



LAST FOREVER *trainfare home*

NEW AND OLD SONGS OUT OF THE AMERICAN TRADITION

WRITTEN AND ARRANGED BY DICK CONNETTE

1. **ALL FOR YOU** 5:44

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet, harmonium*

Marshall Coid, *violin*

Erik Friedlander, *cello*

Kevin Kuhn, *12-string electric guitar, 6-string acoustic guitar*

Bill Ruyle, *hammer dulcimer*

2. **BACHELOR'S HALL** 5:13

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *harmonium*

Marshall Coid, *violin*

Kevin Kuhn, *6- and 12-string acoustic guitars*

Lindsey Horner, *tinwhistle, double bass*

3. **WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN HEAVEN TODAY?** 1:19

(C.A. Tindley)

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *piano*

4. **THAT'S ENOUGH** 4:37

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *piano, hi-hat, hand claps, foot stomps*

Jeff Berman, *snare drum, bass drum, hand claps, foot stomps*

Don DiNicola, *hand claps, foot stomps*

Aaron Heick, *alto saxophone*

Dan Levine, *trombone, electric bass guitar*

Eve Miriam, *hand claps, foot stomps*

James O'Connor, *trumpet*

5. **DIAMOND JOE** 6:14

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Jeff Berman, *snare drum, frame drum, cymbal*

Kevin Kuhn, *steel and nylon 6-string acoustic guitars*

Bill Ruyle, *hammer dulcimer*

6. **CASEY JONES** 3:02

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet, harmonium*

Jeff Berman, *washboard, shakers*

Carolyn Dutton, *violin*

Steve Elson, *alto and baritone saxophones*

Erik Friedlander, *cello*

Eric Hegsted, *6-string acoustic guitar*

Bill Ruyle, *hammer dulcimer*

7. **DOWN THE ROAD** 3:55

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet*

Arthur Baron, *trombone*

Jeff Berman, *snare drum, bass drum, hi-hat, cymbal*

Kevin Kuhn, *banjo*

8. **JOHN DOE #24** 3:40

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *snare drum, bass drum, tambourine*

Eric Friedlander, *cello*

Eric Hegsted, *6-string acoustic guitar*

Kevin Kuhn, *6- and 12-string acoustic guitars, mandolin*

Mary Rowell, *violin*

9. **ALEXANDER SELKIRK** 3:20

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Jeff Berman, *lap dulcimer*

Marshall Coid, *violin*

Steve Elson, *piccolo*

Kevin Kuhn, *6- and 12-string acoustic guitars, mandolin*

10. **LOUIS COLLINS/SPIKE DRIVER BLUES** 3:48

(John S. Hurt)

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet*

Marshall Coid, *violin*

Carolyn Dutton, *violin*

Steve Elson, *alto saxophone*

Lindsey Horner, *double bass*

Kevin Kuhn, *6-string acoustic guitar*

Bill Ruyle, *harmonium, snare drum, bass drum*

11. **OKLAHOMA** 4:45

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *piano, organ*

Vincent Chancey, *French horn*

Leroy Clouden, *hand drums, bass drum*

Greg Cohen, *double bass*

Don DiNicola, *6-string electric guitar*

Kevin Kuhn, *6-string electric guitar*

Bill Ruyle, *hammer dulcimer*

12. **ROLL ON THE GROUND** 2:30

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet, hand claps*

Jeff Berman, *lap dulcimer, washboard, sticks, bones, spoons, hand claps*

Carolyn Dutton, *violin*

Kevin Kuhn, *6-string acoustic guitar, mandolin*

Bill Ruyle, *hammer dulcimer*

13. **DUKE OF EARL** 4:00

(Eugene Dixon/Earl Edwards/Bernice Williams)

