



Deeper Dance

Crystal Bright: Vocals, Saw • Dave Beards: Tabla
Emily Musolino: Vocals • James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals, Bones
Joey Arcuri: Standup Bass • Ruffin Daniel McCoy: Classical Guitar

Our lives are filled with innumerable interactions with one another covering a gamut of emotions and complexity. These interactions could be seen as a kind of dance playing out throughout our lifespan. Normally, the connections we make are limited and superficial, as we struggle through the limitations of our bodies to express what lies in our heart. But what if we could communicate on a deeper level not impeded by flesh and bone; what if we could dance a Deeper Dance?

I have watched ever longingly at the echoes of your soul,
Every subtle passing move, the corners of your lips and eyes,
Speaking of your inner life to me.

What more needs to be said, what message could the wind bear,
That I've not already heard, most truly observed,
As you stand right before me.

(Chorus)

Let us dance a deeper dance,
No more echoes through dust and clay,
All hearts beat as one.

Now who is master and who is slave? Are we not now one body?
Let us beat in time, let us all now align,
To the one true living heart.

The music it ever plays, the eternal voices singing,
Down through the ages, upon the Earth's very stage,
It's only the beginning...

(Chorus)

The Hunt (instrumental)

Crystal Bright; Saw, Vocals • James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Bones, Shruti Box
Joey Arcuri Standup Bass • Ruffin Daniel McCoy: Classical Guitar, Throat Singing

Rodeif Chesod is a Hebrew phrase that is roughly translated “pursue mercy”. The word translated pursue, though, is a word describing the relentless pursuit of the hunter. There are no lyrics but this poem summarizes the unspoken message:

Turning from the bread of hatred
With fierce single mindedness,
Losing all caution,
Forsaking all else,
Pursue love!

Till taking it,
And devouring it,
It's flesh our flesh,
It's bone our bone,
We become the prey, We become the hunted!

Harold's Dream (instrumental)

Brian Quast: Drums Donovan McCain Mandolin
James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar Joey Arcuri Standup Bass
Ruffin McCoy: Classical Guitar

When I was 19, I had the good fortune to play music with a homeless drummer named Harold. One time, Harold looked over at me and said, “play this”, and began to sing a melody for me to play on the bass. At the time, being so new to music, I was confused. It hadn't occurred to me that this is what musicians do: that playing a melody sung to you was an essential skill. Well I figured out how to play that tune and never forgot it. Many years later I took Harold's bass line and expanded on it and created an instrumental in his honor, and in honor of all “older” people who see potential in the youth and sing to them the tune.

Jazz Fusion No. 9 (instrumental)

Brian Quast Drums Emily Musolino Vocals • James Olin Oden Classical Guitar
Joey Arcuri: Standup Bass • Ruffin McCoy: Classical Guitar

Love's Tattoo (Love's Ríastrád)

Autumn Rose Brand: Violin • Caitlin Cary: Vocals
James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals • Kaitlin Grady: Cello

There are two words in this song that need explanation. The first is the word tattoo. In this case it is being used as the drum beat found at a military gathering of the same name. That is at these military tattoo's one can hear the drum's tattoo. In the song it is love's tattoo being sought. The next term is ríastrád which is the old Gaelic word used in the Cattle Raid of Cooley to describe how Cú Chulainn (the story's hero) would physically transform before battle. In his case the transformation was scary and downright frightening such that he was called the distorted one. I have coopted this term in this song and combined it as "love's ríastrád" to describe a transformation that is equally as horrific to the enemies of love.

The sun's going down,
And I can hear the sound,
Of fiddles lightly bowing,
Voices a crowing,
Couples gently flowing
round the fire.

The moon riding high,
The stars high above,
Light my crooked path,
Never had to ask,
I make my way through the
darkness, through the darkness.

(Chorus)

I need someone,
To show me the song,
That my out of step heart
might beat love's tattoo!

Assemble together!
Strike the banner!
Hatred's come a calling,
Brothers and sisters are falling.
Give it no place or quarter in our
hearts.

Wind gently blow,
Away all our fears,
Till we're all but blinded,
Transformed and beknighted,
Till complete is love's ríastrád.

(Chorus)

The Day I Told Her Mícheál Domhnaill Died Caitlin Cary Vocals • James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals, Shruti Box, Sussato G Whistle Ruffin McCoy: Tenor Banjo

This is a song I wrote concerning a true story of being the bearer of bad news in festival time, and of perhaps how small this world can be. Certainly, it bemoans a cruel irony of bad timing.

No I never knew him, Mícheál Domhnaill, no,
But heard his recordings and they moved me so,
A keening voice in the tongue of the Gael,
He was an inspiration to young and old.

