

Lightened By Love  
CD Liner Notes (Bios, Lyrics, Stories)



(Sarah Bareilles, 'Hercules')

*This album was supposed to be released in the spring of 2015. First tracks were laid in November 2014 and then...life happened again. Selling a home, clearing the clutter, moving again. Then travel and surgeries...it's always something.*

*But then, a new grandson started off 2016, and I was finally able to get back on track (around more surgeries, but still...).*

*'Lightened By Love' is like so many things that happen in our lives these days - not what we originally envisioned, but full of changes and adjustments; steps forward, steps back.*

*The track list on this project is not the one I started out with, but in the end, it is one I am quite happy with. Some are original tunes, some covers, and some are traditional songs that I have been singing since I was very young. I was honored to be able to work with two new musicians (well, new to me!) on this project, and their skills and enthusiasm were greatly appreciated.*

*And now that my project is complete, I'm off - to multiple places, in multiple directions - for most of the remainder of the year. I have a new project in mind already (in mind since last fall, actually!), and time will tell as to when I finally get it started and completed, or whether it will turn out to be how I envision it at this moment.*

*Kinda like my life in general...*

*Be well and enjoy wherever the road leads you...*

*Lorrie*



*lightened by love*

*LORRIE NEWMAN KEATING*

Musicians:

Lorrie Newman Keating – Guitar, Lead and Harmony Vocals

Ed Stabler – Guitar, Duet Vocal ('She Always Smelled Like Lilacs')

Stacy Barron Jackson – Bass, Banjo

Danny Ellison – Mandolin, Fiddle

Produced by: Lorrie Newman Keating

Recorded/Mixed by: Gary Laney, Lakeside Recording,

San Angelo, TX

Mastered by: Nick Landis, Terra Nova Digital Audio, Inc.,

Austin, TX

Thanks to Ed, Stacy, Danny, and Gary for a great collaboration!

As always, the greatest thanks goes to my hubby, Bobby K –

I love you for helping to keep my demons at bay and my dreams  
alive...

1. *the trumpet vine* 3:48  
kate mccliff

2. *gypsy heart* 4:08  
lorrie newman keating

3. *early morning rain* 4:02  
gordon lightfoot

4. *paradise* 3:33  
john prine

5. *home* 4:46  
lorrie newman keating

6. *lightened by love* 2:33  
lorrie newman keating

7. *snowbird* 3:57  
gene maclellan

8. *i don't want to be here*  
lorrie newman keating *anymore* 4:34

9. *she always smelled like*  
steve spazgin *lilacs* 3:35

10. *the ash grove* 5:20  
welsh traditional

11. *time* 3:20  
lorrie newman keating

12. *shenandoah* 4:08  
traditional

Download the full liner notes at [www.lorriekeating/music-store](http://www.lorriekeating/music-store)

Visit my website [www.lorriekeating.com](http://www.lorriekeating.com)

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## BIOS

### Lorrie Newman Keating Guitar, Lead and Harmony Vocals



(Photo by Jim Pavlik, Pavlik Photography and Design)  
<http://pavlikphotoanddesign.com/>

Lorrie is a lifelong singer and a guitar player since the age of nine - but her voice is her primary instrument. She has performed as a solo artist, in duos and small bands, and with some of the country's leading entertainment shows - in venues large and small, at home and abroad.

Coming back to music as a full-time endeavor after years spent in other careers (the U.S. Army and federal service, to name two), Lorrie is spending more time out on the road, building her network of DJs, radio stations, and fans around the globe. (To see where her fans are on six continents, take a look at the Worldwide Fan Map at <http://www.lorriekeating.com/worldwide-fan-map>)

Her initial CD release, 2012's *In The Booth*, has been getting airplay on both terrestrial and Internet radio in the U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and Great Britain, and is still adding spins on new shows every month.

With the release of her second studio recording, the EP *Memories of the Season*, in October 2015, Lorrie shared some of her favorite songs of the holidays, including the poignant 'The Miner's Dream of Home', which received considerable airplay when it was originally released as part of a promotional compilation in the fall of 2014.

With the release of this second full-length CD complete, Lorrie will be heading back out on the road for the summer and fall to promote and play. If you would like to host Lorrie in your home for a concert, please contact her at [lorriewmankeating@hotmail.com](mailto:lorriewmankeating@hotmail.com) - and support indie music!

