

Before the Morning Sun

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

11/15/05

©2005 words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino
Heaven My Home

words and music by Woody Guthrie

chorus:

Tryin to make heaven my home, home
Tryin to make heaven my home, sweet home
This old world just ain't my home
Tryin to make heaven my home.

Big wind blowed my crops all away
This world ain't my home
Looks like I just can't make the grade
Gotta make heaven my home (*chorus*)

Can't hold my dike 'gainst all this flood
This world ain't my home
Gonna wash my soul in the Saviour's blood
Gotta make heaven my home (*chorus*)

I lift and I bend, I sweat and I strain
This world ain't my home
Every job I touch is aches and pains
Gotta make heaven my home (*chorus*)

Why does everybody run hide from me?
This world ain't my home
Gotta try to love everybody that I see.
Gotta make heaven my home (*chorus*)

©1963 Ludlow Music, Inc. New York, NY

Me Minus You

Me minus you just means nothin' at all
But me plus you equals love, nothin' but love

Night minus moon means no romance at all
But night plus moon equals love

Won't you hug a little, snug a little closer?
How about that?
Will your answer be a "yes sir" or a "no sir"?
Can't you figure out that?

Me Minus you just means nothin' at all
But me plus you equals love.

Friend for Life
words and music by Bryan Bowers

When your mom and your dad cross your mind
Thinking back to the ties that bind
Can't fill your heart like learning some old song
They used to sing back when they were young

When you learn a song you've got a friend for life
You can call on in the still of the night
When you're down and out on a two-lane road
Your friend the song will be there to ease your load
Will be there to ease your load

When time hangs heavy on your hands
That novel that you burn your eyes out on
Can't fill your heart like learning some old song
That will be there to help you later on

When the night is young but you're feeling old
TV's empty hours can't fill your heart
Like learning some old song that was your friend
When you were young, and you are young again

Underneath the Arches

The bridge down by the river with arches overhead
It's home-like there
To me that's where
Each night I make my bed

Underneath the arches I dream my dreams away
Underneath the arches on cobblestones I lay
Everynight you'll find me
Tired out and worn
Happy when the daylight comes creeping
Heralding the dawn

Sleepin when it's rainin'
And sleepin when it's fine
Trains rattlin all the time
Pavement is my pillow
No matter where I lay
Underneath the arches
I dream my dreams away.

break

Too Political
words and music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

Tried to get a gig playing out on the village square
Where the people came with picnic blankets, shades and folding
chairs.
But when the big promoter heard our songs he got critical.
He said, "Sorry, guys but content-wise your songs are too political,

"Too political, too political
Now I don't mean to sound hypercritical.
Can't book no singing folks
Whose lyrics might provoke.
Your music is just way too political."

He said, "Can't you just play some country, jazz, or blues?
Don't you know some bluegrass or a sweet love song or two?
We don't want the folks to feel uncomfortable or cynical;
Their spirits sink if you make them think, your songs are too political,

"Too political, too political
Now I don't mean to sound hypercritical.
Can't book no singing folks
Whose lyrics might provoke.
Your music is just way too political."

Well, everywhere we go it's the same scenario
People are afraid of what we might say in our show.
Even though they might just have to laugh at songs satirical
They still complain the songs contain topics too political

Too political, too political
Now we don't mean to sound hypocritical.
Pinko folkies undeniable
They must be certifiable
Their music is just way too political.

©2002 words and music by Greg Artzner and Terry Leonino
One More Parade

Hup, two three four marching down the street
Rolling of the drums and the tramping of the feet
General salutes while the mothers wave and weep
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
Price is paid, one more parade.

So young, so strong so ready for the war,
So willing to go and die upon a foreign shore
All march together everybody looks the same
So there is no one you can blame
Don't be ashamed, light the flame
One more parade

Listen for the sound and listen for the noise
Listen for the thunder of the marching boys
A few years ago their guns were only toys
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
Price is paid, one more parade.

Medals on their coats and guns in their hands
All trained to kill as they're trained to stand
Ten thousand ears need only one command
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
Price is paid, one more parade.

Cold, hard stares on faces so proud
Kisses from the girls and cheers from the crowd
While the widows from the last war cry into their shroud
Here comes the big parade, don't be afraid
Price is paid,
Don't be ashamed,
War's a game
World in flames
So start the parade

words and music by Phil Ochs

Who Will Speak for the Trees?

