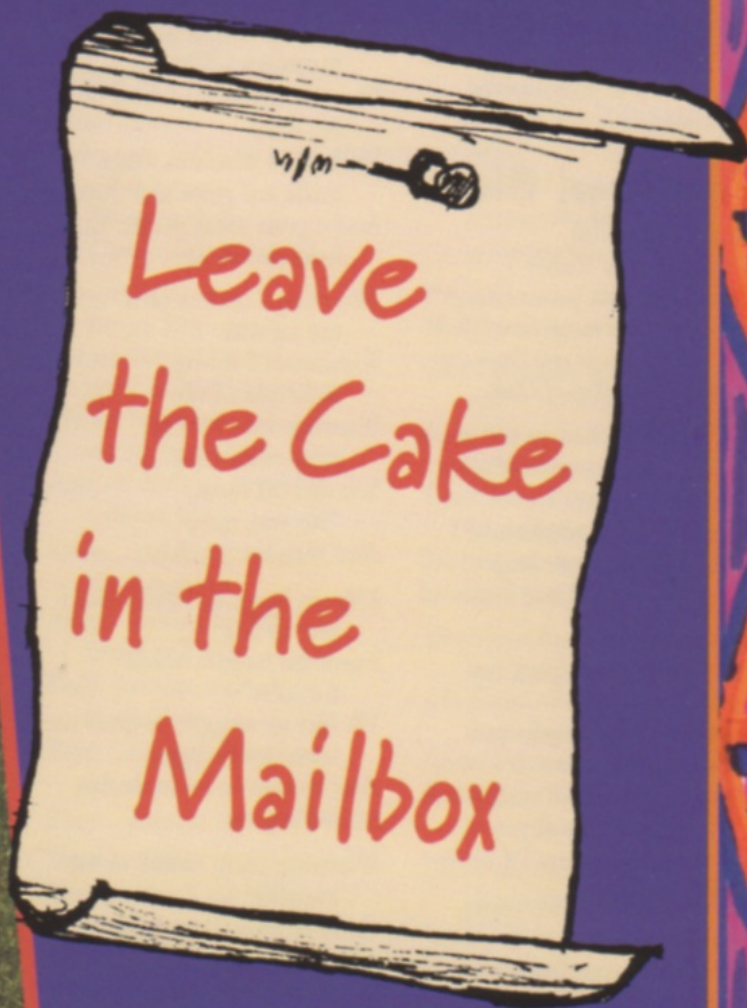


# Cindy Kallet & Friends



Songs for **PARENTS**  
and **KIDS** Growing Up

## We Sail the Ocean Blue

(last chorus)

Gilbert and Sullivan

*My papa, Arthur, captured my sister, Lisa, my mother, Mary, and me on tape when Lisa and I were around five and six years old.*

## The Royal Bloke

tune: traditional

words: Cindy Kallet

*This is the first "parent song." The tune and the general first line / framework are from the chantey, The Royal Oak.*

As I was living here in this house  
I hadn't been born months but  
about three

When I looked outside and I  
saw the snow so deep  
I looked at myself and I noticed  
my feet

Haul down my diapers, my  
loving parents  
Haul down my diapers and  
wash them clean  
Then hang them all on the rack  
by the stove to dry  
For in poopy diapers I'll never  
be seen

My mama being a most  
valiant mom  
And a well-bespoken woman  
is she  
Let it never be said that I lacked  
for milk, oh no  
She makes the most and the  
best for me

I like to rise before six in the  
morning

And go well past the setting of  
the sun

I take a couple of tiny little  
really short naps  
But mostly I'm awake and I  
want to be with someone

I've been to Maine and I've been  
to town

I've steamed to the Island on a  
big ferry

I've looked at snakes, frogs,  
toads and geese and ducks  
And a great many people have  
held me already

The thing I hate most is  
the car seat

Sometimes I frown,  
sometimes I cry

If anyone ever tries to  
strap you in one

You can tell them,  
"No way, man,"  
And then say goodbye

I like to laugh and smile and I  
love to talk

I save the biggest words  
for John

We like to snuggle, he gives me  
kisses and huggles

And he says he loves me, his  
darling son

If anyone, then, should of me  
enquire

As to mine and my gallant  
parents' names

Someday our stories in songs  
we'll tell

But until then you'll just have to  
guess the same



## Handy's Birthday

*The first verse is an actual conversation between my son Arthur Woody and me a few days after his second birthday. Baby Handy was a favorite doll.*

"When Handy's birthday comes  
up the driveway  
She'll be two years old."  
I said, "What will she do then?"  
And he said, "She will eat her  
cake."

