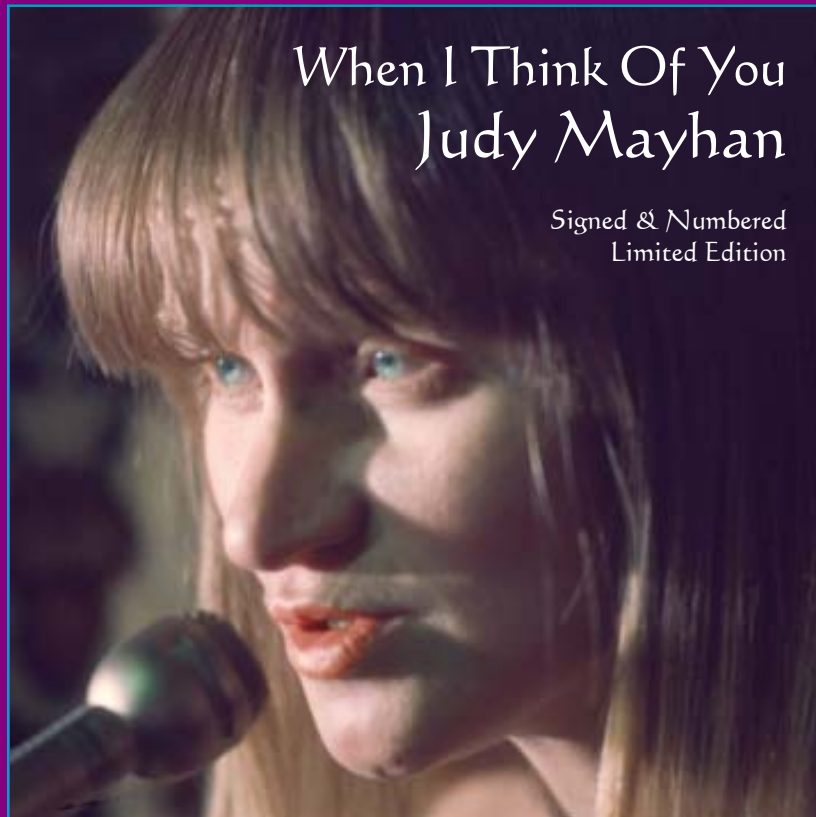




When I Think Of You Judy Mayhan

Signed & Numbered
Limited Edition



Judy's Notes

What can you say about a song that the song doesn't say if you sang it right? I've never known. There are journeys to the inner depths....there are things to be mined there...attitudes, feelings, observations, and most importantly, those hidden and not so hidden experiences that come with just living a life. I have been lucky to "experience" a song. I have had incredible journeys into the known and unknown spaces and places of myself. I have lusted after that moment when a song truly reached me, when a sudden shiver appeared on the nape of the neck, when there is no argument, so powerful are the words and/or the melody. I have known some of those moments, and they fill me with gratitude.

I have had love affairs with a song I heard, recognizing myself in it, and something much larger than myself. My attraction is usually to the lyrics, and then the melody. Sometimes both are one beautiful thing, able to do it all, able to stand alone in a timeless foreverness, as a painting, a poem, a line from a play. No artist will tell you they're entirely happy with their work...it's an ongoing process. I've never sung a song the same way twice. And that's true whether I was singing alone with no one to hear, or on stage with people listening, or in a recording studio.

The songs gathered here are from two sources, The Great American Music Hall in San Francisco on March 13, 1977, and Malcolm Cecil's Tonto Recording Studio in Los Angeles, January 15, 1979. With two exceptions, I lived with these songs for

some time and they were part of my repertoire in the 1970s. The two settings are very different. Singing for an audience is exhilarating....a place where there is only one chance to do it really right....theatre defined, as it were. I have thrived on the exchange of energy from stage to audience and that "back at ya" feeling. It's all in the realm of mystery and magic to me. The recording studio allows for an entirely different atmosphere and approach to creating music that is equally intriguing.

In the studio I was fortunate to get to work with musician and master recording engineer Malcolm Cecil, who has recorded Stevie Wonder, Joan Baez, The Isley Brothers, Stephen Stills, and Minnie Riperton, to mention a few. I have him to thank for providing me with the most incredible atmosphere in which to explore nine of the songs you hear on this CD. It allowed me to spontaneously create two pieces that wouldn't exist otherwise, *The Bells* and *Gratitude*.

