



# this way home

Cindy Kallet  
and friends

## Huckleberries

Cindy Kallet

*Quawks are Black-crowned Night Herons.*

Huckleberries in a half seashell  
Made my foggy morning  
I picked them for your love  
And culled them for my yearning  
I harvested the salt of wind  
And sowed the marsh grass deep  
Strong-rooted as any wind-grown pine  
Salt-stained as tears of sleep

Warm water from the Gulf Stream  
Cold swells up from deep  
The shoals that lead you fishing  
The written souls you seek  
Sometimes it seems this time's not ours  
It's a cloak borrowed from some other  
place or person, life or love  
And worn for summer cover

Old quawks haggling out on the bay  
Young osprey fishing the line  
I ran the sands to the egret ground  
In a dream, it was as the first time  
When I drank in your words, lay deep  
in your arms  
Held feast on the seas of your mind  
I harbored no thoughts, still have no  
wish  
To wound your dreams or mine  
Bright berries in a half seashell  
Jewels of foggy morning  
I picked them for your love  
And culled them for my yearning  
And as I stood, legs soaked in marsh  
The fog rolled deep, and longing  
I felt the salt wind fill my eyes  
And leave me, and leave me blessed and  
turning

## Salmon River

Dean Stevens

*You can hear this gem of a song on Dean's Eyes of Wonder recording.*

*Cindy: vocals and guitar*

*Ellen and Michael: harmony vocals*

Cry a song, shed a tear for a Northwest  
salmon

Sockeye streak of muscle, brawn and  
steel-headed will

Swimming salt water, fresh water, feast  
or famine

Their battle is uphill

Cast an eye of wonder at a river fast  
and long

It is a highway, it is a maiden voyage, a  
swan song

Feel a force that against the rushing  
ripples flow

As the fish on a survival death journey go

Salmon River winds its way  
through Idaho

And it sparkles as it runs and it glistens  
as it flows

Many rapids bubbling down  
cry a last farewell

Where the Sockeye will go now no  
tongue can tell

There is a sad song in the  
crystal water's flow

Where have my salmon gone,  
the river wants to know

In spring came salmon,  
gave the river its name

Shimmering salmon,  
one day no more came

Say a prayer with the Indian, came here  
to offer thanks

For this bounty, this feast, filled the river  
bank to bank

For this life-giving dance of ten

thousand years  
Cut short by the plans of a Corps of  
Engineers

Cry your many angry words at an  
arrogant race

Gotta grab all the land, all the water,  
all the space

Gotta take, gotta make, gotta get,  
gotta plunder

Gotta dam it up, gotta chop it up,  
gotta plow it all under

Swim upstream a thousand miles just to  
spawn and helpless lie

With the new ones being born around  
the old ones, spent, will die

In a never-ending circle of a life-giving  
dance

Stand with me before this miracle  
Does the sockeye stand a chance?

For the salmon is a journey

It is a first and a last journey

Down the Salmon River to the Snake,  
to the Columbia River

To the cold, dark Pacific, this teeming  
life delivers

If not swallowed in the web of a toxic  
grip

They'll be following that scent on a  
never-ending trip

If not taken in the drift nets, factory  
ships

Through the krill-laden Arctic sea  
water they'll slip

If not slaughtered for the worth  
of their bright orange roe

Back to the waters of their birth,  
salmon doggedly go

Back to the dams the electric rate  
payers build

To the Cascade clearcut, river turned  
to silt

'Gainst a current of water, 'gainst a  
current of time

'Gainst a gotta get yours,  
gotta go get mine  
'Gainst a plenty, plenty of blame  
to go around  
'Gainst a river been so tamed, that you  
cannot hear the sound  
Of the salmon's journey  
Is it the last journey?

