

AUTUMN SONGFEST

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Gary Plazyk

The Songs

Rounds:

Three Blind Mice
White Choral Bells
Are You Sleeping?
Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Hi ho! Anybody home?
Together We Are Come

Songs:

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Cape Cod Ladies
Circles
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Spoon River (Charles Aidman version)
Thanksgiving Eve
The Water is Wide
What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?
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Windmills

Suggestions for next time

Three Blind Mice

Three blind mice! Three blind mice!
See how they run! See how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife!
She cut off their tails with a carving knife!
Did you ever see such a sight in your life
As three blind mice!

White Choral Bells

White choral bells upon a slender stalk,
Lilies of the valley deck my garden walk.
Oh, don't you wish that you could hear them ring?
That will only happen when the fairies sing.

Are You Sleeping?

Are you sleeping, are you sleeping?
Brother John, Brother John?
Morning bells are ringing, morning bells are ringing.
Ding, dong, ding! Ding, dong, ding!

Row, Row, Row Your Boat

Row, row, row your boat,
Gently down the stream.
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
Life is but a dream, a dream.
Life is but a dream.

Hi ho! Anybody home?

Hi ho! Anybody home?
Meat nor drink nor money have I none.
Still, I will be happy.

Together We Are Come

Together we are come to praise the holy power,
That lies within all things moving to the end.
Alone we are nothing, together we have strength.
Strength in our unity, the unity of God.

All Through the Night

(Sir Harold Boulton)

Sleep, my child, and peace attend thee,
All through the night.
Guardian angels God will send thee,
All through the night.

Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,
I, my loving vigil keeping,
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping,
All through the night.
While the weary world is sleeping,
All through the night.

O'er thy spirit gently stealing,
Visions of delight revealing,
Breathes a pure and holy feeling,
All through the night.

"Bray" - An Irish Country-Western Song

(Irishfest - ???)

Well, my Grandma lives over in Ireland
And the story I tell you is true.
One day she went out in her wheelchair
Never knew that it had a loose screw.
Well, the screw it fell off of the wheelchair
And on three wheels it just ran away,
And it kept on rolling right over the cliff
In the seaside resort that's called Bray.

Well, the boy who was pushing the wheelchair,
Was a little poor orphan named Joe.
And he shouted out "Where is my Granny?
Or just where did the wheelchair go?"
And he went off in search of the wheelchair
But his sightless eyes led him astray,
And he kept on walking right over the cliff
In the seaside resort that's called Bray.

Well, somebody sent for the doctor,
And the ambulance, too, it was called,
And the people who lived in the neighborhood,
They all stood around and they bawled.
The ambulance and the doctor were coming,
But they were coming from two different ways
And they crashed with a "phffft" and went over the cliff
In the seaside resort that's called Bray.

Well, we sent for brave Father Maloney
To pray for those people's repose
And he said, "Since we're gathered together,
I suppose that we should say a rose - a - ry."
But too many people had gathered,
And the top of the cliff, it gave way,
And they fell with a yell and went straight down to Hell
In the seaside resort that's called Bray.

Well, when I'm laid out in my coffin,
And my soul up to heaven does go.
I'll keep one eye out for my Granny,
And another for little blind Joe.
And when this cruel life is ended
And we come to the very last day,
Won't I be surprised if I open my eyes
In the seaside resort that's called Bray!

Cape Cod Ladies

The Cape Cod ladies ain't got no combs!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
They comb their hair with the codfish bones!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA!

(Chorus):
So heave her up, my bully, bully boys!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
Heave her up, and don't you make a noise!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA!

