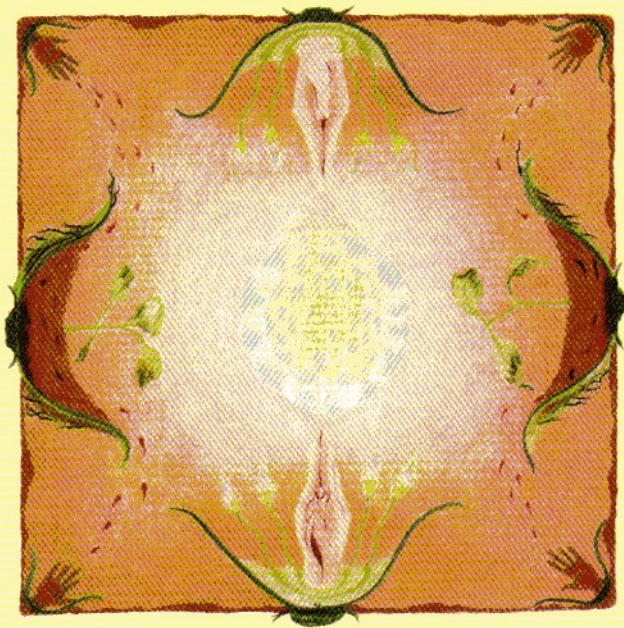


Linda Waterfall



In the Presence of the Light

Linda Waterfall

In the Presence of the Light

Produced by Linda Waterfall with special thanks to David Lange for his invaluable assistance and advice.

Engineered by David Lange at David Lange Studios except "Reception" engineered by Dave Dysart at Triad Studios.

All instrumentals and vocals by Linda Waterfall except as noted after each song.

Cover artwork by Linda Waterfall
Cover concept by Linda Waterfall and Ellen Silva
Cover production by Ellen Silva
Photograph by Katie McCullough

Extra special thanks to Bob Searle, for more than my words can express.

All words and music by Linda Waterfall except "Cool Touch" is by Linda Waterfall, Beverly Brown and Joyce Hads, © 1998 Linda Waterfall; "Leaves of Grass," poetry by Walt Whitman, music by Linda Waterfall, © 1998 Linda Waterfall.

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- 1 Drawing Down the Moon 4:53
- 2 Reception 5:48
- 3 Cool Touch 3:55
- 4 In the Presence of the Light 5:32
- 5 Kalalau 3:30
- 6 Escape Velocity 3:52
- 7 Waiting for Your Luck to Change 3:30
- 8 Mango Mouth 4:20
- Leaves of Grass:
- 9 Press Close, Bare Bosom'd Night 4:40
- 10 I Bequeath Myself to the Dirt 1:51
- 11 You Lingering Sparse Leaves 2:05
- 12 Allons, the Road is Before Us 2:28

Drawing Down the Moon

(Linda Waterfall)

1. Cool quiet forest floor
(ding dong dong di dong de)
Tell me what your laugh is for
(de di de di de de di de dong)
Laugh is for the moment now
(ding dong dong di dong de)
Find the time, it shows you how
(de di de di de de di de dong)

Chorus:

De de, de de, ding dong dong di dong de
Drawing down the moon (de di de di de de di de dong)
Drawing down the moon (de di de di de de di de dong)

2. Cool quiet forest floor
Tell me what the time is for
Time is how you measure space
So you are not every place

Chorus

3. Cool quiet forest floor
Tell me what the space is for
Spider fill it with a thread
Pull it in and back to bed

Chorus

4. Cool quiet forest floor
Tell me what the thread is for
Spin a tale to make you laugh
Now pick me up my walking staff

Chorus

De de, de de, you lose the thread, you pick it up again
De de, de de, you lose the thread, you pick it up again

1. Cool quiet forest floor
Tell me what your laugh is for
Laugh is for the moment now
Find the time, it shows you how

De de, de de, you lose the thread, you pick it up a
again
De de, de de, you lose the thread, you pick it up
again

background vocals: Arni Adler, Alicia Healey, Liz Savage

Reception

(Linda Waterfall)