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## I Used to Go Walking

Cindy Kallet

*Written for the occasion of a benefit concert for the Women's Support Services of the Martha's Vineyard Community Services which followed a highly publicized rape on the Island. The song is dedicated to each one of the 50% of the world's population who needs to constantly think about where she goes by herself.*

I used to go walking along sand,  
beside sky  
I'd run and I'd amble, skip stones in  
surf's tumble  
Find time in an old dune  
I used to go walking  
I used to go riding beside day,  
along night  
With icicles hanging from  
bicycle's rigging  
Sand roads and hard tar  
I used to go riding  
But now I am told,  
"Stay inside, don't go far  
Don't travel the night roads,  
be on guard."  
And now I am told,  
"Run away, don't fight..  
Don't travel alone by day or by night."

I used to think nothing, along town,  
beside street  
Of hitching a ride down dark,  
cozy roads to home  
I'd no car and it was easy  
I used to think nothing

I used to be strong, along youth,  
beside older  
And get where I needed and go  
where I wanted  
With thanks to some spirit  
I used to be strong  
But now I am told...

I used to go walking...

## New Hymn

James Taylor and Reynolds Price

*Will found this one and we all loved it.*

*Will: nylon string and lead vocals  
Cindy: steel string and harmony vocals  
Tony, Gordon, Michael, Carol, Mary,  
Ellen and Mimi: harmony vocals*

Source of all we hope and dread  
Sheep dog, jackal, rattler, swan  
We hunt your face and long to trust  
That your hid mouth will say again  
Let there be light, a clear new day  
But when we thirst in this dry night  
We drink from hot wells  
poisoned with the blood of children  
And when we strain to hear a steady  
homing beam  
Our ears are balked by stifled moans  
And howls of desolation  
from the throats of sisters, brothers,  
wild men  
Clawing at the gates for bread

*Even our own feeble hands  
Aim to seize the crown you wear*

*And work our private havoc through  
The known and unknown lands of space  
Absolute in flame beyond us  
Seed and source of dark and day  
Maker whom we beg to meet  
Our mother, father, comrade, mate*

Till our few atoms blow to dust  
Or form again in wiser lives  
Or find your face and hear our name  
In your calm voice the end of night  
If dark may end  
Wellspring gold of dark and day  
Be here, be now.

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and Atheneum

## Them Stars

words: University of Colorado  
Archives

music: Margaret MacArthur

*You can hear Margaret sing this beauty on her recording, Them Stars. Cindy: vocals and dulcimer  
Gordon: vocals and 12-string  
Lisa and Will (do you two know each other?) harmony vocals*

Them stars! How often I've laid on the  
prairie and watched 'em go sweeping  
around  
My bronco a dozin' beside me and nary  
a breeze nor a whisper of sound  
I've learnt the main bunch of the  
heavenly ranches, there's Jupiter,  
Venus and Mars  
Religion? He don't know its primary  
branches, what ain't been alone with  
the stars  
Some clusters is branded, the Dipper,  
the Lion, the Eagle, the Serpent,  
the Bear



The Horns O' the Bull and the Belt O'  
Orion, and Cassia O' What's Her  
Name Chair

But lots of 'ems mavericks, roamin' the  
ranges, stampeded all over the sky  
No part of the big panorama that  
changes from winter to summer  
and why

*Well maybe it's gospel and maybe  
he sold me, but here's the whole  
story at least*

*That big chief Citola he told to me  
the night of the corn-planting  
feast*

When all of the mountains was set in  
their stations and threaded with  
canyons and rills

The star worlds, the last of the mighty  
creations was laying in heaps on the  
hills

In masses of silver, gold and of copper,  
shining and polished and new  
Poured out on the granite like corn from  
the hopper, awaiting their place in  
the blue

First come the Bear o' the Mountain  
who faces the North from his cave  
afar

He lifted his paws to the heavenly  
spaces an' laid out his picture in stars  
Then over the peaks of the Western  
Dominion the Eagle who battles the  
storm

Flew up to the heavens with star-dusted  
pinions and printed the line of his  
form

Next that the tribes and the nations  
should wonder, the Buffalo leaped to  
the sky

That shag-headed bison whose beller is  
thunder emblazoned his image on  
high

And then come coyote so crafty and  
clever, a scalawag all the way  
through

That yap-throated critical varmint who  
never is pleased with what other  
folks do

Sez he, "Them stars was intended to  
brighten the outermost reaches of  
night

And you go and use 'em in pictures to  
heighten your glory and that isn't  
right."