Now, Handy, she's been waiting  
Such a long long time  
She's played second fiddle to a  
tractor  
And been passed over for a cat  
Now it's her turn to shine

When Handy was a tiny  
tiny baby  
Just beginning to grow  
She'd sleep all night, she'd sleep  
all day

Not like someone else I know

Now, Handy's getting on in  
years  
She's got a mind of her own  
She likes pickle cereal  
She's got her own tractor-trailer  
trucks

Likes to change her own diapers  
Likes to be alone

Well, this driveway's seen a lot  
of birthdays lately:

Judy, Kevin, Bob, Grammie  
Tutu, Papa,

Grammie Nancy, Arthur Woody  
and Cousin John

And now he says it's Handy's  
coming up the driveway

I think I've got to be out of  
town

If I never see another birthday  
That won't be too soon  
'Cause Handy's gonna want a  
party hat  
'Gonna want one of those fancy  
holders for the candles  
'Gonna want a ten foot tall  
mouse balloon

When my birthday comes up  
the driveway  
I will open up the door  
Sayin', "Go back down the hill  
Leave the cake in the mailbox  
And please try and call before  
you come again  
(I'm so tired of birthdays...)

## Old King Cole

traditional

*This is one of the many songs my brother Tony used to sing to my sister and me when we were very young.*

Old King Cole was a jolly old  
soul  
And that you may know by his  
larkin'  
He eats cornbread 'til his tongue  
turns red  
And his old yellow cap needs  
darnin'

My pretty little thing, I once  
did think

I'd be the one you'd marry  
But now I've lost all hopes  
of you

And I ain't got long to tarry

I'll take my musket on my back  
My musket on my shoulder  
I'll march away to Mexico  
Enlist and be a soldier

Where the coffeebean grows on  
the white oak tree

And the rivers they run brandy  
 Where the boys are pure as  
 lumps of gold  
 And the girls are sweet as candy  
 My pretty little thing, I once did  
 think  
 I could not live without you  
 But now I've lost all hopes  
 of you  
 And I care very little about you  
 You may go on and I'll turn  
 back  
 To the place where we first  
 parted  
 We'll open up the ring and shoo  
 the couples in  
 And we hope they'll come  
 free-hearted

## I'm a Mammal

Cindy Kallet & John Blodgett  
*When my son Gabriel was an  
 avidly-nursing three-month  
 old, we visited relatives who  
 were not at all thrilled with  
 the idea that he should enjoy  
 his Thanksgiving meal at the  
 same table at which we feasted  
 on ours. The next day found us  
 discussing with friends how  
 much we humans have  
 distanced ourselves from our  
 animal-ness. John and I wrote  
 this on the four-hour drive  
 home that night.*

*Cindy: lead vocals  
 Ellen, Michael and  
 Richard: harmony vocals*

I'm a mammal...  
 I'm a warm-blooded creature  
 I'm a hot-blooded mama  
 I'm a mammal  
 Oh I bear my babies live and  
 you know that ain't no jive

'cause I'm a mammal  
*She's a mammal, she's a  
 mammal  
 And we're finally realizing  
 And there is no disguising  
 She's a mammal (she's a  
 human; she's an animal  
 in disguise)*

Some say, "I think therefore I  
 am," but I think that's a  
 cryin' sham

'Cause I'm a mammal  
 And I build myself a house just  
 like a lion or a mouse  
 'Cause I'm a mammal

Sometimes it feels a heavy load  
 because we're carrying a  
 code that says we're  
 mammals

But what I really mean to say  
 when I look at my DNA  
 It spells out "mammal;" M-A-M-  
 M-A-L  
 (Adenine - thymine; cytosine -  
 guanine)

Someone looking from a star  
 sees a kind of monkey  
 driving cars  
 Says, "Now they have gone  
 too far..."

