

I've got a partner by the name of Sam
That squarehead pilot's quite a man
Here's what he says when he gets in a
jam

"Do something even if it's wrong"

Do something even if it's wrong
This'll make sense before too long
What am I gonna do with this crazy
song

Do something even if it's wrong

The first thing Sam tries, it never works
The second thing only makes it worse
But the third, the fourth the fifth, the
sixth—something works
Do something even if it's wrong

The next time that you're up a tree
You just don't know what your future
might be
Take a tip from Sam and me
And do something even if it's wrong

Hie Awa

Traditional
Gordon—12-string guitar
*I have sung this for about 40 years: can't
remember where I learned it. The
Boarding Party tracked it back through
Robin Roberts who recorded it as "Love
is Kind." It's also known as "Ee Awa,"
"Haul Awa" or possibly "I a bha," which
Norman Kennedy says means "she that's*

*gone" in Gaelic. Lucy Simpson gave
me the "blessing" verse, which she
made. I often sing this for my wife,
Carol, when I'm touring alone.*

O love is kind to the least of men
HIE AWA, HIE AWA
Though he be but a drunken tar
HIE AWA, HIE AWA

Far from land and the sight of man
O who will love the sailorman?

And awa and awa
HIE AWA, HIE AWA
And awa and awa
HIE AWA, AWA

Take me to that star-eyed maid
O I was happy with her laid

In the comfort of her bed
There let me lie until I'm dead

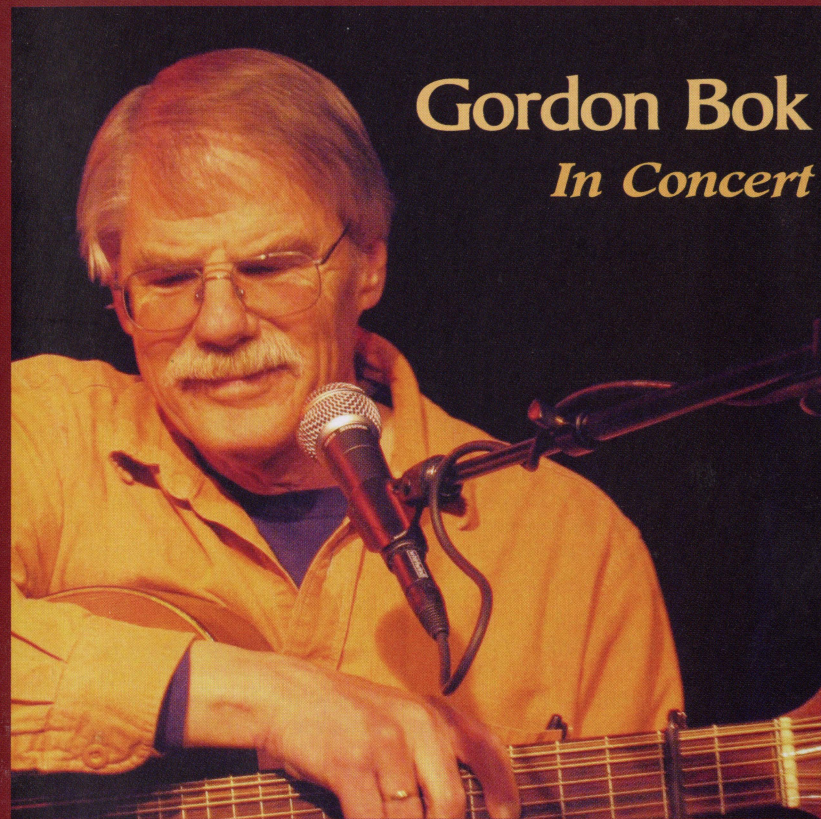
Here's my blessing, let it be
May you love as she loved me

For love is kind to the least of men
Though he be but a drunken tar



TIMBERHEAD

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Gordon Bok

In Concert

Gordon Bok In Concert

For years I felt that knowing a concert was being recorded would remove the immediacy and spontaneity from it, along with that feeling of conversation that I usually feel with audiences.

