

## Devon Sproule Keep Your Silver Shined

by Dan DeLuca

On *Keep Your Silver Shined*, Devon Sproule sounds like a more carefree, less deathly serious Gillian Welch or a caffeinated Jolie Holland. Recorded in Charlottesville, Va., where she lives with Paul Curreri, her blues-songwriter husband, *Silver* digs into Appalachian folk and country sounds, but with a swinging old-time jazz sensibility (that's a clarinet tooting in the background) and a neighborly mixture of innocence and experience. It's the 24-year-old Canadian native's fourth album, and songs like the deceptively ambitious "Dress Sharp, Play Well, Be Modest," mark it as one of the most fetching roots records to come down the pike in quite some time.

EUGENE  
**Weekly**

May 24, 2007

## The Next Norah?

by Molly Templeton

Remember how the entire world seemed to go batshit for Norah Jones? Though it wasn't unjustified, it was somewhat surprising; of all the sweet-voiced singer-songwriters in the nation, why this one?

Were there any justice in the world, the next recipient of this sort of nationwide adoration would be 25-year-old Devon Sproule, whose recent album *Keep Your Silver Shined* has little in common with Jones other than a sort of universal appeal, a gentle earthiness that deepens her delicate, crystal-clear songs as they veer between folk, county, "Americana," pop and something classic and timeless.

Sproule's voice is a thing of sweet clarity, staking out its own space in ground explored by singers from Joni Mitchell to Gillian Welch to Jenny Lewis. Her lyrics paint gorgeous scenes, her backing band marches to an impeccable beat and something glowing underlines all her tunes. "Keep Your Silver Shined" is particularly irresistible, especially when Sproule lists the things she desires: "A claw foot tub and a shiny car / Piles of fruit and a fully stocked bar / Money for a flight out west / Cute shoes and a vintage dress." Yeah? Me too, honey.

Some of Sproule's songs are spare, throatily sung and emotional while others are cheery and lilting, but either way, there's something that sets her apart: Where many singer-songwriters seem driven by an internal darkness, an indescribable sadness, Sproule seems bright, happy, gleeful without being horribly chipper. It's a difficult thing to describe, this openheartedness that strings her songs together, but it's not offputting even to the jaded cynics in the audience (who, me?). I can't wait to see how this sunshine translates live.