

Bok ♥ Muir ♥ Trickett  
LANGUAGE OF THE  
HEART

This recording is our eighth in a collaboration  
of more than 20 years.

<b>Blue Mountain</b> (Keller)	4:31
<b>Steven Foster</b> (T. Huxtable)	3:25
<b>Madrecita</b> (Trad.)	2:39
<b>Language of the Heart</b> (Stewart & Houlahan)	3:44
<b>Marco Polo</b> (Stewart)	2:56
<b>Ballinderry</b> (Trad.)	3:38
<b>Can Do</b> (Flynn)	4:22
<b>Brännvinslåt</b> (Trad.)	4:09
<b>Huck Finn</b> (Dyer)	3:40
<b>Merlin's Waltz</b> (deFrancis)	4:07
<b>Laird O Drum</b> (Trad.)	4:45
<b>Tak a Dram</b> (Sinclair)	3:27
<b>That Quiet Place</b> (Pirtle)	5:04
<b>Cuckoo/Spotted Pony</b> (Trad.)	3:00
<b>Good Wish</b> (Harmon)	4:00

Recorded & engineered by Bruce Boege, Limin Music, Northport, Maine.

Mixed by Boege, Bok, Muir, Paton & Trickett

Critical help: Anne Dodson • Hospitality: Holly Reynolds

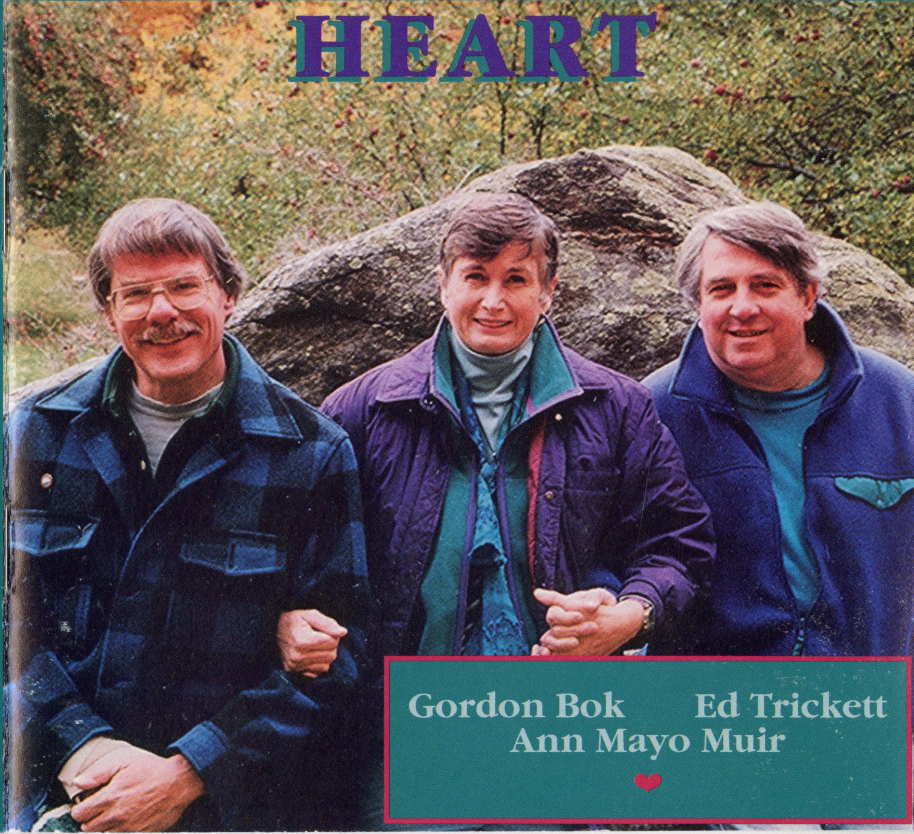
Cover Photo by Alice Bissell, Vinalhaven Island, Maine

Design and Production by Silverline Studio, Camden, Maine



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# LANGUAGE OF THE HEART



Gordon Bok     Ed Trickett  
Ann Mayo Muir



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This recording, our eighth in a collaboration of more than 20 years, was enhanced by the wisdom and support of Sandy Paton, who graciously agreed to journey to Maine to provide a listening ear during our March, 1994 recording. A special thanks to Sandy for this latest in a long line of contributions to our music.

