

By Stars and Sunrise

By Chris Wadsworth, Nell Robinson, James Nunally

Father what do you advise me to do
In this place with no future
He said "Go west my son with the brothers Austin
Bet your life on the borderlands"

On the dusty range I met Luisa
And our sons were born into danger
Comanches in the North, Tejanos in the South
Facing death they drove us out

I'm coming home Luisa
Wait by the door and
Tell the children
They'll never be cold again

And how you'll know me
When I left so lowly
I return a free and rich man

Cursed and poor a failing wretch
I rode alone by stars and sunset
Fixed my sights on the promise land
For to die or come home again

Now the western sun warms my weary back
And good fortune has filled my pack
Lead by stars above This time the sunrise
Guides me home to my love

I'm coming home Luisa
Wait by the door and
Tell the children
They'll never be cold again

And how you'll know me
When I left so lowly
I return a free and rich man

Handsome Medley (Handsome Cabin Boy, Handsome Molly)

Traditional

(Handsome Cabin Boy)

Tis of a pretty female
As you may understand
Her mind being bent for rambling
Unto some foreign land
She dressed herself in sailor's clothes
Or so it does appear
And she hired with a captain
To serve him for a year

The captain's wife she being on board
She seemed in great joy
To think the captain had engaged
Such a handsome cabin boy
That now and then she'd slip him a kiss
And she'd have liked to toy
But 'twas the captain found out the secret
Of the handsome cabin boy

Her cheeks they were like roses
And her hair rolled in a curl
The sailors often smiled and said
He looked just like a girl
But eating of the captain's biscuit
Her color did destroy
And the waist did swell of pretty Nell
The handsome cabin boy

'Twas in the bay of Biscay
Our gallant ship did plow
One night among the sailors
Was a fearful flurry and row
They tumbled from their hammocks
For their sleep it did destroy
And they moaned about the groaning
Of the handsome cabin boy

"Oh doctor, dear, oh doctor,"
The cabin boy did cry
"My time has come, I am undone
And I shall surely die"
The doctor come a-runnin'
And a-smilin' at the fun
To think a sailor lad should have

A daughter or a son

The sailors when they saw the joke
They all did stand and stare
The child belonged to none of them
They solemnly did swear
The captain's wife, she says to him
"My dear, I wish you joy
For 'tis either you or I's betrayed
The handsome cabin boy!"

Now sailors, take your tot of rum
And drink success to trade
And like-wise to the cabin boy
That was neither man nor maid

Here's hoping the wars don't rise again
Our sailors to destroy
And here's hoping for a jolly lot more
Like the handsome cabin boy

(Handsome Molly)

Well, I wish I was in London
Or some other seaport town
I'd put my foot on a steamboat
I'd sail the ocean 'round

While sailing 'round the ocean
While sailing 'round the sea
I'd think of handsome Molly
Wherever she might be

Do you remember, Molly
You gave me your right hand?
You said whenever you marry
I would be the man

But you broke your promise
Go with whom you please
My poor heart is breaking
You are at your ease

While sailing 'round the ocean
While sailing 'round the sea
I'd think of handsome Molly
Wherever she might be

I went to church last Sunday
You passed me on by
I could tell your mind was changin'
By the rovin' of her eye

I go down to the river
While everyone's asleep
I think of handsome Molly
And I begin to weep

While sailing 'round the ocean
While sailing 'round the sea
I'd think of handsome Molly
Wherever she might be

Hurricane

By Nell Robinson, James Nunally, Chris Wadsworth, Lowell Levinger

A storm blew through me that night
A wild wind whipped my eyes
Then there you were my little girl
Stole my heart the first day of your life

Sheltered by love could we both rest
In my arms you found a home
Time sped by, then you left
Those days of innocence gone

I learned to listen for a sound at my-door
To let you shivering in
To just be close, but not too close
Taking refuge just one time more

The word is feral, it came to my mind
When I looked into your eyes
Your gaze fixed to some foreign land
I would seek but never find

Though hurricane winds be ripping
Exploding, thunder-downed lines
You clawed your way out of my arms
Hungry, cold, and tripping

Then back into the storm you flew
Ideas of home blown apart
I know you tried, its not your fault
Am I to blame, I tried too

No one to protect you from yourself
No food, no shelter, no love
Could keep you safe from the storms
Fight-scarred, heavy-bellied you fell

Though hurricane winds be ripping
Exploding, thunder-downed lines
Into the dark I fly to you
Barefoot, blind, and flipping

Like a storm blown through me by night
Your wild wind ripped my eyes
And made them sting and made them water
Broke my heart each day of your life

So cold the cold I felt at your door
You were already gone
My beautiful girl my hurricane
Be at peace, baby, struggle no more

Though hurricane winds be ripping
Exploding, thunder-downed lines
From the eye of the storm you gaze at me
Quiet, peaceful, forgiving

