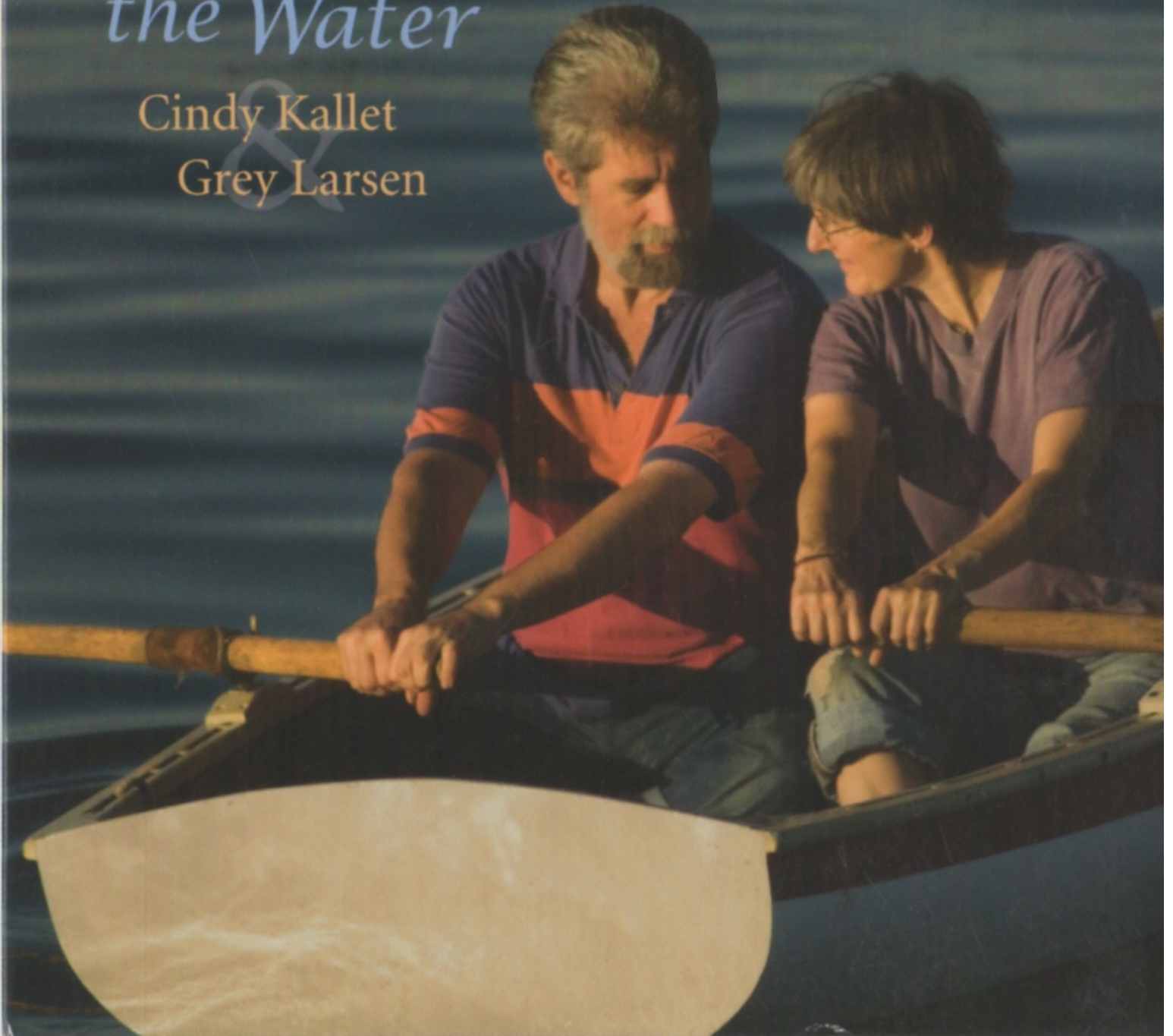


*Cross
the Water*

Cindy Kallet
&
Grey Larsen



Cross the Water

Cindy Kallet & Grey Larsen



1. Courage (Cindy Kallet and Grey Larsen) 6:16

2. The Humours of Trim/The Moons of Jupiter/Mulhaire's Jig (trad./Larsen/trad.) 4:17

3. The Eighth of January/Black Mountain Rag (trad.) 2:59

4. October Song (Robin Williamson) 4:13

5. If You Say Yes (Cindy Kallet) 4:35