Sonya Cohen, *vocals*

Dick Connette, *spinnet, harmonium*

Jeff Berman, *finger snaps*

Carolyn Dutton, *violin*

Steve Elson, *alto, tenor, and baritone saxophones*

Ralph Farris, *viola*

Erik Friedlander, *cello*

Mary Rowell, *violin*

Peter Sanders, *cello*

Laura Seaton-Finn, *violin*

Paul Woodiel, *violin*



Dick Connette

Notes on Last Forever

by Loudon Wainwright III

You know you love an album when you keep buying copies of it to give to your friends, when you find yourself braving the gangsta bag check at Tower Records, or tolerating yet again some bored teller's contempt at the Virgin Megastore till. One night a few years ago, Hannibal Records boss and all around music maven Joe Boyd was playing some of us his favorite new and upcoming releases. Among the CDs he spun for our listening pleasure was one about to come out on the Nonesuch label. I recall Joe saying something like, "Here's the best of them all—just listen to this." It was *Last Forever*. After that I became the middle-aged man with the funny hat you've seen slipping in and out of HMV.

Last Forever is Dick Connette, songwriter, arranger, and keyboardist; Sonya Cohen, vocalist; and Scott Lehrer, producer and recording engineer; their new album is called *Trainfare Home*. This music is elegiac, funky, raucous and stately. It is traditional in the sense that it often refers back to an earlier time—the fifties for instance. In the case of *Last Forever* that could be the 1850s and/or the 1950s. The past is evoked but somehow the music sounds right up to date. You may have heard of some of these people and places before: Diamond Joe, John Doe, Oklahoma, Casey Jones, Heaven, Father Abraham (Lincoln) and the Duke of Earl. You'll hear instruments that are familiar but are happily arranged in unlikely

combinations—5-string banjo and trombone, spinet and hammer dulcimer, cello and saxophone. There's plenty of great drumming plus a smattering of electric guitar à la Roger McGuinn of the Byrds. Somehow Dick Connette has managed to put (Dick puts, he never throws) all this together and what he comes up with is something original. The production and arrangements are impeccable. Scott Lehrer has given the record plenty of sonic lift. Connette's lyrics are full of intelligent, articulated feeling, that is to say, poetry.

The singing of Sonya Cohen rates its own paragraph. I cannot recall the last time I heard a more expressive singer. It could be said that as a vocalist Cohen is blessed with multiple personalities. There are at least four distinct voices you'll hear on this CD, each one autonomous, all of them beautiful. However there is nothing schizophrenic about the singing. It all comes from the same pure source. In these dreary days of acrobatic, pushed, note-crammed frivolously trilled over-singing, Sonya Cohen's use of her clear voice(s) is a sound for these sore ears.

To get back to retail, when I go looking for Last Forever albums for my friends and loved ones nobody seems to know exactly where to look, i.e. in which section. Is it Folk, Country, Classical, Rock? I think these behemoth outlets need a new designation. I'd call it the "Very Good Indeed" Section. Like its name implies the music of Last Forever is enduring and indestructible.



Sonya Cohen

Dick Connette



Marshall Coid



Scott Lehrer



Sonya Cohen



Arthur Baron



Don DiNicola



*Erik
Friedlander*



Steve Elson



Kevin Kuhn



Leroy Clouden



Jeff Berman



James O'Connor



Mary Rowell



*Dan
Levine*



Bill Ruyle

1. ALL FOR YOU

This song opens and closes with a traditional lullaby, whose melody provides a countertheme to the verse, chorus and bridge. Around the time I was developing this material, I happened to hear Roger McGuinn in solo concert. His evocation of the Byrds' groundbreaking electric folk transformations in the '60s inspired my arrangement.

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep little baby.
Mama's gone away and papa's gone too,
And left me here to stay and sing this song for you.

It was a dark and stormy night and then it was a rainy day,
And then the sky was cloudy, then the clouds all blew away,
And then the sun was shining, burning off the morning dew.
It's here and now and then, it's gone again, it's all for you.

So rockabye, my baby, close your eyes and peekaboo.
It's all for you.

I won't make false promises to do more than I can.
I only know that I'll be here no longer than I am.
So when I promise you the world, you can believe it's true.
It's here and now and then, it's gone again, it's all for you.

So rockabye, my baby, close your eyes and peekaboo.
It's all for you.

You can try to hold on, but you've got to let go.
It's part of a plan that nobody knows,
Written in sand and sealed with a kiss,
And it's gone like your fist when you open your hand.

