

Tammy Wynette - Let's Get Together

TAMMY WYNETTE LET'S GET TOGETHER

PRODUCED BY BILLY SHERRILL

SIDE ONE:

1. Let's Get Together (One Last Time)*
2. If We Never Love Again**
3. Loving You, I Did
4. If I Gonna Take A Long, Long Time**
5. You Could Be Coming To Me*

SIDE TWO:

1. Your Sweet Love (Shared With My Sweet Again)
2. Charlie, Jr.*
3. I Can Love You**
4. No One Can Take His Place***†
5. I Can Still Believe In You***†

Engineer: Len Bradley
 Recorded and Mixed at Columbia Recording Studios, Nashville, Tennessee
 Background Vocals: "The Nashville Edition," "The Soundwaves"
 Strings Arranged by: "Bill McElroy," "Bergen White"
 Album Design: Bill Barnes, Cheryl Farrow. Photography: Bill Barnes

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The most pleasurable session I gave I ever had was with Tammy Wynette in mid-1966 at a little bar in Tokyo called Harry's. For her sake, I will still at once that it wasn't a face-to-face encounter; she was on a job, and I was on a lead - one of those nervous, mindless, poverty-stricken pursuits of oblivion that are common among aging, drafted defenders of our country in far-away places with strange sounding names. Finding Tammy was like finding a ticket home.

Wasn't the last great pop-consumer? Tammy ever made was to Harry's job, I think because the only country record on it. But if one country record was all you could have, chance for was it Harry's taste? couldn't have picked a much better one than that one. I'm not certain of the identity of one of the sides anymore, except that it was one of the earliest Wynette "hit" classics: "I Don't Wanna Play House" I seem to recall. Anyway, I had heard it a lot on radio before leaving the home of the train.

The other side, however, was one I hadn't heard: "Take Me To Your World," a song about a beautician who hoped to trade the smelter and dirty talk of her hunky tank job for a situation with a little more dignity and self-respect. Over many a bottle of Sapporo beer, I

marveled at the way Tammy could make that down-trodden woman come alive.

Tammy was, after all, young; just in the previous couple of years had she popped out of Red Bay, Alabama, to start challenging the great Loretta King, and the late Patsy, country music's lady legends. Yet with virtually no credentials, she was, I realized at Harry's, adding a new perspective, a new dimension to country music. It was as if a tall, broad-shouldered female was for the first time completely leveling with us, confiding her innermost fears, sorrows, joys, regrets, and dreams.

When I wended my way back home to Tennessee, I began to enlarge my familiarity with this woman's work. After a while my wife (who is as attached to Tammy as I am) and I moved on to cold, smoky, northern cities where we found things jarringly different - where nobody, for instance, seemed to know anything about eternal smiles like coalminers. Tammy remained our ticket home. And when I turned on my radio, I found that in these far off outlands she was performing this same service for other homesick, restless people that she had first performed for me at Harry's. I began to suspect that she was even taking home people who had never been there before.

Most country singers thoroughly understand where from their personal experience - the physical and emotional hardships of which they sing; without hearing our her divorce clippings yet again, suffice it to say that Tammy Wynette is one of those. That is one reason, probably, that she doesn't just pleasantly mouth words in tune to pretty musical accompaniments, rather, she sings - and controls, commands, creates - a song. A larger reason is simply her unique gift. Since our long nights of the road at Harry's, she has come far. She has been compared to Edith Piaf, showered with rich and richly-deserved compliments, handed handsome awards. Every time she wins, somehow I feel as if I did. Because all the tributes are only expressions for a broader truth that I had begun to suspect nine years ago: that she is one of the greatest vocal styles of our time, and of any music.

JACK HEERST
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