

I'm probably not a very good trader. I don't like to weigh the value of one thing against another. I don't think it's proper, for one thing, and I doubt it really can be done, anyway.

But I know I made a good trade for that mast. I got the memory of a song, which is as good as the memory of another earth, and I learned why the island was there.

The little rock was a compass-stone, a clock in the world where time was right, and I was happy there.

The song is still here, you know. It's always here, resting in the wind. It can take a little time to find it, but you can do it when you're listening well. Just pull a bit of it down out of the wind and hear the part that is singing at the time.

You'll probably never hear all of it, and you'll always hope it's not important that you do. It is important that you listen.

GORDON BOK

Another Land Made of Water



Another Land Made of Water
A Story with Music By Gordon Bok

NARRATOR
Gordon Bok

.....
SECOND NARRATOR
Mary Bok

Recorded by Sandy Paton & Richard Oros
Original artwork by Edward Porter



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*“After this water, after this land
Another land made of water...”*

– the Seal Djiril

The Songs

(IN ORDER OF PERFORMANCE)

Sagudana (Instrumental)

Melody: Gordon Bok whistle

Harmony: Ann Muir flute

Windcalling (Instrumental)

Gordon Bok 12-string guitar

Ed Trickett 6-string guitar

Ann Muir flute

Ed Bosson harmony whistle

Patricia Bok high whistle

Christina Muir tenor guitar

Sagudana (Vocal)

Gordon Bok 12-string guitar

"*Durahaia, durajenia Saguda-na.*"

Originally a duet with the Northeast wind
as it blows across Cape Breton Island

Sagudana/Namana Siera (Instrumental)

Patricia Bok harp

Ann Muir 6-string guitar

Gordon Bok 12-string guitar

Namana Seira (Vocal)

Gordon Bok and double chorus

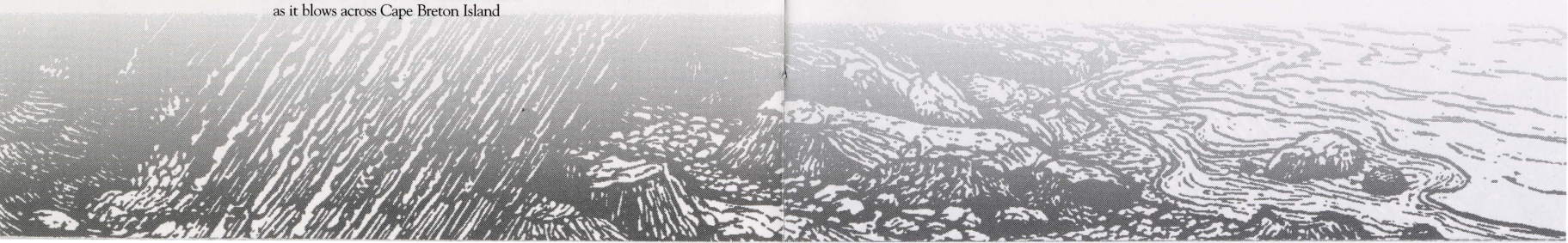
Namana – the direction just South of East (From E×S to SE×E)

Seira – waves, but not large

Na – toward, or approaching

What the "adults" are singing (*Namana seira, seira, o seira-na*) is simply a statement of condition at the moment the song is being sung, that is: "The waves are coming from the East-Southeast."

The names that the leader is reciting (*Nagmantendena, Yevidendna, etc.*) are names of boats, and should be properly sung by children, but we weren't together long enough for our young friends to learn them. Actually, they are informal names of boats, as the full (or formal) names include all the names of all the boats that have "died" and have been recycled: their parts have become parts of existing vessels, and so their names must be preserved by becoming part of the names of boats now existing. (We do the same by carrying on family names, but to give the whole formal name of the boat would take longer than this song.)



Tilderai & Lidalan (Instrumental)

Jon Pearce guitar
Ed Trickett hammered dulcimer
Ann Muir flute
Ed Bosson, Patricia Bok & Christina Muir whistles
Gordon Bok guitar (later)

Song for Vela (Instrumental)

A DUET FOR GUITARS
Jon Pearce & Gordon Bok guitars

Southwest Wind & Tilderai (Instrumental)

Gordon Bok 12-string guitar
Ann Muir flute
Christina Muir whistle

The 12-string here is remembering and trying to imitate a normal, run-of-the-mill, southwest wind and sea; Ann and Christina superimpose the sailing chant "Ay, Tilderai" on it, as you would sail a boat across that kind of a day.