My hurricane
My beautiful girl

In My Beautiful Dream

By James Nunally

I don't ever want to wake up
Never ever wake up from this beautiful dream
It's got my heart a'reelin with a mighty good feelin'
The way it ought to be
There ain't gonna be no sadness
It's happiness for you and me
If I never wake up, never ever wake up
From this beautiful dream

Well I've done away with sorrow and loneliness you'll see
When you come back tomorrow, right on home to me
Where we love one another, and we'll have all the bases covered
Cause there ain't gonna be no others
In my beautiful dream

I don't ever want to wake up
Never ever wake up from this beautiful dream
It's got my heart a'reelin with a mighty good feelin'
The way it ought to be

There ain't gonna be no sadness
It's happiness for you and me
If I never wake up, never ever wake up
From this beautiful dream

You take me to an oasis, surrounded by the deep blue sea
And you give me a blissful feeling as I hold you close to me
Where nothing could be any better than being this close together
Well I wish it would last forever
In my beautiful dream

I don't ever want to wake up
Never ever wake up from this beautiful dream
It's got my heart a'reelin with a mighty good feelin'
The way it ought to be

There ain't gonna be no sadness
It's happiness for you and me
If I never wake up, never ever wake up
From this beautiful dream

Limonaia

By Nell Robinson, James Nunally

Through black lace she looks upon the limonaia
Through window panes warped and curtained by grief
There she recalls her true companion
Among peonies, sage, lavender and bees

Once she laughed, danced and sang
Her beauty a legend known far and wide
From Belgrade, Florence to Paris
Both men and women with envy sighed

Time has graced the ancient orchard
Full of fruit tart 'n sweet among white flowers
She hides the mirrors that play upon her fears
Dread knots her mind each passing hour

As the sun paints the sculpted hedge
She descends her secret stair
To wander alone pebbled paths of home
Bats and starlings tumble in the night air

In a dark place of her own private worship
Away from prying eyes, consumed by mad grief
Sunday morning praying servants may hear her
Fervent sighs echo in the chapel eaves

Inside her walls just four and twenty
Still dearly loved by her one true friend
Blind to her own grace, she hid her face,
'Til her cold body did they wash and tend

A hundred years her portrait still hangs
Facing in, away from city lights
Painted by the loving hand of the American
Their love once blossomed in the Tuscan sunlight

Moonlit nights you may see her
Waltzing by Neptune in the grotto below
In the full bloom of her youthful beauty
She greets her lover in the quiet lemon grove

Periwinkle Wreath, I Had Thee Hung

Traditional, Polish Folksong

Periwinkle wreath, I had thee hung
On a wooden peg, I had thee hung
On a wooden peg in the cottage wall
When people came and took thee down

Hop vine, poor thing climb higher
Hop vine, poor thing climb higher
Creep the pole aloft
Now thou are high, now lower
Climb up the wall, climb higher
Climb aloft poor thing!

Oh thou little wreath of seven herbs
I had hidden thee for wedding time
I had hidden thee in the casket new
When people came and took thee off

Hop vine, poor thing climb higher
Hop vine, poor thing climb higher
Creep the pole aloft
Now thou are high, now lower
Climb up the wall, climb higher
Climb aloft poor thing!

Sequoia Gold

By Chris Wadsworth, Nell Robinson, James Nunally

I've got blood on my hands, dead on my feet
Standing on the banks of Caspar Creek
Took three days but I brought her down
Good as gold when she hit the ground

She's 10 ft wide at the base at least
Bucked and peeled her piece by piece
Skid row lade and the oxen led
Yard'em all out to the riverbed

All the way across the Emigrant Trail
The Motherlode she cast her spell
Six long months toward the setting sun
Stumbled in, all but done

Worked my claims 'til I came up dry
The motherlode she passed me by
These mighty stands of timber hold
My only chance of getting home

Winter's here, rains have come
Caspar Creek is gonna run
Cut all fall and cleared this hill
Float it all down to the muley mill

Saws keep turning night and day
homes for the barons of Frisco Bay
You're gonna die here so I'm told
So make my casket of sequoia gold

I've got blood on my hands dead on my feet

THE FIRE

By Nell Robinson, Chris Wadsworth, James Nunally
Lyrics based on the novel *Train Dreams* by Denis Johnson

In the remains John's sorrow blackened
In layers of ash he tread like fresh snow
All of his hopeful crazy thinking couldn't satiate the fire
That had closed all roads

Annie gathered John's Bible and their baby
To the river she ran and on the rocks she then broke
Freeing the babe at her breast Annie was lifted and gently claimed
By the water below

Are you sorry now, Annie?
Ah kiss me again love but go easy
They plummeted down, down and then out
Into a new world downstream
Among the foaming daisies

And he saw the baby in his dream
and she was, she was ...
Then it all went black and he said goodbye

