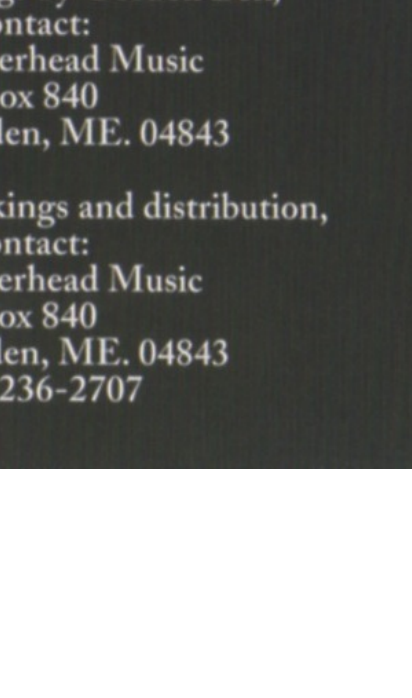




neighbors

gordon bok &
cindy kallet



For information on additional
recordings by Cindy Kallet,
please contact:

Stone's Throw Music
P.O. Box 784
Rockland, ME 04841

For information on additional
recordings by Gordon Bok,
please contact:

Timberhead Music
PO Box 840
Camden, ME. 04843

For bookings and distribution,
please contact:

Timberhead Music
PO Box 840
Camden, ME. 04843
(207) 236-2707



*I first heard Gordon early in the 1970's in a Cambridge, MA. living room, when a good friend's mother thought I might like to hear a new favorite of hers, **Tune for November**, Gordon's first recording for Folk-Legacy. (I did like to!)*

*Gordon first saw me, ten years later, on the cover of my first Folk-Legacy album, **Working on Wings to Fly** – he liked the rock I was sitting on (and was delighted with the music...).*

In 1983, Sandy and Caroline Paton suggested we join music in a concert or two, and the result was so much fun that we continued to do so, on occasion, over the next few years.

Twelve years later, after we'd become Just-About-Neighbors, we remembered these songs we'd loved, our musical common ground, and recorded them here, for you, we hope, to enjoy.

*Cindy Kallet
Rockland, Maine
April, 1996*

Rantin' Laddie

Traditional, Scots

I first heard this in the late 1960's on the radio, sung by the great collector, singer and writer Ewan MacColl. Soon after, I ran across the words and learned it, and taught it to Cindy when we met in the early 1980's. The chords and bouncy rhythm are ours, but I'd still call this Ewan's version.

G: 12-string C: steel 6 -string

Oft have I played at the cards and dice
With my bonnie Rantin' Laddie
But now I'm sitting in my father's hall
Singing ba to my bastard baby

Oh, if I'd been wise as I've been nice
And done what my bonnie lad told me
I'd have been married a year or more
To my bonnie Rantin' Laddie

Oh, my father dear, he knows me not
My mother she ignores me
My friends and relations slight me all
And the servants, they quite hate me

Is your love a lord or is he a laird
Or is he but a caddie
That you so oft call on his name
Your bonnie Rantin' Laddie

If I had a horse at my command
As oft times I've had many
I'd ride away to the gates of Aboyne
To my bonnie Rantin'Laddie

Then up and spake a kitchie boy
Saying, though I'm but a caddie
It's I will run to the Gates of Aboyne
With a letter to your Rantin' Laddie

And as he ran through Buchanshire
And Buchan shone so bonnie
It's there he spied the Earl of Aboyne
That they call the Rantin'Laddie

And when he looked the letter on
Oh, but he was sorry
They've been cruel and fell unkind
To my bonnie Rantin' Lassie

Oh, my father dear...

Go get thee out 500 men
And see that they ride so bonny
We'll bring the lassie back to Aboyne
The bonnie Rantin' Lassie

When she was up behind his back
Wrapped in her hieland plaidie
The birds in the trees sang never so sweet
As the bonnie Rantin' Lassie

And they rode on through Buchanshire
And Buchan shone so bonnie
Rejoice, rejoice, ye bonnie maids all
And see that ye be not sorry

If you lay your love on a lowland lad
Be sure that he'll betray ye
But lay your love on a hieland lad
He'll do all that he can to raise ye

Geordie

Traditional

*A combination of long-ago Joan Baez, a chord I think
Alex Sinclair played, and a verse from somewhere.*

