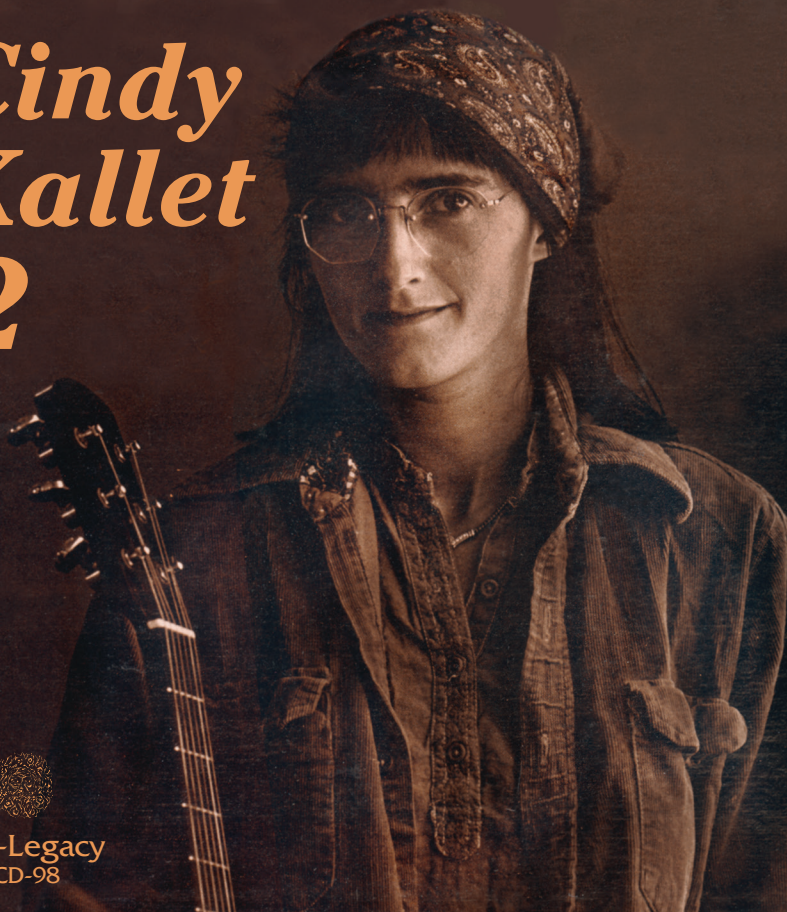


# *Cindy Kallet 2*



Folk-Legacy  
CD-98



## 1. LISTEN, I THINK THE RAIN'S COME

*Kallet, BMI*

This was written years ago in Vermont. One of the verses refers to a conversation concerning the existence of life beyond our galaxy.

Listen, I think the rain's come  
And the fire leaves me crying;  
Lost here on a mountain  
And these days they're all but flying.

Listen, I hear the thunder  
Come rumbling up to this dark morning;  
I've got words to say and ways to feel,  
But they come without any warning.

See how the earth is turning me.  
When will I get to come 'round again?  
See how the earth she's a-burning me.  
One way to show things, but more ways  
to hide them.

Fly down the hill as the rain soaks in,  
Crash of the waves on the island sea.  
How many times do I have to try  
To feel most like I want to be?

The seas rose high; the stars are life  
Somewhere beyond these skies, she said.  
We're gonna be strong, we're gonna be kind  
When life's a little too mad.

Listen, I think the rain's come  
And the fire brings the morning;  
I've got words to say and ways to feel,  
But they leave without any warning.

## 2. WHEN I WAS NOW

*Kallet, BMI*

Lisa subtitled this "Between a Rock and a Hard Place."

When I was younger, older,  
I was less foolish, less wise;  
I wouldn't have done the things I do now,  
Would I?

I came to your door a beggar,  
Full of ice and lies;  
I should have known I was on such  
foreign ground  
By the look in your eyes.

When I was...

I ask too much, you ask nothing,  
It's either rejection or too close a tie.  
I find it so hard to see that  
You don't need me... Why?

When I was...

You're just too kind, too hurtful;

Down this rough, uncertain line.  
You're the salt air of the east wind  
Down this rough, uncertain line.

You're the days of feeling doubtful;  
You're the icy road in spring.  
You're these cool mornings of late summer;  
You're what the island's bound to bring.  
You're the months of feeling doubtful;  
You're what the island's bound to bring.

