

# Only Human ....



Cindy Kallet

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Ellen Epstein

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Michael Ciccone

**Cindy Kallet**

vocals, guitar, violin, cittern

**Ellen Epstein**

vocals, guitar

**Michael Cicone**

vocals, hammered dulcimer, piano

**Marytha Paffrath**

conga on *Clues*

**Richard Knisely**

vocals on *I'm a Mammal*

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## When the Ship Comes In

Bob Dylan

*When we sing the last verse, we're envisioning the tide of justice, equality, non-violence, and human kindness washing away the foes within us and among us.*

Oh the time will come up when the wind will stop  
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'  
Like the stillness in the wind before the  
hurricane begins,  
The hour that the ship comes in  
Then the seas will split and the ship will hit  
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking  
Then the tide will sound and the waves will pound  
And the morning will be breaking

Oh the fishes will laugh as they swim out of the path  
And the seagulls they'll be smiling  
And the rocks on the sand will proudly stand,  
The hour that the ship comes in  
And the words that are used for to get the  
ship confused  
Will not be understood as they're spoken  
For the chains of the sea will have busted in  
the night  
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean  
A song will lift as the mainsail shifts  
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline  
And the sun will respect every face on the deck,  
The hour that the ship comes in  
Then the sands will roll out a carpet of gold  
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'  
And the ship's wise men will remind you once again  
That the whole wide world is watchin'  
Oh the foes will rise with the sleep still in their eyes  
And they'll jerk from their beds and think  
they're dreamin'  
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal and know  
that it's for real,  
The hour that the ship comes in  
Then they'll raise their hands, sayin' "we'll meet all

your demands,"  
But we'll shout from the bow "your days are  
numbered!"  
And like Pharaoh's tribe, they'll be drowned  
in the tide,  
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered

© 1963, 1964 Warner Bros. Inc.

## Roll 'er Down the Bay

traditional

*This is a halyard shanty, used for hauling up sails. Roy Harris and Jeff Warner & Jeff Davis sing exquisite versions.*

Emma, Emma let me be  
Roll 'er down the bay to Juliana  
Oh, Miss Emma don't you cry  
Roll 'er down the bay to Juliana

Heave away me bully boys  
Blackbird sung unto the crow  
Wish I had that girl in tow

Windward girls are hard to beat  
Haulin' on your old mainsheet

Sweat that yard the mate did say  
Haul, boys, 'til you get your pay

Haul, boys, when she takes the roll  
Shake her, break her, blast your soul

Oh, the dawning of the day  
One more pull and then belay



## Lucky Man

Grit Laskin

*How does one reconcile the gifts and the misfortunes of life, in a world where they are so often unequally distributed?*

I had no say in being born  
Or where or when it happened to me  
It's only chance that turned the wheel  
And made my living easy

Oh, I am a lucky man  
Favored by good fortune's hand  
Far more than I'm deserving

I've had good work since I was young  
Mastered a trade, my business thriving  
Yet thousands idly bide their days  
No job means no surviving

I share a love that's fair and true  
A marriage have I that's rich with pleasure  
Yet there are those whose wedding vows  
Are shackles that embitter

There's some who die for want of bread  
There's some are killed for seeking freedom  
Yet I have more of what they crave  
Than ever I'll be needing

© 1985 Grit Laskin (Strutting Day Music, CAPAC)

## I But a Little Girl

Bob Franke

*This song struck me, and took me, and does it again and again. (E.E.)*

I know it is a wicked thing  
In such a fashion for to sing  
With no regard for god or king  
And I but a little girl

But evil shapes do bid my tongue  
Great judges and divines among  
To say things strange to one so young  
And I but a little girl

My friends and I thought little harm  
To go to Reverend Parris' farm  
Our secret fortunes for to charm  
Such sport for a little girl

But Betty's eyes did roll about  
And Abigail began to shout  
And so the devil found us out  
And shapes began to swirl

Unholy shapes of girls and men  
And women to our torment then  
Pronounced us damned and damned again  
We being but little girls

What recourse had we but to cry  
And name each shape as it flew by  
To hold us in its evil eye  
We being but little girls

And so we cried and cried aloud  
The names of mighty men and proud  
And haughty women in a crowd  
We being but little girls

And mothers, fathers, children dear  
Did crowd around those names to hear  
And how the proud began to fear  
The namings of little girls

And learned men from near and far  
Did drag their prisoners to the bar  
Examined for the witch's scar  
And the curse of little girls





