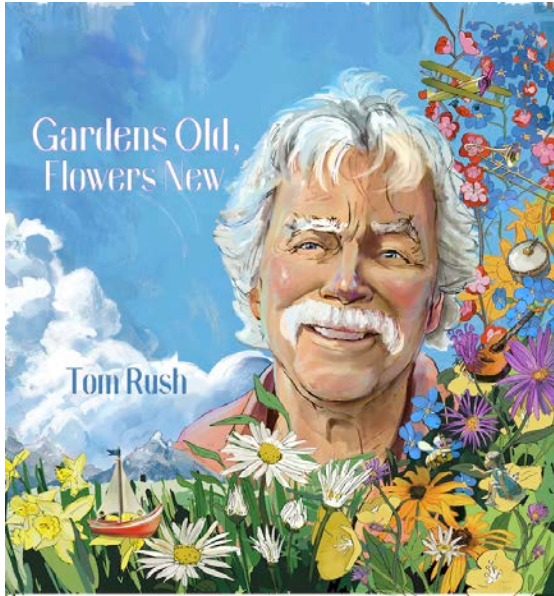


TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW



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About the album

The album's title, "*Gardens Old, Flowers New*," is a line that appears in two of the songs here. I mean to convey the idea that many things in life — watching your child learn about the world, or falling in love — have happened millions on millions of times through the eons, but each time is always fresh and different.

Thanks

I want to thank all my many Kickstarter contributors — you made this project possible — and especially the top contributors:

Michael Eldredge	Sharon Roberts
Karen & Ed Hasler	Greg Garvan
William Brownlie	Frank Bell
Clyde Philips	Riea M. Lainoff
Jack & Elaine Memishian	Darcy Rodgers
Anna West Winter	Rita Manch
Joyce Mitchell	Kathleen Gallagher



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

Players & Crew

Matt Nakoa, Producer — *also keyboards, slide trombone, guitars, harmonies, bass*

Abbie Gardner *Dobro guitars, harmonies*

Mike Reilly *drums, harmonies*

Craig Akin *electric and upright bass*

Monica Rizzio *fiddle and harmonies*

Seth Glier *accordion, harmonium, harmonies*

Joe Nerney, *sax, mouth harp, pennywhistle, harmonies*

Dave Eggar *cello*

Mikhail Pivovarov *baritone guitar, hurdy-gurdy, additional percussion*

Vlad Tipicidi *video recorder and engineer*

Chris Wolfgang Mauch *graphics and layout*

*Recorded by Mikhail Pivovarov at the Carriage House Studios in Stamford, Connecticut
March 29th – April 2nd, 2023*

Acknowledgments

First and foremost (or right after my Kickstarter supporters), I want to thank Matt Nakoa for prodding me to make this all happen. I think he got tired of hearing me talk about maybe-someday making another album, went ahead and booked a great studio, lined up some brilliant players, a fabulous sound engineer and a great video guy. Next thing I knew, I'm sitting in an old barn in Connecticut strumming my guitar and having the time of my life! (Besides honoring me by being my accompanist for close to a decade now, Matt has his own, burgeoning career going — check him out at MattNakoa.com!)

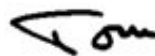
The album's title, "Gardens Old, Flowers New" is a line that appears in two of the songs here. I mean to convey the idea that many things in life — watching your child learn about the world, or falling love — have happened millions on millions of times through the eons, but each time is always fresh and different.

Matt, however, pointed out (in the kindest way) that, while I'm no spring chicken now, I've been coming up with new songs that he genuinely seems to enjoy. As you will see in the album notes download, some of these tunes have, in fact, been lurking in the shadows for a *long* time. But at one time or another I wrote all of them — except for "Gimme Some of It" where I put new words to an old, traditional blues tune called "Custard Pie".

As always with my record projects, the songs run the gamut from light-hearted and cheerful to sad and lonely. (I've been accused of seeking emotional whiplash — I deny everything. I was never indicted!)

In any case, if you enjoy listening to these songs anywhere near as much as I enjoyed recording them, I will regard it a huge success!

Thank you!