Sez he, "I'll show you how stars should  
be planted," and he jumped in the  
glittering piles

He kicked and he gamboled, he danced  
and he rambled and he scattered 'em  
millions of miles

So that's why they glimmer at sixes and  
sevens, stampeded all over the vault  
A lastin' disgrace to the orderly heavens,  
and it's all that coyote chap's fault

Tune © 1996 Margaret MacArthur

## Snipe II's Fancy (instrumental)

Cindy Kallet

*A companion tune to Big Dark's  
Fancy (on Working on Wings to  
Fly), this was dedicated to Snipe II,  
namesake of an old boyfriend and one  
of Big Dark's 26 sibling Boa  
Constrictors.*

*Gordon: nylon-string, melody*

*Cindy: steel-string, harmony*

## Winter Window

Cindy Kallet

*Written in an imagined voice of a  
real woman on a missing persons*

*poster in deep December cold and  
snow, 1987. Apart from a physical  
description, the only other information  
given was that she was a nursing  
mother. Postpartum depression can be a  
powerful force that leaves many  
women who have no support truly  
alone.*

I looked, I looked out the winter  
window

I gazed at diamond tears on a frozen  
pillow

Tired old head asleep beside me  
Says he's working hard, he needs more  
rest than I do

One at breast, two more crying  
Three in the morning, for theirs, for  
mine

I'm grown up, I married for a baby  
So grown up, I married for maybe we'd  
fall in love someday

I said, surely we'd fall in love someday

One is time, two is beauty  
Three is hope and four is duty

I'll climb, I'll climb every damned high  
mountain

I'll leap off the top and run circles round  
the sun

Oh, I won't get tired, no I won't get  
burned

I've read, I've heard everybody's story  
How you can turn any pain into some  
kind of glory

Can turn a mother's night into a  
mother's day

Can you count the seconds from black  
to gray...

One is time, two is anger  
Three is pain and four, the danger  
down...



Someone, someone will nurse my baby  
Grow these kids, grow 'em strong and  
maybe  
someday I'll turn and find them grown  
up strong  
Someday I'll turn and find them...

One is time, two is grieving  
Three is sorrow, for the leaving

I looked, I looked out the winter  
window  
I gathered diamond tears from a frozen  
pillow  
I tucked them in with three small  
sleeping lives  
And I walked for miles and miles and  
miles...

## Shallow Brown / Cargo

(traditional / Cindy Kallet)

*I used to nurse my boys to sleep  
with the help of songs, among them,  
Shallow Brown, one of the most  
beautiful and terrible chanteys I know.  
One night, after they'd both fallen  
asleep, Cargo appeared. Obviously not  
an historically accurate report, but  
rather a story that just sang itself in  
one night.*

*Cindy: guitar and vocals*

*Will: harmony vocals*

Fare thee well, my Juliana  
*Shallow, oh Shallow Brown*  
Fare thee well, my Juliana  
*Shallow, oh, Shallow Brown*

I will put my gear in order  
For the packet sails tomorrow  
Oh, the packet sails tomorrow  
And it fills my heart with sorrow  
'Gonna sell me for a dollar  
That great big Yankee dollar

Juliana, I truly love you  
I'd never put myself above you  
For you are my only treasure  
And I love you still full measure

In the cradle lies me baby  
I don't need no other lady

I lay as stone in mourning's bed  
My Juliana, my life, my aching  
As ships along the coast do rock  
My heart before me breaking

