

A photograph of three people walking away from the camera on a dirt path through a field of tall grass. The person on the left is a man in a light blue long-sleeved shirt and jeans. The person in the middle is a woman with long, wavy brown hair, wearing a purple top and blue pants. The person on the right is a woman in a light blue t-shirt and jeans. They are all walking away, and the woman in the middle has her arms around the shoulders of the other two. The background is a soft-focus field of tall grass under a dark sky.

heart walk

cindy kallet

ellen epstein

michael cicone

heart walk

kallet epstein cicone

heart walk

OM-3

- | | |
|--|------|
| 1. Farthest Field (Dodson) | 3:51 |
| 2. The Shanghaied Dredger
(Hammond/trad.) | 3:51 |
| 3. When the Traffic Light's Red (Gala) | 2:52 |
| 4. Underneath the Pines (Dodson) | 4:14 |
| 5. Old Zeb (Kaplan) | 3:38 |
| 6. Holy Now (Mayer) | 5:01 |
| 7. I Arise Facing East (Austin/Langstaff) | 1:55 |
| 8. Frobisher Bay (Gordon) | 3:10 |
| 9. Bonnet and Shawl (Webber) | 3:21 |
| 10. Since You Asked (Collins) | 2:25 |
| 11. Sally Free and Easy (Tawney) | 2:19 |
| 12. Life Comes In (Epstein) | 4:13 |
| 13. My Heart is Ready/I'm Gonna Walk
(Kallet) | 2:57 |
| 14. Swampie's Fancy (Kallet)/
Househunting (Cicone) | 2:51 |
| 15. Shine On (Ellenton) | 4:23 |

Total time: 51:46

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heart walk



Cindy Kallet vocals, guitar, fiola on "The Shanghaied Dredger"
Ellen Epstein vocals, guitar on "Underneath the Pines," shakers on "Holy Now"
Michael Cicone vocals, hammered dulcimer on "Swampie's Fancy/Househunting"
Grey Larsen vocals on "My Heart is Ready/I'm Gonna Walk,"
fiddle on "Old Zeb" and "The Shanghaied Dredger"
Will Brown vocals on "My Heart is Ready/I'm Gonna Walk,"
can-and-brush percussion on "When the Traffic Light's Red"
Richard Knisely vocals on "Farthest Field"
Izzy Maxwell electric bass on "Life Comes In"

Recorded and mixed by Bruce Boege at Limin Music, Northport, ME, USA,
except "Sally Free and Easy" and "Life Comes In," recorded by Izzy Maxwell
at Big Sombrero, Lexington, MA, USA

Mastered by Grey Larsen at Grey Larsen Mastering, Bloomington, IN, USA

Produced by Cindy Kallet, Ellen Epstein and Michael Cicone

Arrangement assistance by Grey Larsen

Photography by Alison Shaw

Design by Sue Dawson

This is dedicated to the ones we love:



Farthest Field

David Dodson ©1993

A gathering of friends, singing, high up in a beautiful field in Northern Vermont, inspired this song. Thanks, Adam!

There is a land high on a hill
Where I am going
There is a voice that calls to me
The air is sweet, the grasses wave
The wind is blowing
Away up in the farthest field

Walk with me and we will see
The mystery revealed
When one day we wend our way
Up to the farthest field

The sun will rise, the sun will set
Across the mountains
And we will live with beauty there
The fragrant flowers, the days and hours
Will not be counted
And peaceful songs will fill the air

I know one day I'll leave my home
Here in the valley
And climb up to that field so fair
And when I'm called and counted in
That final tally

I know that I will see you there

Oh my dear friends, I truly love

To hear your voices

Lifted up in radiant song

Though through the years

We all have made our separate choices

We've ended here where we belong

The Shanghaied Dredger

words: Edward Hammond

tune: "The Irish Exile" (trad.)

We heard this song on the Boarding Party recording 'Tis Our Sailing Time (Folk-Legacy Records FSI-97). The words were found by Andy Wallace, buried in a trunk, and the group added a few lines to make the words fit the melody, as well as to fill in a couple of missing plot development points. The song is one of the few written about the Chesapeake Bay oyster fishery, which was in its golden age in the late 1800s. It's a rather humorous and bouncy look at what was sometimes a dangerous occupation, with disputes over oyster dredging grounds, and "shanghaied" dredgers being pressed into service on boats with short-handed crews.