And witch and wizard once confessed  
Cried out their comrades all unblessed  
And all the world brought to the test  
At the word of little girls

And you, thought safe within your bed  
Who send your shape around my head  
Tomorrow you shall lie in dread  
Of the hearts of little girls

And the justice of the holy court  
Will show its terror of our sport  
And the powers of this world resort  
To the whims of little girls

For the evil that attacks my heart  
In pride of power got its start  
You lie who say you have no part  
In the sins of little girls

The prisons full, the gallows' moan  
The old man crushed beneath the stone  
Are not a work of mine alone  
For I'm but a little girl

© 1989 Robert J. Franke (Telephone Pole Music Pub., BMI)

## Sweet Water

*Thanks to Fred Johnson for this song. It's from a record by Jan and Jean Glover, with the author identified only as "Miller." Any additional information would be appreciated.*

Sweet as water were the meadows of my mind  
Where in youth we played and searched for  
things to find

There we learned the secret how to love  
But with age we grew too wise  
And the simple truth was hidden from our eyes

Ours was Eden; now we stand outside the gate  
Thoughtlessly the world has taught us how to hate  
But the childlike wonder of our love  
Brought us back that simple truth  
Sweet as water o'er the flowers of our youth

© Akbestal Music (BMI)

## Clues

Dillon Bustin

*A song about lives lost in time, and about the traces left behind. Dillon, by his own stellar example, encourages all of us to keep the stories alive.*

Names, many names  
Spoken by talking tongues  
Tokens for old and young  
Clues to a master crime  
Clues to the thief of time

Lungs, many lungs  
Heaving for talking tongues  
Leaving for old and young  
Clues to a master crime  
Clues to the thief of time

Eyes, many eyes  
Seeing for talking tongues  
Being for old and young  
Clues to a master crime  
Clues to the thief of time

Hands, many hands  
Signing for talking tongues  
Designing for old and young  
Clues to a master crime  
Clues to the thief of time

Hearts, hidden hearts  
Slighted by talking tongues  
United for old and young  
Clues to a master crime  
Clues to the thief of time

© 1991 Dillon Bustin

## Re Gilardin

traditional

Some years ago, Gordon Bok introduced us to a recording of this tragically beautiful ballad sung by the Italian group *La Ciapa Rusa*. The dialect is Piemontese (we try our best!) and we've combined the translations of Imero Gobbato and Joseph Giandalone. Listen also to Gordon and Co.'s rendition on ensemble, Folk-Legacy Records.

Re Gilardin lu 'l va a la guerra  
*King Gilardin goes to war*  
Lu 'l va a la guerra a tirar di spada  
*He goes to war with his sword*

O quand 'l'e stai mita la strada  
*Then, in the middle of it all*  
Re Gilardin 'l'e restai ferito  
*King Gilardin is wounded*

Re Gilardin ritorna 'ndietro  
*King Gilardin returns back the way he came*  
Dalla sua mamma vo 'nda a morire  
*To his mother he wants to go to die*

O tun tun tun pica a la porta  
*Knock, knock, knock, he knocks at the door*  
O mamma mia che mi son morto  
*Oh my mother, I am dead*

O pica pian caro 'l mio figlio  
*Oh knock softly, my dear son*  
Che la to dona 'l g'a 'n picul fante  
*For your wife is giving birth to a child*

O madona la mia madona  
*Oh, mother-in-law, mother-in-law*  
Cosa vol dire ch'i sonan tanto?  
*Why are they playing the bells so much?*

O nuretta la mia nuretta  
*Daughter-in-law, my little daughter-in-law*  
J g'fan 'legria al tuo fante  
*They are celebrating your child*

O madona la mia madona  
*Oh, mother-in-law, mother-in-law*  
Cosa vol dire ch'j cantan tanto?  
*Why are they singing so much?*

O nuretta la mia nuretta  
*Daughter-in-law, my little daughter-in-law*  
J g'fan 'legria ai soldati  
*They are giving cheer to the soldiers*

O madona la mia madona  
*Oh, mother-in-law, mother-in-law*  
Diesm che moda o da vestirme  
*Tell me in what way I should dress myself?*

Vestati di rosso vestati di nero  
*Dress yourself in red, dress yourself in black,*  
Ma le brunette stanno piu bene  
*But the darker color would be more appropriate*

O quand l'e stai 'nt l'us de la chiesa  
*Oh, when she was in the entrance way of the church*  
D'un cirighello si l'a incontrato  
*She meets an altar-boy who says:*  
Bundi bungiur an vui vedovella  
*"Good morning young widow."*

