

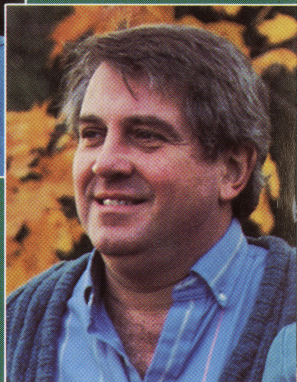
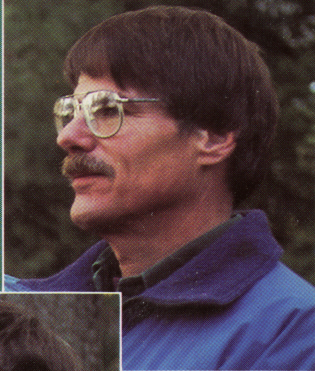
Bok Muir & Trickett

THE FIRST
FIFTEEN YEARS

VOLUME II



Folk-Legacy CD-1004



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The first nine numbers on this CD were recorded by Sandy Paton from 1980 to 1985. Cuts 10 through 16 were recorded live by Jill Anania at the Cafe Extempore in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1987. All were originally analog recordings. We would like to thank Bob Katz at Digital Domain (NYC) for helping us iron out the differences in the originals resulting from the use of various rooms, recorders and microphones. A certain amount of tape hiss will be audible, especially in the earlier material, but we elected to accept that, rather than sacrifice those elements of the music that lie within the same frequency range.

The FSI numbers following the composer credits indicate the catalog numbers of the original Folk-Legacy albums from which the selections have been drawn. The original recordings are currently available as cassettes and vinyl LPs. Write for our complete catalog.

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1. DARK OLD WATERS (Gordon Bok; FSI-80)

4:30

I wrote this originally for the film documentary of the short life of the schooner *John F. Leavitt*, by the Atlantic Film Company. It's two ways of looking at the birth of a sailing vessel. (GB)

Don't be thinking of me,
All away and alone,
On the rolling old sea,
On the foreign ground,
For I laid your keel and that's dandy for me,
On the dark old waters, all alone.
Where you go, go well,
And a fair wind home.

Don't be thinking of me on the rolling old sea,
For I raised your frame and that's bully for me.

And where will you go with your rail dipping low?
And where you may wander there's none can know.

Don't be thinking of me on the rolling old sea,
For I hung your canvas and sent you to sea:

And where will you be when the winter comes nigh?
And where will you be when I'm thinking of thee?

And how stands the wind? Will he come as a friend,
And keep you from dangers that lie off the land?

And how stand the stars in the whispering dark?
May they guide you and bless you and the seas you sail on.

Oh hey, oh ho... etc.

And where will you bide at the end of your ride,
And who'll sing you songs when I'm not at your side?

Oh hey, oh ho... etc.

2. ST. THOMAS (Sonny Rollins; FSI-96)

2:59

I am told that, even though this tune is now played on the island of St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands as a "folk" tune, it was originally written by jazz musician Sonny Rollins. I learned it from Debbie Suran, who learned it from Andy Cohen. I can't vouch for the accuracy of my version of it. (GB)

3. ARAGON MILL (Si Kahn; FSI-80)

4:00

Si Kahn's song about the human side of the closing of the mill is just one of the many good songs he's given us. He has recorded the song himself on his June Appal album, *New Wood*. (ET)

And the only tune I hear is the sound of the wind
As it blows through the town - weave and spin, weave and spin.

At the east end of town, at the foot of the hill,
Stands a chimney so tall that says "Aragon Mill."

But there's no smoke at all coming out of the stack.
The mill has shut down and it ain't a-coming back.

Well, I'm too old to work and I'm too young to die;
Tell me, where shall we go, my old gal and I?

There's no children at all in the narrow, empty street.
The mill has closed down; it's so quiet I can't sleep.

Yes, the mill has shut down; it's the only life I know.
Tell me, where will I go? Tell me, where will I go?

