

SONGS FOR AN AUGUST MOON

LARRY KAPLAN



1. FEET ON THE BLUFF 4:34
2. TOO LATE FOR THE
BREAKING YARD 3:42
3. SELLING 'THE ISABEL' 4:23
4. DEAREST LAVINIA 3:36
5. EMMA'S ATTIC 4:34
6. GET HER INTO SHORE 4:43
7. JOHN 3:42
8. TEACHING MY SON HOW
TO SAIL 4:34
9. JOSHUA'S ROCK 3:54
10. BUSHNELL'S INFERNAL
MACHINE 4:14
11. LIYANNA 4:45
12. ECHO ON THE MOUNTAIN 4:45
13. WHEN WE DANCED
AT THE FAREWELL BALL 7:31
14. THE 'CATHERINE DOYLE' 5:32
15. CAPE BRETON
(YES, I'M COMING HOME) 4:45



©© 2014 Hannah Lane Music, BMI. All rights reserved.
Unauthorized duplication is a violation of applicable laws.
Released by Folk Legacy Records Inc | Folk Legacy CD-143
Box 1148, Sharon, CT USA, 06069 | 1-800-836-0901
www.folk-legacy.com



SONGS FOR AN AUGUST MOON

LARRY KAPLAN

Everyone has a story to tell, and to me, the joy of writing and singing is discovering those stories in the unexpected ways we do in the course of our day to day lives, then trying to fashion songs that bring dignity to the stories. If a ballad is indeed a story told in song, then it cannot begin without the story. It was out of the folk tradition and the years of listening and learning from others, that I have learned to pay attention to things people say and do; always the tip of the iceberg, reminding

myself in piles of notes on napkins, paper bags, envelopes, etc. for “later” — all prompts to remain mindful that one’s life is an endless collection of stories, so many of which can and should be shared.

So here is my second ‘collection.’ It comes from people’s journeys and lives, influenced by the folk music I grew up listening to and playing, and inspired by the importance of the story, simple or complex, old, or new... thank you for listening.

With masterful attention to detail, poetic turns of phrase, and lilting musical sensibility, Larry Kaplan transports us to lives and times...both far in the past and contemporary.

Cindy Kallet



1. FEET ON THE BLUFF
Rarely a year goes by in America when some great river doesn't overflow its banks. The effects can be devastating to farms and to the farmers who usually can only watch and wait, year after year.

©1993 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Get your feet on the bluff
River's hitting high water,
If she don't crest soon
Well, I figure that she ought to
Cow can't swim
And I knew that when I bought her,
It rained all night and day
Rained all night, and it rained all day.

Got a week of rain,
When it ended got another,
Then it rained another month
And it rained a little longer;
River got a little wider
Current got a little stronger
And the rain kept coming down.

Up in the town and down by the levee
Where the mud's too wet
And the river's too heavy,
Farms sitting low
And the farmers aren't ready
All them years...all them years—

Get your feet on the bluff....

I hear up North,
Any town you want to choose,
Has a boat on every corner
And you can fish on Baton Rouge;
And all them little towns
They've got an awful lot to loose
Won't be no harvest time.

Well, either you get a drought
Or you get a mighty washing,
How's a fella make a living
When he's got to take precautions
No time to check the levee
Give your house another caulking,
No time to stay...no time to stay—

Get your feet on the bluff...

Well it don't seem right
They should put a river here,
When you struggle every winter
And you're planting every year,
Then everything you've owned
Goes washing out of here
Except the ground
you're standing on.
And wouldn't you know
There's the sun above the trees,
And she's a shining on the water
Where my fields all used to be,
Just the kind of thing you said
You'd never, ever see
All them years...all them years...

Get your feet on the bluff...

2. TOO LATE FOR THE BREAKING YARD

"Breaking yards," where retired or wrecked vessels would be stripped for salvage, no longer dot the British coastline. This song remembers a time when they did, and the people who often saw such a fate unfold for the vessels they once helped to build.