O no no no che non son vedovella  
*Oh no, no, no, I am not a widow*  
'G o 'l fante 'n cuna e 'l marito in guerra  
*I have a child in the cradle, and my husband off to war*

O si si si che vui sei vedovella  
*Oh, yes, yes, yes, but you are a widow*  
Vostro mari l'e trei di che 'l fa terra  
*your husband is three days in the ground*

O terra terra aprati 'n quattro  
*Oh earth, earth, open up for me*  
Volio vedere il mio cuor reale  
*I want to see my true (or regal) heart*

La tua boca la sa di rose  
*Your mouth, it tastes of roses*  
'Nvece la mia la sa di terra  
*But mine tastes of earth*

## Evening Falls

Music by Enya

Lyrics by Roma Ryan

*For those of us still searching.*

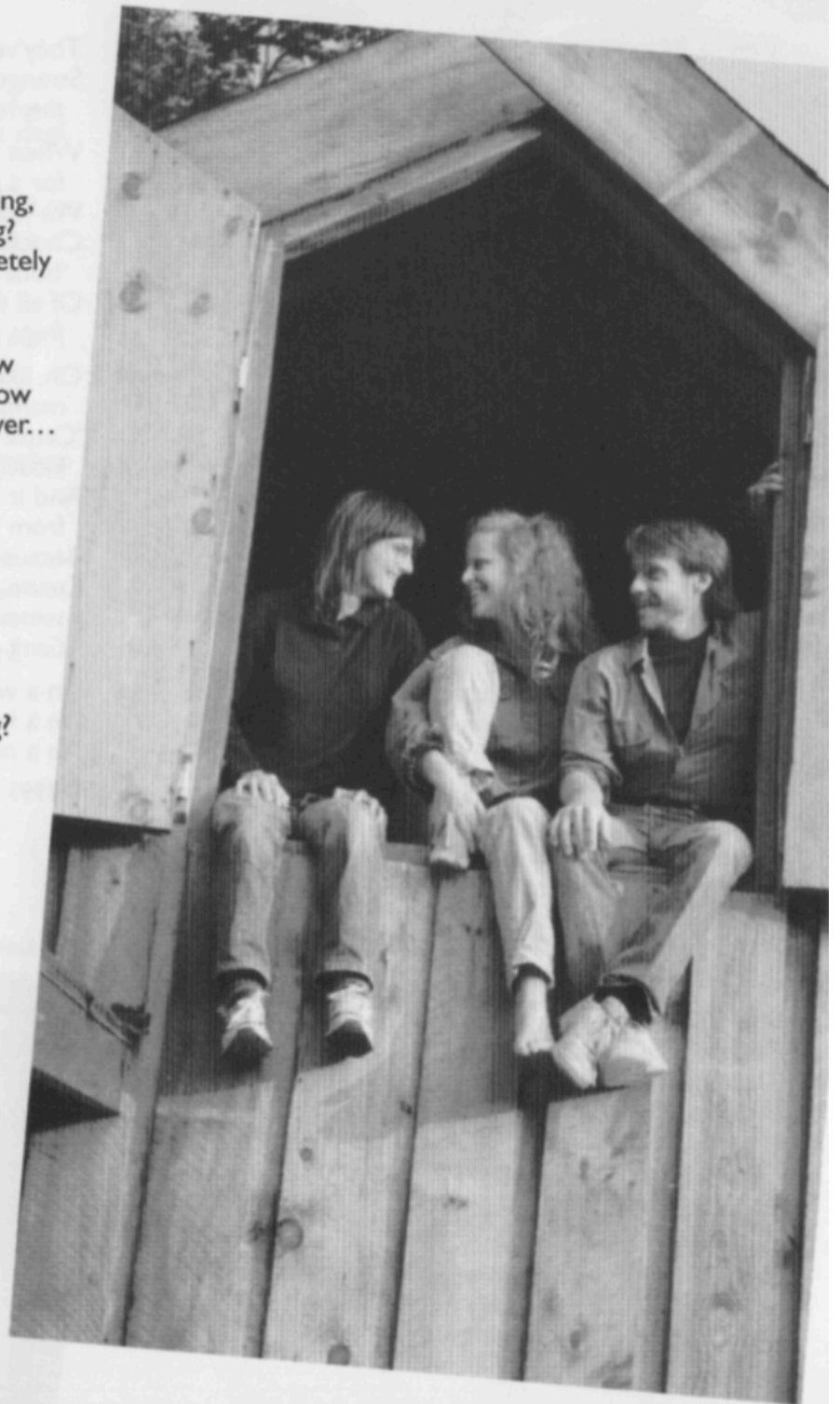
When the evening falls, and the daylight is fading,  
From within me calls, could it be I am sleeping?  
For a moment I stray, then it holds me completely  
Close to home – I cannot say  
Close to home – feeling so far away

