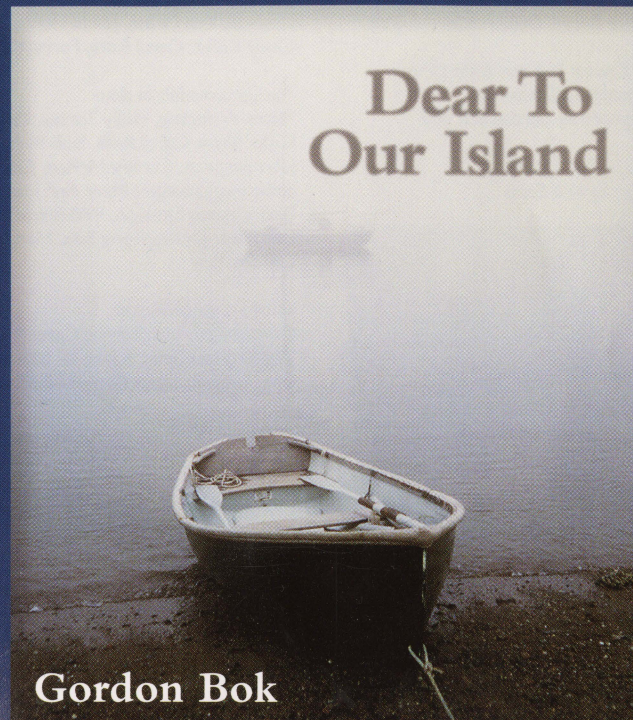


*Gordon Bok with Carol Rohl, Cindy Kallet, Anne Dodson, Will Brown, the Quasimodal Chorus, the January Men, and the Small World Orchestra*

- 1- Sail, O Believer 2:37
- 2- Sandwood Down to Kyle 2:39
- 3- Driveway Reel & Thanxty Al Stanley 2:25
- 4- Bachelor's Song 3:15
- 5- Connemara Cradle Song 3:23
- 6- Now I'm Easy 3:19
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- 9- Hatu Khara Ols'n 4:06
- 10- Poor Angus 1:36
- 11- Jock O'Hazeldean 3:53
- 12- Los Viejitos 2:42
- 13- Long Life to the Moon :29
- 14- Small Island 2:41
- 15- Oh I Am Calling 8:42
- 16- A Phiuthrag's A Phiuthar 2:25
- 17- Bless Ye Fair Maids 3:32
- 18- Against the Moon 4:05

Total time: 60:57

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PO Box 840  
Camden, Maine 04843  
[www.gordonbok.com](http://www.gordonbok.com)



# Dear To Our Island

Gordon Bok

Recorded, engineered and mastered by  
Bruce Boege, Limin Music, Northport, Maine  
Mixed by Bruce Boege, Gordon Bok and Anne  
Dodson

Produced by Gordon Bok and Anne Dodson

Cover photograph by Gordon Bok

Other photographs by Gordon Bok and  
Carol Rohl

Programming by Carol Rohl

Graphic design by Ken Gross



Bruce and Anne in the studio.

My singing often wanders from the original  
versions; we try to print the original when we  
can.

You may notice a difference in room-presence  
between some of these songs. That's because  
some were done in Bruce's studio in Bayside  
and a few are from the 'Church tapes'—  
recorded in the winter of 1999 in the John  
Street Methodist Church in Camden.

*The January Men & Then Some to date:*  
Gordon Bok, Tony Bok, Will Brown, David  
Dodson, Ken Gross, Jamie Huntsberger,  
Cindy Kallet, Carol Rohl, Forrest Sherman

*The Quasimodals to date:*  
Marie Weferling, Holly Torsey, Matt Szostak,  
Susan Shaw, Carol Rohl, Bob Richardson,  
John Pincince, Carney McRae, Cindy Kallet,  
Jamie Huntsberger, Mary Ann Hensel, Ken  
Gross, Anne Dodson, Will Brown, Mimi  
Bornstein-Doble, Tony Bok, Mary Bok,  
Gordon Bok

*Small World Orchestra:*  
Gordon Bok—'cellamba; Carol Rohl—harp;  
Will Brown—laud; Claire de Boer—flute;  
Tom Judge & Susan Groce—fiddles