Ed Trickett  
Gordon Bok  
Ann Mayo Muir  
September, 1994

Recorded at Limin' Music, Northport, Maine 04915  
Recording, Mixing & Mastering by  
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P.O. Box 840, Camden, Maine 04843

Cover Photo by Alice Bissell, Vinalhaven Island, Maine  
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Timberhead  
CD006

**Blue Mountain**

© 1920 Fred W. Keller

Learned about 30 years ago from Steve White, who found it on a record of Frank Hamilton. Written around 1920 by Fred W. Keller, a lawyer, who lived near Monticello, Utah, where, it is told, during winter snows, the figure of a horse's head can be discerned on the side of a nearby mountain. It was written for an old timers banquet celebrating local history, and it contains many local references to people and places of the time. (ET)

My home it was in Texas, my past you must not know  
For I seek a refuge from the law where the sage and the  
pinion grow.

*Chorus:*

Blue Mountain you're azure deep. Blue Mountain your sides  
are steep.  
Blue Mountain with a horsehead on your side you've won my  
heart to keep.

On the brand LC I ride. There's sleeper calves by the side.  
I'll own the "hip, side and shoulder" before I get older.  
Zapatero don't you tan my hide.

I chum with Latigo Gordon, I drink at the Blue Goose saloon.  
I dance all night with the Mormon gals, ride home 'neath the  
light of the moon.

I trade at Bunse's store, there's bullet holes in his door  
His calico treasure my pony can measure  
when I'm drunk and I'm feeling sore.

You will always sail, even though the winds would leave you  
Your ship can never fail, and the seas can never grieve you

You will always sing, though the melody lies broken  
Your voice will always ring, though the words may be  
unspoken

You will always be, even though time would disown you  
For you have set us free, those among us who have known you

## MARCO POLO

© 1988 Jim Stewart CAPAC

From the *MARCO POLO Suite* (also available from Timberhead).  
(GB)

Where the Marsh Creek waters meet Courtenay Bay  
Heave her round and let her fly  
At James Smith's yard her keel did lay  
There's no ship here can match her

She was launched with a groan and thud  
She's like a demon sailing by  
She stuck two weeks in the Marsh creek mud  
There's no ship here can catch her

### *Chorus:*

Liverpool in fifteen days, the seven seas her name will praise  
Wind in her hair and her sails unfurled, she's the fastest ship  
in all the world  
And her name is *MARCO POLO*.

Her keel's all bent, she'll never sail  
James Smith's hopes are doomed to fail  
She's felt the wrath of jeers and scorn  
And through the pain the legend's born

To the Blackball line she soon was sold  
Australia bound in search of gold  
She was ruled with an iron hand  
When Bully Forbes was in command

Sixty-eight days to Melbourne town  
The waves will echo her renown  
She's beating packets run by steam  
From James Smith's wish to St. John's dream

For thirty-two years she ran the tide  
On Cavendish shoal she finally died  
But dreams are much too hard to kill  
For the *Marco Polo's* living still.

## Ballinderry

Traditional

I learned this from the singing of Tommy Makem. Tommy gives no credit for it, so I assume it's traditional. We recorded this years ago for Folk Legacy Records in Sharon, Connecticut, and we're grateful to Sandy and Caroline Paton for letting us use it here. (GB)

'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry  
'Tis pretty to be in Ahalee  
'Tis prettier to be in bonny Ram's Island  
Sitting forever beneath a tree.

For often I've sailed to bonny Ram's Island  
Arm and arm with Phelimy Diamond  
And he would whistle and I would sing  
And we would make the whole island ring.

"I'm going," he said, "from bonny Ram's Island  
Out and across the deep blue sea  
And if in your heart you love me, Mary,  
Open your arms at last to me.

'Twas pretty to be in Ballinderry  
Now it's as sad as sad can be  
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Diamond  
Is sunk forever beneath the sea.  
    Alone, alone.

(Having no written source for this, the spelling is all our own.)

## The CAN DO

© 1978 Brian Flynn

"The *CAN DO* was a pilot boat out of Gloucester, MA. The *GLOBAL HOPE* went aground just off Salem, MA., and pictures at the time showed her almost on the beach. The radio did go dead (at least so reported in the press) which is why they were unable to get a fix on their location. The *CAN DO* in effect went out blind with only the most general idea of where to look. Contact was then lost with *CAN DO* and the men were washed (ashore) a few days later, again around Salem. The *GLOBAL HOPE* was sold for scrap."

—Brian Flynn

In a dozen coastal towns, when the sun is going down  
The boats are tied and the fishing is all through  
For another shot-and-beer you'll likely get to hear  
Of the pilot boat they call the *CAN DO*

*Chorus:*

Then lift your glass to the seasons as they pass  
To the men who sail the seas alone  
Say a prayer for the women waiting there  
For the men who never will come home.

