



# *Angels in Daring*

Cindy Kallet ■ Ellen Epstein ■ Michael Cicone

## Sail Away Ladies

(trad.)

Here's our version of an old favorite.

Ain't no use to sit and cry  
Sail away ladies sail away  
You'll be an angel by and by  
Sail away ladies sail away

Don't you rock 'em day-o  
Don't you rock 'em day-o  
Don't you rock 'em day-o  
Don't you rock 'em day-o

I got a home in Tennessee  
That's the place I wanna be

Ever I get my new house done  
Give the old one to my son

Come along girls and go with me  
We'll go down to Tennessee

Hush little baby don't you cry  
You'll be an angel by and by

Ain't no use to sit and cry  
You'll be an angel by and by

## Lowlands of Holland

(trad.)

*We learned this from Kate Seeger  
and Doug De Natale.*

On the night that I was married  
And on my marriage bed  
There came a bold sea captain  
He stood at my bed head  
Crying arise, arise, young married man,  
And come along with me  
To the low, low lands of Holland,  
To fight the enemy

Oh I held my love all in my arms,  
Thinking that he might stay

But the captain he gave an order  
They were forced to march away  
Crying it's many a blithe young married man  
This night must go with me  
To the low, low lands of Holland,  
To fight the enemy

Oh Holland is a wondrous place,  
And in it grows much green,  
It's a wild inhabitation  
For my true love to be in  
Where the grasses grow and  
the warm winds blow,  
There's fruit on every tree  
But the low, low lands of Holland  
Parted my love and me

Oh they took my love to a lofty ship,  
A ship of noble fame  
With four and twenty sailors bold,  
To sail across the main  
And it's then the seas begin to roar,  
The waves begin to shout  
And it's then my love and his lofty ship  
Is sorely tossed about

Said the mother to the daughter,  
What makes you so lament?  
Is there not a lad in all England  
Can heal your discontent?  
There are many men in all England,  
But none at all for me  
I only have the one love,  
And he's across the sea

No shoes or stockings I'll put on,  
Nor comb run through my hair  
Nor shall no coal nor candlelight  
Shine in my bower fair  
Nor will I lie with any young man,  
Until the day I die  
For the low, low lands of Holland  
Parted my love and I

## Ready for the Storm

(Dougie MacLean)

*Dougie is a wonderful performer from  
Scotland — see him if you have the chance.*

The waves crash in and the tide pulls out  
It's an angry sea, but there is no doubt  
That the lighthouse will keep shining out  
To warn the lonely sailor,  
And the lightning strikes and the wind cuts cold  
Through the sailor's bones to the sailor's soul  
Till there's nothing left that he can hold  
Except the rolling ocean

But I am ready for the storm,  
yes sir ready  
I am ready for the storm, I'm ready  
for the storm

Oh give me mercy for my dreams  
'Cause every confrontation seems  
To tell me what it really means  
To be this lonely sailor  
But when the sky begins to clear  
The sun it melts away my fear  
I'll cry a silent, weary tear  
For those that need to love me

The distance it is no real friend  
And time will take its time  
And you will find that in the end  
It brings you me, the lonely sailor  
And when you take me by your side  
You love me warm, you love me  
And I should have realized  
I had no reason to be frightened

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## Wings of a Gull

(trad.)

*David Jones sings this one. We learned it from the book Bonnie Bunch of Roses.*

Oh if I had the wings of a gull, me boys  
I would spread 'em and fly home  
I would leave old Greenland's icy ground  
For the right whale here is none  
The weather's rough and the winds do blow,  
There's little comfort here  
And I'd sooner be snug in a Deptford pub  
A'drinkin' of strong beer

Oh a man must be mad or he's  
wanting money bad  
To venture catching whales  
For he may be drowned when  
the fish turns around  
Or his head smashed in with its tail  
Though the work seems grand to  
a young green hand  
And his heart is high when he goes  
In very short burst he'd as soon as hear a curse  
As the cry of "there she blows"