6. Playing with a Full Deck (Grey Larsen) 3:32

7. Lull Myself Asleep (Dillon Bustin) 3:59

8. The Swallowtail Reel/The Wind that Shakes the Barley/The Merry Harriers (trad.) 4:30

9. Fisher's Hornpipe/Old Leather Britches (trad.) 2:42

10. Once (Cindy Kallet) 4:09

11. Your Love (Cindy Kallet) 3:39

12. The South Shore (Grey Larsen) 3:05

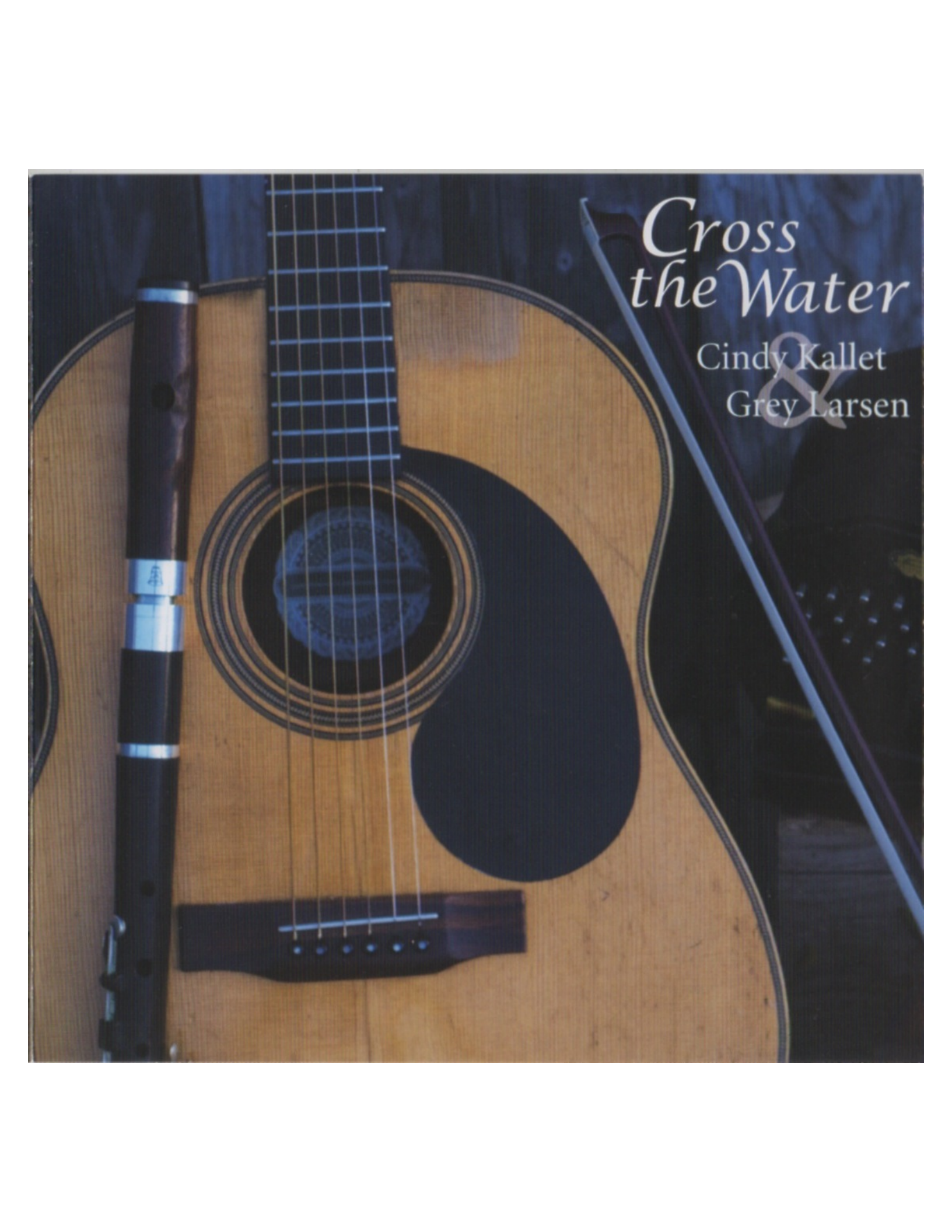
13. Cross the Water/Little Girl (Cindy Kallet) 6:04

