cellamba

*Little piggy hollered in the middle of the night,
"Tell me now, Mama, I wanna get it right.
What'll I be when I get big?"
"Hush," said his mama, "You're gonna be a pig.*

*"That's how it is when you get older,
"You're bacon, butt and picnic shoulder.
"All my sons and all my daughters
"Are hocks and hams and tails and trotters."*

*"Oh, no," said the piggy, "That's mighty hard.
"There's more to me than loin and lard.
"I can walk and talk, I'm young and strong."
"Hush," said his mama, "Not for long."*

*"Oh, no," said the piggy, and he started to howl.
"There's more to me than cheek and jowl.
"I'm pink and pretty, I can sing and dance."
"Hush," said his mama, "You'll never get a chance."*

*"Oh, no," said the piggy, "I'll show you all."
He went under the fence and over the wall.
He ran and he ran till the moon went down;
He ran and he ran till he came to a town.*

*With a kink in his tail and a wink in his eye,
He put on a hat and he put on a tie;
He parted his hair, bought a diamond ring,
And nobody noticed anything.*

*"Oh, see," said the piggy "I'm one of you."
And everyone said, "How true, how true."
He paid his money and he lived in style;
Sometimes he sang with half a smile:*

*He's a big boar now, he's executive pork,
And he eats his vittles with a knife and a fork;
He often thinks of the lonesome tune
His mama sang by the light of the moon:*

HERE'S TO YOU ROUNDERS (Don Lange, BMI)
©1985, Barking Spider Music, BMI
Side 1, Band 6.

A wonderful song from Don Lange about loss and the Great Depression. It has one of the most haunting images of any song I know: "Here's to the women who marry for love and live with the man in the moon." I learned the song a long time ago from Priscilla Herdman. [ET]

Ed: 6-string guitar; Gordon: laud; Ann: flute

*I never knew my grand-dad;
He was always on the bum.
Every September he'd catch him a southbound and ride.
Then, 'long about Christmas, me and my brother,
We'd get a few coins in the mail.
We couldn't spend them; it was all he could send
From that Mexico City jail.*

*Back in the thirties, when the going got rough,
Old Grand-dad, he hit the road.
Mother was young then; she only remembers his name.
Granny got work in an old canning factory,
Took in some wash on the side.
Promised herself she'd never forgive him,
A promise she kept till she died.*

*So, here's to you rounders
And here's to you railroad bums,
Hope you make it home soon.
Here's to the women who marry for love
And live with the man in the moon.*

*Sometime near the end he rolled into town,
Riding on that Greyhound line.
Guess he got old and them boxcars were harder to climb.
He used his last dime for a call to my Granny,
But, "No," was her only reply.
She hung up the phone, she cursed him in German,
But I saw the pain in her eyes.*

So, here's to you rounders...

*I never knew my grand-dad;
He was always on the bum.
Salvation Army sent us a note when he died.
Now me and my brother, we carry the memory
Of a face we never have seen,
Like some foreign coin that lies cold in the pocket
Of a young boy's faded blue jeans.*

So, here's to you rounders...

Here's to you rounders..

THE LOSS OF THE BAY RUPERT (Larry Kaplan, BMI)

©1977, Winter Harbor Music, BMI

Side 1, Band 7.

Larry found this story in the log of the Arctic Schooner *Bowdoin* which used to lie in Camden, most recently while Capt. Jim Sharp was rebuilding her and John Nugent was keeping care of her.

A true story of a Hudson's Bay supply ship trying to make in to the Moravian Missionary settlement at Hopedale, which consisted (I am told) of a couple of Christian missionaries and about a score of Inuit. [GB]

Gordon: laud

*The Hudson's Bay Company
Sends its ships in the summertime,
And they stock the stores of the Labrador,
And they stock them full for the wintertime.
The Bay Rupert ran in '28,
Bound north for Baffin Land,
But to get to Hopedale, don't you know,
You'd be better off by land.*

*Oh, they've got no charts for the Labrador,
All you hear is, "Stay away."
For it's rocks and ice, dark as hell at night,
From old Jack Lane's Way to Bromfield Bay.
There are wooden ships, steamin'-ships,
There are frozen men below.
There are mountains right beneath your keel,
So, for God's sake, don't you go.*