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

Album Track Notes & Lyrics

1. Sailing

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©1997

Written for Sarah and Dan Keating for helping me get the wheels turning to get a new album into the world. (That new album turned out to be 2009's What I Know.)

There's a southern wind and skies are blue, come on let's go sailing,
You be the captain, I'll be the crew, come on let's go sail.
We'll bring some wine and a fishing line, come on let's go sailing.
We'll steer by a star, play an old guitar, come on let's go sail.

*Don't you hide from love, child, though it may bring you sorrow,
Don't you hide from love, though it can cause you pain,
We'll pay to yesterday what we've borrowed from tomorrow,
In tears for love that never was, and, oh, what might have been.*

Now, love's the boat and life's the sea, come on let's go sailing.
I'll love you and you'll love me, come on let's go sail.
Or maybe life's the fiddle and love's the tune, come on let's go sailing.
We'll fiddle that tune by the light of the moon, come on let's go sail.

*Don't you hide from love, child, though it may bring you sorrow,
Don't you hide from love, though it can cause you pain,
We'll pay to yesterday what we've borrowed from tomorrow,
In tears for love that never was, and, oh, what might have been.*

Sailing, oh sailing, all on the foaming brine,
Sailing, oh sailing, I'll be yours won't you please be mine?
You be the reason, I'll find the rhyme!

*Don't you hide from love, child, though it may bring you sorrow,
Don't you hide from love, though it can cause you pain.
We'll pay to yesterday what we've borrowed from tomorrow,
In tears for love that never was and, oh, what might have been.
In tears for love that never was and, oh ... what might ...
What might have been.*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

2. Glory Road

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©1973

A song about disillusionment with the glittery life, and the value of home. I performed this in public for a short while, and the only previous recording of it, as far as I know, is an air-check from Gene Shay's radio show in Philly on June 15th, 1973 (exact date kindness of Mr. Bruce Tuller).

*Hey, the glory, now Glory Road, sing hallelujah,
You better get on home, you been gone too long.*

At fourteen years I left my home, the moon was in the trees,
Mamma's voice was in my ears, calling after me,
And springtime in the breeze.

At fourteen years I turned my back, my fortune for to find,
Set my feet to rambling around, standing around in the gambling towns,
Wasting time like wine.

*And hey, the glory, Glory Road, sing hallelujah,
You better get on home, you been gone too long.*

You wash cars and you tend bars, and you can't be proud to take a loan.
It gets cold and you grow old, and you can't be scared to be alone,
On the Glory Road.

I ain't a may to worry much, I very seldom pray.
I'll pray right now I see my home when springtime passes by this time,
Springtime comes that way.

*Hey, the glory, now Glory Road, sing hallelujah,
Better get on home, you been gone too long.*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

3. Gimme Some of It (Before You Give It All Away)

Trad. with new lyrics by Tom Rush, arrangement by Tom Rush ©2023

I thought this was an old jug band song, but neither Jim Kweskin nor Geoff Muldaur recognized it when I tried it out on them — and they would know. It turns out (thanks to a tip from one Andy Behrens) that it was a traditional blues called "Custard Pie" as done by Blind Boy Fuller, Sony Terry, Buddy Moss and others.

Sing along on the choruses!

Some will say the lyrics are occasionally risqué, but they just have dirty minds.

Two-ton Timmie told old Cookin' Sue,
"I like your biscuits but I love your stew,

*You know I need some of it
Got to have some of it,
Won't you gimme some of it before
you give it all away?"*

The President said, "Saddam, my boy,
I hate your style but I love your oil."

I got to have some of it ...

The millionaires are telling / ol' John Q,
"We need your money / more than you!"

I got to have some of it ...

Zen master said "Before I'm in my grave,
A whole lot of nothing is what I crave."

I got to have some of it ...

Way back in history, since the start of the
world,
Women and girls have loved them
diamonds and pearls.

They got to have some of it ...

Way back in history, ten thousand years,
Men have had this thing for beer.

They got to have some of it ...

Soup's on the stove, dinner's in the oven,
But hold on darlin', I need some lovin'.