C: steel 6-string G: cellamba

As I walked out over London Bridge
One misty morning early
I overheard a fair pretty maid
Lamenting for her Geordie

Oh, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain
'Tis not the chain of many
He was born of the King's royal breed
And lost to a virtuous lady

Go bridle me my milk white steed
Go bridle me my pony
I will ride to London's court
To plead for the life of Geordie

Oh, my Geordie never stole nor cow nor calf
He never hurted any
He stole sixteen of the king's royal deer
And sold them in Bohenny

Two pretty babies have I born
The third lies in my body
I'd freely part with them everyone
If you'd spare the life of Geordie

The judge looked over his left shoulder
He said, fair maid, I'm sorry
He said, fair maid, you must be gone
For I cannot pardon Geordie

I wish I was in yonder grove
Where times I have been many
With my broad sword and my pistol, too
I'd fight for the life of Geordie

Oh, my Geordie will be hanged in a golden chain
'Tis not the chain of many
Stole sixteen of the King's royal deer
And sold them in Bohenny

Homeward Bound

poem by D. H. Rogers music by John Broomhall

Roger Ilott and Penny Davie's of Queensland, Australia, sent this song (and many others) in trade for royalties. The pictures ring true to the waters and vessels I've seen, and it speaks well of the trust sailors gave the old vessels, no matter how hard set they were. I deliberately changed only one line: "When we've dropped the deep-sea pilot o'er the rail." I know we "drop the tugs" and I'll take the "deep-sea pilot" on faith (not having sailed in Australian waters), but with the exception of certain "State Pilots," dropping the chap over the rail still seems a bit harsh. G.B.

G: cellamba C: 12-string and heave

They will take us from the moorings
They will tow us down the Bay
They will pluck us up to windward when we sail.
We shall hear the keen wind whistle
We shall feel the sting of spray
When we've dropped the deep-sea pilot o'er the rail.
Then it's Johnnie heave an' start her
Then it's Johnnie roll and go
When the mates have picked the watches
There is little rest for Jack.
But we'll raise the good old chanty
That the Homeward Bounders know
For the girls have got the tow-rope
An' they're hauling in the slack.

In the dusty streets and dismal
Through the noises of the town
We can hear the West wind humming through the
shrouds;
We can see the lightning leaping
When the tropic suns go down
And the dapple of the shadows of the clouds.
And the salt blood dances in us
To the tune of Homeward Bound.
To the call to weary watches
To the sheet and to the tack.
When they bid us man the capstan
How the hands will walk her round!-
For the girls have got the tow-rope
An' they're hauling in the slack.

Through the sunshine of the tropics
Round the bleak and dreary Horn
Half across the little planet lies our way.
We shall leave the land behind us
Like a welcome that's outworn
When we see the reeling mastheads swing and sway.
Through the weather fair or stormy
In the calm and in the gale
We shall heave and haul to help her
We shall hold her on her track
And you'll hear the chorus rolling
When the hands are making sail
For the girls have got the tow-rope
An' they're hauling in the slack!

© J. Broomhall APRA

Danze Della Valle Borbera / Danze di Bagolino

M. Martinotti and B. Greppi / unknown

*The first tune is from a recording by the group La Ciapa Rusa; the second from the group Canto Vivo's
Leva La Gamba. Thanks to Mauro Quai for these.
G: nylon 6-string C: steel 6-string*

© M. Martinotti and B. Greppi

Right Said Fred (Cup of Tea)

Lyrics: Myles Rudge Music: Ted Dicks

We both heard Greg Clarke sing this one. He heard David Jones sing it, and David found it on a recording of Bernard Cribbons'. The words following are the original ones.

"Right, said Fred, "Both of us together
One each end and steady as we go."
Tried to shift it, couldn't even lift it
We was getting nowhere
And so we had a cuppa tea and
"Right," said Fred, "Give a shout for Charlie."
Up comes Charlie from the floor below.
After strainin', heavin' and complainin'
We was getting nowhere
And so we had a cuppa tea.
And Charlie had a think, and he thought we ought
to take off all the handles
And the things wot held the candles.
But it did no good, well I never thought it
would" All right," said Fred, "Have to take the
feet off
To get them feet off wouldn't take a mo."

Took its feet off, even took the seat off
Should have got us somewhere, but no!
So Fred said, "Let's have another cuppa tea."
And we said, "Right-o."