There'll be days when your little world will seem to fall apart,
But you know it's always darkest when it stops getting dark.
That's life, and what you live for is what you have to lose.
It's here and now and then, it's gone again, it's all for you.

So rockabye, my baby, close your eyes and peekaboo.
It's all for you.

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep little baby.

So rockabye, my baby, close your eyes and peekaboo.
It's all for you.

Go to sleep, go to sleep, go to sleep little baby.
Mama's gone away and papa's gone too,
And left me here to stay and sing this song for you.

2. BACHELOR'S HALL

I've had enough of this city—the streets are unkind.
I see lovers out walking, but I never meet mine.
It's cold as a proverb, it's hard as a stone—
Ten thousand around me and me all alone.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

I once had a true love, but not anymore.
I gave my heart gladly, like never before
And now she won't have me, she says we are through.
That's all right, my darling, that's all right for you.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

I wish I were a poet and could write a fine hand.
I would write you a letter and you'd understand.
I wish I could spend just ten minutes with you.
I wish I'd stop wishing for what I can't do.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

I just got your letter—you say you found a new man.
I'll dance at your wedding, I'll sing with the band,
I'll drink to the bridegroom as if I don't care,
And if I don't get home, I'll sleep on the stairs.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

I remember one evening, not so long ago—
How tender the passion, how sweet the repose.
Now it's four in the morning—I won't sleep tonight—
And I watch out my window for the dawning of light.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

I've had enough of this city—the streets are unkind.
I see lovers out walking, but I never meet mine.
I'll try to forget her—I wish I knew how—
For I once loved her dearly and I don't hate her now.
I'll live single, keep bachelor's hall.

*The basic melody and phrasing
for this song came from the
Appalachian ballad, "Pretty Saro,"
as sung by Cass Wallin of Madison
County, North Carolina, and recorded
in 1963 by Sonya's father, John Cohen.
I retained some of the words and added
in the refrain, together with a few of the
fruits of my own past fancies.*

3. WHAT ARE THEY DOING IN HEAVEN TODAY?

I'm thinking of friends that I used to know,
No longer living in this world below.
I've heard about heaven, but I want to know
What are they doing there now?

What are they doing in heaven today,
Where sin and sorrow are all done away?
Peace abounds like a river, they say.
What are they doing there now?

*The piano arrangement is based
on the 1928 recorded performance by
gospel singer Washington Phillips.
His instrument was an odd contraption
called a dolceola, basically an autoharp
with a keyboard attached. Needless
to say, the dolceola never caught on,
but in the hands of Washington Phillips
it was capable of expressing an almost
unearthly sweetness, which may
have been the point.*

4. THAT'S ENOUGH

No news is not the gospel, the gospel is not no news.
No news is not the gospel, the gospel is not no news.

They say the end is coming, they say the end is near.
That gospel train's been running for about two thousand years.
How many monkeys does it take to stop the show?
That's enough, that's all I want to know.

No news is not the gospel, the gospel is not no news.
Can I get a witness—anybody? The gospel is not no news.

I've been waiting on the word, I haven't heard it yet.
I wonder if I'm waiting on a word I'll never get.
When the phone don't ring, who's not making a call?
That's enough, that's all I want to know.

They say the dime will drop.
They say the clock will chime.
I hope that I wake up in time.

No news is not the gospel, the gospel is not no news.
Good God Almighty! The gospel is not no news.

You must walk that lonesome valley to that far distant shore,
Where parting is forever and meeting is no more.
When the light goes out, I wonder where it goes?
That's enough, that's all I want to know.

*Years ago I heard a field recording
of a gospel song with a repeated
assertion concerning the sufficiency
of faith. I've long forgotten the text,
but the refrain stayed with me.*

*Recently a friend asked me to
write a prayer—this is as close
as I can get, for now.*

5. DIAMOND JOE

Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe.

I got up this morning before the rising sun.
I thought I heard him call my name, but I saw no one.
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe.

There's some up in the building, some out on the farm,
Some have gone to the graveyard and some are heading on home.
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe.