Out on the far-off Eastern shore
An oyster dredger lay
With the seat tore out of his oilskin pants
His hat had blown away
His clothes were rather seedy
And his chance he knew was slim
Of ever reaching Baltimore
In the pungy he was in

But in spirit he could fancy himself
In a restaurant again
Ordering plates of liver
For himself and Shorty MacLaine
The dredgers all around him stood
Their eyes could scarcely see
From drinking five-cent whiskey
Oh what a glorious spree!

Then lay me in the forepeak
With my face towards Baltimore
Praying I never get shanghaied again
Down on the Eastern shore
Where they feed you on corn dogs
And sour bellies twice a day
And you're counted a lucky dredger
If you ever get your pay

Our steward he was an African
The best cook in the fleet
At making India rubber bread
He never could be beat

His shadow soup was excellent
And on a Christmas day
We'd eat dead duck that he'd picked up
While sailing down the bay

And oh, that Galway skipper
I never shall forgive
He'd halloo like a porpoise
To throw away the jib
On Sundays while at rest he'd swear
"I'm only for your good
So come up, me little hearties
And saw up all the wood!"

It was on a chilly evening
After working all the day
The captain saw through his telescope
The police sloop far away
With sails trimmed aft and topsails set
Our gallant pungy flew
Over to the forbidden ground
To catch a jag or two

But it was scarce we started working
When the police sloop hove in sight
"Haul down your jib!" was his command
And then began the fight
Our captain hauled his pistol
While the sloop to round us tried
But we raised our dredge
And made away upon the foggy tide



When the Traffic Light's Red

Tom Gala, Tom Gala Music ©1990

One of Tom Gala's "overheard in a diner" stories. The speaker's central question, we suspect, resonates for just about anybody.

When the traffic light's red
I can remember
There was a time I was living a dream
Workin' in my hometown
Every problem around
Belonged to somebody else and not me

I started repairing
Bulldozer transmissions
I made a car for a guy running 'shine
Then I was in the Marines
They said forget what you've seen
'Cause if you don't, kid
It'll mess up your mind

Sleep, eat and work and worry
I'm packing my lunch, now
All of my life
Hey, how do you know
If you are living
Or just putting in time

Well, I can still picture
The day I opened the station
And I'm taking the plywood
From off of the door
A box of tools in my hand
I work as hard as I can
Hey, I've been fixing things all of my life

But now it just feels like
I'm only promoting
Somebody's favorite
Vinyl-topped dream
Working twelve-hour days
Too many cars in each bay
I'm seein' more of them
Than I do my wife

When the traffic light's red
I can remember
There was a time I was living a dream
Workin' in my hometown
Every problem around
Belonged to somebody else
And not me.

Underneath the Pines

David Dodson ©1996

It was long ago
But I can still remember
One afternoon when we were
 four or five
Flat on our backs
We looked up through the branches
Overhead, underneath a pine
And that old tree
Was thicker than a barrel
But in the wind
How it would bend and sway
And we would stare
Straight up the trunk together
Pine trees look so tall that way
 And nothing felt so fine before
 As sleeping on that piney floor
 No troubled dreams
 Would cross our minds
 Lying there underneath the pines
I hear the wind
That whispers through the branches
A red squirrel scolds and
 chatters overhead
And once again
The smell of sweet pine needles
Rises from my forest bed

The shades of brown and
 green and blue
With rays of sunlight passing through
The changing shadows' grey designs
Gently sway underneath the pines

The hoot owl calls
And out across the water
The silver pathway of the rising moon
And far away a flock of geese are calling
Oh, I must be leaving soon

One parting look is all I'll take
The field, the forest, and the lake
And when I pass across the line
Lay me down underneath a pine

No troubled dreams
Will cross my mind
Lying there underneath a pine



Old Zeb

Larry Kaplan, Hannah Lane Music, BMI
©1977

Larry Kaplan wrote this song about Captain Zebulon Tilton, a colorful coastal schooner captain of tall stature and great strength, who captained many boats, until failing eyesight forced him ashore to his home on Martha's Vineyard. His favorite schooner was the 90-foot-long Alice S. Wentworth. Thousands of schooners sailed up and down the east coast up until the 1920s, carrying cargo such as lumber, bricks, ice, granite, and limestone.