All hands on deck, now, for God's sake  
Move briskly if you can  
And he stumbles on deck, so dizzy and so sick  
For his life he don't give a damn  
High overhead the great flukes spread  
And the mate gives the whale the iron  
And soon the blood in a purple flood  
From its spout all comes a'flyin'

These trials we bear for nigh on four years  
'Till our flying jib points to home  
We're supposed for our toil to get  
a bonus on the oil  
And an equal share of the bone  
We go to the agent to settle for the trip  
And there we have cause to repent  
For we've slaved away four years of our lives  
And we've earned about three pounds ten

## The Last Leviathan

(Andy Barnes)

*We learned this one from the Garnet Rogers/  
Archie Fisher album, Off the Map.*

My soul has been torn from me,  
and I am bleeding  
My heart it has been rent,  
and I am crying  
As the beauty around me fails,  
and I am screaming  
I am the last of the great whales,  
and I am dying

Last night I heard the cry of my last companion  
The blast of a harpoon gun,  
and then I swam alone  
I reflected on days gone by,  
when we were thousands  
But I know that I soon must die,  
the last leviathan

This morning the sun did rise in  
a crimson north sky  
The ice was the color of blood,  
and I heard the wind sigh  
I rose up to take a breath, it was my last one  
From a gun came the roar of death,  
and now I'm undone

And now that we all are gone there'll  
be no more hunting  
The "big fellow" is no more,  
and it's no use lamenting  
What race will be next in line all for the slaughter  
The elephant or the seal,  
or your sons and daughters

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## Shake These Bones

(Malcolm Dalglish)

*An eloquent and universal song.*

I'll show you how I'm feeling, Lord, any day  
I'll shake these bones and  
shout and sing my life away  
I'll shake these bones and I will  
shout and sing my life away  
For it won't be long before  
these bones turn to clay

I'll tell you what I'm thinking, Lord, any time  
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams,  
you won't mind  
I'll tell you lies, I'll tell you dreams,  
I know that you won't mind  
There's something there that's  
out of reach, I will find

I'll tell you what I'm seeing, Lord, everywhere  
It may be only a small part of what is there  
It may be only a small part of what is really there  
But I'll stumble like the blind man,  
Lord, without fear

I'll tell you what I'm hearing, Lord, all the time  
I'm hearing songs and melodies in my mind  
I'm hearing songs and melodies,  
but when they're out of mind  
I'll hear the sweetest peace of all left behind

I'll show you how I'm living, Lord, every day  
I may not fall down on my knees  
and start to pray  
I may not fall down on my knees  
and worship you or pray  
But there's reverence in my laughter,  
Lord, anyway

I'll show you who I'm loving, Lord, in the night  
And when the door is open, Lord,  
and filled with light  
And when the door is open, Lord,  
and filled with the morning light,



We'll hear the child that calls for us out of sight  
I'll show you who I'm loving, Lord, in the day  
And to my fellow people, Lord,  
these words I'll say  
And to my fellow people, Lord,  
these loving words I'll say  
And I'll shake these bones and shout  
and sing my life away

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## Song for Gale

(Larry Kaplan)

*Larry Kaplan wrote this song for Gale Huntington, a folklore historian and musician who lives on Martha's Vineyard with his wife Mildred. Gale has also lived his life as a teacher, farmer, and fisherman. This song beautifully details some of Gale's experiences.*

Blue skies, south wind,  
Fish jumping into your hand,  
What a time to be working old Nantucket Sound  
From the island into the mainland

Get me my fiddle, we'll sing  
all the old songs  
You take the high notes,  
and I'll sing the low  
Good times and hard times,  
they're worth all the tellin'  
Don't matter to me if you sing 'em that well

Worn out, smelling of bait,  
You come home at the end of the day  
And the sun over West Chop,  
those warm summer breezes,  
Make you think that it never could change

I remember days when you worked for your living  
Pulling hard just to get back to shore  
And you busted your back,  
and you never got dinner,  
They don't talk much of that anymore

Well you sat with the old folks,  
fell asleep to their stories  
Stayed awake in the hollering wind  
Sang your songs till the children were  
all tucked away warm  
And the night tide come rolling back in

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## Marblehead Neck

(Steven Green)

*A gem from the elusive Steven Green.*

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 ocean to roar.