©2012 Hannah Lane Music

CHORUS

Well it's too late for the breaking yard,
too late for the breaking yard
She sailed to long and she
worked too hard,
And it's too late for the
breaking yard.

Well we laid her keel
in the summer heat,
Tempered every weld
in the snow and sleet,
And she gave our babies food to eat
So we launched her in the year.

With her high bluff bow
and her easy chine,
In the Channel floods,
wouldn't take her time.
Didn't like the feel
of a docking line...or
Cargo in her hold.

CHORUS

She could make ten knots in an
Autumn dew,
Could have carried sail
if she wanted to,
Never gave a damn when the North
winds blew
It was "best be on our way."

But a scraping ledge
and the sunken rails
And that bloody beach in the
northern gale,
Made the old men dream
of the age of sail
While the young men drove her down.

CHORUS

A ship too proud to give up that way
But its men and money
had the final say,
So they hauled her back
to the yard at Grays
Then they sank her in the tide.

So we gave her shelter
and we gave her time,
Took the woodwork out
and the new turbine,
Couldn't do much more...
didn't have the time
To scrap her anymore

CHORUS

But we built that vessel so damn well
When the rust took over,
all the rivets held.

So she rested there with the lonely gulls
She's been resting evermore.

So let's raise a glass and a dozen more
To the ones who sit there by the shore,
To remind us of the times before
When the timbers turned to steel.

CHORUS

3. SELLING 'THE ISABEL'

My grandmother's name was Isabel, and she met my grandfather in Portland, Maine where they lived for many years. Here is the story she never shared.

©1991 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Well she's twenty one feet
at the waterline,
She draws three feet in the tide;
And there ain't nothing wrong with
her, let's start with that,
Look her over, I'm going inside.

She was his to begin with,
She was here long before
So we kept civil company;
But he changed her name to
'The Isabel'
On the day that he married me.

Well we never had money,
and he just didn't care,
He said, "Money was never the plan."
Just the slow sorry river
and a loner man's song
And the mainsheet in his hand.

And me, never thinking that there
once was a time
When I fancied the whistling trades;
When the sweetest song was a
sailor's tune
And the wind skipping over the waves.

You stand alone in your garden and
you plant for the year,
Your raised your kids and you kept
them in school;
You put food on the table, and you
put love in their hearts,
Wasn't easy, but women aren't fools.

There she sits on her blocks, with
the weeds at her keel,
Old paint peeling like a sad tear.
But she never tacked easy; she was
slow off the wind—
In shoal water, trouble to steer.

Well she's twenty one feet at the
water line,
She draw's three feet in the tide;
For his price you can have her,
she'll be yours fully found,
Her time's over, now I'm going inside.

She was his to begin with,
She was here long before,
So we kept civil company;
But he changed her name to
'The Isabel'
On the day that he married me.

He changed her name to the 'Isabel'
On the day that he married me.

4. DEAREST LAVINIA

Once came across a 19th Century photograph of a steamer returning to the United Kingdom from the United States filled with immigrants who did not find the future they had sought. It occurred to me that we never hear about people whose dreams change or whose futures do not turn out as planned.

Canadian folklorist and singer Clary Croft has recorded a wonderful version of this song on his CD, "Still The Song Lives On."

©1992 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Dearest Lavinia, I trust all is well
Our ship makes this passage
on terrible swells
If I ever reach England,
I shall welcome the day
When I'll walk by your side
on safe land.

By the time this note finds you,
please God, I'll be home
I am sorry for leaving,
please forgive me for going,
But my words could stir oceans,
there is much I must tell
I may never reach England again.

I could not find fortune
on American soil,
I bring nothing home to you,
but a year's sweat and toil;
I was one of the many,
who stood long on the lines
And I went to sleep hungry and cold.

But I left my own country
for the promise of wealth,
Which I sought for our family,
never once for myself.
Now I see greater fortune,
in our stone covered land,
I shall make this long journey
no more.