4. MY IMAGES COME (Don Cooper; FSI-96)

2:57

I learned this from Bob Stuart of Maine, who learned it from Don Odja-Dunaway of Florida, who learned it from "a fellow from New Hampshire named Don Cooper." After two years of searching for the author, Margaret MacArthur finally gave us the lead that led us to Don Cooper himself, in Easton, Connecticut, and he gave us permission to record the song. It has probably taken quite a pounding in it's wanderings, and probably has wandered far from the original. We print here the correct words, as Don supplied them to Folk-Legacy. The aberrations are ours, of course. (GB)

My images come
From the people who do the work,
From the people who sing the songs,
From the people who live the life,
From the people who get along.

A bottle of rum
For the demon what always lurk,
For the demon what do me wrong,
For the fury what is my wife,
For the struggle what is my song.

It get me down sometime,
It get me down, but only
A little look around and I find
That I am not so lonely.
We in the same boat, brother.

My images come
From the pleasures I had before,
From the pleasures I'm still to know,
From the pleasures my dreams provide,
From the pleasures what I bestow.

A bottle of rum
For the trouble what's at my door,
For the trouble where e'er I go,
For the misfortunes what I abide,
And for the courage I am trying to show.

My images come
From the woman what's on my knee,
From the woman what's in my head,
From the woman out in the sun,
From the woman what shares my bed.

A bottle of rum
For a broken love's misery,
For a love what has grown so dead,
Expectations my life's undone,
For illusions what I've been fed.

My images come
From the world in which I live,
From the world I love so well,
From the world of change and light,
From the world of which I tell.

A bottle of rum
For the feelings I cannot give,
For the feelings what fears impel,
For the screams of a fraughtful night,
And for the time what is spent in hell.

5. FEAR' A BHATA (trad.; FSI-96)

6:17

I learned this as a child from my Aunt Beanto, who later taught it to Ann. It is a translation of a Gaelic song from the Hebrides, and even the surviving Gaelic in the chorus has suffered some grammatic misfortunes over the years. Thanks to Jean Redpath for additional words, and to the various people who have, at one time or another, sent me their written versions of the song. This version is a compilation of all of the above. (GB)

Fear' a bhata, na horo aila,
Fear a' bhata, na horo aila,
Fear a' bhata, na horo aila,
Mo shoraidh slan dhuit's gach ait a teid thu.

Forever haunting the highest hilltop,
I scan the ocean, thy sails to see.
Wilt come tonight, love, wilt come tomorrow,
Wilt ever come, love, to comfort me?

They call you fickle, they call you false-one.
They seek to change me, but all in vain.
For thou art with me throughout the dark night,
And every morning I watch the main.

There's not a hamlet, but well I know it,
Where you go walking, or stay awhile.
And all the old folk you win with talking,
And charm its maidens with song and smile.

From passing boatmen I would discover
If they had heard of or seen my lover.
I'm never answered; I'm only chided
And told my heart has been sore misguided.

6. THE GOLDEN VANITY (trad.; FSI-68)

6:16

This has been in my family a long time. Two or three of my mother's people sang it to me and, as usual, each had a different version. I've sung it all my singing life, and I hope it never leaves me. This is probably the fourth tune I've sung to it; it's a derivation of a tune Bob Stuart thought he had learned from a book... he didn't know he couldn't read music at the time. The words are a mixture of various family versions. The only one I can place is the "some were playing poker" verse which is from my Aunt Ethewyn, but even that has probably changed. (GB)

There was a lofty ship, and they put her out to sea,
And the name of the ship was the *Golden Vanity*,
And they sailed her on the lowland, lowland low,
They sailed her on the lowland sea.

And she had not been sailing but two weeks or three
When she was overtaken by a Turkish *Revelry*
As she sailed along the lowland, lowland low,
As she sailed along the lowland sea.

Then boldly up spoke our little cabin boy,
Saying, "What would you give me, if the galley I destroy?
If I sink her" in the lowland, lowland low,
If I sink her in the lowland sea?"

"To the man that them destroys," our Captain then replied,
"Five thousand pounds, and my daughter for his bride,
If he'll sink them in the lowland, lowland low,
If he'll sink her in the lowland sea."

Well, the boy he made him ready and overboard went he,
And he swam to the side of the Turkish enemy
As she lay along the lowland, lowland low,
As she lay along the lowland sea.

And he had a brace and auger made for the use,
And he bored nine holes in her hull all at once
As she lay along the lowland, lowland low,
As she lay along the lowland sea.

And some were playing poker and some were playing dice;
Some were in their hammocks, and the sea as cold as ice,
And the water rushed in and it dazzled to their eyes,
They were sinking in the lowland sea.

