



GORDON BOK

IN THE KIND LAND

1. Faraway Tom 3:15
2. Bright Fine Gold 3:01
3. The Last Battle 3:27
4. The Stable Lad 3:49
5. Vidala la Comparcita 3:37
6. River Drive 3:50
7. The Kind Land 4:00
8. Ledge-End of the Fiddler 3:19
9. Chall Eilibh 1:55
10. Jim Clancy 2:37
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12. The Bressay Lullaby 2:53
13. Mourning Dove 3:32
14. Going On 4:06
15. Lament for Owen Christy /
Under the Wind 3:22



GORDON BOK

IN THE KIND LAND

In the roaring European that the road runs by from Grey.

Some day I'll be a teamster with the ribbons in my fist,
And I'll drive that Cobb & Co.

Express through rain and snow and mist,
Drive a four-in-hand to Charleston,
and no matter what they say,
I'll take my girl up on the box and marry her in Grey.

There's a graveyard down in Charleston where the moss trails from the trees,
And the Westland wind comes moaning in from off the Tasman Seas,
And it's there they laid my red-haired girl, in a pit of yellow clay
As Cobb & Co. went rolling by from the Buller to the Grey.

VIDALA LA COMPARSITA

Traditional South American

The only time I heard this was on a recording that I can no longer find. It was played by a traditional sounding group with the melody played on a quena.

Gordon – nylon 6-string guitar

RIVER DRIVE

© 1994 David Calder

The woods ballads from NY state to New Brunswick are some of the finest in our language, documenting the whole range of that industry. Dave Calder, with his father, joined the drive on the Kennebec River in 1966 and worked it through its last year when environmental concerns closed that particular, unique and highly skilled part of the industry, or at least traded it for methods of equally questionable environmental value.

This ballad is unique because it speaks clearly and eloquently about the death of a way of living that affected most of the people along that whole river. In the lyrics following I've put verse #2 where Dave sings it. I usually lay it in second to last.

Gordon – nylon 6-string guitar

I'd like to tell you the story boys,
about taking down the drive
My foreman's name is Buster, boys,
and he also does reside
Near the banks of this river, boys, in Skowhegan, Maine
But when the rear gets in this year we'll never drive again.

We've been driving this old river, boys, for two centuries and a half
Just to get that wood down to the mills, it almost makes me laugh
Some educated fools from God knows where, well they figured it should end
So that outfit down to Augusta says we can never drive again.

Now this mighty Kennebec she's something to be seen
From her Headwaters and Moosehead down to Merrymeeting and the Sea
With islands, back channels, white water and dead
Great eddies and great remedies for a river driver's head.

We hang the booms in springtime, we sluice in the summertime
They're rafting wood across the lakes, five thousand cord to a time
And when the fall is coming on, it's time to take the rear
Better head up to that cutoff and get old McLollen's butt in gear.

There's Buster and Gerry Bigelow, them Sanipass boys and me
George Waters and my father rave about days that used to be
The Messer boys are hung over, they're praying for a head wind
So we can hitch her up at noontime, and they can start right in again.

From Indian Pond down to the Forks it's white water most of the way
Riding them leaky bateaux, I don't think it's worth the pay
From the Forks down through Carratunk we're over the Wyman Dam
By the first week in September we're headed for the Solon Dam.

From Solon down through Libby Country and down into North Anson
That oxbow it don't slow us up and we're down into Madison
We take those three dams, we're always on the run
She's a flying rear through Norridgework and down to Skowhegan.

We send Dennis up to the Green Front and head for Shawmut Shores
There's two weeks of hard picking, but then there'll only be two or three more
And now it is November, God damn, it's getting cold

Best be careful where you step;
there's no place to take hold.

Finally we do get her in, we're all feeling good
We'll have us a little gathering to forget the God damn wood
With some liquor and some smoking, some bullshitting all around
But everyone of us knows this is the last time we'll take her down — oh
Everybody knows this is the last time we'll take her down.

THE KIND LAND (Serinam)

©1998 Gordon Bok

This song came to me in the waters off my home over a few hard days and nights in August, 1998. Mostly it came at night, and once the same tune came in an unfamiliar language — not too uncommon in my creative drifts. Serinam is the only word I kept, because I love the sound, because it seemed to be a person's name and place name at the same time, and I felt the need to honor the gift in kind.