There were thousands who
journeyed to find that great land
And thousands who settled with the
new life they planned,
But then also the many who would
miss their homeland
And the dear ones who never said "go."

Now I dream I am sailing
with the stars in the sky
And I follow the brightest one
back to your eyes,
This sea shakes and trembles,
and the clouds thunder so
I may never see England again.

Dearest Lavinia, I trust all is well
Our ship makes this passage
on terrible swells
If I ever reach England,
I shall welcome the day
When I'll walk by your side
on safe land.

5. EMMA'S ATTIC

This song attempts to tell the story of one person's life through items found neatly stored in an attic.

©1993 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Skates on a hook
inside the old attic wall,
Toys in a carton and a card with a heart
And a crutch from the fall;
Ribbons of red and blue
from four county fairs,
Ribbons of pink and a blue
morning glory
That she wore in her hair.

Torn overalls, porcelain dolls
Muddy sneakers with holes,
New leather shoes
that she hardly used
And a rose from the ball.

Letters from college,
with the grades on a card
Seven A's and a B.
And a note from her brother saying,
"I'll explain later,"
"Emma, hurry home, please."

Pictures of aunts and uncles
down at the shore,
Mothers and daughters,
and one of her father
When she was just four.
Long-winded letters
from a restless young man,
Pleading to take her away
from this place
To a different land.

A box full of hats,
winter coats on a rack
And a trunk full of clothes,
Receipts from the luggage
She brought home from the steamer
And then left in the hold.

Books in three languages,
old magazines
And old stamps from the cards,
Sent from the places,
imagined in dreams
Wherever they are.

Frail china dishes
and an ad for some brooms
Fine Irish linen,
handed down through the women,
And the tarnished gray spoons.
Boxes of Christmas cards bought
long ago...new
And a stack of "The Daily"
and an old ukulele
With one string still in tune.

Pictures in books that the best
cousins took
And a locket and chain,
Hid away in a box
she was sure she had lost...
Like you lose your own name.

Scarves and wool mittens
folded and stored
By the old attic stairs,
With the ribbons of pink and the
blue morning glory
That she wore in her hair.

6. GET HER INTO SHORE

Written one cold January day in Providence, Rhode Island, following a particularly bad ice storm. I was thinking about people I knew who

made their living at sea in all kinds of weather. A few days after I wrote the song, a Providence Journal article appeared describing a very similar incident, with three lost.

©1997 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Well we set our traps in the bitter cold
On the third day of the year —
There were three of us then,
We were the youngest of ten
Two for lines, and one to steer.
When it blows Northeast on the
Georges Bank
You don't like to take your time,
But the engine was old
It didn't like the cold
And we fell back on our lines.

Get her into shore
She can't take it anymore
We're too far from home
It's gonna break her bones
Can't you get her into shore?

Jack throws the switch
He says, you old son of a bitch,
What the hell do you think you're doing?
Well you've brought us
to the poor house
Too many times
You ain't taking us to our ruin.
But the line went slack,
We saw the stern turn back
And we started up again;
But she just tightened up
And I knew we were stuck
Lying broadside in the wind.

Get her into shore...

Tom picks up the axe
Cuts us free from the traps,
He swung so hard he smashed the rail.
Then he looks hard at me
And he spits in the sea,
His face was whiter than the hail
We tried her again
Gave her all that we could,
And we felt that screw turn round
And I remember, I prayed
For some more steerage way,
On that black and ugly ground.

Get her into shore...

Jack puts her hard over
So to run with the tide,
But she fell into the trough
And with her side to the swell,
She just leaned in and fell -
And I knew we all were lost.
And all that I saw
Was her rotten old keel,
With that line flung across her stern;
But I couldn't hold to her
And I couldn't go down,
I just wished I'd never been born.

Get her into shore...

Well the tide runs hard
In the wintertime -
You're a fool to go and try
God help the poor man
Who is born on the sea,
God save the poor ones who die ...

