

LYRICS - THE BOAT YOU ROW

The Coxswain

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, © 2019

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

I am a rolling stone, I am a lock and chain
I am the boat you row that brings you home again
I am a decent sort, the kind you might forget
And though you know your way, I am your safety net

It's time you learned to wake up the ghost in you
We are the ones who believe the most in you
Rally round, muster up and send for relief

There is a time to live, there is a time to die
There is a time to dance, and a time to cry
I always try and find a little grain of peace
And let my feelings show and let my love increase

There'll come a day when we'll forgive ourselves
That ghost we liberate will outlive ourselves
Float away, let the coxswain take over for a while

I am a rolling stone, I am a lock and chain
I am the boat you row that brings you home again
I am a decent sort, the kind you might forget
And though you know your way, I am your safety net

My Bonny, Bonny Boat

Composed to honor nineteenth century lighthouse keeper, Ida Lewis, of Newport, RI.

Words and melody A. & J. Dale, 1870. Arranged for mountain dulcimer by Aubrey Atwater, 2021.

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer, whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, cello

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

My home is on a craggy rock by the dark and briny sea,
Where round me rolls the changing tide and wild winds
whistle free.

Chorus:

And here in grave or gayer mood, I, on the waters float,
And cheerly row, and cheerly row, my bonny, bonny boat,
And cheerly row, and cheerly row, my bonny, bonny boat.

Here I can watch the sportive fish, or sea bird skimming nigh,
And watch the proud and stately ships, all o'er blue waters
fly...**Chorus**

Instrumental

The heaven's ray that gilds the deep, lights up my cottage
home

And the swelling waves my threshold lave, then break in
snowy foam...**Chorus**

If fate should ever tempt my feet, mid far-off scenes to roam
I still should think with love of thee, my rocky wave-bound
home...**Chorus**

Final Chorus: And here, again, in thought return, and on the waters float

And cheerly row, and cheerly row, my bonny, bonny boat,
And cheerly row, and cheerly row, my bonny, bonny boat.

Polly Put the Kettle On

traditional, as learned from Al and Alice White

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo, feet

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Polly put the kettle on, Sal blow the dinner horn
Polly put the kettle on, I'll take tea

Swing Sal, swing Sue
Swing that gal with the worn out shoe

Swing Ma, swing Pa
Swing that gal from Arkansas

Take her and promenade down the hall
Pull that calico from the wall

Polly put the kettle on, Sal blow the dinner horn
Polly put the kettle on, I'll take tea

The Conscript's Departure

Words by Charles Jefferys, music by Charles W. Glover,
1851. As collected from Margaret Shipman in Lee, MA
09-05-1941 by Helen Hartness Flanders for the Flanders
Ballad Collection

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar, tambourine

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, cello

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Torrin Ryan: Uilleann pipes

You're going far away, far away from poor Jeannette
There's no one left to love me now, and you, too may forget
But my heart will be with you wherever you may go
Can you look me in the face and say the same, Jeannot?

When you wear the jacket red and the beautiful cockade
Oh, I fear you will forget all the promises you made
With the gun upon your shoulder and the saber by your side
You'll be taking some proud lady and be making her your
bride
You'll be taking some proud lady and be making her your
bride

Or when glory leads the way you'll be madly rushing on
Never thinking if they kill you, that my happiness is gone
If you win the day perhaps, a general you'll be
Though I'm proud to think of that, what will become of me?

Oh, if I were Queen of France, or still better, Pope of Rome
I'd have no fighting men abroad, nor weeping maids at home

All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show their
might

Then let them who make the quarrels be the only ones who
fight

Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the only ones who
fight

Oh, if I were Queen of France, or still better, Pope of Rome
I'd have no fighting men abroad, nor weeping maids at home

All the world should be at peace, or if kings must show their
might

Then let them who make the quarrels be the only ones who
fight

Yes, let them who make the quarrels be the only ones who
fight

The Single Sailor

As sung by Mabel Arnold Lyons, Providence, RI 1/11/1945 for
the Helen Hartness Flanders Ballad Collection. Learned from
her father, Albert C. Arnold, born in N. Kingston, RI. This
seventeenth century "broken token" ballad, often known as
John Riley, has many variants. It is thought to be derived from
the eighth century BC Greek epic poem, Homer's Odyssey.

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Torrin Ryan: Uilleann pipes

As I walked out one fine May morning
A brisk young sailor I chanced to meet
Stepped up to me, asked me to marry
Said I, 'Kind sir, can you fancy me?'

"Oh how can you fancy a poor, young woman
Who is not fit your servant to be?"

"I intend to marry, make you my lady
And have a servant to wait on thee"

"I thank you sir for your kind intention
But I have a lover over the sea.
It's seven long years I have waited for him
And now I await his return to me."

