FOLKOCRACY

BELIGA

WAINWRIGHT

FOLK CRACY

CREDITS

Recorded at
MAMA FROOMS, Santa Monica CA
SUNSET SOUND, Hollywood CA
EASTWEST STUDIOS, Hollywood CA
STUDIO PIERRE MARCHAND, Montreal, QC, Canada
NEST RECORDERS, East Los Angeles, CA

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JONATHAN KASPY
CHRIS SOREM

Assistant Engineer
CLINT WELANDER

Mixed at
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DAVID BOUCHER

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ALONE
(feat. MADISON CUNNINGHAM)
Written by EWAN MACCOLL
Mac-Coll Ewan LTD (PRS)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals and Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM

Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

HEADING FOR HOME
(feat. JOHN LEGEND)
Written by PEGGY SEEGER
FIGS. D MUSIC, INC. / STORMKING MUSIC (BMI)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - JOHN LEGEND
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM
Banjo - PATRICK SAUBER
Strings and String Arrangement - ROB MOOSE

John Legend appears courtesy of Republic Records
Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

TWELVE-THIRTY
(YOUNG GIRLS ARE COMING TO THE CANYON)
(feat. SUSANNA HOFFS, CHRIS STILLS, SHERYL CROW)
Written by JOHN E A PHILLIPS
UNIVERSAL MUSIC CORP. (ASCAP)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - SUSANNA HOFFS
Vocals - CHRIS STILLS
Vocals - SHERYL CROW
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - VAL MCCALLUM
Tambourine - STEVE AMEDEE
Drums - PETE THOMAS
Harpsichord and Mellotron - MITCHELL FROOM

DOWN IN THE WILLOW GARDEN
(feat. BRANDI CARLILE)
Written by CHARLIE MONROE / Traditional
SONY/ATV ACUFF ROSE MUSIC (BMI)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - BRANDI CARLILE
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM

Brandi Carlile appears courtesy of
Low Country Sound/Elektra Records
Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

SHENANDOAH
Traditional

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - VAL MCCULLUM
Pump Organ - PATRICK WARREN
Piano and Celeste - MITCHELL FROOM

NACHT UND TRÄUME
Music by FRANZ SCHUBERT
(Lyrics by MATTHÄUS VON COLLIN,
Translation by Jorn Weisbrodt)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Piano - MITCHELL FROOM

HARVEST
(feat. ANDREW BIRD, CHRIS STILLS)
Written by NEIL YOUNG
HIPGNOSIS SIDE A (ASCAP)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals and Violin - ANDREW BIRD
Vocals - CHRIS STILLS
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM
Lap Steel - GREG LEISZ

Andrew Bird appears courtesy of Loma Vista Recordings
Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

GOING TO A TOWN
(feat. ANOHNI)
Written by RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Put Tit On Music (ASCAP) / WC Music Corp. (ASCAP)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - ANOHNI
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - VAL MCCALLUM
Piano - JACOB MANN
Electric Piano - MITCHELL FROOM
Strings and String Arrangement - ROB MOOSE

HIGH ON A ROCKY LEDGE
(feat. DAVID BYRNE)
Written by LOUIS HARDIN (p/k/a MOONDOG)
SONGS OF VIRTUAL (ASCAP) /
MANAGARM MUSIKVERLAG (ASCAP)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - DAVID BYRNE
Guitars - BLAKE MILLS

KAULANA NĀ PUA
(feat. NICOLE SCHERZINGER)
Written by ELLEN KEHO'OHIWAOKALANI
WRIGHT PRENDERGAST
Public Domain

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - NICOLE SCHERZINGER
Guitar and Lap Steel - GREG LEISZ
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM
Percussion - TED POOR

Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

HUSH LITTLE BABY
(feat. MARTHA WAINWRIGHT,
LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE)
Traditional

Vocals and Guitar - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - MARTHA WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE
Bass - DAVID PILTCH
Guitar - MADISON CUNNINGHAM
Mandolin - GREG LEISZ

Madison Cunningham appears courtesy of Verve Forecast

BLACK GOLD
(feat. VAN DYKE PARKS)
Written by VAN DYKE PARKS
BMG FIREFLY / SAFE AND SANE MUSIC (ASCAP)

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Piano and Accordion - VAN DYKE PARKS
Mandolin - RICHARD PARKS