A blizzard from the North blew the tanker off her course  
And the *GLOBAL HOPE* was grounded on the sand.  
There were forty men they said, then the radio went dead  
And no one knew they were just a mile from land.

Well the *CAN DO* heard the call, and their boat was very small.  
They wondered how a tanker could get lost.  
And like a single silent voice, they knew they had no choice  
But to find the *GLOBAL HOPE* at any cost.

Well the snow made them blind  
and the seas could read their mind  
And the wind laughed at every turn they made  
Til a big one hit the side, and it flipped her like a dime  
And it drove her like a nail into the wave.

There's a little boy who plays by the harbor every day,  
And his mother cannot hide her tears for long  
For she knows salt water runs in the blood of sailors' sons  
And she knows there's no ending to this song.

For they're cruising where it's warm and they'll never see  
the storm  
And they never, never will come home.

### **Brännvinslåt**

Traditional

Dave Kaynor (again) brought this tune to this country. It's from the playing of Tång Gudmond from the town of Rättvik, Sweden, a town famous for hundreds of good tunes made there. It's a Visa (air, ballad) so it might have had words. The name means Burning wine-tune or Brandy Tune. (GB)

I learned it from a tape of music at Indian Neck sent to me by Drew Smith. We played it quite some time before learning its name and origin. (ET)

### **Huckleberry Finn**

© 1987 Bob Dyer

Learned from Dave Para and Cathy Barton, who learned it from their neighbor Bob Dyer. One of the many great songs from and about Missouri history Bob has written. (ET)

There's a moon on the Mississippi river tonight  
A side-wheel steamboat makin' up time,  
A raft driftin' by with a bunch of drunk men,  
And I'm catfishin' with my old friend Jim.

They call me Huckleberry Finn, Finn, Huckleberry Finn.

I lived for awhile up in Hannibal town  
My father was a drunkard and he beat me around,  
So I left my friends Joe, Tom Sawyer and Ben,  
And went off araftin' with Jim.

We run by nights and we tied (laid) up days  
Dawn turns the river to a smoky haze.  
Lazin' in the shallows doin' just as we please,  
Me and Jim layin' there dreamin'.

Life slides by when you're livin' on a raft.  
You never rightly know what's gonna pass.  
Sometimes danger, sometimes fun,  
Sometimes it's just a piece of driftwood.

I never much cared for the civilized life.  
I'd rather be out on the river at night.  
Layin' on my back lookin' up at the stars,  
Smokin' on my pipe and just driftin'.

Steamboat chimbleys spewin' out sparks.  
Fiddle music driftin' by in the dark.  
There's a hoot owl callin' from a cottonwood tree  
And this lonesome old river keeps a rollin'.

### **Merlin's Waltz**

© 1983 Kathy deFrancis

For some time Kathy deFrancis of Denver played piano as accompaniment for a magic show. One of her compositions from this was a multi-piece medley called "The Magic Suite". "Merlin's Waltz" is one of the songs from the suite. (ET)

Fair, fair, golden fair, sunlight gently warms your hair.  
Encircle me, enchant me now, dancing Merlin take me now.

Bend, bend, bending low, daisy chain and mistletoe.  
Encircle me, adorn me now, I curtsy to thy courtly bow.

And if the wind should blow the sun away the dance goes on.  
Everything that happens in this day becomes our song.

Sing sing into the night. Lute strings quiver with touch  
so light.  
Encircle me with silver sound, a gentle tune to lay me down.

### **The Laird o' Drum**

Traditional (Child #236)

A great Child ballad dealing with issues of caste and class, collected in 1827 by Kinloch. I learned it from George Ward over 20 years ago, and Gordon ran across a longer version in an old book, so we integrated the two and went back to singing it acapella. (ET)

O the Laird o' Drum is a hunting gone all in the morning early  
Who should he spy but a well-favored lass a-shearing her  
father's barley.

O would ye nae be a gentleman's wife and would ye nae be  
a lady?  
And would ye nae be of some higher degree and leave your  
shearing alone-o?

O I would be a gentleman's wife, and I would be a lady  
And I would be of some higher degree but I'm not a match for  
thee-o.

Well if ye'll cast off your gown o' grey, put on the silk for me-o,  
I'll make a vow and keep it true, and my true love ye'll  
ever be-o.

O my father he is a shepherd man keepin sheep on yonder hill-o  
And ye may go and ask of him, for I am at his will-o.

So the Drum is to her father gone, keepin sheep on yonder hill-o  
"I am come to marry your one daughter if ye'll give me your  
good will-o."