The songs on this CD are journeys I have taken. Some led me to the mine fields of my life...others to inexpressible beauty....all have changed me in one way or another. I offer them to you.

Dedication

To my kith and kin, especially my soul mate, Robert Boler, my daughters, Schelagh and Omie, and my grandchildren, Ashley, Kristen, Matthew Christopher, and Audrey.

To Renee Roatcap, 1957-1999, a fine musician and an extraordinary friend. Together we plumbed the depths of artistic passion, and I loved her for never wavering from the ability to seek the truth and

the false about ourselves....to not lose sight of compassion, in the face of pain....and to let it be transforming, this life.

— Judy Mayhan

About Judy

Judy Mayhan grew up in Kansas, and she took to music at an early age. She studied music and theater in college, then hitched to New York in 1960 and became part of the Greenwich Village folk music scene. Traveling to the West Coast with Hoyt Axton, she made her first record album in 1962, singing traditional folk songs and playing Appalachian dulcimer. Moving on from folk, in 1970 and 1971 Judy made two major label record albums as a singer/songwriter, playing piano with a backup band of seasoned studio players. (See p. 14.)

In the early 1970s, Judy moved north of San Francisco to Mendocino County, where she continued to grow and mature musically, writing songs, playing gigs with many area musicians, singing blues, country and ultimately jazz. As a consummate musician with world-class talent, Judy gained a devoted following in the course of years of live performances at clubs and concert halls, including San Francisco's Keystone Korner and Great American Music Hall, Los Angeles' McCabe's Guitar Shop, Mendocino's beloved Sea Gull, and nearby Fort Bragg's Cotton Auditorium, which she filled to capacity for a 1985 concert.

But life dealt Judy a cruel blow in 1986, when she was stricken with a rare hearing disorder that made normal sounds seem painful and distorted. Music and song had been the center of her life, her very identity, but she could no longer sing or play piano.

Judy's health declined during the 1990s, but as the new millennium dawned she was determined to preserve her musical legacy. Her family formed Shayomi for that purpose, and Shayomi reissued Judy's three LP albums on CD.

This is the first of a series of retrospective CDs to be compiled from previously unreleased recordings of Judy at the peak of her musical powers, from the mid-70s to the mid-80s. Recorded in the late 1970s, Judy plays alone, singing an eclectic mix of styles ranging from folk to singer/songwriter to jazz ballads.

— Nick Wilson

For more about Judy see www.judymayhan.com.



— Sally Salke, 1970

1. The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress

by Jimmy Webb

The ocean's tides are pulled by the moon....so is the heart of all living things. You can't own her, even though you try and try...You want her guidance, but she just shines and sometimes doesn't shine.....What an incredible metaphor for what seems to be the human dilemma....the many ways that expectation turns out to be something else entirely.... one trips and falls and misses the supreme moment....Repeatedly you can't pin it down...And at those moments, the sky really *is* made of stone....Reality is back on earth somewhere, that's for sure. Joe Cocker's version moved me completely and was the inspiration that directed my own.

See her how she flies	Once the sun did shine	I fell out of her eyes
Golden, sails across the sky	Lord it felt so fine	I fell out of her heart
Close enough to touch	The moon, a phantom, rose	I fell down on my face
But careful if you try	Through the mountains and the pines	I tripped and missed the stars
Though she looks as warm as gold	Then the darkness fell	I fell and fell alone
The moon's a harsh mistress	The moon's a Harsh mistress	The moon's a harsh mistress
The moon can be so cold.	It's hard to love her well.	The sky is made of stone.
		The moon's a harsh mistress
		She's hard to call your own.

Published by Universal Polygram International Pub. Inc.

2. The Bells

by Judy Mayhan

When this came to me, or through me, I was standing ten feet away from the microphone in the studio, having just declared it enough for one night. I remember saying that I couldn't sing another note. On the ceiling were three sets of hanging chimes. I ran both hands through them and was transported to a garden of flowers whose colors were blinding. I began to sing effortlessly in a vocal register I was convinced was no longer useable. I found myself looking into the center of a giant red-orange poppy, about 4 inches from it's face. As I continued to look, I stopped singing and quit running my hands through the chimes and simply listened, transfixed, listening to them slowing down and coming to rest. Just when I thought they were finished I heard the last two tones. I lifted my head from the flower and saw in the distance beyond the garden what looked like a monastery made of stone, and knew that those last two were from the

monastery, calling me in. A hallucination? A dream? A vision born of late night weariness? I do not care. It's as real this second as it was then. And, without my knowing it, the engineer had turned the recording machines back on and caught it on tape.