COTTON EYED JOE
(feat. CHAKA KHAN)
Traditional

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals - CHAKA KHAN
Piano - JACOB MANN

ARTHUR MCBRIDE
Traditional

Vocals and Piano - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME
(feat. ANNA MCGARRIGLE, CHAIM TANNENBAUM,
LILY LANKEN, LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE,
MARTHA WAINWRIGHT)
Traditional

Vocals - RUFUS WAINWRIGHT
Vocals and Accordion - ANNA MCGARRIGLE
Vocals and Banjo - CHAIM TANNENBAUM
Vocals - LILY LANKEN
Vocals - LUCY WAINWRIGHT ROCHE
Vocals - MARTHA WAINWRIGHT

COTTON EYED JOE

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

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

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?

FOLKOCRACY

ALONE

In my humble opinion Scottish folk songs are the most melancholic and therefore the most gorgeous. Ewan MacColl, who was a true master songwriter, composed this gem and Madison Cunningham and I enjoyed polishing its dim yet resilient light.

HEADING FOR HOME

Peggy Seeger, who happens to have been married to Ewan MacColl, wrote this next epic number about embracing one's final chapters of life. It's a piece of music and lyric writing that never fails to muster my emotions and always brings the proverbial tear to the eye. Performing it with John Legend was an incredible treat, the man certainly lives up to his name.

TWELVE-THIRTY
(YOUNG GIRLS ARE COMING TO THE CANYON)

In many ways rock 'n' roll is the new folk music, which makes perfect sense since most rock 'n' roll bands from the 60's and 70's, such as The Mamas & the Papas, started off as folk groups singing material from previous eras. It's all just a circular continuous musical cycle. May the circle be unbroken! What I love about this rendition of The Mamas & the Papas' classic 12:30 is that Susanna Hoffs, Sheryl Crow, Chris Stills and I get to return musically to a far more innocent and hedonistic time, when everything revolved around a sense of wonder and discovery. A kind of garden of Eden that certainly no longer exists.

DOWN IN THE WILLOW GARDEN

Speaking of lost gardens, this ancient tune certainly does NOT harken back to a more innocent time. If anything, it speaks to the ever-present strain of violent misogyny sadly still with us today. In reinterpreting this murder ballad, the one caveat I felt was necessary was that the duet be cut with a woman. Thanks Brandi for taking this dark journey with me.

SHENANDOAH

The reason I covered this folk standard is because a few years ago Chaim Tannenbaum, a great friend of the family, was noodling around on the guitar in some Montréal corner, kinda half playing and singing it. Through his rather lax interpretation, missing a couple a chords here, a word there (basically singing it to himself) I was all of a sudden struck dumb by how incredible a piece of music it is. Truly one of America's most astounding melodies no matter how it's interpreted.

NACHT UND TRÄUME

There is an argument out there that Franz Schubert was the first modern singer songwriter, and definitely when you think of Bob Dylan or Joni Mitchell that argument stands, since like them, he too was known initially to perform his own material, singing and playing the piano himself for small groups of ardent admirers. But it is this latter point, playing for small groups, that in my mind puts him firmly in the folk tradition: The most important factor of folk music is powerful intimacy. It should always feel as though you and the performer are the only people in the room, be it a coffee house or a stadium. You get that with Dylan, Mitchell and certainly you get that with Schubert.

HARVEST

I've sung this classic Neil Young number for many years and tend to slow it down lugubriously in typical "Rufus Wainwright" fashion. Thanks Andrew Bird and Chris Stills for notching it up a bit, gives it more of a swagger.

GOING TO A TOWN

Don't want to sound too conceited, so let's stick with the facts. It was my producer Mitchell Froom's idea to put this song I wrote on the album since in his opinion it will eventually become a folk song of sorts, very much in the protest tradition. I casually agreed. Anyway, singing with the incredible ANOHNI was once again a frightening thrill.