And the Cape Cod cats ain't got no tails!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
They lost them all in a northeast gale!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA! (Chorus)

And the Cape Cod kids ain't got no sleds!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
They slide down the hills on the codfish heads!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA! (Chorus)

And the Cape Cod men don't eat no beef!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
It's codfish caught off the Cape Cod reef!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA! (Chorus)

And the Cape Cod ladies ain't got no frills!
HAUL AWAY! HAUL AWAY!
They're thin and skinny as the codfish gills!
WE'RE BOUND AWAY FOR AUSTRALIA! (Chorus twice)

Circles

(Filksong / melody of "Windmills")

In days gone by, when the world was much younger,
Men wondered at Spring born of Winter's cold knife.
Wondering at the games of the Moon and the sunlight,
They saw there the Lady and the Lord of all Life.

(Chorus:)

Around and around and around turned the good Earth
All things must change as the seasons go by.
We are the children of the Lord and the Lady
Whose mysteries we see but may never know why.

In all lands the people were tied to the good earth,
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declared.
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest
Knowing Her laugh in the joys that they shared. (Chorus)

In Flanders and Wales and the green lands of Ireland,
In kingdoms of England and Scotland and Spain,
Circles grew up all along the wild coastlines
And worked for the land with the sun and the rain. (Chorus)

Circles for healing and working the weather,
Circles for knowing the Moon and the Sun,
Circles for thanking the Lord and the Lady,
Circles for dancing the Dance never done. (Chorus)

And we who reach for the stars in the heavens,
Turning our eyes from the meadows and groves,
Still live in the love of the Lord and the Lady,
The greater the circle, the more the love grows. (Chorus twice)

The Eastland

(Tom & Chris Kastle)

They went down to the docks all in their Sunday best,
But the picnic turned a bitter twist of fate.
They were about to set sail, crowdin' toward the portside rail,
And the ballast could not hold the shifting weight.

Now the ship, she's rolled o'er, on the river's muddy floor.
Eight hundred thirty five would not survive.
When a fatal list to port led the captain to report
That the Eastland, she would sail the Lakes no more.

Some say she was a tender ship from the moment she slid down,
And as a crank, she was known the Lakes around.
For her draught was cut in two, and she'd not obey the crew,
True balance for her never would be found.

Now the ship, she's rolled o'er, on the river's muddy floor.
Eight hundred thirty five would not survive.
But the crew remained alive, as they scrambled o'er the side,
To seek the safety there upon the shore.

Some say it was the captain's fault, some say the owners' greed.
Some say the engineer was all to blame,
Or inspectors on the take, they caused a big mistake,
And all of them were silent in their shame.

Now the ship, she's rolled o'er, on the river's muddy floor.
Eight hundred thirty five would not survive.
Those inside slowly died as the water rushed inside,
And the cryin' and the screams were heard no more.

Now the ship, she's rolled o'er, on the river's muddy floor.
Eight hundred thirty five would not survive.
When a fatal list to port led the captain to report
That the Eastland, she would sail the Lakes no more.

Farewell to the Gold

(Peter Meyers / Gordon Bok)

Shotover River, your gold it is waiting;
It's long since the color I've seen.
(There's) no use just waiting and Lady Luck blaming;
I'll pack up and make the break clean.

(Chorus):

Farewell to the gold that never I found,
Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound,
For it's only when dreaming that I see them gleaming
Down in the dark, deep underground.

Well, it's nearly three years since I left my old mother,
For adventure and gold by the pound.
With Jimmy the prospector, he and another,
For the hills of Otago we were bound. (Chorus)

We searched the Cardrona's dry valley all over,
Old Jimmy Williams and me.
They were panning good dirt on the winding Shotover,
So we went down there just for to see. (Chorus)

Oh, we sluiced and we cradled for day after day,
Making hardly enough to get by,
When the terrible flood took poor Jimmy away
During six stormy days in July. (Chorus twice)

Gaudete

(Refrain):

Gaudete, gaudete Christus est natus
Ex Maria virginiae, gaudete.