7. JOHN

Written one cold October evening just before moving on to a new job and to new places. This song, however, is about those who choose to stay behind — where “farewell” can mean a very different thing than it does for those who do the leaving.

©1976 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Foggy harbor, cold and wet
and not a soul —
The boats are sitting crooked
in the mud.
All about the sounds of life
are chilled and distant,
And the kerosene lamps flicker
in the night.

Rub your hands together,
Pull your collar up —
We'll drink another round
Before the night is gone.
Take your chances boys,
Soon we'll all be leaving;
And not a word about the times
to come.

John comes home to his old boat,
he's alone, he wears
His stocking cap pulled down
upon his ears;
Ten years going
and he's worked his hands
To stone and leather,
says tonight he's got to get away.

Busted broke, no place to go,
that's what he says you get,
For putting all your time into the sea.
Then a man gets old, he says, too late
to settle down, he says;
Too late to find a place for company.

Hear the hulls a' creaking,
hard against the rocky bottom.
Hear the hungry lonesome singing gulls;
Curse the winter winds,
those empty dreams that took you in
When you're young enough,
you never get your fill.

Keep your lanterns on
and throw the big hatch open wide;
No man is a stranger in the cold.
Throw another log into the fire,
the night is young enough,
And good friends keep a man
from getting old.

Rub your hands together,
Pull your collars up —
We'll drink another round
Before the night is gone.
Take your chances boys,
Soon we'll all be leaving;
And not a word
About the times to come.

Take your chances boys,
Soon we'll all be leaving;
And not a word
about the times to come.

8. TEACHING MY SON HOW TO SAIL

*A song for anyone who thinks we are
done raising our children once they
leave home.*

©2013 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Saturday morning,
First perfect day of the year.
Breeze out of the east...
it don't matter
The weather is clear.
No boats on the water
Who can afford gasoline?
Me and my dory,
Him sick of chasing big dreams.

When he was little
Clipper ships — always the thing.
Blue water pirate...
Master and Captain each spring.
But kids get distracted
And little things get in their way.
And me never showing him
How sailors spend a slow day.

First we find the damn halyard,
Fasten the pin to the clew.
Pull back on the outhaul,
The one thing that I never do.
Pintle to gudgeon
Centerboard, tiller to rail.
None of it matters
I am teaching my son how to sail.

He could have learned all of this
When he was just a young boy;
And I could have taught him
In a world where there

isn't much joy.
To make a safe passage,
You need to know something
'bout the sea;
Let's start with our vessel,
Fair winds and good tides...
him and me.

Well, it's storming up good
Should remember this happens
each June.
Taking on water,
Forgetting the tide and the moon.
He's at the tiller
I'm putting this river in pails;
He's taking us downwind
I'm teaching my son.
He knows every marker,
He'll make a good run
And find a safe harbor,
I'm teaching my son how to sail.

9. JOSHUA'S ROCK

*In 1701, white settler John Banning
purchased 1000 acres of land
overlooking the Connecticut River in
what is today, Lyme, CT from the aging
Chief Attawanhood, who was known
as 'Chief Joshua' by the settlers. In his
later years, Chief Joshua would sit on a
cliff overlooking on this land, watching
the tides change the river's flow as it
came to the end of its long journey from
Canadian headwaters to the Atlantic.
I wrote this one afternoon at Joshua's
Rock, thinking of the journey his people
had taken to... and then from the land
that had once been their own.*

©1992 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Though still an old great waterway,
this river seems too still
To come all this way from Canada,
through tired New England Hills;
And the legends of this land still say
her waters tell the tale,
Of every soul from every century
whose dust turned into shale.
Chief Joshua stood alone and
watched the river with three tides
Too mired in stones to navigate
those last few lonely miles —

Tide, help this river get him by,
He will need another try
There are boulders in his way;
Rain, turn these stones
back into sand,
This was once a different land
He has come ten million days...

