

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31050

STEREO

# Somebody Give Me Direction Kevin Roth



M  
1630.18  
R845  
S693  
1976

MUSIC LP



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STEREO

**SIDE 1**

1. If I had Wings  
(Peter Yarrow and Sue Yardley)
2. Times Are Getting Hard  
(traditional)
3. Southwind  
(trad. adapted and arranged by Kevin Roth)
4. The Marvelous Toy  
(Tom Paxton)
5. Singing In The Country  
(Pete Seeger)
6. January Man  
(Dave Goulder)

**SIDE 2**

1. Dry Bones  
(Kevin Roth)
2. Dark Night  
(Stokes/Mathews)
3. Tea House Teller  
(Kevin Roth)
4. Ballad of the Woodland  
(Lauffman/MacKay) (Poem by Dudley)  
(Music by Bill Mauchly)
5. Poet Song  
(Kevin Roth)
6. Somebody Give Me Direction  
(Kevin Roth)

**LIST OF PERFORMERS:**

Kevin Roth — Dulcimer  
Bill Mauchly — Moog Synthesiser, Flute, Guitar  
David Reed — Banjo, Guitar, Bass, Vocal  
Anne Hochberg — Guitar  
David Field — Double Dulcimer  
Chris Mose — Drums  
Vinnie Mose — Bass  
David Buchannen — Bass  
Spike Coleman — Congas

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# Somebody Give Me Direction Kevin Roth

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ARE INSIDE POCKET

COVER PHOTO BY DANIEL AXLER

COVER DESIGN BY RONALD CLYNE

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FTS 31050 STEREO



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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

# **Somebody Give Me Direction**

## **Kevin Roth**



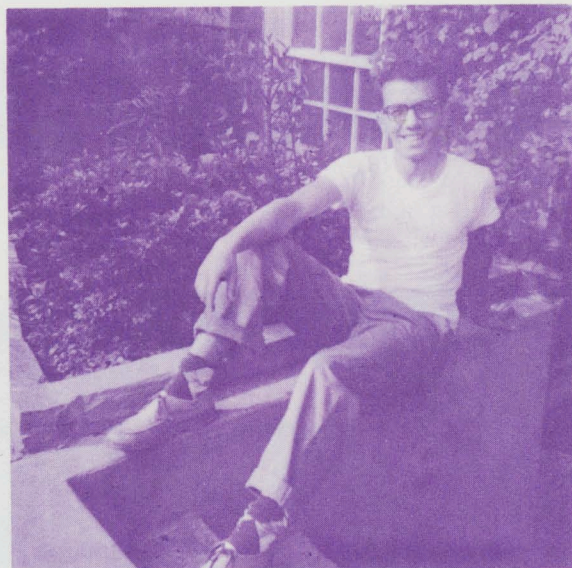
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## DEDICATION

For 23 years, Frank DeJohn and my father worked in my fathers dental laboratory in Philadelphia. Ever since I can remember, the lab was filled with the sounds of work, laughter, troubles, and a certain warmth that the two men shared for their work, their families, and each other.



This album is dedicated to the memory of that man — whom we all loved, for so many beautiful years.

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## CREDITS

Produced by: ..... Kevin Roth  
Recorded and Mixed at: ..... Linden Studios, Ambler, Pa.  
Recording Engineer: ..... Bill Mauchly  
Photography: ..... Daniel Axler  
Cover Design: ..... Ronald Clyne  
Many thanks to: The Linden gang, Eva Mauchly, David Fricke, Carole Grant,  
Sandy Pomerantz and Ian  
Special thanks to: Bill Mauchly for his time and sensitivity  
Much love and appreciation to: Sylvia and Jori



The title of this album, Somebody Give Me Direction, is ironically appropriate because, on this third album, Kevin Roth has decided that "direction" is almost anywhere his musical imagination decides to take him. That means literally anywhere.

Take, for example, the months spent preparing for the actual recording. During that time, Kevin arranged and then scrapped two or three entirely different conceptual approaches. At one point, this was to have been a highly produced outing designed to showcase Kevin's voice and dulcimer in tandem with the kind of commercial attitude characterizing a song like Eric Clapton's "I Looked Away" on Kevin's previous album, The Other Side Of The Mountain. In another creative rush, he decided that was too big a step too soon and began work on a collection of mostly traditional tunes faithfully adapted to the dulcimer, his instrumental forte.