My friends convinced me that we always have too much fun in a concert-hall for that to happen, and that I ought to let more people in on the fun, so in May and June of 2006 I recorded some concerts I was doing in Maine. This album is a sampling from them.

Recorded at The Strand, Rockland, Maine; The Chocolate Church, Bath, Maine; Center Theatre, Dover-Foxcroft, Maine; and Johnson Hall, Gardiner, Maine.

A special thanks to our loyal audiences for singing so beautifully and for providing the authentic cough-tracks.

Recorded, engineered and mastered by Bruce Boege, Limin Music, Northport, Maine

With additional recording by Rick Crampton and Bradley Truman

Mixed by Bruce Boege, Gordon Bok and Anne Dodson

Produced by Gordon Bok and Anne Dodson

Front cover photograph by Mike Power

Inside photograph by Janet Buck-Marusov

Programming by Carol Rohl

Graphic design by Ken Gross

Where possible, I print the oldest sources I have of these songs, no matter how much they differ from the versions that came to me.

The January Men and Then Some are:

Gordon Bok, Will Brown, Sky Hall, Bill Huntington, Jamie Huntsberger, Cindy Kallet, Bob Richardson, Carol Rohl and Peter Yantz

Queer Bungo Rye

Traditional

Gordon—12-string guitar

A song I've known forever. I can't remember where I learned it, but I associate this version with Newfoundland. I've heard it sung "Bung-ver-eye," too.

Now Jack was a sailor and he walked
up to town

And she was a damsel, she skipped
up and down

And she says to Jack as she passed
him by

"Would you care for to purchase
some Old Bungo Rye?"

(Ruddy rye, fol de diddle dye, ruddy
rye, ruddy rye)

Says Jack to himself, "Now what can
this be

But the finest of whiskies from far
Germany

Snuggled up in a basket and sold on
the sly

And the name that it goes by is Old
Bungo Rye"

Jack gave her a pound, for he thought
nothing strange

"Hold the basket, young man, while I
run for your change"

Jack peeked in the basket and a child
he did spy

"I'll be damned, (he did cry) this is
Queer Bungo Rye"

Well, to get the child christened was
Jack's next intent

And to get the child christened, to
the parson he went

Says the parson to Jack, "What will he
go by?"

"I'll be damned, (did he cry) call him
Queer Bungo Rye!"

Says the parson to Jack, "That's a
very queer name'

"I'll be damned (did he cry) and it's a
queer way he came

Snuggled up in a basket and sold on
the sly

And the name that he'll go by is
Queer Bungo Rye!"

So come all you young sailors who
walk up to town

Beware of those damsels who skip up
and down

Take a peek in their baskets as ye
pass them by

Or else they may pawn on you Queer
Bungo Rye!

Last Shift at the Crowns

© 1999 M.J. O'Connor

Gordon—Spanish guitar

Author Mike O'Connor, OBE, says, "The Crowns' was a famous tin mine on the Cornish coast. Its main shaft was started in 1858. Unlike most shafts it sloped at an angle of about 45° leading to a labyrinth of about 60 miles of tunnels under the Atlantic. Men were carried up and down the shaft in a gig, a purpose-built wheeled box, which was also used to raise ore.

"The incident I describe is true. When the last shift came up, in 1914, all the families gathered at the pit head. Long before the wagon carrying the men came into sight their voices could be heard singing in harmony, the sound echoing up to the surface from beneath the ocean."