You're my windshift 'round the island;  
You're my hot and hazy sun.  
You're the one I've looked for in others  
In this long, hard run.  
You're this windshift 'round the island  
In this long, hard run.

## 8. MARBLEHEAD NECK

© *Steven Green*

**A gem written by Steven Green of Brattleboro,  
Vermont. Ellen Epstein and Michael Cicone  
join me here, with Ellen singing the lead.**

Meself and me brother,  
And sometimes another,  
To Marblehead Neck by the ocean we'd go.  
To the great rocks and breakers  
We'd wear our old sneakers  
And watch the cold foamers as white as  
the snow.

Now, we needed no reason,  
Nor the warm summer season  
To forsake the city all for the North Shore.  
Indeed, I remember  
One night in December  
When cold winter winds made the oceans  
to roar.

Now, boys for adventure  
Will do many strange things,  
Not caring for weather nor time of the day.  
For us, 'twas the ocean  
And the great sweeping motion,  
The rocks on the shore and the cold  
foaming spray.

## 9. GOING FOR THE GOLD

*Kallet, BMI*

**This was written around the time of the 1980  
Olympics.**

Going for the gold;  
Going for the line.  
If I told you what I've been thinking all day,  
It would wonder your mind.

Climbing for the top;  
Reaching for the end.  
If I asked you just to try and understand  
these times,  
Would you let us begin again?

I'm either drowned or dry.  
It's too hard, too easy  
To simply say goodbye.

When I was...

You're just too kind, too hurtful;  
I'm either drowned or dry.  
I find it so hard to see that  
You don't need me.

### 3. MYSTIC AUREOLE

*Kallet, BMI*

I have met many inspiring people at the two  
Mystic Sea Music Festivals I've been to. This  
tune resembles one of them. You'll probably  
recognize him.

### 4. TRYING TIMES

*Kallet, BMI*

This started out as a poem. I didn't know  
quite what to do with it until the guitar settled  
in one day. I finished it just around the time  
of Reagan's election, and the third verse  
seemed particularly appropriate.

Sometimes, years later, a song turns out to be  
for someone in particular. This one's for Bill.

Trying times came to my door;  
Go be brave ones, let them in.

All the sorrows we have borne  
Will rise and ride on the morning wind.  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold;  
I don't mind the rain and cold.

Once the fields were autumn wild  
And the child had only time.  
She was given the power of all the gods;  
They said all the world was mine to find.  
I'd fill my pockets with grains of gold;  
I didn't mind the rain and cold.

I sometimes wish that I could make  
The world in orbit cease.  
I think "All these noble powers of thought  
and reason  
And it all comes down to this?"  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold;  
I don't mind the rain and cold.

I take the view from sun and stars,  
But the hopeless seems to blind.  
Someday I'll learn to take with grace  
The sweet, the bitter, the light and line.  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold;  
I won't mind the rain and cold.

When the winter's deep in ice  
And the ice has numbed the pain,  
We'll drive the glaciers down the coast;

They'll scour the mountains, we'll try again.  
I'll fill my pockets with grains of gold;  
I don't mind the cold.

## 5. TIME CAME DOWN

*Kallet, BMI*

**Written for a friend who decided he wouldn't  
fight in the Vietnam war.**

Time came down and brought me roses,  
Hyacinths and dandelions.  
I roamed the woods and the fields of clover  
And thought of you from time to time.  
Spruce and pine the forest cover,  
And I think of you from time to time.

The moon came down and gave me sleeping,  
Dreams of life amidst these wars.  
Spring came and the mountains melted  
And flowed down to these rocky shores.  
Ice and blood the mountains wept  
And flowed down to these fragile shores.

The fog rolled in and carried silence;  
Up on the rocks the air was still.  
Winds have blown these ages to us;  
You have chosen not to kill.  
Salt of tears and sand from ashes;  
We can choose now what we feel.

The sun rose high, I heard with wonder  
As the silences gave way to sound.

Underneath the mountain maple  
I heard your singing all around.  
Brown leaves and rough wood so cool  
to climb in,  
And I could feel your singing all around.

Time came down and brought me roses,  
Hyacinths and dandelions.  
I roamed the woods and the fields of clover  
And thought of you from time to time.  
Spruce and pine the forest cover,  
And I think of you from time to time.