*She had shoes and coffee, boots and tea,
She had butter, pipes and bridles,
Sleeping bags and saddle soap,
And she brought a gross of Bibles.
She was opened wide, pushing through the tide,
When she hit them granite rocks,
And with a mighty sound both her ends went down
And her middle opened up.*

*It was Sunday when that ship went down,
And the town was all at prayer,
But no missionary, minister,
Or the word of God could have kept them there.
"All's lost, all's lost!" the Captain cried,
"And I'll never sail the more!"
"All's found, all's found!" cried the Eskimos
As they waited by the shore.*

*When the tide came in the goods did, too,
And they saved them from the sea,
And they said "It's great doing business
With the Hudson's Bay Company!"
They had shoes and coffee, boots and tea,
They had butter, pipes and bridles,
Sleeping bags and saddle soap,
But to hell with all them Bibles.*

Larry's a children's doctor now, with two children of his own and an internationally-published anthropologist of a wife named Nora, and it's been years since we sang together "in the fo'c'sles of the dawn." The version printed above is Larry's; the one we sing on this album is mine (also approved by the author), so you can see the way the years bend songs. He sends his best, by the way; he isn't writing much (for songs) right now, but I'm sure he will again, should sanity demand it. [GB]

PAST CARING (Words: Henry Lawson; Melody: Phyl Lobl)

Melody ©1980, Phyl Lobl

Side 1, Band 8.

This Henry Lawson poem, put to music by Australian singer/songwriter Phyl Lobl, came to me through Martyn Wyndham-Read. I heard him sing it unaccompanied at Marmaduke's Pub in Annapolis, Maryland, a couple of years ago. Kathy Westra Hickerson sent me a living-room tape of him singing the song shortly after. The poem itself is a bitter statement about the loneliness of a woman's life in the sparsely populated parts of Australia. Ann worked hard to create a musical arrangement that complements its stark and bitter tone. [ET]

The only hope I could discover in this song was in believing that, if the woman could speak about the despair in her heart, it was a first step toward acceptance and, in time, healing. [AMM]

Up and down the sidling brown,
A great black crow is flying;
Just below a spur I know,
Another milker's dying.
Crops have withered to the ground;
Red clay tank is glaring.
From my heart no tear or sound,
For I have grown past caring.

Through death and trouble, turn about,
Through hopeless desolation,
Through flood and fever, fire and drought,
Through slavery and starvation,
Through childhood sickness, hot and blight,
Through loneliness and scaring,
Through being left alone at night,
I've grown to be past caring.

Our first child took, on days like these,
A cruel week in dying,
There upon her father's knees
Or on my breast a-lying.
The tears we shed, the prayers we said,
Were awful, wild, despairing.
I pulled three through and buried two;
Since then, I've grown past caring.

'Twas ten years first, then came the worst,
All for a barren clearing.
I thought, I thought my heart would burst
When first my man went shearing.
He's droving in the great Northwest;
I don't know how he's faring,
And I, the girl who loved him best,
Have grown to be past caring.

My eyes are dry, I cannot cry,
I have no heart for breaking.
Where it was, in days gone by,
It's empty, dull and aching.
My last boy ran away from me;
I know my temper's wearing.
Now I only wish to be
Beyond all signs of caring.

Past bothering, past caring,
Past feeling and despairing;
Now I only wish to be
Beyond all signs of caring.

PIPER'S REFRAIN (Rich Nardin)

©1983, Bop Talk Music

Side 2, Band 1.

We learned this from those wonderful singers-of-the-land, the MacArthur family of Marlboro, Vermont. Megan sang it at a concert I did with them in Putney, Vermont. Her version may be heard on their latest recording, *MacArthur Road*, from Front Hall Records, Voorheesville, New York.

This story is still told in Scotland as well as in America. Duncan Campbell, of Inveraye, Argyll, Scotland, had sworn an oath to protect a man who turned out to be the murderer of his cousin, Donald Campbell. Donald appeared to Duncan later, in the flames of his fire, swearing to meet him again at Ticonderoga, a name unknown to any in Argyll. Eighteen years later, in 1758, Duncan, his son, and half of his regiment of the Black Watch were wiped out at Ticonderoga.

