



*The  
Music  
of  
Ann  
Mayo  
Muir*

Folk-Legacy  
CD-1006

# *The Music of Ann Mayo Muir*

*With Christina Muir, Sue Trainor, Gordon Bok & Ed Trickett*

For several years now, Ann Mayo Muir has been living in France. This has forced her to limit her concert tours with Gordon Bok and Ed Trickett to just a couple of weeks in the autumn and spring, meaning that only a fortunate few have had a chance to hear her remarkable music. With this compact disc, a compilation of fifteen songs from her recordings with the other two members of the trio, we hope to amend that unfortunate state of affairs. Ann's rich voice, ranging from a warm contralto to a delicate soprano, depending on the requirements of the particular song, has long been the sonic cement holding the group's harmonies together. Her ability to offer some charming, whimsical numbers in their programs, along with her moving renditions of more dramatic ballads, has contributed immensely to the success of the trio. Here, then, are some of Ann's solo numbers, or those in which hers was the lead voice—a varied sampling of “the music of Ann Mayo Muir.”

## **1. I KNEW THIS PLACE** (*Dave Mallett, ASCAP*) - 3:57

I first heard this song by Dave Mallett during a period in my life when my own childhood home in Michigan was being sold. I was having a series of nightly dream battles where I fought to save the home which will always be mine. This song stirred my memories, focused my feelings, and helped me deal with that curious internal trauma—a trauma which I've since discovered many listeners share with me.

*I knew this place; I knew it well:  
Every sound and every smell,  
And every time I walked I fell  
For the first two years or so.  
There across the grassy yard,  
I, a young one running hard,  
Brown and bruised and battle-scarred  
And lost in sweet illusion.*

*And from my window I can see  
The branches of an ancient tree;  
Reaching out, it calls to me  
To climb its surly branches.  
But all my climbing days are gone,  
And these tired legs I'm standing on  
Would scarcely dare to leave the spot  
Upon which they are standing.*

*And I remember every word  
Of every song I ever heard —  
Every frog and every bird —  
Yes, this is where it starts.  
My brother's laugh, the sighing wind:  
This is where my life begins,  
This is where I learned to use  
My hands and hear my heart.*

This house is old, it carries on  
Like verses to an old-time song,  
Always changed but never gone,  
This house can stand the seasons.  
Our lives pass on from door to door,  
Dust across the wooden floor,  
Like feather rain and thunder roar;  
We need not know the reasons.

And as these thoughts come back to me  
Like ships across the friendly sea,  
Like breezes blowing endlessly,  
Like rivers running deep —  
The day is done, the lights are low,  
The wheels of life are turning slow,  
And as these visions turn and go,  
I lay me down to sleep.

I knew this place; I knew it well:  
Every sound and every smell,  
And every time I walked I fell  
For the first two years or so.  
The day is done, the lights are low,  
The wheels of life are turning slow,  
And as these visions come and go,  
I lay me down to sleep.



*Ann as a child*

2. SNOW GULL (*trad/McLeod*) - 3:11

This one changes with the singing: I can't remember where I heard it. It was printed in *Songs of the Hebrides, Volume I*, by Margaret Kennedy-Fraser (London, 1909). She described it as "an old Skye air from Francis Tolmie, with words from Kenneth MacLeod." In the published version, the accompanying sounds are slightly different, so we decided not to try to write them out. I've been told that there is a land to the Westward where the dead go; in this song, the gull is the keeper of those who dwell there, and you'll have to ask him for the reat of it.... (*Gordon Bok*)

Snow white seagull high...

Tell to me

Where, ah, where thou rest them...

..... ..

Grief within my heart is nesting.

Heart to heart they lie,

Side by side,

Seafoam the sigh

From their cold lips coming;

Seawrack their shroud

And their harp the cold sea moaning.

..... ..

Grief within my heart is nesting.

Snow white sea gull high...

Tell to me

Where, ah, where thou rest them...

Where our fair young lads are resting.

..... ..

Seawrack their shroud

And their harps the cold sea moaning.

..... ..

