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# Harbors of Home



Gordon Bok • Ed Trickett • Ann Mayo Muir

## Great Valley's Harvest

Words and Music: Helen Kivnick

*Gary Gardner once sent me a tape of songs he had sung (mostly a capella) that his wife Helen Kivnick had written. This poignant portrait was among them, and I set the accompaniment to it and brought it to Ed and Ann. (GB) I've known Helen for almost 30 years now, and she continues to amaze! (ET)*

It's up and down the valley we go 12 months of the year  
In chilling fog in winter and in summer hot and clear  
We spend our days a' laboring in the bounty of what grows  
But a barren shack and an aching back is the night  
the migrant knows

We see the valley's beauty in the trees and on the ground  
While almond blossoms dress the orchards white for miles around  
And offer with their fragrance the promise of good yield  
But we'll never taste of the nuts that fall,  
we'll be off to another field

We work among the peaches before the break of day  
We stand on shaky ladders with our hands we feel our way  
We see the dawn through branches as we watch the peaches glow  
Though we choose the best and we load the rest, the worst is all we know

To pick the ripest plums we work among the angry bees  
To reach the sweetest cherries we climb high into the trees  
In vineyards our shears flash as we work two along the vines  
Others eat the fruit we pick and we drink the cheap jug wine

It's up and down the valley all 12 months of the year  
Burnt brown in summer's oven and chilled in winter drear  
We live among the richest crops this country has to grow  
Through our hands the valley's treasure, our nation's health and pleasure, a taste not ours to know

## From the Lambing to the Wool

Words and Music: Judy Small

*Sue Ribado taught me this song of a woman so busy surviving she never had a moment to question the difficult life she chose as the wife of a cocky (or cockatoo farmer.) (AMM)*

My father was a cocky as his father was before him  
And I married me a cocky nearly fifty years ago  
And I've lived here on this station  
And I've seen the seasons changing  
From the drought round to the flooding  
From the lambing to the wool

*Chorus:*

*And there've been times when I wonder  
if it all was worth the doing  
And there've been times when I thought  
this was the finest place there is  
For though the life is never easy and  
the hours are long and heavy  
I'm quite contented nowadays to have  
joined my life to his*

Together through the thirties  
while others' lives were broken  
We worked from dawn to twilight  
to hold on to what was ours  
And at night we'd sit exhausted  
and I'd stroke his dusty forehead  
With him too tired to talk to me  
and me to tired to care

*Chorus*

*Instrumental*

Then the children came unbidden  
bringing laughter to the homestead  
And I thank the lord my sons were young  
too young for battle then  
And I counted myself lucky to lose no one  
close to family  
Though my neighbors lost their only son  
sold up and moved to town

*Chorus*

And the children have grown and  
left me for careers in town and city

And I'm proud of them but sadly  
for none chose station life  
And now I smile to hear them talking  
'bout the hard slog in the office  
For when I think of working hard  
I see a cocky and his wife

*Chorus*

## Napoleon Crossing the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Tunnel/ Flight of the Haggis

Music: Bob Zentz

*Two great tunes of semantic significance from  
Bob Zentz. (ET)*

## We Built This Old Ship

Words and Music: Jim Stewart and Gordon Bok

*Jim Stewart of St. John NB released his thundering great epic "The Marco Polo Suite" in 1992 about that famous ship from the same town. My wife Carol and I helped in the original production and recording and I helped with the assembly of this particular song. (GB)*

We gathered the tamarack, oak, birch and pine  
We took from the forest and took to the shore  
And we gave her her strength and her breath  
and her line  
With the skills we had learned from our fathers before



We worked in the rain and the heat and the cold  
We cursed and rejoiced in our pride and our pain  
And we never imagined our hands would grow old  
And her like on the water we'd not see again

*Chorus:*

*We built this old ship with our sweat and endeavor  
She ran with the wind and the wind set her free  
And we once dared to dream she would sail on forever  
But although she was ours she belonged to the sea*

There's more in her making than canvas and wood  
More in her leaving than going away  
And maybe we loved her much more than we should  
For a part of us left when she sailed from the bay