Margaret MacArthur sings her own retelling of this story, an historically more complete version, on her new cassette, *Vermont Ballads and Broadides*, on Whetstone Records. [GB]

*I'll tell it to you as they told it to me
By the glow of the campfire burning.
By the banks of the water where we sported and played,
They once faced the fury of battle.*

*And up through the Champlain came the Highland Brigade;
The pipes and the drummer played "Scotland the Brave."
But when they sailed home the piper's refrain
Was "Oh, how cruel the volley."*

*To one Duncan Campbell it came in a dream
That he'd meet his fate where he never had been;
Where the blue waters roll and the stickerbush tear,
It's "Travel well, Duncan, I'll wait for you there.*

*"For the French and the Indian have challenged our King."
(To a soldier like Duncan, no need to explain.)
"It's many the time I've travelled the waves
"To find my fate in the fire."*

*From Fort William Henry their boats have shoved off
To the North of Lake George in the morning;
To the place the Frenchmen call Carillon,
And the Indians: Ticonderoga.*

*And the word struck Duncan like a thunderbolt there;
Everyone knew of the warning.
"Oh, give us a tune to remember me by,
For tomorrow I'll not be returning."*

*When the gunpowder flashed, the Highlanders died,
Never again to walk the hillside.
In the wilderness green, in the sun and the rain,
It's here they're forever remaining.*

*And I've told it to you as they told it to me,
Of one Duncan Campbell and the Highland Brigade.
When the campfires flicker in the summertime's wane,
Through the mist on the water comes the piper's refrain.*

IT'S IN YOUR EYES (Anne Dodson, BMI)

©1989, Anne Dodson, Camden, Maine

Side 2, Band 2.

Another I stole from Anne Dodson. Ed and Ann loved it on first hearing it and worked on it every extra moment of our last tour. It's a loving look at an important moment which (as Ed says) is too often overlooked, these days. Anne's version will appear on her next album, *In It's Own Sweet Time*. [GB]

For me, this song celebrates a brief time at the start of a love affair when fantasy and expectation are unrestrained and all dreams can be realized. [AMM]

Ann: vocal; Ed: guitar and Vocal; Gordon: 'cellamba.

*It's in your eyes,
All the things we've been longing to speak of;
It's in your eyes,
But too soon to respond.
The gentle light
That still shines out with confusion,
But, till it's time to speak,
It's in your eyes.*

*It's in your smile,
The subtle gifts that the years turn to small lines;
It's in your smile,
Lips I only have seen.
Unless the time comes
When those lips turn to know mine,
I live with the unasked questions In your smile.*

*Speak to me one word
Before the evening's turning;
I'll do the best I can to pay in kind.
There'll never be another time
So sweet with unasked questions.
It's not yet time to speak our mind.*

*It's in your touch,
That soft, accidental persuasion,
It's in your touch,
The hands that softly brush by;
The strong draw
Between bodies unknowing.
Till time finds the answers,
It's in your eyes.*

Speak to me...

(repeat first verse)

JOHN BARLEYCORN (Words: George McKay Brown; Melody: Gordon Bok, BMI)
Melody ©1986, Timberhead, Inc., BMI
Side 2, Band 3.

I found this version of the old "John Barleycorn" in George McKay Brown's book *An Orkney Tapestry*, among other traditional poems and songs. It wasn't clear in the book, but it is my guess that, because of the style and poetry of it, this is not a traditional version, but Mr. Brown's own personal version.

I built the tune for it in 1986, including the variations which allow it to follow the words more closely. [GB]

Gordon, Ed & Ann: vocals; Gordon: 'cellamba.

*As I was plowing my field
The hungriest furrow ever torn
Followed my plow, and she did cry,
"Have you seen my mate, John Barleycorn?"*

*Says I, "Has he got a yellow beard?
Is he always whispering, night and morn?
Does he up and dance when the wind is high?"
Says she, "That's my John Barleycorn."*

*"One day they took a cruel knife
(Oh, I am weary and forlorn);
They struck him at his golden prayer
And they killed my priest, John Barleycorn."*

*"They laid him on a wooden cart,
Of all his summer glory shorn,
And threshers broke, with stick and stave,
The shining bones of Barleycorn."*

*"The miller's stone went 'round and 'round;
They rolled him underneath with scorn.
The miller filled a hundred sacks
With the crushed pride of John Barleycorn."*

*"The baker came by and bought his dust.
(That was a madman, I'll be sworn.)
They burned my hero in a rage
Of twisting flames, my Barleycorn."*