"It's seven long years makes an alteration
Perhaps he may be dead and gone."

"Well if he's living, I love him dearly
And if he's dead, he's in glory slain."

Instrumental

He took his hand out from his vest coat
His fingers were both neat and small
And showing her the ring that was broken between them
And when she saw this, she did fall

He picked her up by the waist so slender
And giving her kisses one, two, and three
Saying, "I am your own true single sailor
Who has just returned for to marry thee."

Red Winged Blackbird

by **Billy Edd Wheeler**

Quartet Music, 1964

Here's a note from Billy Edd when he gave us permission to record his song: "I wrote it from my time in the coal camp of High Coal, WVA, and some of the awful things I saw."

Aubrey Atwater: vocals

Elwood Donnelly: vocals

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals

Oh, can't you see that pretty little bird
He sings with all his heart and soul
He's got a blood-red spot on his wing
But all the rest of him is black as coal

Of all the colors I ever did see
Red and black are the ones I dread
For when a man spills blood on the coal
They carry him back from the coal mine dead

So fly away you pretty little bird
And leave behind the miner's wife
She'll dream about you when you're gone
She'll dream about you both day and night

Oh, can't you see that pretty little bird
He sings with all his heart and soul
He's got a blood-red spot on his wing
But all the rest of him is black as coal

West Virginia Mine Disaster

By Jean Ritchie

©1969, 1971 Geordie Music Publishing, Inc

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Torrin Ryan: Uilleann pipes

Did you see him going
It was early this morning
He passed by your houses
On his way to the coal

He was tall, he was slender
And his dark eyes so tender
His occupation was mining
West Virginia his home

It was just before twelve
I was feeding the children
Ben Mosley came running
To bring us the news

“Number 8 is all flooded
Many men are in danger
And we don’t know their number
But we fear they’re all doomed.”

So I picked up the baby
And I left all the others
To comfort each other
And to pray for our own

There is Timmy fourteen
And there's John not much younger
Their own time soon will be coming
To go down the black hole

Well, if I had the money
To do more than just feed them
I'd give them good learnin'
The best could be found
So when they grow up
They'd be checkers and weighers
And not spend their time drillin'
In the dark underground

Instrumental

Now what can I say
To his poor little children
Or what can I tell
His old mother at home
Or what I can say
To my heart that's clear broken
To my heart that's clear broken
If my darlin' is gone

Say, did you see him going
So early this morning
He walked by your houses
On his way to the coal
He was tall, he was slender
And his dark eyes so tender

His occupation was mining
West Virginia his home

Deep Shady Grove

From the singing of Floyd & Edna Ritchie Baker

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo, whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

I got up one May morning for to hear the birds sing sweet
I seated myself in a deep shady grove for to hear those true
lovers meet

For to hear those true lovers meet, sweetheart, and to hear
what they might say
I wanted to know a piece of their mind before they went away.

Come set you down, come set you down, come set you down
upon the green
For it's been three quarters of a long, long year since together
we have been

Don't you remember about three years ago with your arms
around my waist?
You could make me believe by the false that you swore that
the sun rose up in the west

That the sun rose up in the west, sweetheart, and turned
away to the east
And now I've returned and found you here and found you on
your knees

Instrumental

Well, I never will believe what another woman says let her
hair be yellow,
dark or brown,
Unless she is on some high gallows tree and a-sayin' that she
wants to come down

And a-sayin' that she wants to come down, sweetheart, for no
one would like to be hung
And the words of a young girl is so hard to believe that has
lied to everyone

A Country Life

English folk song

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Chorus:

I like to rise when the sun she rises

Early in the morning

And I like to hear them small birds singing

Merrily upon their lay land
Hooray for the life of the country girl
And to ramble in the new mown hay

In the spring we sow, in the harvest mow
And that's how the seasons around they go
But of all the times if choose I may
It's to ramble in the new mown hay...**Chorus**

Instrumental

In winter when the skies are grey
We hedge and ditch our lives away
But in summer when the sun shines gay
We go rambling in the mew mown hay...**Chorus 2X**

Bill Turner

Words and music by Sonny (Martin Wayne) Houston
(1949-2017)

Based on Al Stewart's story of his house being taken for the highway, except that Al didn't shoot anyone.

He literally grew up at Hindman Settlement School--his widowed father brought him to board at the school when he was 4. His home place was right where Hwy 81 is now, and when they took that part of his land, they cut his house in half to move it over to the side, but refused to build it back, so Al lived the rest of his life in a house that was open in the middle. Al founded Appalachian Heritage magazine and also started the Appalachian Writers Workshop.