"Right," said Fred, "Have to take the door off,
Need more space to shift the so-and -so."
Had bad twinges taking off the hinges
And it got us nowhere
And so we had a cuppa tea and
"Right," said Fred, "Have to take the wall down,
That there wall is gonna have to go."
Took the wall down, even with it all down
We was getting nowhere
And so we had a cuppa tea.
And Charlie had a think, and he said, "Look, Fred,
I get a sort of feelin'
If we remove the ceilin'
With a rope or two we could drop the blighter
through."
"All right," said Fred, climbing up a ladder
With his crowbar gave a mighty blow.
Was he in trouble, half a ton of rubble landed on the
top of his dome.
So Charlie and me had another cuppa tea
And then we went home.
(I said to Charlie, "We'll just have to leave it standing
on the landing, that's all,... Trouble with Fred is,
he's too hasty... Never get nowhere if you're too
hasty."

© 1962 Myles Rudge and Ted Dicks

October Song

Robin Williamson

*I heard this many years ago on the **Relics of the Incredible String Band** and found it nudging me from time to time over the years. When we stoked up the "fiolamba grosso," its "mellifluous" tones sparked this version of a song I've always loved. C: viola G: cellamba*

I'll sing you this October song
There is no song before it
The words and tune are none of my own
For my joys and sorrows bore it

Beside the sea, the brambly briars
In the still of evening
Birds fly out behind the sun
And with them I'll be leaving

The fallen leaves that jewel the ground
They know the art of dying
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In the scarlet shadows lying

When hunger calls my footsteps home
The morning follows after
I swim the seas within my mind
And the pine trees laugh green laughter

I used to search for happiness
And I used to follow pleasure
But I found a door behind my mind
And that's the greatest treasure

For rulers like to lay down laws
And rebels like to break them
And the poor priests like to walk in chains
And God likes to forsake them

I met a man whose name was Time
And he said I must be going
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing

Sometimes I want to murder time
Sometimes when my heart's aching
But mostly I just stroll along
The path that He is taking

© 1966 Warner-Tamarlane Publ. Co. BMI

Janko (Yanka)

Traditional, Serbian.

Working in Philadelphia in the '60's, I met Sara Stepkin Goripov and Nadja Stepkin Budschalow, two Khalmyk Mongolian sisters from Serbia, who gave me and taught me many songs in Khalmyk, Russian, Serbian, Tibetan — and even a couple from Germany, where they had lived in the D.P. camps.

*They sang hundreds of songs and chants in many styles; Cindy and I sing **Yanka** the way they did, in what Sara called the "Western style." Once, when I asked them if I should be singing their songs without the ballast of the sound or the people behind me, they said: "Better the songs survive with you than they die in purity."*

The three Turkish young men (soldiers) honored Yanka, their enemy. They gave him every way out, and his pride wouldn't let him take those ways, and it is his mother who must ask the question. G.B. G: 12-string C: steel 6-string

Je ste li vidili moga sina Janka?
Nismo ga vidili, ali smo culi glasa
Da su ga napali, tri turcina mlada

Prvi mu kaze: "Skoci u vodu, Janko."
"Nisam vam zaba, da u vodu skocem."
Drugi mu kaze: "Kleknaj nam se, Janko."
"Nisam vam sluga, da vam se poklanjem."
Treci mu kaze: "Predaj nam se, Janko."
"Nisam vam baba, da vam se predajem."
Jedan mu kaze: "Bez(i) u goru, Janko."
"Nisam vam jelin, da u goru skocem."

"Have you seen my son Yanka?"

"No, but we heard his voice..."

"...that he was captured (attacked) by three Turkish
young men."

The first one said, "Jump in the water, Yanka."

"I am not a frog to jump in the water for you."

The second one said, "Kneel to us, Yanka."

"I am not your servant, to kneel to you."

The third one said, "Give yourself up, Yanka."

(We don't want to fight you.)

"I am not an old woman (coward) to give myself up."

One of them said, "Okay, go away."

"I am not a deer to run away from you."

*(You see, they didn't want to hurt him. They knew who
he was and respected him, even though he was an
enemy they were supposed to kill. N.S.)*

"Have you seen my son Yanka?"

"No, but we heard his voice."

