**Alone**

Written by Ewan Maccoll

The world that I knew

It has vanished and gone

Leaving this forest of stone

And the faces are strange and altered

Everything Is changed

Here where I walk alone

Unseen and unheard I can walk through the world

Hearing no voice but my own

There is no one to hear the voice of my hope

And my fear

Here where I walk alone

Companions I walked with and talked with are gone

Friends into strangers are grown

And my body has gone, deserted me and left this other world

Here where I walk alone

**Heading for Home**

Written by Peggy Seeger

My face to the sky, my back to the wind

Winter is entering my bones

The day has been long and night's drawing in

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And I'm thinking of heading for home

The cradle and grave, the fruit and the seed

The seasons mirror my own

The geese flying south are calling to me

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And I'm thinking of heading for home

Always on the move with banner unfurled

Yet gathering moss on the stone

I sing for the children and cry for the world

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And I'm thinking of heading for home

As time's my old friend and death's my new kin

I'm not taking the journey alone

I am old, I am young, I am all that I've been

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And I'm thinking of heading for home

The memory of love will burn in my heart

Till embers and ashes are gone

The light in your window is my northern star

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And I'm thinking of heading for home

And it's time I was heading for home

And it's time I was heading for home

**Twelve-Thirty**

Written by John E A Phillips

I used to live in New York City

Everything there was dark and dirty

Outside my window was a steeple

With a clock that always said 12:30

Young girls are coming to the canyon

And in the mornings I can see them walkin'

I can no longer keep my blinds drawn

And I can't keep myself from talkin'

At first so strange to feel so friendly

To say "Good morning" and really mean it

To feel these changes happenin' in me

But not to notice 'til I feel it

Young girls are coming to the canyon

And in the mornings I can see them walkin'

I can no longer keep my blinds drawn

And I can't keep myself from talkin'

Cloudy waters cast no reflection

Images of beauty lie there stagnant

Vibrations bounce in no direction

But lie there shattered into fragments

Young girls are coming to the canyon (Young girls are coming in the canyon)

And in the mornings I can see them walkin' (In the mornings I can see them walkin')

I can no longer keep my blinds drawn (Can no longer keep my blinds drawn)

And I can't keep myself from talkin'

**Down in the Willow Garden**

Written by Charlie Monroe/Traditional

Down in the willow garden

Where me and my love did meet

As we sat a-courtin'

My love fell off to sleep

I had a bottle of Burgundy wine

My love she did not know

So I poisoned that dear little girl

On the banks below

I drew a saber through her

It was a bloody knife

I threw her in the river

Which was a dreadful sign

My father often told me

That money would set me free

If I would murder that dear little girl

Whose name was Rose Connolly

My father sits at his cabin door

Wiping his tear-dimmed eyes

For his only son soon shall walk

To yonder scaffold high

My race is run, beneath the sun

The scaffold now waits for me

For I did murder that dear little girl

Whose name was Rose Connolly

**Shenandoah**

Traditional

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you,

Away I'm bound away,

'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah I love your daughter,

Away I'm bound away,

'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah I'll not deceive you,

Away I'm bound away,

'Cross the wide Missouri

Oh Shenandoah, I long to hear you,

Away you rolling river,

Oh Shenandoah I long to hear you,

Away I'm bound away,

'Cross the wide Missouri

**Nacht und Träume**

Music by Franz Schubert

Lyrics by Matthäus von Collin

Heil’ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;

Nieder wallen auch die Träume,

Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,

Durch der Menschen stille Brust.

Die belauschen sie mit Lust;

Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:

Kehre wieder, heil’ge Nacht!

Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

Sacred Night, descending softly

Dreams floating also down

Like your moonlight through the rooms

through the silent silent breast of men

They listen with pleasure

They call when day breaks

Return oh Sacred Night!

Oh fair dreams, return

**Harvest**

Written by Neil Young

Did I see you down

in a young girl's town

With your mother in so much pain?

I was almost there

at the top of the stairs

With her screamin' in the rain.

Did she wake you up

to tell you that

It was only a change of plan?

Dream up, dream up,

let me fill your cup

With the promise of a man.

Did I see you walking with the boys

Though it was not hand in hand?

And was some black face

in a lonely place

When you could understand?

Did she wake you up

to tell you that

It was only a change of plan?

Dream up, dream up,

let me fill your cup

With the promise of a man.

Will I see you give

more than I can take?

Will I only harvest some?

As the days fly past

will we lose our grasp

Or fuse it in the sun?

