

Dusty Strings Gather & Sing at Folklife 2023

Contents

We Gather and We Sing.....	1
Across the Great Divide	2
WALTZING WITH BEARS.....	3
DILLAN BAY	3
Singing in The Kitchen.....	4
RIVER.....	5
Country Roads	6
SOMOS EL BARCO	6
FREIGHT TRAIN	7
Windmills	8
Turning of the World	8
WELL MAY THE WORLD GO (Pete Seeger, 1973)	9
Safe Home.....	9
Folklife.....	10

We Gather and We Sing

June 2022 Bruce Baker

We gather and we sing
These songs to *Life* we bring
Through Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring
We gather and we sing

Repeat substituting:

Love,
Peace,
Friends,
Joy

Across the Great Divide

I've been walkin' in my sleep
Countin' troubles 'stead of countin' sheep
Where the years went I can't say
I just turned around and they've gone away

I've been siftin' through the layers
Of dusty books and faded papers
They tell a story I used to know
And it was one that happened so long ago

It's gone away in yesterday
Now I find myself on the mountainside
Where the rivers change direction
Across the Great Divide

Now, I heard the owl a-callin'
Softly as the night was fallin'
With a question and I replied
But he's gone across the borderline

He's gone away in yesterday
Now I find myself on the mountainside
Where the rivers change direction
Across the Great Divide

The finest hour that I have seen
Is the one that comes between
The edge of night and the break of day
It's when the darkness rolls away

And it's gone away in yesterday
Now I find myself on the mountainside
Where the rivers change direction
Across the Great Divide

2x

WALTZING WITH BEARS

(Words, adapted from Dr. Seuss, Music Eugene Poddany)

Our Uncle Walter's not right in the head
He's been that way all his life, my mother said
Its not that he's violent or falls down the stairs
Its just he goes waltzing, waltzing with bears

He goes wa wa wa waltzing, waltzing with bears
Raggy bears, shaggy bears, baggy bears too
There's nothing on earth Uncle Walter won't do
So he can go waltzing, wa wa wa waltzing
He can go waltzing, waltzing with bears

I went to his room in the middle of the night
I tiptoed in and I turned on the light
But to my surprise, he was nowhere in sight
For my Uncle Walter goes waltzing at night

We gave Uncle Walter a new coat to wear
When he came home it was covered with hair
Lately I've noticed several new tears
I think Uncle Walter's been waltzing with bears

We told Uncle Walter that he should be good
Do all the things that we think he should
But I know that he'd rather be out in the wood
I'm afraid we might lose Uncle Walter for good

Well we begged and we pleaded, "Oh please won't you stay"
Managed to keep him at home for a day
But the bears all barged in and they took him away
Now he's dancing with pandas,
And he can't understand us
And the bears all demand at least one waltz a day

DILLAN BAY

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

Gone away, laddie-o
gone away, laddie-ay
gone away, laddie-o
With their topsails high

Topsails high, laddie-o
topsails high, laddie-ay
topsails high, laddie-o
When the wind's away

Wind's away, laddie-o
Wind's away, laddie-ay
wind's away, laddie-o
Down in Dillan Bay

Dillan Bay, laddie-o
Dillan dau, laddie-ay
Dillan Bay, laddie-o
All the boats are gone

[Singing in The Kitchen](#)

recorded by Bobby Bare
written by Shel Silverstein

C
Here we go singing in the kitchen
G7
All together singing in the kitchen
C F
Everybody singing in the kitchen
G7 C
Banging on the pots and pans

Mama and Daddy singing in the kitchen
Baby's laughing singing in the kitchen
All the kids singing in the kitchen
Banging on the pots and pans

Supper's done and the table's clear
Baby wants a bottle and I want a beer
Lord I sure am glad I'm here
Where there's lots of love to share

Now clap hands and everybody sing
Dishes clang and the banjo rings
There's gravy on these guitar strings
But I don't really care

Repeat #1

I'll play the comb and you play the spoons
I'll sing the words and you sing the tune
We'll wake up the old man in the moon
Cause we sing so loud

I'll hug y'all you hug your Mother
Snuggle up close to one another
Just like bread on a piece of butter
Lord it makes me feel so proud

Now the fireplace embers glowing red
Everybody's tired and it's time for bed
Baby's nodding his little head
So let's sing quietly now

Who do we love singing in the kitchen
Can't get enough singing in the kitchen
Whole lot of love singing in the kitchen
Banging on the pots and pans

RIVER (Bill Staines) <https://youtu.be/MJiEsiO9ZRI>

I was born in the path of the winter wind
And raised where the mountains are old
The springtime waters came dancing down
And I remember the tales they told

The whistling ways of my younger days
Too quickly have faded on by
But all of their memories linger on
Like the light of a fading sky.

River, take me along,
In your sunshine, sing me your song
Ever moving and winding and free
You rolling old river, you changing old river
Let's you and me river run down to the sea!

I've been to the city and back again
I've been moved by some things that I've learned
Met a lot of good people and I called them friends
Felt the change when the seasons turned

I heard all the songs that the children sing

And listened to love's melodies
I've felt my own music within me rise
Like the wind in the autumn trees.