## MUSICIANS

### Ed Stabler



(Photo by Mary Alice Smith)

2909 McGill Blvd, San Angelo, TX 76905  
Home: 325-658-2614  
Cell: 325-277-0462  
Email: [estab483@suddenlink.net](mailto:estab483@suddenlink.net)

### Guitar (Multiple Tracks), Vocals (She Always Smelled Like Lilacs)

Ed Stabler is a singer/guitarist well-known for his rich singing voice and smooth, fingerpickin' guitar style. In recent years, Ed has been reviving many great songs he did years ago, but his main focus is still story songs about the cowboy and the American west.

His life has run in diverse directions. He's been a deputy sheriff, television news anchor, radio DJ, steam locomotive engineer, full-time western musician, and is now semi-retired to play a little music and enjoy life. Music is the thread which has held his life together.

He was nominated for eight awards in 1996 by the Academy of Western Artists, including Entertainer of the Year. The Western Music Association nominated him for Instrumentalist of the Year in 1997 and 2000.

While Ed is mainly a solo performer, he has collaborated in recent years with bassist Kelly Kingston and performs regularly with singer Lorrie Newman Keating.

Most recently, Ed was featured on and co-produced Lorrie Newman Keating's holiday EP, *Memories of the Season*, released in October 2015. In the spring of 2012, Ed released a CD of railroad and hobo songs entitled *Fast Freight*. He also played guitar on Lorrie Newman Keating's CD, *In the Booth*. In January 2010, Ed and bassist Kelly Henson released their CD, *Ed Stabler with Kelly Henson - Wind in the Wire*. Ed's available solo recordings also include: *Partner of the Wind* (cassette only) and *Long Roads, Legends and Lies*.

### Stacy Barron Jackson



### Bass (Multiple Tracks); Banjo (Paradise)

Stacy Barron Jackson grew up in a musical family in Lamesa, TX. She started playing guitar, piano, and drums in her childhood, but got bit by the bluegrass bug in her adulthood and bought a banjo! She played bass with Concho Grass of San Angelo, TX for several years before putting her own trio together called Pearl and the Polka Dots. She currently plays banjo, guitar, and mandolin and sings both lead and harmony vocals.

## Danny Ellison



## Mandolin, Fiddle (Multiple Tracks)

Danny has been playing and enjoying music since he was 10 years old. Beginning with the basics of piano, he quickly took off in the direction of stringed instruments. Guitar, fiddle, mandolin, banjo and dobro, along with a handful of other instruments, became his focus.

Danny currently teaches multiple instruments at Mellis Music Studio. He also actively shares his music with the Abilene community, as well as traveling state and nation-wide. He has even played for crowds internationally. Playing with local groups such as Mark Powell and Lariat, The Ball Ranch Family, Westbound Bluegrass, and Nashville-based Merging Blue, and individuals such as Elliot Park and Timothy Palmer, Danny sets no limits on what he is able to do with his musical gift.

Danny's desire is to help raise a generation of talented, creative and versatile musicians who hail from the Abilene area.

## Gary Laney



## Recording Engineer

Gary was manager and chief engineer at Sound Emporium Recording Studios in Nashville for 18 years, recording albums for artists Keith Whitley, Trisha Yearwood, Texas Tornados, REM, Al Kooper, Don Williams, Alan Jackson, Amazing Rhythm Aces, New Grass Revival, and Jason & The Scorchers, to name a few. His work has won many major awards, including a Grammy and several CMAs.

He and his wife Tamara now own Palmwood Music Publishing and Lakeside Recording in San Angelo, Texas.

<http://www.palmwoodmusic.com/>

## Bob 'Bobby K' Keating



## Moral Support & Sanity Checks

Bob plays no instrument, writes no lyrics, and provides no vocals. He tries to sustain Lorrie's highs and keep her lows from getting too low. He acts as the sounding board when her doubts turn to frustration.

From a room adjoining Lorrie's studio, Bob gets to experience the hours of practice and the takes and retakes, providing tidbits of advice from an outsider looking in. He provides that extra ounce of encouragement when all doesn't seem quite right.

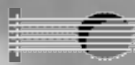
Oh...and he writes the checks...