But once at work in the studio, Kevin simply followed his own personal impulse, letting the natural flow of the songs and their respective moods paint their own picture of him as a writer and performer. The resulting portrait is truer to the original than even Kevin might have expected.

Dividing the album into traditional (first) and contemporary (second) sides serves to show just how well Kevin's musical style integrates the two. His impeccable, innovative technique on the dulcimer is as perfectly suited to Peter Yarrow's poetic "If I Had Wings" as it is to the whimsical instrumental "Dry Bones." Likewise, his rich, well-schooled tenor understands both the drama of a song like "January Man" and the bluesy feel of "Dark Tonight."

Through those interpretive abilities, Kevin has also grown as a songwriter. The poetic streak in him demands that songs say something substantial, not simply ramble on in iambic pentameter. And in keeping with that credo, Kevin's songs relate more to personal interaction than alienation, a metaphorical tact well-suited to the creative optimism of "Poet Song" and the insistent questioning of the title song.

What makes the title of this album so ironically appropriate is that, within the limits of the folk tradition and his own expertise, Kevin Roth manages to project an impressive spectrum of musical emotions and experiences. Nobody has to give Kevin Roth anything. His "direction" is anywhere he decides to go with a song, a sentence, or a turn at the dulcimer. And the beauty of that direction is right here - in the ear of the beholder.

David Fricke



## IF I HAD WINGS

**IF I HAD WINGS:** *Peter Yarrow is a warm and sensitive man. I not only like this song for what it says but for how he and Sue Yardley say it.*

IF I HAD WINGS, NO ONE WOULD ASK ME SHOULD I FLY  
THE BIRDS SING AND NO ONE ASKS WHY.  
I CAN SEE IN MYSELF, WINGS AS I FEEL THEM;  
IF YOU SEE SOMETHING ELSE, KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF,  
I'LL FLY FREE THEN.

YESTERDAY'S EYES, SEE THEIR COLORS FADING AWAY  
THEY SEE THEIR SUN TURNING GREY.  
YOU CAN'T SHARE IN A DREAM THAT YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN  
IF YOU SAY THAT YOU SEE AND PRETEND TO BE ME,  
YOU WON'T BE THEN.

HOW CAN YOU ASK IF I'M HAPPY GOING MY WAY?  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL ASK A CHILD AT PLAY,  
YOU DON'T NEED TO DISCUSS OR UNDERSTAND ME,  
I DON'T ASK OF MYSELF TO BECOME SOMETHING ELSE,  
I'M JUST BEING ME.

IF I HAD WINGS NO ONE WOULD ASK ME SHOULD I FLY  
THE BIRDS SING AND NO ONE ASKS WHY  
I CAN SEE IN MYSELF, WINGS AS I FEEL THEM;  
IF YOU SEE SOMETHING ELSE, KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS TO YOURSELF,  
I'LL FLY FREE THEN.

*Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer*

*Dave Buchannen - bass*

*Spike Coleman - congas*

By Peter Yarrow and Sue Yardly. Copyright 1967 Pepamar Music Corporation.  
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## TIMES ARE GETTING HARD

**TIMES ARE GETTING HARD:** *It's funny how many of the old traditional songs seem like they were written just the other day. This one in particular.*

TIMES ARE GETTING HARD BOYS,  
MONEY'S GETTING SCARCE.  
IF TIMES DON'T GET MUCH BETTER BOYS,  
GONNA LEAVE THIS PLACE

TAKE MY TRUE LOVE BY THE HAND,  
LEAD HER THROUGH THE TOWN.  
SAY GOODBYE TO EVERYONE,  
GOODBYE TO EVERYONE.

I MADE A CROP A YEAR AGO,  
IT WHITHERED TO THE GROUND.  
I TRIED TO GET SOME CREDIT,  
BUT THE MAN HE TURNED ME DOWN,

I'M GOING TO CALIFORNIA,  
WHERE EVERYTHING IS GREEN.  
I'M GONNA BUILD THE BEST OLD FARM,  
YOU HAVE EVER SEEN.

TAKE THE BIBLE FROM THE BED,  
MY SHOT-GUN FROM THE WALL.  
TAKE OLD SAL AND HITCH HER UP,  
THE WAGON FOR TO PULL.

TIE THE CHAIRS AND THE BEDS ON HIGH,  
LET NOTHING TOUCH THE GROUND.  
SAL CAN PULL AND WE CAN PUSH,  
WE'RE BOUND TO LEAVE THIS TOWN.