Cindy Kallet: guitar, fiola, harmonium, voice
Grey Larsen: Irish flute, Irish alto flute, tin whistle, anglo concertina, fiddle, harmonium, guitar, voice

Produced by Grey Larsen and Cindy Kallet
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Sleepy Creek Music 105







*Cross
the Water*

Cindy Kallet
&
Grey Larsen

Courage

lyrics: Cindy Kallet and Grey Larsen

music: Cindy Kallet

The chorus of this song began life as an e-mail Cindy received from Grey during a period of much shifting in their lives. She liked it so much that she grew some verses around it, made a tune, and then asked Grey for permission to use it. Fortunately for her, he said yes.

Cindy: guitar and voice

Grey: Irish flute and voice

Leaves glowed in the mountains and
moon flowed in my room.
You told me a story unfolding in bloom.
Wind flashed with laughter, rain splashed
and sprayed.
Words flew through the dark sky as I lay
and lay and lay awake.

*So, where is that highest wisest self
with the really big picture of
everything;*

*With the total perspective, with pure
compassion for you and for me and
without attachment to hungers
and longings?*

The highest, goodest, bestest beingness.

Time was there were reasons to hold
all inside.

Why risk more truth when less is such a
calmer ride?

Where is the brave part so we can
be near,

And courage of our hearts when we're so
tired over here?

No one is ready, no one can tell
Just when is the right time to bid old
dreams farewell.

Sometimes it seems like there's no end to
that pain.

We're all walking wounded, but walk we
do again.

The Humours of Trim/The Moons of Jupiter/Mulhaire's Jig

trad./Grey Larsen/trad.

The traditional Irish jig "The Humours of Trim" is named for a small town in Co. Meath on the banks of the River Boyne. The town's name comes from the Irish "Baile Atha Troim", which translates as "the town of the ford of the alder trees" and its origin dates back to the 5th century A.D. This tune is also known as "The Rolling Waves". Grey composed "The Moons of Jupiter" to be the middle chapter in the narrative formed by these three jigs, and wrote the harmonium part for the three tunes. "Mulhaire's Jig" is attributed to East Co. Galway musician Tommy Mulhaire.

Grey: tin whistle in B-flat

Cindy: harmonium

The Eighth of January/Black Mountain Rag

trad.

We learned these tunes from our dear friend Joe Dawson of Bloomington, Indiana. Joe is one of the last of the fiddlers who grew up immersed in a family heritage of traditional Appalachian music as it has existed for generations in Monroe and Brown Counties in southern Indiana, the area Grey has called home since 1981. Born in 1928, Joe began fiddling at age 10, when his grandfather,

Jasper Chambers, began to teach Joe the family tunes. Old-time music was everywhere in those hills where Joe, Jasper, and his grandmother Ida (a fine singer and pump organ player) farmed in the old ways, raised and preserved nearly everything they needed and hewed railroad ties up in the forest hills when the bottomland farm flooded out.

These two tunes are well-known, but Joe's asymmetrical settings of them are unique.

Grey: fiddle

Cindy: guitar

October Song

Robin Williamson

This is a favorite song of ours, heard many years ago on the Relics of the Incredible String Band. It is a wise old song, composed by a very young Robin Williamson. Cindy recorded it previously with Gordon Bok, but Grey liked it so much that he and Cindy went looking for (and found) some new chords. Cindy plays the fiola, a violin strung up as a viola.

Cindy: fiola and voice

Grey: harmonium and low tin whistle

I'll sing you this October song,

There is no song before it.

The words and tune are none of my own,
For my joys and sorrows bore it.

Beside the sea the brambly briars

In the still of evening.

Birds fly out behind the sun

And with them I'll be leaving.

The fallen leaves that jewel the ground,
They know the art of dying.
And leave with joy their glad gold hearts
In the scarlet shadows lying.

When hunger calls my footsteps
home,
The morning follows after.
I swim the seas within my mind
And the pine trees laugh green
laughter.