2. Gypsy Heart (4:08) (Lorrie Newman Keating (BMI)); Written 2009/©2010 Lorrie Marie Newman Keating)

In 2009, working as a civilian Air Force employee, the daily grind was starting to seriously wear me down. Somewhere about July, I told my husband that I was going to take a week away that fall. When he asked where WE were going, I had to break it to him that it wasn't a WE trip - it was a ME trip. I know that the idea hurt his feelings, but it really was a necessary evil if I was to keep my sanity.

I made plans about where to go, what to do, and part of that was to try and write some new music - something that I had stopped doing for many years and reasons unknown. So I went...and I did...and I wrote...and WHAT I wrote ended up being a self-realization of the WHY of it all...and the knowledge that I was safe in my relationship to do what I needed to do. One of those big 'Ah ha' moments in a life... Oh, and I have continued to take that week away every year since...



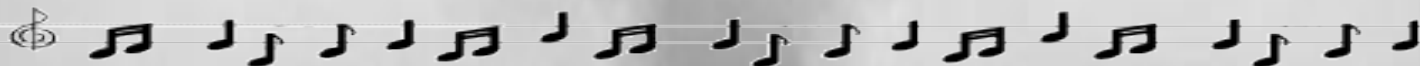
*Here I am in a room on a lake in Minnesota  
I've been planning months so I could get this time away  
And this morning I slept in  
But not as late as I'd imagined,  
Had some breakfast, then my tea and cigarette.  
I popped in a DVD, and then practiced my Tai Chi  
That was something on my list of things to do  
Now it's barely half-past ten AM and the day is still  
ahead,  
But my gypsy heart's in Texas  
And I'm just missing you*

*If I were home, there's no doubt  
It would be another Sunday,  
With all the boring weekend chores that I always do  
Make the bed and do the laundry,  
And your pants need to be ironed,  
And it's time to dust off all those ceiling fans  
Then when you get home from church,  
We'll fix something up for lunch  
And the afternoon has football games to see  
Instead I watch them from my room on this lake in  
Minnesota,  
And my gypsy heart is wondering  
If you're just missing me*

*All my life, I've been a drifter,  
Both in body and in heart  
Neither stayed in one place very long  
And although I still get restless  
And I feel the need to go  
After all our time together, one thing's true  
I know my gypsy heart has found a home  
With you...*

*So I look out from my room on this lake in Minnesota  
A lake so big that I can barely see the northern shore  
And the day is gray and rainy,  
And the wind across the water  
Makes the whitecaps on the lake look like the sea  
Sitting here, the time ticks on,  
As I try to write some songs -  
That was something on my list of things to do  
While my gypsy heart's reminded of what it already  
knows  
That this lake in Minnesota would be better  
If I were here with you*

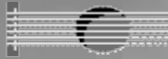
*Here with you....*





3. Early Morning Rain (4:02) (Gordon Lightfoot; Warner Bros. Publications, Inc.)

One of the toughest things about recording a Gordon Lightfoot song...is deciding which of the dozens of incredible songs to record! I first heard this song as it was recorded by Peter, Paul, and Mary - it was years later that I learned that Lightfoot was the composer. But once I heard GL's recordings, I was hooked. In a class of songwriters with the likes of Bob Dylan and Lennon and McCartney, this and so many of his other compositions were part of the soundtrack of my youth. It was this music that made me want to play and sing...and eventually write my own songs. What a wonderful gift to be given!



*In the early mornin' rain with a dollar in my hand  
With an achin' in my heart and my pockets full of sand  
I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved ones so  
In the early mornin' rain with no place to go*

*Out on runway number nine, big 7-0-7 set to go  
But I'm stuck here in the grass where the pavement never goes  
Now the liquor tasted good and the lovers all were fast  
Well there she goes, my friend, she's a rollin' down at last*

*Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high  
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly  
Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always shines  
She'll be flying o'er my home in about three hours' time*


*This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me  
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be  
Can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train  
So I'd best be on my way in the early mornin' rain*

*So I'd best be on my way in the early mornin' rain*



4. Paradise (3:33) (John Prine; WB Music Corp. OBO Walden Music, Inc.)

Another great song from another talented folk writer...and something a little different for me. I have always liked this song, but never played it until recently. And I never thought about recording it...ever. But the more I play this song the more it grows on me. And I found that although it's been recorded dozens of times, there are only a few done by women. Remember that rule for recording covers? Doing something a little differently...and taking a chance. Well, it doesn't get much different than this! I had to wait to record the main vocal until my voice was a bit worn and tired, just to get that 'essence' of Prine...