Did she wake you up

to tell you that

It was only a change of plan?

Dream up, dream up,

let me fill your cup

With the promise of a man.

**Going to a Town**

Written by Rufus Wainwright

I'm going to a town that has already been burnt down

I'm going to a place that has already been disgraced

I'm gonna see some folks who have already been let down

I'm so tired of America

I'm gonna make it up for all of The Sunday Times

I'm gonna make it up for all of the nursery rhymes

They never really seem to want to tell the truth

I'm so tired of you, America

Making my own way home

Ain't gonna be alone

I've got a life to lead, America

I've got a life to lead

Tell me, do you really think you go to hell for having loved?

Tell me, enough of thinking everything that you've done is good

I really need to know

After soaking the body of Jesus Christ in blood

I'm so tired of America

I really need to know

I may just never see you again, or might as well

You took advantage of a world that loved you well

I'm going to a town that has already been burnt down

I'm so tired of you, America

Making my own way home

Ain't gonna be alone

I've got a life to lead, America

I've got a life to lead

I got a soul to feed

I got a dream to heed

And that's all I need

Making my own way home

Ain't gonna be alone

I'm going to a town

That has already been burnt down

**High on a Rocky Ledge**

Written by Louis Hardin (p/k/a Moondog)

High on a rocky ledge lives a Mädel, Edelweiß.

She has a shadow, lovely as lace, and cold as ice.

High on a rocky ledge, I pledged my love to her.

Ev'ry time I climb up to Paradise.

How many times I've been up to see her, goodness knows,

Huffing and puffing, dressed in the warmest climbing clothes.

How many chances would be taken in my

Hopeless pursuit of the Schnee-Mädel-Edelweiß.

Then spoke a spirit, "If you would win your Lady Love,

There's only one way: Fall to your death from high above.

You will begin to grow in snow beside the one

You have waited for to be mated with.”

Now, I'm an Edel, vice to My Mädel, Edelweiß.

Dying to be with her wasn't any sacrifice.

We're so deliriously happy on your ledge

Where I pledge my love to my Lady Fair.

You who are climbing breathless to see me and my love.

Snow flowers growing fonder on Lover's Ledge above.

If you've the yen to pluck, then pluck us both,

For we who have lived as one, wish to die as one.

**Kaulana Nā Pua**

Written by Ellen Kehoʻohiwaokalani Wright Prendergast

| Kaulana nā pua a‘o Hawai‘i  Kūpa‘a mahope o ka ‘āina  Hiki mai ka ‘elele o ka loko ‘ino  Palapala ‘ānunu me ka pākaha |
| --- |
| Pane mai Hawai‘i moku o Keawe  Kōkua nā Hono a‘o Pi‘ilani  Kāko‘o mai Kaua‘i o Mano  Pa‘apū me ke one Kākuhihewa |
| ‘A‘ole a‘e kau i ka pūlima  Maluna o ka pepa o ka ‘enemi  Ho‘ohui ‘āina kū‘ai hewa  I ka pono sivila a‘o ke kanaka |
| ‘A‘ole mākou a‘e minamina  I ka pu‘ukālā a ke aupuni  Ua lawa mākou i ka pōhaku  I ka ‘ai kamaha‘o o ka ‘āina |
| Mahope mākou o Lili‘ulani  A loaʻa e ka pono o ka ‘āina  [alternate stanza:  A kau hou ‘ia e ke kalaunu]  Ha‘ina ‘ia mai ana ka puana  Ka po‘e i aloha i ka ʻāina  **Hush Little Baby**  Traditional  Hush, little baby don't say a word  Papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird  And if that mockingbird don't sing  Papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring  And if that diamond ring turns to brass  Papa's gonna buy you a looking glass  And if that looking glass gets broke  Papa's gonna buy you a billy goat  And if that billy goat don't pull  Papa's gonna buy you a cart and bull  And if that cart and bull turn over  Papa's gonna buy you a dog called Rover  And if that dog named Rover don't bark  Papa's gonna buy you a horse and cart  And if that horse and cart turn round  You'll still be the sweetest little baby in town |

**Black Gold**

Written by Van Dyke Parks

I had seen the captain drinking I don’t know what he was thinking

When he took that stinking cargo out without a doubt he went too far

But he will take us out to sea.

80,000 metric tons of crude a crew of twenty one

War pounding thru the ocean just ajar her screws in motion

All the stars rotating in their canopy.