## 6. WOLF'S LULLABY

*Kallet, BMI*

**A goodbye present to a friend.**

## 7. STEAMBOAT TO THE MAINLAND

*Kallet, BMI*

**As the title suggests, this was written while  
crossing Vineyard Sound on the ferry, travel-  
ing in the wrong direction.**

You're my windshift 'round the island;  
You're my hot and hazy sun.  
You're the one I've looked for in others  
In this long, hard run.  
You're my windshift 'round the island  
In this long, hard run.  
You're the salt air of the east wind;  
You're the oil soaking into pine.  
You're the dreams I had of living

Diving for the deep;  
Trying for the wide.  
Going cross-current into the wind;  
Running against the tide.  
Going for the gold;  
Going for time...

#### 10. IF I SING

*Kallet, BMI*

In the spring of 1982, three members of the Boston-based singing group “Northern Harmony” performed a French song written in 1360 entitled “Se Je Chant” (If I Sing). The translation in the program notes by the director, David Gay, read: “If I sing less than usual of my beloved, it is for the love of my falcons, so good at hunting by the river. Let us go, gentle comrades, the birds are down there.” There were several aspects of this that caught my mind, so I lifted it and placed it in this song. The verse that refers to the bombs was written as the bombing began in Lebanon. I was sure it would be out of date by now.

If I sing less than usual of my beloved,  
It is not for the slighting of him.  
It is for the love of my falcons,  
So good at hunting by the river.  
Let us go, gentle comrades;  
The birds are down there.

If I sing less than usual of my true friends,  
It is not for the slighting of them.  
It is for the love of our others,  
Bombed to fire in their cities.  
Let us go, gentle comrades;  
What are we doing?

If I sing less than usual of my island,  
It is not for the slighting of it.  
It is for the love of my planet,  
A stone in the universe.  
Let us go now, but, this time,  
Look from the sky.

If I sing less than usual of my brothers,  
It is not for the slighting of them.  
It is to strengthen my sisters  
And young ones growing.  
Let us go now, and, this time,  
Give all a home.

If I sing less than usual of my beloved,  
It is not for the slighting of him.  
It is for the love of my falcons,  
So good at hunting by the river.  
Let us go, gentle comrades;  
The birds are down there.

#### 11. TAKE ME TO THE MOON

*Kallet, BMI*

This was a hard one to write. It rested, partial-

The mountains range from west to east;  
The leaves sound like rain.  
You ask me if I'm happy here  
And I ask myself the same.  
Fast down the mountain in the morning,  
All orange, and cold, and sky.  
Come, hold on tight, let's turn to the wind;  
Let's see if we can fly.

#### 14. WALKING ON THE CLOUDS WITH YOU (Only Spring)

*Kallet, BMI*

Some people claim that I more often walk “in the clouds” than “on the clouds;” however, because of the nature of clouds, the “on” gives one the option of doing either. These particular clouds are cirro-cumulus ones that rise above the Connecticut River. “Only Spring” has something to do with words on a card in some bar.

#### 15. I DON'T HAVE TO...

*Kallet, BMI*

Written when I was sixteen, this song expresses some of the concerns I had at the time, as well as some I still have.

I don't have to feel your hand  
to know you're there,  
And I don't have to hear your words  
to know you care.

And, if I seem so sad so many times,  
It's 'cause there are kind of sad  
things on my mind,  
And I will come around in time.

They don't have to drop their bombs  
to prove they're strong,  
And they don't have to tell us lies  
to hide the wrong,  
And, if they think that fighting makes a man,  
Well, they'd better take a look again,  
And stop the killing while they can.

You don't have to wreck your mind  
to have some fun,  
And you don't have to say you're here,  
I know you're on the run,  
And, if you think that hiding is good to do,  
Well, you know, I once thought so, too,  
But now it's all up to you.  
You don't have to bow your head  
before the rain,  
And you don't have to hide your face  
and deny the pain,  
'Cause, if there are times when you don't  
know what to do,  
If you hide it will only hurt you,  
When maybe someone can help you through.

(repeat first verse)

ly completed, for a number of months until,  
one night, after seeing a film concerning  
women and pornography, I finished it.

Take me to the moon, the moon,  
Nameland of weightless, feel no pain.  
I ask for nothing, nothing,  
But it's too much all the same.

