

Keepin' On Dreamin' On

Donna Lange

www.donnalange.com

Order CD's @ \$20.00 ea. plus \$2.50 S&H, or send

Donations to:

Donna Lange

314 Loudon Rd. Lot # 131

Saratoga Springs, NY 12866-6514 USA

Fairest of Winds and Love, Only Gratitude...

Donna

1 *Keepin' On:* Strange how I can forget the details around how a song was written. Somewhere during the refits this song came to me. I can remember being in my boat, then sv_Tryst, hummin' "Keepin' On" and the words flowing. This song has become an anthem for my journey.

2 **The Water is Wide:* On all my CD's this is the only cover song. I was learning open C tuning and this song was on a favorite CD. Somehow I thought to work it out in C tuning. It worked. I had to do a bit of research to come up with a set of lyrics because it has been done so many ways. It was at the same time in my life when I was getting involved with Irish music jams and the connection to "Carrefurgus" stood out to me. I was playing it one day at a gig in an Irish pub in Saratoga, The Parting Glass, my Irish music home. I asked the crowd who wrote it and Kevin Mckrell (my American Irish music idol) said it was the American Irish version written by Pete Seeger. I have never research it. But it sounded good to me. This was originally recorded at Mountain Top Studio, and Bob Noble took that and worked it out for me to add the harmony. It is a favored track.

3 *Mermaid's Dream:* After the car accident, in the tumultuous, turned upside down world I then entered, I hadn't written any songs for years. But the sea was calling to me. Once I finally settled into the chef position on sv_Sojourn, inspiration began to flow again. The sea and snorkeling were fantasy whimsical spaces in my world. It was actually with guests on a charter (I have their names somewhere) that I started to try to pen words to describe the sea as if I was a mermaid as I swam every day amidst the "coral gardens". The rolling guitar pick pattern came and I was alive again.

4 *Dream of Paradise:* The second song followed closely. As the pain and anger melted into the breezes and warmth of the Caribbean, this song was born. My sons were visiting, I had rented a sail boat and decided to learn to sail. I decided that to learn to sail, I had to put all the aspects of sailing together, mooring, anchoring, driving, setting sail, helm and trimming sails. Handling gusts and squalls. The first inevitable "going aground" happened in the sand around the Last Resort in Trellis Bay on Beef Island. Keel was my savior having a natural knack for sailing I didn't have. One morn I took off for a hike along the beach around to the Sir Francis Channel. I was overwhelmed with the peace I felt as the breeze brushed my face, as the warmth of the sun released all the sadness. I was free for those moments. I felt happiness



5 *Healing Hearts:* The music came first. That drumming sound. Somewhere there is a notebook with the lyrics written in long hand. The original recording on my hand held cassette recorder. I do remember being near my family and reflecting. Now I remember. It was when I was traveling to Cape Charles Virginia getting ready to head to Tortolla. The depth of the effects of our family splitting apart came through with a desperate hope that we would all find healing. That Fletcher and I would some day be able to put the pain aside and enjoy the friendship we once knew. I could never stop loving him. What a joy to have that hope fulfilled and to be able to enjoy the gathering together of our family when I am home. I can't say how precious that is.

6 *Creation at It's Best:*** Ptarmigan, my oldest daughter, started playing the guitar as a teen and would learn my licks. It was funny to hear her play my licks. One year, when we were at Camp life (the Christian camp of our Church), I heard Ptarmi plucking away at a lick I had never heard and it was so cool that I asked her to teach it to me. I wanted to use it to write a song. I kept playing it for months and expanded the lick a bit but no lyrics came. 3 months later, I was driving with Keel with me and he asked me what a "Tree-hugger" was. I reflected a second and proceeded to spew out ...I'm not exactly what you'd call a tree-hugger.... The words came out poetically. Keel was the one who was amazed and he said to me "Mom, you should write that into a song". Well, it was one of those miracles and within 20 minutes of arriving home, those lyrics and ptarmi's music were written into the song. It is a favorite, requested most often by first time listeners to the album.

7 *Living Hard:* The first refit on my boat was quite extensive. Though subsequent ones would daunt this, it was still huge. Rig and lifelines replaced. Finding the electronics were not going to work, electrical system totally to rebuild, everything rubber had sat too long and lost elasticity and hard. Seals everywhere, even the engine transmission, were beyond help and needed to be rebuilt. Living Hard is about being willing to give life 1000% of my trust, my effort and my love in reaching out to give all I had to give, hoping to find true peace and happiness, a home for this tender loving heart of mine. The experiences of the new Caribbean life had opened up so many wondrous doors. But it wasn't without hard work.