EVERY WIND THAT BLOWS BOYS,  
EVERY WIND THAT BLOWS,  
CARRIES ME TO SOME NEW PLACE,  
HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS.

THOSE TIMES ARE GETTING HARD BOYS,  
MONEY'S GETTING SCARCE.  
IF TIMES DON'T GET MUCH BETTER BOYS,  
GONNA LEAVE THIS PLACE

*Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer*

*David Reed - Bass, guitar, and second vocal*



## THE MARVELOUS TOY

By Tom Paxton

THE MARVELOUS TOY: *I've known this song for years. Dave plays the banjo, guitar, and bass on this song. How nice to have a one man band!*

WHEN I WAS JUST A WEE LITTLE LAD,  
FULL OF HEALTH AND JOY,  
MY FATHER HOME-WARD CAME ONE NIGHT,  
AND GAVE TO ME A TOY.  
A WONDER TO BEHOLD IT WAS.  
WITH MANY COLORS BRIGHT,  
AND THE MOMENT I LAID EYES ON IT,  
IT BECAME MY HEARTS DELIGHT.  
IT WENT ZIP WHEN IT MOVED,  
AND BOP WHEN IT STOPPED,  
AND WHIRRR WHEN IT STOOD STILL.  
I NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT IT WAS,  
AND I GUESS I NEVER WILL.  
THE FIRST TIME THAT I PICKED IT UP,  
I HAD A BIG SURPRISE,  
FOR RIGHT ON THE BOTTOM WERE TWO BIG BUTTONS  
THAT LOOKED LIKE BIG GREEN EYES.  
I FIRST PUSHED ONE, AND THEN THE OTHER,  
THEN I TWISTED ITS LID;  
AND WHEN I SET IT DOWN AGAIN,  
HERE IS WHAT IT DID  
IT WENT ZIP WHEN IT MOVED,  
AND BOP WHEN IT STOPPED,  
AND WHIRR WHEN IT STOOD STILL.  
I NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT IT WAS,  
AND I GUESS I NEVER WILL.  
WELL, IT FIRST MARCHED LEFT  
AND THEN MARCHED RIGHT,  
AND THEN RIGHT UNDER A CHAIR,  
AND WHEN I LOOKED WHERE IT HAD GONE  
IT WASN'T EVEN THERE.

I STARTED TO CRY, BUT MY DADDY LAUGHED  
CAUSE HE KNEW THAT I WOULD FIND,  
WHEN I TURNED AROUND MY MARVELOUS TOY  
WAS TRUCKING RIGHT BEHIND.

IT WENT ZIP WHEN IT MOVED,  
AND BOP WHEN IT STOPPED,  
AND WHIRRR WHEN IT STOOD STILL.  
I NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT IT WAS,  
AND I GUESS I NEVER WILL

WELL, THE YEARS HAVE GONE BY  
TOO QUICKLY IT SEEMS,  
AND I HAVE MY OWN LITTLE BOY,  
AND YESTERDAY I GAVE TO HIM  
MY MARVELOUS LITTLE TOY.

HIS EYES NEARLY POPPED RIGHT OUT OF HIS HEAD,  
AND HE GAVE A SQUEAL OF GLEE.  
NEITHER ONE OF US KNOWS JUST WHAT IT IS,  
BUT HE LOVES IT JUST LIKE ME

IT STILL GOES ZIP WHEN IT MOVES,  
AND BOP WHEN IT STOPS,  
AND WHIRRR WHEN IT STANDS STILL.  
I NEVER KNEW JUST WHAT IT WAS,  
AND I GUESS I NEVER WILL.

Kevin Roth - *Field five string dulcimer*  
David Reed - *Guitar, bass, and banjo*

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## JANUARY MAN

By Dave Goulder

JANUARY MAN: *This song is exceptional. I love the change of seasons, and there is no song that describes and relates to the people and the moods of each season better than this composition by Dave Goulder.*