The minutes feel like hours, the hours feel like days,
But a dog might jump a rabbit, boys, and the rabbit get away.

Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe.

If I don't go crazy, I'm bound to lose my mind.
I can't see nothing breaking, boys, nothing but the long sight line.
Diamond Joe, where you find him, Diamond Joe, where you find him,
Diamond Joe, where you find him, Diamond Joe.

Go and tell Bud Russell, tell old Ludlow Jones,
Everytime you see me crying, that's my trainfare home.
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe.

I was up all evening, I couldn't sleep for trying.
That same old song kept stealing, boys, stealing across my mind.
Diamond Joe, come and get me, Diamond Joe, come and get me,
Diamond Joe, my black Joe.

*There is a large sacred and secular
African-American tradition of songs of
release from slavery, from prison, from
a world of trouble. In a field recording
made in the '30s, an inmate of a
southern penitentiary sang of the immi-
nence of Diamond Joe, a mysterious
agent of salvation. My song grew out of
the chorus of his incantation.*

6. CASEY JONES

I heard the people say Casey Jones couldn't run—
I'm gonna tell you what the poor boy done.
He left Cincinnati about a half past nine,
He got to Newport News before dinner time, 'fore dinner time.
He got to Newport News before dinner time.

Now Casey Jones said before he died,
He'd fix the road so a bum could ride
And if he ride, he'd have to ride the rods—
He'd risk his heart in the hand of God, in the hand of God.
He'd have to risk his heart in the hand of God.

On a Sunday morning about four o'clock,
Casey Jones told his fireman, "Get the boiler hot.
Put on your water, put on your coal,
Put your head out the window, see my drivers roll, see my drivers roll.
Put your head out the window, see my drivers roll."

On the Illinois Central in the drizzling rain
Around the curve come a passenger train.
The people all knew by the engine moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones, was Casey Jones.
The man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

Now the little girl said, "Mom, is that a fact?
Papa got killed on the I.C. track?"
"Yes, yes, honey, but don't you fret—
You'll get that money from your daddy's death, from your daddy's death.
You'll get money from your daddy's death."

When the news hit town that Casey Jones was dead,
The women went home and got dressed in red—
Slipping and sliding all across the street
With their loose Mother Hubbard and their stocking feet,
Stocking feet and their evening gown,
Following Mister Casey to the burying ground, to the burying ground.
Following Mister Casey to the burying ground.

In the early morning hours of April 30, 1900, eleven miles north of Canton, Mississippi, an engineer named Casey Jones, recklessly racing to make up lost time, missed a signal, wrecked his train and lost his life. Over the last hundred years his legend, based on the many songs celebrating his fatal run, has grown to mythic proportions. Our version derives mainly from those recorded by blues guitarist Furry Lewis (1928) and Jesse James (1936), a little-known barrelhouse piano player.

7. DOWN THE ROAD

I remember back before the war,
I had trouble knocking at my door,
But along come Father Abraham,
With a pistol in his hand.
Ooh baby, down the road I'm bound to go.

It all began with Captain Brown,
The man who turned this world around.
Now you got yours and I got mine—
The bottom rail's on top this time.
Ooh baby, down the road I'm bound to go.

I had to work from can to can't
When Mister Charlie ran the ranch.
Now I don't hold with any such—
Shake hands and thank you very much.
Ooh baby, down the road I'm bound to go.

Now I can see my jubilee—
It's hanging from an apple tree.
I'm headed for the promised land
And traveling natural like a man.
Ooh, down the road I'm bound to go.

I can make the mountain ring,
The valley vibrate like a string.
Goodbye honey, call it gone—
My kingdom come behind a song.
Ooh baby, down the road I'm bound to go.