*With:*  
Will Brown—laud & vocals  
Anne Dodson—vocals  
Cindy Kallet—vocals  
Carol Rohl—harp & vocals



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## SAIL, O BELIEVER

Traditional

*Years back someone gave this to me written out by  
hand. Recently I heard it was from the Quimby family  
of the Georgia Sea Islands. Dick Swain found a lovely  
looking version in an Applewood Books 1995 reprint  
of Slave Songs of the United States (originally pub-  
lished in 1867), so it has been around a good while.  
I've never heard it sung.*

Gordon—12-string guitar;  
Will, Cindy, Carol & Anne—vocals

Sail, o believer sail, sail over yonder  
Sail, o my brother sail, sail over yonder

Oh brother bear a hand  
Come brother bear a hand  
Come view the promised land  
Come view the promised land

Oh Mary, Mary weep  
Bow low Martha

Oh, my Lord's coming now  
And my Lord locks the door  
Now my Lord's locked the door  
Carries the keys away

## SANDWOOD DOWN TO KYLE

©1970 David Goulder, Robbins Music

*Sandwood is in the far northwest of Scotland,  
Kyle is the Kyle of Lochalsh. Dave has walked,  
climbed, scrambled, built and repaired dry stone  
walls over most of it and has certainly earned the  
right to his opinion.*

*I love the starkness of this song and tried to  
catch it with the bowed instrument.*

Gordon—viol

On Monday morn as I went out, the wild  
birds for to see  
I met a man along the road and asked for  
charity 2x  
Come home with me and take your fill and  
comfort you shall find  
And tell me why you walk the road that leaves  
the hills behind 2x  
Oh time has spent the summer, sir, and soon  
the leaves will fall  
And I hear the change within the wind that  
plays around your walls 2x  
For the bird must flee the winter, sir, she can-  
not stay behind  
To build her nest upon the snow, nor can I  
look for mine 2x  
But if I could have a hundred homes and dwell  
in each a while  
I'd build them all along the coast from Sand-  
wood down to Kyle 2x

## DRIVEWAY REEL & THANXTY AL STANLEY

© Tom Judge / Gordon Bok

*Tom Judge was trying to get out of my long, greasy driveway one mud season in an old Gray Ghost of a pickup truck. He made it, but as he gained the tarred road this tune delivered itself on him complete and unannounced. At the time, he called it "Drive Away the Driveway Reality Reel." The second tune is one I made in thanks to another old musical friend, Alan Stanley of Prince Edward Island for taking the time to teach me "Carolan's Concerto." (I recorded this one as a jig with Cindy Kallet on Neighbors a few years ago, if you're thinking you've heard it before...)*

Gordon—12-string guitar

## BACHELOR'S SONG

Traditional

*I can't remember where I ran across this, but I have a note that says it was sung by John Nicholson, Jordan Mountain, near Sussex, N.B., transcribed by Kenneth Peacock, October 1979.*

All my sacred thoughts I will unfold to all young  
men are here  
Young women they are good company to make the  
boys appear  
Young women they are good company but I will  
wed with none  
And if all young men were of my mind, the girls  
would walk alone  
Oh if I were to marry a pretty girl, how happy I  
would be  
And if I were to marry a grey old one, the boys  
would laugh at me

And if I were to marry a great big one she'd  
surely knock me down  
And small women they are peevish . . . drink  
round, my boys, drink round

Drink round, my boys, drink round—until  
it comes to me  
For the longer that we drink and chat the  
merrier we'll be

Oh here's to the faggot-maker, he sits at home at  
ease  
And he goes to work at six o'clock, knocks off  
whenever he please  
And he takes his faggot and binds it and throws it  
on the ground  
And he takes his twine and twines it; drink round,  
my boys, drink round

I owe no debts, I pay no rent, I have none to  
repine  
I have no cradle for to rock, no babies for to  
mind  
My parents dear they need not fear, for they are  
laid low down  
And I mean to lead a single life; drink round, my  
boys, drink round  
Oh the girls they all do wink at me at every town  
and fair  
But I never pay any mind to them as though they  
were not there\*  
I mean to lead a single life wherever I may roam  
And there's none in life may kiss my wife when I  
am not at home