Tempus ad est gratiae hoc quod optabamus,
Carmina laetitiae devote redamus. (Refrain)

Deus homo factus est naturam erante,
Mundus renovatus est a Christo regnante. (Refrain)

Ezecheelis porta clausa per transitor
Unde lux est orta sallus invenitor. (Refrain)

Ergo nostra contio psallat jam in lustro,
Benedicat domino sallus regi nostro. (Refrain twice)

Give Me the Roses

(Carter Family)

Wonderful things of folks are said,
When they have passed away.
Roses adorn the narrow bed,
Over the sleeping clay.

(Chorus:)

Give me the roses while I live,
Trying to cheer me on.
Useless are flowers that you give,
After the soul is gone.

Let us not wait to do good deeds,
'Til they have passed away;
Now is the time to sow good seeds,
While here on the earth we stay. (Chorus)

Kind words are useless when folks lie
Cold in a narrow bed.
Don't wait 'til death to speak kind words,
NOW should the words be said. (Chorus)

Give me the roses while I live,
Don't wait until I die.
To spread the flowers o'er my grave,
You see as you pass by. (Chorus twice)

Grandfather's Clock

(Henry Clay Work)

My grandfather's clock was too tall for the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor.
It was taller by half than the old man himself,
Though it weighed not a pennyweight more.
It was bought on the morn of the day that he was born,
And was always his pleasure and pride;
But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died.

(Chorus):

Ninety years without slumbering,
Tick tock, tick tock.
His life seconds numbering,
Tick tock, tick tock.
It stopped short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

In watching its pendulum swing to and fro,
Many hours had he spent while a boy;
And in childhood and manhood the clock seemed to know,
And to share both his grief and his joy.
For it struck twenty-four when he entered at the door,
With a blooming and beautiful bride, (etc.)

It rang an alarm in the dead of the night,
An alarm that for years had been dumb;
And we knew that his spirit was pluming its flight,
That his hour of departure had come.
Still the clock kept the time, with a soft and muffled chime,
As we silently stood by his side, (etc.)

Heave Away, Rio

(Hjalmar Rutzebeck / Morrigan)

In Texas I met with a beautiful gal,
HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

In Texas I met with a beautiful gal,
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

In Texas I met with a beautiful gal,
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Well, we cast our anchor at Texican town,
HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

'Twas there that I met her, she thought me a clown.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Well, I said, "My dear lady, your fragrance is sweet."
HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

She turned up her nose at my compliment neat.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

She turned up her nose at my compliment neat.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Well, her interest I won after several nights.
HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

That was after I was the victor in fights.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Well, at first she would give me no more than a smile.
HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

At first she would give me no more than a smile.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

At first she would give me no more than a smile.
WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

But after a while I her hand held and kissed.

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

She sought to avoid me, but seldom I missed.

WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

When night came I held her up close to my breast.

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

My arms stole so silently 'round her slim waist.

WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Now men of this clipper, my story I've told.

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

As long as you love, you will never grow old!

WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

HEAVE AWAY, RIO!

As long as you love, you will never grow old.

WE ARE BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE!

Julian of Norwich

(Sydney Carter / Gordon Bok)

Loud are the bells of Norwich
and the people come and go.
Here by the tower of Julian,
I tell them what I know.

Ring out, bells of Norwich,
and let the winter come and go.
All shall be well again, I know.

Love, like the yellow daffodil,
is coming through the snow.
Love, like the yellow daffodil,
is Lord of all I know.

Ring out, bells of Norwich,
and let the winter come and go.
All shall be well again, I know.

Ring for the yellow daffodil,
the flower in the snow.
Ring for the yellow daffodil,
and tell them what I know.

Ring out, bells of Norwich,
and let the winter come and go.
All shall be well again, I know.

All shall be well, I'm telling you,
let the winter come and go.
All shall be well again, I know.

Leave Her, Johnny

(The Boarding Party)

Oh, the times they are hard and the wages they are low,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

Oh, the times they are hard and the wages they are low,
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

Oh, my old mother she wrote to me,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

"Oh my dear son come back from sea."
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

It was rotten meat and weevilly bread,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

"You'll eat or starve," the Old Man said.
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

I thought I heard the Old Man say,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

"You can go ashore and collect your pay."
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

It's time for us to say goodbye,
LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!