I remember back before the war,
I had trouble knocking at my door,
But along come Father Abraham,
With a pistol in his hand.
Ooh baby, down the road I'm bound to go

*In 1928 in Memphis, Tennessee,
Gus Cannon's Jug Stompers recorded
a song called "Feather Bed." The
opening lyric seems to refer to the
Emancipation: "I remember the time
just before the war/Colored man used
to hunt him out chips and straw/But
now, bless God, old master's dead/
Colored man plumb fool about a
feather bed." My song, which is based
on Cannon's, tries to capture that
extraordinary elation when the road
first appeared to be open and free.*

8. JOHN DOE #24

John Doe 24 took his secret to the grave—
His funeral was the best the State could give.
A woman asked if anyone had anything to say
Before they covered up the coffin—no one did.
No one did.

It was 1945 when he wandered into town,
He was living on the street, he was alone.
He was only in his teens and his family wasn't found,
So they picked him up and put him in a home,
Picked him up and put him in a home.

He never spoke a word, he was deaf, he was blind,
No one knew his name, and what's more—
There were 23 just like him in the system at the time,
So they had to call him John Doe 24,
Called him John Doe number 24.

He must have had a life, you could see it on his face,
But what lived behind the silence no one knew.
For all the time and money they spent working on his case,
They were never really able to get through,
Never really able to get through.

Most of all he loved that harmonica he played
And occasionally he'd grin from ear to ear.
He danced at Christmas parties and he pantomimed parades.
He suffered from a stroke and died last year,
Suffered from a stroke and died last year.

John Doe 24 took his secret to the grave—
His funeral was the best the State could give.
A woman asked if anyone had anything to say
Before they covered up the coffin—no one did.
No one did.

They say that when you shiver someone's walking on your grave.
Well, I don't know, but one thing is for sure—
The earth inherits all of us as living memory fades
Into the silence over John Doe 24.

On December 5, 1993, the New York Times ran a story about the death of a man who was noteworthy primarily for his obscurity. I couldn't get it out of my head. The melody is based on the American folk ballad "John Hardy," as sung and played on a 1943 recording by Leadbelly, the king of the 12-string guitar.

9. **ALEXANDER
SELKIRK**

I had a dream the other night my ship had sprung a leak,
And I woke up on an island in the middle of next week.
Singing blow you winds in the morning and blow you winds, high-ho.
O clear away your running gear and blow you winds, high-ho.

I'm an ordinary sailor, or at least I used to be,
Until I argued with my captain and he abandoned me.
Singing blow you winds in the morning and blow you winds, high-ho.
O clear away your running gear and blow you winds, high-ho.

Now I've got this private island made of bone and blood and skin,
And what I cannot live without I'll learn to live within.
O blow you winds in the morning and blow you winds, high-ho.
Singing clear away your running gear and blow you winds, high-ho.

I've grown to love the struggle of surviving in the wild.
There is no need to rescue me now that I'm reconciled.
Singing blow you winds in the morning and blow you winds, high-ho.
O clear away your running gear and blow you winds, high-ho.

Alexander Selkirk, a Scottish sailing master, was the original of Daniel Defoe's character, Robinson Crusoe. In 1704 Selkirk, reputedly a difficult man, made it a little too clear to his captain that he did not feel safe continuing their voyage unless and until repairs were made to the ship. His captain obliged him by marooning him on a small island in the South Seas, where he managed to survive for four years and four months. My song picks up his story some time before he was rescued by a British privateer.

It has been so many years since I put out to sea,
It looks like I've got lifetime here—that's coming home to me.
O blow you winds in the morning and blow you winds, high-ho.
O clear away your running gear and blow you winds, high-ho.

10. LOUIS COLLINS/
SPIKE DRIVER BLUES

Angels laid him away—
They laid him six feet under the clay.
Angels laid him away.

Take this hammer and carry it to the captain,
Tell him I'm gone, just tell him I'm gone,
I'm sure he's gone.

This is the hammer that killed John Henry,
But it won't kill me, but it won't kill me,
Ain't gonna kill me.

It's a long ways from east Colorado,
Honey, to my home, honey, to my home—
That's where I'm bound.

John Henry was a steel-driving man,
But he went down, but he went down—
That's why I'm goin'.

Take this hammer...

Angels laid him away—
They laid him six feet under the clay.
Angels laid him away.