\* this line obscured in original text

## CONNEMARA CRADLE SONG

Traditional—Irish from Sister Richard, Boyle,  
County Roscommon 1993

*When my wife Carol crossed the Atlantic in a  
small sailing yacht, she stayed at a B&B in Boyle,  
County Roscommon. When she brought Tom  
Judge, Susan Groce and me back there, Bridie  
Gallagher (the proprietor) remembered her. Bridie  
called her friend Sister Richard (a music teacher  
across the street), in hopes to borrow a harp.*

*Alas, the harp was on loan, but Sister Richard  
came over to join us. We made some music any-  
way, and Sister gave us this lovely song.*

*I have rearranged the verses to sing it myself,  
but we print it here the way she wrote it out for  
me.*

Gordon—vocal & laud;  
Cindy, Carol & Anne—vocals

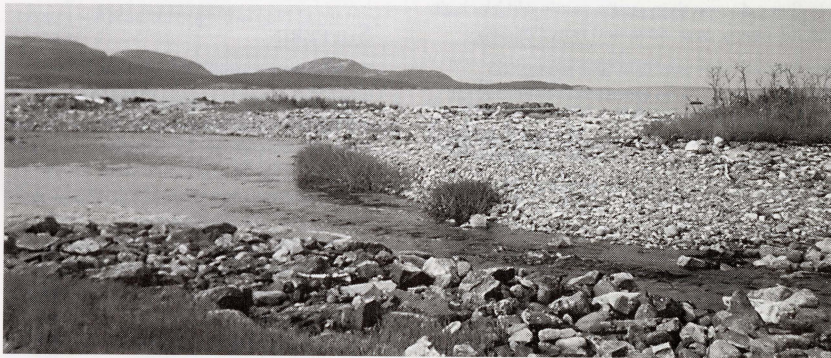
On wings of the wind, o'er the deep rolling sea  
Angels are coming to watch over thee  
Angels are coming to watch over thee  
So list' to the winds coming over the sea

Hear the wind blow, love, hear the wind blow  
Lean your head over, hear the wind blow

Oh, winds of the night, may your fury be  
crossed

May no one that's dear to our island be lost  
Blow the wind gently, calm be the foam  
Shine the light brightly to guide us back home

The currachs are sailing way out on the blue  
Laden with herring of silvery hue  
Silver the herring and silver the sea  
And soon they'll be silver for my love and me



## NOW I'M EASY

Eric Bogle © 1980 Banksiaman Press/Larrikin Records

*Eric Bogle is said to have said (sounds like the Internet, eh?) that he got talking with a cocky in a bar one night, who sketched out this working-life's story over the course of a few hours. And what a beautiful job Eric did of sketching it for us. A cocky (or cockie) is usually a poor, small farmer.*

Gordon—Spanish guitar

It's nearly sixty years I've been a Cocky  
Of drought and fire and flood I've lived through  
plenty

This country's dust and mud have seen my tears  
and blood

But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

I married a fine girl when I was twenty  
She died in giving birth when she was thirty  
No flying doctor then, just a gentle old black gin  
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

She left me with two sons and a daughter  
And a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for  
water

So my care was rough and ready, but they grew  
up fine and steady

It's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

My daughter married young and went her  
own way

My sons lie buried by the Burma Railway  
So on this land I've made my own, I've carried on  
alone

But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

City folk these days despise the Cocky  
They say with subsidies and all we've had  
it easy

But there's no drought or dying stock on a  
sewered suburban lot

But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy

## MORAN'S RETURN

Traditional—Irish

*Our friend Mary Lincoln called us in off the street to her pottery in Ardmore, County Waterford, to hear a recording of Nollaig Casey and Arty McGlynn playing this old Irish tune. It comes from the Patrick Weston Joyce Collection (written down in 1844). I sketched it down, and two nights later Carol and Tom and Susan and I played it for Mary and her husband Dick in the pub nearby.*

