

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FS 5352

Side 1

- Band 1 Is It Snowing In Buffalo? 4:30
- Band 2 Between The Coasts 2:44
- Band 3 The Day of Reckoning 2:52
- Band 4 Spending With You 4:05
- Band 5 No Regrets 4:02

Side 2

- Band 1 Fare Well, Traveller 4:14
- Band 2 Perpetual Motion 4:27
- Band 3 Variations on Wildwood Flower 11:07
(instrumental)

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43 W. 61st ST., N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Fare Well. Traveller Mark Cohen

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

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COVER PHOTO BY GRETCHEN ANN COHEN

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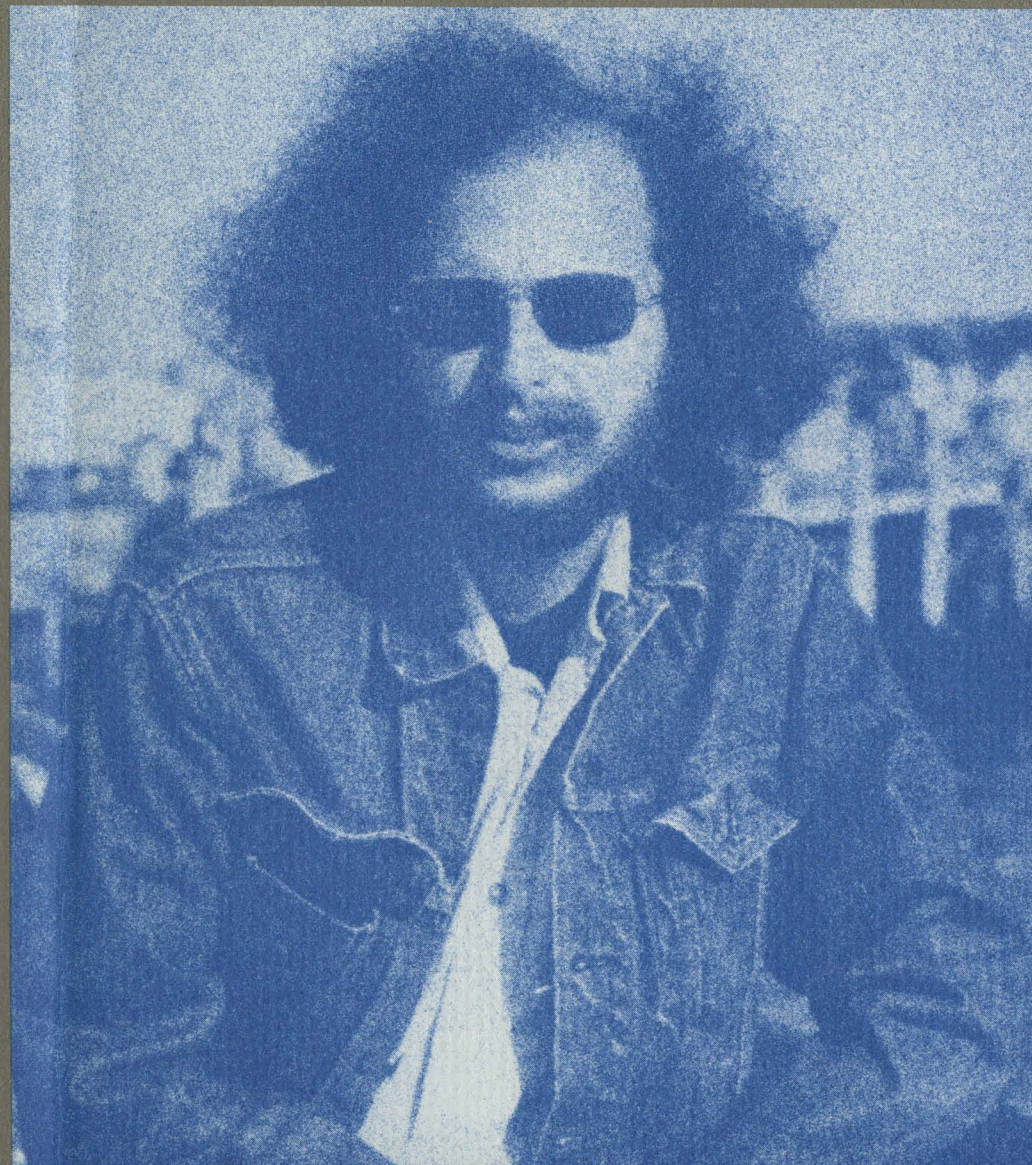
FARE WELL, TRAVELLER

MARK COHEN

FOLKWAYS FS 5352

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Fare Well. Traveller Mark Cohen