*When I was a child my family would travel  
Down to Western Kentucky where my parents were  
born  
And there's a backwards old town that's often  
remembered  
So many times that my memories are worn.*

*And daddy won't you take me back to  
Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in  
asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*

*Well, sometimes we'd travel right down the Green  
River  
To the abandoned old prison down by Airdrie Hill  
Where the air smelled like snakes and we'd shoot with  
our pistols  
But empty pop bottles was all we would kill.*

*And daddy won't you take me back to  
Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in  
asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*

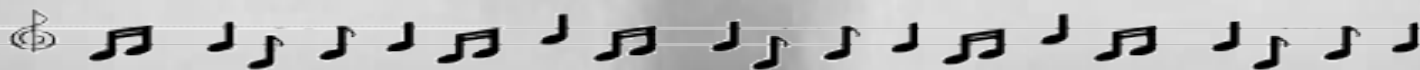
*Then the coal company came with the world's largest  
shovel  
And they tortured the timber and stripped all the land  
Well, they dug for their coal till the land was forsaken  
Then they wrote it all down as the progress of man.*

*And daddy won't you take me back to  
Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in  
asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*

*When I die let my ashes float down the Green River  
Let my soul roll on up to the Rochester dam  
I'll be halfway to Heaven with Paradise waitin'  
Just five miles away from wherever I am.*


*And daddy won't you take me back to  
Muhlenberg County  
Down by the Green River where Paradise lay  
Well, I'm sorry my son, but you're too late in  
asking  
Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*

*Mister Peabody's coal train has hauled it away*



5. Home (4:46) (Lorrie Newman Keating (BMI)); Written 1978/©2010 Lorrie Marie Newman Keating)

This is probably one of my favorite originals. Written when I was 20 years old, brand new to the Army, stationed in California for school. Until I joined the military, I had never traveled more than a few hours from home by car. Taking that big step brought many firsts - first airplane ride, first time that far from home among them. And as so many of my songs seem to have, there was a guy involved here, too...a sweet sailor named Karl Stahl. Wishing I knew where he was after all this time...just to thank him for the song!



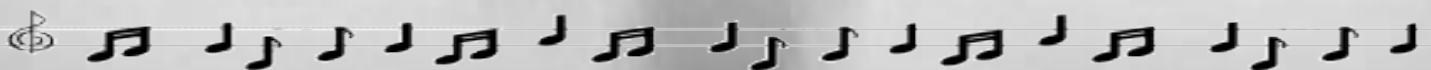
*From long ago, a dream, since I was but a child  
To walk along a lonely beach and watch the sea run wild  
But on that beach was someone else, and we walked hand-in-hand  
I never saw just who it was  
But I knew that it would be a very special kind of man*

*3000 miles away, my family waits at home  
When I was young, I truly thought that I would never roam  
But now I've grown and fate has brought me here to California's shore  
Deep inside I fight a loneliness  
Oh, Lord, I long to be safe at home once more*

*Why do I keep thinking "Home"?  
Life is so much more than that  
To go and learn and travel everywhere  
And find someone and someplace  
To stop...and love ....and stay...together*

*Although the years have passed, and dreams have come and gone  
That solitary dream remains and helps me carry on  
But it's no longer just a dream ---- It's now reality  
For I have walked along that lonely beach  
And you're that special man who has walked there with me*

*Why do I keep thinking "Home"?  
Life is so much more than that  
To go and learn and travel everywhere  
And find someone and someplace  
To stop...and love ....and stay...together*



6. Lightened By Love (2:33) (Lorrie Newman Keating (BMI)); Written 1974/©2011 Lorrie Marie Newman Keating)

Growing up isn't always easy. My 'growing up' was more difficult than most due to a highly dysfunctional family and circumstances beyond a then-teenager's control. During one of the more difficult episodes in high school, I was fortunate to have a student teacher who took the time to listen and offer me very wise counsel. The advice was more in-depth than the lyrics reflect, and I replayed it in my head many times over the years since then. I wrote this song in 1974 - a high school junior - as a heartfelt thank-you to this young teacher who was there for me. Contrary to the last verse, I never did get to see him again after he finished his student teaching. I wish I had, because ten years out would have shown him a very confident woman from that confused young girl.



