

1 Found My Way Back Home

The streets are full of people in the middle of downtown
The air is hard to breathe and the grass is turning brown
Suddenly folks are laughing in the rain that's pouring down
And they just found their way back home

I thought I was lost 'cause I didn't have a map
But counting on my compass I avoided all the traps
Now I'm on the right path and I'm closing the gap
And I just found my way back home

[chorus]

Just found my way back home
Just found my way back home
When I'm feeling free, there's nowhere I'd rather be
I just found my way back home

I'm sitting by a spring taking shelter from the sun
Waiting in the shade 'cause it just hit ninety-one
Deer flies outnumber me nine-hundred to one
But I just found my way back home

[chorus]

There's a boulder in the field that the glacier left behind
It's not going anywhere, it isn't so inclined
I consider where it's been and I change my frame of mind
And I just found my way back home

[chorus]

Sometimes I find myself a long way from home
Another day, another night traveling on my own
But when I think of you, then I'm not so alone
And I just found my way back home

[chorus]

What a joy it is to sing with some friends
High voices, low voices, listen to the blend
There's another chorus coming and it's just around the bend
And I just found my way back home

[chorus]

2 Power from Above

Sinners are you ready for a little redemption;
To receive forgiveness for what we've done?
The time has come to break bad habits.
It's time to turn to the wind and sun.

[chorus]

Just a little more power from above,
Just a little more faith, respect and love
For this old earth our only home.
It may take strength to say no to that power from below
But there's salvation in the power from above.

There's a better way than barrels of oil,
There's a better way than lumps of coal,
If we use our heads and work together.
Renewable power that's our goal.

[chorus]

[bridge]

What will we do for a better world?
Get on our knees to hope and pray?
Well, that's not enough unless we change.
The judgment day is every day.

Wars have been fought over who owns what.
Lives have been lost and fortunes won.
But you and I will someday win
'Cause no one owns the wind or sun.

[chorus]

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3 Peace Begins in My Own Heart

I am a poor wayfaring stranger
Traveling through this world of greed.
Where some have none, they starve and stumble
While others hoard more than they need.

[chorus]

I'm going home to help my neighbor,
I'm going home to do my part.

Love depends on peace and justice.
Peace begins in my own heart.

Storm clouds may all around us gather
And turn bright day to darkest night.
With courage we will walk together
And make our way back to the light.
[chorus]

Are you a poor wayfaring stranger,
Lost in this world you're traveling through?
To find a path, do unto others
As you 'd have them do unto you.
[chorus]

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4 Fix It or Stop Complaining

The faucet drips, the floorboard squeaks,
The roof is always leaking.
What do you do when you've got a loose screw?
Fix it or stop complaining.

There's a hole in the bucket, a hole in my shoe,
A hole up in the ozone.
There's a hole in the screen and I just got bit.
Fix it or stop complaining.

[bridge]
Give it your best, get a good grip.
Give it more elbow, a little less lip.
Ask for help if the job's too big.
Fix it or stop complaining.

The car's in the ditch, it won't run.
The fuel line it is broken.
The driver wants to buy more gas.
Fix it or stop complaining.

There's a wolf at the door, lickin' his chops,
A weasel in the hen house.
What do you do when the lock is broke?

Fix it or stop complaining.

[bridge]

There's too much fat, not enough meat.

There's more talk than listening.

When a fool's in charge, who put him there?

Fix it or stop complaining.

There's a crack in the deck, the rudder's gone,

The sail it needs mending.

You and I are in the same boat.

Let's fix it and stop complaining.

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5 Whistle Blower

They were in it for the money, but how much did they need?

The rest of us were taken for a ride.

No one seemed to notice, no one knew they lied.

Their path was firmly rooted in their greed.

The boss was surrounded by good old boys from town,

Not one could tell the truth from the lies.

'Til one single worker took 'em by surprise.

She spread the real story all around.

[chorus]

She blew the whistle hard, she blew the whistle hard.

She spilled the beans upside down,

Risked her life to save the town.

She blew the whistle hard.

Some called her troublemaker, some said she was too young.

Who wouldn't choose rich instead of poor?

But she listened to the voice which sounded from the core,

And she knew she could never hold her tongue.

[chorus]

The crime remains the same, no matter what they made.

The dangers disguised in secrecy.

They could be at it still, deceiving you and me.