*Got to have some of it.
You know I need some of it .
Won't you gimme some of it
Can't you hear me when I say,
"Won't you gimme some of it / before you
give it all away?"*



4. Nothin' But A Man

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2023

I started out with the shotgun verse at the top, but my sister informed me that women don't like a guy who shoots his shot right away — she said she'd explain this to me when I'm old enough.

I was a king bee, I'd give you all my honey.
I was John D., I'd give you all my money.
I was a preacher man, I'd lay the Good Book down,

*But I ain't nothin' but a man to love you, honey,
Nothin' but a man, nothin' but a man ...*

I was a jet plane, I'd ride you through the sky.
I was a night train, I'd ride you through the night.
I was a steam roller, child, I would roll you over,

*But I ain't nothin' but a man to love you, honey,
Nothin' but a man, nothin' but a man ...*

I was a guitar, I'd play just for you.
I was a bass drum, I'd go Boom, Boom, Boom.
I was a slide trombone, you could play me all night long,

*But I ain't nothin' but a man to love you, honey,
Nothin' but a man, nothin' but a man ...*

Now a man is just a man, I'm doing the best I can,
Working night and working day, trying to steal your heart away.
Working day and working night, I'll work until I get it right,
So many things I'd like to be, to show you what you mean to me ...

I was a shotgun, now I'd shoot my shot,
I was a rocket, babe, we'd rock it up a lot,
I could be anything, but I'm gonna be just what I am,

*That's nothing but a man to love, you honey,
Nothing but a man, nothing but a man ...*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

5. If You Will Love Me

Words & Music by Tom Rush © 2023

Built from scraps, it started from a dream I had at the Harvard Club in New York in the early hours of March 16th, 1994 (I found notes I'd written on their stationary). I recently came up with the tune, and that eliminated some of the lyrics that didn't fit, and the seasonal framework eliminated some more, so it's about 1/3 old, 2/3 new.

And I decided to segue into the instrumental, "Lullaby in E", just because they seemed to flow together very nicely.

If you will love me — golden sand and crystal brook,
If you will love me — silken line and silver hook,
If you will stay, I will be your month of May,
I will love you too ... I already do.

If you will love me — southern wind and soaring wing,
If you will love me — the ancient songs mountains sing,
If you will stay, I will be your summer day,
I will love you too ... I already do.

If you will love me — now come the autumn rains,
If you will love me — I will bring the harvest in,
If you will stay, on a cold October day,
I will love you too ... I already do.

If you will love me when there's cold winds from the north,
If you will love me when I need a home and hearth,
If you will stay when nights are longer than the days,
I will love you too ... I already do.

Segues into ...

6. Lullaby in E

Music by Tom Rush © 2023

*An instrumental that just seems to flow nicely out of the song before.
(This tune wouldn't fit on the LP, so it's only on the CD and the downloads.)*



7. Toy Boat Song

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©1983

My boy Richard had just been born and I wrote this for him and my older son, Ben — but I will sing it henceforth for all my children — and all yours, too.

We made a boat, my friend and I,
And set it free all on the stream.
It leapt away 'til we could not follow,
And we tumbled down to rest and dream.

Now, may you sail as you were made to,
May rocks and rapids set you free.
Far away on a distant day,
You may sail the sea.

And may you sail as the dancer dances,
Just a note in the river's song.
And far away on a distant day,
You may find your home.

We made a child, my love and I,
And we did teach him how to dream,
Now where he's gone we cannot follow,
As he sails the outward reach.

But may you know, and know for certain,
That you are loved and you are free.
Far away on a distant day,
You may sail the sea.

And may you sail as the dancer dances,
Just a note in the river's song,
And far away on a distant day,
You may find your home.

Far away on a distant day ... you *shall* ... find your home.



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

8. One More Time Around the Sun

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2013

A sea shanty for the winter solstice, this is another one I wrote, tried out ... and then forgot. The only time it was ever on stage was on December 28th, 2013, at Symphony Hall in Boston. Red Molly was (were?) on the show, along with Grace Kelly and Monica Rizzio. (This was the first show Matt Nakoa and I ever did together!)

We performed "One More Time Around the Sun", but I wasn't happy with the way it came out, and so that recording never saw the light of day.