The human history of this land appears to be one of displacement rather than inclusion; the new has tended to drive out the old rather

than living with and learning from the old.

The Kind Land mourns the passing of generations of people who have had to know this land with an intimacy that most present and future occupiers will never know.

I write this a year later in the same cove where most of this song came to me, in the good waters, in the kind land, and the same old moon, I'd be willing to bet, will be lifting in a few hours.

Gordon – 12-string guitar
Sung by The January Men
and Then Some

O the moon is riding high Serinam,
Serinam
O the moon is riding high, Serinam
She won't look you in the eye, she won't look you in the eye
She don't want to see you cry, in the kind land.

Now it's hard to go ashore in the land, in the land
O it's hard to go ashore in the land
All the people on the shore, all the people on the shore
They don't see us any more, in the kind land.

Now the people from the town in the land, in the land
All the people from the town in the land

FARAWAY TOM

©1987 Dave Goulder,
Robbins Music

Dave says "When I was living in Wester Ross (Scotland), Tom was an illusive character, a tramp, who did odd work here and there. You'd never get a good look at him; he'd flit between buildings at dawn and dusk. A lot of us identify with people like that, perhaps even envy them, but ultimately it must have been a bleak life."

Gordon adds "Dave will be glad to know I finally got the tune right."

Gordon – 12-string guitar

When the calendar brings in
the cuckoo
And the summer comes following on
Then the thin mists of day see him
running away
And they know him as Faraway Tom.

The earth is his bed and his pillow
And his sheets are the clothes
he has on
He sleeps all afternoon then he's
hunting the moon
Till it rises for Faraway Tom.

He sees the fox leaving his hollow
And he knows where the badger
has gone
He watches the fawn in the
sheltering thorn

But they don't see old Faraway Tom.

He knows nothing of letters
and learning
And of manners and such
he has none
But he numbers the seasons on
fingers and toes
As they pass over Faraway Tom.

But what of the winters to follow:
Will age and cold winds bring him
down?
For where can he lie when the snow
fills the sky
And the years tell on Faraway Tom?

BRIGHT FINE GOLD

Traditional

Because of the New Zealand gold rush in the 1860s, the Tuapeeka River in Otago Province became the richest place in New Zealand. The results were the same as other gold rushes; mostly misery and poverty. I think that Phyl Lobl from Victoria, Australia, taught it to me when she came to Maine many years ago.

Gordon – small viol

Spend it in the winter or die
in the cold
One apecka, Tuapeeka,
bright fine gold.

*Bright fine gold, bright fine gold
One apecka, Tuapeeka,
bright fine gold.*

Some are sons of fortune, and my
man came to see
But the riches in the river
are not for such as he.

Two little children lying in bed
Both of them hungry, Lord,
they can't raise up their heads.

I'm weary of Otago,
weary of the snow
Let my man strike it rich
and then we'll go.

THE LAST BATTLE

©1988 Bill Gallaher, Victoria, BC

Louis Riel led the Metis in both the Red River Rebellion of 1870 and the Northwest Rebellion in 1885. When his followers were defeated by the government at Batoche on May 12, 1885, he was sentenced to death and hanged in Regina jail. He was a poet and a songmaker. The Gabriel in the song is Gabriel Dumont.

*Bill Gallaher made this poignant piece a few years ago; you can hear his beautifully crafted songs on various tapes and CDs by contacting him at # 4-1275
Pembroke Street, Victoria, British*

*Columbia, Canada V8R 1J7, (604) 382-7531. It was Mary Garvey (of the Columbia River) who told me about Bill. He performs quite often with the astonishing Jake Galbraith, Maureen Campbell and Mike Jones.
Gordon – 12-string guitar
Carol – vocal*

An east wind blew in
the storms of time
Where the Metis lived on the
winding river
For on a steel rail the settlers came
To the South Saskatchewan, and the
land they claimed.

Then three Metis and Gabriel
Rode like the wind to wild Montana
And on the Sweetgrass, in a church
of stone
They found their savior, and they
took him home.

*Saying "Come, Riel, we'll make a
stand
Here at Batoche, beside the river
Ah, never mind their Gatling guns
If we lose this time, we've lost
forever!"*

Oh, the bullets flew
and the cannons roared
And the Metis' blood flowed
like a river
Into the coulees where they ran
to hide

It washed their dreams away,
and their spirit died.