Hold me around you, 'round you;  
Gather me close and let me cry.  
I give you no way now, way now,  
Of ever knowing why.

Show me a river, river,  
That wanders through mountains, weaves  
                  through seas.  
I'll show you an ocean, ocean,  
Than sings equal, strong, and free.

What is the cause of, reason  
For all of this violence, all this pain?  
You say it's born in us; no —  
I say we're taught the game.  
Take me to the land, the land  
Where riddles are forests and answers trees.  
The damage to freedom, freedom,  
Is this constant aim to please.

Maybe we'll go now, go now;  
Hold on together, be one's home.  
But always there's one thing, something

That leaves me quite alone.

Take me to the moon, the moon,  
Nameland of weightless, feel no pain.  
I ask for nothing, nothing,  
But it's too much all...  
Take me to the moon, the moon;  
I'm landing on the moon...

## 12. WHO DO YOU THINK

*Kallet, BMI*

**Written one rainy Vineyard night while anx-  
iously awaiting someone's return.**

The rain fell on the mountain,  
The moon fell on the sea.  
I went down to Wasque's borders  
And was buried by the sea.  
I ain't too old to pass this way;  
I ain't too young to go.  
Just who do you think, you think I am,  
And how do you think you know?

In the fasting silence,  
Along the fears of old  
Passion, lies, and violence,  
Enough to grow you cold.  
That side of human fortune I don't want  
                  to know no more.  
I've paid my dues to these sorrows;  
I don't need to fight your wars.



Wings and storms have brought us here;  
Fire burns in our eyes.  
All these months of ice and stone  
Are but a day passed by.  
It'd be easy to stand and swear that I will  
Never trust anyone;  
It'd be easy to think that you'd leave me again,  
Though you say you've changed your mind.

The rain fell on the mountain,  
The moon fell on the sea.  
I went down to Wasque's borders  
And was buried by the sea.  
I ain't too old to pass this way;  
I ain't too young to go.  
Just who do you think, you think I am,  
And how do you think you know?

### 13. MOUNTAINS RANGE

*Kallet, BMI*

**It seems as though our reasons for staying in places, or moving, or just thinking about either, continue to change as the balance shifts among other friends, work, and the land or water we call home. The questions are always there.**

The mountains range from west to east;  
The leaves sound like rain.  
You ask me if I'm happy here  
And I ask myself the same.  
Fast down the mountain in the morning,

All orange, and cold, and sky.  
I want to say yes, heart clear and strong,  
Without need to qualify.

I sometimes think I just can't allow  
Myself to feel joy.  
How can it work, I ask again,  
When it didn't work before?  
It's a mountain climb in the afternoon,  
All purple, clouds, and sun.  
Sometimes you're one of an imagined more;  
Most times you're the only one.

Well, is it friends, or where you live,  
Or is it what you do?  
I took seeds sown in island ground  
And I planted them in you.  
But when the geese honked over,  
I lay and cried,  
Feeling some love left behind.  
The tide comes and steals away my dreams,  
Though you grow on my mind.

The valley reaches north to south;  
The hawks bomb 'round the bend.  
There's not much shelter against these rocks  
From the waves of mountain wind.  
But it's clearer now than it's been before  
And you're dearer now, and more.  
Come, hold on tight, let's turn to the wind;  
Let's see if we can soar.

## 16. AIN'T NO TIME (Take Me Down)

*Kallet, BMI*

Written years ago while playing around in a C tuning.

Take me down to the water's edge;  
Hold me close, my darling.  
This ain't no time to say goodbye,  
But one of us is always leaving.

Ride me out on the water — cool!  
Your voice so clear — you're laughing!  
I dreamed you on the street last night,  
And we thought that we would marry.

You called me up to say you loved me  
And that I'm stuck in on your mind,  
But days go by and still you can't come over;  
I'm lost last in line.

Take me down to the water's edge;  
Hold me close, my darling.  
This ain't no time to say goodbye,  
But one of us is always going.

Come look, lying in the evening sand,  
A shell shines orange and gleaming.  
How can you bring me such joy  
And feel no heartbreak leaving?

Well, maybe we'll ride, and maybe we'll fly,  
Maybe we'll walk to the mountains.