Then I read one day of his terrible fall,
How of Mícheál Domhnaill we'd hear no more,
Well sure I was saddened to be reading the news,
Another great one had passed out of this world.

I was outside The Station in Carrboro, NC,
Playing me whistle, whilst enjoying a pint,
Twas Saint Patrick's day, I'd be on stage soon,
When she called me o'er for to talk a while.

She told me how she knew Mícheál and Triona,
How they lived in this very town so many years ago,
I could tell by her tone she had not heard the news,
So sadly I informed her of Mícheál's fall.

(Chorus)

On the day I told her Mícheál Domhnaill died,
Was a day of celebration, of Irish pride,
The Wearin O' the Green, Twas Saint Patrick's Day,
On the day I told her Mícheál Domhnaill died.

Well her countenance was stricken,
she was grieved full sore,
But I'd no time to comfort as I headed for the door,
My time had come to be singing gay songs,
As she mourned the passing of Mícheál .

Then I had to leave for Raleigh town,
To Tír Na Nóg to again recount,
The Pride O' Erin, The Wearing of the Green,
On the day I told her Mícheál Domhnaill had died.

(Chorus)

The Fool Amongst the Keeners

Donovan McCain: Mandolin
James Olin Oden: Guitalele, Vocals, Tony Dixon C Whistle, Bones, Shruti Box
Joey Arcuri: Standup Bass • Ruffin McCoy: Classical Guitar, Tenor Banjo

A few years back I was invited to participate in a songwriters circle.
Almost everyone was playing very sad songs, such that every time
it was my turn I just couldn't stand to do another mournful tune. It
occurred to me on later reflection, I was perhaps the fool amongst the keeners.

Circle up, now sing your songs, bare your naked soul,
With temperamental majesty, declare the years toll,
As the withered audience listens to the mournful keen,
There's no beer strong enough to mellow this dread scene.

(Chorus)

Well I'm the fool amongst the keeners, the joker amongst the pride,
There's tears a plenty to be shared, for the mourners road is wide,
I'm laughing when there's frowning, I'm your man at the wake,
For I'll surely be a dancing, down the narrow road I take.

The dirge and blues are coming, the singer's in full bloom,
Let's all sit and listen, to this sordid private doom.
But you know the lark's still singing in the morning time,
And after the storm's washing you're sure to hear his chime.

(Chorus)

I've sung my share of dirges, and murder ballads more,
But I'll ne'er leave you hanging in that rotten sullen moore,
Sure there's death a plenty out there and around each corner doom,
But life was made for laughing and dancing round this womb.

(Chorus)

Love Is Not Tame

Caitlin Cary: Vocals • Donovan McCain: Mandolin
James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals
Michael Rank: Vocals • Ruffin Daniel McCoy: Classical Guitar

One day it occurred to me that the most functional love is love that is
met in strength, the love of lions. We so often think that our mates
make us whole, but really in our wholeness are we able to truly love.

Why sing drinking songs if you're not gonna drink,
Why act wild when you prefer your cage,
You can love a lion, but she'll never be tame,
She wants no part of your gilded cage.

(Chorus)

Come to the waters and lap them up.
There is no time to make your hands a cup.
The war is raging do you have the love?
Love is not tame, it will not give up.

Sing songs of the road, yet you lay in your house,
Dance like a warrior but you tremble inside,
Act like a lion, but you're really a mouse,
Acting, just acting, in your play house.

(Chorus)

Don't Worry about what you might become,
Don't think about where the road may lead,
What's done is done, now you're on your way,
No need to fear what you cannot see.

(Chorus)

Dear John and the Big Red Pickup Truck

Donovan McCain: Mandolin • James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals, Shaker Egg
“Jeffro” Holshouser: Vocals • Joey Arcuri: Standup Bass Rodger Lenhardt: Washboard
Ruffin McCoy: Tenor Banjo

This is a true story. The only thing omitted is the cursing.

It was wonderful night, ah the moon was bright,
I determined not to drink much at all,
So I brought one beer, and Keller Williams was tight,
But my friends had other plans ... for me that night!

Well There was bourbon and beer, whiskey, moonshine,
We danced together, we had us a time!
There was Jason, and Jesse, Luke and Elrod,
Whiskey galore and friends ... friends more!

Then I stumbled off into the night,
somewhere I lost my sight,
They tell me I played well that night,
Round those fires of Shakori!

(Chorus)

Dear John, Dear John, Why'd you get so drunk?
Why'd crawl under that big ol pickup truck?
Whiskey, beer, I'm sure moonshine,
Now you can't find your way ... back home!