Then a silence stole across the land
The drums of war
were hushed forever
But in the starlight
on the barren plains
The cry of Gabriel flies on the wind.

THE STABLE LAD

©1975 melody: Phil Garland
words: Peter Cape

Learned from a tape a friend sent from New Zealand with Graham Wilson singing.

*Somehow this sings like a film....
I see an old fellow singing the first
verse, then I see his younger
brawny, enthusiastic (and naive)
self with his leather apron and
hammer and sooty smudges on his
face telling about the girl,
whanging away on the anvil. (He's
an apprentice wainwright and
farrier). And then his older self
again, "There's a graveyard..." and
in good ballad form, it never tells
us how — or when — she died,
and it's up to us to make the tale
complete. Good, good song.*

*Since I never saw these lyrics in
print until after this recording was
made, I sing Coven Co. instead of
Cobb & Co. Neatsfoot Compound*

*is an oil we still use here in Maine
to soften, clean and protect leather.
Gordon – nylon 6-string guitar*

When Cobb & Co. ran coaches from
the Buller to the Grey
I went for a livery-stable lad in a halt
up Westport way,
And I gave my heart to a red-haired
girl, and left it where she lay
By the winding Westland highway
from the Buller to the Grey.

There's Neatsfoot on my fingers, and
lamp-black on my face,
And I've saddle-soaped the harness
and hung each piece in place,
But my heart's not in the stable, it's
in Charleston far away,
Where Cobb & Co. goes rolling by
from the Buller to the Grey.

There's a red-haired girl in Charleston,
and she's dancing in the bar,
But I know she's not like other girls
who dance where miners are,
And I can't forget her eyes, and
everything they seemed to say
The day I rode with Cobb & Co.
from the Buller to the Grey.

There's a schooner down from
Murchison, I can hear it in the
gorge,
So I'll have to pump the bellows now
and redden up the forge,
And I'll strike that iron so very hard
she'll hear it far away

They don't mean to take you down,
they don't mean to take you down
They're still looking for the ground,
in the kind land.

They don't know the life we keep in
the land, in the land
They don't know the life we keep in
the land

They neither fish nor sow nor reap,
neither fish nor sow nor reap
And for them the land is cheap, in
the kind land.

And it's sad to see it so in the land,
in the land

Oh it's sad to see it so in the land
But there's one thing it's good to
know, there's one thing it's good
to know

As we come so will we go,
in the kind land.

O the moon is riding high Serinam,
Serinam

O the moon is riding high, Serinam
She won't look you in the eye, she
won't look you in the eye
She don't want to make you cry, in
the kind land.

LEDGE-END OF THE FIDDLER

©1988 Nick Apollonio,
Soulstice Music

Nick says, "I wrote this down as it came to me out of a memory, from when I was quite young, of someone telling me about the origin of the Fiddler's Ledge name....it's a granite obelisk at the entrance to the Fox Islands Thorofare. Don't know how old it is, but the story goes that a local fiddler who was popular in the community was sailing home under the influence one night and piled up on the ledge before there was a marker there. According to the teller (who probably liked to scare kids with ghost stories) one can still hear him fiddling there on foggy nights. The tune comes from a lumberjack song The Jam on Gerry's Rocks. The Drunkard mentioned in the song is another ledge to the west of the fiddler. A pinky is a double ended type of sailing vessel with an odd stern extension, usually schooner rig, that developed on this coast in the late 1700s."

Gordon says, "I heard a similar story about a foreign vessel that

piled up on that particular patch of knobs, but since it has now become a song we'll call this history."

Gordon – 12-string guitar
(built by Nick Apollonio)

Come hear my tale, you mariners
who sail Penobscot Bay
You know the granite monument
that's visible by day
At the entrance of the thorofare that
feeds North Haven town
It marks the ledge where long ago
young fiddling Tom
was drowned.

Now Tom was a friend to one and all
and a fiddler second to none
And a sailor too, but most of all he
loved his jug of rum
And when the fire was in his bow
and the mud was in his eye
Folks would flock from field and farm
to hear the fiddler's fingers fly.

Now the fiddler and Jim Brown set
out on the thirty-first of May
To play the dance at Rockland
thirteen miles across the bay
With the wind southeast
on the sunlit sea their pinky
skipped along
Their hearts were full as the rising
moon and the air was full of song.

