

In This World
MAGPIE: Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino
Lyrics

Before the Morning Sun
©2005 words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

I stand before the morning sun
The dark night close behind
Another day to live the hope
No longer running blind
I've seen the storm clouds comin'
I've felt the cold, hard rain
But when loving friends stand by me
I can rise up once again
I can rise up once again

I stand before the morning sun
The land bathed in new light
Sparkling rivers and high mountains
On birds' wings my soul takes flight
I'll lend a hand to all I can, try to
Leave this world a better place
See all as my relations
Beyond the human race
Beyond the human race

I stand before the morning sun
In a land of promise born
The lies of stolen power
I do behold with scorn
I bow to no master
Defy false piety
My faith is in the living earth
That each day gives birth to me
Each day gives birth to me

We stand before the morning sun
With others hand in hand
Our journey now has just begun

At the crossroads now we stand
Turning away from fools treasure
Each one to do our part
We find the wealth that matters
Is in each other's heart
Is in each other's heart

Same Boat Now

words and music by Betsy Rose

Some of us came here for freedom from hunger and from hate
Some us came here to make it rich and some of us came in chains
We landed in your sweatshops and we died on your new frontier
We pulled the cotton from the land that we watered with our tears

chorus:

We may have come here on different ships, but we're in the same boat now
We may have come here on different ships, but we're in the same boat now
Hemos llegados en barcos diferentes, estamos en el mismo bote ahora
Hemos llegados en barcos diferentes, estamos en el mismo bote ahora

Some grew rich by toil and trade, some grew rich by vice
Some grew rich in power and ALL of us paid the price
And in the name of progress how we ground each other down
But no one is the winner when you're building on bloody ground

Women of all colors from every walk of life
We bore the hidden burden as mothers, daughters, and wives
Hired when we're needed, sent home when the jobs run down
But we're not waiting on the shore, we're turning the boat around

We're a people born of many shores, our journeys so entwined
And we'll be on a sinking ship if we leave anybody behind
Don't want to be no melting pot, we're a rainbow family
And it's gonna take everything we've got to set each other free

Michael

by Robert Service

music by Greg Artzner

There's something in your face, Michael
I've seen it all the day
There's somethin' square that wasn't there
When first you went away

It's just the army life, mother,
The drill, the left and right,
That puts the stiffening in your spine
And locks your jaw up tight

There's somethin' in your eyes, Michael,
And how they stare and stare
You're lookin' at me now, boy,
As if I wasn't there

It's just the things I've seen, mother,
The sights that come and come
A bit of broken, bloody pulp
That used to be a chum

There's somethin' in your heart, Michael,
That makes you wake at night
And often when I hear you moan
I tremble in my fright

It's just a man I killed, mother,
A mother's son like me
It seems he's always haunting me
He'll never let me be

But maybe he was bad, Michael,
Maybe it was right
To kill the enemy you hate
In fair and honest fight

I did not hate at all, mother,

He never did me harm
I think he was a lad like me
Who worked upon a farm

And what's it all about, Michael?
Why did you have to go
A quiet, peaceful lad like you
When we were happy so?

It's them up above, mother,
It's them that sits and rules
We've got to fight the wars they make
It's us as are the fools

And when will it end, Michael,
And what's the use, I say,
Of fightin' if whoever wins
It's us that's got to pay?

Oh it will be the end, mother,
When lads like him and me
That sweat to feed the ones above
Decide that we'll be free

And when will that day come, Michael?
And when will fightin' cease?
And simple folks may till their soil
And live in love and peace?

It's comin' soon and soon, mother,
It's nearer every day
When only those who work and sweat
Will have a word to say

When all who earn their honest bread
In ev'ry land and soil
Will claim the fellowship of all,
The comradeship of toil

When we the workers all demand,
“What are we fighting for?”
Then, then we’ll end that stupid crime,
That devil’s madness, war.