Seems they just got down from  
 trees, now they're all trying  
 to be free

They've lost sight of their  
 species." (*strange kind of  
 mammal...*)

When we go out on a date,  
 we're just searching  
 for a mate

We just love to copulate and  
 make more mammals

Chuckie Darwin wrote it all  
 about the rise and 'bout  
 the fall

of all these creatures (some  
 are toucans, slugs and frogs  
 and some are...

Oh like others of his ilk, my  
 baby drinks his mama's milk  
 'Cause he's a mammal (*He is?  
 You've gotta be kidding me! In  
 public? That's disgusting!*)  
 And it is no curse to nurse, we've  
 been doing it from the first  
 Because we're mammals...  
 "Excuse me, madamal..."

## My Mama Said

*Driving home late one night  
 after a concert, I kept myself  
 awake listening to the local  
 country music station, which  
 was filled with songs of  
 generation to generation  
 wisdom ('My daddy said...';  
 'My mama said...' etc!). The  
 next day, tired and grouchy  
 from that late night, and  
 feeling a bit less-than-patient  
 with my one and four year old  
 boys, I started worrying about  
 what they would remember as  
 words of wisdom from me!  
 (Apologies to AWB for putting  
 words in your mouth, again!)*

When I was a boy of four  
 Sittin' on my mama's knee  
 She said, "Son, let me tell you  
 some things right now  
 that'll help this life you'll lead."  
 She said, "I know it's a  
 wonderful world out there  
 But there's some who'd be  
 unkind  
 And son, I only want the best  
 for you  
 So these words you'd better  
 mind." She said:

*"Clear your place, brush your  
 teeth  
 Check the toilet and please get  
 dressed  
 No, I can't help you finish  
 that clipper ship now  
 And could you rephrase that as  
 a request?  
 Have you hung your coat up,  
 did you wash your hands  
 Close the door when you come  
 inside  
 No, you can't use that towel  
 to wrap dinosaur bones  
 Because I said so and that's  
 why!"*

Well, my daddy he was a travel  
 agent's son  
 And his mama, she raised him  
 well  
 They said, "Get enough sleep  
 and do your best,  
 That'll keep you from the gates  
 of hell."  
 Well, he fell into making those  
 mandolins  
 And he was working late  
 Wednesday nights  
 But he always took the time to  
 turn to me and say  
 "Son, I love you with all my  
 might... Now:

*Clear your place...*  
 No, I can't keep your brother  
 away from your secret  
 hideout  
 No, you don't have time to  
 draw just one more  
 clipper ship before  
 supper..."

Well, it never was easy in my  
 younger days  
 'Had a brother when I was only  
 three

And I had to be nice and I had  
to share  
And he slept in my room with me  
But through all those times of  
trial and pain  
My mama grouchy from her  
sleepless nights  
My parents would call from the  
kitchen and say,  
"Everything is gonna be  
alright...Now:

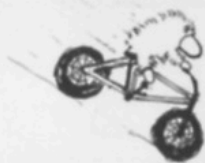
*Clear your place...*

No, we can't help you with  
the drill and the saw  
right now  
No, we can't give you a  
complete and full  
explanation for  
everything..."

So, now I'm grown up tall and  
strong  
And my parents are worn and  
gray  
But the love they gave and the  
words they spoke  
Still speak to me today  
And when my child is four  
years old  
I'll sit her right on my knee  
And say, "This wisdom I'll pass  
on to you -  
What my Mama, she said to  
me...She said:

*Clear your place...*

No, we can't go sailing on  
the clipper ship now  
Well... it is a beautiful day;  
Let's go down to the  
clipper ship  
And I'll take you for a ride.



## I Got a Hat

*A make-up-your-own-verse  
diaper-changing, getting  
dressed song.*

*Gabriel and Cindy: melody*

I got a hat where a head  
once was  
I got a hat where a head  
once was  
I got a hat where a head  
once was  
And it's all on a  
Sunday morning  
I got a shirt where a belly  
once was...  
I got a sock where toes  
once was...  
I got pants where legs  
once was...  
I got a song where quiet  
once was...  
I got a boy where a dream  
once was...