Small World Orchestra

## SUFFERIN'

©1985 Bill Gallaher SOCAN

*Mary Garvey of Vancouver, Washington introduced me to the music of this amazing Canadian songwriter. Bill says this was one of the first songs he wrote; and while he always knows whereof he writes, luckily this song did not become autobiographical.*

*Bill says, "Back in '72, Jaye\* said to me, 'Why don't you write a song?' I asked, 'What kind of song?' And without skipping a beat she said, 'A cowboy song.' Not knowing much of anything about cowboys, I eventu-*

*ally settled on the idea of 'Sufferin'' when I recalled the old gent whose groceries I used to carry home when I was a kid of 7 or 8 years old. He was well into his eighties and would regale me with tales of his life. I remember him saying he'd been a cowboy, a prospector, a railroad worker, among other things, and the addendum would always be, 'People today have it real easy. Now, when I was a young man . . . '*

\*Bill's wife

Gordon—I 2-string guitar

When I was young and in my prime  
I had a woman and her future by my side  
But the four winds blow and the grass don't  
grow

'Round the feet of a man with travellin' in his  
hide

So I threw off all the shackles and the chains  
Said good-bye to what's-her-name

And I suffered through the cold September  
rain

Heading back to freedom once again

Well, I tried my luck on a fiery buck  
In back of a ramblin' two-room ranchin' shack  
There ain't nothing worse than a buckskin  
horse

With a mind of his own and a saddle on his  
back

For riding he just didn't seem to care  
So he left me there in the dusty air

And I suffered through the insults and the  
pain

Of landing on my backside once again

Well, I broke my back laying down the track  
For the railroad that was making its way out west  
But I had no feel for the cold hard steel  
And a job that gave no time for a man to rest  
So I said good-bye and headed north for  
gold

Staked my claim on a salted \*vein  
And I suffered through the hunger and the cold  
All I found was a young man growing old

I drank my fill of the barroom swill  
Danced 'til the sun was a jewel in the morning  
sky

I used my fist for a goodnight kiss  
On the face of a man with evil in his eye  
Then I stumbled through the morning feeling ill  
Till I fell with a thud in the rain and the mud  
And I suffered through a day or two in jail  
Then I headed back to the freedom of the  
trail

Well, the years have flown but the times I've  
known

Were better than a poke in the eye with a rusty  
nail

If a man will try and a man don't lie to himself  
Then his life can be a hell of a tale  
To change my life I wouldn't give a dime  
And when I go the books will show  
That I suffered from my birth right through my  
prime  
Now I'm heading back to freedom, one last  
time

\*somebody had spread a little "good news"  
around

## HATU KHARA OLS'N

(The Hard Black Rope)

Traditional

*This is a song from the Khalmyk (Buryat Mongol) people who came to live in Philadelphia and New Jersey beginning in the 1950's. I learned it from my friends Sara Stepkin Goripow and Nadja Stepkin Budschalow during the winters that I worked in Philadelphia and sang with them and played in their dance-orchestra.*

*They told me it was "a very young song (less than 200 years old, probably) and very Russian." It came from a time when they were hauling boats up rivers—by hand. Nadja said, "You could call it our 'Volga Boat Song.'" Many of the words are lost to present day Khalmyk, but (loosely) it goes: "I pull the hard, black rope (and I sing) Mother / Father / my People / my Country: I do not forget you." I have the 3rd verse in Nadja's writing: "While this river runs, while you work here, don't forget your people."*

*Ordinarily I would never harmonize a Khalmyk song, but wherever the Stepkin sisters sang this one, they sang it in harmony . . . so I gave it a Russian flavor here for the Quasimodals, and have tried to teach them the Khalmyk sounds that are not so easy to remember from all those years ago.*

The Quasimodal Chorus

Hatuya khara olsigen  
Hakurun badje tatulav  
Hakurun badje tatulav

Hakurun badje tatushen  
Harm stele edje minye sanugdna  
Harm stele edje minye sanugdna

Idjelinye irgede kudlagen  
Izhe lan biche martite  
Izhe lan biche martite

Idjelinye irgede kudlushen  
Inyegem ondzin nandan sanugdna  
Inyegem ondzin nandan sanugdna

## POOR ANGUS

Poem © Shel Silverstein

Music © Gordon Bok

*Shel was an astounding poet (and singer too, I am told) whose works would enrich any library, any life. I wish I had met him.*