3. Down In Your Soul

by Todd Barkan and Judy Mayhan

One of the many songs I have sung to myself, for myself, to urge that self towards the essence of myself. It's often very easy to lose myself, not have a clue. But in the thickest of that lostness, there is a touch point within that I have returned to infinite numbers of times.....a place where I've found what I thought I'd lost. Each and every time, it's "one sweet moment of surprise" to find it. When it happens, nothing in the world can touch it.

Down in your soul, there's a song you can feel,
It's something that no one can steal,
It's your own tune, all and in part,
Dance to the song in your heart.

If you want to see where you're goin' to,
And you don't care how you get back from,
You never gotta be alone again,
It's all inside you waitin' to begin,
Let go, let go and see what happens,
You'll never believe your eyes,
You'll give fortune and fame and everything
For that one sweet moment of surprise.

Down in your soul, there's a song you can feel,
It's something that no one can steal,
It's your own tune, diamond from coal,
Dance to the song in your soul.

If you want to see where you're goin' to,
And you don't care how you get back from,
You never gotta be alone again,
It's all inside you,
Let go, let go and see what happens,
You'll never believe your eyes,
You'll give fortune and fame and everything
For that one sweet moment of surprise.

It's your own tune, all and in part,
Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance
To the song in your heart.

Published by Keystone Korner International

4. He's Funny That Way

by Richard Whiting, Neil Moret; arranged by Judy Mayhan

I have always loved singing this wonderful ballad. I don't remember where I found this introduction, but it allowed me to see the whole movie of these people's lives. There is nothing in the world like feeling lucky. Every time I sang this, I could see them in my mind. I made up different inner lives for them. One had risen to the top of the game and many rolls of the dice later, he's down and done. The other never thought she'd ever find this kind of devotion, not in a million years. Perhaps it was only an accident that brought them into each other's world. One thing's for sure...after all the inner wars, real or imagined, finding that you're loved beats every hand in the deck. It just doesn't get any better than "glad to be livin', and lucky to be."

He once dressed in silks and lace,
Owned a Rolls Royce car.
Now he seems quite out of place,
Like a fallen star.
Draped around my kitchen sink,
Happy as can be,
I just have to stop and think,
Why he fell for me.

(chorus)

I'm not much to look at,
I ain't nothin' to see,
Just glad to be livin',
And lucky to be.
I got a man, he's crazy for me,
He's funny that way.

I can't save a dollar,
I ain't never got a cent.
He doesn't holler,
'Cause you know he'd live in a tent.
I got a man, crazy for me,
He's funny that way.

Though he loves to work and slave for me every day,
Maybe he'd be better off if I went away.
But how can I leave him,
Why should I go?
He'd be unhappy without me I know.
I got a man, he's crazy for me,
He's funny that way.

Published by Chappell & Co./EMI April Music Inc.

5. When I Think Of You (or Let's Fly)

by Judy Mayhan

Written for someone who came into my life and together we briefly found the passion to live, really live and not squander the time. If you stop and think about it, "from one end to the other of this life" is not so long. It's all about what you do in between. It is said that if you try to help a butterfly out of its cocoon, it will die. Still, it's tempting to try. It broke me when he jumped off a bridge. Like the line from Ibsen's play, the Master Builder, "You have to reach out and grab your luck." Humans have their own style of "metamorphosis." Somewhere in the mix, there is choice. Make it so, make it so, make it so.

Didn't you know....
That every time I reach to touch,
To feel, to see, to have...
To let, to have again,
A gentle grin is creepin' t
Just to touch my brain,
When I think of you.

And couldn't you see....
That after all the times
I have run into the trees,
Reached imaginary breeze;
Fell into the sea, my heart
Pounding, pulsing thing,
I cannot help but sing,
When I think of you.

Here we go again, reaching out from here within....
Here we go again, reaching out to the moon and stars,
Finding out what it is we are.



— K. Rudin

I bet you we could make it,
If we really tried.
Taste each breathless moment,
Feel each new surprise.