Grief within my heart is nesting.

3. THE BERGEN (*Jez Lowe*) - 3:58

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." (*Gordon Bok*)

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.*

#### **4. ISLE AU HAUT LULLABY** (*Gordon Bok, BMI*) - 3:52

The melody of this song, which is also known as “The Hay Ledge Song,” was composed one day on a schooner while beating past a small grassy island called Hay Ledge, for Captain Havilah Hawkins, who bet me I couldn’t write a tune as uncomplicated as the island. The words came together one pretty night going across that same bay in my own boat, for a young one who was asleep below in the cabin, and who never heard it sung. Ed and Annie reminded me of this song over the years, and kept it going while I had all but forgotten it. (*Gordon Bok*)

*If I could give you three things,  
I would give you these:  
Song and laughter and a wooden home  
In the shining seas.*

*When you see old Isle au Haut  
Rising in the dawn,  
You will play in yellow fields  
In the morning sun.*

*Sleep where the wind is warm  
And the moon is high.  
Give sadness to the stars,  
Sorrow to the sky.*

*Do you hear what the sails are saying  
In the wind’s dark song?  
Give sadness to the wind,  
Blown alee and gone.*

*Sleep now, the moon is high  
And the wind blows cold;  
For you are sad and young  
And the sea is old.*

*(repeat first verse)*

#### **5. THE WAYS OF MAN** (*Gordon Bok, BMI*) - 5:04

I wrote this song while doing the music for a public television documentary on the maritime history of Maine called *Home to the Sea*. It became the theme song, with Ann singing the full version of the song at the end of the film. If she sounds bitter, remember that she’s a young woman and the day

is late, and the fate of the small fisherman on the northeast coast looks darker than it once did. There's no subsidy here for the "little fellow" — only more paperwork; so who can blame her? (Gordon Bok)

*The ways of man are 'passing strange:  
He buys his freedom and he counts his change,  
Then he lets the wind his days arrange,  
And he calls the tide his master.*

*Oh, the days, oh, the days,  
Oh, the fine long summer days.  
The fish come rolling in the bays  
And he swore he'd never leave me.*

*But the days grow short and the year gets old  
And the fish won't stay where the water's cold,  
And, if they're going to fill the hold,  
They've got to go offshore to find them.*

*So they go outside on the raving deep,  
And they pray the Lord their soul to keep,  
But the waves will roll them all to sleep  
And the tide will be their keeper.*

*Oh, the tide, oh, the tide,  
Oh, you dark and you bitter tide,  
If I can't have him by my side,  
I guess I have to leave him.*

*I gave you one, I gave you two:  
The best that rotten old boat could do;  
You won't be happy till I give you three,  
But I'll be damned if you'll get me.*

*Oh, the tide, oh, the tide,  
Oh, you dark and you bitter tide,  
If I can't have him by my side,  
The water's welcome to him.*

*Ah, Lord, I know that the day will come  
When one less boat comes slogging home;  
I don't mind knowing that he'll be the one,  
But I can't spend my whole life praying.*

*I gave you one, I gave you two,  
The best that poor old boat could do;  
You'd have it all before you're through —  
Well, I've got no more to give you.*

(repeat first verse)



With her first guitar

6. HUSH YE, MY BAIRNIE/BUCKYEYE JIM (*trad/Bok; trad*) - 4:20

As usual, I have Gordon to thank for teaching me this Scottish lullaby. The words feel so good, rolling off the tongue and, for me, the melody remains as fresh and alive as a goodnight kiss. "Buckeye Jim" is a lullaby from the southern Appalachian Mountains. Alan Lomax, who published the song in *Best Loved American Folksongs*, writes that it has "a feeling of other-worldliness, a sense of things seen through the world of fantasy." Fletcher Collins of Staunton, Virginia, found the song many years ago, and later taught it to Burl Ives.