As I walk the room, there before me a shadow  
From another world, where no other can follow  
Carry me to my own, to where I can cross over...  
Close to home – I cannot say  
Close to home – feeling so far away

Forever searching, never right  
I am lost in oceans of night  
Forever hoping I can find memories  
Those memories I left behind

Even though I leave, I will go on believing  
That this time is real – am I lost in this feeling?  
Like a child passing through never knowing  
the reason  
I am home – I know the way  
I am home – feeling oh, so far away

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## I'm a Mammal

Cindy Kallet and John Blodgett

*Thanksgiving with relatives: dinner ready and our three-month-old hungry too! But, alas, I was not welcome to nurse him at the table, so he had his meal of thanks in the bedroom, and I had mine reheated later. The next day, talk with friends (on the other side of the family) about how we humans seem to have so distanced ourselves from the fact of our "animalness." That night in the car, I started singing what became the first verse, and by the end of the four-hour drive home, John and I had completed the song. With stylistic acknowledgement to the totally awesome Bobs. (C.K.)*

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 crying 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!" (*They're only human,  
they're just animals in disguise!*)

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 got to be  
kidding! 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, ma'ammal, could you nurse that baby  
somewhere else? This is a civilized establishment!  
Can't you read the sign? It says, "NO MAMMALS!"*

I'm a warm-blooded creature,  
I'm a hot-blooded mama  
I'm a mammal

© 1993 Stone's Throw Music (BMI)





## My Johnny Was a Shoemaker

traditional

*The song is short but we've loved it long. A direct steal from Steeleye Span.*

My Johnny was a shoemaker, and dearly he loved me  
My Johnny was a shoemaker, but now he's gone  
to sea

With pitch and tar to soil his hands  
And to sail across the sea, stormy sea  
And sail across the stormy sea

His jacket was a deep sky blue, and curly  
was his hair

His jacket was a deep sky blue, it was, I do declare  
For to reef the topsail up against the mast  
And to sail across the sea, stormy sea  
And sail across the stormy sea

Some day he'll be a captain bold, with a brave  
and gallant crew  
Some day he'll be a captain bold, with a sword  
and spyglass too  
And when he has a gallant captain's sword,  
He'll come home and marry me, marry me  
He'll come home and marry me

## Willy the Waterboy

traditional

*An oft-told tale, which not only makes a good ghost story, but also wrenchingly captures the experience of putting old memories finally to rest, and saying goodbye. This version of the song comes from Martin Carthy and Brass Monkey.*

As young Mary lay sleeping, Willy come creeping  
To her bedchamber door did go  
Crying arise and awake, young lovely Mary  
For it is your true love, young William-O

So Mary she rose and she put on her clothing  
To her bedchamber door did go  
And there she met with her true love William  
Whom she'd not seen some long time ago



Oh, it's seven long years I've been daily writing  
All over the Bay of Biscay-O  
But it's cruel death gave me no answer  
Brought me no answer from my William-O

Then it's William dear, where are those blushes,  
Those blushes you wore, being so long ago?  
Then it's Mary dear, oh, the cold clay has worn them  
For I am but the ghost of young William-O

If I had all the gold that was in the West Indies  
If I had all the gold that's in King George's throne  
Oh, I'd give it all to the Queen of England  
If she would but grant to me my William-O

Well, they spent that night in a deep discussion  
Concerning their courtship, being so long ago  
Then they kissed, shook hands, with a sorrowful  
parting

It was just as the cock was going to crow

## My Hometown

Bruce Springsteen

*Thanks to Bill for this one, from Born in the USA.*

I was eight years old, and running with a dime in  
my hand

Into the bus stop to pick up a paper for my old  
man

I'd sit on his lap in that big old Buick and steer as  
we drove through town

He'd tousle my hair and say, son, take a good  
look around

This is your hometown ...

In '65 tension was running high at my high school

There was a lot of fights between the black and  
white, there was nothing you could do

Two cars at a light on a Saturday night, in the  
back seat there was a gun,

Words were passed, in a shotgun blast troubled  
times had come

To my hometown ...