I used to search for happiness
And I used to follow pleasure,
But I found a door behind my mind
And that's the greatest treasure.

For rulers like to lay down laws
And rebels like to break them.
And the poor priests like to walk
in chains
And God likes to forsake them.

I met a man whose name was Time
And he said I must be going,
But just how long ago that was
I have no way of knowing.

Sometimes I want to murder time,
Sometimes when my heart's aching.
But mostly I just stroll along
The path that he is taking.

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If You Say Yes

Cindy Kallet

Cindy finally had enough of, among other things, the morning's dismal news of endless wars, color-coded security warnings, the "fearing" of America, the pressure on kids to "dumb down", the putdowns that stick with us forever, and the paralyzing loss of hope, both personal and global. She thanks Grey for finding the beginning, middle, and end to the song, and for singing with her.

Cindy: guitar and voice
Grey: Irish alto flute and voice

Somebody said, "Gotta watch your step,
gotta close your eyes, gotta hold
your breath."

Somebody said, "If you say yes, where
will it lead, where will it lead, where will
it lead you?"

Somebody said, "Gotta lock your car,
gotta draw the shades, gotta bolt
the door."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

*But that fussy old crow's on the
gutter again,*

*And a tufty little bird's in the
backyard tree,*

*And I've worn holes in my blue jeans,
down on my knees.*

Somebody said, "If you sing too loud, or
you dance too wild, stick out in
a crowd..."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

Somebody said, "If you rock the boat,
if you climb too high, if you swim
the moat..."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

*But I ran outside in the howling rain
And I thought, "What have I got
to lose?"*

*For just a glimpse of some good news
I'm down on my knees."*

Somebody said, "Don't act too smart,
don't start to cry, don't fall apart."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

Somebody said, "You aren't enough;
too soft and sweet, gotta just
get tough."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

*But I hear the beat of the
strongest heart,*

And I would walk a thousand miles

*For just the moment of your smile, I'm
down on my knees.*

Somebody said, "You're so naive to hope
so hard, to just believe."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

Somebody said, "It'll stay the same, it's
always been, it'll never change."

Somebody said, "If you say yes..."

*But there's you now, a million strong,
And your voice there, a billion votes
For just the smallest speck of hope I'm
down on my knees.*

Somebody said, "Gotta watch your step."

Somebody said, "Gotta just get tough."

Somebody said, "If you sing too loud, or
you rock the boat, or you aren't
enough..."

Somebody said, "If you say yes, where
will it lead, where will it lead, where will
it lead you?"

Playing with a Full Deck

Grey Larsen

Grey composed this duet in January of 2007 as a gift to Cindy on the occasion of her 52nd birthday. (He turned 52 himself 17 days later.) Dividing the number 52 by four, he decided to construct the tune in a meter of 13 beats to the bar, but despite his best numerological intentions, a few 14 beat measures elbowed their way in. Scandinavian in melody and harmony and Balkan in rhythm - two full decks with the jokers thrown in for good measure.

Grey: fiddle
Cindy: fiola

Lull Myself Asleep

Dillon Bustin

In his small cabin in Walden Wood (near Concord, Massachusetts), on a snowy winter's night in 1846, Henry David Thoreau eases himself into slumber mulling over the lives of those who had lived in the woods before him. This song is one of 16 that Dillon Bustin created for the musical theatre work, Songs from Walden Pond, a cycle of spoken word and songs based on Thoreau's iconic literary work, Walden. All of the lyrics are adapted from Thoreau's own words. Grey created the musical arrangements for their production in which "Lull Myself Asleep" combines Dillon's voice, cello, French horn, Irish flute, and piano. Cindy asked Grey to please re-arrange this song for the two of them.

Grey: harmonium and voice
Cindy: fiola and voice

I am obliged to conjure up the former occupants,
The laughter and the gossip of the old inhabitants.
Like many of my townsmen, their memories I keep,
And with such reminiscences I lull myself asleep.

East of my beanfield, 'cross the road, lived Cato Ingraham,
Who let the walnut trees grow up lest he have need of them.
The slave of a Concord gentleman, he lived in Walden Woods;
The goldenrod in the cellarhole marks where his dwelling stood.