Blood on the Sails

Words: Phil and June Colclough

Music: Dick Swain

*Dick Swain found this in a book, as a poem, and put his
own tune to it, which Cindy and I arranged for our own
voices. Since then, Dick found a recording of a tune that
Phil wrote himself, that we have not yet heard, so this
will be the Dick Swain version!*

G: 12-string C: drum

May the harpoon rust, may the cold steel be gone

May the seas all be clear where whalefishes run

May hook, knife, dart and line

all be lost in the brine

May the blood on the sails

all be fishermen's tales

May the whalemen's breath

no more hang like the mist

May he never face danger or take any risk

May boat, gun, oar and mast all be lost in the frost

May the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

May the women on shore never have any fears

May smiles touch the cheeks

that once ran with tears

May ship, deck, rope and bells all grow cockle shells

May the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

May the seas ne'er be red where whalefishes bled

Nor shine like the wine when the whalefish is dead

May fleets, planksheds and quays

all be lost in the seas

And the blood on the sails all be fishermen's tales

words © Phil and June Colclough

music © Dick Swain

Farewell to Nova Scotia

Traditional

*I learned this from Kendall Morse. I used to sing it when I worked in "the cities to the Westward," homesick for my own coast; hence, the pensive mood. Dick Swain tells us that Helen Creighton, in **Traditional Songs from Nova Scotia**, describes a similar version as a combination of contributions from various people. G.B.*

C: steel 6-string G: 12-string

The sun was sinking in the West
The birds were singing on every tree
All nature seemed to be at rest
But alas, there was no rest for me

Farewell to Nova Scotia, your seabound coast
*Let your mountains dark and dreary be
When I am far away on the briny ocean tossed
Will you ever heave a sigh or a wish for me*

I grieve to leave my native home
I grieve to leave my comrades all
My parents whom I love so dear
And the bonny bonny lass I do adore

I have three brothers and they are dressed
Their arms are folded on their breasts
But a poor simple sailor just like me
Must be tossed and driven on the deep dark sea

The drums are beating, the wars do alarm
My captain calls, I must obey
Farewell, farewell to Nova Scotia's charms
It's early in the morning, I am bound far away

King Jim / Thanxty Al Stanley

Gordon Bok

Commemoratives. King Jim is James Stewart of Saint John, NB: poet, composer and co-conspirator. Al Stanley is a musician and blacksmith from Prince Edward Island. This is my thankyou for Al's teaching me Carolan's Concerto, long ago (He wrote a thanxty for this thanxty that I still can't play...).

When this arrangement settles down, it will probably be Cindy's fault...

G: nylon 6-string C: steel 6-string

© Gordon Bok BMI

Frolic (for Guitar and Small Elephant)

Gordon Bok

Folk and classical people have always swiped good licks from each other. Here's a small pile of them.

G: cellamba C: steel 6-string

© Gordon Bok BMI

High Barbary

Traditional

*Jacek Sulanowski sings this accompanied by Tom Goux's trio of bass recorders (played simultaneously) on their Folkways album, **Born of Another Time**. He says they found it in Stan Hugill's **Sbanties from the Seven Seas**. I love the contrast between, and the complement of, the mournful tune and the oft-told tale of battle at sea. C.K.
C: steel 6-string G: cellamba*

There were two lofty ships from old England come
Blow high, blow low, and so sailed we
One was the Prince of Luther and the other Prince
of Wales

All a'cruising down the coast of the High Barbary

Aloft there, aloft there, our bully bosun cried
Look ahead, look astern, look to weather and alee

There's naught upon our stern, sir,
there's naught upon our lee
But there's a lofty ship to windward and she's sailing
fast and free

Then hail her, oh hail her, our gallant captain cried
Are you a man of war or a privateer, cried he

Oh no, I'm not a man of war nor privateer, cried he
But I'm a salt sea pirate all a'looking for my fee

Then broadside and broadside, a long time they lay
Til at last the Prince of Luther shot the pirates mast
away

Oh quarter, oh quarter, those pirates they did cry
But the quarter that we give'em
was to sink them in the sea

With cutlass and gun, well, we fought for hours three
The ship it was their coffin and their grave it was the
sea

Peace on Earth

Poem: William Carlos Williams

Music: Gordon Bok

*I saw this poem in the children's magazine, **Cricket**,
and made a tune for it.*

C: steel 6-string G: 12-string

The archer is wake!
The Swan is flying!
Gold against blue
An Arrow is lying.
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow

The Bears are abroad!
The Eagle is screaming!
Gold against blue
Their eyes are gleaming!
Sleep!
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Sisters lie
With their arms intertwining
Gold against blue
Their hair is shining!
The Serpent writhes!
Orion is listening!
Gold against blue
His sword is glistening!
Sleep!
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

poem © William Carlos Williams from *The Collected
Early Poems* © 1921
music © Gordon Bok

Sergei's Yupanqui Tune

Yupanqui / Cherkassow

Sergei Cherkassow escaped from his native Bulgaria (at the second try) and lived next door to me in my Philadelphia winters. The Khalmyks brought him to me, and for a couple of years, music and food were our common languages. This is one of the tunes he taught me. When he had learned enough "English" from me and my Khalmyk and Russian friends, he told me that the great Argentinian guitarist/singer/songwriter Atahualpa Yupanqui had played this tune at a concert in Bulgaria which Sergei had attended.

This is Sergei's remembrance of the tune, which he worked out for two guitars. He taught me both parts before he was killed in an auto accident. The way Cindy and I play it is pretty improvisational.

*The original tune (which Nick Apollonio found, by the way) is called **La Andariega**. It's a great tune, too, but different.*

C and G: nylon 6-strings

One for Winter / Colrain

Cindy Kallet and Gordon Bok

*We were looking for a song to sing alongside a favorite tune, **Colrain**. Since we couldn't think of one we knew, we made one up. We're still not sure how it came together, or how many more times it will change...*

G and C: nylon 6-strings

As I looked out on the April rain
Come down the valley streaming
I counted the winter days alone
And spring was a long time coming

One for winter, two for spring
Three for the evening sky
All you need is a little sign
But spring is a candle in the wind
Hey-o, say-o, oh for the joy you bring

I come over the Sharon hills
The mountain stone a'shining
And all the world was wild with rain
And the mountain grass a'greening

There's days I sing and days I don't
And days I let go by
And days I long to walk these roads
And see the kestrel fly-o

One for winter, two for spring
Three for the evening sky
All you need is a little sign
The warm and the wind to blow you home
Hey-o, say-o...

There's days I dance and days I don't
And days I watch the rain
And days the littlest leaf will shine
And the smallest bird will sing

As I come over the hills of home
I heard the kestrel cry
And all the hills gave on the song
And the world was full of sky-o

One for winter, two for spring
Three for the evening sky
All you need is a little sign
And all the world will breathe again
Hey-o, say-o...

© Cindy Kallet and Gordon Bok BMI

Padstowe Chantey

Words: Anonymous

Tune: (Attributed to) Mervin Vincent

*A.K.A. Padstowe Farewell, A.K.A. Farewell Chantey. That fine old man Eric Ilot gave this to **The Boarding Party**, who found some more verses and recorded it for Folk Legacy Records (**'Tis Our Sailing Time**). I quote from that album: "It was discovered in a 19th century chapbook by Mervyn Vincent of North Cornwall." I'm assuming the tune is Mr. Vincent's.*

*It seems I've adjusted it to "local apparent reality" and have personalized it somewhat. G.B.
G: cellamba C: viola*

It is time to go now
Heave away your anchor
Heave away your anchor
'Tis our sailing time

Get your sails upon her
Haul away your halyards
Haul away your halyards
'Tis our sailing time

Set her on her course now
Haul away your foresheet
Haul away your foresheet
'Tis our sailing time

Feel the seas run under
Haul away down channel
Haul away down channel
On the evening tide

When your days are over
Haul away for Heaven
Haul away for Heaven
God be at your side



*Produced by Cindy Kallet and Gordon Bok
Recorded, engineered and mastered by Bruce Boege at
Limin' Music, Northport, ME.*

*Mixed by Bruce Boege, Cindy Kallet, Gordon Bok,
Richard Knisely, and Michael Cicone*

Photos by Alison Shaw

Cover Graphic Design by Sue Dawson

Inside Graphic Design by Tim Seymour Designs

*Special thanks for all kinds of help and
encouragement go to Carol Rohl, John Blodgett, Ron
Pinkham, Bruce Boege, Richard Knisely and Michael
Cicone.*

*We greatly appreciate the help we had from
numerous babysitters, song-sleuths, computer-
operation-assisters and title advisers.*

*Special thank you's also to Sandy and Caroline,
Alison and Sue, and Arthur Woody and Gabriel.*

This one's for Carol and John

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THD CD008

gordon bok & cindy kallet

neighbors

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