

## 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