FARE WELL TRAVELER

Mark Cohen was born on December 18, 1947 in New York City, where he spent his earlier years. In 1964 he left for Buffalo, New York, where he lived for four years and attended the state university there. He returned to New York City in 1968 where he lived again for three years, during which time he played guitar in a twelve piece group, wrote a volume of poetry (some of which were published in 1975 in the Aquarian magazine), and taught English and Creative Writing in the public school system. After travelling through much of Europe and parts of Morocco in the summer of 1969,

he returned again in 1971 where, while staying for some time in Jerusalem and Istanbul, he lived in and travelled through Greece and her islands for seven months. In the early part of 1972 he came again to New York City. He worked as a file clerk for two years, drove a cab for four months, took telephone ads at a local newspaper for ten months, and washed dishes in the kitchen of a local restaurant. During this time he's played in many of the local clubs and coffee houses, and has had several songs and two essays published in Broadside Magazine.

Editor's Note:

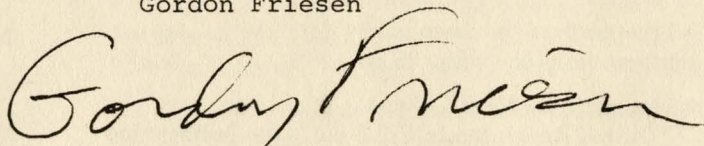
BROADSIDE
215 West 98th St. - 4D
New York, N. Y. 10025

7/21/77

Dear Moe:

I want you to listen to these tapes of songs by Mark Cohen.
I strongly urge you to make an album of them, for they are
very good and would make a great Broadside/Folkways LP.
All love and best wishes.

Gordon Friesen



IS IT SNOWING IN BUFFALO

The engine in the station gathers up its head of steam
For its journey on the morrow it pulls out at 6:15
About the time that night'll fall upon some distant shore
As the turning of the world brings us to where we were before

But before we go there's something I must know
Is it snowing yet in Buffalo

Along the mighty Hudson the iron train does roll
Headed to recapture the yearnings of a soul
And all the towns that race by fade into eternity
Until we reach the northern point and turn at Albany

And I wonder as I watch the river flow
Is it snowing yet in Buffalo

From the rocky wooded mountains springs the old Erie
That carried barges from the west to bring them to the sea
Cutting through the most enchanted land that you might find
Cutting through the pathways that ring inside m'mind

And still I'm curious to know
Is it snowing yet in Buffalo

Onward on its journey, rocking on the rails
Through the land that once was filled with the proud In
Indian trails
The Iroquois and Mohawk were the land and still remain
In name who were here before the strangers came

Just a few hundred years ago
when the snow laid its cover out upon the buffalo

Once it was the border of the sprawling frontier
But its heyday came and went and now it languishes in years
Once the booming town right where the great Niagara falls
Now just another city, but one that I do recall

To ask as it's the place that we're to go
Is it snowing yet in Buffalo

Now there be places on the maps and each one has its ways
Such different worlds in each surrounding that you stare
amazed
In some you end up spending time and some you pass
right through
And some'll always hold a special place inside of you

So sit back soon the time itself'll show
The snows again in Buffalo

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BETWEEN THE COASTS

High in the skies where the clouds do curl
Where the thunder unrolls and the lightning does unfurl
Where the sunshine is born, the winds and the rain
There flies an eagle eyeing the terrain

Of the earth so far down below
The horizon the place where to go

Sliding through the air with the greatest of ease
Just gliding here and there so high above the trees
Following the currents, knowing no boundaries
And pondering the world and all that he sees

On the earth so far down below
The horizon the place where to go

Rising in the east where a fisher's net falls
As he tosses in a boat, gathering his haul
Sitting at the top of a thousand centuries
Like the washing of the waves on the surface of the seas

On the earth so far down below
The horizon the place where to go

With every point awaiting its own rightful time
And each one just a stop along the line

Between the coasts the expanses stretch on beside
All the villages and cities and the sprawling countryside
Near as her head when she lays it down to rest
Far as the sun when it settles in the west

Behind the earth so far down below
The horizon the place we're to go

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THE DAY OF RECKONING

Midday on a Friday afternoon, a sniper crouches in his nest
Gunshots ringing out to be implanted in our consciousness
It was a day of reckoning wrought by forces unnamed
It was a crossing of the road and things would never be the same

And the shots that struck hit more than Kennedy
In Dallas in November '63

How is power the king and the only idol obeyed
By those who pull the strings and those who manipulate the play
While the substance hides behind the mask of apparencies
Where they'd weave their webs and work their own realities

Cho.

Developers regard the land with a greedy eye
And strip mining too'll strip it down enough to die
As arguments abound over every meaning and intent
And of what we are and what we represent

Cho.