And will those that she carries to each far off place  
Remember her song when the voyage is done  
Will the empty horizon still carry a trace  
When the rocks break her heart or she's too old to run

*Chorus*

Will there be a monument held by each wave  
Will the gulls sing a dirge as they circle above  
When the length of the sky at last marks her grave  
Will her name be remembered with wonder and love

For they say that a new age soon will beset us  
Their engines and boilers will soon rule the day  
And the time will arrive when time will forget us  
Like the sawdust around us we'll all blow away

*Chorus*

## Pigs Can See the Wind

Words and music: Dave Goulder

*From our friend Dave Goulder comes this impish  
elaboration of an old expression. (ET)*

*Chorus:*

*Well the summer may (can) come  
and the summer may (can) go  
And the pigs can see the wind  
The autumn goose brings down the snow  
And the pigs can see the wind*

Me father used to say to me  
as he locked 'em in the sty  
They say that pigs can see the wind  
and I'm going to tell you why

*Chorus*

There's some will chase the crafty fox  
'oer valley, hill and dale  
There are 30 hounds and 30 clowns  
for one old fox's tail

*Chorus*

There's some will sit and fish the stream  
in the howling wind and rain  
They sling 'em back to come next day  
and catch 'em all again

*Chorus*

There's some will fight in foreign wars  
and meet a bloody end  
And if you can see the sense in that  
then pigs can see the wind

*Chorus*

## The Outside Track

Words: Henry Lawson • Music: Gerry Hallom

*This poem is another from the great Australian  
bush poet Henry Lawson. Gerry Hallom, a British  
songmaker, set it to this lovely tune and sang it at  
an Eisteddfod Festival where he and I found ourselves  
one year. The swagman's wandering life was not  
conducive to family-making, so if he wanted to marry  
he'd have to give it up—the bad and the good together.  
(GB)*

The port lights glow in the morning mist  
That rolls from the water's brim  
As over the railing we grasped his fist  
'til the dark tides came between  
We cheered the captain we cheered the crew  
and our mates times out of mind  
We cheered the land he was going to  
and the land he had left behind

*Chorus*

*For they marry and go and the world rolls back  
They marry and vanish and die  
But their spirits shall live on the outside track  
long as the years go by*

We roared lang syne as a last farewell  
but my heart seemed out of joint  
I well remember the hush that fell  
as the steamer cleared the point  
We drifted on home through the public bars  
we were 10 times less by one  
Who sailed out under the morning stars  
and under the rising sun

*Chorus*

And one by one two by two they've sailed  
from the wharves since then  
I've said goodbye to the best I knew  
the last of the careless men  
And I can't but think that the times we had  
were the best times after all  
As I turn aside with a lonely glass  
and drink to the barroom wall

*Chorus*

## Gaelic Farmer / Lady's Triumph

Music: Traditional

*Two fine tunes learned from friends in the heartland.  
Gaelic Farmer from good friends Cathy Barton and  
Dave Para in Boonville, Missouri and Lady's  
Triumph from Phil Cooper and Margaret Nelson  
from the Chicago area through Lorraine Lee. (ET)*

## Farthest Field

Words and Music: David Dodson

*David was at a music party in Vermont on a big-land farm. Above the farmhouse was a long field that ran up to the height of land. One sunset, everyone went up to that field and sang hymns—the call-and-response kind. “I was impressed that everyone knew these hymns, and I wanted one of my own. You could see the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont and Canada, and I thought that heaven would look like that...” (GB)*

There is a land high on a hill  
Where I am going there is a voice that calls to me  
The air is sweet the grasses wave  
The wind is blowing away up in the farthest field

*Chorus:*

*Walk with me and we will see the mystery revealed  
When one day we wend our way up to the farthest field*

The sun will rise the sun will set  
Across the mountains and we will live with beauty there  
The fragrant flowers the day and hours  
Will not be counted and peaceful songs will fill the air

*Chorus*

I know one day I'll leave my home  
Here in the valley and climb up to that field so fair  
And when I'm called and counted in  
The final tally I know that I will see you there

*Chorus*

Oh my dear friend I truly love  
To hear your voices alighted up in radiant song  
Though through the years we all have made  
Our separate choices we've ended here where we belong