## Froggy Went A-Courting

traditional

*My brother used to sing a  
version of this to us, but this  
one came from Jeff Davis and  
Jeff Warner, on their wonderful  
Two Little Boys recording.  
They note that the song  
probably dates back to the  
1500's and that the "mouse"  
may have been Queen*

*Elizabeth I and the "frog" a  
suitor from the Court of Henry,  
King of France. We've  
corrupted the title from "A Frog  
He..." to "Froggy...". Oh well!*

*Cindy: melody and banjo*

*Will: harmony and laud*

Froggy went a courtin' and he  
did ride  
*Chow, Willy, chow, Willy*  
Froggy went a courtin' and he  
did ride  
*Chow, Willy wee*  
Froggy went a courtin' and he  
did ride  
A sword and a pistol by his side  
*Come a rinktum tiddle come a  
rinktum tee*  
*Chow, Willy wee*

He rode up to Miss Mousie's  
door  
And he made it rattle and he  
made it roar  
Miss Mousie come down and let  
him in  
And the way they courted it was  
a sin  
He took Miss Mousie on his  
knee  
And he said Miss Mousie will  
you marry me  
Not without my Uncle Rat's  
consent  
Would I marry the president  
Where will the wedding  
supper be  
Down in the hollow of an old  
oak tree  
How shall we make the  
wedding gown  
With a piece of a hide from an  
old white hound

## Before I Was Two

*Garrison Keillor sang a song  
on A Prairie Home*

*Companion one night with a  
chorus that crooned, "...but  
that was before I met you."  
Gabriel, then five, turned to  
me, puzzled, and asked, "Did  
he say, 'that was before I was  
two?'"*

Well, I'm a young cowboy, I'm  
barely just five  
More than sixty long months  
I've been living my life  
And many's the sad story and  
tale I could tell  
And many's the hard lesson I've  
learned, learned it well  
They said, "Do what I say;" I  
said, "I say what I do..."  
But that was before I was two.  
Well, I roamed and I rambled  
through kitchen and yard  
I just took life easy, things never  
seemed hard  
I thought when they said  
'wrong,' they really meant  
'right'  
I thought that all mummies  
liked to stay up all night  
I thought it was me and not so  
much you  
But that was before I was two.  
Well, I've got me a brother and  
good times abound  
And sometimes at supper we  
just goof around  
But when I was younger, it  
seemed goofy was cuter  
Now my parents are stricter  
than ever they used 'ter  
I could throw what I ate and I  
ate what I threw  
But that was before I was two.

Now, I feel quite grown up, I say  
thank you and please  
I can swim and play baseball, I  
can count up by threes  
But back in the old days, boy  
them old days was fine  
I'd hang out with Mom and  
we'd have a great time  
And I'd nurse the day long;  
sometimes the night  
through  
But that was before I was two.

Well, I'm just about finished  
this old cowboy song  
Just a few more short lines, I'll  
be pokin' along  
Gotta' pick up my legos and  
clean up my room  
And get ready for bed 'cause  
tomorrow there's school  
Boy, it used to seem life was to  
good to be true  
But that was before I was two.

## I Dread Not

tune: traditional  
words: Cindy Kallet  
*Another perfectly good sea  
chantey, **The Dreadnaught**,  
corrupted by a crazed parent.  
The original chorus, sung so  
robustly by Louis Killen, went:  
"Derry down, down, down  
derry down."*

*Josiah, Gabriel, Seth and  
Arthur Woody: chorus*

I dread not to tell you so tell  
you I will  
That being a baby's not always a  
thrill  
You're down on the ground  
While they're up on their feet  
They think you're so cute, they  
say, "Isn't he sweet?"

*Pick me up, up, up, pick me up*  
Oh, when I was tiny and inside  
my mom  
I swam and I tumbled 'til the  
months they had gone  
I swam and I floated, I was  
never put down  
I logged many miles with nary a  
frown

Well, then I was a newborn and  
I'll tell you a fact  
That when I was hungry there  
was milk right on tap  
And when I was tired or cranky  
or wet  
My parents came running to  
help, you bet

Well, all through my infancy  
we'd go on trips  
They'd strap me in the car seat  
with songs on their lips  
We'd drive and we'd drive and  
we'd drive everywhere  
To relatives, concerts and god-  
knows-who-cares