8 *^ Rushing Waters:* This is an earlier song written around 1993. My song writing tends to come in spurts often inspired by some new chords or progression of chords I would learn on the guitar. I

had gone to a workshop held by Chris Shaw, a wonderful Adirondack folk hero, where he taught how to use “slack tunings” on the guitar. I would change the notes on the strings a certain way so if I strum the guitar open with no fingers on any fret, the sound is in lovely harmony. This new way of playing opened up all kinds of creative doors for me. Chris had shown us an “outback type drone on one string” that I played with, changing it a bit. The sound was great. I asked Fletch what it sounded like and he suggested it sounded like movement and almost simultaneously, we suggested the sense of water flowing. Because of Fletchers families love for paddling, and competitive prowess, our family spent most of our free time nestled into a rivers edge in New York or Massachusetts. This song poured out. This is one Fletch worked with me on. The lyrics reflect my Christian spaces as water was analogous of the spiritual walk.

9 & 10 *The Sway of The Dance/Day of the Dance:** In 1995, after that open C workshop, I was working night shift as a pediatric home care nurse and had just started playing Irish music, playing the bodhran and whistle. The family of one of my clients, a young girl was first generation Irish in America. It was on a Halloween night, and the little girl was at her grandparent’s home. We got talking about the Irish culture in Schenectady, the dancing, the theater, the role of music in every aspect of their lives; I was so inspired that when I went home I began to write The Day of the Dance all about that very thing. Somewhere along the line, in thinking of how music spoke of love and courting, I got on another track of lyrics that were about a love relationship developing from dance. The dance took on that spiritual meaning of the flowing, glorious life that was free and loving, fulfilling. Full of spiritual connectedness. Somehow there became 2 songs and I have always let one run into the other. Ptarmigan, having just returned from 4 months in Ireland had learned to be a much better bodhran player and she plays this drum with both songs. I believe The Sway of the Dance is my best work of poetry.

11 Don’t Be A Passer By: I can remember sitting at a bible study at Will and Jen Friskeys house. I was restless, hurting but gaining some energy after the accident. I began planning to move to Baltimore MD. In my desperate search, I was going to immerse myself with ‘saints’ hoping without any ‘fleshly’ influences in my life, maybe I could come right. During that decision making time, Ptarmigan and I had the chance to volunteer together on the 100’ Tall Ship sv_Clipper City, working day trips in Baltimore Harbor. I ended up staying a whole week. They offered me a job any time I wanted it which changed my world. It was upon seeing a miraculous rainbow, on my way to an Irish Session on bicycle, guitar strung across my back, bodhran strapped to the rack on the rear wheel that I decided to take the risk. I called the number I had for the tall ship. But Tommy, the Irish tenor who had been the skipper when I volunteered, didn’t answer. A woman, Virginia Wagner, was now the skipper. She had heard of me and needed a ships cook desperately. I was hired. This song expresses the process I was going through at the time.

12^^ Omuramba Sails the Sea: After I had bought my boat, most of the way through the first refit, I started proclaiming to the world that I was going to take off sailing solo around the world. Tina Rose, owner of Omuramba, a 43’ Swan and Tim Davis decided that I should go with them offshore to “experience” and learn. They were secretly hoping it would be very rough and I would be discouraged from this idea given I was an absolute green horn sailor. But strangely enough, it was so calm, that they nicknamed me “Donna, the Calm”. I wrote several songs on that trip all about

my jumping off on the quest to find myself and hoping I would come to a place of peace and self love. Find God and the answers to my questions and angers. This was the song most ready when I hit the coast of RI and subsequently dove into a recording studio, the living room of wonderful production artist, Bob Noble. In just a few days, and for the most part a gift from him, we recorded “Keepin On”. We pulled a few tracks from recording I had done at Mountain Top Studios, in Berlin NY earlier and added harmony or the tin whistle or bodhran. Omuramba was fresh but made the CD.

13^ ^ Seafarin’ Lullabye:** My favorite part of this song is my tin whistle solo. Amidst the chartering, I did manage to play my whistle. I wrote only few songs, but this is probably nearly my favorite of all. I end most of my gigs, concerts, speaking engagements with this lullaby. I enjoy taking the role of the Sirene, lofting tales of the Caribbean islands, her sailors, and her sea.

Credits:

All songs written, sung & played by **Donna Lange** except:

* Lyrics & Melody are Traditional

** Music was written by daughter **Ptarmigan** and **Donna**.

Lyrics were inspired by son **Keel**.

*** Bodhran played by **Ptarmigan**

^ Lyrics worked out with **Ptarmigan & Fletcher**

^^ Original recording by Mountaintop Studio, Petersburg, NY

Guitar used was custom built by **PEGG Guitars**

Photos by **Jane Pares in** Auckland, NZ Sept, & Oct. 2006

Engineered and Produced by Hill & Valley Studio

PO Box 129, Valley Falls, NY 12185

Graphics by **Janet Marie Yeates**

Mastered by Oasis CD

Original Songs Copyright 2001 **Donna M Lange**

PLEASE KEEP TRACK OF MY SAILING ADVENTURES AT:

WWW.DONNALANGE.COM

Email: donnalange@hotmail.com

“Fairest of Winds and Love, Only Gratitude....

Donna