All it takes is one to blow the charade.

[chorus]

Some want the power to make and break the rules.
Some turn a profit from others' pain.
When liberty and justice go running down the drain,
Who'll help us tell the wise from the fools?

Who'll blow the whistle hard? Who'll blow the whistle hard?
Who'll spill the beans and take the fall?
Risk a life to save us all?
Who'll blow the whistle hard?

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6 Roadblock

The price of petrol goes up,
'Cause the value of the dollar goes down
And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

The past it moves too slow,
And the future it is coming too fast
And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

[bridge]
And the fires burn brighter than the sun at midday,
Tires smoke blacker than night;
Sending a message from the streets that seems to say:
How many bullets must we bite?

One politician says this,
And the other politician says that
And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

The problems are all too close,
And the answers seem so far away
And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

[bridge]

The price of petrol goes up,
'Cause the value of the dollar goes down

And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

A lot of money's going out,
And not enough money coming in
And you're squeezed in the middle
There's a roadblock.

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7 From Every Mountain Side

My country, 'tis for thee
I'll fight for liberty
To keep us strong.
When power is shared by you,
Not just a chosen few.
We know what we must do
To right the wrongs.

Don't take for granted
Seeds that were planted
Centuries ago.
Seeds of democracy,
Nurtured with honesty,
Become our liberty
When we share the load.

My country, I love thee.
Long may thy flag fly free;
for you I stand.
But I don't appreciate
The way some do generate
A national pride that's based on hate
Of another land.

This world may never be
Completely trouble-free,
And yet we cling.
Let us who share this place
Do so with strength and grace.
We are one human race

Of thee I sing.

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original words (5th verse) by Rev. Samuel F. Smith, 1831

8 Like a Sailor

“I don’t want to die,” he said. “But when it’s time to go,
Bury me at sea like a sailor.”

Never had he sailed a ship, like his dad before.

No, he never saw the world like a sailor.

Even though he lived ashore, the tides had their pull.

The sea was in his blood like a sailor.

The navy yard was home to him, working on the docks.

It’s the closest he could be like a sailor.

[bridge]

Alone by the ocean he’d stand

Like a lighthouse on dry land;

A beacon to stranger or friend

Who’d find their way home again.

Sailors, they would come and go. He loved to hear their tales.

How he wished that he were like a sailor.

A sailor said to him one day, “You’re better off at home,

Than to ride upon the waves like a sailor.”

“I have no regrets,” he said. “But I still can dream,

That someday I’ll be like a sailor.

When I leave the shore at last, with a wind at my back,

That’s when I’ll be free like a sailor.”

[bridge]

“I don’t want to die,” he said. “But when it’s time to go,

Bury me at sea like a sailor.”

“No, I don’t want to die,” he said. “But when it’s time to go,

Bury me at sea like a sailor.”

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9 **Widow of Charlie Hollow**

I stopped in my tracks the first time I heard it
And stopped thinking I was alone.
Mixed with leaves falling and wild geese a-calling
Was a sound that chilled to the bone.
No coyote on earth could have made it,
I didn't see anyone there,
But like smoke from a log or midmorning fog,
A woman's cry hung in the air.

There's a tale they tell in the mountains,
Folks 'round here say it is true:
The story of loosing a loved one
And the pain those remaining go through.
It began as a back road romance,
Both were so young and so brave
But when one of them died, the tears never dried;
Their love goes beyond the grave.

[chorus]

The widow of Charlie Hollow, a ghostly girl of a bride,
Searching the woods for her husband; her lover the logger who died.
She's crying, she's filling the air with her cries.

Anne fell in love at the first sight of Jack.
He liked her right from the start.
They say that a man who drives logs down the river
Can dance his way to a girl's heart
Each spring he'd cheat death on the Hudson,
'Till he quit when he turned 23;
Then he gave her a ring and she heard him sing:
"my girl's waiting for me."

Jack was content on the land in the hollow
That Annie's family once had.
He mowed and he raked while she sewed and baked.
By the fire they sat arm in arm,
Happy they had one another.
But he missed the wild woods so,
And when it turned spring, he started to sing:
"Once more a lumbering go."

[chorus]

Half of the year Jack stayed at home,
Half the year he went away.
Anne make him promise: always be careful.
He said "I'll be okay."
Two years had passed since they took their vows,
Saying "until death do us part,"
When Jack heard the sound of a dead fall come down.
News of it broke Anne's heart.