Gordon—violin

Oh what do you do, poor Angus  
When hunger makes you cry  
I fix myself an omelet, sir  
Of fluffy clouds and sky

Oh what do you wear, poor Angus  
When the winds blow down the hills  
I sew myself a warm cloak, sir  
Of hope and daffodils

And who will you love, poor Angus  
When Catherine's gone from the moor  
Ah then sir, then's the only time  
I think I'm really poor

## JOCK O'HAZELDEAN

Traditional—Scots

*I must have learned this in the 1960's, when I started hanging out with other folksingers. I hear it in a lowland Scots dialect, and sometimes sing it that way—I've heard it sung a number of different ways here in the States.*

Gordon—laud

"Why weep ye by the tide, lady  
Why weep ye by the tide?  
I'll wed ye to my youngest son  
And ye shall be his bride

And ye shall be his bride, lady

So comely to be seen"

But aye she's let the tears downfall

For Jock O' Hazeldean

"Now let this willful grief be done  
And dry your cheek so pale  
Young Frank is chief of Errington  
And Lord of Langleydale

His step is first in peaceful hall

His sword in battle keen"

But aye she's let the tears down fall

For Jock O' Hazeldean

"A gown o' gold ye shall not lack  
Nor braid to bind your hair  
Nor mettled hound nor managed hawk  
Nor palfrey fresh and fair

And ye the foremost of them all

Shall ride, our forest queen"

But aye she's let the tears down fall

For Jock O' Hazeldean

The kirk was decked at morningtide church  
The tapers glimmered fair  
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride  
And dame and knight are there

They've sought her both by tower and hall

The lady was not seen

She's o'er the border and awa away

With Jock O' Hazeldean

## LOS VIEJITOS

Traditional—Tarascan Indian

*One of the legacies my folks left was an odd collection of folk music from all over the world. My brother and I thought nothing of learning songs in other languages when we were kids; it was all around us and our relatives did it (mostly because they had lived there). I believe this one came from an early Folkways LP of Tarascan Indian music and was played on a "guitarra bajita", which I've never seen but loved the sound it made. I couldn't imagine how a 2-legged type could make this rhythm work, until someone who had seen the dance told me it was usually performed by old men with canes who were supposed to be somewhat less than sober. I've played it since I was a teenager and have never tired of it, nor ever been satisfied that I had it right.*

Gordon—laud

## LONG LIFE TO THE MOON

Irish poem / music by Gordon Bok

*A short, anonymous poem that Kate Barnes sent me. (Plenty of room for short songs in the world.)*

Gordon & Carol—vocals

Ogh, long life to the moon for a  
fine noble creature  
Who serves us for lamplight each night  
in the dark  
While the sun only shines in the day,  
which by nature  
Needs no light at all as yez all may  
remark



## SMALL ISLAND

Traditional

*Another song I got about 40 years ago from a young shipmate, Harold Williams, from South Caicos. I had asked him how folks in the British Virgin Islands felt having their country owned by people so far away who never even saw it, and he said "Oh, we got a song about that." And sang this.*

*I can't find that I ever wrote it down, even in the logs I kept.*

Gordon—Spanish guitar

Small Island, go back where you come from  
Small Island, go back where you come from  
O when you come by the one and the two  
and the three  
You taking our food and you leaving us hungry  
Small Island, go back where you come from

Number one: no rice in this land

Number two: no rice in this land

Now when you come by the one and the two and  
the three  
You taking our food and you mash down the jungle  
Small Island, go back where you come from

Winston Churchill going 'cross through this  
English Channel

Winston Churchill going 'cross through this  
English Channel

Now when you got no guns and you got no  
revolver\*

Bottle and stick kicking hell in Gibraltar  
Small Island, go back where you come from

\*Refers to a speech Churchill made during WWII

## OH, I AM CALLING

Words ©1998 Megaera Vittum Fitch  
Music & Arrangement ©1999 Gordon Bok

*Meg lives in Vermont on the family farm; her house is the barn they used to store extra hay in. She has been writing since the teacher in her school encouraged her in the third grade. She is a member of VIBES!, a poetry and performing group working out of Vermont.*