Now, boys for adventure  
Will do many strange things  
Not caring for weather or time of the day.  
For us, 'twas the ocean  
And the great sweeping motion  
The rocks on the shore and  
the cold foaming spray.

© 1983 Steven Green

## Ferryboat Serenade

(E. DiLazarro / H. Adamson)

Guitar: Steve Snyder

*The first time we performed together as a trio was on Martha's Vineyard in 1981, and we've traveled to and from the island many times since then. So when we heard this on an Andrews Sisters collection, we couldn't resist. Special thanks to Steve Snyder, not only for his guitar playing, but also for help in untangling parts of the arrangement.*

I have never been on board a steamer  
I am just content to be a dreamer  
Even if I could afford a steamer  
I would take the ferryboat every time

I love to ride the ferry  
Where music is so merry  
There's a man who plays the concertina  
On the moonlit upper deck arena  
While boys and girls are dancing  
While sweethearts are romancing  
Life is like a Mardi Gras, funiclee, funicula  
Happy we cling together, happy we sing together  
Happy, with the ferryboat serenade

I am happy, very, very happy  
When we're on the ferry, the music is so merry  
There's a man who plays the concertina  
On the moonlit upper deck arena  
I love to ride the ferry, sailing sailing  
Where, where the music is so merry  
There's a man who just plays the concertina  
On the moonlit upper deck arena  
Oh, and while the boys and girls are dancing  
Look around and you'll see  
sweethearts romancing

Life is like a Mardi Gras, funiclee, funicula  
Happy we cling together, happy we sing together  
Happy, with the ferryboat serenade

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## When the Moon Shines in the Evening

(Stan Scott)

*Stan Scott is a friend of ours from Western Massachusetts. He has an album with Sam Scheer on Singing River Records called A Friend of the Wind.*

When the moon shines in the evening  
And the trees glow with a silver light  
I go out and I watch and wonder  
That I live to see this night

When the stars light up in the evening  
And the wind grows hushed and still  
Then I stop and I watch the river  
As it winds far down the hill

I was born on the day of a snowstorm  
And I grew by the river's side  
Now I roam and I search and listen  
For a song to hold the tears men cry

Oh love is a summer cloudburst  
And she comes when she will  
And a man is a thirsty traveler  
Who can never, ever drink his fill

Some men pray and most must toil  
Some build towers to the sun  
When I rise I wake up singing  
I will sing till the day is done

When the moon is a silver fire  
In the east, burning soft and low  
All my sorrows rise and leave me  
None can see them as they go

© 1983 Stanley Scott Music

## MacArthur's Lament

(W.T. MacArthur / W. Haver)

*"MacArthur's Lament" is from William Haver's 1878 compilation Olive Leaf. Haver also wrote the tune. The words are by "The Hon. Walter T. MacArthur, while a student at Trinity College, N.C. The dulcimer tune, "O Jesus My Savior," is from the 1844 edition of the Sacred Harp.*

I'm lonely while here, I am sad all the day  
And the months of the winter glide slowly away  
There is no gleam of sunshine to scatter the gloom  
And I grieve when I think of the loved ones at home

And while my companions are cheerful and free  
And laughing and sporting with pleasure and glee  
There is nothing to cheer me but sorrows to come  
And I sigh for the pleasures I've tasted at home

## Terror Time

(Ewan MacColl)

*This is one of Ewan MacColl's songs about the "traveling people" — the Gypsies — in Europe. The terrors described seem not far removed from those faced by homeless people anywhere.*

The heather will fade, and the bracken will die  
Streams will run cold and clear,  
And the small birds will be going  
And it's then you will be knowing  
That the terror time is come