*Hush ye, my bairnie, bonny wee laddie,  
When you're a man you will follow your daddy.  
Lift me a coo 'n a goat and a wether,  
Bringing them hame to your mammy together.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie, bonny wee laddie,  
Nowt but good things ye shall bring to your mammy:  
Hare frae the meadow, deer frae the mountain,  
Grouse frae the moorland and trout frae the fountain.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie, bonny wee laddie,  
Sleep now and close your eyes, heavy and weary.  
Close now your weary eyes, rest ye are taking;  
Sound be thy sleeping and bright be thy waking.*

*Hush ye, my bairnie, bonny wee laddie...*

Way up yonder above the sky,  
Bluejay nests in a jaybird's eye.  
    Buckeye Jim, you can't go,  
    Go weave and spin, you can't go,  
    Buckeye Jim.

Way up yonder above the moon,  
Bluejay nests in a silver spoon.

Way up yonder by a hollow log,  
Redbird danced with a green bullfrog.

Way up yonder by a wooden trough,  
An old woman died of the whooping cough.

(repeat first two verses)

### 7. TAILS AND TROTTERS (Judy Goodenough, BMI) - 3:45

This song is so fresh and bright and fun that I never tire of it! (AMM) Judy Goodenough was a nationally-acclaimed poet who took time to write songs. Having owned a pig for many years, she spoke with some authority on this particularly weighty subject. (Gordon Bok)

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...

#### 8. BIRD ROCK (Gordon Bok, BMI) - 5:08

Molly Schauffler 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." (Gordon Bok)

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, love,  
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 fair  
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.*

**9. JULIAN OF NORWICH** (Sydney Carter) - 3:52

I first heard this on an album of Sydney Carter's songs, recorded by himself and various other English singers. Carter is the one who gave us the words to the now-familiar "The Lord of the Dance." According to Carter, Julian 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. According to my differing sources, Julian spoke to her God in a vision, asking why evil was necessary in the world. The answer she got was that it was, indeed necessary, but that "All will be well; all manner of things shall be well." (Loosely remembered.) That then became her message, and, apparently, she brought peace to the troubles of her area at one time by repeating that message. (Gordon Bok)

*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, bells of Norwich, and let the winter come and go.*

*All shall be well again, I know..*

*Ring for the yellow daffodil, the flower in the snow.*

*Ring for the yellow daffodil, and tell them what I know.*

*Ring out, bells of Norwich, and let the winter come and go.*

*All shall be well again, I know..*

*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 final chorus)*

**10. FEAR A BHATA [The Boatman]** (trad) - 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 has suffered some grammatic misfortunes over the years. Thanks to Jean Redpath for additional words, and to the various other people who have sent me other written versions of the song. This version is a compilation of all of the above. (Gordon Bok)

The chorus, as translated by Lachlan MacBean in Alfred Moffat's *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands*, may be sung:

O, my boatman, na horo aila; (3X)

May joy await thee where'er thou sailest.

*Fear a' bhata, no horo aila,*

*Fear a' bhata, no horo aila,*

*Fear a' bhata, no 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.

#### 11. TREE OF LIFE (Eric Peltoniemi) 3:33

A few years ago, in Minneapolis, I had the opportunity to see a wonderful play entitled *Plain Hearts: Songs and Stories of Midwestern Prairie Women*, written by Lance S. Belville, with music and lyrics by Eric Peltoniemi. This song was part of that play. The first two verses are comprised entirely of the names of quilting patterns. (Ed Trickett)

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

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

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

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

#### 12. O-E-DALLAY (Gordon Bok, BMI) - 3:46

This is taken from Gordon's remarkable *Seal Djiril's Hymn*, a "telling" with songs, parts of which are in the mysterious language of his dreaming. In that recording, the song follows these words:

There was a woman who fell in love with a seal,  
And his calling was O-E-Dallay.  
But she couldn't hold him, she couldn't keep him,  
and he went away from her, and went back to the sea.

Lathan mo run  
O-E-Dallay, lathan.  
Wind west and tide westing:  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Lo lathan, mo run.

Down on the wave  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Wind west and tide westing:  
Came he by day, singing  
Lo lathan, mo run.