*Chorus*

## Velveteen Love Song

Words and Music: Bob Franke

*Through the eyes of love we become beautiful. My daughter Christina taught me this song. (AMM)*

My coat is all tattered and worn to shreds  
my whiskers have wandered away  
I picked up some dirt in some flower beds  
I think that it's in there to stay  
But deep in your eyes are a needle and thread  
and a wonder that scrubs me so clean  
I see in their mirror I'm beautiful  
I pose and I laugh and I preen

My bottom's as stout as its always been  
maybe a little bit more  
I never believed it was good for much  
'cept keeping my ears off the floor  
But then when you hold me and toss me high  
I fly like the fleetest gazelle  
And the joy that my dusty heart takes in your touch  
is more than a rabbit can tell

My eyes are just buttons of two penny glass  
they're either too brown or too green

One of them might not stay on too much longer  
and there's plenty they've both never seen  
But they see their way clear to a home in your heart  
I live in the love that you feel  
And there of all places a place of my own  
where a velveteen rabbit is real

## Old Man's Song

Words and Music: Bill Scott

*Bill Scott, folklorist, poet, and author of books for children, was born in Bundaberg, Australia in 1925. He worked at many trades, including cane cutter, steam engine driver, miner, and publisher before becoming a professional writer in 1974. (GB)*

When I was a young man I followed the gold  
Down in a mineshaft all muddy and cold  
Deep in the dark with the flickering light  
And nary a nugget to gladden me sight

*Chorus*

*And it's way aye now I am old  
The mornings were silver the sunsets were gold*

When I was a young man I followed the sea  
Cold wet and shivering often I'd be  
Rocked in the rigging or rolled down below  
Or sweating me soul out where the gulf traders go

*Chorus*

*And it's way aye now I am old  
The oceans were sapphires the beaches were gold*

Now I'm an old man I sit in the sun  
Thinking and dreaming of the things that I've done  
Remembering laughter forgetting the pain  
And I'd go out and do it all over again

*Chorus*

*And it's way aye lift it along  
What good is your life if it isn't a song*

## Harbors of Home

Words and Music: Joan Sprung

*Our old friend Joan Sprung sent this to me many years ago and it has told its truth in some odd places where English is spoken. To me it felt like Nova Scotia, but Joan told me she made it in my own waters. I think it has found a fine voice with Ann. (GB). You can hear Joan's singing of it on her Folk Legacy recording (ET).*

*Chorus:*

*The sun in the morning used to call me to the day  
And the wind from the sea would blow my cares away  
But I'll nevermore go down to watch the boats come in the bay  
Watch the boats from the harbors of home*

Just like it was yesterday I hear the church bells toll  
And the time it takes forever and the hours slowly roll  
Though they tell me passing days will surely heal a wounded soul  
My tears would fill the harbors of home

*Chorus*



Good sailors on the Mary Anne  
the finest pledged to me  
He went under with the others  
when the boat went down at sea  
And gone with him are all our dreams  
of happiness to be  
Waiting for us in the harbors of home

#### *Chorus*

The ocean gives us fish and the fish it buys our bread  
Strike a bargain with the devil so that all of us are fed  
But nothing's given free and now  
our bonny boys are dead  
All our young men from the harbors of home

#### *Chorus*

## **Rowan Davies**

Music: Phil Cunningham

*A lovely tune learned from Neal McMillan and  
written by one of the best. (ET)*

## **Dancing at Whitsun**

Music: Traditional • Words: John Austin Martin

*In many places where ritual spring dances were done  
women were a part of them, though when you think of  
the Morris you usually think of men dancing. I'm  
told there came a time when England's men were  
fighting on so many fronts around the world that  
women had to step in to help remember and fill out  
the teams, to keep the tradition alive. (GB)*

It's 50 long springtimes since she was a bride  
But still you may see her at each Whitsuntide  
In a dress of white linen with ribbons of green  
As green as her memories of loving

The feet that were nimble tread carefully now  
As gentle a measure as age will allow  
Through groves of white blossoms  
by fields of young corn  
Where once she was pledged to her true love

The fields they stand empty, the hedges grow free  
No young men to turn them or pastures go see  
They are gone where the forests of oak trees before  
Have gone to be wasted in battle