When the Crowns closed
And the last shift returned from the
shaft beneath the sea
We heard them first, for every man
was singing
As each in turn rose to the sunset
glow
On harmonies born from the gates of
Hell

That even drowned the breakers on
the granite far below

I asked the last man
What he remembered from his years
beneath the ground
He said, at end of shift when all was
quiet
The drill was stopped, the pumps
were far way
Before going to the shaft with all its
singing
In silence he would listen, and in
silence he would pray

What did you hear?
"Seas breaking over, close above the
mine"
He'd catch the water from the tunnel
roof
He'd taste for salt, then silently he'd
pray
For all who worked 'neath ocean and
'neath granite
He said the sound of waves above
would haunt him all his days

What of today?
Crowns' engine-house is a silent,
empty shell
The shaft is gone and all who sang so
fine
I never felt the granite tremble 'neath
the swell

But I heard the last shift rising to the
sunlight
And I still remember singing out of the
Gates of Hell

Patrick Spencer ***(Sir Patrick Spens, Child No. 58)***

©1975 Bob Coltman

Gordon—12-string guitar

*I sang with Ed Trickett professionally
for many years, and still do for fun. I
think I learned this song from him in
the 1970's, or one of those decades. His
friend Bob Coltman has written many
hundreds of songs including the great
folk-favorite, Lonesome Robin.*

*Through friends in various services, I've
come to know what it's like to be sent to
sea and kept out there by people who
have never had to be out there.*

Oh, don't the moon look pretty, she
sails like a ship in the sky
Darling, you don't know nothing about
sailing, she's got a cast in the eye
When the moon weeps silvery tears,
you can look for a terrible storm
God pity the sailor that's out tomor-
row, I'm glad I can bide at home

If you be Patrick Spencer, and man,
you better had be

Here's a letter from the King, he com-
mands you to go to sea
How little he thinks of the dangers,
among his wine and his song
His daughter in far Norrøway, she's
sick and she wants to come home

He might have written me greeting, he
might have cast me blame
He might have asked me a hundred fa-
vors, God knows I'd never complain
But this running up in the rigging
with a hurricane on the wing
It's come to a matter of life and death
to have to pleasure the King

Standing out to sea, oh Lord,
it commenced to rain
The sea like the tops of mountains,
and the wind like a thing in pain
Patrick Spencer took his glass, and he
put it in Johnny's hand
Run up, Johnny, as high as you can,
and see if you see any land

No land, Patrick Spencer, no never a
sight of shore
Then give it over, boys, he cried, we'll
never see home any more
Never mind your buckle shoes, for
you'll wet more than your feet
And as for the letter from the King,
it's a damn small winding-sheet

Christinie be a long, long while a-waiting
for me to come home
And the cold, cold sea be a long, long
time a-walking over my bones
That man that told the King about me, I
wish I had him here
And the one last wish I would like to
have granted is to carry him under
with me

Plastic Container of Plonk

Words © Bill Scott
Music © Roger Ilott
© 2001 Restless Music APRA/AMCOS
Gordon—Spanish guitar
*When Bill wrote this, he sent it to his
friend Roger Ilott to put a tune to it. I
learned it from Roger's singing. It is
printed in Bill's songbook Hey Rain
which Timberhead Music published in
the U.S.*

*Some Aussie words worth knowing:
Stubbies—short cans of beer. Yabbies—
crayfish. Plonk—cheap red wine ("Rough
Red"). Tucker—food. Burleying—rough-
ing up (giving them a hard time).*

I remember the days when we used to
go fishing
After the whiting around Skirmish Point
With a carton of stubbies, a bucket of
yabbies

And worms that we dug from all over
the joint
And a plastic container of plonk
Remember the morning old Charlie
got blotto
And fell all around in a tangle of lines
He was singing his head off and
whirling his sinker
But as he was having a wonderful time
He spilled me container of plonk

How he splashed it all round and
some went in the bucket
And the yabbies all went on a beauti-
ful spree
They drank me rough red and got full
as old Charlie
And argued and sang and left nothing
for me
Of me plastic container of plonk

We were baiting with yabbies all well
marinated
And waving their claws as they went
on their way
And the whiting got word of this mar-
velous tucker
And came in their thousands from all
round the Bay
To indulge in some yabbies and plonk
When our creels were all full then we
started off homeward

With a teetotal nephew to manage the
car
Then the whiting all came to the sur-
face to thank us
For the taste thrill that came from me
old plastic jar
Me plastic container of plonk