Black gold! Rollin’ in the hold. Back and forth in time for every swell

Black gold! Time would now unfold the heavens fixed upon

Our last farewell to this black gold.

Then she hit the water with a shudder it had got her

As she went down heard to utter was the captain in his cups “What’s up?”

Sez “in my gut I know we all are doomed!”

She broke up a hemorrhage of oil gushed a rage a broil

From the soiled foil of her hull. And she was pulled beneath the

Waves into her grave down in the gloom.

Black gold! My heart is still in pain. My mandolin will tell her how I feel

Black gold! Bounding on the main. An agony of ebony and steel

All this black gold.

I’m the way the resurrection. Christ—

I’d say on him reflecting I’m not sure he’d feel secure

With what we’re doing here for sure

Or want to lead us clear out of this dark..

Down the deepest trenches man is stewing in his stench as their

Cadavers hold palaver and the gravity of their endeavors

Cleverly converts them into shark.

Black gold! Nature’s upper hand. With ladies in mercedes on the strand

Black gold! Hades high command..

The tar upon her car and in the sand..

All this black gold..

**Cotton Eyed Joe**

Traditional

Where do you come from? And where do you go?

Where do you come from, my cotton-eyed Joe?

Well I come for to see you

And I come for to sing

And I come for to show you my diamond ring

I come for to show you my diamond ring

If it hadn’t have been for old cotton-eyed joe

I’d’ve been married a long time ago

Tell me where do you come from Joe?

And where do you go?

My cotton-eyed Joe

Well I come for to see you

And I come for to sing

And I come for to show you

My diamond ring

Well I come for to see you

And I come for to sing

And I come for to show you

My diamond ring

**Arthur McBride**

Traditional

Oh, me and my cousin one Arthur McBride

As we went a-walking down by the seaside

Now mark what followed and what did betide

For it being on Christmas morning

Now for recreation we went on a tramp

And we met sergeant napper and corporal vamp

And the little wee drummer intending to camp

For the day being pleasant and charming

"Good morning, good morning," the sergeant he cried

"And the same to you gentlemen," we did reply

Intending no harm but meant to pass by

For it being on christmas morning

But says he, "My fine fellows if you will enlist

It's ten guineas in gold I’ll stick to your fist

And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust

And drink the king's health in the morning"

For a soldier he leads a very fine life

And he always is blessed with a charming young wife

And he pays all his debts without sorrow and strife

And always lives pleasant and charming

And a soldier he always is decent and clean

In the finest of clothing he is constantly seen

While other poor fellows go dirty and mean

And sup on thin gruel in the morning

But says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes

For you've only the lend of them as I suppose

But you dare not change them one night for you know

If you do you'll be flogged in the morning

And although that we are single and free

We take great delight in our own company

We have no desires strange faces to see

Although that your offers are charming

And we have no desire to take your advance

All hazards and dangers we barter on chance

For you would have no scruples for to send us to France

Where we would get shot without warning"

"Oh no, " says the sergeant, "I'll have no such chat

And I neither will take it from snappy young brats

For if you insult me with one other word

I'll cut off your heads in the morning"

And then Arthur and I we soon drew our hods

And we scarce gave them time for to draw their own blades

When a trusty shillelagh came over their heads

And bade them take that as fair warning

And their own rusty rapiers that hung by their sides

We flung them as far as we could in the tide

"Now take them up devils!" cried Arthur McBride

"And temper their edge in the morning"

And the little wee drummer we flattened his bow

And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow

Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll

And bade it a tedious returning

And we haven't no money paid them off in cracks

We paid no respect to their two bloody backs

And we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks

And left them for dead in the morning

And so to conclude and to finish disputes

We obligingly asked them if they wanted recruits

For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts

And bid them look sharp in the morning

Oh, me and my cousin one Arthur McBride

As we went a-walking down by the seaside

Now mark what followed and what did betide

For it being on Christmas morning

**Wild Mountain Thyme**

Traditional

O the summer time has come

And the trees are sweetly bloomin'

And the wild mountain thyme

All the colors are perfuming

Will ye go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will build my love a bower

By yon clear and crystal fountain

And on it I will place

All the flowers of the mountain

Will ye go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go?

I will range through the wilds

And the deep glen sae dreary

And return with their spoils

To the bower of my dearie

Will ye go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go?

If my true love she'll not come

Then I'll surely find another

To pull wild mountain mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go?

And we'll all go together

To pull wild mountain thyme

All around the bloomin' heather

Will ye go, lassie, go?