Well, he swam back to his ship and he beat upon the side,
Crying, "Shipmates, take me up, for I'm wearied with the tide,
And I'm weary of the lowland, lowland low,
I'm weary of the lowland sea."

"Well, I'll not pick you up," the Captain then replied;
"I'll shoot you, I'll drown you, I'll sink you in the tide.
I will sink you in the lowland, lowland low,
I will sink you in the lowland sea."

"If it was not for the love that I bear for your men,
I'd do unto you as I did unto them;
I would sink you in the lowland, lowland low,
I would sink you in the lowland sea."

And the boy bowed his head; down sank he,
And he said "Farewell" to the *Golden Vanity*
As she lay along the lowland, lowland low,
As she lay along the lowland sea.

(repeat first verse)

* If I replace "her" with "him," it's because we often speak of a vessel of another country as "he" - "the Spaniard," "the Frenchman," etc. - as though we were talking of the man that sails her. Don't know why. (GB)

7. LIVING ON THE RIVER (Jerry Rasmussen; FSI-96) 3:18

This nice, self-explanatory word picture was written by Jerry Rasmussen and may be heard on his Folk-Legacy record, "Get Down Home" (FSI-77). We hope he enjoys our effort at it. Much of our way of

doing the song comes from my singing of it with Cathy Barton and Dave Para. The cellamba, of course, is Gordon's distinctive contribution, since he is the only person in the world who plays it. (ET)

Down around the bend by the railroad bridge,
Just wading through the shallows where the crayfish live.
Over by the cotton mill the catfish bite;
They'll be swimming in a skillet before tonight.

Living on the river was nice and easy;
People on the river just take their time.
The wind in the summer was warm and breezy;
The wind in the winter it cut like ice.

Off down the hill on a winter's night
To go skating on the river in the cold moonlight.
There's an old woodstove and a hardwood floor,
And you can sit and take it easy while your feet get warm.

Down around the bend where the blackbird sings,
Over by the fountain there's a crystal spring.
Back in the shallows where the watercress grows,
Sweet spring water runs clear and cold.

Up in the morning at four o'clock;
Meet you at the landing at Johnson's dock.
Drifting on the river 'til the sun comes up,
Drinking hot, black coffee from an old tin cup.

(repeat first verse)

Of all the children I went to school with in Camden, Maine, four of them stood out to me, especially. Among the rest of us little tear-ups they seemed to have a special grace and dignity that seemed almost out of place, perhaps because it was so in place. Well, we all went our separate ways, of course, and I don't think I ever saw three of them again.

But one day the schooner I was working on put into the little island of Matinicus and, while going up to the village for something, I recognized one of them, whose name was Judy, and for some reason she recognized me. She was lovely, a thin little thing, almost delicate, with a brand new baby on her hip. She had married one of the fishermen on the island. We talked for close to an hour, and I left the island very happy for her; that she had found a place she loved and that she was happy. It seemed to make one corner of the world very right.

A few years later, on the mainland, I heard that she had died of cancer. It wasn't neglect or anything, just incurable, and for years I could never bear to see the face of that island darken the horizon.

But then in 1980 or so, I fell into a conversation with a slightly drunk fisherman in a local inn. He was fishing out of New Bedford, and we were talking about that. At one point he mentioned that he was originally from Matinicus, and I thought to ask him if he had known Judy. He sobered up like I had hit him in the face. He said: "When that girl died, every soul on the island mourned her, and they never did that for anyone."

And then he said: "Look, if you loved her like we did, there's something you ought to know. You know she had two daughters?" I said I knew she had one. He said: "Well, she had two, and one of them is exactly like her. She's got that same kind of awkward grace that reminds you of a deer. And she's got that same way of smiling that can light up the whole field you're standing in. And, for us, it's almost like Judy never went away."

For years, I had been playing with a tune, a sort of vague lament for Judy, that had never wanted to come together. I went home then and dug

it out and took it apart, and from every sad part I built a happy part, and put it back together. And it is true that from the same ingredients that give us grief we are given our happiness. (GB)

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 (called "Evening 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 losin' 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 losin' his share -
Oh, he must have gone crazy out there.'"

But they've never seen the Northern Lights,
Never seen a 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 losin' your share -
Oh, they must be all crazy back there."