The bogs from which these waters
flow go dry without the rain,
But glacial ice had left a path before
the first men came.
The dust and stones of history are
written in those hills
And wait to journey to the sea when
all the headstreams fill;
The pages of a distant time slide
down that riverbed
Then crumble into sand before their
words can all be read —

Tide, help this river get them by,
They will need another try
There are boulders in their way;
Rain, turn these stones back

into sand,
This was once a different land
They have come ten million days ...

Americans who farmed that soil
before the first white man,
Who lived in peace and never
claimed a bounty for their land
They watched their river turn to red
at the hands of greedy men,
Who drove the Pequot from their
homes and drowned the Mohegan.
She washed away the memories of
every native child they killed
Then swept the blood from
Deerfield's soil where bones are
lying still —

Tide, help this river get us by,
We will need another try
There are boulders in our way;
Rain, turn these stones back
into sand,
This was once a different land
We have come ten million days...

The monuments of modern time
along these shores of stone,
From Hartford up to Bellows Falls
spill sewage, oil, and foam;
New settlers along her banks still
search for willing land
And at every turn that lets them pass,
they take what roots they can.
At Joshua's Rock he stood and
watched that muddy river glide
He knew her as 'Connecticut —
Long River of The Tide'

Tide, help this river get me by,
I will need another try
There are boulders in my way;
Rain turn these stones back
into sand,
This was once a different land
I have come ten million days ...

Now lower me through that little
hatch, and seal it when I say
I'll turn the seacock open wide, and
sink beneath the waves.

My God, get me out of here
Oh please, get me out of here
No thank you, General Washington
Just get me out of here

Well I row the "Turtle" with this
crank, and I steer her with one hand
To surface, pump the water out,
this soup in which I stand
And the air I breath I bring with me,
there is no wind to blow
It's dark in here and I'm a fool,
to volunteer to go.

But my orders from the Admiral:
let no ship tread on me —
Be brave, my boy, and you shall have
a long life in the sea
You'll be a naval hero, son,
with honor on your ship.
Well the sea is kind and I like it fine,
atop not under it.

On please, get me out of here....

A powerful explosive charge
is fixed upon my hull
This lever lets me set it free
on any ship at all,
I'll fix it to a stem or keel
and let that package go
So ships that fly the English flag
will know what waits below.

But I can't sail a pickle barrel,
can't make this bucket steer
I'm drifting with an awful tide,
can't see a thing down here
My compass floating at my feet,
and my air is getting low
Two hundred pounds of ballast lead
and a keg about to blow

Oh, God, get me out of here....

The man who built this bloody thing
is safe there on the land.
If I survive to tell of this,
I'll be a lucky man.
A sailor's place is on the deck,
or rowing at the oar
And not out trying foolish things,
nobody's done before.

Oh, please, get me out of here...

11. LIYANNA

*A song about New England...even if I
didn't say that exactly!*
©1976 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Lonesome, nobody knows me
Sometimes I think nobody cares;
Concrete rivers and concrete faces
The wind blows hard but she don't
blow fair.

And oh, the many colored mountains
And oh, the blue and singing sea,
I want to think of far off places
And fill the empty thoughts in me —

Liyanna,
How I want to see you,
To be home again
Far away from here.
Oh, Liyanna
How I want to see you,
Two hundred pounds of ballast lead
and a keg about to blow
Far away from here.

Sally's gone, she wouldn't have me,
Peter he's hit the road again,
Jimmy's gone to make a million,
Oh, it gets so you don't know your friends.
Summer's gone, the leaves are changing
Should have had some change of plans,
But how's a man to know those secrets
In a strange and different land?

Liyanna...

Well the leaves are skipping
on the pavement,
Sun's ice-blue on cobble stone;
One man's thinking of his supper
Another's thinking of his home.
Go away, you fancy ladies,
Keep your foolish lies away —
I'm not the one to hear your stories
Don't understand the words you say.

Liyanna...