Oh, will your tears remember mine  
Oh, will the heavens tremble  
And will the years before us now  
Bring dreams that only crumble  
How burns our shore, who tells this tale  
of life no longer human  
How led to ships and stacked below  
And we will remember them

They load the cargo piece by piece  
Scarce eighteen inches wide  
This cargo chained fast to the hold  
This cargo, it is I

It is I who first to my mother came  
It is I who brought my parents joy  
It is I who lies here lost in grief  
My Juliana, my Juliana

Let loose white wings, you sailors bold  
As to the new land sails this bird  
But what's that sound that like rigging  
clangs

But deep in the hold is heard?  
I cannot sleep, this stench of fear  
I cannot wake to see this vision...  
our baby laughing as she reaches for  
a soft kiss from me

And now shouts from the rigging heard  
Oh, America, brave landing  
The clump of boots 'round capstan blind  
Defies all understanding  
It is we who stand so proud and black

It is we whose minds refuse to yield  
It is we whose songs bring freedom's  
breath

To crushing work in planters' fields

Oh, Africa, my home, my pride  
Your soul within me turns  
This is your soil now between my hands  
These are your tears that burn  
My child, she grows now, and grows so  
strong

This vision I must see  
She laughs, and from her mother runs  
Reaching for a soft kiss from me

Oh, Juliana, my life, my bride  
Your soul within me turns  
This is our child within my arms  
These are the tears that burn

Fare thee well, my Juliana  
*Shallow, oh Shallow Brown*  
Fare thee well, my Juliana  
*Shallow, oh Shallow Brown*

## Nets in Water

Cindy Kallet

*This is about how lucky I am and  
have been, and... but... It's for several  
ones gone.*

I have nets in water, I have sails on blue  
I have wind and spray and sand  
But I do not have you

I have rocks on mountains,  
I have wood and rain  
And trees to strengthen air and earth  
But I cannot see you again

I have songs and spirit  
And a gift of hands and ear  
I have music for the world  
But I do not have you to hear

I have your eyes and your patience  
And your love to hold me through

And two children of joy to fill these years  
But I do not have you

I have nets in water, I have sails on blue  
I have wind and spray and sand  
But I do not have you.

## Red Spruce (This Way Home)

Cindy Kallet

*This one grew from hopes that a friend would see kinder days again. Sometimes there's not a whole lot else you can do.*

*Cindy: piano and vocals*

*Ellen and Michael: harmony vocals*

Red Spruce dark on distant mountains  
Roses rise on dunes by shore  
Cedars watch along the highway  
Guide this long dark way home

Who has run the road in moonlight  
Who has walked in foreign land  
Who has breathed another's  
longing  
Longed for touch of voice and hand

Once an evening found a baby  
Cradled soft and blessed with snow  
She grew up loved and grew up  
longing  
Dreaming of someone who'd know

Look! All the birch trees bowed in ice-  
weight  
Shattering glass crash down like rain  
Beds of jewels in moonlight splendor  
Sparkling stones of birth again

Once there were voices filled the  
morning  
Once was time and you were near  
Then I could see, it seemed more clearly  
Now was a voice I could hear

Red Spruce dark on distant mountains  
Roses rise on dunes by shore  
Cedars watch along the highway  
Guide your long dark way home

## Skunk Don't Care

Cindy Kallet

*This is a song about building a house during the summer of '96. We were camped out and it was wet.*

*Grove Street Extension, the six of us singing here, put an inordinate amount of time into making sure the skunk was happy, at least in this song. Thanks, guys!*

*Cindy: guitar and vocals*

*Anne: cello and harmony vocals*

*Matt, Kathy, David and Will: harmony vocals, etc.*

Here comes the skunk, so fluffy and  
pretty

Just four feet away or maybe it's three  
Stripes so bright in the quarter moon  
light

And tail so bushy, is it fashion or fright?  
Let's sing a little song so it knows we're  
alive