So don't talk to me about burleying
whiting
Just take a tip from an old fisherman
Bring a little rough red and before you
start fishing
Just tip a good slosh in the bait-hold-
ing can
From your plastic container of plonk

Where the Cane Fires Burn

Words and music © 1999 Bill Scott
Gordon—12-string guitar
*A prime reason for finally extending a
tour to Australia was to meet Mavis
and Bill Scott, with whom I had corre-
sponded and shared music for so
many years.*

*He lived his last years in Warwick, but
when he died in 2005, the family took
his ashes North and scattered them by
the Johnstone River near Mt. Tully, the
area that he loved so well. I learned
the song from Penny Davies and Roger
Ilott, though it's in Bill's songbook.*

I've wandered east, I've wandered west
From the Hamersley Range to the
Snowy Crest
From the Lachlan Plains to the Broken
Hill
But my heart's at the Johnstone River
still
Now the time has come when I must
return
Where the vine scrub grows and the
canefires burn
Where the vine scrub grows and the
canefires burn

By the Yarra now the cold rain falls
And the wind is bleak from the Bass
Strait squalls
I stand and wonder in the chill
Has the season started at Mulgrave
Mill?
For Autumn comes and I must return
Where the harvesters chug and the
trashfires burn
Where the harvesters chug and the
trashfires burn

The smog is thick and stings the eye
Where the Harbour Bridge fills half
the sky
And the sirens wail through Sydney
town
But I dream of Tully when the sun
goes down

Where the rainforest covers the hills
with green
The cane grows tall and the air is clean
The cane grows tall and the air is clean

I've been wandering South and West
On land and sea, but the north is best
Now Autumn comes with its hint of
snows
And I must follow where the egret goes
To watch the evening's first faint star
From Flying Fish Point or Yarrabah
From Flying Fish Point or Yarrabah

Canso Strait

Traditional
Gordon—12-string guitar
A Gloucester fishing schooner returning from the Northumberland Strait stopped in at Canso (between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island) for supplies for the long beat back to the Westward. The captain went ashore and got into the booze and the rest of it is in the song. The description of heading out at dark, getting into a knock-down¹ and the luck and skill involved in getting her out of trouble is a wonderful piece of reportage and poetry.

¹ Where the wind slaps the vessel flat on her side in the water—some vessels don't come back from that.

In Canso Strait our vessel lay
She'd just returned from out the Bay
A schooner built both stout and strong
And to Gloucester she did belong

We were homeward bound and ready
for sea
When our drunken captain got on a
spree
He come on board and to us did say
Get your anchors, boy, and fill away

We got our anchors at his command
And with all sail set we left the land
We left old Sand Point on our lee
And headed her out against a steep
head-sea

The night come on, the dark clouds
lower
The wind did howl and the waves did
roar
An angry squall² from the angry sky
It knocked her down about half-mast
high

Her jib-sheets parted, which eased her
some
She come head-to-wind and she rose
again
We got our jibs in and a new sheet bent
And straightway aft to our captain
went

² I sang "wave"

We kindly asked him to shorten sail
Or we'd be lost in the heavy gale
He cursed and swore that if the wind
would blow
He'd show us how his old boat could go

Then up spoke one of our gallant men
"There's twelve of us right here at hand
We'll reef her down and to sea we'll go
And if you refuse you'll be tied below"

The waves did roar, the wind did rave
We hardly thought our lives we'd save
But we reefed her down to her own
success
She's like a bird swinging for her nest

She's headed up off the Cape Shore now
She knocks the white foam off her bow
Oh never again will I ever sail
With a drunken captain and a heavy
gale

The Angelus

Poem © Elizabeth Shane
Music © 2003 Gordon Bok BMI
Gordon—Spanish guitar
Elizabeth Shane (1877-1951) was a poet from Donegal who knew her land and her waters well. This poem has the feel of a lot of the country-folk I've met in my visits to Ireland. "Turf" is peat, dug up in the bogs and dried in stacks, for fuel.