Now Main Street's whitewashed windows and  
vacant stores

Seems like there ain't nobody wants to come  
down here no more

There closing down the textile mill across the  
railroad tracks

Foreman says, these jobs are going boys, and they  
ain't coming back

To your hometown ...

Last night me and Kate, we lay in bed, talking 'bout  
getting out

Packing up our bags and maybe heading south  
I'm 35, we've got a boy of our own now

Last night I sat him up behind the wheel and  
said, son, take a good look around

This is your hometown ...

© 1984 Bruce Springsteen (ASCAP)

## Be Like a Bird/Wings

traditional/Michael Cicone

*We learned the song from our friend Marytha Paffrath,  
who learned it from her mother, who learned it from ...  
The words are based on a poem by Victor Hugo.*

"Wings" just seemed to follow.

Be like a bird, who, halting in her flight

On a limb too slight, feels it give way beneath her

Yet sings, sings, knowing she has wings

Yet sings, sings, knowing she has wings

"Wings" © 1991 Michael Cicone

## Aboard the Spray

Dillon Bustin

*Joshua Slocum was the first person to sail solo around  
the globe, and his boat was named the Spray. He dis-  
appeared, at an advanced age, while searching for the  
source of the Orinoco River in Venezuela. This song is  
part of Dillon's theatrical piece entitled Tidebook,  
which tells the stories of people who lived on Martha's  
Vineyard at the turn of the century.*

When I was a boy, up in Nova Scotia

Drawing all the clipper ships just to learn their  
names

I wanted for a toy nothing but a sailboat

Nothing else would do, nor could ever be the same

All aboard the *Spray*, all alone I say

All those lovely days, my flags unfurled

I did set sail, I did prevail

I did regale myself around this world

All around this world

When I was a youth, working in the boot shop

Listening to fishermen lying up a shame

Or telling me the truth, regaling me with tall tales

I couldn't tell the difference, it was all the same

When I was a captain, wrecked in Paranagua

Shipping jungle lumber all in the trading game,

I built myself a boat, sailed us back to Boston

Though my wife and boys they would never be  
the same

Back in Massachusetts, given an old oyster boat  
Rebuilt her plank for plank, the oceans for to tame  
Reborn with that sloop, pretty as a white swan  
Once I stepped aboard the *Spray*, I would never  
be the same

Now I am an old man, settled on the Vineyard  
Living on a farm and fading with my fame  
I dream of Venezuela's Orinoco River  
I'll sail unto its source, or I'll never be the same

© 1991 Dillon Bustin

### **The Mhairi Bhan**

Dougie MacLean

*Dougie tells us: "This song is about a Hebridean family bringing their fishing boat 'The Mhairi Bhan' (The Fair Mary) home for the last time – it's hard for the small family fishing concerns to survive in these modern times."*

Oh, the sky was shaking as we turned her 'round  
Through the crashing spray of the Cuillin Sound  
And all hands were silent on that final day  
As we sailed the *Mhairi Bhan* home

Now that tired old lady, she had served us well  
From the straights and calms to the banks of hell  
And all hearts were broken on that final day  
As we sailed the *Mhairi Bhan* home

Ho ro ee oh, with the wind she braved us  
Ho ro ee oh, cross the waves she sailed us  
Ho ro ee oh, her children of the sea

Now a man is foolish if he thinks he knows  
All of time's delusions, its ebbs and flows  
And all eyes were empty on that final day  
As we sailed the *Mhairi Bhan* home

And we have the children and their growth to feed  
And there's no relaxing our nation's greed  
And all future perished on that final day  
As we sailed the *Mhairi Bhan* home

He is our captain and he is a brave and rolling man  
A salty dog, we all agree  
He tells us stories of the fishing in his father's time  
That we find just too hard to believe

He is our captain and he's not afraid to face  
the wind  
And with the wind he's not afraid to run  
But poor progress has put his ship upon these  
rugged rocks  
And now all his sailing is done

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*Many thanks to the following friends and relations for all kinds of help and support: Bruce, Marytha, Susan H., Alison, Sue D., John, Arthur Woody, Gabriel, Izzy, Dana, Linda and Tom, Lev and Joyce, Kerry and Nat, T. Max, Alan, Sue Robbins, David Gay, David Coffin and Daisy Nell . . . and the duct tape that holds us together.*

Hugs and kisses to Mr. Producer

*This one's for our parents:*

Mary & Arthur Kallet • Rose & Lee Epstein • Hilda & Vincent Cicone





For complete Kallet, Epstein & Cicone catalog and information,  
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# Only Human

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