I'm not tired of the wind
I'm not weary of the sea
But she's probably had her bellyful
Of a damn old coot like me
I'm goin' ashore
She's bound for better days
But I'll see her topsail flying
When I come down off the ways

Oh, Rosie get my Sunday shoes
Gertie get my walking cane
We'll take another walk to see
Old Alice sail again

I'd like to have a nickel
For the men I used to know
Who could load three cord of lumber
In a half an hour or so
Who could put on sail by haulin'
Instead of donkeying around
Then I'd be the poorest coasterman
This side of Edgartown

Any fool can work an engine
Takes brains to work a sail
And I never seen no steamer
Make much good out of a gale
You can go and pay your taxes
On the ration gas you get
But at least to me the wind is free
And they haven't run out yet

If I ever get back to her
You know I'll treat her just the same
I'll jibe her when I want to, boys
And I'll sail in the freezing rain
I'll park that old boat on the beach
And go dancin' in the town
'Cause a man who's fit for hangin'
Probably never will get drowned

Holy Now

Peter Mayer ©1999

A song about (among other things) those times when, for some tiny or huge reason, you suddenly see the world in a whole new way. – mc

When I was a boy, each week
On Sunday we would go to church
And pay attention to the priest
And he would read the holy word
And consecrate the holy bread
And everyone would kneel and bow
Today the only difference is
Everything is holy now
Everything, everything
Everything is holy now

When I was in Sunday school
We would learn about the time
Moses split the sea in two
Jesus made the water wine
And I remember feeling sad
That miracles don't happen still
But now I can't keep track
'Cause everything's a miracle
Everything, everything
Everything's a miracle

Wine from water is not so small
But an even better magic trick
Is that anything is here at all
So the challenging thing becomes
Not to look for miracles
But finding where there isn't one

When holy water was rare at best
I barely wet my fingertips
Now I have to hold my breath
Like I'm swimming in a sea of it
It used to be a world half there
Heaven's second-rate hand-me-down
But I walk it with a reverent air
'Cause everything is holy now

Read a questioning child's face
And say it's not a testament
That'd be very hard to say
See another new morning come
And say it's not a sacrament
I tell you that it can't be done

This morning outside I stood
And saw a little red-winged bird
Shining like a burning bush
Singing like a scripture verse
It made me want to bow my head
I remember when church let out
How things have changed since then
Everything is holy now

It used to be a world half there
Heaven's second-rate hand-me-down
But I walk it with a reverent air
'Cause everything is holy now

I Arise Facing East

words: Mary Austin

music: Deborah Langstaff ©1992

Our friend Deborah Langstaff composed and arranged this setting of a poem by Mary Austin. We only played around with it a little bit.

I arise facing east
I am asking toward the light
I am asking that the day
Shall be beautiful with light

I am asking that the place
Where my feet are shall be bright
That as far as I can see
I shall follow it aright

I am asking for the courage
To go forward through the shadow
I am asking toward the light
I am asking toward the light

Frobisher Bay

James Gordon, Pipe Street Publishing
(SOCAN) ©1992

Cold is the arctic sea
Far are your arms from me
Long will this winter be
Frozen in Frobisher Bay

One more whale, our captain cried
One more whale, then we'll beat the ice
But the winter star was in the sky
The seas were rough
The winds were high

Deep were the crashing waves
That tore our whaler's mast away
And dark are these sunless days
Waiting for the ice to break

Strange is the whaler's fate
To be saved from the raging waves
Only to waste away
Frozen in this lonely grave

Bonnet and Shawl

Dave Webber ©1984

Dave Webber is a British singer/songwriter with a big voice and a heart to match. There's nothing lovelier than Dave and his partner Anni Fentiman, in person or in concert. They asked us to tell you that "when we refer to corn we refer to the generic name for wheat, not sweet corn!"

Now madam I've waited
A very long time
To ask you if you could but
Spare me some time
For there's things in me heart
I've been longing to say
But try as I might sure I can't find a way

I'll show you the sun
'Cross the fields in the morn
I'll fetch thee a bonnet
And deck it with corn
I'll buy thee a shawl
Thread with ribbons of blue
To show you the measure
I trouble for you

Now I know that me fortune
Be pitiful small
And apart from me cottage
I've nothing at all
But there's store in me garden
And fruit on me tree
And I'd be awful proud
If thou'd share 'em with me

Now I'm thinking it likely
As you'll never be mine
For I'd be a poor catch
For a woman so fine
But if I never ask thee
Then I'll never know
If by some small chance
You some favour might show

Now madam I see
By the look in your eye
That you might be thinking
The same thing as I
So come take me hand
And we'll walk in full view
And give the old gossips
Some tonguing to do

Since You Asked

Judy Collins, Rocky Mountain National
Park Music Co. ©1967

What I'll give you since you've asked
Is all my time together
Take the rugged sunny days
The warm and rocky weather
Take the roads that I have walked along
Looking for tomorrow's time
Peace of mind

As my life spills into yours
Changing with the hours
Filling up the world with time
Turning time to flowers
I can show you all the songs
That I never sang
To one man before