I gave to him  
All in my heart's keeping;  
He gave to me, laughing,  
Sea shells and sea's yearning.  
Lo lathan, mo run.

I gave to him  
All in my heart's morning.  
He gave to me, weeping,  
A baby died borning.  
Lo lathan, mo run.

October wind  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Wind west and tide westing:  
And I go down, running.  
Lo lathan, mo run.

There was no one there  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Only the seal crying.  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Lo lathan, mo run.

There was no one  
O-E-Dallay, lathan,  
Only the seal crying.  
O-E-Dallay, lathan  
Lo lathan, mo run.

### 13. TWO FINE FRIENDS (Goodenough/Muir, BMI) - 4:07

The music to Judy Goodenough's poem came so easily to me that I always forget that I wrote it. She sent me the poem around 1985, asking that I set it to music. The very next day I put on the tape recorder, imagined that the song already existed, and then sang aloud. Out it flowed, fine and free. After I memorized it and got the harp part worked out, I called Judy and sang it to her over the phone. She was thrilled! Since then, it has always been among those songs that are always ready to leap out. It was a dream come true to finally record it in 1999 with harmonies by my daughter, Christina, and Sue Trainor (two members of the trio "Hot Soup!") for their second album, entitled *Soup Happens* (SOUPer Music SMD 049). You can learn more about them by visiting their web site: <[www.songs.com/hotsoup](http://www.songs.com/hotsoup)> or write to them at P.O. Box 412, Columbia, MD 21045. (AMM)

Two fine friends went out to play,  
Fished for fancies down on the bay,  
Put a hook in yesterday  
And it flew away to the morning.

Two fine friends sat down to sup,  
Caught the moon in an old tin cup,  
Just about to drink it up  
And it flew away to the morning.

Here's to friends both fine and far;  
I'm gonna follow where they are.  
Gonna lay a wish on a rising star,  
Find them again in the morning.

Two fine friends lay down to sleep  
Counting flocks of silver sheep,  
Found a dream they tried to keep  
And it flew away in the morning.

Two fine friends woke up again,  
Kissed each other twice and then  
Prayed a little prayer with a big "Amen"  
And it flew away to the morning.

Two fine friends sailed out to sea  
In a ship they called the Fancy Free.  
I lost them and they lost me  
When they flew away to the morning.

Two fine friends went out to play,  
Fished for fancies down on the bay,  
Put a hook in yesterday  
And it flew away to the morning.

#### 14. STEPHEN FOSTER SONG (T. Huxtable) - 3:25

Stephen Foster established his reputation as a songwriter in 1848 when he published "Oh, Susannah." One hundred years later we were singing "Camptown Races," "Old Kentucky Home," "Jeannie With the Light Brown Hair," "Beautiful Dreamer" and others, all published between 1850 and 1860. Foster's songs were known and sung by many generations, whenever family and friends gathered together. Singing them helped people celebrate their connectedness. My family is scattered now, and when I sing this song I am reminded of my own need to unite and I start to feel a lump in my throat. (AMM)

Those whose days were like your own  
Are scattered now across the years,  
Share no countries, plans, or times,  
Though once we lived on common ground.

Is someone left to know the way,  
Protect us, bring us home again,  
Sit at table one more time,  
Sing that Stephen Foster song?

*If we knew then of leaving home,  
But tens and twelves are unafraid.  
Foresight's dear and hindsight's not;  
And far apart is how we've grown.*

*Roads and paths come overgrown,  
Lose the time and lose the way.  
Gather those around me now,  
I set a table of my own.*

**15. LITTLE DAN** (Judy Goodenough) - 3:00

This is a charming song by Judy Goodenough, gently breaking the news to the children that playtime is over and bedtime is at hand. It seems, somehow, an appropriate choice with which to conclude this gathering of songs from over the years. Goodnight. (AMM)

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

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

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

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

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

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



*Ann with her harp*

### A Note of Thanks

I am grateful to my daughter, Christina, and to my friends, Sue Trainor, Gordon Bok and Ed Trickett, who provided me with so much musical and vocal assistance on these recordings. Some of the arrangements were the result of the combined efforts of all of us; others simply grew into themselves through my favorite trial and error method.