It's once more, boys, around the sun,
We'll sail the breeze that blows,
And pray these winds will bring us safely home.

And it's one more dance before we're done,
And if the ladies will allow,
If the ladies will allow, we'll dance 'til dawn.

Now, when I was a younger man,
A woman stole my heart,
Took my heart, ran off to New Orleans.
But a heart that's ne'er been broken, boys,
Is a heart that's never loved,
And a sadder thing this world has never seen.

*One more time around the sun,
it's steady as she goes,
One more time, we'll sail the breeze
that blows.*

The longest nights, the darkest days,
There's ice upon the rail,
Haul away, we're bound for better
weather.

So let's make merry while we may,
Though the winter winds may wail,
Let's raise a glass and dance this dance
together.

Let's raise a glass to them that's gone,
And wish 'em fare thee well,
Let's wish 'em summer winds to fill their sails.
There's a feather on the water,
And there's a wing upon the wind,
And where they've gone there ain't no one can tell.

*And it's one more time around the sun,
steady as she goes,
One more time we'll sail the breeze
that blows.*

So let's haul down to Boston town,
Where the ladies all are fair,
Where the lights are bright, and the band
will play 'til dawn.
So bend your backs and haul away,
Oh, life is but a dream,
And merrily we row along.

Now the year is done, and a new one comes,
It's one more time around the sun,
The lookout cannot say what lies in store.
So off we go, a'spinning blind,
Twirlin' 'round the floor,
Here's to one more year, and many more.

*One more time around the sun,
and steady as she goes,
One more time we'll sail the breeze
that blows.
One more time we'll sail the breeze
that blows.*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

9. It All Comes Down To Love

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2023

Not at all sure where this one came from, but I like it!

*It all comes down to love,
you ain't got any, ooh, you ain't got much.
It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you're out of luck.
It all comes down to love.*

Now, the world goes 'round the sun,
The moon goes 'round the world,
The day goes 'round the night,
And it all comes down to love.

*It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you ain't got much.
It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you're out of luck.
It all comes down to love.*

The jungle drum called out the tune,
Bright beneath that jungle moon,
And that old wise moon still shines above,
Says, "It all comes down to love."

*It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you ain't got much.
It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you're out of luck.
It all comes down to love.*

Don't matter who you are,
Don't matter where you go,
Don't matter how much stuff you got,
It all comes down to love.

*It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you ain't got much.
It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you're out of luck.
It all comes down to love.*

Your toe starts tapping and you start to move,
You can't stop love, can't stop that groove.
Don't fuss and fight, don't push and shove,
'Cause it all comes down to love.

Listen to me children, I am old and gray,
(I never ever, ever, ever thought I'd be this way.)
But listen to me children, I am old and wise,
You know life's secret's right before your eyes:
Yesterday's so dead and gone,
Tomorrow might not come,
So it all comes down to the here and now,
It all comes down to love.

Now, I know one thing, one thing's for sure,
Love's the fever and love's the cure.
It's our shining light, our guiding star,
It's where we're from, it's who we are,
It's who we are, and it's where we're from,
Dancing to that jungle drum,
From Hell below up to Heaven above,
It all comes down to love, my loves,
It all comes to love.

*It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you ain't got much.
It all comes down to love, you ain't got
any, ooh, you're out of luck.
It all comes down to love.*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

10. Siena's Song

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2022

This was a song written just for the family, sometime around 2001 when Siena was two. I think I performed it once, at a workshop at a festival somewhere, but never recorded it. I forgot all about it, forgot the melody. Then, when Siena was about to turn 19, I found the lyrics, wrote them out and gave them to her as a birthday poem. When she was turning 20, in 2019, I set them to music again — not at all sure if this even resembles the original music.

A side note: the references to airplanes come from when I'd be driven to the Jackson Hole airport to fly away to do concerts — and when I'd return I'd bring presents.

Oh, Siena, baby's dancing,
Arms are waving, feet are prancing,
To a music only she can hear.
'Round and 'round the room she goes,
Follows where her music flows,
A laughing, shining bubble in the air.

