

Mp3 Jane E. Cline - White Horse



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A collection of country/folk songs written from the heart, with the hope of making a positive and healing difference for those who listen. 18 MP3 Songs COUNTRY: Country Folk, GOSPEL: Country Gospel

Details: I grew up in Grass Lake Michigan. I have been singing since I was six years old. When I was in the first grade my music teacher called my mom and offered to give me free voice lessons. I spent many hours in my back yard yipping like a dog ever since. I was told I needed to learn how to "project". My debut was for the elementary school concert. My knee's could be seen shaking from the back row. When I was asked to sing a song for people, back then, I would only perform behind our living room sofa. I thought if no one could see me I would be OK. In Michigan at that time they had music 4-H. I joined along with my sister Jill and my brother Craig. It was a group which showcased local talent. My sister and I were known as the "J Sisters". We both played guitar and I sang. I decided that the only way I would sing is if my sister was with me. (I guess she became my sofa) My brother was in a band with his best friend Rick at the time. When their lead singer quit to join another group, they asked us to be in their band along with my sister's friend Karen who played the organ. We became known as "The Francisco Five". We won a lot of contests and played every weekend for weddings, out door concerts, and school dances. I spent my childhood in the basement and the garage practicing. Over the years I have been writing songs. It is my therapy. Life can be wonderful and cruel at the same time. A couple of years ago I called my brother Craig out of the blue and told him it was time for him to go and find my guitar. I told him that I didn't care what it looked like and that he would know when he found it. Craig was a little confused and not quite sure what I was on, but he agreed to try. He called the next day on a guitar for sale in the paper. The old man who answered told him that it was sold. He said that he still had one guitar left and that he hated to sell it. The guitar was a 78 martin. My brother asked if he could come and see it and the man agreed. The

guitar was perfect for me. It plays loud and needs a soft hand. Craig bought the guitar for me after promising the old man I was a good person. (thanks Craig) When he went to leave he asked the old man if the guitar had a nick name? The man said "no". My brother said "are you sure? You old timers always call your guitar something". After a long pause the old man said "I call her Sis". When I was a kid growing up my sisters nick name was "sis". It's funny how strange coincidences happen some times. Having a guitar named Sis has given me courage to share my songs. It is my hope that they will make a positive difference for those who listen. I sincerely hope you enjoy listening to my music. It is an honor to be able to share it with you. love, Jane E. Cline

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