For the old pierhead is drawing nigh.
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER!

LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER,
OH, LEAVE HER, JOHNNY, LEAVE HER!
FOR THE VOYAGE IS DONE AND THE WAVES DON'T BLOW,
AND IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE HER.

Molasses

(Schooner Fare)

The African man cuts the sugar cane. OH, MOLASSES!
He works in the sun, and he works in the rain. OLD MOLASSES RUM!
Then he loads it up on a wooden ship
And sends it off on a northern trip, singin'

(Chorus:)

OH, MOLASSES, OLD NEW ENGLAND TEA.
IT KILLED MY GRAMPA, KILLED MY PA,
AND IT SURE AS HELL IS A-KILLIN' ME, singin'
OH, MOLASSES, OLD MOLASSES RUM!

When they fought the War for the Colonies, OH, MOLASSES!
They fought it over New England Tea. OLD MOLASSES RUM!

When old King George put a tax on it
The colonies nearly took a fit, singin' (Chorus)

In the time of the 1917 war, OH, MOLASSES!
Molasses sittin' on the Boston shore. OLD MOLASSES RUM!
They pumped it in at twelve degrees,
A long winter's night in a Boston freeze, singin' (Chorus)

In the morning it was forty-two, OH, MOLASSES!
Molasses vat split clean in two. OLD MOLASSES RUM!
Two million gallons covered the Bay.
Twenty-six people drowned in the flood that day, singin' (Chorus)

My Grampa, he died cuttin' cane. OH, MOLASSES!
My Pa went down in the Great Brown Rain of OLD MOLASSES RUM!
But I won't go in a pool of blood,
No, I won't drown in a blackstrap flood.
Still, I'll go down to molasses, OLD MOLASSES RUM, singin'

OH, MOLASSES, OLD NEW ENGLAND TEA.
IT KILLED MY GRAMPA, KILLED MY PA,
AND IT SURE AS HELL IS A-KILLIN' ME, singin'
OH, MOLASSES, OH, MOLASSES,
OH, MOLASSES, OLD MOLASSES RUM!

Never Turning Back

(Pat Humphries / performed by Judy Small)

We're gonna keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward
Never turning back
Never turning back.

We're gonna keep on walking proudly
Keep on walking proudly...

We're gonna keep on singing loudly
Keep on singing loudly...

We're gonna keep on loving boldly
Keep on loving boldly...

We're gonna work for change together
Work for change together...

We're gonna keep on walking forward
Keep on walking forward...

Parcel of Rogues

Fareweel to a' our Scottish fame,
Fareweel our ancient glory.
Fareweel even to our Scottish name,
Sae famed in martial story.
Now Sark runs o'er the Solway sands,
And Tweed runs to the ocean,
To mark where England's province stand;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

What force or guile could not subdue,
Through many warlike ages,
Is wrought now by a coward few,
For hireling traitor's wages.
The English steel we could disdain,
Secure in valour's station,
But English gold has been our bane;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

O, would or I had seen the day
That treason thus could sell us,
My auld gray head had lain in clay
Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!
But pith and power, till my last hour,
I'll make this declaration,
We were bought and sold for English gold;
Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

The Rape of Glencoe

(Traditional / Jim McLean?)

(Chorus:)

Oh, cruel is the snow that sweeps Glencoe,
And covers the grave O'Donald.
Oh, cruel was the foe that raped Glencoe,
And murdered the house of MacDonald.