Who will speak for the trees?
Who will speak for the trees?
The elders who stand in silent witness
To the ages of humanity
Who will raise a voice
If not you or me?
Who will speak, who will speak for the trees?
Who will speak for the trees?

She fought for the redwoods with everything she knew
With a voice of strength and wisdom, she spoke of what is true
The company tried to kill her for they surely knew her power
But she fought on for the trees beyond her final hour

Knowing that the giants have no choice
That we are a part of them,
That we are their voice

The ancient ones, the elders, the ones that grow so high
Three hundred feet they tower into the western sky
For centuries they've lived since the sprouting of a seed
Now rubbed out in a flash just to satisfy the greed
Of blinded, money-hungry fools
Who believe that he who owns the gold
Is the one who rules.

Reaching up to the sky from our birth we cry
Water us in the sounds of those rooted in the ground
With our voices in the land
Let the forest forever stand

©2001 words and music by Greg Artzner and Terry Leonino
February 21, 2001

Salmon River
words and music by Dean Stevens

Cry a song, shed a tear
For a Northwest salmon
Sockeye streak of muscle, brawn,
And steelheaded will
Swimming salt water, fresh water
Feast or famine. Their battle is uphill.

Cast an eye of wonder
At a river fast and long
It is a highway, a maiden voyage, a swan song
Feel a force that against the rushing ripples flow
As the fish on a survival death journey go.

Salmon river runs its way through Idaho
Sparkles as it winds and it glistens as it flows
Many rapids bubbling down cry a last farewell.
Where the sockeye will go now, no tongue can tell.
There is a sad song in the crystal water's flow
Where have my salmon gone,
The river wants to know
In spring came salmon, gave the river its name
Shimmering salmon, one day no more came.

Say a prayer with the Indian,
Came here to offer thanks
For this bounty, this feast

Filled the river bank to bank.
For this life giving dance of ten thousand years
Cut short by the plans of a Corps of Engineers.

Cry your many angry words
At an arrogant race
Gotta grab all the land, all the water, all the space
Gotta take, gotta make, gotta get, gotta plunder
Gotta dam it up, gotta chop it up,
Gotta plow it all under.
© 1992 Dean Stevens Music (BMI)

Swim upstream a thousand miles
Just to spawn, and helpless lie
With the new ones being born around
The old ones, spent, will die
In a never ending circle of life giving dance.
Stand with me before this miracle,
Does the sockeye stand a chance?

For the salmon is a journey
It is a first and a last journey
Down the Salmon River to the Snake,
To the Columbia River
To the cold dark Pacific, this teeming life delivers
If not swallowed in the web of a toxic grip
They'll be following that scent
On a never ending trip
If not taken in the drift nets, factory ships
Through the krill laden
Arctic sea waters they'll slip
If not slaughtered for the
Worth of the bright orange roe
Back to the water of their birth
Salmon doggedly go
Back to the dams the electric ratepayers built
To the Cascade clearcut, river turned to silt
'Gainst a current of water,
'Gainst a current of time,
'Gainst a gotta get yours, gotta go get mine
'Gainst a plenty plenty of blame to go around
'Gainst a river been so tamed,
That you cannot hear the sound
Of the salmon's journey
Is it the last journey?

© 1992 Dean Stevens Music (BMI)

O'er the Estuary words & music by Greg Artzner & Terry Leonino

O, the tides will ebb and flow
Where the great blue herons go
Where the rivers run down to meet the sea
Oh the crabs and fishes dine
Where fresh water kisses brine
And the eagle soars so fine and free o'er the estuary

Does she start high in the mountains
Where the life-giving rains come pouring down;
Where the roots of the forest drink their fill
And the rest seeps through the fertile ground?
And down through the brook the waters tumble
To quench someone's thirst along the way
Then down through the woods, the fields, and the meadows
To join with river every moment of the day

Or does she start in the wide ocean
Where the great whales and the little dolphins glide;
Where the sea birds feast from deep saltwater
Carried inland on the flowing tide?
And into the bay and up the river
To the wetland where marsh grasses sway
Bringing new life on the flowing water
To meet that river where it flows both ways

Now does she end where we enter?
Is the hand of the people her demise?
Or do we heal the sound the waters and the ground,
The home where the osprey flies?
I believe we can save the estuary
Where the waters of the land and sea collide
Her tomorrow I can see as she was meant to be
The living sea, the rivers, and the tides

©2003 Greg Artzner and Terry Leonino

Ferry Me Over

words and music by Andy M. Stewart

I was forced to wonder
Because that I was poor
And to leave the hills of Caledonia
Seemed more than I could endure

And when that I was traveling
A thought came to my mind
That I had never seen her beauty
'Til she was far behind

Ferry me over; ferry me there
To leave the hills of Caledonia
Is more than my heart can bear (*repeat*)

Lost in distant days gone by
Were the simple joys I'd known
Foreign winds cried "Caledonia!
It's time you were going home
I will find the tallest ship
That's ever faced the foam
And I will sail to Caledonia
Caledonia's my home.