THE JANUARY MAN, HE WALKS AROUND IN WOOLEN COATS AND BOOTS OF LEATHER  
THE FEBRUARY MAN STILL WIPES THE SNOW FROM OFF HIS HAIR AND BLOWS HIS HANDS.  
THE MAN OF MARCH, HE SEES THE SPRING, AND WONDERS WHAT THE YEAR WILL BRING,  
AND HOPES FOR BETTER WEATHER.  
THE APRIL MAN GOES DOWN TO WATCH THE BIRDS COME IN TO SHARE THE SUMMERS'  
WEATHER.  
THE MAN OF MAY STANDS VERY STILL, WATCHCHILDREN DANCE AWAY THE DAY.  
IN JUNE, THE MAN INSIDE THE MAN IS YOUNG, AND WANTS TO LEND A HAND, AND  
GRINS AT EACH NEWCOMER.  
AND IN JULY, THE MAN IN COTTON SHIRTS, HE THINKS ON BEING IDLE.  
THE AUGUST MAN IN THOUSANDS TAKE THE ROADS TO WATCH THE SEA, AND FIND THE  
SUN.  
SEPTEMBER'S MAN IS STANDING NEAR TO SADDLE UP ANOTHER YEAR, AND AUTUMN IS  
HIS BRIDLE.  
THE MAN OF NEW OCTOBER TAKES THE SNOW, AND EARLY FROST IS ON HIS SHOULDER.  
THE POOR NOVEMBER MAN SEES FIRE, AND WIND, AND MIST, AND RAIN, AND WINTERS  
AIR.  
DECEMBER'S MAN WALKS THROUGH THE SNOW, TO LET ELEVEN BROTHERS KNOW THEY'RE  
ALL A LITTLE OLDER.  
AND THE JANUARY MAN COMES ROUND AGAIN IN WOOLEN COATS AND BOOTS OF LEATHER.  
TO TAKE ANOTHER TURN, AND WALK ALONG THE ICY ROAD HE KNOWS SO WELL.  
THE JANUARY MAN IS NEAR, TO START OFF WITH ANOTHER YEAR, ALONG THE WAY FOREVER.

Kevin Roth - *Diamond five string dulcimer*

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## DARK TONIGHT

By Anne Stokes

**DARK TONIGHT:** *This chilling song reminds me of my many trips with "road fever" as Richard Bell puts it. Being on the road, not knowing when, where, why or what is taking place. The artistic threat of reality!*

DARK TONIGHT, RAIN IN THE STREET, NO WHERE TO GO AND NO ONE TO MEET.  
STRANGE CITY WAND'RIN', STRANGE CITY WALKING.  
STRANGE SOUNDS AROUND ME, ONLY RAIN TALKING.

COLD TONIGHT, RAIN CHILLS THE AIR. STREETS I TURN ON ARE LONESOME AND BARE.  
PEOPLE BEHIND ME, SEE THEM CALLING  
CAN'T HEAR THEIR VOICES, ONLY RAIN FALLING.

RAIN TONIGHT, FALL TO THE GROUND. DEEP IN MY HEART I'LL ALWAYS HEAR YOUR SOUND.

RAIN ON GLADNESS, RAIN ON SORROW.  
RAIN ON IN DARKNESS, 'TILL TOMORROW.

*Anne Hochberg - guitar*

*Bill Mauchly - electric guitars, Moog Synthesiser*

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## TEA HOUSE TELLER

By Kevin Roth

**TEA HOUSE TELLER:** *I wrote this song in 1974 about a guy who used to run a coffee house called the "TEA HOUSE" on 4th and South St. in Philadelphia. It's dedicated to Mel, and all his rings and things, and homemade vegetable soup.*

THE MAN IN THE TEA HOUSE SAYS, "THE TROUBLE LIES IN THE STARS.  
BAD TIMES ARE MEANT TO BE, I READ IT IN MY TAROT CARDS  
SO SAVE YOUR MONEY, AND FOR GOD SAKES DON'T STEP OUT OF LINE,  
FOR WHEN THE STARS ARE STABILIZED, IT'S A SIGN OF HARDER TIMES."

LIFE IS LIKE A ROLLER COASTER; YOU KNOW IT TURNS MY HEAD AROUND,  
AND I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHETHER TO CHANCE IT AGAIN.  
I WANT TO HOLD ON, BUT SOMETHING IS PULLING ME DOWN, DOWN, DOWN.  
IT'S LIKE A COLD STREAK SHOOTING UP MY SPINE  
IT'S TURNING ME OFF, PARALYZING MY MIND, THESE HARD TIMES.

