

Linda Waterfall

*Place
of
Refuge*



A Little Flash of Light (Waterfall)

In memory of Frank Waterfall and Mimi

Can't call this darkness, this goodbye
Darkness with no color or shine
Darkness dull and flat, darkness blank and sad,
blank and sad

Can't call this sorrow, this goodbye
Sorrow beyond space and time
Sorrow torn apart, clawing at the heart, at the heart

But when the Light comes, they will greet you
Scatterin' shadows while the laughter frees you
Just like the flash of light on the horizon
A little flash of light that we can see from here

Can't call this nightfall, this goodbye
Nightfall with no morning behind
No more loving hand, no more chance to understand

But when the Light comes, they will greet you
Scatterin' shadows while the laughter frees you
Just like the flash of light on the horizon
A little flash of light that we can see from here
Alleluia, we can see it from here

Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence

(Liturgy of St. James, traditional
French carol melody, arr. Waterfall)
*As a child, I spent many hours in the choir loft.
This was always one of my most favorite hymns.*

I'm Only Sleeping (Lennon-McCartney)

*Memories of a late night jam session at
California Coast Music Camp...*

Cielito Lindo (trad., arr. Waterfall)

*"Cielito Lindo" means "beautiful little heaven."
It's a term of affection, like "sweetheart."*

De la Sierra Morena, Cielito Lindo, vienen bajando
(Down from the Sierra Morena, Cielito Lindo, they are coming)
Un par de ojitos negros, Cielito Lindo, de contrabando
(A pair of mischievous dark eyes, Cielito Lindo, of contraband)

Ay-yay-yay-yay, canta y no llores
(Ay-yay-yay-yay, sing and don't cry)

Porque cantando se allegan, Cielito Lindo, los corazones
(Because in singing, Cielito Lindo, we lighten our hearts)

De tu casa a la mia, Cielito Lindo, solo es un paso
(From your house to my house, Cielito Lindo, it is but a step)
Ahora que estamos solos, Cielito Lindo, dame un abrazo
(Now that we are alone, embrace me)

Ese lunar que tienes, Cielito Lindo, junto a la boca
(That mole that you have, Cielito Lindo, next to your mouth)
No se lo des a nadie, Cielito Lindo, que a mi me toca
(Don't let anyone play with it but me)

Si de Noche Vez que Brillan

(Vicente Emilio Sojo, arr. Waterfall)

I learned this beautiful lullaby from Sheila Brown.

Si de noche vez que brillan titilando las estrellas
(If at night you see that the stars are sparkling)
No es que brillan, no es que brillan, Es que así se besan ellas
(It is not that they are sparkling, it is that that is
how they kiss each other)

Si una nube vierte perlas, no es que llora, no es que llora
(If a cloud scatters pearls, it is not that it is crying)
Es que suve, y cuando suve, siente el beso de otra nube
(It is that it is rising, and when it rises,
it feels the kiss of another cloud)

Sientifijo la mirada, con ternura y embelezo
(If you feel my gaze, with tenderness and delight)
No es que miro, no es que miro, es que mi alma te da un beso
(It is not that I am gazing, it is that my soul is giving you a kiss)

The Carpenter (trad., arr. Waterfall)

*I learned this song from a Hedy West album.
Her recordings are wonderful.*

The Lewiston Factory Girl (trad., arr. Waterfall)

Another song I learned from a Hedy West recording.

Ponderosa Pine (Waterfall)

*We were sitting in awed silence on the shore of Lake Chelan,
watching a forest fire burn out on the opposite shore.
Bob said, "The fire opens the cone so the seed can germinate."*

Fire lights the mountain with a blanket of glowing coals
It's one thing to look from far away, and another to feel it close

What of my green wood with its sweet lush growth?
So full of life that it fights itself to grow
And the fire opens the cone
So the seed can germinate and grow

I see something coming and I think you see it too
We're frightened of the fire and we don't know what to do
Our roots are proven by how close we stand
As we reach with loving hands to those who burn
And the fire opens the cone
So the seed can germinate and grow

Streak of understanding like the sky opening out to you
Surely this is what all seeds are meant to do
Our roots are proven by how close we stand
As we reach with loving hands to those who burn
We dig our trenches and the flames close in
Gaze at life's miracle and pray for the seeds to win
And the fire opens the cone
So the seed can germinate and grow

Reaching Out for Life (Waterfall)

*Christmas vacation, 1999, right after my radiation treatments had
ended, we went out to the ocean. I'd lost my father and my beloved
cat Mimi the previous August. I was weak, and so tired. We were
walking on the beach, and that's where I first noticed something
about the logs – the roots still holding their soil and rocks. It was
a good time to see such an affirmation of life.*

Day by day the hunt goes on,
Reflex quick and muscle strong
Track and stalk and coil and spring, the years go on
Feeding from the moves you make,
Learning more from each mistake
A moment's pause that you flower from,
Before the hunger that drives you on
One more breath, one more sigh
One more taste, one more surprise
One more look into the sky
Reaching out for life

Back and forth and side to side, in December's highest tide
Bruised by rocks and tossed by waves,
Your branches torn away
Caught inside the roots' dark twist,
Tight like fingers in a fist
The rocky earth you were standing on so long ago,
And you still hold on

Spring up after disaster
Music, flowers and laughter
Colors are deeper and brighter
when they're wet from a shower of tears
One moment of love can erase the pain of years

Drifting with the human tide,
Hope reborn and hope denied
Forge again the will to try,
For every form of life
In despair, remember this:
Open your heart and take the risk
Reach out for life and believe you're strong
It's worth the pain you endure to hold on

One more breath, one more sigh
One more embrace, one more goodbye
One more look into your eyes
Reaching out for life