Like madness the full moon chorus rose
God's beasts a howling flood, here then gone
But one wolf, eyes sparked like a child
She remained and slept by John 'til the break of dawn

Are you sorry now, Annie?
Ah kiss me again love but go easy
They plummeted down, down and then out
Into a new world downstream
Among the foaming daisies

And he saw the baby in his dream
and she was, she was ...
Then it all went black and he said goodbye

Back in those parts most everyone knew John
He roamed the land with a ghost's unearthly gait
'Til he passed that lonely Fall, in his dreams
He walked through the fire but arrived too late

Down by the river mid fire-born flowers
You may spy Annie's bonnet sailing by
And if you hear a mad chorus from the wood, run home
And hold your children tight (start on D)

Are you sorry now, Annie?
Ah kiss me again love but go easy
They plummeted down, down and then out
Into a new world downstream
Among the foaming daisies

And he saw the baby in his dream
and she was, she was ...
Then it all went black and he said goodbye

Travelin' the Road West

by James Nunally

Travelin' the road west, travelin' the road west
It's a dry hot dusty road and you ain't gonna get no rest
You ain't gonna get no rest boys ain't gonna get no rest

Back in 36' we bought us a bucket of rust
Sold everything we had and left that bowl of dust
Days were hot and the tempers they were too
The drone of the tires on the hot black tar
Would put a spell on you

Travelin' the road west, travelin' the road west
It's a dry hot dusty road and you ain't gonna get no rest
You ain't gonna get no rest boys ain't gonna get no rest

Left all we ever knew to head for the western shore
Such hard traveling, we never had seen before
Four days on 66 , we lost a tire and tube
Spent two days in the Texas sun with nothing left to lose

Travelin' the road west, travelin' the road west
It's a dry hot dusty road and you ain't gonna get no rest
You ain't gonna get no rest boys ain't gonna get no rest

Out in California they sang a different tune
Too many hands, so little work, and never enough food
Memories come flowing back with images of the past
I pity the poor and the hungry and pray that they will last

Travelin' the road west, travelin' the road west
It's a dry hot dusty road and you ain't gonna get no rest
You ain't gonna get no rest boys ain't gonna get no rest

Winnemucca

By Nell Robinson, Chris Wadsworth, James Nunally

Startling, your wide clean streets
Families welcome and the cowboys neat
The Basque Hotel is quiet outside
Inside boisterous family style

Hear the rails hum the edge of town
Eyes shut o'er a patch of icy ground
One hand steadies a tipsy friend
Stumblin' as the sidewalk ends

Lanky baggy-pants balding man
Across his forehead an American flag
The burning man boys look out of place
The girls in long skirts and dusty lace

Crashing thunder, explosion of light
Welcome consolation in the middle of the night
Girls! Girls! Girls! Truckers get off here
Winnemucca don't abide my tears

Prim little church in a patch of oats
Vague sadness and a tightening throat
Memories skitter at the edge of sight
Holding hands on a moonlit night

Butch girl scrapes the faded Griddle sign
Her mother merrily re-paints behind
The train engineers a flirt named Red
The hotcake recipes a secret, he said

The saddle maker has clear blue-eyes
Sun-creinkled brow looks young and wise
Sparklers in Ramblin' Jack's hand burn hot
Lighting up Harleys, parking lot

White washed poles, blue chief in relief
Pink metal roof cuts through dry elm leaf
The Townhouse Motel sign just says No
The Space age is vintage and I'm getting old

Crashing thunder, explosion of light
Welcome consolation in the middle of the night
Girls! Girls! Girls! Truckers get off here
Winnemucca don't abide my tears

Woe is Man

By Nell Robinson

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

Well my man's done gone
And my son's doing time
My daughter ran off
With the preacher's son

Got a hole in my roof
And the dogs got fleas
My cow won't milk
She just stares at me

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

So I ran up the mountain
Brought my troubles with me
Laid 'em at the top
And then tried to leave

But the mountain did quake
Rocks thundered down
Carried trees and troubles
Right through the town

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

I went down to the river
Jumped up on lee
Lord drown me now
Please set me free

Well the river did swell
Swept away the town
Now the people are angry
Gonna hunt me down

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

Oh I ran through the woods
To found a hidey hole
Throw my troubles in deep
I won't hurt no more

But I woke up the rattlers
Now they're hissing at me
Tween the people and the snakes
I'm up a creek

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

So took my troubles to the Lord
And cried woe is me
She said "Stop your bellyaching
Get down on your knees!"

"There's a lot of folks
Got it worse than you
Don't run from your troubles
I'll help you through"

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

Now the wind started whipping
Flew me to my door
Left me wet and crying
On the kitchen floor

A more beautiful sight
I never did see
That old milk cow
Just a-staring at me

Woe oh woe is me!
Take my burdens away Lord
And set me free

Oh Woe is me
Took my troubles to the Lord
And She set me free