MY FRIEND AT THE TEA HOUSE SITS AND ORGANIZES HIS LIFE IN A DECK OF CARDS.  
HE SAYS, "FAITH IS WHAT YOU NEED TO PULL YOU THROUGH".  
WELL, SOME TURN TO JESUS, SOME TURN TO GURUS, SOME TO GOOD OLD FASHION  
BOOZE,  
HE TURNS TO HIS CARDS, AND THE JUDGEMENT OF THE STARS.

*Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer*

*Bill Mauchly - Moog Synthesiser*

*Chris Moose - drums*

*Vinnie Moose - bass*

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## BALLAD OF THE WOODLANDS

By Dudley Lauffman  
Bill Mauchly

*BALLAD OF THE WOODLAND: Dudley Lauffman, who wrote this poem, is a dance leader and musician from New Hampshire, who teaches the dances of New England. I met him while we were both teaching a short class at New England College last January. I traded some of my records for an entire collection of his works. I fell in love with this poem, among many and asked Bill to compose a classical piece to go along with the reading. The secret of this song is the sensitivity in which it was written, played, and dreamed of as I recorded it in Bill's barn.*

A SPRUCE GREW AMONG WHITE BIRCHES,  
TALL AND SOUND.  
TIM DONOVAN CAME WITH KATHALEEN  
TO CHOP IT DOWN.

RESISTING THE STEEL,  
ITS BRANCHES QUIVER.  
THE CHIPS FLEW, IT LEANED IN THE SKY,  
SEVERED.

ONE BIRCH TREE ARCHED.  
GARLAND QUEEN OF THE WOOD  
CAME TO REST SORROW BENT  
WHERE THE SPRUCE HAD STOOD.

DONOVAN SCRATCHED HIS HEAD,  
SAID, "KATHY I WONDER WHY  
THAT BIRCH WITHOUT WEIGHT OF WINTER  
BENT FROM THE SKY?

KATHY SAT ON A MOSSY STONE,  
STARED AT THE SKY ABOVE.  
THEN SHE SPOKE IN A QUIET WHISPER,  
"PERHAPS THEY WERE IN LOVE."

*Bill Mauchly - guitar, and flute  
Vinnie Mose - cello*

## THE POETS' SONG

By Kevin Roth

*THE POET SONG: While I was in N.H., Dudley Lauffman told me to take my creativity out on a cliff and let the public fall or fly with it. This song is dedicated to all those artists who are in search of self-confidence.*

A POET ONCE SPOKE ABOUT POEMS  
HE SAID, "TAKE PEOPLE ON CLIFFS AND WATCH THEM FALL OR FLY.  
THERE'S NO NEED TO ANSWER TO ANYONE,  
THERE'S NO NEED TO JUSTIFY."

SO, I TOOK THE WORD OF THE POET  
AND SAID ATO A GIRL,  
"DAMN! YOU THINK WHAT YOU WANT TO THINK.  
YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN TOLD I'M WRONG ALL THIS LONG,  
SO DON'T RUN TO ME WHEN YOUR SPIRITS SINK."

AND SHE SAID,  
"IF YOU WOULD BE SO KIND—  
SOMEONE HELP THIS POET, HE'S STUBBORN AND BLIND;  
HE WILL NOT HELP HIMSELF;  
HE'S DARK AND COLD INSIDE."  
"PITY ON HIM!" SHE CRIED.  
"IT'S HARD FOR HIM TO DECIDE  
WHAT HE WANTS TO SHOW,  
AND WHAT HE WANTS TO HIDE."

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE AN ICE-BERG  
ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA—  
I MELT WHEN THE HEAT IS ON ME,  
TALKING ABOUT CONFORMITY  
JUST FOR SOCIETY  
ALL WHO'S SUPPOSABLY SANE.  
GOD BLESS AMERICA AGAIN.

ONE DAY YOU'LL FEEL LIKE THAT ICE-BERG,  
YOU'LL MELT WHEN THEY'RE HOT AND THEY SEAR RIGHT THROUGH YOU;  
TALKING ABOUT HURT AND INVASION—  
IT'LL LEAVE YOU FEELING WORTHLESS AND BLUE.

A PAINTER ONCE SPOKE ABOUT PAINTINGS  
HE SAID, "PAINT HOW YOU FEEL EVEN IF IT'S ABSTRACT,  
YOU'RE THE ONLY EMOTION INSIDE OF THAT FACT  
SO WHO'S TO SAY WHAT IT HAS OR IT LACKS."