MANY THANKS:

To Richard Scholtz,
To the folks I stayed with in Bellingham during this work:
Flip and Zeke, Marie and Mary Ellen, Laurel and John,
and Laura – thanks for making me feel so at home
And my best heartfelt thanks, always, to Bob Searle

Engineered by Richard Scholtz, Spring 2003 and Spring 2006
Microphones, preamp and mixer by David Jennings
Colored pencil drawing by Linda Waterfall
Graphic design by Bob Paltrow
Mastered by Rick Fisher, RFI CD Mastering

Place of Refuge (Waterfall)

The Place of Refuge is in the Hawaiian Islands. Ancient Hawaiians went there to be absolved of a broken "kapu" (religious law). It was a hazardous place to reach, and if apprehended before arriving, the individual would be punished, probably killed - but once one arrived at the Refuge, all was forgiven. "Komo mai" means "enter," or "welcome." "Pau hana" means "work is done, time to go home."

Komo mai

This is the Place of Refuge

This is a safe place to be who you are, be who you are

Komo mai

Once you have made your way here, you stay here,

No matter where you are, wherever you are

Komo mai

All who have lost your way, that were never cared for

All who feel ashamed, that were used and laid bare

Breathe in your life, slow and deep,

And open as wide as when you sleep

Komo mai

As you were when you were born

And even in death you need not be afraid, not be afraid

Trust the Creator

Trust in the kindness that grows out of trusting

This is the Place of Refuge

Pau hana, Pau hana

Capacitor (Waterfall)

Dedicated to Bob Searle

A capacitor is a device that stores energy in the electric field created between a pair of conductors on which electric charges of equal magnitude, but opposite sign, have been placed. - Wikipedia

Oo my capacitor, my yang and yin, my butch and femme,

You magnetise my electrons end to end

I'm ready to begin

Oo my capacitor, I'm wired, inspired

You amplify the state I'm in

Blood rush to the skin

Building up, building up, wanna jump over the wall

Strong enough to hold, strong enough to hold

Strong enough to hold them all

Oo my capacitor, my imaginator, resonator, rainmaker,

My spark is always there for you

You make me shoot the moon

The Prodigal Son (trad., arr. Waterfall)

I first heard Mark Graham and Jerry Gallahe sing this. The sound of their voices, and their haunting vocal arrangement, is what initially hooked me. I can still hear them singing it, in my memory.

The Word of the Prophet (Waterfall)

I began to work on this song in 1999. I was afraid of the anger in it, but it kept coming back. This year, as I was considering the threat of genetically engineered food, off-shore fish farms, and other manifestations of corporate greed, I looked through the Old Testament Prophets, whose tradition this song refers to: "They shall fling their silver into the streets and cast aside their gold like filth; their silver and gold will be powerless to save them on the day of the Lord's fury." - Ezekiel 7, vs. 19

You plant a strange and twisted seed

The evil grows each time it breeds

And in the dying fields, the poisoned hands harvest your disease

The rivers scream and gasp for air

The bankers smile, the cameras stare

And for the ones who care, endure the pain it takes to stay aware

The word of the prophet is the roar of the thunder

Now the jaw of the lion, the claw of the eagle

Will make you pray, make you pray

Your appetites are running wild

You steal the youth from your own child

And when the future comes,

They know their lives will pay

For what you've done

Can't stop your schools from bleeding red

Can't turn your gold back into bread

You've made your greedy deal,

Now Satan's hand is reaching for the wheel

The end of time, your Judgment Day

The paradise you threw away

You'd like to buy your way, get on your knees and pray,

But it's too late

The serpent smiles, the gunman sights

The sunlight burns, the oceans rise

You feel the lion's teeth, you hear the eagle scream

The lightening strikes your lies until you bleed

Mend your ways

TR2006

Place of Refuge

LINDA WATERFALL

In recent years, I've increasingly been drawn to older 'field' recordings of traditional music. During this time, I was working on some new songs, and was also arranging some traditional songs. It occurred to me that I might try to do a live recording, like the ones I had been enjoying so much. At about this time, I crossed paths with my longtime friend Richard Scholtz who is reviving the art of recording live music.



These selections are all live takes; there are no overdubs or edits. They're all solo performances, but they developed as a result of a collaborative process between Richard and myself, which involved, among other things, redefining perfection in favor of something that has emotion, coherent flow, and is "breathing." My way of experiencing music has changed as a result of doing this project. I'm very excited about this recording, and it could only have happened with Richard's skill, guidance and inspiration.

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- 1 Place of Refuge 3:33
- 2 Capacitor 4:08
- 3 The Prodigal Son 4:40 (trad., arr. Waterfall)
- 4 The Word of the Prophet 3:39
- 5 A Little Flash of Light 4:04
- 6 Let All Mortal Flesh Keep Silence 2:23 (Liturgy of St. James, trad. French carol melody, arr. Waterfall)
- 7 I'm Only Sleeping 2:39 (Lennon-McCartney, arr. Waterfall)
- 8 Cielito Lindo 2:38 (trad., arr. Waterfall)
- 9 Si de Noche Vez que Brillan 2:14 (Vicente Emilio Sojo, arr. Waterfall)
- 10 The Carpenter 3:36 (trad., arr. Waterfall)
- 11 Lewiston Factory Girls 2:49 (trad., arr. Waterfall)
- 12 Ponderosa Pine 3:49
- 13 Reaching Out for Life 4:43

All music written & arranged by Linda Waterfall, except where noted.

Original songs by Linda Waterfall.

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Original arrangements by Linda Waterfall.

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"I'm Only Sleeping" (Lennon-McCartney)

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