Tilderai & Lidalan (Vocal)

DOUBLE CHORUS

"Ay, Tilderai, tai liderai, yo ma seira na ma tilderava, tai."

Tilderai is just a sailing chant, one of those "All's-well-with-the-world-and-ain't-she-going-along-just-fine" songs. The adults, however, encourage the children to make their own songs and chants. In this case, they've added their song right on top of the adult's chant, to everyone's confusion and delight. (The children, by the way, are also singing their chant in a question-and-answer form between themselves):

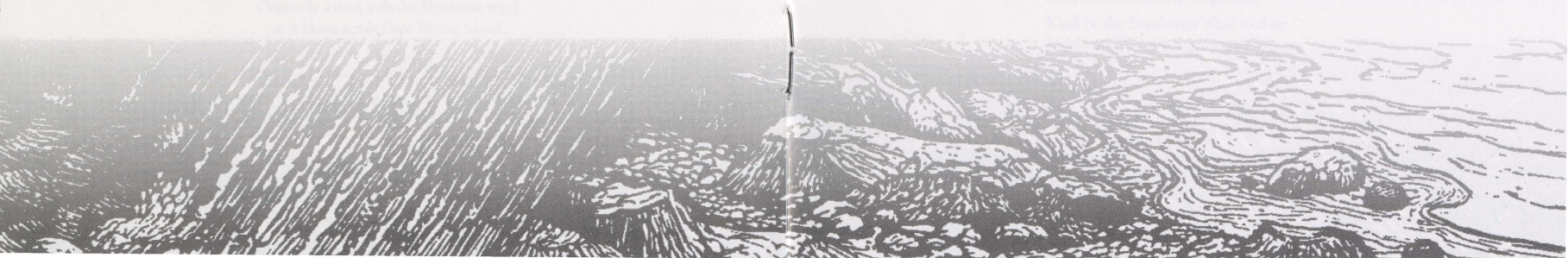
Q: "Na manti Lidalan, tilidalan an di lei?"

A: "O, virandanada, onavira dan an di lei!"

Q: "Na, manti lidalan an di lei?"

A: "O, vira-vira duwalan (lidalan) an di lei!"

Most of the chants are simple comments on weather, wildlife, or the boats' performance; general or specific information that does not tell a story. Except for the more formal types (used for teaching, watchpassing, etc.), children are encouraged to make them up, sometimes overlaying them (much like a descant) on an existing chant. The fun is to see how little each has to bend to fit the other; but then, most things have to bend to survive out there.



Namana Seira Boat Naming (Instrumental)

Ed Trickett & Ann Muir hammered dulcimers
Gordon Bok 12-string guitar

Windcalling (Vocal)

Gordon Bok, Ed Trickett & Ann Muir with single chorus

This one was my own blessing for them. That means that this particular windcalling is only for my own area of water. Should you sing this on another land or ocean, you would change the words for each wind to make them describe the characters of the wind in that area. Also, it's best to begin or end the blessing with the present wind, or if it's changing, with the coming wind. I would also add that it is best you only try to bless people with this calling.

We left out the West wind (a "passing" wind, as the cardinal winds are around here — the other winds are "working" winds).