Well they jigged and reeled till the
midnight hour and the dance was
winding down

Outside they heard the southwest
wind singing a different sound
But the boys were full
and they must get home
so they up and hoisted sail
Two drunks alone on the bay at night
in a rising southwest gale.

Well the reach was fast
to the mid-bay bell
and the fog was closing 'round
Two miles more
on the starboard side
they heard the Drunkard sound
So the half tide ledge off Stand In
Point was all that barred their way
From the homeward run
through the thorofare
in the dark before the day.

Well the bow struck hard and it
tossed them out on the seaweed
covered stone
There they stood in the pounding
spray, half drenched and all alone
They yelled for help
from the near-by point,
they sang and cried and swore
And the fiddler bowed one final reel
for he knew he'd sail no more.

All they found in the morning light
was the empty case and bow
And late that year they built their
friends a monument in stone
But still they say on moonlit nights
in the early part of June

You can hear in the fog
the sound of the fiddler playing
his lonesome tune.

CHALL EILIBH

Tune: Traditional Barra
Arr: Gordon Bok

This is listed in M. Kennedy-Fraser's book Songs of the Hebrides Vol. 1 as "a coastwise song; words by Agnes Mure Mackenzie, Stornaway, Lewis." The air is from the island of Barra. Kennedy-Fraser arranged it for piano; I hear it more sparsely, with less rhythm. Here are Mackenzie's words:

Gordon – 12-string guitar

Where are the ships
that have sailed the seas
Out to the setting of suns long past?
Broken and gone,
for the tumbling seas
Have covered them over
from first to last.

Norway snekr out of the north
Galleyes of Venice, tall ships of Spain
With strong men singing
have all set forth
And the sea lies bare
to the drifting rain.

Chall eilibh horo eile
Chall oro....

JIM CLANCY

Traditional Maine

I found this song in that fine old book, The Minstrelsy of Maine, by Fannie Hardy Eckstorm and Mary Winslow Smythe. They explain that the song was collected in 1925 from Horace E. Priest of Sangerville, who learned it 45 years before in the woods on the Penobscot. Many lumbermen came into Bangor to help build the dam and Water Works in 1875-6. His stamps, or caulks, were his hobnailed boots. The saddest part of this story was that he came out of the woods to take a "civilized" job for awhile. He ended up building the Water Works without pay, having lost his most important possessions, his logging boots.

To Bangor City last year I came; to
the town I took a fancy
I enlisted a job in the Water Works,
'long of my friend Jim Clancy.

Jim, he didn't stay but a day or two
while I stuck on like a daisy
Bad luck to me soul,
had I gone with Jim
my poor heart would-a been easy.

One Saturday night I got my stamps
— for Brewer town I started

I met a man
and he asked me to drink —
says I, "You're very kind hearted."

I took a drink
of the lay-down-punch —
which laid me out completely
Sometimes I get a little mite drunk,
but that night I got beastly.

When I awoke me stamps was gone,
in another hotel I was setting
My bag and baggage
was my only chum, and my
bedroom door was a-grating.

I loudly for the Boss did call, my
stomach bein' in want of a diet
When a man with a star
did to me appear, sayin'
"Damn your eyes, keep quiet!"

I was taken to court
that very afternoon
and charged for Creating a Riot
They said I had knocked a
policeman down while trying to
keep being quiet.

I told the story to the Judge —
to the best of my recollection
He fined me 50¢ and costs....
of six months in
the House of Correction.

My stamps was gone
so I had to go too,
a makin' brick for the stack, boys;

And all on account
of the lay-down-punch
and the meetin' of the hoboos.

And now young men when you do go
out, if you have got any money
Keep away from the lay-down-punch,
and the hoboos for their cunning.

JONES

©Blake Alphonso Higgs

*Doug Day of Swari's Island,
Maine, tells me that Jones is
included on a 78 that his parents
brought back from their
honeymoon in Nassau, Bahamas,
where they listened to Blind Blake
every night. In the original
recording a dog (named "Music")
that accompanied the singer at his
gigs at the Royal Victorian Hotel is
apparently evident on the record. I
can't remember where I learned this
song.*

Gordon – 12-string guitar

Boys, I had a friend
by the name of Jones, and his
eyes they sure was round

I took old Jones for my personal pal,
don't you see
what Jones has done?