IN MY SONG I WILL SAIL AWAY,  
IN MY POETIC DREAM.  
A QUESTIONABLE THEME, MAYBE,  
BUT IT'S TENTATIVE AND REAL, BABE,  
AT LEAST TO ME THAT'S HOW IT SEEMS.

A POET ONCE SPOKE ABOUT POEMS  
HE SAID, "TAKE PEOPLE ON CLIFFS  
AND WATCH THEM FALL OR FLY."

*Kevin Roth - Diamond six string dulcimer  
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## SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION

By Kevin Roth

SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION: *This song speaks for itself. I wrote it only a few weeks before I went into the recording studio.*

LILA SITS LATE AT NIGHT DOING NEEDLE POINT,  
HER MOTHER ROSE HAS NOT RETURNED FROM THE SHOW.  
LILA REMINDS ME OF SOME LONG LOST GYPSY,  
THE KIND I WOULD HATE TO REALLY KNOW.

MOTHER ROSE HAS HER HOME UP IN HASTINGS,  
DAUGHTER LILA SHARES IT WITH HER THESE DAYS.  
LATER ON THEY'LL PLAY THREE GAMES OF BACKGAMMON  
DAMN IT! JUST ANOTHER PHASE'

LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.  
LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.

I WAS A STRANGER IN A STRANGER'S HOME,  
I WAS USED TO THE COMFORT OF BEING ALONE.  
I LOST MY MIND WHEN I STARTED TO ROAM,  
LOOKING FOR THE UNKNOWN.

I LOOKED INSIDE THE PEOPLE I REALLY LOVED,  
LOOKED FOR THEIR ANSWERS, FRANTIC AND VAIN;  
BUT ALL THEY WOULD SEE WAS THE PAIN INSIDE ME,  
AND I'D FIND MYSELF SEARCHING AGAIN.

LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.  
LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.

I BOUGHT A ROCKER 'CAUSE I WANTED IT SO LONG,  
THEN I BOUGHT A SWEATER, AND IT KEEPS ME WARM.  
I'VE RUN OUT OF MONEY, AND ALL I HAVE IS THIS CRUMMY  
FEELING I'VE HAD ALL ALONG.

I SIT AND I ROCK WITH MY SWEATERS AND DREAMS,  
VISIONS ARE FADING OF FORTUNE AND FAME;  
BUT ONLY THE BRIGHT MOON IS MY SPOTLIGHT TONIGHT,  
AND I ONLY HAVE MYSELF TO BLAME.

LET ME OUT' LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.  
LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE' LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.

I HAVE A FRIEND AND SHE'S LOVELY,  
WHEN SHE SINGS' SHE KISSES AND HUGS ME.  
SHE'S SIXTY YEARS OLD AND HAS STORIES UNTOLD,  
SHE'S ENDURED MORE THAN ONE LIFE COULD HOLD.

SHE'S HOPEFUL ABOUT HER DIRECTION,  
AND LIKE HER I SHOULD BASE MY AFFECTION  
ON JUST BEING ALIVE AND HAVING SURVIVED,  
LIFE'S LEARNINGS AND CRUDE PROTECTION.

LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION.  
LET ME OUT, LET ME IN, LET ME LOSE, LET ME WIN  
BUT SOMEBODY GIVE ME DIRECTION,  
SOMEBODY GIVE ME AFFECTION.

Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer

Bill Mauchly - Flute, Moog Synthesiser

Vinnie Mose - cello

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## THE INSTRUMENTALS

LIVING IN THE COUNTRY: *This is a Pete Seeger tune played on a double dulcimer and one five string dulcimer. Dave Field and I share the double, and I recorded the third part later on in the evening.*

Kevin Roth and David Field, - The double dulcimer

Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer *By Pete Seeger*

SOUTH WIND: *"The Wind That Shakes The Barley," "South Wind," and "Simple Gifts," adapted and arranged by Kevin Roth and Dave Reed.*

Kevin Roth - Field five string dulcimer

David Reed - Guitar *Traditional*

DRY BONES: *This song was composed and played on an eight string dulcimer with a capo on the four fret. It's an interesting piece just with the dulcimer, but what makes this cut so interesting is Bill Mauchlys' Moog Synthesiser part. Instead of composing within the tune, he composed all around it.*

Kevin Roth - Field eight string dulcimer

Bill Mauchly - Moog Synthesiser

Spike Coleman - congas

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