And oh, Siena, baby's eating,
At her feet a dog is waiting,
Hoping for a treat, or maybe two.
Spaghetti, Jell-O, Cheerios,
Tomato soup, an ice cream cone,
The room's a different place when she is through.

*Oh, Siena, where's your nose?
Where's your fingers, where's your toes?
And how the time it goes and flows away.
Oh, Siena, precious moments,
Oh, how soon you'll be a woman,
Today so long ago and far away.*

Siena's playing in the garden,
She loves to watch the sky for airplanes,
She laughs and claps and waves and cries, "Bye bye."
This garden's old, the flowers new,
A flash of sunlight in the dew,
A light so bright can bring tears to your eyes.

And, oh, Siena baby's bathing,
Ducks and turtles, frogs are swimming,
Laughing, splashing, bubbles all around.
Oh, Siena, baby's reading,
Pooh and Tigger, Bert and Ernie,
It's better when the book ... is upside down.

(Chorus)

And oh, Siena, baby's sleeping,
How I wonder what she's dreaming,
Dogs and ducks and planes and ice cream cones?
And in her sleep the baby's dancing,
I can almost hear her music,
The world is spinning, twirling 'round and 'round.

Tomorrow's coming on an airplane,
We will meet it in the morning,
We shall see what presents it might bring.
And we shall see what we shall see,
And it will be what it will be,
But until then, my darling, dance and dream.

(Chorus)

Far away and long ago,
So the story's often told,
It always starts with "Once upon a time."
I'll pray it ends with "Ever after,"
Lots of music, love and laughter,
A laughing, shining baby by your side.

*Oh, Siena, where's your nose,
Where's your fingers, where's your toes?
And how the time it goes and flows away.*



11. The Harbor

Words & Music by Tom Rush © 2023

A few years ago, on my birthday, I went to see the Portsmouth, New Hampshire hospital in which I was born, — it had been turned into an old-ages home! I thought, "Hmmm — there could be some symmetry here." This song came to me shortly after that visit.

*Take me on down to the harbor,
Take me on down by the sea,
Take me on down, take me on down,
Down where the waters run free.*

I think I remember my father,
I think that he sailed on the sea.
We'd climb to the hilltop and watch for his sails,
And always he'd come home to me.

*And they'd take me on down to the harbor,
Take me on down by the sea,
Take me on down, take me on down,
Down where the waters run free.*

I remember running through meadows,
I remember the feel of the rain.
It's been a long time, they say a long time,
Since I could remember my name.

*Please take me on down to the harbor,
Take me on down by the sea,
Take me on down, take me on down,
Down where the waters run free.*

I think I remember my children,
I think there were two, maybe three.
But won't you tell me your name,
you've been very kind,
To come spend this time with me.
Oh, I can see you've been crying, come,
come take my hand,
Come sing my old song with me.

*Oh, take me on down to the harbor,
Take me on down by the sea,
Take me on down, take me on down,
Down where the waters run free.*

*Oh, take me on down to the harbor,
Take me on down by the sea,
Take me on down, take me on down,
Down where the waters run free.
Down where the waters run free.
Down where the waters run free.*



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

12. To See My Baby Smile

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2023

This started in the Shadow Mountain log cabin in Jackson Hole sometime around 1992, when Renée and I had been together for three or four years. It was a small log home, an inholding in the Grand Teton National Park with no neighbors, at the edge of an aspen grove with an unobstructed view of the Teton range to the west. Deer and antelope, moose and bison, elk and coyotes came through the yard — and it was quiet.

Renée was working at her Wolf Fund office in Jackson, about 25 minutes to the south (if bison herds or snowdrifts weren't blocking the road), and I had this silent, beautiful place to myself during the days. When she came home, the sunsets could be like anthems. I began this song there on those quiet, sunny afternoons, but never managed to finish it until we parted ways in 2019, and that's when the last verse was written.

Darlin', here's a song for you,
I made it in the afternoon,
I couldn't wait to have you home,
To sing for you.
The simple things are hard to say,
I said one day I'd find the time,
And find the rhyme, and speak my mind,
As plain as day.