She let out a wail and flew out the door,
Into the woods she ran
Looking for Jack from that day till this,
No one has ever seen Anne.
But you might hear her crying
When a tree's hung up on a tree,
And if you dare follow that sound in the hollow,
A widow maker you'll see.

[chorus]

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10 Oh Holy Day

On the hill there points a balsam
On the hill there points a balsam to the sky
On the hill there points a balsam
As if it knew direction.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.

Black-eyed susan gives an answer
Black-eyed susan gives an answer nodding "yes"
Black-eyed susan gives an answer
As if it knew the question.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.

Hermit thrush sings to its echo
Hermit thrush sings to its echo all alone
Hermit thrush sings to its echo
The woods provide reflection.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.

Mountain shadows are as long as

Mountain shadow are as long as sun is low
Mountain shadows are as long as
Truth is from deception.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.

Holy ghost floats in the valley
Holy ghost floats in the valley down below
Holy ghost floats in the valley
The river's resurrection.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.
Oh holy night -- oh holy day.

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11 Drink of Autumn

While leaves turn yellow, red and gold,
Red and gold, red and gold,
Gather firewood for the cold,
And take a drink of autumn. And take a drink of autumn.

The leaves return to earth below,
Earth below, earth below,
And decompose so more can grow.
Smell the season turning. Smell the season turning.

The pine are guardians of the green,
Of the green, of the green.
They keep a promise in between
Till winter turns to springtime. Till winter turns to springtime.

The crops are in, the barn is full,
Barn is full, barn is full.
The cows are fat, thick is the wool.
Each day is for thanks giving. Each day is for thanks giving.

We're in the balance: dark and light,
Dark and light, dark and light.
The time for taking stock is right,
And putting things in order. And putting things in order.

A flock of geese is flying south,

Flying south, flying south.
A whispered wish escapes my mouth.
My heart is flying with them. My heart is flying with them.

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12 **Never Take Love for Granted**

I was shopping for a Christmas present,
Going crazy over what to get.
What in the world could I give you
To let you know I didn't forget?
While hoping to find the right present,
You know I'd pay any amount,
I thought about how much I love you
And remembered: it's the thought that counts.

[chorus]

You should never take love for granted.
It's a lesson that's hard to learn;
And you'll never take love for granted
If you always give love in return.

I was bombarded by holiday shoppers,
Attacked by the Muzak songs.
Santa Claus's beard was drooping
And the clerks were on their feet too long.
No one seemed to see the reason
Why we're buying gifts at the mall.
How can you celebrate the season
Without any love at all?

[chorus]

I always seem to think about you
When I'm alone and far away.
And never seem to say I love you
When we're together day after day.
I don't know how it happens,
How people can drift apart.
Maybe taking love for granted
And not giving with all your heart.

[chorus]

13 Only an April Fool

From May until March I act pretty smart
Most decisions are made using both head and heart;
But I'm without wits in the spring as a rule.

I'm only an April Fool.

I don't have cable, I don't watch TV,

Just twenty-four hours of reality.

I plow through each day like a good stubborn mule.

I'm only an April Fool

[chorus]

Only in April, how I wish it were true

To never do dumb things the other months, too.

But spring makes me stupid, it's my renewal.

I'm only an April Fool - only an April Fool.

I had a good job once and saved a few bucks,

Went to the racetrack and tried out my luck.

I had a winner 'til it ran out of fuel

Just like an April Fool.

I eat when I'm hungry, sleep when I'm tired.

I haven't been paid since the day I was fired.

I played the game 'til they changed all the rules.

I must be an April Fool

[chorus]

I almost got married but shove came to push

'Cause I thought I could handle two in the bush.

Now my hand's empty, the bird was no fool.

She was no April Fool.

You flip the coin, I'll call it tails;

Maybe I'll win or maybe I'll fail.

But if I wind up a dunce on a stool,

It's because I'm an April Fool.

[chorus]

From May until March I act pretty smart

Most decisions are made using both head and heart;

But I'm without wits in the spring as a rule.
I'm only an April Fool.

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14 **Winter It Is Past**

For the winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
And the small birds sing on every green tree.
Their little hearts are glad, but mine is ever sad
Since my true love is far away from me.