Is There Anybody Here

words and music by Phil Ochs

Is there anybody here who'd like to change his clothes into a uniform?
Is there anybody here who thinks they're only serving in a raging storm?
Is there anybody here with glory in their eyes,
loyal to the end, whose duty is to die?
I want to see him, I want to wish him luck,
I wanna shake his hand, wanna call his name,
Pin a medal on the man.

Is there anybody here who'd like to wrap a flag around an early grave?
Is there anybody here who thinks they're standing taller on a battle wave?
Is there anybody here like to do his part,
soldier to the world and a hero to his heart?
I want to see him, I want to wish him luck,
I wanna shake his hand, wanna call his name,
Pin a medal on the man.

Is there anybody here proud of the parade,
who'd like to give a cheer and show they're not afraid?
I'd like like to ask him what he's trying to defend,
I'd like to ask him what he thinks he's gonna win.

Is there anybody here who thinks that following orders takes away the
blame?
Is there anybody here who'd wouldn't mind a murder by another name?
Is there anybody here whose pride is on the line,
with the honor of the brave and the courage of the blind?
I want to see him, I want to wish him luck,
I wanna shake his hand, gonna call his name,
Pin a medal on the man.
Medal on the man.

One Another

words and music by Rachel Bissex & Tom Prasada-Rao

When one voice meets another in a wave of harmony
When a woman heals a stranger with her careful empathy
When the night falls quiet to a million skyful stars
I know I am right there where you are

When one mind meets another in generosity
When one man holds his brother in his arms of sympathy
When the sun sets the sky into flames overhead
That's when I remember what you said

December's leafless trees reveal the mountains' shoulders
So can we shed the anger that keeps us from us each other

Time is tugging, I can't fight it, no matter how I try
'Til I slow down and discover with the eyes of a child
All the magic and wonder in a million grains of sand
And a whole world in the child's outstretched hand
There's a whole world in the child's outstretched hand

Go to the Water

words and music by Kat Eggleston

Go to the water, walk down slow
Where the rock is battered and the branch hangs low
Where the sea is rough, the sun burns hotter
To know love, go to the water

You walked through the garden in the early spring
Where the wild blossom was a growing thing
You pressed that flower in your favorite book
And it kept its color but never bore fruit

Nothing so smooth as the side of a thorn
Nothing so calm as the eye of a storm
To young love, nothing so sweet
As the sound of promise no one could keep

It laughs and shouts where it touches land
And it holds the world like a loving hand
It's a bed of pearls on a moonlit night
Full of life, no end in sight

©1997 *Kat Eggleston*

Wash Our Spirits Clean

words & music by Terry Leonino & Greg Artzner

We see the storm coming
We see the storm coming
A flood of water, of fire, of ice,
 amidst prescient torrid weather
Yet the morning stars still sing together

Wash our spirits clean
This earth will wash our spirits clean
We are but the flame of hope now igniting
The battle we have fought and are still fighting

They're speaking to us now
They're speaking to us now
On Denali, Everest, Kilimanjaro
 melting glaciers glisten
When mountains speak the wise will listen.

We are moving forward now
We are moving forward now
From the darkness of unbelief,
 for when comes the light,
The peoples' heart is always right

Keep close to Nature's heart
Keep close to Nature's heart
Live in creation's dawn,
 and disappear despair
It's always sunrise somewhere

14 October 2007

inspired by the words of John Muir

If It Ain't Love

(Andy Razaf, Fats Waller, Don Redman)

If it ain't love why am I here just like I do?
If it ain't love why am I here longing for you?

What can it be that's making me dream of you night and day?
Keeping me blue all the day through whenever you're
away.

If it ain't love then it must be the magic art;
If it ain't love how did this song creep into my heart?

Oh, why do I sigh to the moon high above?
Please answer me, what can it be, if it ain't love?