*The problems were spinning around in my head and I couldn't think which way to go  
So I asked you to help me and help me you did and this is my gift in return*

*I wish you a lifetime of happiness and guidance from God up above  
May your future bring nothing but wealth and success  
And your burdens be lightened by love*

*Now a writer I never have professed to be, but it's something I just had to do  
Since you told me to never fear being myself and do what I want to do*

*You said not to worry what people think of the crazy and strange things I do  
I can sum it all up in some words not my own,  
"Unto thine own self be true."*

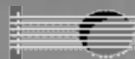
*I honestly hope that in 10 years or so, our paths may cross once again  
Then we'll see what changes the long years have brought  
These wishes I give you 'til then*

*I wish you a lifetime of happiness and guidance from God up above  
May your future bring nothing but wealth and success  
And your burdens be lightened by love*



7. Snowbird (3:57) (Gene MacLellan; EMI Blackwood Music Inc.)

I was a big Anne Murray fan back in the day, and this song has been in my repertoire for decades. One of the keys to doing cover songs is to not go for exact duplication of the original (unless you are in a cover/tribute band), but to try and present them in a different way - changing the genre style, etc. Being a balladeer at heart, I chose to slow it down a bit and take it from a pop-type original to a more folk-like sound. As a vocalist, it makes it easier to sing, easier to get that focus on the lyrics.



*Beneath its snowy mantle cold and clean  
The unborn grass lies waiting for its coat to turn to green  
The snowbird sings the song he always sings  
And speaks to me of flowers that will bloom again in spring*

*When I was young my heart was young then, too  
And anything that it would tell me, that's the thing  
that I would do  
But now I feel such emptiness within  
For the thing that I want most in life's the thing that I  
can't win*

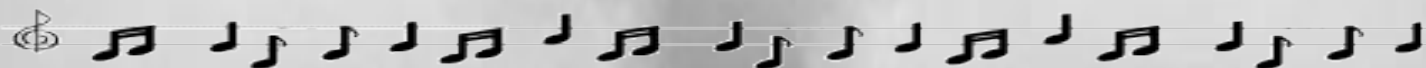
*Spread your tiny wings and fly away  
And take the snow back with you where it came from  
on that day  
The one I love forever is untrue  
And if I could you know that I would fly away with  
you*

*The breeze along the river seems to say  
That he'll only break my heart again, should I  
decide to stay  
So, little snowbird, take me with you when you go  
To that land of gentle breezes where the peaceful  
waters flow*

*Spread your tiny wings and fly away  
And take the snow back with you where it came  
from on that day  
The one I love forever is untrue  
And if I could you know that I would fly away with  
you*

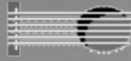
*Spread your tiny wings and fly away  
And take the snow back with you where it came  
from on that day  
The one I love forever is untrue  
And if I could you know that I would fly away with  
you*

*Yes, if I could you know that I would fly.....  
Away with you*



8. I Don't Want To Be Here Anymore (4:34) (Lorrie Newman Keating (BMI)); ©2013 Lorrie Marie Newman Keating)

A few years back, a long-term friend confided that he was having doubts about his marriage. Of course, that is something that I think every married person has from time to time, myself included. It just so happened that one of my time-to-times coincided with his, so his doubts and issues mirrored - and magnified - my own. This song is the product of that discourse, the good news being that he is still with his - and I am still with mine!



