

Cindy Kallet

2



FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
FSI-98



FOLK-LEGACY
FSI-98

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 instrument devotees, 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). 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 Kallet's second album. 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.

That 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, Connecticut



SIDE 1:

- | | |
|---|------|
| 1. Listen, I Think the Rain's Come | 2:25 |
| 2. When I Was Now | 2:42 |
| 3. Mystic Aureole (instrumental) | 2:56 |
| 4. Trying Times | 2:53 |
| 5. Time Came Down | 2:14 |
| 6. Wolf's Lullaby (instrumental) | 3:32 |
| 7. Steamboat to the Mainland | 2:23 |
| 8. Marblehead Neck (© 1983, Steven Green) | 1:47 |
| 9. Going for the Gold | 2:01 |

SIDE 2:

- | | |
|---|------|
| 1. If I Sing | 3:11 |
| 2. Take Me to the Moon | 3:06 |
| 3. Who Do You Think | 2:03 |
| 4. Mountains Range | 3:51 |
| 5. Walking on the Clouds With You (Only Spring)
(instrumental) | 2:59 |
| 6. I Don't Have to ... | 2:55 |
| 7. Ain't No Time | 2:35 |
| 8. Come Away to Sea | 2:16 |

All songs (except Side 1, Band 8) by Cindy Kallet Copyright © 1983 by Cindy Kallet, published by Folk-Legacy Records, Inc., Sharon, Connecticut.

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Cover Photograph by Alison Shaw
Notes by Cindy Kallet
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz/Silver Lining Productions

Copyright © © 1983 Folk-Legacy Records, Inc. Sharon, Connecticut 06069 All rights reserved

This record is also available as a cassette: Folk Legacy C-98

Cindy Kallet

2

FSI-98



Copyright © 1983

FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.

SHARON, CONNECTICUT 06069 • (203) - 364-5661

CINDY KALLET

THE SONGS

LISTEN, I THINK THE RAIN'S COME
Side 1, Band 1.

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 is burning me.
One way to show things, but
more ways to hide them.*

*Fly down the hill while the rain
soaks in,
Crash of the waves on the inland
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.*

WHEN I WAS NOW
Side 1, Band 2.

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, 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;
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.*

MYSTIC AUREOLE
Side 1, Band 3.

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.

TRYING TIMES
Side 1, Band 4.

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.*

TIME CAME DOWN
Side 1, Band 5.

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.*

WOLF'S LULLABY
Side 1, Band 6.

A goodbye present to a friend.

STEAMBOAT TO THE MAINLAND
Side 1, Band 7.

As the title suggests, this was written while crossing Vineyard Sound on the ferry, traveling 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
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.

MARBLEHEAD NECK (Steven Green)
Side 1, Band 8.

A gem written by Steven Green of
Brattleboro, Vermont. Ellen Epstein
Maxwell 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.

GOING FOR THE GOLD
Side 1, Band 9.

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?

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...

IF I SING
Side 2, Band 1.

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.*

TAKE ME TO THE MOON
Side 2, Band 2.

This was a hard one to write. It rested, partially 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,
That 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 something,
one thing
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...*

WHO DO YOU THINK
Side 2, Band 3.

Written one rainy Vineyard night
while anxiously 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?

MOUNTAINS RANGE
Side 2, Band 4.

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
friends, work, and the land or water
we call home. The questions are
always there.

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 after-
noon,

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 tides come and steal 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, turn to the
wind;
Let's see if we can soar.

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.

**WALKING ON THE CLOUDS WITH YOU (ONLY
SPRING)**
Side 2, Band 5.

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.

I DON'T HAVE TO...
Side 2, Band 6.

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 you 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)

AIN'T NO TIME (TAKE ME DOWN)
Side 2, Band 7.

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.

COME AWAY TO SEA
Side 2, Band 8.

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
with 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;
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

All of the songs on this record are
copyright © 1983, by Cindy Kallet
and are published by Folk-Legacy
Records, Inc., Sharon, Ct., 06069,
with the exception of Side 1, Band 8,
which is copyright © 1983 by Steven Green..

© copyright, 1983
FOLK-LEGACY RECORDS, INC.
Sharon, Connecticut 06069
All Rights Reserved

Cindy is joined on Side 1, Band 8, by
Ellen Epstein Maxwell and Michael Cicone,
and on Side 2, Band 1, by Ellen Epstein
Maxwell and Lisa Kallet.

Recorded by Sandy Paton
Photographs by Alison Shaw
Jacket design by Walter A. Schwarz/
Silver Lining Productions.