*"Warm be the Western wind to thee
Now in his ways thy keeping be..."*

Windcalling Blessing

Fair be the Northwest wind to thee

GO AS YOU MAY GO

Far in his ways thy faring be

THOUGH THE DAYS PASS OVER THEE

Fair be the wind to thee

CALL NOW THE WIND TO THEE

Go as you may go

NE'ER BE THE STORM SADDEN THEE

Though the days pass over thee

KIND BE THE WIND TO THEE

Bright be the northern wind to thee

Now in his ways thy keeping be

Cold be the Northeast wind to thee

Long in the valleys of the sea

Grey be the Eastern wind to thee

Now in her ways thy keeping be

Dark be the Southeast wind to thee

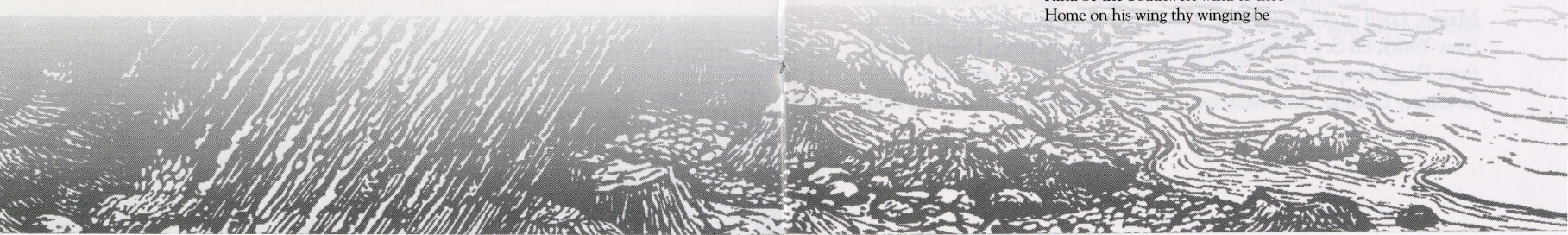
Safe in her hand thy toiling be

Soft be the Southern wind to thee

Now in her ways thy keeping be

Kind be the Southwest wind to thee

Home on his wing thy winging be



A Short History Of How This Came To Be

Perhaps I should have tried to write this when it happened, I don't know. Leaving the years between, however, the details got fuzzier while my perspective got clearer, which is a great boon for home-made philosophers. When I did set it down, it was more with the intent not to forget it than that anyone should see it. That was especially true when I realized that I couldn't begin to play the music alone.

But then some of my family and friends got interested in doing the music (we had sung the *Windcalling* as a blessing for a couple of years) and eventually I told them the story to give them some perspective on it.

It wasn't easy to ask people who are not professional musicians to sing in certain harmonies and in certain ways, and in a language that is neither theirs or mine, but they were willing to try, so in March of 1978 we got together (some 25 of us) at Folk-Legacy to see if we could do it.

My brother Tony and his wife Mary came from their farm in Maine, Loell and Capt. Dave Kennedy from theirs (and a tanker in New York), Ed & Jo Ellen Bosson from Jackson Heights, Helen Stokoe from Poughkeepsie, Ellen & John Pearce from New York State, John & Ginny Dildine, Stan Mattson, Ernie Adams and Joan Sprung from

Connecticut, as well as Ann Muir and her daughter Christina. Penny & Ed Trickett from Maryland, the ubiquitous Lani Herrmann and her three children, Ann, Eric, and Conrad, from New Jersey, my wife Patricia from her work on a painting, Kendall Morse from Maine, and ever the patient Patons, to order and provide. (In spirit: Josette & Imero Gobbato, Bob Stuart, Nick Apollonio, John & Janet Ciano, Ruth & Harry Guffee, Gordon & Diane Brott.)

It was the hardest musical session I had been involved with (and about the finest 6-day party I've attended), but we found the language of it, and made it work. I'm happy that you will hear it sung by those who loved it enough to overcome their shyness and make it happen.

May thanks especially to Imero Gobbato and Edward Porter, artists, for the example of their artistic courage, and to Jerry Nowotarski for telling me that the voice inside my head properly belonged to my sister-in-law Mary, and to Mary for going along with it all.

And for the patience, listening, concentration and musicianship of Sandy Paton and Dick Oros, thanks again.

Technical Notes

The music was recorded on a 2-track Stereo Studer machine at Folk-Legacy in Sharon, Connecticut by Sandy Paton. The narration was recorded on a 2-track Stereo Revox in Camden, Maine by Richard Oros. The two tapes were then edited and synchronized (timed) in Camden by Richard and Sandy, then played together, balanced and mastered by David Hancock in New York City. (It would have been easier if we'd had a 4- or 8-track recorder and 'overdubbed' the voice, but it wouldn't have been half the education.) It was remastered in 1992 by Sandy Paton, and Bruce Boege of Limin Music prepared the CD master.

The original wood engraving for this booklet was done by Edward Porter of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. Ed is part of the Studio faculty at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax, a schooner sailor and a person who certainly believes that trades shouldn't come out equally.

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