*These are two of the many poems Meg has swapped with me over the years, part of an ongoing conversation. I took them on tour with me one fall, and during a 3-day layover in New Hampshire, wrote the music to them.*

*Our chorus has no director; when we need one we coerce one from the ranks. My thanks to Mimi Bornstein-Doble for guiding this particular song through all the work it took to get it there.*

*The Quasimodal Chorus*

I. Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
My calling cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Downfolding clouds enfold me  
Enclosing fears behold me

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O, Nester cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Bring down your wings about me  
To shield from them who'd rout me

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O Mother, cross the waters

Cross the mighty waters  
Storm between me and my fears  
They prickle the hills with spears

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O Flame-heart cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Circle me with fire now  
Enfold me in your pyre now

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O Child, come cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Dance me down the silver shore  
And lead me from the River's roar

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O Singer, cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Ring me round with sacred song  
And pull me from the darkened throng

Oh, I am calling, I am calling  
O I will cross the waters  
Cross the mighty waters  
Lay my feet on the flaming foam  
And ride my song through darkness home

II. Chickadee of the clutching toe  
Nuthatch of the creaking voice  
Blackbird of the twirling song  
Redtail of the longing fall  
Birds all of marsh and meadow

I hear you, you  
Am I yours – now? yours?

Ancient tree on the mountain brow  
Windy curled, tough and small  
Dead elm in the singing swamp  
Summer home of bug and bird  
Nut bearers, seed trailers

I hear you, you  
Am I yours – now? yours?

Leaf meal, snake trail  
Crow call, fox squall  
Toad song, ant throng  
Tree quiet, peeper riot  
Ducks nesting, beaver tasting

I hear you, you  
Am I yours – now? yours?

Sudden cliff and long lake  
Hard thin dirt, shaling stone  
Glacial waste on northern land  
Spill of meadow, stream tumble  
Stone walls of lost borders

I hear you, you  
Am I yours – now? yours?

Running through the cold dew  
Hunting cows in the misty swamp  
Leaning on their warm sides  
Trailing spring, green sour sweet  
To summer stubble, dry and sharp

My ears loved, skin loved  
Eyes loved, thick skinned feet  
Loved their way over  
Farm lands, up thawed brook  
Through air of song and silence

Do you hear me, me?  
Are you mine – now? mine?

Garden dust and roses bloom  
Grape green to misty blue  
Every berry of wood and pasture  
Split sweet on lip and tongue

Do you hear me, me?  
Are you mine—now? mine?

Coming here, homing here  
Standing here on loved ground  
The ground curves, rocks and sings  
I rock and sing my home to heart  
My heart to home to hope  
To long, long, long hope  
To wing and root and stone and stream  
And sky and wind and star

And small, bright eye in naked wood  
Laughing, laughing, laughing

Do you hear me, me?  
Are you mine – now? mine?

## A PHIUTHRAG 'S A PHIUTHAR— SISTER O SISTER

Traditional—Scots (Hebrides)

*I heard this song perhaps thirty years ago. The closest text to my version seems to be in Peter Kennedy's Folksongs of Britain and Ireland.*

*Despite kind efforts by Margaret Bennett of Edinburgh and Holly Torsey of Whitefield, I haven't located my original source, so I rely on my memory and may the Gods of Gaelic be kind on me.*

*I was told it was sung by one who had been stolen by the fairies. "Little sister, my love, my sister, can't you pity my grief tonight? My bothy now is low and narrow, without thatch nor rope holding the thatch, and the rain of the hills down through it like a running stream."*

*If you've ever had a loved one in the grip of depression or addiction or grief, you've heard this song.*

Gordon—viol

## BLESS YE FAIR MAIDS

Words ©1984 J.B. Goodenough  
Music © 1990 Gordon Bok

*Judy sent this to me many years ago, as we were trading poems. It worked on me until I found this tune and harmony for it. I used to play the bass part on the 'cellamba and sing the upper part, but it took the January Men to give it the freedom it wanted. Cindy added the harmony on the last chorus.*

*The January Men*

The candle's at the window and the sun is in  
the west  
And the baby's in the cradle and the bird is on  
the nest