"Well my lassie can neither read nor write. She was never in a  
school-o  
But well can she milk either cow or yowe and make the cheeses  
well-o."

"She'll shake your barn and win your corn and go to kill and  
mill-o  
She'll saddle your steed in time of need and draw off your boots  
herself-o."

"I'll learn your lassie to read and write; put her myself to  
school-o  
She shall neither need to saddle my steed nor draw off my boots  
herself-o."

"But who will bake your bridal bread and who will brew your  
ale-o?  
And who will stand by the gates of the Drum to welcome your  
lassie home-o?"

"The baker can bake my bridal bread. The brewer can brew my  
ale-o  
And I will stand at the gates of the Drum to welcome my lassie  
home-o."

"There were four and twenty gentlemen went in at the gates of  
Drum-o  
But not one man has lifted his hat when the lady did come in-o."

Then up and spoke his brother John, says "You've done us all  
great wrong-o  
Married one far below our degree, a mock to all our kin-o."

"Now hold your tongue my brother John, what needs it thee  
offend-o?  
I've married a wife to work and win and you've married one to  
spend-o."

"And up and spoke his father John, a man of high degree-o  
"You've married a wife on this same night and she's not a match  
for thee-o."

"Well the last lady we had in this house, she was far above our  
degree-o  
And we dared not enter into a room till our hats were below our  
knee-o."

"But if you were dead and I were dead and both laid in one  
grave-o  
Nine years down and lifted up again whose to know your dust  
from mine-o?"

## Tak a dram afore ye go

© 1982 Ian Sinclair

Ian and Margie Sinclair live around Thurso, in the extreme North of Scotland, and when I last saw them, were running a small folk club there. Margie's one of the best ballad singers I've heard, and at the end of a good evening (wherein a surprising variety of music was made there) she'd sing this song that Ian made. I learned it from her as did Bob Zentz, and we both seem to have Americanized it, so I'll put here a version *closer* to the one Margie sings, with any apologies due for the folk process. (GB)

Well the night has passed so quickly, and our time is almost  
done

For the fiddler and the piper, the singer and the song  
The time has come for us to leave you; one more song afore  
we go

Then button up and aye be cheerie, and tak a dram afore ye go

### *Chorus:*

Sae button up and aye be cheerie, and tak a dram afore ye go

Oh this night we will remember, for the music's been just fine  
But the cold grey land o' Caithness can be cruel and unkind  
Sae we must bid farewell and leave you, travel through the ice  
and snow

So goodnight and God go with you, and watch over you until  
We can a' meet here together, and our glasses we will fill  
We will drink a toast tae absent friends, let the beer and  
singing flow

## That Quiet Place

© 1984 Sarah Pirtle

I first heard this lovely song sung by my daughter Christina Muir in 1992. I learned it on the spot. The whale is just one of the many species which is threatened with extinction within my lifetime, but many creatures need our concern. I hope we all do what we can to preserve a quiet place, a home where each one can survive and thrive before it's too late. Thanks to Sarah Pirtle's song we can sing one of them home. (AMM)

Sometimes I feel like I am a whale  
Guns and harpoons are closing on me  
Trying to keep me from my home

### *Chorus:*

In that quiet place where nothing can harm you  
In that quiet place we carry inside the heart of the world,  
Heart of the world.

Sometimes I hope that there is an ocean  
Holding her big arms open to me  
And she whispers "You can rest".

Sometimes I know that there is a whale  
Calling me out to ride on her back  
And we go rolling high and low



## **Cuckoo/Spotted Pony**

Traditional

The Cuckoo I learned from Drew Smith and Mike Resnick several years ago at one of the Indian Neck gatherings in Connecticut. A traditional tune from I know not where. Spotted Pony is from Dave Para and Cathy Barton—also traditional. (ET)

## **Good Wish**

Music © 1986 Jan Harmon / Words Traditional

Alexander Carmichael collected these words more than a century ago, in Gaelic, from the people of the Scottish Hebrides. This is his translation, which Kate Barnes (poet laureate of the High Ridges of Maine) sent to Jan Harmon, who set it to this tune and these chords. I loved to play cellamba with Jan when she sang it. (GB)

Power of raven be thine, power of eagle be thine  
Power of storm be thine, power of moon be thine  
Power of sea be thine, power of land be thine  
Goodness of sea be thine, goodness of earth be thine

Each day be joyous to thee, no day be grievous to thee  
Love of each face be thine, death on pillow be thine  
Goodness of sea be thine, goodness of earth be thine.

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