When I came to my senses once again,
I decided it was time to turn in,
So I started off on my way,
When I heard a voice from underneath ... a big red pickup truck.

I's gonna move on, I didn't wanna bother,
Until I heard yet another holler,
“Help me, help me I can't find my tent!”
I said who's that there ... then John cried my name.

(Chorus)

Well I pulled John out and he clung on tight,
I said John, dear John where's your tent,
He did not know but told me he loved me.
I love you too, John, but where's your tent.

We disappeared into the night,
stumbling along, it was such sight,
Made a wrong turn, but it turned out right,
Round those fires of Shakori

We came to the border of his camp,
There was a big ole ditch and a hobo's ramp.
John, dear John, how'm I gonna get you across?
“I can do it James!” ... then like a rocket he launched!

He was fine getting over but then could not stand,
I stumbled across to give him a hand,
I said we're here John; now where's your tent,
I love you James ... but I don't know.

(Chorus)

There was a fire and friends, so I drug John over,
Said “anybody know where's John's tent?”
I was met with silence so I asked again,
Then a girl said, she knew of three and one them's his.

So I set John by Sara, she later thanked me kindly,
And followed the girl to the three tents,
There were burning coals in the middle the path,
I said me a prayer ... don't let John burn,

(Chorus)

So I got John from Sarah, and we were off,
Then I heard, “Hey John, don't get in my tent”,
“You know where his tent is? Then please show us now!”
Grudgingly he did ... and we found John's tent.

I got John inside, I thought we were done for the night,
But then he said “I gotta go”, He got out of his tent,
stumbled into the woods, The the drums started playing,
He screamed “Drum Circle!”, Shot off like a hare,

into the woods, I gave him chase, but I soon gave up,
When he stumbled in a ditch, But it didn't slowed him ...
He disappeared into the night, chasing those drums under the moonlight,
I bid him adieu as he ran out of sight,
Past those fires of Shakori!

Dance Right Out Of My Grave

Caitlin Cary: Vocals • Donovan McCain: Mandolin
James Olin Oden: Classical Guitar, Vocals • Joey Arcuri: Standup Bass
Ruffin McCoy: Classical Guitar

One night after a dreadful work week, I was at a Driftwood show at Motorco in Durham, NC. I was dead on my feet and really only there to support Driftwood, otherwise I would have been home sleeping. At some point the music really started to pick up with Claire's fiddling ripping away, and before I knew it I was dancing. I had forgotten about the week's travails was alive and dancing away.

Lying here in darkness, in Silence,
I cannot taste, I cannot feel.
A weary heart of stone, cold and still,
buried neath the layers of worry and doubt.

The seasons change all around me
I am unmoved in my winter time
The hoary frost gathers all around,
My lonely beggars tomb.

Like a mighty trump from above,
the fiddle plays full of love,
My heart starts to beat in time.
I've no more time to spend,
Lying here in silence,
Oh I feel so alive!

You make me want to dance out of my grave,
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
Oh you make me feel alive!
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
Oh you make me feel alive!

Each chord shimmering with life,
Harmonies cut like a knife,
Through the darkness surrounding me.
How can this song be contained,
In this cold cold clay,
Breaking through the Earth
I bloom to see the day.

You make me want to dance out of my grave,
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
Oh you make me feel alive!
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
You make me want to dance out of my grave,
Oh you make me feel alive!

A mighty wind from above descends upon us,
As we beat as one,
Fiery tongues of love rest upon us,
And we speak what the world has never heard.

Oh we're dancing, we're dancing, This is life.
Oh we're dancing, we're dancing,
This is life.

Thanks

To Katherine, my wife, thank you for your patience, understanding, and love. These last few years have been very hard and you've made them so much better. To clan O'Connor thanks for all your support, even when you might think I'm a bit mad. To all those that helped with this album, thank you so much. We made something great together. To "Killbasa" Bill thank you for allowing me to join the dance with you. My life was ever changed by your kindness, and I learned much from sitting with you in your camp. Rest in peace brother. To Alethea, fly like a butterfly dear! Carter I can still hear your laughing on the wind and was ever appreciative of your earnest support. To Zemo, you've given me wisdom in the midst of my foolishness. I am ever grateful. To little brother, and middle brother (aka Eric and Elrod), I love you greatly. You are the balm to my ever too serious soul. To Pauly (aka Joe Hippy) I am ever honored by your hospitality. To all the musicians I have worked with over the past few years, thank you for sharpening me and making me better. To all my supporters and fans, let's dance!

Finally, to the caller of the dance and the singer eternal whose story never ends, I give thanks.
Hodu L'Adonai Ci Tov Ci L'Olam Chasdo!

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