Bristlecone Pine

Words and music by Hugh Prestwood

Way up in the mountains on the high timberline
Lives a twisted old tree called the bristlecone pine
The wind there is bitter, it cuts like a knife
And it keeps that tree hanging on for its life

But hold on it does, standing its ground
Standing while empires rise and fall down
When Jesus was gathering lambs to his fold
The tree was already a thousand years old

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm goin' to heaven or hell
So when I'm laid to rest it would suit me just fine
To sleep at the feet of a bristlecone pine

And as I would slowly return to the earth
What little this body of mine might be worth

Would soon start to nourish the roots of that tree
And it would partake of the essence of me

And who knows but that as the centuries turn
A small spark of me might continue to burn
As long as the sun did continue to shine
Down on the limbs of the bristlecone pine.

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm goin' to heaven or hell
So when I'm laid to rest it would suit me just fine
To sleep at the feet of a bristlecone pine

Now the way I have lived there ain't no way to tell
When I die if I'm goin' to heaven or hell
So I'd just as soon serve out eternity's time
Asleep at the feet of a bristlecone pine
Asleep at the feet of a bristlecone pine

We Belong To the Earth

©1994 words and music by Greg Artzner and Terry Leonino

We belong to the Earth
We all belong to the Earth
It's not that she belongs to us
It's we belong to her.
It's we belong to her.

A strand in a web are we
A strand in a web I believe
To own it we cannot dare to dream
It's a web that we didn't weave
It's a web that we didn't weave

In sun and in wind and in rain
Is a seed of what will be
It awakens a power that grows down below
It courses through you and through me
It courses through you and through me

And when our spirits take flight
And we lay our bodies down
Our ashes may be carried away on the wind
But return to the birthing ground
But return to the birthing ground

Barons of King Coal (For Purple Mountain Majesty)
words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

Back in these hills and hollows, hidden from your view.
Is the worst destruction of the earth that anyone could do:
Blasting off the mountaintops for the coal that lies below;
Killing every living thing where now black waters flow.

Chorus:

With their draglines and their big trucks they take more coal each day
But it's underneath our mountains so they just blast them away
For purple mountain majesty, once our nation's soul
Now is raped and pillaged by the barons of king coal

My family has lived here a hundred years and more;
This mountaintop is all that's left of what we had before.
Now just look around you and tell me what you see,
Death and desolation where living forests used to be (*chorus*)

Massey tried to drive me out by terror and by fear,
They've shot and burned and threatened everything that I hold dear.
This fight has been so fierce it tore my family apart,
But how could I just walk away? This land, it is my heart.

Down along Marsh Fork Creek is our children's school
In the shadow of Massey's toxic black impoundment pool.
Now the kids who learn and play there daily do complain
Of every kind of sickness that no one will explain. (*chorus*)

So tell me now who is to blame, who shakes king coal's hand?
Who fails to protect us, and who sells out our land?
It's greedy politicians at the company's beck and call,
From the judges up to the president, I will blame them all.

So tell your friends and family, those who listen and will hear,
Help stop this devastation 'fore these mountains disappear.
For you who hear my story, it's time to take a stand
For purple mountain majesty, for the people and the land (*chorus*)

When I'm Gone

words and music by Phil Ochs

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't feel the flowin' of the time when I'm gone
All the pleasures of love will not be mine when I'm gone
My pen won't pour a lyric line when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't breathe the bracin' air when I'm gone
And I can't even worry 'bout my cares when I'm gone
I won't be asked to do my share when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

I won't be runnin' from the rain when I'm gone
And I can't even suffer from the pain when I'm gone
Can't say who's to praise and who's to blame when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

And I won't see the golden of the sun when I'm gone
All the evenings and the mornings will be one when I'm gone
Can't be singing louder than the guns when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

All my days won't be dances of delight when I'm gone
And the sands will be shifting from my sight when I'm gone
Can't add my name into the fight when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

I won't be laughing at the lies when I'm gone
And I can't question how or when or why when I'm gone

Can't live proud enough to die when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

There's no place in this world where I'll belong when I'm gone
And I won't know the right from the wrong when I'm gone
And you won't find me singin' on this song when I'm gone
So I guess I'll have to do it while I'm here

Give Light

*words and music by Greg Artzner
based on the words of Ella Baker*

Give light, and people will find the way
Give light, and people will find the way
Give light, and people will find the way
People will find the way I do believe