Oh where will you go and what will you do  
Now that the work's all done  
And the farmer doesn't need you  
And the councils won't heed you  
And you're on the road again

The woods give no shelter and  
the trees they are bare  
Snow is falling all around  
And the children, they are crying  
For the bed on which they are lying  
Is frozen to the ground

When you need the warmth of your  
own human kind  
You pull near a town and then  
The sight of you is offending  
And the police, they soon are sending  
And you're on the road again

The frost won't lift and the stove won't draw  
There's ice in the water churn  
In the mud and snow you're sloshing  
Trying to do your bit of washing  
And the kindling won't burn

Oh where will you go and what will you do  
Now that the work's all done  
And the farmer doesn't need you  
And the councils won't heed you  
And the terror time is come

© 1964 Stormking Records

## Shantyboatin'

(Dillon Bustin)

*One of our favorites from Dillon Bustin. Ask him about "Old Possum Breath" sometime.*

What is better than the fish in the net  
This is better, the fish I just et  
Rolled in corn and fried in a pan  
Go bait the hoop net, I'm hungry again

What's more lazy than the buzzards that fly  
We're more lazy, my partner and I  
Lay on the top till my bottom is sore  
Roll me over, I will lay here some more

Shantyboatin', and ain't it the life  
Shantyboatin', hand me your knife  
Cut the line and let us float  
Clear to Natchez on our shantyboat

What is harder than an iron bell  
This is harder, a snap turtle shell  
Bring the pickax and dynamite  
The way he's grinning, it looks like a fight



What is tougher than snap turtle stew  
This is tougher, your old home brew  
It knocks me down, it makes  
me lay at full length  
You think I'm drunk, well, I'm saving my strength

Shantyboatin', drifting all night  
Shantyboatin', feeling 'bout right  
Lean back, admire the moon  
Keep a'driftin', be in Natchez 'fore noon

What is sweeter than sorghum syrup  
This is sweeter, my old woman's lips  
What I call her is Natchez Sue  
What she calls me is Once Won't Do

Tomorrow evening I'll be ringing her bell  
Down in Natchez, under the hill  
Scrunch up, let me lay at full length  
You think I'm tired, well, I'm saving my strength

Shantyboatin', tomorrow's the day  
Shantyboatin', I can hear what she'll say  
Roll me over, says Natchez Sue  
My old man, Once Won't Do

What is meaner than a coon in a bag  
This is meaner, the boat on a snag  
Jump in the water up to your knees  
Go back the boat off a sycamore tree

Shantyboatin', yes and these are the facts  
Shantyboatin', fetch me your axe  
Chop her loose and let us float  
Clear to Natchez on our shantyboat

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## Narrow Space

(S.R. Penick)

*An evocative shape-note hymn, written in 1859.*

Lo! on a narrow neck of land  
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand  
Yet how insensible  
A point of time, a moment's space  
Removes me to that heavenly place  
Or shuts me up in hell

## Cold is the Night

(Cindy Kallet)

*Ellen asked Cindy one afternoon, "Why don't you ever write a song for the three of us?" So, driving home that winter night, she did.*

Cold is the night, oh cold are these times  
Warm are the friends we are singing  
Oh tell me a story, come sing me a song  
Come tuck me to sleep, I am dreaming

Long is this road, oh long is the night  
Oh warm is the lover I'm waiting  
Oh tell me a story, come sing me a song  
Come hold me inside you, I'm dreaming

Run down these roads, keep an eye to the sky  
The clouds on the prairies, the wind on the shore  
Lay your course steady, these dreams take time  
All I have lost are the ashes to sea

No time was wasted in moon flood-lit night  
An angel in daring, a devil in flight  
One moment wrong turned to certainty, right  
Oh answer me once, I am calling

Sometimes I longed for changes of lives  
But years passed, I waited no longer  
We can slide from our ease to our hardest so fast  
But this love for you just gets stronger

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\* Additional track from *Cindy Kallet 2*

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