CHORUS

Someday when the flowers are blooming still
Someday when the grass is still green
My rolling waters will round me bend
And flow into the open sea

So here's to the rainbow that followed me here
And here's to the friends that I know
And here's to the song that's within me now
I will sing it where'er I go.

Country Roads

John Denver

Almost heaven, West Virginia
Blue Ridge Mountains, Shenandoah River
Life is old there, older than the trees
Younger than the mountains, growing like a breeze

cho: Country roads, take me home
To the place I belong
West Virginia, Mountain Mama
Take me home, country roads

All my memories, gather round her
Miner's lady, stranger to blue water
Dark & dusty, painted on the sky
Misty taste of moonshine, teardrop in my eye

I hear her voice, in the morning hours she calls me
Radio reminds me of my home far away
Drivin' down the road, I get a feelin' that I should have
Been home yesterday, yesterday

SOMOS EL BARCO

Somos el barco
Somos el mar
Yo navego en ti
Tu navegas en mi

We are the boat
We are the sea
I sail in you
You sail in me

The stream sings it to the river
The river sings it. to the sea
The sea sings it to the boat
That carries you and me

The boat we are sailing on
Was built by many hands
The sea we are sailing on
Touches every' sand

The voyage has been rough and smooth
And we are sailing still
With a song to help us pull together
If we only will

So with our hopes we raise the sails
To face the wind once more
And with our hearts we chart the' waters
Never sailed before

FREIGHT TRAIN (Libba Cotton)

Freight train, freight train going so fast
Freight train, freight train going so fast
Please don't tell what train I'm on
So they won't know where I'm gone

Freight train, freight train, going round the bend
Freight train, freight train, gone again
One of these days, turn that train around
Go back to my home town

One more place I'd like to be
One more place I'd love to see
To watch those old Blue Ridge Mountain climb
While I ride old Number Nine

When I die please bury me deep
Down at the end of Chestnut Street

So I can hear old Number Nine
As she goes rolling by

Windmills

Alan Bell

In days gone by, when the world was much younger
Men harnessed the wind for to work for mankind
Seamen built tall ships to sail the wide ocean
While landsmen built sails for the corn for to grind

And around, and around and around went the big sails
Turning the shafts of the great wooden wheels
Creaking and groaning, the windmills kept turning
Grinding to flour, the good corn from the fields

In Lancashire lads went to work on the good earth
Plowing and sowing as the seasons declare
Working to reap of the rich golden harvest
While the miller, he idles his mill to repair

In Flanders and Spain, and the lowlands of Holland
In the kingdoms of Scotland, and in Wales
Windmills grew up all along the wild coastline
Ships of the land with their high wooden sails

Windmills of old wood, all blackened by weather
Windmills of stone, gleaming white in the sun
Windmills, like giants, all ready for tilting

Turning of the World

Let us sing this song for the turning of the world
That we may turn as one
With every voice, with every song, we will move this world along
And our lives will feel the echo of our turning

With every voice, with every song, we will move this world along (2x)
And our lives will feel the echo of our turning

Verses: for turning, turn, substitute 2) loving, love 3) healing/heal 4) dreaming/dream

WELL MAY THE WORLD GO

(Pete Seeger, 1973)

Well may the world go,
The world go, the world go.
Well may the world go,
When I'm far away.

Well may the skiers turn,
The swimmers churn, the lovers burn
Peace, may the generals learn
When I'm far away.

Sweet may the fiddle sound
The banjo play the old hoe down
Dancers swing round and round
When I'm far away.

Fresh may the breezes blow
Clear may the streams flow
Blue above, green below
When I'm far away.

Well may the world go,
The world go, the world go.
Well may the world go,
When I'm far away.

Safe Home

Written By: Johnsmith
We've come thru the valleys
We've come thru the fields
We've crossed over rivers
To find ourselves here
We sang songs of sorrow
We sang songs of love
Let's sing one more together song
To send ourselves off

A D
A D
A D
D G A
A D
A D
G D
G A

Chorus : Safe Home, Safe Home, Safe Home will you go
May the light of the moon smile down on your road
Safe Home, Safe Home, Safe Home will you go
Until I next see you, safe home will you go

D A D G
D D G A
D A D G
D D A D

We've laid down our worries
Our troubles our fears
Like shells on the strand

Washed by laughter and tears
The tide has returned now
To carry loft us away
Back to our houses
And families we pray

The fiddles are quiet
The whistles all still
Only echoes remain
Form the jigs and the reels
The dance floor is empty
Our farewells all said
Now it's time to be goin'
And 'til we all meet again

Folklife

Original by Bruce

This is Folklife, we are singing again
This Folklife, We're singing with Friends
This is Folklife, hear the clear harmonies
See the flowers bursting out from the bright green trees

Every Memorial Day we gather with friends
Singing songs and dancing with never an end
Smiles on our faces, music in the air
We share our tradition with nary a care

The nighttime rings out with music so fair
With harmonies rich in the crisp springtime air
Shanties and love songs, work songs and more
We gather together and share our lore

At the close of the weekend we all share a tear
And promise to meet the very next year
Joy on our faces, a song in our soul
We celebrate Folklife to make ourselves whole