Well, when you are crawling,  
you're friends with the  
ground  
There's all kinds of interesting  
finds to be found  
Ants, dustballs, wood slivers,  
moldy chunks of old cheese  
All types and conditions of  
assorted debris

So, now I am crawling and I like  
to stand  
And sometimes my parents lend  
a steadying hand  
But the view's so much better  
when you're riding up high  
And if you'll just lift me, I'll tell  
you just why  
So, aunts and grandparents and

uncles and friends  
I fear that this sad song has  
come to an end  
If you see a baby that's down on  
its knees  
Go pick her up quickly, oh lift  
him up please

## Izzy's Toes

Ellen Epstein  
*Ellen says, "He's 18 now, and  
it's all still true."  
Ellen: melody  
Cindy: harmony*

We are Izzy's toes,  
we are Izzy's toes  
We are Izzy's toes and  
we're all lined up in rows  
We are Izzy's toes,  
we are Izzy's toes  
And we don't go anywhere  
without him  
Knees...poking through  
his dungarees  
Belly... peanut butter,  
bread and jelly  
Hair.. you can wash us  
if you dare  
Ears... we hear everything,  
it's clear  
Eyes... twinkle soft like fireflies  
Head... always last to go to bed  
Heart... that's the very  
nicest part



## No/Don't Wake Up

*I have two boys who, when  
they were babies, considered  
sleep a part-time hobby rather  
than a necessity. Every so often  
I would entertain the silly  
notion that I might actually  
clean a portion of our house.*

*Cindy: melodies  
Will, Ellen, Michael and  
Mimi: "No" chorus  
Gabriel: cry  
Arthur Woody: himself  
sounding younger*

No...no...no...no...  
Don't you dare wake up!  
Don't you dare wake up, I can't  
take it no more  
I can't listen to that tape, it is  
such a bore  
I just nursed you, rocked you,  
'packed you now  
it's time to sleep, wish I could  
show you how  
Don't you dare wake up, I just  
laid you down  
Oh please, oh please, I just want  
to go downstairs  
Clean and cook and mop and scour  
'Cause your Grammie's coming  
in less than an hour  
Don't you dare wake up, oh  
please please sleep  
You're driving me down to the  
briny deep  
We've read ten books, no,  
twenty or more  
Can't you please please sleep, I  
can't take it no more  
If you wake up now, oh I think  
I'll croak  
I'll be yelling so loud, I'll go up  
in smoke

Your brother's making candy  
and the house is a mess  
This nap has lasted ten minutes  
or less

Ignore that voice in the kitchen  
yelling,

"Mom! Hey Mom – can you  
help me get this candy  
done?"

You're just rousing for a minute,  
then you'll settle back to  
sleep

I'm sure that's not a cry...  
it's a cry

Hey you, in the kitchen, will  
you please go upstairs

Keep your brother happy while I  
finish down here

I don't care *how* you keep him  
happy

Just keep him happy now,  
please, right *now!*

*(I'd be happy to, Mama Cindy,  
since you asked me in such a  
polite way)*

## Diapers by Heart

*Faced with a dark night and  
the need to hang wet diapers  
on the line, I realized that I  
didn't need any light outside to  
help me see; I could do it all by  
feel; I knew diapers by heart!*

*Seth, Josiah, Arthur Woody  
and Gabriel: chorus*

*Bruce: snore*

I know diapers by head, I know  
diapers by heart

I know how to change 'em and  
wash 'em and dry 'em

We've got it right down to an art

*But you've got to know  
diapers...*

*Ooohh... you've got to know  
diapers*

*You need 'em right from the  
start*

*You've got to know diapers by  
heart.*

We've got diaper covers, we've  
got plastic pants

We've got onesies, twosies,  
threesies

In this house we don't take a  
chance

You can drape 'em by the  
woodstove, you can hang  
'em on the line

You can take 'em downtown to  
the dryer

When it's been raining for  
weeks at a time

You can get them with liners  
you can get them without

You can get them designer and  
you can even throw them out

*(But don't do that..no..ooohh,  
'cause when you know  
landfills*

*You fill 'em up right from the  
start*

*You get to know diapers by  
heart*

I know diaper covers

I know diaper clips

I know diaper pins in all  
colors and shapes

Now I've hung 'em at sunrise  
and afternoons at three

And I've hung 'em on pitch dark  
nights when there is no  
need to see

Now my old man and me, we've  
got a beautiful thing

He fills up the diaper bucket

with water and I put the  
vinegar in

Now my little boys, they're my  
joy, don't you know

But one thing that's for certain  
I'll teach them as they grow  
(that they've got to know)

I know diaper covers

I know diaper clips

I know diaper pins in all  
colors and shapes

But who really gives, who  
really gives  
a...diaper...ooohh...