Here by the corner of my field, Zilpha sat to sing,
Spinning linen for the town, she made the woods to ring.
Her house was burned down in the war and she was left alone,
Heard above her gurgling pot to mutter to the bones.

Down the road on the right hand stands Brister Freeman's hill;
The apple trees he planted are growing wild there still.
He tended them for a squire until he grew too old.
He's buried with his Fenda dear, she who fortunes told.

Farther in the woods than these and nearer to the pond,
Wyman the potter squatted, turning earthenware for town.
His family lived by clay and wheel, never rich in earthly goods,
But I am pleased to know their art has graced my neighborhood.

And their vivacious lilacs, for generations on,
Unfold their flowers every spring when door and sill are gone.
Smelling just as sweetly and blossoming as fair,
I mark their tender, civil, cheerful lilac colors there.

Little did the children think, when they stuck it in the ground,
That it would root itself so, till their house had fallen down,
And tell their story faintly to a wanderer besides,
After half a century since they had grown and died.

Thus I try to conjure up the former occupants;
The laughter and the gossip of the old inhabitants.
Like many of my townsmen, their memories I keep,
And with such reminiscences I lull myself asleep.

Lyrics and melody © 1993 by
Dillon Bustin

The Swallowtail Reel/The Wind that Shakes the Barley/The Merry Harriers

trad.

Here are three traditional Irish reels from the repertoire of melodeon player Michael J. Kennedy (1900-1978), who hailed from the village of Flaskagh Beag on the south side of the border between Counties Galway and Roscommon. Michael learned all of his music from his neighbors there and, when he was 11 years old, purchased his melodeon (a diatonic button accordion with one row of only ten buttons) for the equivalent of \$1.50. He said, "There was never anyone as crazy for a melodeon as I was." In 1923, having had enough of the hard labor of farming, Michael emigrated to Cincinnati, Ohio (Grey's home town). Eighteen-year-old Grey sought out Michael in 1973 and the student and mentor became fast friends. During the remaining five years of his life, Michael passed on to Grey the precious legacy of his local, rare and lovely tune settings.

Grey: Irish flute and harmonium
Cindy: guitar

Fisher's Hornpipe/Old Leather Britches

trad.

Here are two more tunes taught to us by Grey's neighbor Joe Dawson. This very unusual version of "Fisher's Hornpipe" sounds distantly related to the tune as it is commonly played in the U.S. and Ireland. "Old Leather Britches" is one of a number of Joe's tunes that seems to be unique to southern Indiana. We've never heard it played by anyone but Joe, who learned it from his grandfather. (It is not related to the well-known fiddle tune, "Leather Britches".)

For a long time, Joe didn't have a name for this tune. We call it "Old Leather Britches" because Joe's grandmother sang the following words to its first half: "Old leather britches full of stitches, kicked him out of bed 'cause he had his trousers on." In recent years Joe's been calling it "Fleener Dawson Hall". One night he was playing it with mandolinist John Fleener and fiddler Frank Hall, and they took the notion to name it after themselves.

Grey: fiddle
Cindy: guitar

Once

Cindy Kallet

Several years ago, Cindy had the opportunity to spend a week working on musical composition with a small group of high schoolers. One afternoon, while the students were busy with their individual projects, she took the word "once" from the "word idea basket", went outside and found this song waiting.

Cindy: guitar and voice
Grey: Irish alto flute, harmonium,
and voice

Once I grew brown and covered with fur,
And waited for old and long and winter.
Once I heard, "Welcome and won't you
come in?"
And waited for old and tired and friend.

Once I felt even and straight and true,
And danced with, even laughed
with blue.
Once I knew mountains and stars and fly,
And whistled with Red-tails in the sky.

Once I curled soft in root and stone
And called cool moss and leafy
fern home.
Once I traced shadows in the sky
And into clouds wove dreaming.

Once I grew round and covered
with green,
And waited for new and soft and spring.
Once I felt sky-fire split, and death
and birth,
And tasted the cool sweet strong
brown earth.

Once I knew nothing and moon
and time,
And listened to dark wood and
river rhyme.
Once I held words as sacred, and I do
Now know the soft name of singing.

Once I curled soft in root and stone...

Once I grew brown and covered with
fur...