Now Jones he hung around me
like a hungry hound, took my
woman and he left this town

And now I wonder,
if anybody in here can tell me
if they've seen old Jones.

*Jones, oh Jones, oh you know you
can't last long*

*Jones, oh Jones you better bring
my woman back home*

I'm going to powder up my pistol,
going to buy me Gatling gun

I'm going to meet you, Jones, you
know there ain't no use to run

When I get through with you
everybody going to moan:
"Jones, oh Jones."

Jones, oh Jones – (chorus)

I'm going to keep you to myself,
I'm going to kill you dead and
bury you

Going to dig you up for fun

I'm going to stand and let the
buzzards pick the meat off your
bones

When I get through with you
everybody going to moan: "Jones,
oh Jones."

Jones, oh Jones – (chorus)

That Jones, he always told me that he
was my personal pal

But then that son of bum he come
and stole away me gal

Oh yes I'm up and down the town,
just looking for that bum

I'm going to meet you, Jones, I'm
going to give the buzzards fun
When I get through with you
everybody going to moan: "Jones,
oh Jones."

Jones, oh Jones – (chorus)

I even take you to my place —
I give you room to stay
But now you son of bum you took
my gal and gone away

I'm going to powder up my pistol,
going to buy me Gatling gun

I'm going to meet you, Jones,
you know it ain't no use to run

I got the Army Sergeant with me,
got the undertaker too

I got the student doctors offering me
money for you

I'm going to keep you to myself,
I'm going to kill you dead
and bury you

Going to dig you up for fun

I'm going to stand and let the
buzzards pick the meat
off your bones

I'm going to take my wedding
butcher knife and cut you
through and through

I'm going to chop you into pieces just
big enough for stew

And when I get through with you,
everybody going to moan:
"Jones, oh Jones."

THE BRESSAY LULLABY

The Shetland Folk Book Vol. 1.

*Noted down by Mrs. E. J. Smith,
Sandness, Shetland, from her
mother's singing.*

*This wasn't exactly the way I
learned it, but it's the way it was set
down in Norman Buchan's little
book "101 Scottish Songs" (©1962
Wm Collins and Co., Glasgow and
London).*

Gordon – small viol

Baloo balilly, baloo balilly, baloo
balilli, baloo ba

Gae awa peerie fairies (3)
Fae oor bairn noo.

Dan come boannie angels (3)
Ta wir peerie bairn.

Dey'll sheen ower da cradle (3)
O wir peerie bairn.

MOURNING DOVE

©1997 Steven Sellors,
Grand Bay, NB, Canada

*What do we call this magical
man? The Bard of Grand Bay? Poet
of the unenfranchised, speaker for
the furry few? The man that won
the heart of Cathryn Ward, eh? And
ours, so many times over, with each
song he makes. Our humanity*

*grows a little with every song of his
we love. Steve says it's a song from
the adoptee to the birth mother.*

Gordon – 12-string guitar

I have a house — I have a home
I have a place
where wildflowers grow
I have some trees,
where squirrels can nest
And mourning doves
can take their rest —

I have a dog — I have a song
I have to let the mystery roll on
I am alive — I am in love
I want to tell the mourning dove —

But when she flew she did not sing
The cold wind whistled on her wing

O do not grieve,
sweet mourning dove
Your sad old song is a song of love

On the day when I was new
You held me once —
no one held you

I think of you as a Mourning Dove
That only flew on wings of love

GOING ON

©1999 Lois Lyman

Loie says, "Going On is the true story of a family surviving the first year after their father died suddenly in early summer. He was a wonderful, warm man, full of humor. He had a little retirement berry farm and the family was running it together and loving it. Just before Easter his daughter told me that she had been dreading going home, because spring was her father's favorite time of year. But when she walked into the kitchen, it was just covered with flats of little plants and her mother and brothers were all busy poring over them. "I guess it just goes on," she said."

Gordon – nylon 6-string guitar
Lois and Carol – vocals

In summer there was nothing left to do
But carry on, the way we knew he wanted us to do:
Run the stand and work the farm, sleep exhausted, up at dawn
No time to think,
and so it just went on.

*It still goes on; it will go on
In the sharing of a smile, in the
caring for a child
Asleep in your arms and dreaming
– it still goes on.*

In autumn, seemed that everything was gone
We turned and all we saw were shades of black and grey and brown
Empty fields on every hand, silent house and shuttered stand;
Wasn't easy then to think of going on.