Now it's four in the morning as  
I'm writing this song

I just got done nursing and  
changing and nursing again

And I think there's nothing  
wrong with talking 'bout...

## Blessings

*It's taken 13 years, but John  
has definitely learned to get up  
earlier... sort of!*

Six bright eyes looking at me  
In this dark December dawn  
I didn't get to sleep last night  
Tell me, how did this morning  
come

*Come warm me close  
and hold me*

*These branches made of wind  
Blow the cold beneath our door  
Quietly within a baby smiles,  
a boy sings...*

*Blessings*

Blue eyes runs wild in circles  
Yelling out his songs

Come climb a moment up into  
my arms

These days are too short

These days are so long

Brown eyes bounces up and down

Tell me what you see

Like an otter but to land from  
water

You dove out of me

*Come warm...*

True love, get up! – this gray, it's  
morning!

You tell me you can't move

Did I remember to tell you  
this year

That I love you

*I'll warm you close  
and hold you...*

Six bright eyes all looking at me  
Tell me, how did this morning  
come...

## Hoosen Johnny

traditional

*We recently discovered a box of  
old reel-to-reel recordings made  
by both my father and my  
brother. Among them were a  
couple of reels containing 40 or  
so songs that Tony, my brother,  
had taped himself playing in  
1961 at the age of 27. Hoosen  
Johnny was one of them.*

*Thanks to Bruce for helping us  
be able to listen to these again.*

The little black bull come down  
the meadow

*Hoosen Johnny, hoosen Johnny*

The little black bull come down  
the meadow

*Long time ago*

*Long time ago, Long time ago*

*The little black bull come  
down the meadow*

Long time ago

First he paw and then he  
beller'...  
He whet his horn on a white  
oak sapling...  
He wink his eye at the little red  
heiffer...  
He pawed the dirt in the  
heiffer's face...  
The little black bull come down  
the meadow...

## Woody Knows Nothing

traditional

*One of many favorites from an old recording, **The Sound of Folk Music**. This one was sung by Erik Darling. It was also one of the first songs sung to a new baby who needed a song, by his mother, who also needed a song.*

*Cindy: melody and  
nylon-string guitar  
Will: harmony*

Woody knows nothing but  
peckin' on a bough  
Oh and the skies are blue  
I never knew 'til I met you  
What love oh love could  
do oh do  
What love oh love could do  
Can't you see yon turtle dove  
Flies from pine to pine  
Mourning for her own true love  
As I my dear for mine oh mine  
As I my dear for mine  
Bluejay pulls a four-horse plow  
Sparrow, why can't you  
'Cause my legs is little and long  
Might get broke in two oh two

Might get broke in two  
Red bird sittin' on a sycamore  
limb  
Singing out his soul  
Big black snake crawled up  
that tree  
Swallowed that poor boy whole  
oh whole  
Swallowed that poor boy whole  
I'm just a poor little country boy  
Money have I none  
But there's silver in the moon  
Gold in the morning sun oh sun  
Gold in the morning sun

Woody knows nothing but  
peckin' on a bough  
Oh and the skies are blue  
I never knew 'til I met you  
What love oh love could  
do oh do  
What love oh love could do

## Turn the Glasses Over

traditional

*Another from my brother Tony, being learned by Gabriel at two. This is an unedited, real time chunk of January 2, 1993!*

I've been to Harlem, I've been  
to Dover  
I've traveled this wide world all  
over  
Over, over, three times over  
Drink what you have to drink  
And turn the glasses over  
Sailing east, sailing west  
Sailing over the ocean  
You'd better watch out when the  
boat begins to rock  
Or you'll lose your girl in the  
ocean