Look, it's a star, it's an eagle, it's you!  
Soaring circles around them.

Ride me out on the water — cool!  
I love your voice — you're laughing!  
I dreamed you on the street last night,  
And we thought that we would marry.

Take me down to the water's edge;  
Hold me close, my darling.  
This ain't no time to say goodbye.

## 17. COME AWAY TO SEA

*Kallet, BMI*

**Another mushy one, with possible, but not mandatory, boat-body connections.**

Come away to sea, my dear;  
I've got a ship made of the finest wood.  
Seasoned well, she's got a strong, sound hull.  
Come away to sea.

Come away to sea, my dear;  
I sewed the sails strong from head, foot,  
to clew.  
She'd sail the earth many times for you.  
Come away to sea.

Come away to sea, my dear;  
I've got songs to say, things I cannot tell.  
It's hard to know what is right to feel.  
Come away to sea.

Come away to sea, my dear;  
Oh, the tides are running and the moon is new.  
I'd find lands and oceans to share with you.  
Come away to sea.

*Cindy Kallet*

*Recorded by Sandy Paton  
Digital master by Robin Paton  
Photograph by Alison Shaw.  
Graphics by Sandy Paton,  
assisted by Walter Schwarz*

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are copyright © 1983, by Cindy Kallet  
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which is copyright © 1983, by Steven Green.*

*Cindy is joined on "Marblehead Neck" by  
Ellen Epstein and Michael Cicone.  
On "If I Sing" by Ellen Epstein  
and Lisa Kallet.*

# *Cindy Kallet*

## *2*

It happens now and then, of course. A friend says "Listen to this" and plays a new record, or someone with unannounced talent invites you to a performance, or you go to yet another workshop at yet another festival — and all of a sudden you're sitting up

straight, ears wide open, little tympanic membranes vibrating ecstatically.

I suppose it can happen for instrumental devotees, too, but it happens for me with voices and, if I'm lucky, the thoughts they articulate.

Notes on folk-type albums often include a highly subjective description of *The First Time Ever I Heard...* Far be it from me to trample tradition. Women's Songs Workshop, Folk-Legacy Festival, March 1980. Several fine performances, several familiar performers. And then Cindy starts "Working on Wings to Fly" (the title song of her first Folk-Legacy recording — CD-83). Sharp intake of breath, quick straightening in my chair, careful hard listening — and the hope that she'd be willing to bring her music to my radio show.

Cindy has visited the show a couple of times now, and I've gone out to several of her performances, and I still sit up straight when I hear her.

Here's Cindy's second recording. It differs from her first in some fundamental ways: fewer easy-chorus songs, stronger expressions of state-of-the-world vision, more instrumentals, the choice of a non-Kallet song ("Marblehead Neck"), some slightly more complex melodies.

But the significant aspects of her work are constant: the intelligence that informs the writing and composing, the skill and feeling in the instrumental work, and especially that warm and expressive voice.

The voice drew me into Cindy's songs. A lot of them became favorites, and several of those favorites are here.

Susan Forbes Hansen — Sunday Night Folk Festival — WHUS — Storrs, CT.

# Cindy Kallet 2



CD- 98

- |   |      |
|---|------|
| 1. Listen, I Think the Rain's Come  | 2:25 |
| 2. When I Was Now   | 2:42 |
| 3. Mystic Aureole ( <i>Instrumental</i> )                                   | 2:56 |
| 4. Trying Times   | 2:53 |
| 5. Time Came Down   | 2:14 |
| 6. Wolf's Lullaby ( <i>instrumental</i> )                                   | 3:32 |
| 7. Steamboat to the Mainland  | 2:23 |
| 8. Marblehead Neck (© <i>Steven Green</i> )                                 | 1:47 |
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| 13. Mountains Range   | 3:51 |
| 14. Walking on the Clouds with You<br>(Only Spring) ( <i>instrumental</i> ) | 2:59 |
| 15. I Don't Have to...  | 2:55 |
| 16. Ain't No Time   | 2:35 |
| 17. Come Away to Sea  | 2:16 |

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*Cindy is joined by Ellen Epstein  
and Michael Cicone on  
"Marblehead Neck"  
and by Ellen Epstein and Lisa  
Kallet on "If I Sing."*

*Notes by Cindy Kallet*

*Cover photograph by  
Alison Shaw*

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