*"The brewer came by and stole his heart.
(Alas, that I was ever born!)
They thrust it in a brimming vat
And drowned my dear John Barleycorn."*

*"And now I travel narrow roads;
My hungry feet are dark and worn,
But no one in this winter world
Has seen my dancer, Barleycorn."*

*I took a bannock from my bag,
Lord, how her empty mouth did yawn.
Says I, "Your starving days are done,
For here's your lost John Barleycorn."*

*I took a bottle from my pouch,
I poured out whiskey in a horn.
Says I, "Put by your grief, for here
Is the merry blood of Barleycorn."*

*She ate, she drank, she laughed, she danced,
And home with me she did return.
By candle light, in my old straw bed,
She wept no more for Barleycorn."*

THE BERGEN (Jez Lowe)
©1986, Fellsongs
Side 2, Band 4.

Jake Walton and Jez Lowe recorded this on their Fellside album, *Two a Rue*, from which I quote: "The Bergen was a ship from Finland that was wrecked on the Northeast coast of England a hundred years ago. The song was written when Jez came across the graves of its unnamed crew in his local churchyard." [GB]

Ann: lead vocal and harp; Ed: 6-string guitar; Gordon: 'cellamba.

*Sleep, why do you wake me with these dreams you bring?
Dreams came to me where I lay.
Deep the melody the wild waves sing
My love is far, far away.
Oh, pity the hearts the wild waves part;
My love sails the bonny barque, the Bergen.*

(Similarly:)

*They heap their nets upon the decks by the light;
Then creep out, gentle at the dead of night.*

*They reap their harvest from the cold night sea;
It leaps with herring in the hold for me.*

*Steep waves ride above his cold, fair head;
Keep him safe to lie here in my bed.*

*It weeps with rain tonight where my love lies;
Oh, sweep the foreign sand from out of his eyes.*

GÅNGLÅT FRÅN MOCKFJÄRD (trad: Swedish; Arr: Gordon Bok, BMI)

Arr. ©1990, Timberhead, Inc. BMI

Side 2, Band 5.

"Gonglot from Mockfyrd:" a walking song from the town of Mockfjard in Sweden. I first heard it from Dave Kaynor, who collected this and many other fine tunes over the years of his travels in Sweden. Dave says it was made popular by Anders Frisell of Mockfjard, "a powerhouse in the fiddle tradition over there."

An alternate title is "The Summer Farm and Summer's Joy," harking from the days when the women used to take the children and animals up in the hills for the summer while the men would work the fields down in the floodplains where their winter farms were. Some of these tunes began their lives in those hills, as a way for the women to communicate with each other over long distances.

Dave, who lives in Montague, MA, uses it as a processional, when musicians have to walk from one place to another in company: a very exciting sound. [GB]

Gordon: 12-string guitar; Ed: hammered dulcimer; Ann: whistle.

LOCK-KEEPER (Stan Rogers, PROC)

©1984, Cole Harbour Music, Ltd.

Side 2, Band 6.

Stan Rogers' exquisite conversation between two conflicting ways of life and the world views which accompany them. One, the life of stability, family, and sense of place; the other the life of travel, excitement, and disrupted relationships. Told through the voice of the lock-keeper rather than the world traveller, its sympathies are clear. Or are they? [ET]

Ed: 6-string guitar and vocal; Gordon: 'cellamba.

*You say, "Well met again, lock-keeper;
We're laden even deeper than the time before,
Oriental oils and tea brought down from Singapore."*

*As we wait for my lock to cycle,
I say, "My wife has just given me a son."
"A son," you cry, "Is that all that you've done?"*

*"She wears bougainvillea blossoms;
You pluck them from her hair and toss them in the tide,
Sweep her in your arms and carry her inside.
Her sighs catch on your shoulder;
Her moonlit eyes grow bold and wiser through the tears."
And I say, "How could you stand to leave her for a year?"*

*"Then come with me," you say,
"To where the Southern Cross rides high upon your shoulder.
Come with me," you cry,
"Each day you tend this lock you're one day older,
And your blood grows colder."*

But that anchor chain's a fetter,
And with it you are tethered to the foam,
And I wouldn't trade your life
For one hour of home.

Sure, I'm stuck here on the seaway
While you compensate for leeway through the trades,
And you shoot the stars to see the miles you've made.
And you laugh at hearts you've riven,
But which of these has given us more love or life:
You, your tropic maids, or me, my wife?