Mary and Manus are working the
turf together
Old they are, the two of them, old
and grey
Over the bog the sea-wind sings in
the heather
Night clouds lie on the hilltops, far
away

They will have comfort now when
the nights are colder
They will have turf, aye, plenty of
turf to spare
Light she steps with the heavy creel
on her shoulder
Load on load for the stack that is
building there

Now there is a deeper note than the
sea-wind's singing
Soft it comes, on the breath of the
dying day
Down in the hollow the bell from the
chapel is ringing
And Mary and Manus stand for a
minute and pray
Soft and low on the air each long
note lingers
Quietly bending their old, grey heads
they stand
Making the holy sign with work-worn
fingers
Wrapped in the sudden peace that
has blessed the land

Is it the light of heaven on the wide
sea breaking
Spreading its glory out like a golden
rain
And with the light of the world in
their eyes a-waking
Mary and Manus are working the
turf again

Inheritance

©1990 J.B. Goodenough
From her book, Milking in November. Judy was a poet who captured the hard, clear language of the New England landscape with a "fierce economy." She was a good musician too, and wife, mother and friend.

No rum-money
Slave-money
Whale-money
My grandfathers
Were landlubbers all
They left me
A tilted house
A broken-backed barn
And six fields
Hung on the hill
Fifty years
I thought I was poor
But I learned this:
Good dirt
Is hard to come by

Hark Now

© 2004 Gordon Bok
The January Men and Then Some
A rowing song.

You can bail her all night, you can bail
her all day
HARK NOW, HEED ME NOW
And dammed if she'll give you a decent
week's pay
OH HEED AND HARKEN TO ME

If Ronnie was here on the end of an oar
I'd show the old bat what a muckle³
was for

I've run round old England, I've put into
France
Wherever I've landed I got a fair chance

A China-man come to my old woman's
door
He gave her a hake and it danced on the
floor

O who will pull with ye when I am gone?
If ye pull like ye talk we could lift-her-
along⁴

And who will sing with ye when I am
gone?
If ye sing like ye pull we'll be here all
night long!

³ fish club

⁴ get the job done quickly

Let the Lower Lights Be Burning

Phillip Bliss 1871
The January Men and Then Some
I learned this from Kendall Morse in the 1960's—it was popular along this coast a generation before mine. We've heard three different stories of how this song came to be, all involving a ship disaster on the Great Lakes. Phillip Bliss was a well-known evangelist who heard one of these stories and wrote the song.

Brightly beams our father's mercy
From the Lighthouse evermore
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore

Let the lower lights be burning
Send their gleam across the wave
Some poor fainting, struggling
seaman
You may rescue, you may save

Dark the night of sin has settled
Loud the angry billows roar
Eager eyes are watching, longing
For the lights along the shore

Trim your feeble lamp, my brother
Some poor sailor, tempest-tossed
Trying now to reach the harbor
In the darkness may be lost

Wrecker's Prayer

Poem © Theodore Goodrich Roberts
Music © 1973 Dan Aguiar
The January Men and Then Some
Stories of people enhancing their living by wreck-picking, or even assisting the wrecks to happen, are rampant round the coasts of many countries. In this poem, it is coastal Newfoundlanders merely praying for a little divine assistance. It comes from The Leather Bottle, a 1937 novel by Theodore Goodridge Roberts. Dan Aguiar is an old musical friend of mine now living in Red Hook, New York.

Give us a wreck—or two, Good Lord
For winter in Topsail Tickle⁵ is hard
With grey frost creepin' like a Mortal
Sin
And perishin' lack of bread in the bin

A grand, rich wreck, we do humbly
pray
Busted abroad at break-of-day
And hove clear in 'cross Topsail Reef
With vittles and gear to beguile our
grief

One grand wreck, or maybe two
With gear and vittles to see us through

⁵ A tickle is a small strait, or passage.