They came in a blizzard, we offered them heat,
A roof o'er their heads, dry shoes for their feet.
We wined them and dined them, they ate of our meat,
And slept in the house of MacDonald. (Chorus)

They came from Fort William with murder in mind.
The Campbell had orders King William had signed:
"Put all to the sword" -- these words underlined --
"And leave none alive called MacDonald." (Chorus)

They came in the night while the men were asleep,
This band of Argyles, through snow soft and deep,
Like murdering foxes amongst helpless sheep
They slaughtered the house of MacDonald. (Chorus)

Some died in their beds at the hand of the foe,
Some fled in the night and were lost in the snow,
Some lived to accuse him who struck the first blow,
But gone was the house of MacDonald. (Chorus twice)

Rock My Soul

Rock my soul,
Rock my soul,
Rock my soul,
Rock my soul.

Rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the boson of Abraham,
Rock my soul in the boson of Abraham,
Oh, rock my soul.

So high, I can't get over it,
So low, I can't get under it,
So wide, I can't get around it,
Oh, rock my soul.

Rolling Down to Old Maui

(Stan Rogers)

It's a damn tough life full of toil and strife
We whalersmen undergo.
And we don't give a damn when the gale is done
How hard the winds did blow.
'Cause we're homeward bound from the Arctic ground
With a good ship taut and free.
And we won't give a damn when we drink our rum
With the girls from Old Maui.

(Chorus:)

ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI, ME BOYS,
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI!
WE'RE HOMEWARD BOUND FROM THE ARCTIC GROUND
ROLLING DOWN TO OLD MAUI!

Once more we sail with the northerly gale
Through the ice and wind and rain.
Then coconut fronds, them tropical lands
We soon shall see again.
Six hellish months we've passed away
On the cold Kamchatka Sea.
But now, we're bound from the Arctic Ground,
Rolling down to Old Maui! (Chorus)

Once more we sail with the northerly gale
Towards our island home.
Our mainmast sprung, our whaling done,
And we ain't got far to roam.
Our stun's'l bones is carried away,
What care we for that sound
A living gale is after us,
Thank God we're homeward bound! (Chorus)

How soft the breeze through the island trees,
Now the ice is far astern.
Them native maids, them tropical glades
Is awaiting our return.
Even now their big brown eyes look out
Hoping some fine day to see
Our baggy sails, runnin' 'for the gales,
Rolling down to Old Maui! (Chorus twice)

Sana Anna

(Hjalmar Rutzebeck / Morrigan)

Oh, Sana Anna was an Indian maid.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
Her folks were poor, and her father was dead.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

(Chorus):
So heave her up and away we'll go,
Heave away for Sana Anna,
Heave her up and away we'll go,
All around the plains of Mexico.

Of adobe mud her home was made.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
Around it trees gave blessed shade.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.
Her arms were soft and her lips were sweet.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
Her body it was a heavenly treat.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

Ah, she promised that with me she'd wed.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
No sweeter song I ever read.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.
So I sailed the seas and I saved my pay.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
For her to wed some happy day.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

On a barque I sailed to Mexico.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
With her to live, no more to go.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.
My heart with wildest throbs did beat.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
In the village where I found her street.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

Her mother grey with her head bent low.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
I knew that sorrow made her so.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.
She pointed out the flowered mound.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
Where all my dreams lay in the ground.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.
So comrades all, I roam the sea.
HEAVE AWAY FOR SANA ANNA.
My love lies dead beyond the sea.
ALL AROUND THE PLAINS OF MEXICO.

The Seamen's Hymn & Eternal Father

(The Boarding Party)

Come all ye bold seamen, wherever you're bound,
And always let Nelson's proud memory go round.
And pray that the wars and the tumult may cease,
For the greatest of gifts is a sweet, lasting peace.
May the Lord put an end to these cruel, old wars,
And bring peace and contentment to all our brave tars.

Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep,
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,
For those in peril on the sea.

Amen

Sheep-Crook and Black Dog

Here's my sheep-crook and my black dog,
I give it to you,
Here's my bag and my budget,
I bid it adieu,
Here's my sheep-crook and my black dog,
I leave them behind,
Fine laural, fine floral,
You've proved all unkind.