KAULANA NĀ PUA

KAULANA NĀ PUA
WRITTEN BY ELLEN KEHO'OHIWAOKALANI WRIGHT PRENDERGAST

Kaulana nā pua a'o Hawai'i
Kāpa'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
Kākua nā Hono a'o Pi'ilani
Kāko'o mai Kaua'i o Mano
Pa'apā me ke one Kākuhihewa

'A'ole a'e kau i ka pālima
Maluna o ka pepa o ka 'enemi
Ho'ohui 'āina kā'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 pāhaku
I ka 'ai kamaha'o o ka 'āina

Mahope mākou o Lili'ulani
A loaāa 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 āina

HUSH LITTLE BABY

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

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..

HARVEST

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.
let me fill your cup
With the promise of a man.

GOING TO A TOWN

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

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.

HIGH ON A ROCKY LEDGE

I only discovered Moondog a couple of years ago when visiting a friend in Kauai. Suddenly, on a sultry Hawaiian tropical evening, wafting from a pair of beat up speakers came this old man's voice singing the most gorgeously simple yet sophisticated melodies and boom! - I was hooked! In a lot of ways I credit David Byrne with this same sensibility, both of their music is incredibly accessible yet mysteriously distant at the same time. A kind of dream.

KAULANA NÁ PUA

Pertaining once again to Hawaii, over the last few years my husband Jorn and I have fallen in love with the state, and to celebrate this new passion we felt it necessary to express it in song. After much sifting, I stumbled upon this astounding piece of music and lyrics. Unknown to most but highly regarded by native Hawaiians, Kaulana Nā Pua is considered one of the great protest songs against the U.S. annexation and was written by a woman in Queen Lili'uokalani's court who also had a great name: Eleanor Kekoaohiwaikalani Wright Prendergast. Take that America!

HUSH LITTLE BABY

Being a parent qualifies one to be somewhat of an expert on nursery rhymes. In the heat of battle, be it "bed time", "play time" or most triumphantly "cheer up mood time", these folk gems passed down over centuries in order to appease the wild emotions of a child are truly magical. This one I feel has a very contemporary bent since it deals with consumerism on a massive scale (I mean, where the hell would one house such a menagerie?) and to sing it with my sisters, all three of us parents at this point, certainly heightens the musical experience.

BLACK GOLD

Arguably you wouldn't be sitting here today listening to me if it wasn't for the great Van Dyke Parks. It was he who upon receiving my demo quickly ferried it over to Lenny Waronker at Dreamworks Records with a note attached which read "sign this kid, he's inevitable!". I've worked with Van Dyke over the years but have never had the privilege of singing one of his original compositions, here's that chance and what perfect timing, no? Oil anyone?

COTTON EYED JOE

It has long been an ambition of mine for Rufus to finally sing with Rufus, and here we have it! If you don't understand what I'm talking about then do a bit of research on Chaka Khan's earlier incarnations and it will become clear. Aside for crossing off that box, singing with this living legend was such a joy, and the experience of creating this rendition of Cotton Eyed Joe together (faithfully based on a rare Nina Simone live performance) will remain in my memory as one of the high points of my career.

ARTHUR MCBRIDE

When I was about 12 years old I first heard this epic folk song. It was performed live by Paul Brady in his living room, who's famous rendition of this anti-English ballad is, even to this day, considered the gold standard. My dad, sister and I were visiting him in Dublin and pre-teen tensions abounded between my father and I. At that point I had discovered opera and all I wanted to listen to was Maria Callas or Verdi's Requiem and Loudon, not the biggest opera fan, was slightly miffed (putting it mildly). Anyway, I think Paul kindly sang Arthur McBride two or three times for us and ignited our souls with not only the grand length of the piece but also its intense violent imagery, a perfect distraction.

WILD MOUNTAIN THYME

As we began in Scotland, we now end in Scotland, wandering through the beautiful Wild Mountain Thyme. Of course, no Rufus Wainwright album is complete without a family sing along and here, wandering with me, we have a grand assortment: my aunt Anna McGarrigle on accordion, sisters Martha and Lucy, cousin Lily Lanken and honorary member the aforementioned Chaim Tannenbaum playing my mom's iconic banjo. Happy Kate made it on the record in the end, without mommy there'd be no Folkocracy!

ALONE

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

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

YOUNG GIRLS ARE COMING TO THE CANYON

TWELVE THIRTY

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

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

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

NACHT UND TRÄUME

MUSIC BY FRANZ SCHUBERT
LYRICS BY MATTHÄUS VON COLLIN
TRANSLATION BY JORN WEISBRODT

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