Is it turning from you or aiming at me?  
*Oh, the skunk don't, skunk don't, skunk  
don't care*

Oh, the skunk don't care if the singing  
is good

The skunk don't care if the laundry is  
clean

Skunk don't care if the dishes are done  
Or if the kids are both happy 'cause the  
summer's so fun

Or if the ice is melted in the cooler again  
Oh, the skunk don't care if I sleep or  
wake

The skunk don't care if I live or die

The skunk don't care if it frosts or  
freezes  
Or the slugs eat holes in all the basil  
leaveses  
Or it rains straight through from  
Memorial Day  
Past the last of July

Well, the skunk don't care if I've lost my  
checkbook

And the skunk don't care if I've lost my  
mind

Skunk don't care if the rafters aren't  
straight

Or if the beer's not cold or 'bout the  
latest debate

Or if we have no house by the winter  
time

Here comes our skunk, so fluffy and  
pretty

Just two feet away or maybe it's three  
Stripes so bright in the quarter moon  
light

And tail so bushy, is it fashion or fright  
That skunk comes just about every  
night

And doesn't go away

## Window Tree

Malcolm and Campbell Dalglish

*This song is part of Hymnody of Earth, an extraordinary "Ceremony of Songs for Choir, Hammer Dulcimer and Percussion," featuring poetry of Wendell Berry set to music by Malcolm Dalglish. This is the first song from 'Hymnody' that I ever heard one autumn. Thanks for helping us build the shop and for teaching it to me, Will. And thank you, Ed Flaccus, for all of your trees.*

*Will: nylon-stringed guitars and*

vocals

*Cindy: dulcimer and vocals*

From your limbs I see the birds fly  
Away with the wind and snow.  
Out in the cold wind you are an old  
friend  
Standing outside my window.  
And in the morning as I am waking  
You pull the darkness from a dream.  
I feel beneath you as I look up through  
the windowpane, an old refrain  
that everyday you're just as new to me  
as the light of the sun,  
and in the night, I dream with a light  
that you hold inside of your leaves.  
I hear the birds sing and I know there's  
a language  
in the silence of the earth.  
And deep in your rings I know circles of  
death  
leave histories of new birth.  
And out of a prayer I stare at the air  
Like a river it flows over you.  
You nod and I have the only sensation  
That what stands true will continue.

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## Landing

Cindy Kallet

*Coming home from the Pacific  
Ocean, trying to get warm. It's for all  
my darlings.*

*Ellen, Michael, Will and Gordon:  
harmony darlings*

I am flying away from the sun  
And the sun from me  
And if I end up dark  
Will you come to me

*Bring down big bird  
Bring down Mama love  
Find your way to me*

I am running among the stars  
And the stars roam free  
And if I end up lost  
Will you wait for me

There's a tumble in the wind  
'round a dream of rain  
And if I end up torn  
Can we mend again

There's a howling in the earth  
as we bleed from bone  
Someday, my darlings, you  
will show us all back home

I am flying away from the sun  
And the sun from me  
And if I end up gone  
Will you come to me

## Longed So Far

Cindy Kallet

I have longed so far and been spent  
Have come so far and come and went  
To ride this wind straight for the hills,  
gone long  
And far will I go again

I have dreamed so far and been new  
Have come so far, and came to you  
To dance, in dream, straight for the sky,  
gone strong  
And strong will I go again

I have climbed so high and been down  
Have come so far and turned round and  
round  
To rise, spirit lifted, hope strong  
But deep will I go again

I have worked so hard and been dry  
Have come so far and learned to try and  
try  
To hold this life, and let it go, light  
strong  
But dark will I go again

I have longed so far and been spent  
Have come so far, and come and went  
To ride this wind straight for the hills,  
gone long  
And far will I go again