All to my dear Dinah these words I did say,
Tomorrow we'll be married love, tomorrow is the day.
'Tis too soon, dear Willy, my age is too young.
One day to our wedding is one day too soon.

I'll go into service if the day ain't too late,
To wait on a fine lady it is my intent,
And when into service a year or too bound,
It's then we'll get married love, and both settle down.

A little time after a letter was wrote,
For to see if my dear Dinah had changed her mind,
But she wrote that she'd lived such a contrary life,
She said that she'd never be a young shepherd's wife.

Here's my sheep-crook and my black dog,
I give it to you,
Here's my bag and my budget,
I bid it adieu,
Here's my sheep-crook and my black dog,
I leave them behind,
Fine laural, fine floral,
You've proved all unkind.

Shenandoah

The old Mizzo,- she's a mighty river.- 'Way- you rolling river!-
The Indians camp along her border.-

(Refrain):

Away- we're bound, away,- 'cross the wide- Missouri.-

The white man loved- an Indian maiden.- 'Way- you rolling river!-
With notions his canoe was laden.- (Refrain)

Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter, 'Way- you rolling river!-
I'll take her 'cross your rolling water. (Refrain)

The Chief disdained the trader's dollars, 'Way- ...
My daughter you shall never follow. (Refrain)

At last there came a Yankee skipper, 'Way- ...
He winked his eye and he tipped his flipper. (Refrain)

He sold the chief that firewater, 'Way-
And 'cross the river he stole his daughter. (Refrain)

Fare you well, I'm bound to leave you. 'Way- ...
Oh Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you (Refrain)

Simple Gifts

(Shaker Hymn)

'Tis a gift to be simple, 'tis a gift to be free.
'Tis a gift to come down where we ought to be.
And when we find ourselves in the place just right,
'Twill be in the valley of love and delight.

When true simplicity is gained,
To bow and to bend we will not be ashamed,
To turn, turn, will be our delight,
And by turning, turning, we come 'round right.

The Sloop John B.

(Collected by John T. McCutcheon)

We come on the Sloop John B., my grandfather and me,
Round Nassau town we did roam.
Drinkin' all night, we got in a fight,
I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

(Chorus:)

So hoist up the John B. sail, see how the mainsail sets
Send for the captain ashore,
Lemme go home, I wanna go home.
I feel so break up, I wanna go home.

The first mate he got drunk, broke up the people's trunk.
Constable come aboard and take hime away.
Mr. Johnstone, please let me alone,
I feel so break up, I wanna go home. (Chorus)

The poor cook, he got fits, threw away all the grits.
Then he went and ate up all of my corn.
Lemme go home, I wanna go home.
I feel so break up, I wanna go home. (Chorus)

Spoon River

(Charles Aidman & Naomi Caryl Hirshhorn)

The meadow is flooded with white daffodils.
The brook babbles on as it flows through the hills;
They haunt me, they hunt me wherever I roam.
Spoon River, Spoon River is calling me home.

No matter how far I may wander away,
Or what new land I find at the end of each day.
I'm haunted, I'm hunted wherever I roam.
Spoon River, Spoon River is calling me home.

But once having left, you can never return.
There's no going back; there is only the yearn;
It haunts you, it hunts you wherever you roam.
Spoon River, Spoon River is calling you home.

For the river is Time and it flows towards the sea.
So in leaving its banks you are free, you are free.
But it haunts you, it hunts you wherever you roam.
Spoon River, Spoon River is calling you home.

Thanksgiving Eve

(Bob Franke)

It's so easy to dream of the days gone by,
It's so hard to think of times to come.
But the grace to accept every moment as a gift
Is a gift that is given to some.

(Chorus:)

What can you do with your days but work and hope
That your dreams bind your work to your play.
What can you do with each moment of your life
But love 'til you've loved it away?
Love 'til you've loved it away?

The Water is Wide

(Traditional)

The water is wide, I can't get o'er.
Neither have I the wings to fly.
Oh, go and get me a little boat,
And we both shall row, my true love and I.