12. ECHO ON THE MOUNTAIN

*This song remembers the late Sandy
Paton who loved nothing more than
finding — then sharing the music of so
many traditions — including his own.*
©200 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

There's a place filled with peace,
on a hill facing east
You can hear the Green Man in the wind,
Where the river runs gentle and
every song's sentimental
Now an echo's been lost...for a while.

He knew miles of back roads through
Green Mountains, I'm told
And a tune by the side of Loch Tay,
He crossed bridges of snow,
and he loved yarrow, you know
And good people who visit...then stay.

CHORUS

There's nothing here stopping
us singing —
Heaven knows we've been
singing before.
You can choose any chorus,
He found all the words for us
Even left his guitar by the door,
Isn't that what they make guitars for?

He could go when he had to get
going, get gone
Turn around when you needed a song,
He could cry with your sorrow
And have you laughing tomorrow
Make it right when it seemed
so damn wrong.

Well the sun's gonna shine on his
mountain in time,
Soon the stars gonna dance through
the rain,
Soon a thousand old love songs
And the weather-gone-wrong songs

Will remind you some things
never change.

CHORUS

Well it's true every soul has a story,
you know,
And the world needs more
stories and songs.
All it takes is some time,
and a good enough rhyme
And good singers...
some here, past, some gone
It's a precious dear gift he has given,
so this
Is a fragile old cup we must fill,
We can rise up in song and together,
be strong
Then those echoes will ring
through the hills.

CHORUS

...Isn't that what folk singers sing for?
And why God gave the world
troubadours?

13. WHEN WE DANCED AT THE FAREWELL BALL

*In June, 2013 I visited with
distinguished wildlife photographer
Les Campbell at his home and gallery
in Belchertown, Massachusetts.
Les showed me a picture of a couple
reunited seventy five years after the
disincorporation of the four towns
taken by eminent domain to clear*

the way for the Quabbin Reservoir. As teenagers, they had danced at the final "Farewell Ball" in 1938 and remarkably danced again at the Reunion Ball in April, 2013. I wrote this song in memory of the families who once lived in the Swift River Valley from the 16th through mid-20th centuries, and in honor of those who remain to keep their history and their extraordinary sacrifice alive. Visit The Friends of Quabbin at www.friendsofquabbin.org.

©2013 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

In the summer of
nineteen and thirty eight
Here where the Swift River ran
Boston needed more water,
now the Governor said
So they took all our homes
and our land.
And they flooded our valley
Buried our towns
Under water God meant for us all
I was only sixteen, you were the
loveliest girl
Ever danced at the Farewell Ball.

CHORUS

And we waltzed through the orchards
We waltzed through the school
Even waltzed through the
Bobbin Grange Hall
I was only sixteen...
you were the loveliest girl
Ever danced at the Farewell Ball

When we were little
we'd hurry from school
And pick apples together and play
When we were older
you'd pretend to be shy
And I stumbled for something to say.
Youth is the gift
you must save all your life
Age is the clock you can't wind
Time all the things
you remember undone
And memory the things you can't find.

CHORUS

Now Enfield and Dana,
And Prescott are gone
And Greenwich is only a name
And Nichewaugh Village
now calls to the deep
Where gardens once waited for rain.
The cider mills, quarries,
and shops in a row
Locked away from
clear memory or view.
And the very same moon
Shining down on these waves
Cast a glow on a love that was new

CHORUS

So we loaded the flatbeds with the
tools from our fields
And the bundled up timbers
and frames
Boxes of buttons and the
big cross-cut saws
And the books filled
with birthdays and names.
Well Boston needs water

so we're leaving our homes
Is this how a story should end?
The first time in my life
it occurred to me how
I may never see you again.

CHORUS

A stroke of the clock
at the end of the ball
The moment for folks to move on...
Gone was the right
to decide when to leave
And gone was the time to be strong.
Like water we scattered
to the ends of the earth
To where hope and new love lingers on
Hope that in time
we will soon meet again
And love, when they played
our last song.