Music has been a constant source of pleasure in my life, putting me in touch with myself and restoring a sense of balance. Thanks to working with these superb talents, my rewards have been quadrupled.

I certainly feel a strong sense of gratitude to my good friend and husband, Claude Graf, who has encouraged and helped me in so many ways. Being a boat designer and builder, a man of many talents and interests, he thinks nothing of repairing my harp, or constructing a harp case or "bell" case capable of withstanding the rigors of air transportation. All his practical help, plus his enthusiasm for the music itself, has made it smooth sailing for me.

*Ann Mayo Muir*

The songs on this CD have been drawn from:

1. From *The Ways of Man\** - Folk-Legacy FSI-68 and C-68,  
(included on *First 15 Years, Vol. 1* - Folk-Legacy CD-1003)
2. From *Bay of Fundy\** - Folk-Legacy FSI-54 and C-54
3. From *And So Will We Yet* - Folk-Legacy CD-116
4. From *Turning Toward the Morning* - Folk-Legacy CD-56
5. From *The Ways of Man\** - Folk-Legacy FSI-68 and C-68  
(included on *First 15 Years, Vol. 1* - Folk-Legacy CD-1003)
6. From *A Water Over Stone \** - Folk-Legacy FSI-80 and C-80
7. From *And So Will We Yet* - Folk-Legacy CD-116
8. From *And So Will We Yet* - Folk-Legacy CD-116
9. From *All Shall Be Well Again* - Folk-Legacy CD-96,  
(included on *First 15 Years, Vol 1* - Folk-Legacy CD-1003)
10. From *All Shall Be Well Again* - Folk-Legacy CD-96,  
(included on *First 15 Years, Vol. 2* - Folk-Legacy CD-1004)
11. From *Fashioned in the Clay\** - Folk-Legacy FSI-104 and C-104  
(included on *First 15 Years, Vol. 1* - Folk-Legacy CD-1003)
12. From *Seal Djiril's Hymn\** - Folk-Legacy FSI-48 and C-48
13. From *Soup Happens* - SOUPer Music SMD 049, PO Box 412, Columbia MD 21045;  
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14. From *Language of the Heart* - Timberhead CD006 - Box 840, Camden ME 04843  
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15. From *Minneapolis Concert\** - FSI-110 and C-110  
(included on *First 15 Years Vol. 1* - Folk-Legacy CD-1003)

\* These titles have not yet been re-issued as CDs, but, we hope, soon will be. We suggest that you check our web site periodically, <<http://www.folklegacy.com>>, for future announcements.



## THE PROGRAM - CD-1006

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# The Music of Ann Mayo Muir

with Christina Muir, Sue Trainor

Ed Trickett and Gordon Bok



CD-1006

## THE PROGRAM:

1. I Knew This Place (3:57)
2. Snow Gull (3:11)
3. The Bergen (3:58)
4. Isle au Haut Lullaby (3:52)
5. The Ways of Man (5:04)
6. Hush Ye, My Bairnie/Buckeye Jim (4:20)
7. Tails and Trotters (3:45)
8. Bird Rock (5:08)
9. Julian of Norwich (3:52)
10. Fear a Bhata (6:17)
11. Tree of Life (3:33)
12. O-E-Dallay (3:46)
13. Two Fine Friends (4:07)
14. Stephen Foster Song (3:25)
15. Little Dan (3:00)

## A note from Folk-Legacy

Since Ann has been living in France, her concert tours in the United States have been limited to a few weeks in the autumn and in the spring. As a result, too few audiences have had the opportunity to hear her remarkable music. With this compact disc, we hope to remedy that unfortunate state of affairs. Here we present a varied selection of songs from her many recordings with Gordon Bok and Ed Trickett, plus one from a new album of her daughter's trio, Hot Soup, on which Ann sings the lead. From the dramatic to the whimsical, here is a delightful compilation of "The Music of Ann Mayo Muir."

Sandy Paton

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ANN MAYO MUIR

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