

# Songbook

*Cynthia Criley Williams Memorial Celebration  
Easter Sunday, 2011*

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## **Let it Be a Dance**

*words by Ric Masten*

*music by April Masten*

let it be a dance we do  
may i have this dance with you  
through the good times and the bad times too  
let it be a dance

let a dancing song be heard  
play the music say the words  
and fill the sky with sailing birds  
and let it be a dance  
learn to follow learn to lead  
feel the rhythm fill the need  
to reap the harvest plant the seed  
and let it be a dance

everybody turn and spin  
let your body learn to bend  
and like a willow in the wind  
let it be a dance  
a child is born the old must die  
a time for joy a time to cry  
take it as it passes by  
and let it be a dance

the morning star comes out at night  
without the dark there is no light  
and if nothing's wrong then nothing's right  
so let it be a dance

let the sun shine let it rain  
share the laughter bare the pain  
and round and round we go again  
so let it be a dance

yes!  
let it be a dance!  
let life be a dance  
because we dance to dance  
not to go anywhere  
and  
let it be a dance!  
let life be a dance  
because within the dance  
we move easily with the paradox  
knowing  
that for every step forward  
there will be a step back  
and anything else  
would have us  
marching away from the music

## Going to Cynthia's

*words and music by Army of Bark*

*aka Jonah "Nate Dog" Hoyle, Dan "The Boss" Hoyle and Katie Marie  
Goldschmidt*

*Chorus:*

Going to Cynthia's!

There'll be no childish fits,

And all the old folks will get blitzed.

Going to Cynthia's!

Big wheels, squirt guns and comic books,

And scenic overlooks.

Going to Cynthia's!

Sweet cereal in a tiny box,

And don't you touch my Pops!

Going to Cynthia's!

Find some eggs and hide some beer...

"Well, I like it here."

*Final Chorus ends with:*

Yes We All Like it Here!!

## **Three Little Birds**

*Chorus:* Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright  
Singing Don't worry about a thing  
'Cause every little thing is gonna be alright

Rise up this mornin'  
Smiled with the risin' sun  
Three little birds  
Pitch by my doorstep  
Singing sweet songs  
Of melodies pure and true,  
Saying "This is my message to you-ou-ou"

*Chorus*

## Abalone Song

*Historical Note: In the halcyon art colony days, bohemian writers, poets, and artists congregated on Carmel beaches to beat, feast, and sing about this wondrous mollusk.*

Oh some think that the lord is fat  
and some that he is boney  
but as for me, I think that he  
is like an abalone.

Some stick to biz, some flirt with Liz  
down on the sands of Coney  
but we by hell, stay in Carmel  
and pound the abalone.

He wanders free beside the sea  
wher'er the coast is stony  
he flaps his wings and madly sings  
the plaintive abalone

Some live on hope and some on dope  
and some on alimony  
but bring me in a pail of gin  
and a tub of abalone

Oh some folks boast of quail on toast  
because they think it's tony  
but I'm content to pay my rent  
and live on abalone

## Amazing Grace

Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me.  
I once was lost but now I'm found,  
Was blind, but now I see.

T'was Grace that taught my heart to fear.  
And Grace my fears relieved.  
How precious did that Grace appear,  
The hour I first believed.

Through many dangers toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis Grace that brought me safe thus far  
and Grace will lead me home.

When we've been here ten thousand years  
Bright shining as the sun.  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we've first begun.



## Good Night Irene

*Chorus:*

Irene Good night  
Irene Good night  
Good night Irene  
Good night Irene  
I'll see you in my dreams

Last Saturday night I got married  
Me and my wife settled down.  
Now me and my wife have parted,  
I'm gonna take a little stroll downtown.

*Chorus*

Sometimes I live in the country  
Sometimes I live in town.  
Sometimes I take a great notion  
To jump in the river and drown.

*Chorus*

Quit your rambling, quit your gambling  
Stop staying out late at night  
Stay home with your wife and family  
Sit down by the fireside bright.

*Chorus*

## **Gospel Ship**

*as performed by Joan Baez*

I have good news to bring and that is why I sing  
All my joys with you I will share  
I'm gonna take a trip on that old gospel ship  
And go sailing through the air

*Chorus:* I'm gonna take a trip on that old gospel ship  
I'm going far beyond the sky  
I'm gonna shout and sing, until the bells do ring  
When I'm sailing through the sky.

If you are ashamed of me, you ought not to be  
And you better have a care  
If too much fault you find, you'll sure be left behind  
When I'm sailing through the air.

I can hardly wait, I know I won't be late  
I'll spend all my time in prayer  
And when my ship comes in, I'll leave this word of sin  
And go sailing through the air

*Chorus*

## **I've Been Working on the Railroad**

I've been working on the railroad  
All the live-long day  
I've been working on the railroad  
Just to pass the time away.

Can't you hear the whistle blowing  
Rise up so early in the morn  
Can't you hear the Captain shouting  
"Dinah blow your horn!"

Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow your horn  
Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow  
Dinah won't you blow your horn?

Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Someone's in the kitchen, I know  
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah  
Strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, fie, fiddle-e-io.  
Fee fie fiddle-e-i-o-o-o-o  
Fee, fie, fiddle-e-i-o.  
Strumming on the old banjo.

## Joe Hill

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you and me  
Says I "But Joe, you're ten years dead"  
"I never died," says he,  
"I never died," says he.

"The copper bosses killed you, Joe.  
They shot you Joe," says I.  
"Takes more than guns to kill a man,"  
Says Joe, "I didn't die." *Repeat last line.*

"Joe Hill ain't dead," he says to me,  
"Joe Hill ain't never died.  
Where workingmen are out on strike,  
Joe Hill is at their side. *Repeat last line.*

And standing there as big as life,  
And smiling with his eyes,  
Joe says "What they forgot to kill  
Went on to organize. *Repeat last line.*

"From San Diego up to Maine,  
In every mine and mill,  
Where workers strike and organize"  
Says he, "You'll find Joe Hill" *Repeat last line.*

*Repeat first Verse.*

## La Marseillaise

Allons enfants de la Patrie  
Le jour de gloire est arrive!  
Contre nous de la tyrannie,  
L'étendard sanglant est leve!  
Entendez-vous dans nos campagnes  
Mugir ces ferores soldats?  
Ils viennent jusque dans vos bras  
Egorger vos fils, vos compagnes.

*Chorus:* Aux armes, citoyens!  
Formez vos bataillons!  
Marchons, marchons  
Qu'un sang impur  
Abreuve nos sillons!

## Red River Valley

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 awhile.

*Chorus:* Come and sit by my side, if you love me  
Do not hasten to bid me adieu  
Just remember the Red River Valley  
And the cowboy who loved you so true.

I've been thinking a long time my darling  
Of the sweet words you never would say  
Now, alas, must my fond hopes all vanish  
For they say you are going away

Do you think of the valley you're leaving  
Oh how lonely and dreary it will be  
And do you think of the kind hearts you're breaking  
And the pain you are causing to me

*Chorus*

They will bury me where you have wandered  
Near the hills where the daffodils grow  
When you're gone from the Red River Valley  
For I can't live without you I know. *Chorus.*

## **She'll Be Coming Round the Mountain**

She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes  
She'll be coming round the mountain  
She'll be coming round the mountain  
She'll be coming round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be driving six white horses when she comes  
She'll be driving six white horses when she comes.  
*Etc.*

Oh we'll all go out to meet her when she comes  
*Etc.*

She'll be wearing red pajamas when she comes  
*Etc.*

You'll have to sleep with Grandma when she comes  
*Etc.*

We will kill the old red rooster when she comes  
*Etc.*

Oh we'll all have chicken and dumplings when she comes  
*Etc.*

## The Fox Went Out on a Chilly Night

The fox went out on a chilly night  
He 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.

He ran till he came to a great big bin  
The ducks and the geese were put therein  
Said "A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o, town-o, town-o"  
Said "A couple of you will grease my chin  
Before I leave this town-o."

He grabbed the grey goose by the neck  
Slung the little one over his back  
He didn't mind their quack quack quack  
And the legs all dangling down-o, down-o, down-o  
He didn't mind their quack quack quack  
And the legs all dangling down-o.

Old Mother Pitter Patter 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, the grey goose is gone  
And the fox is on the town-o."



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  
He'll soon be on my trail-o, trail-o, trail-o"  
The fox, he said "I better flee with my kill  
He'll soon be on my trail-o."

He ran till he came to his cozy den  
There were the little ones, 8, 9, 10  
They said "Daddy Daddy, you better go back again  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o, town-o, town-o"  
They said "Daddy Daddy, better go back again  
'Cause it must be a mighty fine town-o."

Then the fox and his wife without any strife  
Cut up the goose with fork and knife  
They never had such a supper in their life  
And the little ones chewed on the bones-o  
*Etc.*

## **This Land is Your Land**

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.

As I was walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless sky way  
I saw below me that golden valley:  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling,  
And the wheat fields waving, and the dust clouds rolling  
As the fog was lifting, a voice was chanting:  
This land was made for you and me.

Nobody living can ever stop me,  
As I go walking that freedom highway;  
Nobody living can ever make me turn back.  
This land was made for you and me.

**You Can Get it if You Really Want**  
*as performed by Jimmy Cliff*

*Chorus:* You can get it if you really want  
You can get it if you really want  
You can get it if you really want  
But you must try, try and try  
Try and try, you'll succeed at last.

Persecution you must bear  
Win or lose you've got to get your share  
Got your mind set on a dream  
You can get it, though harder they seem now

*Chorus*

Rome was not built in a day  
Opposition will come your way  
But the hotter the battle, you see  
It's the sweeter the victory, now.

*Chorus*