CHORUS

Seventy five years
have all past and are gone
We raised families in homes
of our own
But children grow older
and take care of themselves
And then some leave
the old ones alone.
Shall we walk to the shores
of this wilderness sea,
To the villages still we recall.
And may I have this last dance
with the loveliest girl
Ever danced at the Farewell Ball?

CHORUS

14. THE 'CATHERINE DOYLE'

As long as there are seas...and ships to sail on them, there will be sailors and songs to remind us.

© 1976, 2013 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Away to the Eastward waits Liverpool
And it's there we all must go;
Young and old the sailors of the
'Catherine Doyle'
In the wind and the rain and snow.

When our sails are set
and we make our course
All the ladies they will pray
For the safety of their sailor lads,
For good health while they're away.

But a sailor, he never knows a prayer,
He is reckless, foolish, and bold.
And he lives by the fate
of the crashing seas
He's no wiser when he's old.

Well his eyes they sting in the salty spray,
And his hands they're rough and cold.
And his heart's all filled
with a sailor's dreams
Dreams he's chosen over gold.

Come with me,
come with me my bonny fair maid
Won't you steal me from the sea,
For I long to have a reason to go
This sailor seldom sees.

But if we should live
in a house snug and warm,
In the snows of the hill country.
Could you hide my eyes
from the mountain stream
When it tumbles to the sea.

So lay-up, lay-up your sailing ships,
Down your tackle and stow your lines.
For this is the only way I know
To free this life of mine.

Away to the Eastward waits Liverpool
And it's there we all must go
Young and old the sailors of the
'Catherine Doyle'
In the wind and the rain and snow.

15. CAPE BRETON (YES, I'M COMING HOME)

© 1976, 2013 Hannah Lane Music, BMI

Three years in Dublin, boys,
I've had my fill
Yes, I'm coming home...
I hear that you sail to Cape Breton's
fair hills
Yes, I'm coming home...

CHORUS

Take me back to my homeland
over the sea
The ice and snow they don't bother me,
Put a little whiskey in your apple tea.
Yes, I'm, coming home...

Well sailing a merchant
is trouble they say
Yes, I'm coming home...
But it's better than slaving for
Michael O'Shay.
Yes, I'm coming home.

CHORUS

My hours are long
and there's nearly no pay
Yes, I'm coming home...
When you have it
the Government takes it away.
Yes, I'm

CHORUS

The Dubliner ladies are sweet as a rose
Yes, I'm coming home...
If you dance with their hearts boys
they'll step on your toes.
Yes, I'm coming home...

CHORUS

Cape Breton, Cape Breton,
I'll leave you no more
Yes, I'm coming home...
I was born and I'll die
on her cold windy shore.
Yes, I'm coming home...

CHORUS

All words and music written and performed by Larry Kaplan
on acoustic and classical guitar, banjo, harmonica

Recorded and mixed at Hannah Lane Music, Essex, Connecticut, USA

Mastering by Bob Katz, Digital Domain, 478 East Altamonte Dr. 108-122, Altamonte, Florida, USA

Cover photograph: Josh Dean, ©2014 Josh Dean

Booklet photography: Cover photo by Joshua Dean Photography

Burt Brooks - thanks to Gene Theroux, Friends of Quabbin | Insert photo by Joe Pecoraro, ©2014 Joe Pecoraro

Printed, pressed, and packaged by Oasis Disc Manufacturing, www.oasisCD.com

Many thanks to Bob Zentz for his encouragement and gift of example,
to Bob Katz for his skill and insight, to all my good musical friends,
to Hannah, and as always, to Nora.

**This recording is in memory of Sandy Paton, Co-Founder of
Folk Legacy Records, Inc., Sharon, CT.**

Visit Larry on Facebook and www.LarryKaplanmusic.com

Production: Hannah Lane Music, P.O. Box 641, Essex, CT, USA 06426

All recordings are available on iTunes

Note: The original lyrics included here represent the original copyrighted material.
The singing may be slightly different. This often happens...perhaps as it should! (LK)