Teach peace, and people will find the way
Teach peace, and people will find the way
Teach peace, and people will find the way
People will find the way I do believe

Stand together, and people will find the way
Stand together, and people will find the way
Stand together, and people will find the way
People will find the way I do believe

Give love, and people will find the way
Give love, and people will find the way
Give love, and people will find the way
People will find the way I do believe

Give light, and people will find the way
Give light, and people will find the way
Give light, and people will find the way
People will find the way I do believe
People will find the way I do believe

For Real

words and music by Bob Franke

Death took the husband of a neighbor of mine
On a highway with a drunk at the wheel
She told me, "Keep your clean hands off the laundry he left
And don't tell me you know how I feel"

She had a tape that he'd sent her from a Holiday Inn
And she never played it much in the day
But when I heard him say he loved her through the window at night
I just stayed the hell away

{Refrain}

There's a hole in the middle of the prettiest life
So the lawyers and the prophets say
Not your father nor your mother
Nor you lover's gonna ever make it go away
And there's too much darkness in an endless night
To be afraid of the way we feel
Let's be kind to each other
Not forever but for real

My father never put his parachute on
In the Pacific back in World War Two
He said he'd rather go down in familiar flames
Than get lost in that endless blue

And some of that blue got into my eyes
And we never stopped fighting that war
Until I first understood about endlessness
And I loved him like never before

{Refrain}

It's lucky that my daughter got her mother's nose
And just a little of her father's eyes
And we've got just enough love that when the longing takes me
Well, it takes me by surprise

And I remember that longing from my highway days
Though I never could give it a name
It's lucky I discovered in the nick of time
That the woman and child aren't to blame

{As Refrain}

For the hole in the middle of a pretty good life
I only face it 'cause it's here to stay
Not my father nor my mother nor my daughter nor my lover
Nor the highway made it go away
And there's too much darkness in an endless night
To be ashamed of the way I feel
I'll be kind to my loved ones
Not forever but for real

{As Refrain}

Some say that God is a lover
Some say its an endless void
Some say both, some say she's angry
Some say he's just annoyed
But if God felt a hammer in the palm of his hand
Then God knows the way we feel
And love lasts forever
Forever and for real
Love lasts forever

Meet Me Where They Play the Blues

(Steve Allen/Gallop)

I got a heart that's broken hearted, how do I mend it?
I got a crying jag you started, how do I end it?
But if you're feeling gloomy
Come a-running to me
Meet me where they play the blues

People have said they've seen you dance in hideaway places
People have said you find romance in other embraces
But if your mood is dreamy
And you care to see me
Meet me where they play the blues

Eyes that flirt with a tear
Are common round here
And misery loves company, they say
So they linger 'til dawn
While the trumpet wails on
Hopin' you'll happen this way

I'm getting' tired of sippin' wine and watchin' it bubble
How did our dreams get out of line and wind up in trouble?
But, honey, if you're learnin'
There's a flame still burnin'
Meet me where they play the blues

I'm getting' tired of sippin' wine and watchin' it bubble
How did our dreams get out of line and wind up in trouble?
But, honey, if you're learnin'
There's a flame still burnin'
Meet me where they play
You'll find me any day
So meet me where they play the blues

It's a Pleasure to Know You
words and music by Karl Williams

It's a pleasure to know you
A pleasure to see you smile
A comfort to know
We'll share the road awhile
Pleasure is fleeting
And comforts are far between
It's a pleasure to know you
And the comfort you bring

I came to your city after I'd left my home
And I was a stranger dressed up in stranger's clothes
The favors I needed, but charity's out of style
And rare as the beauty in the face of a trusting child, but...

They say life's a journey, a highway from birth to death

Mapped in despair and traveled in hopelessness
Well, they may believe it but just between you and me
The trick to the travelin' is all in the company, and...

Lovers may leave you, lovers may turn away
Others may scorn you, you know that they will someday
The seasons are fickle, and fate is not known as kind
But friendship's a diamond, and trouble's the diamond mine, and...