Your Love

Cindy Kallet

This song plopped itself into Cindy's lap on a long concert-weekend car ride from Maine to New Jersey and back in 2006. She was thinking of her true love who lived far away, as well as of friends who had recently lost spouses of many years, and of others who find themselves separated from ones they love.

Cindy: voice
Grey: muted guitar and anglo concertina

I took your love to Jersey, it sat beside me
in New York.
It made miles of conversation, did a bit of
urgent work.
It walked with me past my old house
And saw where I had grown,
And knew at once who I had been,
Though at the time unknown.

It helped me clean my windshield
Of bugs and pollen grains,
And breathed azalea, lilac, and sweet
New England rain.
Your love played tunes and tingles,
Great blue whales and birds,
And pulled into this rest stop just
So I could write these words.

I gave your love some coffee; well, I
offered it a sip.
We shared a cookie baked in Maine;
It held directions for the trip.
And we discussed the future, some,
Though we know it best to dwell
On just here, just this, right here now,
This time we know so well.

Your love's a fine companion when you
cannot be near,

Though we don't argue quite as much
As when you're really here.
And you, on distant highways,
So weary of the miles,
Have my love sitting next to you
To laugh and make you smile.

Your love got sleepy, dozey, and tilted
back the seat.
I asked it please, oh, not to snore
And would it move its feet?
Your love, it put its hand on mine,
So gentle, easy, warm,
And awoke two hours later
And asked if we were home.

The South Shore

Grey Larsen

Grey composed this energetic three-part jig in the early 1980s, inspired by the joy of returning home, after frequent travels, to his family on the south shore of Lake Lemon in Indiana. Together, Cindy and Grey created this conversational arrangement, passing the melody back and forth, and sometimes playing it in unison. Grey first recorded this tune with fiddler Lisa Ornstein on his 1986 album of original tunes, The Gathering.

Grey: anglo concertina
Cindy: guitar

Cross the Water/Little Girl

Cindy Kallet

The first of these songs was made back when Cindy used to drive her son Arthur to school down a hill overlooking Penobscot Bay on the coast of Maine. It's a series of snapshots of the Bay, reflecting Cindy's deep love of islands and water, and her desire to be, someday, a rock. The

song lived for years without an ending, until one day, after driving past Indian reservations in New Mexico and thinking about the similarities between the ocean and the open dry lands of the southwest, it found an ending all by itself: "Little Girl".

Cindy: guitar, voice
Grey: Irish alto flute, harmonium,
and voice

If I should cross the water with clear and
sparkling wind,
And years of time and all behind that I
could not bear to bring;
If I should cross the water and glimpse
mind, and time, and free;
Oh, If I should cross the water, who
would I be?

If I should cross the water on towering
plow of swell,
And strengthen line and shorten sail and
all the stories tell;
If I should cross the water, pound on
storm and foaming sea;
Oh, if I should cross the water, how
would I be?

If I should cross the water on mirrored
glass of green,
With miles and miles of blind desire all
shimmering and seen;
If I should cross the water and pure
reflection be;
Oh, if I should cross the water, how
would I see?

If I should cross the water, tumble in, as
stones to shore,
And sift and rumble, then come to rest
for a million years or more;
If I should cross the water and rock of
island be;

Oh, if I should cross the water, oh, if I
could watch the water,
Who would I see...?

When I was a little brown girl running
round these dry land hills,
Open now, miles and miles and
miles and...
Scraping holes in the rocks, praying holes
in the sky,
Knowing time won't stand still, I went
crying, "Oh..."
Color sun, color sand, color sky, color me
old hills.
Waves of light, waves of stars, waves of
wind and...
Scraping nests in the rocks, homes in
the hollows;
Seas of hawks, waves of swallows, I went
crying, "Oh..."

Thunder come, brought no rain,
Brought guns and men and run and
run and run and...
Horses thunderpound the
dust horizon.
Round us up, move us on
In dry and heat and lost and gone.
Give us cheap house rows and long
chain fences;
Push me in, keep me out,
Keep me in, push me out, push me in...

But in the night I dream the
memory...

When I was a little brown girl...



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Dedicated to Arthur and Gabriel Blodgett and Robin, Siri and Teal Larsen

For information, bookings, other recordings and books, please visit our website at www.kalletlarsen.com.

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