'Til spring starts up like the leap-of-day
And the fish strike back into Topsail
Bay

Lord of reefs and tides and sky
Heed ye our need and hark to our cry:
Bread by the bag and beef by the cask
Ease for sore bellies is all we ask

One rich wreck, for Thy hand is strong
A barque or a brig from up-along⁶
Bemused by the twisty tides, oh Lord
For winter in Topsail Tickle is hard

Loud and long will we sing thy praise
Merciful Father, O Ancient of Days
Master of fog and tide and reef
Heave us a wreck to beguile our grief
Amen

⁶ To the Westard—Nova Scotia or U.S.

Collage: "Pretty"

Words & music ©2005 Gordon Bok
Gordon—Spanish guitar

*Through many years on the water,
mostly along this coast and a few
others, I've heard a lot of things, and
have recently been jotting them down as
I remember them. This is some parts of
conversations strung together and sung.
I've interspersed it with one side of a
conversation I heard on marine radio a
few years ago—that's the spoken part.*

*Memory is a drifty thing, as my brother
and I enjoyed proving, so the words
may be more mine than theirs, but the
stories and the sentiments are true as
the day they happened.*

Sung:

Lord, lord, lord, ain't it pretty today!
With the sky all quilted over like a mat-
tress, soft and gray
See every twig and pebble on the
islands up the bay
And the wind away . . .
Hey, hey, hey; pretty today

Spoken:

Hey Pete—you on this one?⁷
Yeah, it's me. I been hauling over here
under the Blockhouse all morning.
Look—is that you in there by the
Sears bell?

I thought that looked like you. Uh . . .
you've been kind of . . . stationary in
there for awhile. Is everything all
right?

Aw, that's a bummer. I expect you've
cleaned your filters, bled her out,
looked at the aircleaner, like-a-that?
Naw, God, beyond that, I dunno. Could
be injectors, anything, I guess.
Anyway, I think I'll go over to Turtle
Head: I've got a couple of strings in

⁷ A particular marine radio channel (not 16)

there and if I can get to them,
maybe I can catch up to myself a lit-
tle this week. So look, if there's any-
thing I've got that you can use, I'll
be in the neighborhood. You will let
me know, won't ya?

Well, good enough: I'll leave you to it,
then. I'll be on this channel, anyway.

Sung:

Poor old boats
They're nothing but a flaming
Construct of the Mind
Nothing but a pile of man-made
notions
Steel and plastic—spells and
potions—
They've got nothing to do with the
ocean or the wind
Nothing to do with the water or the
wind

Damned old things
Yeah, they're nothing but a flaming
construct of the mind
Nothing but a flaming fabrication
Some damned human machination
And we wonder why they won't
keep a-running on their own
Wonder why they don't keep run-
ning on their own

Oh but someday the world's going
to give a great old shake—

Blow us all to hell-and-gone off
here
And I know for one that the ocean
wouldn't mind
And you can bet your boots that the
wind won't even care. . . .

Spoken:

Oh—oh—here we go . . .
Hey Pete! I know you're busy, but stick
your nose up outa there and talk to
me for a minute, will ya?
Yes—you *are* in kinda close. Look, I've
got a line made up right here—why
don't I slide in by your stern and we
twitch you outa there?
Yeah, that looks good to me. I'll just
poke along easy; we got all day.
Hell, we got all night, if we need it.
No, buddy, don't even think about it.
Next week it'll be me out there,
we both know that. Look, you talk
to Rosie, you give her my best,
won't ya?

Sung:

I don't dream of sailor's heaven, I
won't sing of Fiddler's Green
I'm not looking for a fairer world
than the one I've always known
I just drive her when she rises and
slack her when she falls
And hope I never get to reap all the
foolishness I've sown

No, I don't dream of sailor's heaven,
I don't sing of Fiddler's Green
I'm not looking for a kinder world
than the one I've always seen
I just ease her when she pitches and
catch her when she rolls
And get her in before the devil
knows we're out here

Lord, lord, lord . . . pretty today

Oystershell Road

©2003 Mary Garvey
Gordon—12-string

This is about oyster "farming" in the tidal estuaries around Willapa Bay, WA, during WWII, when the women had to replace the men who had gone off either to fight or to be put in internment "camps." Mary, bless her, took the time to listen and to tell their story.