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SPENDING TIME WITH YOU

The rolling of the tide does not desist
Knowing only to persist
Like that look in your eyes and the way it does insist
Too hard to resist

And there's nothing I'd really rather do
Than be spending time with you

The months pass so passionately
Bringing all the changes that must be
Reverberating so resiliently
And there you are now swimming in the sea of your serenity

Cho.

Along the edges of the land
The oceans recede and expand
Refreshing to all the sands
And me

All the planetary motions go on incessantly
Within the changes, within the constancies
Let the leaves fall and a morn be born so continuously
And let's explore our symmetry

Cho.

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NO REGRETS

Babe, I'm moving on
Heading for the sun
Riding down the road that I know best
And when we say goodbye
I'll say it with a sigh
But let there be no regrets

The trail goes through the mountain
And leads to the sea
And though sometimes we stop to take a rest
The time comes to depart
Though we might leave a part of our heart
When we leave let's leave with no regrets

When the hot desert sands
Burn my feet where they stand
I think of what's beyond and try to forget
How hard the hard times are
There's another land not very far
When we leave the hard times behind
let's leave them behind with no regrets

There's a land, there's a land
Lord knows, there's a land
That sparkles like a jewel, gleams like a gem
On the beaches the salt waves pound
When I get there I will kiss the ground
And if my stay is only for a while
I want to leave with no regrets

Well to live is to take risks
Ah, life's a trip
A treasure, a pleasure, a wonder and a jest
No greater than its sums
Just take it as it comes
When the winds of darkness find you
Let them find you having no regrets

When I think of all I've done
Of all I've lost, of all I've won
Of all my gambles and all my bets
I smile contentedly
And I thank the Lord to be free
I've done what I've done and got no regrets

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FARE WELL, TRAVELLER

Hurrying folk, with their luggage and bags
Of every conceivable size
Pass by the coffee shops, newspaper stands
And flashing signs that advertise
Reading schedules and rates around waiting room gates
Passing red caps and terminal guards
While filling the air are the whistles and bells
Of trains pulling in from the yard
"All aboard," comes the shout, people scuffle about
Gather the goods that they'd brung
And as wheels finely greased are slowly released
These words were heard to be sung:

Fare well, traveller
Wherever you may sail
May all that you find
Bring you joys of all kind
Along your rambling trail

707s streak high through the heavens
Like silver birds glistening bright
Vaporized fumes like feathery plumes
Follow them far out of sight
Out in the harbor sits waiting and bobbin'
A liner surrounded by tugs
As wines flowing freely at bon voyage parties
Is emptied from dozens of jugs
Until at long last the boat whistles blast
"Get ashore who's going ashore"
The anchor is weighed, a tune's heard to be played
Over the great engine's roar:

Cho.

Well in some foreign parts they got mules pulling carts
To cover the ground between places
Then there's thirty ton planes, even jet propelled trains
That go speeding through wide open spaces
All this great world around in cities and towns
Are people off and explorin'
But everyone's travelling even if they never leave
Till they die, the places they're born in
So when wagons approach or a cabin or coach

And you're watching the passengers file in
Just give out a yell and wish them all well
Keep singing this tune and keep smilin':
Cho.

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PERPETUAL MOTION

Awakened in the dark of night
Watching till the break of dawn
Waiting for the splash of light
To signal one more chapter drawn

Anxious like the stormy seas
Gathered in its long refrain
Tempered by no telling breeze
Precious as the summer's rain

From the misted midnight streets
Loosed from fortune's fired chains
Tales rise of triumphs and defeats
And measures of riches lost and gained

In the distance buildings built to last
They tremble louder than the loudest tempest's rage
Sounding like a howling trumpet's blast
Being just the turning of a page

A thousand scattered voices call out from the shade
The ocean's surf upon the beaches rise and swell
But greater than the clamor they all made
Was the sound of the mighty as they fell

All acting scenes well practiced and rehearsed
All familiar faces as they came around
Here comes one who drank to soothe his thirst
And another who drank until he drowned

Caught by the play of fortune as it jives
Between the bounds of moderation and extremes
Like the rich man who dreams of other lives
And the poor man who lives upon his dreams

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All songs were recorded at Magnagraphics Enterprises, Inc.
in New York City.

Engineered by Robert J. Prewitt.

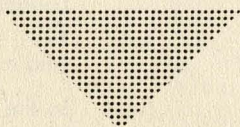
Is It Snowing In Buffalo, Between The Coasts, and The Day
of Reckoning were recorded on January 20, 1976;
Spending Time With You was recorded on August 18, 1976;
No Regrets was recorded on July 9, 1976;
Fare Well, Traveller and Perpetual Motion were recorded in
December and January of 1973/74;
Variations on Wildwood Flower was recorded on September 14,
1977.

Many thanks go out to all who participated in these sessions.

For Additional Information About
FOLKWAYS RELEASES

of Interest

write to



**Folkways Records
and Service Corp.**

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