Here I go again, thinking I could fly.
Here I go again, a butterfly
In constant metamorphosis.

So if you let me love you,
Like I really do,
Who knows what may happen,
Some magic might slip through.
We only have to make it
From one end to the other of this life.
We only have to make it,
Come on....Let's fly,
Let's fly.

Published by East Casper Music

6. Nobody's Home

by Judy Mayhan

Written for the times when the pain that seems to be a part of living makes withdrawing inward to soft darkness seem the only answer...where there are no blows and the curtain has fallen for a time, gently brushing the floorboards of the stage. There, in catatonic silence, not even the vaguest dream lives, and hopefully, perhaps, there exists a little peace. Gone away for to stay a little while or a long time. Still, one must remember that the human spirit is capable of so much, even transcending this darkness.

Nobody's home, so quit your knockin',
Nobody's home, they left here with a rockin'
They were too damn scared to say goodbye,
They did not want you to see them cry,
No, no, no, nobody's home.

Nobody's home, so quit your tryin' to get in.
Nobody's home, and there ain't, there ain't no heart to win.
Don't try to sweet talk your way,
Cause all they can say, they can say is
Nobody's home.

Nobody's home, did you think that you could teach them?
Nobody's home, did you think that you could reach them?
They won't answer any telephones.
They can't even tell you that
They're alone, they're alone,
Whoa, no, no, no, oh no, no, no, no,
Nobody's home,
Nobody's home.



Published by East Casper Music

— K. Rudin

7. Look To The Rainbow

by E.Y. Harburg, Burton Lane (from the movie, *Finian's Rainbow*)

A message from my father. Life goes on no matter what happens, and it is wisdom to listen to the messages from our ancestors. Someone before your birth lived a life, had dreams, shot the moon to get them, so great the thirst of their curiosity. Maybe didn't get them all, but gave it a go, gave it a go. I dedicate this to every soul who has lived the courage of a dream.

On the day I was born, said my father said he,
There's an elegant legacy waiting for thee.
'Tis a rhyme for your lips, and a song for your heart,
To sing it whenever the world falls apart.

(chorus)

Look, look, look to the rainbow,
Follow it over the hills and the streams,
Look, look, to the rainbow,
Follow the fellow who follows a dream.

'Twas a sumptuous gift to bequeath to a child,
But the lure of that song kept her feet runnin' wild,
'Cause you never grow old, and you never stand still,
With the whippoorwill singin' beyond the next hill.

Well, I bundled my heart, and I roamed the world free,
To the east with a lark, to the west with the sea,
And I searched the whole world, and I scanned all the skies,
But I found it at last in my own true love's eyes.



Published by Chappell & Co./Next Decade Entertainment Inc OBO Glocca Morra Music

— K. Rudin

8. Ne Me Quitte Pas (or If You Go Away)

by Jacques Brel, English words by Rod McKuen

Someone makes a plea for a loved one to stay, though it's clear they must go, or are gone already. It seems too hard to bear. No matter the glory of memories of better times together. No bargains are negotiable. The time has come, it just has come, that's all.

Ne me quitte pas, il faut oublier
Tout peut s'oublier, qui s'enfuit déjà
Oublier le temps, des malentendus
Et le temps perdu, a savoir comment
Oublier ces heures, qui tuaient parfois
A coups de pourquoi, le coeur du bonheur

Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas
Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas

Moi je t'offrirai, des perles de pluie
Venues de pays, il ne pleut pas
Je creuserai la terre, jusqu'après ma mort
Pour couvrir ton corps, d'or et de lumière
Je ferai un domaine, ou l'amour sera roi
Ou l'amour sera loi, ou tu seras reine

Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas
Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas

If you go away on a summer's day,
Then you might as well take the sun away.
All the birds that flew in the summer sky,
When the world was new and our hearts were high.

When the day was young, when the night was long,
And the moon stood still for the night bird's song....
If you go away, if you go away....

But if you stay, I'll make you a day,
Like no day has been, or will be again.
We'll ride the sun, we'll sail on the rain,
We'll talk to the trees, and worship the wind.
Then if you go, I'll understand...
Leave me just enough love to fill my hand
Ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas, ne me quitte pas.