(repeat chorus)

Note: all of the remaining numbers on this disk were recorded by Jill Anania before an audience at the Cafe Extempore in Minneapolis. This will explain the audible difference in the "room sound" and the applause at the end of each piece. It will also explain the sudden arrival of four hundred additional voices to participate in the choruses of the songs.

10. THE SEA WIFE (Kipling/Gordon Bok; FSI-110)

3:03

My father once sang me a song with words 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, the late 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: (GB)

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 of 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 wat they ha' got for the skin of their teeth
They sell for their teeth again.

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 before 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 "field," as we sing it.

(* *) The version I saw said "knife."

Kipling was born in Bombay, 1865, and died in 1936.

11. MELORA'S SONG (S. V. Benet/Fenno Heath; FSI-110) 4:23

I first heard this from Molly Scott in the 1960s. 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.

12. THE GIN AND RASPBERRY (Martin Curtis; FSI-110) 4:03

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 of an album Martin Curtis made with Eric McEachen and Paul Hutchings. Larry quotes from the liner 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 brush, 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 the 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 tin 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.

13. THE ROLLING OF THE STONES (trad., arr: TBM; FSI-110) 1:48

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 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?

12. 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)

14. PENOBSHOT MEMORY (Vincent O'Donnell; FSI-110) 4:44

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 without 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 that 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 Apollonio 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 during the very week of the sailing trip which had inspired the tune. We record it here with Vince's kind permission; 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)

15. WALTZING WITH BEARS (Dale Marxen; FSI-110) 5:08

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 the 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 in Madison, Wisconsin, 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, with much help from our singing audience. (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 it 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,
And the bears all demand at least one dance a day.

(repeat chorus, twice)

16. JULIAN OF NORWICH (Sydney Carter; FSI-110)

3:51

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. In one of her visions, her discussions with her God, she reported: "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.

(repeat first verse and chorus)

Gordon Bok, Ann Mayo Muir & Ed Trickett

The First Fifteen Years

VOLUME II

When we started singing together in 1974, it was perhaps more of an experiment than a commitment. We'd known each other for quite a while by then, but we had separate musical lives. Since then we've toured and recorded regularly, if not frequently. Every year in one way or another more music comes our way, and we've continued to craft it to our liking and pass it on. During our first fifteen years we recorded six albums available on record (remember them?) and cassette. With our seventh — "And So Will We Yet" — we acquiesced to the present and issued it as a CD in addition to cassette.

We have often in recent times thought about putting together a collection from those first six recordings covering our first fifteen years together. This collection includes most of our favorites from that time. We started out with one CD in mind, but couldn't make the hard choices. Our musical collaboration has been a wonderful mixture of art, friendship, and indulgence. For all our friends who have supported and nurtured us as our adventure has unfolded, a heartfelt thanks. Let the experiment continue!

G.B.

E.T.

A.M.M.

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9. NIGHT RIDER'S LAMENT (Mike Burton)	4:36
10. THE SEA WIFE (Kipling/Gordon Bok)	3:03
11. MELORA'S SONG (S. V. Benet/Fenno Heath)	4:23
12. THE GIN AND RASPBERRY (Martin Curtis)	4:03
13. THE ROLLING OF THE STONES (trad., arr: TBM)	1:48
14. PENOBSCOT MEMORY (Vincent O'Donnell)	4:44
15. WALTZING WITH BEARS (Dale Marxen)	5:08
16. JULIAN OF NORWICH (Sydney Carter)	3:51

 Total time: 67:24

Enclosed booklet includes notes on the songs together with their texts.

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MADE IN CANADA

BOK, MUIR & TRICKETT: THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS, VOL. II

1. Dark Old Waters 4:30
2. St. Thomas 2:59
3. Aragon Mill 4:00
4. My Images Come 2:57
5. Fear 'A Bhata 6:17
6. The Golden Vanity 6:16
7. Living on the River 3:18
8. Matinicus 5:29
9. Night Rider's Lament 4:36
10. The Sea Wife 3:03
11. Melora's Song 4:23
12. The Gin and Raspberry 4:03
13. The Rolling of the Stones 1:48
14. Penobscot Memory 4:44
15. Waltzing with Bears 5:08
16. Julian of Norwich 3:51

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