Ferry me over; ferry me there
To leave the hills of Caledonia
Is more than my heart can bear

instrumental break

By some friend or neighbor's side
Where the fires of love burn bright
In songs and stories I'll share my adventures
'Til the morning light
And should some young man ask me,
"Is it brave or wise to roam?"
I'd bid him range the wide world all over,
Never to know his own home.

(chorus & instrumental)

Vientos del Pueblo

words & music by Victor Jara

De nuevo quieren manchar mi tierra con sangre obrera
Los que hablan de libertad y tienen las manos negras
Los que quieren dividir a la madre de sus hijos
Y quieren reconstruir la cruz que arrastrara Cristo

Quieren ocultar la infamia que legaron desde siglos
Pero el color de asesinos no borrarán de su cara
Ya fueron miles y miles los que entregaron su sangre
Y en caudales generosos multiplicaron los panes

Ahora quiero vivir junto a mi hijo y mi hermano
La primavera que todos vamos construyendo a diario
No me asusta la amenaza patronos de la miseria
La estrella de la esperanza continuara siendo nuestra

Vientos del pueblo me llaman, vientos del pueblo me lleman
Me esparacen el corazon y me avientan la garganta
Asi cantara el poeta mientras el alma me suene
Por los caminos del pueblo desde ahora y para siempre

Once more they want to stain
my country with worker's blood
those who talk of liberty
and whose hands are blackened
those who wish to separate
the mother from her sons
and want to reconstruct
the cross which Christ bore

They want to hide the infamy
their legacy from the centuries
but the color of murderers
cannot be wiped from their faces
Already thousands and thousands
have sacrificed their blood
and its generous streams
have multiplied the loaves

Now I want to live
beside my son and my brother
building the springtime
on which we all work every day.
You can't scare me with your threats
you masters of misery
The star of hope
continues to be ours

Winds of the people speak to me
winds of the people carry me
they scatter my heart
and blow through my throat
so the poet will go on singing
as long as my soul has the power
down the roads of the people
both now and forever.

“Winds of the People” (Vientos del Pueblo) - Victor Jara

Raise Your Voice

Raise your voice
Open your heart
We must all do our part
Stop the war
Stop the war

War is terror
We all must
Stand for freedom that is just
Stop the war
Stop the war

Only love can drive out hate
To this our lives we consecrate
As the sun brings a new day
Only light can drive dark away

The time is now
It is today
We can't look the other way
Stop the war
Stop the war

For our children
We must teach
To live in peace is in our reach
Stop the war
Stop the war

Only love can drive out hate
To this our lives we consecrate
As the sun brings a new day
Only light can drive dark away

For the earth
Is in our hands
For peace and justice we must stand
Stop the war
Stop the war

It is our hope
It is our right
We must keep peace within our sight
Stop the war
Stop the war

Only love can drive out hate
To this our lives we consecrate
As the sun brings a new day
Only light can drive dark away

Raise your voice
Open your heart
We must all do our part
Stop the war
Stop the war
Stand for peace
Stand for peace

© 2003 Terry Leonino & Greg Artzner
March 20th, 2003

Quite Early Morning words and music by Pete Seeger

Don't you know it's darkest before the dawn
And this thought keeps me moving on
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning
If we could heed these early warnings
The time is now quite early morning

Some say that humankind won't long endure
But what makes them so doggone sure
I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing

I know that you who hear my singing
Could make those freedom bells go ringing

And so we keep on while we live
Until we have no, no more to give
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the guitar to young ones stronger
And when these fingers can strum no longer
Hand the guitar to young ones stronger

So though it's darkest before the dawn
These thoughts keep us moving on
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrows
Through all this world of joy and sorrow
We still can have singing tomorrows

©1969 Fall River Music, Inc.