But winter was time for plans and dreaming
Catalogs and endless schemes, that kept us all believing
We would keep the dream alive and make it grow, not just survive
Knowing that drove out the cold and kept us warm.

And the joy of springtime sun is warm and steady
In the greenhouse and the fields next summer's crop is coming ready
Walking through the door at home I can feel that it's begun
And in everyone of us it still goes on.

LAMENT FOR OWEN CHRISTY / UNDER THE WIND

Music ©1980 Jim Stewart SOCAN
Words ©1997 Gordon Bok BMI

During the potato famine, many Irish people emigrated to Canada, arriving at the port of Saint John, N.B. Owen Christy was one of those, but he died in quarantine and was buried on Partridge Island. The tune is Jim's lament, for Owen and his kind.

Many of my poems are a response, not to one need or incident, but to a few, and parts get changed or added on as the needs dictate. Under the Wind is one of those.

Gordon – small viol
Carol – harp

Love on us all, now, under the wind,
The old wind, ever among us.

And love of the dark winds, too:
Love of the hard, grey wave.

Love of the long oar that takes us through;
Love of the tree that gave it to us.

And love of the day — this bright, swift day
Under the long, old wind —
Love on us all.

Recorded, engineered and mastered by Bruce Boege, Limin Music, Northport, ME
Recorded at United Methodist Church, Camden, ME
Produced by Anne Dodson and Gordon Bok
Mixed by Bruce Boege, Gordon Bok and Anne Dodson
Cover photographs by Kip Brundage, Belfast, ME
Graphic design by Tim Seymour, Tim Seymour Designs, Camden, ME

Nick Apollonio built the 12-string guitar, nylon 6-string guitars and the small 5-string viol da gamba
Ron Pinkham built the nylon 6-string guitar used on "Vidala la Comparsita"
Triplet built the 34-string Celtic Harp

THE CHURCH TAPES:

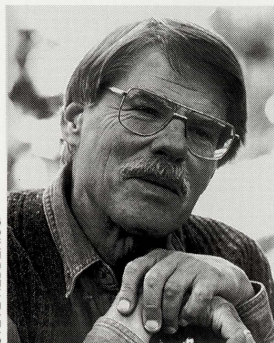
Most of the musicmaking in my life has been in nice places: in friends' houses, on decks, in forecastles, meadows and woods. Recordings, however, usually seem to happen in not-so kindly places. I enjoyed recording in Folk Legacy's big barn room; Sandy Paton would set up two mikes and any number of musicians so that everyone could hear each other and you sang (between cars, cardinals, wind etc.) until the right things happened.

Remembering this, after many recording adventures in many places, in 1998 I negotiated with the local United Methodist Church to do a series of recordings in their sanctuary.

It was glorious, letting my voice loose in a big, warm, buttery-echoed room and lovely to have almost no mixing or editing to do in the studio thereafter. It was a joy to work with my friend Bruce Boege and the kind folks of that church.

So here it is, complete with traffic, breathing and pops; all a part of singing in that lovely room.

The January Men & Then Some:
Gordon Bok, Tony Bok, Will Brown, David Dodson, Ken Gross, Jamie Huntsberger, Cindy Kallet, Carol Rohl, Forrest Sherman, joined by Lois Lyman on "The Kind Land"
Carol Rohl – harp and vocals
Lois Lyman – vocals



STEVE HEDDERIC



TIMBERHEAD

All arrangements by Gordon Bok
© © 1999 Timberhead
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Under the Wind 3:22



TIMBERHEAD

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THD CD11



GORDON BOK
IN THE KIND LAND

1. Faraway Tom 3:15
 2. Bright Fine Gold 3:01
 3. The Last Battle 3:27
 4. The Stable Lad 3:49
 5. Vidala la Comparsita 3:37
 6. River Drive 3:50
 7. The Kind Land 4:00
 8. Ledge-End of the Fiddler 3:19
 9. Chall Eilibh 1:55
 10. Jim Clancy 2:37
 11. Jones 2:59
 12. The Bressay Lullaby 2:53
 13. Mourning Dove 3:32
 14. Going On 4:06
 15. Lament for Owen Christy /
Under the Wind 3:22
- Total time 49:42

All arrangements by Gordon Bok
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