The young man's gone a-courting but the old  
man's home to stay  
And in the fire's falling light we heard the old  
man say

Bless ye the setting of the sun, the candle  
set at foot and head  
And bless ye fair maids, every one, that  
never came to warm my bed

Farewell whatever salty seas I never sailed  
upon  
Farewell whatever roads that go where I have  
never gone  
Farewell a hundred fallow fields that never did  
I plow  
Farewell a hundred distant hills that I shall not  
climb now

Farewell to every tree whose fruit I never  
gathered up  
Farewell to every jug in town that never filled  
my cup  
Farewell the rivers fair and far that never I  
have crossed  
And farewell the gold I never found and the  
silver I have lost

## AGAINST THE MOON

©1997 Steven Sellors, Grand Bay NB, Canada

*From a Master of the Irreverent comes another heartwarmer and a great song to sing in life's many changes, to remind us why we hung on so long in the first place. This one, he told me, had little bits and pieces of his friends in it. For another lovely version, Anne Dodson (Esteemed Producer) has also recorded this song on Against the Moon on Beech Hill Music.*

Gordon—12-string guitar

I hear the thunder, its tender noise  
I'm standing under the moving skies



Chorus:

I will not be bothered by this world when it's  
gone (x2)

The rain is falling on fields of stone  
A hunger's calling to beasts of bone

The birds are waking in time to flee  
The winter taking their greening tree

The sea is rushing away too soon  
The tide is pushing against the moon.

The day is turning and looking back  
At sunset burning the sky to black

This season's dimming is nature's will  
The world is brimming with beauty still

I love the thunder



For Mary and Tony,  
who know where it comes from.



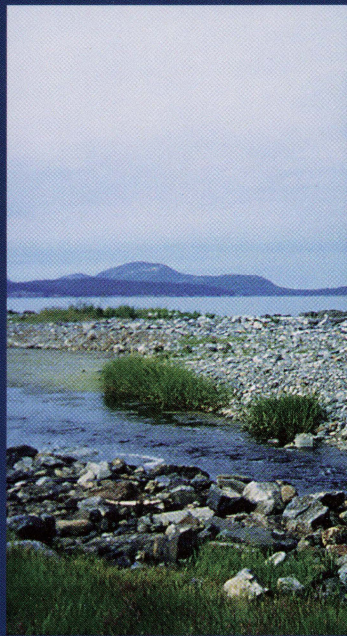
# Dear To Our Island

*Gordon Bok*

1. Sail, O Believer 2:37
2. Sandwood Down to Kyle 2:39
3. Driveway Reel & Thanxty  
Al Stanley 2:25
4. Bachelor's Song 3:15
5. Connemara Cradle Song 3:23
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18. Against the Moon 4:05

Total time: 60:57





Gordon Bok with Carol Rohl, Cindy Kallet, Anne Dodson, Will Brown, the Quasimodal Chorus, the January Men, and the Small World Orchestra

- 1- Sail, O Believer (Traditional) 2:37
- 2- Sandwood Down to Kyle (Goulder) 2:39
- 3- Driveway Reel & Thanxty Al Stanley (Judge/Bok) 2:25
- 4- Bachelor's Song (Traditional) 3:15
- 5- Connemara Cradle Song (Traditional) 3:23
- 6- Now I'm Easy (Bogle) 3:19
- 7- Moran's Return (Traditional) 4:33
- 8- Sufferin' (Gallaher) 3:57
- 9- Hatu Khara Ols'n (Traditional/Bok) 4:06
- 10- Poor Angus (Silverstein/Bok) 1:36
- 11- Jock O'Hazeldean (Traditional) 3:53
- 12- Los Viejitos (Traditional) 2:42
- 13- Long Life to the Moon (Traditional/Bok) :29
- 14- Small Island (Traditional) 2:41
- 15- Oh I Am Calling (Fitch/Bok) 8:42
- 16- A Phiuthrag 's A Phiuthar (Traditional) 2:25
- 17- Bless Ye Fair Maids (Goodenough/Bok) 3:32
- 18- Against the Moon (Sellors) 4:05

Total time: 60:57

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