"Then come with me," you say,
"To where the Southern Cross rides high upon your shoulder.
Come with me," you cry,
"Each day you tend this lock you're one day older,
And your blood grows colder."

But that anchor chain's a fetter,
And with it you are tethered to the foam,
And I wouldn't trade your life
For one hour of home.

Ah, that anchor chain's a fetter,
And with it you are tethered to the foam,
And I wouldn't trade your life
For one hour of home.

SOON MAY THE WELLERMAN COME (trad. New Zealand)
Side 2, Band 7.

From a book Chris Morgan loaned me, called (I think) *Folksongs of New Zealand*. It's a shore-whaler's song, made by the New Zealanders who went to live on the archipelagos to catch whales from small boats. They got their "stake" from an agent of the big companies (like the Weller Company) — hence, any agent of those companies became a "Wellerman. They were paid in staples, not money, so many of them never made enough to return home, and ended up farming or fishing on the little islands upon which they were "set down.

This is a fanciful tale they put together about bigship whaling: the picture of a 3-master being towed on some Nantucket sleighride by a single whale has some startling implications. [GB]

Gordon: 12-string guitar; Ed: 6-string guitar; Ann: whistle.

There was a ship that put to sea
And the name of the ship was the Billy of Tea.
The wind blew up, her bow dipped down,
Oh, blow, my bully boys, blow.

Soon may the Wellerman come
And bring us sugar and tea and rum.
One day, when the tonguing is done,
We'll take our leave and go.

She had not been two weeks from shore
When down on them a right whale bore.
The captain called all hands and swore
He'd take that whale in tow.

*Before the boat had hit the water
The whale's tail come up and caught her.
All hands to the side, harpooned and fought her,
But she dived down below.*

*No line was cut; no whale was freed.
The captain's mind was not on greed.
He belonged to the whaleman's creed:
She took that ship in tow.*

*For forty days or even more
The line went slack, then tight once more.
All the boats were lost (there were only four),
But still that whale did go.*

*As far as I know the fight's still on,
The line's not cut and the whale's not gone.
The Wellerman makes his regular call
To encourage the captain, crew and all.*

THE BIRD ROCK (Words and music: Gordon Bok, BMI)
©1990, Timberhead, Inc. BMI.
Side 2, Band 8.

Molly Schaufler sang me a Norwegian song called "Moken" (Gulls). I took the idea and her translation and made this song from it, to my own melody and cadence. The pictures are still from the part of my childhood that helped me choose the water as a place to work. We quote a scrap of the original song in the last chorus: *Der hvor al'le Moken ar* - "There where all the gulls are." [GB]

The melody enchants me. The poetry spins me out over the sea, flying where the gulls fly, seeing what they see, and knowing what they know. I find great beauty here. [AMM]

Ed: hammered dulcimer; Gordon: nylon strung 6-string guitar;
Ann: flute and lead vocal.

*Row, my child, to the Bird Rock,
Where the gulls are sailing free.
Dreams they will bring, and dreaming:
Dreams of the cold green sea.
And who would be there but you, child,
To see what dreams there be?*

Ho-ray, ho-row, oh hoo-row.

*Row, my child, be rowing;
The day goes down before.
And the ship-of-fairies sailing
To a dark and a distant shore.
And who then would say what treasure
Would ever await them there?*

*Sing, my child, for the kingdom
That ever we thought was gone.
For the ship-of-ghosts is sailing,
And that one will always return.
Drowned are the lands and gone the sails,
And the gull is their voice alone.*

*Row, my child, the day is bright
Where the young birds learn to sing,
And the sun is a wheel of wonder
That only the gull can spin.
And the gull is the slow and lifting swell
That the world has given wing.*

*Ho-ray, ho-row, oh hoo-row
Der hvor al'le Moken ar..*

And So Will We Yet

Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir and Ed Trickett

CD-116

TBM has gone international, these days, representing three countries: Ed in Maryland, Ann in France, and I in Maine. Every practice session is, perforce, a reunion.

Getting together is difficult, but being together is always new, always a growing, and certainly an adventure.

The songs keep coming faster than we can process them, and we keep finding new ways of working and being together, so these twice-annual reunions are high points of my year.

Our seventh album. I could see making a habit of this.

Thanks for being with us.

Gordon