You have to dig oysters when the tide
is just right
And sometimes it comes in the dead
of the night
The orders came down to extinguish
all light
To our homes on the Oystershell Road
Now the glow of a lantern could bring
an attack

And sometimes we'd sleep in the old
oyster shack
And let ourselves down with a rake
and a sack
Near our homes on the Oystershell
Road

Some came from Germany, some from
Japan
They lived for the oyster each woman
and man
We said, God be with you, return when
you can
To your homes on the Oystershell
Road

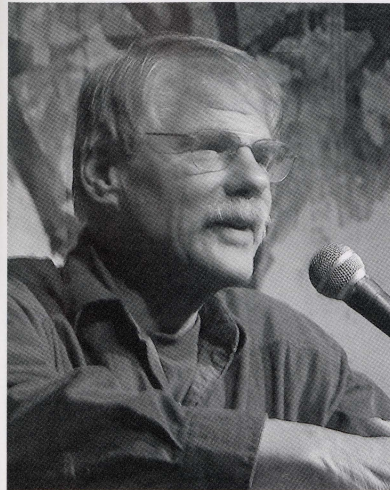
For when push comes to shove your
mettle shines through
And our hands and our feet somehow
knew what to do
With the men gone away we made
such a fine crew
From our homes on the Oystershell
Road

In the sea was the sub, in the air was
the plane
And the men had it worse so we could
n't complain
And the neighbors would honk us all
home in the rain
To our homes on the Oystershell Road

We helped win the war in the mud and
the muck

And prayed that our feet would never
get stuck
When the tide rushes in, you can run
out of luck
By your homes on the Oystershell Road

Oh how I remember the dark and the
cold
I had hoped that our story would
someday be told
But it probably won't cause we're get-
ting so old
In our homes on the Oystershell Road



Culebra

©1984 Gordon Bok

Gordon—Spanish guitar

A remembrance of a day delivering a sad old boat from St. Thomas, V.I. to Puerto Rico, wherein we strove to avoid damaging the island of Culebra.

Do Something (Even If It's Wrong)

Words and music / © Captain Dave Kennedy

Gordon—12-string guitar

Dave was a phenomenon, a force of nature. Having "come up through the hawsepipes" on a hundred ships, he had an unlimited license and world pilotage when I met him. A great lover of many kinds of music, he used to write sentimental country songs. This was straight out of his experience running a small, independent company of ship-pilots in New York Harbor. I made a few ship-movements with him, both in Long Island Sound and the Port of St. Croix, and can attest that he was an astonishingly canny ship-handler—though not immune to the odd mistake. The "Sam" in this song was Sam Sorensen, one of his partners. I will always thank Steve Sellors for keeping this song alive until we learned it.

Gordon Bok

In Concert

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 18. Culebra 3:26
 19. Introduction to Do Something :56
 20. Do Something 2:26
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 22. Hie Awa 3:22
- Total time: 60:21

THD CD16



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Gordon Bok

In Concert

1. Introduction to Queer Bungo Rye :27
2. Queer Bungo Rye 2:54
3. Last Shift at the Crowns 3:26
4. Patrick Spencer 3:37
5. Introduction to Plastic Container of Plonk 2:01
6. Plastic Container of Plonk 3:09
7. Where the Cane Fires Burn 4:56
8. Canso Strait 3:39
9. The Angelus 3:19
10. Inheritance 1:22
11. Hark Now 1:49
12. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning 2:54
13. Wrecker's Prayer 2:43
14. Introduction to Collage: "Pretty" 1:03
15. Collage: "Pretty" 7:27
16. Oystershell Road 3:48
17. Introduction to Culebra :47
18. Culebra 3:26
19. Introduction to Do Something :56
20. Do Something 2:26
21. Introduction to Hie Awa :38
22. Hie Awa 3:22

Total time: 60:21



TIMBERHEAD

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