We have seen a million stones
Lying by the water
You have climbed the hills with me
To the mountain shelter
Taking off the days one by one
Setting them to breathe in the sun

Take the lilies and the lace
From the days of childhood
All the willow winding paths
Leading up and outward

This is what I give
This is what I ask you for
Nothing more

Sally Free and Easy

Cyril Tawney, Gwyneth Music Ltd
©1968

*One of the lush and bittersweet nautical
songs written by Cyril Tawney. I first
arranged it for the nine-member chorus,
The January Men (and Then Some), and
then rearranged it for the trio. – ck*

Sally free and easy
That should be her name
Sally free and easy
That should be her name
Took a sailor's loving
For a nursery game

Well, the heart she gave me
Wasn't made of stone
No, the heart she gave me
Wasn't made of stone
It was sweet and hollow
Like a honeycomb

Think I'll wait 'til sunset
See the ensign down

Yes, I'll wait 'til sunset
See the ensign down
Then I'll take the tideway
To my burial ground

Sally free and easy
That should be her name
Sally free and easy
That should be her name
When my body's landed
Hope she dies of shame



Life Comes In

Ellen Epstein ©1997

For Izzy, then and now. – ee

Life comes in
Just when you're ready to leave
Oh, life comes in
Just when you're ready to leave

Fish can swim in the ocean
I walk along the street
Kicking a rock or skipping a stone
We're all just looking for the beat

Friends will come a-calling
Walk with you for a while
Make you notice how lucky you are
Leave you wearing a smile on your face

because...

Someone wanted a baby
Someone wanted a heart
Someone wanted a new point of view
And we're all wondering just where to
start, don't we know that...

When I grow up, I'm gonna
Find me a place to rest
Meanwhile I'm doing all that I can
Meanwhile I'll be the best that I can be

The tune is the thing that binds us
Harmony holds us here
Swing down chariot and let me ride
Year after year after year after year
because...

My Heart Is Ready

Cindy Kallet, BMI ©2007

"My Heart is Ready" is a pitter patter song, inspired, one pre-concert evening in a church basement, by the rhythms of rain on a gutter and by the sight of a piece of music lying on the piano entitled "God, My Heart is Ready." – ck

My heart is ready
And what am I gonna do?
My heart is ready
And what am I gonna do?
My heart is ready
And what am I gonna do?
Oh god! My heart is ready
And what am I gonna do?

My feet are ready
And what am I gonna do...

My hands are ready
And what am I gonna do...

My voice is ready
And what am I gonna do...

My heart is ready
And what am I gonna do...

I'm Gonna Walk

Cindy Kallet, BMI ©2003

"I'm Gonna Walk" appeared one August morning, as I was... well, walking. You might discover that it's not actually a walking song, unless you're dragging a pile of rocks behind you. – ck

I'm gonna walk to the glory of the river
Gonna walk to the glory of the stars
I'm gonna walk to the glory of the river
And I'm carrying the sorrows
Old same sorrows of the world

I'm gonna run to the glory of the
mountain
Gonna run to the glory of the sky
I'm gonna run to the glory of the
mountain
And I'm carrying the sorrows
Old same sorrows of the world

I'm gonna fly to the glory of the wind
Gonna fly to the glory of the rain
I'm gonna fly to the glory of the wind
And we are carrying the sorrows
Old same sorrows of the world

Swampie's Fancy

Cindy Kallet, BMI ©2007

Househunting

Michael Cicone ©1992

Cindy wrote her tune as a Christmas present for a beloved platypus. Michael's arose during that particularly hectic time referred to in the title. All ends happily.

Shine On

Susan Ellenton ©1997

Shine on, shine on silver moon
Love is gone, love will be back soon
For the new moon and the old moon
Are the same moon after all
And the heart is always full

Freedom, freedom in my soul
Destiny, out of my control
When my freedom and my destiny
Look each other in the face
Feels like life lived in grace

Children laughing in the sun
Old men, old women come undone
When the new ones and the old ones
Look each other in the eyes
Feels like love never dies





W I T H T H A N K S

to Bruce, Izzy, Sue and Alison, Richard, Mr. Coatrack, Ian, Will Brown DDC (Dulcimer Damping Consultant), Jill for the welcome, Arthur Woody Blodgett for the platypus drawings, Rose and Lee Epstein, Dave Neiman and Ken Kolodner (more HD advice), Karen Dietz, Swampie, and last but not least, our very patient fans

For bookings, information, and sales, visit www.cindykallet.com,
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or call (781) 608-0966

Also by the trio:

Angels in Daring (1988) – Overall Music OM-1
Only Human (1993) – Overall Music OM-2