Published by Edward B Marks Music Co./SDRM/SABAM



9. Biloxi

by Jesse Winchester

An oil painting, timeless....one gets lost in the images. All is ruled by the movement of the sea. A quarrel becomes pointless. Something calls in another language, if you can become quiet enough to hear it. An arm slips into another's. Sad weeping dissipates, and calm takes over everywhere.

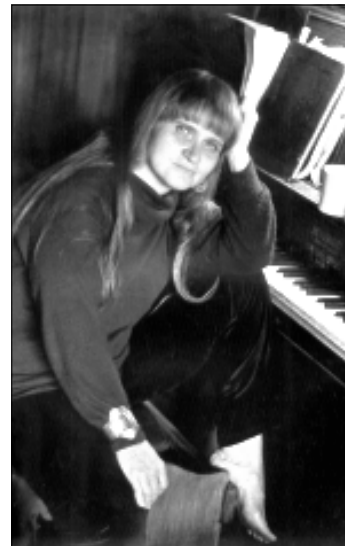
Down around Biloxi, pretty girls are swimmin' in the sea,
They all look like sisters in the ocean,
The boy will fill his pail with salty water,
And the storms will blow from off toward New Orleans.

Down around Biloxi, the air is filled with vapors from the sea,
The boy will dig a pool beside the ocean,
He sees creatures from his dreams underwater,
And the sun will set from off towards New Orleans.

Stars can see Biloxi, stars can find their faces in the sea,
We are walkin' down beside the ocean,
We are splashing naked in the water,
And the sky is red from off towards New Orleans.

Down around Biloxi, pretty girls are dancin' in the sea,
They all look like sisters in the ocean,
The boy will fill his pail with salty water,
And the storms will blow from off towards New Orleans.

Published by WB Music Corp.



— Nicholas Wilson

10. Swallow Song

by Richard Fariña; interpretation by Judy Mayhan

While singing this, I pictured a Hungarian Gypsy camp late at night around a campfire. A lone singer channels the feeling not only for herself but for all there. Some things are to be counted on to return again, and yet again. Like the swallows.

Come wander quietly and listen to the wind,
Come near and listen to the sky,
Come wander high above the rolling of the sea,
And hear the swallows as they fly.

There is no sorrow like the murmur of their wings,
There is no choir like their song,
There is no power like the freedom of their flight,
While the swallows roam alone.

And will the breezes blow the petals from your hands?
Will some loving ease your pain?
Will that silence drive confusion from your soul?
Will the swallows, will the swallows,
Will the swallows come again?
Oh yeah!

Published by Wittmark M& Sons c/o Warner Bros. (ASCAP)



— K. Rudin

11. Hands On The Wheel

by William Callery

Though this song feels to me like a response to 9/11, it was actually written decades ago. Amazingly, it's often when your back's against the wall that you come to see it. If the answers to our questions are anywhere, we will find them in each other...perhaps even through the eyes of those we least expect. I discovered this song on Willie Nelson's Red Headed Stranger album.

At a time when the world seems to be spinnin'
Hopelessly out of control,
There's deceivers, and believers, and old in betweeners,
That seem to have no place to go.

It's the same old song,
It's right and it's wrong,
And livin' just something we do.
With no place to hide,
I looked in your eyes,
And I found myself in you.

I looked to the stars,
Tried all of the bars,
And I've nearly gone up in smoke.
Now my hands on the wheel
Of something that's real,
And I feel like I'm going home.

At a time, at a time when the world seems to be spinning,
Oh, it's goin' hopelessly, hopelessly out of control,
I looked in your eyes, and there to my surprise,
I found myself in you.

It's the same damn tune,
It's the man in the moon,
It's the way that I feel about you.
With no place to hide,
I looked in your eyes,
And I found myself in you.

Published by Nunn Publishing Co. (BMI)



— K. Rudin

12. Gratitude

by Judy Mayhan

When I sit down to sing, I always warm up, exploring my voice, my fingers and my feelings, seeing what's happening, how my voice is feeling at this moment...what it's capable of. Each and every time is uniquely different from the time before. This track is one such exploration that took a life of its own in the process. And yes, I feel gratitude.