*Darlin' take my hand,
Come watch the sun go down,
Watch the stars unfurl,
As stillness owns the land.
It's been a long and lonely day,
And it's nothing without you,
And the one and only thing,
That makes it all worthwhile ...
To see my baby smile.*

Words, they seem such fragile things,
For building bridges in between,
The lives we live, the roads we walk,
The dreams we dream.

This garden's old, the flowers new,
Love will grow, and love will bloom,
And when I'm lost, you'll lead me down,
To love again.

*Darlin' take my hand,
Come watch the sun go down,
Watch the stars unfurl,
As nighttime loves the land.
It's been a long and lonely day,
And it's nothing without you,
And the one and only thing,
That makes it all worthwhile ...
To see my baby smile.*

I began this song so long ago,
The years and years, where did they go?
And now it's done, at last it's done,
And now you're gone.
The pain I feel, the tears I cry,
But if I can sleep my heart will fly,
To that sunny room, that afternoon,
I wrote these lines:

*Darlin' take my hand,
Come watch the sun go down,
Watch the stars unfurl,
As night lies with the land.
It's a long and lonely life,
And it's nothing without you,
And the one and only thing,
That made it all worthwhile ...
To see my baby smile.*



13. Won't Be Back At All

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2023

I found a scrap or two of the verse-melody recorded on my phone on February 7, 2015 at 1:18 PM Eastern time, and this one caught my ear. I was going through some what I'll call "family changes," and the first pass at lyrics was way too dark. I combed through my Blue Folder, containing decades worth of scraps and fleeting notions, and found lines that meant more to me. Here you go!

The only way from here is up, I've run clean out of down,
I've gotta pick me up and pack me up, head on out of town.
I might go way out west, maybe way Down East next fall,
All I know's wherever I go, I won't be back at all.
Wherever I go,

Love doesn't need a reason, it knows just what it knows,
Reasons fit it badly, like someone else's clothes.
The sun comes up, the sun goes down, we don't ask it why,
I got a gold ring in my pocket, sad songs make me cry.
I've got a gold ring,

There's an eagle on a dollar, there's an eagle in the sky,
There's an eagle in that woman's heart, was going to teach me how to fly.
The rains can tear a mountain down, all it takes is time,
Then the rains someday might wash away, away these blues of mine.
Might wash away

The only way from here is up, I've run clean out of down,
I've gotta pick me up and pack me up, head on out of town.
I might go way down south, or maybe way up north next fall,
All I know's wherever I go, I won't be back at all.
Wherever I go
Wherever I go, I won't be back at all.



TOM RUSH: GARDEN'S OLD, FLOWERS NEW

14. I Quit

Words & Music by Tom Rush ©2023

This is another one I'd had lying around for some years — just a few lines actually, scribbled on scraps of paper. I came up with a guitar groove, and some more lines floated in and attached themselves. This is for anyone leaving an unhappy situation — a place, a job, a relationship. (I personally, of course, have never been unhappy for a minute, but I can imagine what it might be like!)

That's it, I quit. I'm outta here, I'm gone!
Out the door and down the road, I do
believe I'm done.
I'm done, I'm gone, and this is me waving
bye-bye,
This fire's gone out, the stove's stone
cold, and I got fish to fry!

*I can't find the love, can't feel the thrill,
If there's hell to pay, just send me the bill.
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, gone,
gone, gone!*

That's it, I quit, I'm outta here just like that!
I'm fresh outta reasons why I should take
this crap.
I think I'll slide on down the road, won't
be comin' by no more,
But don't be bothered, hey, hey, don't
get up, I can find the door.

*I can't find the love, can't feel the thrill,
If there's hell to pay, just send me the bill.
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, gone,
gone, gone!*

You better bet I'm gonna jet — right now
ain't soon enough.
They say the tough get going when the
going gets tough.

But don't be acting so surprised,
you're reapin' what you've been sowin'.
What I'm sayin', what I mean ...
I got the Urge For Going!

*I can't find the love, can't feel the thrill,
If there's hell to pay, just send me the bill.
I'm gone, I'm gone, I'm gone, gone, gone,
gone, gone, gone, gone!*

