

Helped lead to Tecumseh's war
and the Native uprising time

There was oak and walnut, cherry, maple,
berries, roots to eat

Where the East Fork of the White River
fed branches of Salt Creek

They built the dam in 1960 through to '65
For flood control and drinking water,
drowned these woods alive

They appraised the land in deep of winter,
paid the farmers low

Chopped trees, burned houses,
near 4000 people had to go

The corporations bought up land,
as did the University

And as the waters rose they had
their shorefront property

The wind was shifty, light and spare,
on that fateful afternoon

We bantered, oh, without a care,
as we ducked beneath the boom

Just out and back straight from the beach,
'bout an hour, maybe less

When I decided, close to shore,
that I'd like to swim the rest

Overboard I leapt, but careful not,
oh careful not I was

Our gallant craft lay on its side,
as did my shining dove

"Oh, save my watch!" I cried,

as he raised up one dripping hand
We had to tow that wreck ashore,
wade through the muck to land

I bailed and bailed as my love he
bravely unstepped the mast
We breathed a sigh of great relief
as on the beach we stood at last
When suddenly a cry I uttered,
and I'm sure you know the rest
My glasses they had left my life,
as young birds leave the nest

So, now in slumber do they lie,
with visions of times gone
When waves of corn, alfalfa, oats
all glistened in the sun
And many's the farm and grazing field
now mud and stump below
The lives and stories sunk beneath
the serpent-shaped Monroe

They weren't my only glasses,
oh I had an ancient pair
So let me tell you, all who hear,
you must always have a spare
When either you set sail
or come and get your oars and row
And well mind the deep and the tales that sleep
off the shores of Lake Monroe

Cindy: vocal, fiola

Grey: vocal, anglo concertina, harmonium, fiddle

WELCOME DAY

Cindy Kallet

*This is for all of the brave people who somehow
find a way to let the light shine on years of mis-
understanding and pain, and to open their minds
and hearts to the view from others' eyes.*

If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day

If you should cross the mountains,
tossed and torn

Thorn, brush and broken limb, fires raging
And trust to find a true and tender home

If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day

Born so bright and new, one tiny dove
Light beams through deep unknown, fires raging
We dream the day you'll find this home, our love

If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day

If you should find a sweeter path to walk
Through silence, words of harm, fires raging
You found the strength to open arms again

If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day

Past what you believed to be so true
Towers built and swords defend, fires raging
What if our ragged hearts could mend to love

If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day
If you should cross the mountain pass
If you should find a sweeter path
If you should come through the woods
Oh, welcome day

Cindy: vocal, guitar

Grey: piano

THE STARRY CLIFFS

trad. / trad. / trad.

*A fresh foray into arranging traditional Irish
melodies. Grey plays tin whistles in five keys:
high D and C, and low A, G and D. Three tunes are
featured: the jig The Humours of Kilclogher, the
reel Mother and Child and the highland Dúlamán
na Binne Bui (Seaweed From the Yellow Cliff).
We imagine a clear, dark night high atop a cliff,
listening to a calm, rolling sea far below. Cindy
also imagines galaxies, and feels hopeful. You may
listen to source recordings of the first and third
tunes, from fiddlers John Kelly and Francie and
Mickey Byrne, at www.kalletlarsen.com.*

Cindy: guitars

Grey: tin whistles, harmonium