Previous CDs by Judy Mayhan



Rockin' The Cradle was Judy's debut record album, released in 1962 on the Horizon label. It features Judy's pure young soprano voice singing traditional folk songs, playing Appalachian mountain dulcimer, with guitar backup on some tracks by Jake Ander of the Chad Mitchell Trio. After decades out of print as a rare collectors item, the album was digitally remastered and reissued on CD by Shayomi in December 2002 as Shayomi CD-103. "Judy Mayhan is a rare treat...an unusually fresh experience. She sings in soft, sweet tones of bell clarity. Audiences appreciate the superb quality she has."—*Variety*, 3.1.1962

Moments was Judy's second record album, released by Atco/Atlantic in 1970. Featuring Judy's vocals and piano, it was recorded mostly at the legendary Muscle Shoals studio with seasoned studio musicians, including Duane Allman on slide guitar, produced by Marlin Greene and Eddie Hinton. One track was recorded in L.A. with Mike Pinera of Iron Butterfly on lead guitar and Lowell George of Little Feat on rhythm guitar, produced by Atlantic founder Ahmet Ertegun. Shayomi reissued Moments in late 2001 as Shayomi CD-102.



See Here was Judy's third record album, released as *Judy Mayhan* by Decca in 1971. With Judy on vocals and piano backed by studio musicians on organ, guitar, sax, bass and drums, this album is a favorite of Judy's fans. It was Shayomi's first CD release, Shayomi CD-101, in late 2000, renamed *See Here*, with new cover art by John Chamberlin. A New York City reviewer chose it for his list of Top 25 CDs of 2001 and wrote: "...her beautiful voice has an emotional range that arches from an angel's sweetness to the down and dirty sadness of a lost hobo."



See www.judymayhan.com for more details and secure online ordering.

Credits

Judy Mayhan - vocals, piano, bells on Track 2, banjo on Track 10

John Kahn - bass on Tracks 4 and 11

All tracks except 3, 4 and 11 recorded by Malcolm Cecil at Tonto Studios, Los Angeles, Jan. 15, 1979.

Tracks 3, 4 and 11 recorded live at Great American Music Hall, San Francisco, March 13, 1977, audio by Lee Brenkman, sound board recording by Stephen Hill.

CD mastering, booklet design and layout by Nicholas Wilson

All graphic sketches by K. Rudin

Cover photographers unknown. Photo on p. 3 by Sally Salke. Photo on p.11 by Nicholas Wilson. Back cover shows Judy in 1970 performance with Little Feat, opening for Van Morrison in Santa Monica.

Acknowledgements and Thanks

I thank every musician, artist, writer or poet, living or not, who inspired me to nurture the seed within and listen to my muse. Some of them I performed with or had a friendship with, like Bonnie Raitt, Lowell George, Fred Neil, Dave Van Ronk, Tim Hardin, Michael Bloomfield, Peter Tork, Diane DiPrima and many more. Others inspired me from afar, like Edith Piaf, Dinah Washington, Billie Holiday, Sarah Vaughn, and Nina Simone. And there are all those who wrote or sang a song that reached my heart and struck the chords that made me want to sing it.

Thanks to all those folks in Mendocino who came to gig after gig, and by their presence encouraged my artistic moods that allowed me to grow and change, and who forgave all the fumbles along the way, the forgotten words and piano clams, who patiently saw thru to the heart of the matter and really tried to hear what I was up to each time.

A special thanks to Nick Wilson for his tireless effort and patience in masterfully restoring to perfection the music you hear from decades old tapes, and for putting together the graphics and layout, and taking care of the hundreds of details that made it possible for this work to become a reality in the world.

Thanks also to Malcolm Cecil for his generosity in giving me a session in his top-notch Tonto Studios, for renting my choice of beautiful instruments, and for his consummate skill as a recording engineer; to Stephen Hill for recording me at Great American Music Hall; to K. Rudin for skillfully sketching me on the fly those many years ago; to Jan DeSipio for objective input and support when I needed it most; to Megan Boler who, like me, understands the desire to archive the past; and, last but not least, to my good friend and fellow artist Poli Cecil, who nurtured me body and soul during the LA sessions and later in London, and continues to do so.

When I Think Of You

Judy Mayhan

1. The Moon Is A Harsh Mistress 4:55
2. The Bells 2:13
3. Down In Your Soul 4:33
4. He's Funny That Way 6:06
5. When I Think Of You 5:46
6. Nobody's Home 4:29
7. Look To The Rainbow 5:10
8. Ne Me Quitte Pas 6:16
9. Biloxi 8:47
10. Swallow Song 4:23
11. Hands On The Wheel 5:17
12. Gratitude 1:54

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