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer, whistle

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, cello

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Torrin Ryan: Uilleann pipes

I was walking from the pasture when the man came through
the gate

Bill had started out the screen door and I saw him hesitate
From his mouth the man's teeth gleamed at Bill like hot coal in
a grate

Now look here Mr. Turner, oh hell, I'll just call you Bill
We're gonna build a highway and we need this field
We'll fatten up your bankbook; you can leave it in your will

We've offered you a whole lot more than this old farm is worth
And I don't know why you insist on staying
We're gonna build a highway nothing like you've ever seen
Line it up with Long John Silver, Pizza Hut and Dairy Queen

Now this farm was my father's and his father's before him
They want me to sign a paper now and give it to them
If they think I'm that crazy then they'd better think again

First they took the timber; then they took the coal
Strip-mine got the water; black lung took its toll
I've precious little left to lose except maybe my soul

The black cloud's drawing closer but its meaning isn't clear
Push too far a man begins to harden
Look down on me Jesus; guide my eye and still my hand

They'll get my independence long before they get my land

In Bill's hand was his old pistol; I could see it through the door
I told you the last time never come up here no more
The bark from Bill's revolver left the stranger on the floor

They sent him off to prison, a bitter broken man
His children got his money; the highway got his land
Justice is a mistress sometimes hard to understand

Don't sing another chorus of "My Old Kentucky Home"
She stands arrayed in splendid desecration
A vision of a people in a world that might have been
Apparitions drifting on the coal dust in the wind

Block Island Song

Source: One Hundred Folk Songs from Many Countries, H. F. Gilbert, 1910
Words: Henry F. Gilbert

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, mountain dulcimer

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, harmonica

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Roll onward, ever roll, deep surging ocean
Wild is thy restless soul, ever in motion

Waves round me ever flow, swelling and leaping
Winds round me keenly blow, never are sleeping

Bravely on crests of foam, bear thou me upward
Loved ones wait me at home, waft thou me onward

Roll onward, ever roll, deep surging ocean
Wild is thy restless soul, ever in motion

The Song Will Remain

Words and music by Peter Knight, © SESAC 1996

From the original album sleeve notes for this song: “As we live, the essence of who we are is distilled in our own hearts. When we die we leave the essence of who we are in the hearts of those who have known us.”

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo

Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar

Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin, piano

Erin Lobb Mason: bass

If I were a singer I'd sing you a song
A song that would live in your heart forever
I'd sing it loud and strong
Every single word

So that, when my life is over
And I ne'er see you again
The singer may die but the song will remain

For all I have is gold and silver
And such things so easy to find,

And that's all I have to leave you
When I leave you behind

But, if I were a singer I'd sing you a song
A song that would live in your heart forever
I'd sing it loud and strong
Every single word

So that when my life is over
And I ne'er see you again
The singer may die but the song will remain

Instrumental

So that when my life is over
And I ne'er see you again
The singer may die but the song will remain
The singer may die but the song will remain

Hush Be Still

Traditional lullaby, as learned from Thomas L. Harleman at the Eagle Creek Folk Festival, Indianapolis, IN, June 2016
Melody and first verse sung to him by his grandmother, Eunice Mary Pearson circa 1952 . Additional verse by Aubrey Atwater.

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo, whistle
Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, cello
Erin Lobb Mason: bass

Hush be still, as a mouse
There's a baby in the house
Not a dolly, not a toy
But a sleeping baby boy...**repeat**

Instrumental

Hush be still, as a mouse
There's a baby in the house
She's a treasure, she's a pearl
She's a sleeping baby girl...**repeat**

THE REST OF OUR LIVES

Words and music by Elwood Donnelly, ©2022
dedicated to Nina Dodd

Aubrey Atwater: vocals, banjo
Elwood Donnelly: vocals, guitar
Cathy Clasper-Torch: vocals, violin, piano
Erin Lobb Mason: bass

What will you do with the rest of your life?
I asked her mother and I asked my wife
The first one smiled and the second one said,
“Let's talk about this when we're in bed.”

All these days we've had time to blink
Months gone by, we've made time to think
What to do with the rest of our lives?

My mother-in-law just wants to write
Read some books and sleep at night
And Aubrey'd like to have some rest
Regard the things for which she's blessed

Like grow some flowers, plant some more next year
Sing some songs, hold her husband near
What we'll do with the rest of our lives.

Other ones have tried to lead the way
Only you have words that can convey my view
Now, I'll turn that love on you
Everyday, every way I can
That's what I'll do with the rest of my life.

Instrumental

Other ones have tried to lead the way
Only you have words that can convey my view
Now, I'll turn that love on you
Everyday, every way I can
That's what I'll do with the rest of my life.
What we'll do with the rest of our lives.
What to do with the rest of our lives