Down from the green farmlands and  
from their loved ones  
Marched husbands and brothers and fathers and sons  
There's a fine roll of honor where  
the maypole once stood  
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

There's a straight row of houses in these latter days  
All covering the downs where the sheep used to graze  
There's a field of red poppies a wreath from the queen  
But the ladies remember at Whitsun  
And the ladies go dancing at Whitsun

## **Wiscasset Schooners**

Words and Music: Lois Lyman

*Lois made this song for the cargo schooners that were  
beached in the river of Wiscasset Maine where she  
spent many days of her childhood clambering over*

*their bulls. She taught me this song and we arranged  
it. Lois, her husband, and I recorded it together on my  
album "Schooners" and here it is in the original TBM  
version, with all our thanks. (GB)*

Do you remember riding home  
before a dying summer breeze  
Your topsails gleaming golden  
setting sun among the trees  
With the osprey wheeling slowly  
through the shadows by the shore  
Where the towering cliffs of granite  
plunge ten fathoms deep or more  
And the tides ebb and flow down below

You were solid built of douglas fir  
and oak and yellow pine  
200 feet sailed by a crew that numbered only 9  
Loading lumber through your timber ports  
and dyewood from the south  
Running home from Norfolk  
bearing coal to heat the north  
And whatever they could stow down below

#### *Chorus:*

*For the winter is upon you now and time is passing slow  
And the tides ebb and flow down below*

You served them well for 15 years  
your canvas all unfurled  
When New England's sailing ships  
were found in ports around the world  
But spars gave way to smokestacks  
clouds of white to black and grey

There was nothing left for you to do  
but waste your time away  
And the rot was spreading slow down below

#### *Chorus*

From Wiscasset to the China lakes  
the narrow gauge did run  
And to push it northward to Quebec  
was old Frank Winter's plan  
And the schooners were to bring his cargoes  
in to meet the train  
So when he found you idle by the dock  
he brought you down to Maine  
Where the tides ebb and flow down below

Well he tried the best he could  
but he just couldn't make it pay  
So he ran you both aground  
and turned around and walked away  
You've been waiting here for 50 years  
but no one set you free  
Now you're broken down and dying lying open to the sea  
And the eddies swirl and flow down below

#### *Chorus*

Now the people come and stare at you  
with wonder in their eyes  
For times have changed since men knew  
how to work a ship your size  
And the seas you sailed a'running black  
in time we'll know our loss  
It's too late now for you but is it too late now for us  
Can you teach us what you know before you go

#### *Chorus/Second Chorus*

## Turning of the Year

Words: J.B. Goodenough • Music: Gordon Bok

*Judy Goodenough, whose three volumes of poetry were a tribute to a tough and wily mind, has given us many songs over the years. She sent these verses as additional thoughts to my song "Hearth and Fire" (by my request). They seemed so unique and self-standing that I made this tune for them and made a chorus of the second verse. (GB)*

Dark the sky, dark the land dark the running sea  
oh lay your hand upon my hand  
and share the night with me

### Chorus

*To friends we had and foes we had and those that held us dear  
We raise the glass to lad and lass at turning of the year*

One more road, one more hill, one more stony shore  
One more river to cross until  
we're going home once more

### Chorus

Fish for silver, dig for gold, so run the years away  
And when we're weary, when we're old  
we come back home to stay

### Chorus

So friend or foe, we wish you ease  
however far you roam  
Who sail the seven salty seas  
or walk the hills of home

### Chorus



**Bok • Trickett • Muir**

## Harbors of Home

*This recording, our ninth, coincides with the completion of our first quarter century of work together. While impossible to do justice to the many nurturers of our collaboration, we are comforted by knowing that you know who you are and we know who you are.  
Thank you for your support over the past 25 years.*

Gordon Bok

Ed Trickett

Ann Mayo Muir

September 1998

### Credits

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# Harbors of Home

Gordon Bok • Ed Trickett • Ann Mayo Muir

Total Time:  
60:41 Minutes

COMPACT  
**disc**  
DIGITAL AUDIO

**HD CD**

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Camden, ME 04843

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THD-CD010

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