*Special thanks go to my patient  
family: Gabriel, Arthur Woody,  
John, and my mom; to Gordon,  
Alison and Sue; to Nelle, Michael  
and Lisa and all you sweeties who  
came from so far and near to sing;  
to Bruce, "The Mixing Puppet"  
(not!) and especially, this time, to  
the Troll of the Puente, who just  
can't say no to a good song.*

## Additional recordings by Cindy Kallet

**SOLO:**

**Working on Wings to Fly**

©1981 Folk-Legacy Records FSI-83

**Cindy Kallet 2**

©1983 Folk-Legacy Records FSI-98

**Dreaming Down a Quiet Line**

©1989 Stone's Throw Music STM-1

**TRIO: WITH ELLEN EPSTEIN  
AND MICHAEL CICONE**

**Angels in Daring**

©1988 Overall Music OM-1

**Only Human**

©1993 Overall Music OM-2

**DUET: WITH GORDON BOK**

**Neighbors**

©1996 Timberhead Music CD008

**FOR PARENTS AND KIDS:**

**Leave the Cake in the Mailbox**

©2000 Stone's Throw Music STM-3



Guests of honor:

Will Brown	Anne Dodson	Lisa Kallet
Ellen Epstein	Matt Szostak	Tony Bok
Michael Cicone	David Dodson	Carol Rohl
Gordon Bok	Kathy Brand	Mary Bok
Mimi Bornstein-Doble		



FRONT:  
Michael,  
Cindy,  
Ellen, Carol

BACK:  
Will, Mimi,  
Mary, Tony,  
Gordon

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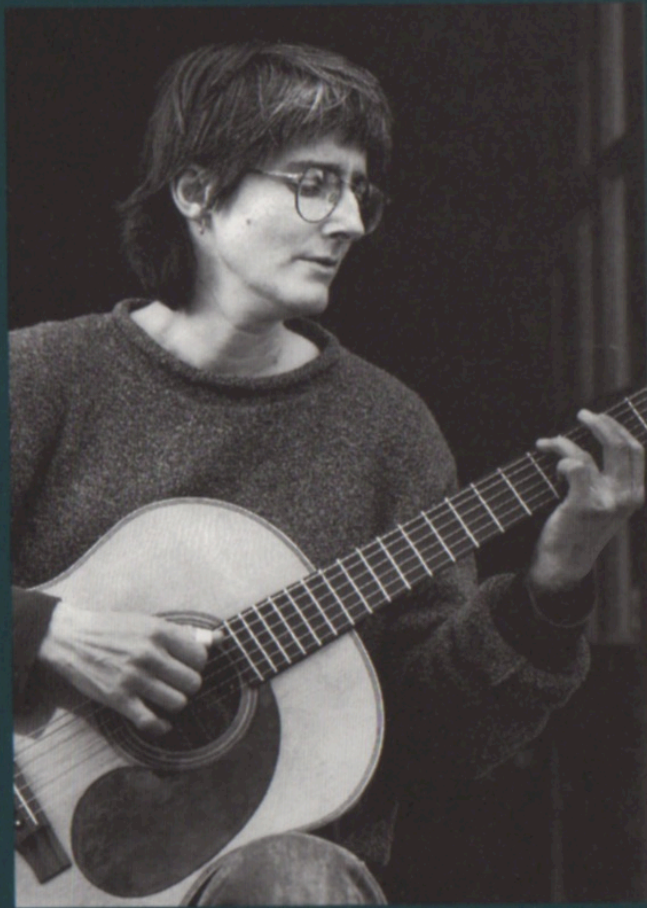
Cindy Kallet

this way home

STM-2

# this way home • Cindy Kallet

with Will Brown, Ellen Epstein, Michael Cicone, Gordon Bok, and more friends!



1. Huckleberries (Kallet) 3:50
2. Salmon River (Stevens) 5:20
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11. Skunk Don't Care (Kallet) 3:16
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13. Landing (Kallet) 3:06
14. Longed So Far (Kallet) 3:04

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