There is a ship and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in.
I care not if I sink or swim.

I lean'd my back against an oak,
Thinking he was a trusty tree;
But first he bent, and then he broke,
And so my love prov'd false to me.

I put my hand in a rosy bush,
Thinking the sweetest flow'r to find.
I prick'd my finger to the bone,
And left the sweetest flow'r behind.

Oh, love is warm when it is new,
And love is sweet when it is true;
But love grows old and waxeth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

What Shall We Do With the Drunken Sailor?

(Traditional)

What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor?
What shall we do with the drunken sailor
 earlie in the morning?

Put 'em in a longboat 'till he's sober!
Put 'em in a longboat 'till he's sober!
Put 'em in a longboat 'till he's sobor!
 earlie in the morning!

Way, hey, up she rises!
Way, hey, up she rises!
Way, hey, up she rises
 earlie in the morning!

Also:

Give 'em a hair of the dog that bit 'em!
Shave his belly with a rusty razor!
Hoist 'em up to the tops'l yardarm!
Put 'em in a cabin with the captain's daughter!
You've never seen the captain's daughter!
That's what we'll do with the drunken sailor!

When the Day's Done

("Mississippi Sawyer" / Gary Plazyk))

Let's sing a song of good friends together.
Sing loud and long, of the seas and heather,
Raising our voices, happy to be here,
Sharing music when the day's done.

We're here together, our voices raising,
Friendship and love, we are comrades, praising,
Vinging together, building ties anew,
Sharing music when the day's done.

Here are family, friends, with voices raised in song.
Here there's caring, sharing, everyone belongs.
When the evening comes, we all will sing along,
Sharing music when the day's done.

Although outside winds may thunder, blow, and storm,
Here there's shelter - we are happy, safe, and warm,
Forge a time of joy, a place of peace and calm,
Sharing music when the day's done.

Let's sing a song of good friends together.
Sing loud and long, of the seas and heather,
Raising our voices, happy to be here,
Sharing music when the day's done.

Windmills

(Gordon Bell / The Irish Tradition)

In days gone by, when the world was much younger,
Men harnessed the wind to work for mankind.
Seamen built tall ships to sail on the ocean,
While landsmen built wheels, the corn for to grind.

(Chorus):

And around and around and around went the big sails,
Turning the shafts and the great wooden wheels.
Creaking and groaning the millstones kept turning,
Grinding to flour the corn from the fields.

In Flanders and Spain, and the lowlands of Holland,
In the kingdoms of England and Scotland and Wales,
Windmills grew up all along the wild coastline,
Ships of the land, with their wide canvas sails.

(Chorus)

In Lancashire fields men work hard with the bullocks,
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declare.
Waiting to reap of the rich golden harvest,
While the miller, he idles his mill to repair.

(Chorus)

Windmills of old wood, all blackened by weather.
Windmills of stone, glaring white in the sun.
Windmills, like giants, all ready for tilting.
Windmills that died in the gales and are gone.

(Chorus)

(Optional ending - GFP):

Now once again the windmills are turning,
In high mountain passes, in deserts and plains.
Reaping the wind for a harvest of lightning,
The millstones are gone, but the windmills remain.

And around and around and around turn the big blades,
Spinning and humming on their towers of steel.
Man turns to wind for a new kind of power,
To light up his homes and water his fields.

Suggestions for next time

This is the sixth Songfest sing-along party we have held. We'd appreciate any suggestions you might have for the next time we get together.

Let us know what other songs you would like included in our songbook.

If you're not on our mailing list and would like to be, (or if you want to be taken off!), let us know.

We'd appreciate your comments and suggestions! And thanks for coming!

Gary Plazyk
4889 N. Hermitage
Chicago, IL 60640

David & Carol Rogan
4420 N. Malden
Chicago, IL 60640

561-2407

769 - 5043