The rose among the briar, by the water running free,
Gives joy to the linnet and the bee.
Their little hearts are blessed but mine can know no rest
Since my true love is far away from me.

For my love is like the sun, in the firmament doth run
Forever constant and true.
But hers is like the moon, it wanders up and down,
And every month it is new.

All you who are in love and cannot it remove,
I pity the pain that you endure.
For experience let's me know that your hearts are full of woe,
A woe that no mortal can cure.

traditional, collected by Robert Burns

15 **Meadow Box**

First, get a good box of cardboard.
Put in a plastic bag, just the right size.
Then find yourself a good meadow,
Follow your nose, use your ears and your eyes.

A pocket knife blade can measure
The depth of the dirt, and get a few roots.
Arrange them the way they wild,

Grasses and ferns, flowers and fruits.

[chorus]

It's summer, it's summer.

Cicadas are sawing away in the trees.

It's summer, it's summer.

Hear the hum of praise come from the bees,
Smell the meadow on the sweet summer breeze.

Wild mountain thyme, black-eyed susans,

Be sure to have plenty of moss at the base.

Timothy, daisies, wild berries,

Indian paint brush, Queen Anne's lace.

[chorus]

After the moss soaks up water,

You might think that the job has come to an end;

But the last step lets summer last longer:

Deliver the meadow box to a good friend.

[chorus]

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16 The Whittler

A river drive crushed both his legs at the age of 25.

He said "A rocking chair might be my world but I'm still alive."

A widower at 30, his living whittlin' wood,

Trinkets for his daughter and kids in the neighborhood.

When all the girls and boys had toys of pine, he tried some birch:

A gavel for the judge, a rugged cross for the church.

Soon he taught his daughter, they'd whittle 'round the clock.

They worked well together, this chip and her old block.

[chorus]

The whittler gives shape to whatever comes his way

With a vision as sharp as a blade.

He knows what to keep and what to cut away.

The whittler knows how dreams are made.

Once he saw a flying deer, just like in a dream.

He knew sometimes a piece of wood is not quite what it seems.

Would his imagination ever see the light of day?

Before he got to try his hand, the whittler passed away.
The daughter of the whittler left, she went off to college.
He'd be so proud, she studied hard and gained lots of knowledge.
But from her dad she learned to each occasion one must rise.
He's the one who taught her to whittle with her eyes.
[chorus]

She became a whittler, too, a mother and a wife.
A chain saw was her tool of choice, not a pocket knife.
A dozen flying deer she carved but not one would she sell,
For she saw her father's vision and made a carousel.
If someone should ask you how to whittle with a knife,
Say it takes imagination to bring a dream to life.
And the next time you're in town, listen for the sound;
Watch the deer fly up and down, ride them round and round.

The whittler gives shape to whatever comes her way
With a vision as sharp as a blade.
She knows what to keep and what to cut away.
The whittler knows how dreams are made.

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17 **Make a Better Home**

Sisters, brothers gather 'round,
Friends sing a gospel song.
Lives may be lost but souls are found,
We hear them sing along.
[chorus]

Oh come amazing grace;
Come now and fill this place.
Help us be mindful to use each day
To make a better home.
Help us be mindful to use each day
To make a better home.

Good stories shared of things we've done
Enrich our harmony.
The hardships we have overcome
Become our victory.

[chorus]

Made of water, made of air,
Made of earth and fire.
To love and be loved is our prayer,
Our holiest desire.

[chorus]

Shed no tears when it's time to go,
Be not afraid to die.
The body may go down below,
But the spirit, it will fly.

[chorus]

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tune by William Bradbury, 1862

18 **Seize the Day**

I used to be back there,
Soon I'll be somewhere,
But in the meantime I'm here.
I don't have a map but I can steer.

Sometimes I feel down,
Sometimes I feel up,
But all of the time I feel.
That's how I know it's real.

[bridge]

Oh, seize the day.
Squeeze every minute from the hour.
Don't let a second slip away,
Use it now, you have the power.
Oh, seize the day.

From the day of my birth
'Til the day of my death,
It's such a fragile piece of time.
It's the only thing I can call mine.

Yesterday I was young,
Tomorrow I'll be old,

But for today this age will do;
And from this point of view
Each day is new.

[bridge]

I used to be back there,
Soon I'll be somewhere,
But in the meantime I'm here.
This moment right now all is clear.

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