This is a medley of two songs by the guitarist and singer known as Mississippi John Hurt. He was born in 1894 and made his first commercial recordings in 1928. That was it for 35 years, until blues collectors and scholars convinced him to resume his professional career, and he went on to become a prominent figure in the folk revival until his death in 1967. He was known for his gentle, confiding vocals and the delicate precision of his finger picking technique, with its counterposed alternating bass and syncopated melody lines.

11. OKLAHOMA

Border to border, railroad tracks and cattle trails,
And trains and trucks and buses on their way to somewhere else.
There used to be some oil, there used to be some coal,
But most of us who settled here had nowhere else to go.
It all started with the Spaniards, going back four hundred years—
They came to look for gold,
For gold that wasn't here, not here in Oklahoma.
Seems like nothing ever happens, but every now and then
The wind comes sweeping down the plain.

We call ourselves the Sooners, but still we must admit
An entire Indian nation got here sooner than we did.
Those Cherokees in Georgia never wanted to go west,
So we drew up a treaty and brought out the bayonets.
Well, we promised them the land for as long as waters run—
Now they've walked the Trail of Tears,
The Trail of Tears goes on, goes on in Oklahoma.
Seems like nothing ever happens, but every now and then
The wind comes sweeping down the plain.

We are children of the land rush, of that last desperate run,
When all you had to back your claim was gumption and a gun.
I believe that frontier spirit was what made our country great,
But something like a hurricane has come to shake my faith.
Now we're trying to find the bodies in the rubble and the dust,
And we've dug up our enemy and he is us, right here in Oklahoma.
Seems like nothing ever happens, but every now and then
The wind comes sweeping down the plain.

*This country grew up around
and through Oklahoma, which
didn't become a state until 1907.
Truly the heartland of America, its
history seems to recapitulate that of
the nation itself. When the bomb
went off in Oklahoma City, some
wondered, "Why here?" and
others, "Where else?"*

I saw a singer on TV in a big black cowboy hat.
He said, "I love you Oklahoma!"
What did he mean by that?

12. ROLL ON THE
GROUND

Roll on the ground, throw your money down,
Wheel inside of wheel inside of wheel going round.

Work on the railroad, sleep on the ground,
Eat soda crackers and the wind blows them around.
I don't mind the weather 'cause the weather doesn't care for me.

Roll on the ground, throw your money down,
Wheel inside of wheel inside of wheel going round.

I've got no big ideas on what is or isn't real—
Some say life's an illusion, I say roll on, big wheel.

The winter time is coming on, but that don't mean a thing—
I'm leaning on the everlasting likelihood of spring.
I don't mind the weather 'cause the weather doesn't care for me.

Roll on the ground, throw your money down,
Wheel inside of wheel inside of wheel going round.

I don't have a prayer and I don't give a damn—
I don't want to get adjusted to any big I am.

Work on the railroad, you know what that means—
I'm living in a windstorm, chasing down saltines.
I don't mind the weather 'cause the weather doesn't care for me.

*The title, basic melody, and a few of
the lyrics of this song come from a
1939 field recording of Thaddeus C.
Willingham singing and playing the
banjo. I supplied most of the verses,
the wheels and the weather. The
breaks are based on the fiddle
tune, "Old Joe Clark."*

13. DUKE OF EARL

As I walk through this world,
Nothing can stop the Duke of Earl,
And you, you are my girl,
And no one can hurt you, oh no.

Oh yes I, I'm gonna love you,
Come on let me hold you darling,
'Cause I'm the Duke of Earl.

And I say...

And when I hold you, you'll be my Duchess,
The Duchess of Earl,
And we'll walk through my Dukedom,
And a paradise we will share.

Oh yes I, I'm gonna love you,
Nothing can stop me now,
'Cause I'm the Duke of Earl.

And I say...

*I won't attempt it here, but a
case could be made that doo wop
is essentially urban folk music.
Anyway, even if the sound is only
as old as some street corners,
the sentiment is as old as the hills.*

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Song notes written by Dick Connette

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Songs by Dick Connette, except "What Are They Doing in Heaven Today?" (p.d.) and "Casey Jones" (traditional), adapted and arranged by Dick Connette, or where otherwise noted.

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