## Whup Jamboree

traditional

*I first heard this song on a record, **We Sing of the Sea**, that featured our family friend, Eugene Brice. He had a gorgeous bass baritone voice and was recruited for that voice rather than for possession of any particular nautical expertise! My sister and I, however, memorized all the songs and requested that he sing them long after he'd forgotten them. Here, the tradition continues with the then five-year-old Arthur Woody.*

The pilot he looks out ahead  
With a hand on the chain and a  
heaving of the lead  
The old man roars to wake the  
dead  
Come and get your oats, me son

*Whup jamboree, whup  
jamboree*

*Big round fat man coming up  
behind*

*Whup jamboree, whup  
jamboree*

*Come and get your oats, me son*

Oh, now we're past the Lizard  
light  
And the shore, me boys, will  
heave in sight  
We'll soon be abreast of the Isle  
of Wight  
Come and get your oats me son  
Well, when we get to the  
Blackwall docks  
Them pretty young girls come  
down in flocks  
With short-legged drawers and  
long-tailed frocks  
Come and get your oats, me son

This recording is dedicated to many people, here and gone: to my parents and my brother Tony who gave my sister and me so much music to grow by; to my children and my friends who are an incredible joy to sing with. Thanks, Nelle, Michael, Will, Richard, Seth, Josiah, Mimi, Arthur Woody and Gabriel for singing here! Thanks, John, for building such gorgeous instruments, fixing my guitar, and going out to lunch. Thanks to Will for so much help with both projects, to Richard and Helen for timely thoughts, to Gordon for timely, to Tim for flexibility and to Bruce, for expertise, humor and patience!

## Additional recordings by Cindy Kallet

SOLO:

**Working on Wings to Fly**

©1981 Folk-Legacy Records  
FSI-83

**Cindy Kallet 2**

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FSI-98

**Dreaming Down a Quiet Line**

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**This Way Home**

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STM-2

TRIO: WITH ELLEN EPSTEIN  
AND MICHAEL CICONE

**Angels in Daring**

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**Only Human**

©1993 Overall Music OM-2

DUET: WITH GORDON BOK

**Neighbors**

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CD008

**Friends and Family**

Michael Cicone  
Will Brown  
Ellen Epstein  
Richard Knisely  
Mimi Bornstein-Doble  
Seth Brown  
Josiah Brown  
Arthur Woody Blodgett  
Gabriel Kallet Blodgett  
Swampie Platypus

**Voices from old tapes**

Lisa Kallet  
Cindy Kallet  
Mary Kallet  
Tony Kallet

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*For  
Arthur Woody and  
Gabriel*

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**Mixed by** Bruce Boege, Cindy Kallet,  
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Cindy Kallet © 2000 Cindy Kallet BMI





## Leave the Cake in the Mailbox

Here are songs from many times and places of my life, starting with one from a home recording made by my father, circa 1961, and continuing through those made up as my kids (and me) were growing up. You'll hear some favorites that I learned as a child, a song from my friend Ellen, and a 1961 recording of my brother Tony. We end with a beginning: an at-home recording of my two boys, then five and two years old, who are, as Tony said, the "keepers of infinity for a while."

1. **We Sail the Ocean Blue** (*last chorus*) (Gilbert and Sullivan) 0:29
2. **The Royal Bloke** (trad./Kallet) 2:41
3. **Handy's Birthday** (Kallet) 3:37
4. **Old King Cole** (trad.) 1:41
5. **I'm a Mammal** (Kallet & Blodgett) 3:01
6. **My Mama Said** (Kallet) 3:54
7. **I Got a Hat** (Kallet) 1:31
8. **Froggy Went a Courtin'** (trad.) 3:50
9. **Before I Was Two** (Kallet) 3:21
10. **I Dread Not** (trad./ Kallet) 2:38
11. **Izzy's Toes** (Epstein) 2:35
12. **No/Don't Wake Up** (Kallet) 1:46
13. **Diapers by Heart** (Kallet) 5:42
14. **Blessings** (Kallet) 3:25
15. **Hoosen Johnny** (trad.) 1:57
16. **Woody Knows Nothing** (trad.) 3:13
17. **Turn the Glasses Over/Whup Jamboree** (trad.) 3:46



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