1. The clouds are drawing together
There is power at hand, an open place to stand
Potential reaching from above and below
With a spark, the current flows
Reach up and make it flow
2. Clearing a path for reception
In the yearning ground, resistance clears for sound
Blue flash illuminates and vision is whole
And a roar breaks out the soul
Break out and fill the soul

Chorus:

Be my love for me when I can't love
Be my strength when I cannot be strong
Be my forgiveness when temptation comes
Be my courage when I can't go on

3. Maybe I spend my whole life waiting
To know that doubting ends, to feel the
light descend
I know I'm nothing 'til it reaches for me
'Til the time when I believe
Waiting 'til I believe

Chorus

4. There is no faith without the darkness
Climb the highest place where you can watch and wait
Sense of direction overpowers your fright
And survives the driest night
The storm will bring the Light

Chorus

Clearing a path for reception

*bass: Cary Black; drums: Will Dowd; saxophone:
Hans Teuber; background vocals: Alicia Healey,
Liz Savage, Linda Waterfall*

Cool Touch

(Linda Waterfall, Beverly Brown, Joyce Hads)

1. I like the love sky, so blue, so tender
The beauty of this world makes me surrender
I like soft rainfall, I like to watch the people
When their sweet sleep makes them look like
angels

Chorus:

I got a cool touch
I really do joylife so much
I love to take a happy breath of air

2. Lake sleep, lake sleep, like raindrops falling on the
deep
My dreams are shining now like the moon sweep
Woods life, woods life, like flowers growing
towards the light
Reaching deep within the earth to hold on tight

Chorus

- I see lots of pain-street people, nothing left but
the stem
I gotta keep on blooming so I don't end up like them
3. I got my heart squeeze, just me and my stories
I got my cool touch whip cream love flower
Rise and fall, after all, walk through misty waterfall
Just me and my rainbow petal song shower

Chorus

I got my cool touch whip cream love flower

*bass: Cary Black; percussion: Will Dowd;
vocals: Arni Adler and Gina Salá*

In the Presence of the Light

(Linda Waterfall)

(for Eileen Cuba and Doug Hayman)

1. Heads bent together
Hours and hours and hours on end they spend to
perfect it
Heads bent together
Smiling the miracle of that which we live for
2. I am in awe of a vision that's waking
Work for the love of just working
Like children playing
Hair stands on end, and I am flooded with meaning

With a flash you catch your breath, heart pounding
You feel your mind alive, and you're open now
In the presence of the Light, in the presence
of the Light

Bargains of power and transactions of envy
Human promise wasting in prisons and factories
Body unraveling and energy failing

Still the branch is twisting, still the leaves are
lifting to the Light

3. One fragile gesture after another
Preserved and shared and encouraged
Strands in a river
Flashing and shining on their way to the ocean

With a flash you catch your breath, heart pounding
You feel your mind alive, and you're open now
In the presence of the Light, in the presence
of the Light
Light

Waiting For Your Luck to Change

(Linda Waterfall)

(for Jan Howell)

1. You've done your best
Someone else will have to do the rest now, rest now
You gave it your heart and soul
Some things you can't control

Chorus:

Waiting for your luck to change
Sometimes that's all you can do
Find a way to laugh today
Waiting for your luck to change
You know your luck is bound to change

2. Sometimes folks are rude
A lot about our species could be improved
One or two, maybe, ever so gently be removed
To a place where their faith could be renewed

Chorus

3. You came by today
I guess I had an awful lot to say, I'm so blue
You hold my hand until the crying's through
And then we have a laugh or two

Chorus

Mango Mouth

(Linda Waterfall)

(for R.S.S.)

Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth
You're like the honey on the breeze from the lemon
trees in the South
Sweet juicy mango mouth
I like to feel it
Let me show you how to peel it
Everywhere you squeeze it, it did some good
Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth

1. When you see the glow of sunset, call it a mango sky
When it gets too hot to work, celebrate mango time
When your best friend moves away, give her a
mango goodbye
And when you find your true lover, that's the time for

Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth
You're like the honey on the breeze from the lemon
trees in the South
Sweet juicy mango mouth
I like to taste it
Around the waist it
Everywhere you placed it, it did some good
Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth

2. Sometimes you gotta be patient, when the
mango's green
Sometimes you gotta be lazy, if you want a
mango dream

But it's your turn to cook tonight, spread on the
mango cream
'Cause you found your true lover, and now's the
time for

Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth
You're like the honey on the breeze from the lemon
trees in the South
Sweet juicy mango mouth
Can you eat a whole one?
A nice, juicy slow one
It takes one to know one
Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth

3. When you get up in the morning, mango start the day
When your hard times make you blue, mango take it away
When you're ready to say goodbye, mango make you
want to stay
But when you find your true lover, that's the time for

Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth
Mango mouth, mango mouth, sweet juicy mango mouth

background vocals: Arni Adler and Gina Salá

Leaves of Grass

(poetry by Walt Whitman, music by Linda Waterfall)
These pieces were composed for the Seattle Arts
Commission Original Works Program in 1989-90. At the
time they were finished, I fell ill. Inflammation settled
in my forearms and wrists, and I was unable to play the
piano for two years. The pieces were beautifully
performed in 1992 by Julie Mirel and Bern Herbolzheimer.
Still, I never lost the desire to play them myself, so it's a
great pleasure to be able to record them now. There is a
fifth "Leaves of Grass" piece that belongs with these four;
it was recorded on "Body English," which was released
by Flying Fish in 1987.

Press Close Bare-Bosom'd Night

Press close bare-bosom'd night—press close
magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains
misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just
tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!

Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd
earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.

Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you
give love!
O unspeakable passionate love.

I Bequeath Myself to the Dirt

I bequeath myself to the dirt to grow from the grass
I love,
If you want me again look for me under your
boot-soles.

You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
But I shall be good health to you nevertheless,
And filter and fibre your blood.

Failing to fetch me at first keep encouraged,
Missing me one place search another,
I stop somewhere waiting for you.

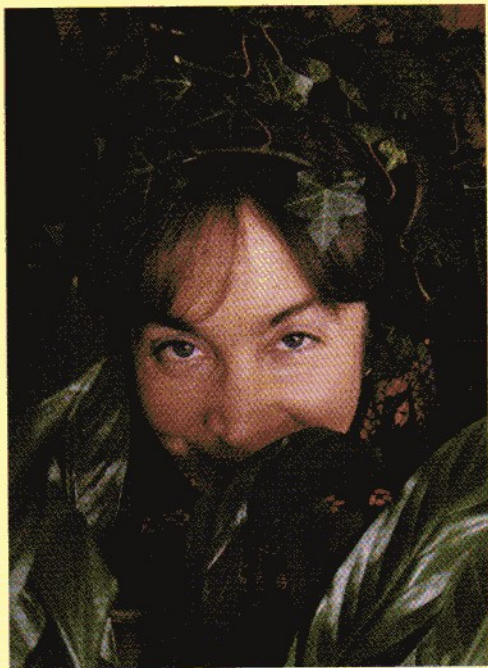
You Lingering Sparse Leaves

You lingering sparse leaves of me on
winter-nearing boughs,
And I some well-shorn tree of field or orchard-row;
You tokens diminute and lorn—(not now the flush of
May, or July clover-bloom—
no grain of August now;)—
You pallid banner-staves—you pennants valueless—
you overstay'd of time,
Yet my soul-dearest leaves confirming all the rest,
The faithfulest-hardest-last.

Allons! The Road is Before Us!

Allons! The road is before us!
It is safe—I have tried it—my own feet have tried it well—
be not detain'd!
Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the
book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! Let the money
remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! Mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! (...) and the
judge expound the law.

Camerado, I give you my hand!
I give you my love more precious than money,
I give you myself before preaching or law; (...)
Will you come travel with me?



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