

Summer Sing with George Emlen and Friends*

Opera House Arts "Live for Five" event

Wednesday, August 17, 2022

Ball Field, Stonington, Maine, 6 pm.

*Molly Gawler, Shepsi Steve Eaton & Geoff Warner

Complete Lyrics

This Land Is Your Land (Woody Guthrie)

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California to the New York island
From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

1. As I went walking that ribbon of highway
I saw above me that endless skyway
Saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

This land...

2. I roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
All around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

3. When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

4. In the shadow of the steeple I saw my people
By the relief office, I seen my people
As they stood there hungry I stood there asking
"Is this land made for you and me?"

Red River Valley (Traditional)

1. From this valley they say you are going
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile
For they say you are taking the sunshine
That has brightened our pathways a while.

**Come and sit by my side if you love me
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
But remember the Red River Valley
And the one who has loved you so true.**

2. Do you think of the valley you're leaving
Oh how lonely and dreary it will be?
Do you think of the fond heart you're breaking
And the grief you are causing to me.
Come and sit...

3. As you go to your home by the ocean
May you never forget those sweet hours
That we spent in the Red River Valley
And the love we exchanged mid the flowers
Come and sit...

Shenandoah (Traditional)

1. O Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, you rolling river!
O Shenandoah, I long to see you,
Away, I'm bound away
'Cross the wide Missouri

2. O Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away...
O Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Away...

3. O Shenandoah, I'm bound to leave you
Away...
O Shenandoah, I'll not deceive you
Away...

Erie Canal (Thomas S. Allen)

1. I've got a mule and her name is Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
She's a good old worker and a good old pal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal

We hauled some barges in our day
Filled with lumber, coal, and hay
And we know every inch of the way
From Albany to Buffalo
Low bridge, everybody down
Low bridge, for we're coming to a town
And you'll always know your neighbor,
you'll always know your pal
If you've ever navigated on the Erie Canal

2. We'd better get along on our way, old gal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal
You can bet your life I'll never part with Sal
Fifteen miles on the Erie Canal

Get up there, mule, here comes a lock
We'll make Rome 'bout six o'clock
One more trip and back we'll go
Right back home to Buffalo
Low bridge...

Garden Song (David Mallett)

1. Inch by inch, row by row
Gonna make this garden grow
All it takes is a rake and a hoe
And a piece of fertile ground

Inch by inch, row by row
Someone bless these seeds I sow
Someone warm them from below
Till the rain comes tumblin' down

2. Pullin' weeds and pickin' stones
We are made of dreams and bones
Feel the need to grow my own
'Cause the time is close at hand

Rainful rain, sun and rain
Find my way in nature's chain
Tune my body and my brain
To the music from the land

3. Plant your rows straight and long
Temper them with prayer and song

Mother Earth will make you strong
If you give her love and care

Old crow watchin' hungrily
From his perch in yonder tree
In my garden I'm as free
As that feathered thief up there

[Repeat verse 1]

The Fox (Traditional)

1. The fox went out on a chilly night,
Prayed for the moon to give him light,
He had many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o
**Town-o, town-o, he had many a mile to go that night
Before he reached the town-o.**

2. He ran till he came to a great big bin
Where the ducks and the geese were kept therein,
He said, "a couple of you gonna grease my chin
Before I leave this town-o."
Town-o, town-o, he said "a couple of you..."

3. He grabbed the grey goose by the neck,
Threw a duck across his back;
He didn't mind the "quack, quack, quack"
Or the legs all dangling down-o.
Down-o, down-o, he didn't mind...

4. Then old mother Flipper-Flopper jumped out of bed;
Out of the window she cocked her head,
Crying, "John, John the grey goose is gone
And the fox is on the town-o!"
Town-o, town-o, crying "John, John..."

5. Then John he went to the top of the hill,
Blew his horn both loud and shrill;
The fox, he said, "I better flee with my kill
Or they'll soon be on my trail-o!"
Trail-o, trail-o, the fox he said...

6. He ran till he came to his cozy den
There were the little ones, eight, nine, ten;

They said, "Daddy, better go back again
For it must be a mighty fine town-o!"
Town-o, town-o, "Daddy, daddy..."

7. Then the fox and his wife, without much strife,
Cut up the goose with a fork and knife;
They never had such a supper in their life,
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o.
Bones-o, bones-o, they never had...

Country Roads (Bill Danoff, Taffy Nivert and John Denver)

1. Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growin' like a breeze

**Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, mountain mama
Take me home, country roads**

2. All my memories gather 'round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark and dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye
Country roads...

I hear her voice in the mornin' hour, she calls me
The radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin' that I should've been home
Yesterday, yesterday
Country roads...

Jamaica Farewell (Music traditional, lyrics Lord Burgess)

1. Down the way where the nights are gay
And the sun shines daily on the mountain top
I took a trip on a sailing ship
And when I reached Jamaica I made a stop

**But I'm sad to say I'm on my way
Won't be back for many a day**

**My heart is down, my head is turning around
I had to leave a little girl in Kingston town**

2. Down at the market you can hear
Ladies cry out while on their heads they bear
Ackee, rice, salt fish are nice
And the rum is fine any time of year
But I'm sad to say...

3. Sounds of laughter everywhere
And the dancing girls sway to and fro
I must declare my heart is there
Though I've been from Maine to Mexico
But I'm sad to say...

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot (Traditional)

**Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home**

1. I looked over Jordan and what did I see?
Comin' for to carry me home
A band of angels comin' after me
Comin' for to carry me home

Swing low...

2. If you get there before I do...
Comin' for to carry me home
Tell all my friends I'm comin' there too...
Comin' for to carry me home

I'll Fly Away (Albert E. Brumley)

1. Some glad morning when this life is over
I'll fly away
To a home on God's celestial shore
I'll fly away

**I'll fly away, oh, Glory, I'll fly away (in the morning)
When I die, Hallelujah, by and by, I'll fly away**

2. When the shadows of this life have grown

I'll fly away

Like a bird that prison bars has flown

I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory...

3. Just a few more weary days and then

I'll fly away

To a land where joy shall never end

I'll fly away

I'll fly away, oh, Glory...

When the Saints Go Marching In (Traditional)

O when the saints go marching in (2x)

O Lord I want to be in that number

When the saints go marching in

And when the sun refuse to shine (2x)

O Lord I want to be in that number

When the sun refuse to shine

O when the saints...

Take Me Out to the Ball Game (Music: Albert von Tilzer, lyrics: Jack Norworth)

Take me out to the ball game

Take me out to the crowd

Buy me some peanuts and Crackerjack

I don't care if we never get back

So it's root, root, root for the home team

If they don't win it's a shame

For it's 1, 2, 3 strikes you're out

At the old ball game

Star-Spangled Banner (Music: John Stafford Smith, lyrics: Francis Scott Key)

O say, can you see by the dawn's early light

What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?

And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air

Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?