*Lying wide awake this morning, never really slept at all - I watch the bedroom curtains gently sway  
Looking over at you sleeping, deeply dreaming next to me - the pictures in my mind begin to play*

*I can see you look at me, and I feel you hold my hand  
All the laughter and the love that we once shared  
Then...suddenly, the pictures start to fade, and in spite of the promises we made*

*I just know...that I don't want to be here anymore*

*I think back to the time when we met and fell in love,  
but I can't find the way I used to feel  
I try to make some sense of all this emptiness inside,  
but my life is so confusing, so unreal*

*I know I'll be the instrument of the hurt that you will know  
When I tell you all the things I'm feeling now  
Oh, how I hope that I can make you see that some things just aren't meant to be*

*And I know - that I don't want to be here anymore*

*I never knew I could ever feel this way after loving you*

*I never dreamed I would entertain the thought of ever leaving you*

*I never thought I would find myself wanting to move on.....without you...alone again*

*We were friends for years before we finally chose to wed*

*But friends aren't always lovers, though they try  
There's no passion when we touch - no lover's warm embrace*

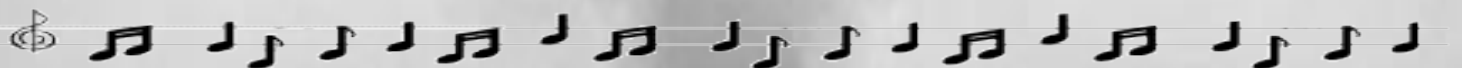
*And I can't find what I long for in your eyes*

*I need someone whose kisses spark a pounding in my heart,*

*Who just looks into my eyes and sees my soul  
So when you wake and I tell you my goodbye,  
I will search for forgiveness in your eyes*

*But I know - that I don't want to be here anymore*

*Yes I know - that I don't want to be here anymore*



9. She Always Smelled Like Lilacs (3:35) (Steve Spurgin; Bum's Rush Music)

Everyone has someone in their memory like Miss Minnie in this song - a grandmother, an aunt, a favorite neighbor. Ed Stabler played this wonderful Steve Spurgin cover as a solo for many years, and then shared it with me to make it one of our favorite duets. We always said we would get around to recording it someday...glad we finally made it!



*She was twenty-two when Orville flew at Kitty Hawk  
She lived to see folks touch the moon and take a walk  
She did a lot of livin' in the years  
And the twinkle in her eye was from the things she'd  
seen.*

*Well, I never knew John Campbell 'cause he died in  
'45  
That old Scotsman was a legend and a little wild  
But Miss Minnie loved him dearly and sometimes she'd  
sigh  
And she'd say I see John Adam in your eye.*

*And she always smelled like lilacs in the summer rain  
She loved to bake a pound cake when the neighbors  
came  
I can't imagine what I'd give to just sit at her knee  
again  
She always smelled like lilacs in the rain.*

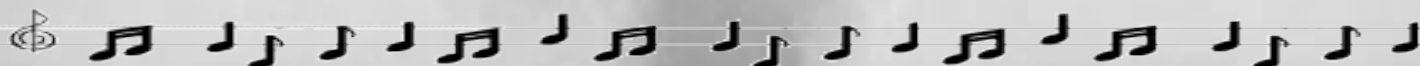
*I can see her chasin' chickens from her garden spot  
Pickin' okra in her bonnet when the sun was hot  
She'd read me Uncle Remus 'til I'd fall asleep  
And pray the Lord my little soul to keep.*

*And she always smelled like lilacs in the summer rain  
She loved to bake a pound cake when the neighbors  
came  
I can't imagine what I'd give to just sit at her knee  
again  
She always smelled like lilacs in the rain.*

*There's just a little place now where her house once  
stood  
Three steps than lead into thin air where I spent my  
childhood  
No more lemon drops or doilies - no more fireplace  
when it's cold  
Just a crooked sign that says, "This lot is sold."*

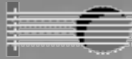
*And she always smelled like lilacs in the summer rain  
She loved to bake a pound cake when the neighbors  
came  
I can't imagine what I'd give to just sit at her knee  
again  
She always smelled like lilacs in the rain.*

*I can't imagine what I'd give to just sit at her knee  
again  
She always smelled like lilacs in the rain.*



10. The Ash Grove (5:20) (Welsh Traditional)

Girl Scouts - specifically Girl Scout camp - is where I first learned this song. Or at least the first verse here. I spent many summers growing up at Scout camp, and singing this and all the other songs in our book around the campfire was the best part of every day for me. It was years later that I learned the last verse listed here - and realized what a dark and morbid song this actually is! And then there is the other version - the British Isles version - which is closer to the actual translation from the original Welsh. That's where I snagged the second verse. It's a great thing about traditional music, how it changes and adapts as it moves across time and geography, but always connects us together.

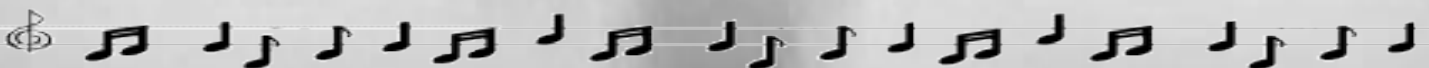


*The ash grove, how graceful, how plainly 'tis speaking  
The harp through it playing has language for me  
When over its branches, the sunlight is breaking  
A host of kind faces is gazing on me  
The friends of my childhood again are before me  
Each step wakes a memory as freely I roam  
With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle o'er me  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home*

*Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander  
When twilight is fading, I pensively roam  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely ash grove  
T'was there while the blackbird was cheerfully singing  
I first met that dear one, the joy of my heart  
Around as for gladness the bluebells were ringing  
Ah then little knew I, how soon we would part*

*My lips smile no more, my heart loses its lightness  
No dream of the future my spirit can cheer  
I only can brood on the past and its brightness  
The dead I have mourned are again living here  
From every dark nook they press forward to meet me  
I lift up my eyes to the broad leafy dome  
And others are there, looking downward to greet me  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home*

*With soft whispers laden, its leaves rustle o'er me  
The ash grove, the ash grove alone is my home*

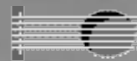




11. Time (3:20) (Lorrie Newman Keating (BMI)); Written 1979/©2010 Lorrie Marie Newman Keating)

“How did it get so late so soon?” — Dr. Seuss

I wrote this song in my early 20s, opining about how time slips away without us ever being able to do all that we want to. Now, in my late 50s, this song resonates all the more. I find myself contemplating the ‘days gone by’ much more often, second-guessing life decisions made decades ago, and trying to fulfill all those dreams before time runs out...laughing and crying all the way...



*When we're young, we plan so many things to do  
When we're old, we wonder where those plans went to  
So we close our eyes and let old memories glide  
And then we realize that time is on time's side*

*When we're young, we speak of places that we'll go  
But the years don't seem to want to move that slow  
Then we know the things we want won't change the tide  
And then we see that time is on time's side*

*I had those dreams, just like all the rest  
They faded oh so slowly one by one  
And all that precious time of which I thought I had plenty  
Keeps on rushing right on past, it just won't seem to last  
Until I find one single plan and see that it is done*

*So I sit and contemplate the days gone by  
Over some of them I'll laugh, for some I'll cry  
I wonder where all those unfinished plans still hide  
And if they'll have a chance while time is on time's side*

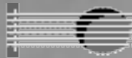
*I had those dreams, just like all the rest  
They faded oh so slowly one by one  
And all that precious time of which I thought I had plenty  
Keeps on rushing right on past, it just won't seem to last  
Until I find one single plan and see that it is done*

*So I sit and contemplate the days gone by  
Over some of them I'll laugh, for some I'll cry  
I wonder where all those unfinished plans still hide  
And if they'll have a chance while time is on time's side*



12. Shenandoah (4:08) (Traditional)

'Shenandoah' is said to have originated with French voyageurs traveling down the Missouri River. The lyrics tell the story of a trader who fell in love with the daughter of an Algonquian chief, Shenandoah. American sailors heading down the Mississippi River picked up the song and made it a capstan shanty that they sang while hauling in the anchor. I learned this song back in grade school (when we had music classes twice weekly as part of the normal curriculum - unheard of today!). I have always done this song as a solo guitar/vocal piece, because I feel the lyric needs to be as prominent as possible. But in my head, I've also heard a fiddle on this, sweet and plaintive. Danny Ellison came in and gave me exactly what I heard (and made me cry in the studio!). I'm incredibly pleased with the result...



*O, Shenandoah, I long to hear you  
Away you rollin' river  
O, Shenandoah, I can't get near you  
A-way, I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri-i*

*A trapper loves an Indian maiden  
Away you rollin' river  
With presents his canoe is laden  
A-way, I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri-i*

*O, Shenandoah, I love your daughter  
Away you rollin' river  
For her, I'd cross the ragin' water  
A-way, I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide Missouri-i*

*A-way, I'm bound to go  
'Cross the wide.... Missouri...i*

