

Unless otherwise indicated all selections were written by J.A. Aarntzen

Nanabush and Grey Eagle

Let me be your Nanabush
Let me teach you the old ways
Brought down to us from the People of the Forest
Let me be your trickster and your guardian.

Let me be your Grey Eagle
Let me give you a new eyesight
Brought down to us from the People of the Plains
Let me be your tutor and your guide.

Let me be your Salmon Spirit
Let me show you the path of life
Brought down to us from the People of the Pacific
Let me be your sire and your spawn.

The Days Stretch Out

The days stretch out to span a lifetime
A dawning sun, an endless afternoon, a gloaming too brief to revel in.

A mind that fires up with the whispers of morning
Heightened by the sweet intoxications of that which we consume
A call to action and the ministrations of compulsion and design
Forging yesterday's promise into familiar channels
Where inspired innovation dies upon the anvils of necessity.
A mind well routed in the limited probabilities of venture
Restokes itself with the narcoleptic indulgences of the midday
Recesses into the comforts of ritual, routine and habit
Unwilling to compromise the everyday for the frolic and whimsy
Until the day becomes another trivial piece to the endless legacy.
A mind thrust upon the shores of a setting sun
Sees the folly of where it had been during the course of the day
Realizes that there is much more to the map than just the roads
Recognizes that a path need not have any kind of direction

And promises itself that the dawn would take it elsewhere.

The days stretch out to span a lifetime
A dawning sun, an endless afternoon, a gloaming too brief to revel in.

The Door

The man walks in through the door
And studies his surroundings
And decides that he doesn't like it
Rather than make the changes that it needs
The man walks out through the door
And studies his surroundings
And decides that he does like it
And discovers that that is all he needs.

9,8,7,...

West side extravaganza draws out the nine
Waking hormones hidden in dormant cadences
Restoring salient stakes to the competition of the eight
Severing ties and building elongated emotional bridges
Lashing out with warrior hoots against the seven
Building unnatural alliances between natural contradictions
Serving the apocalyptic and cryptic desires of the six
Motivating the legions and stirring the faint of heart
Wishing for temporal incursions from the five
Who bide by an indifference that is deeply entrenched
By the whimsical and quixotic leanings of the four
Returning from a ride with hounds through Valhalla
Searching for an underlying truth that explains the three
That remains the perpetual and mystical center of dogma
Splitting the world and existence into the contrived two
Causing hemispheres to hemorrhage in an eternal bloodshed
Rather coming to a final and filial acceptance of the one.

Return To Far Away

By Laura Jane Aarntzen

I sat by my window
And dreamt of far away

The ocean and the seagulls
And the fishermen in the bay

My heart cried out loneliness
God help me fill this space

So I moved to Nova Scotia
To the people and the place

Tenhaafs

Hank and Kosha
Father and Mother
to the five
"Pos Up" and
Yummy cookies
Tractor rides and
Evening rosary
General Motors
and the
Catholic Woman's League.
Dutch Credit Union
and Father Berriault.
Collection plates
and sore backs.
Cedar Plaza Fish and Chips
Blueberry pancakes
Hank and Kosha.

Ene and Nellie
Catherine and Petronella
Brown and red
Tall and taller
St. Joseph's

Blue tartan kilts.
Virginal and liberal
Social causes
and discussion groups.
Folk music and
Jimi Hendrix.
Teacher's college
and Becker's.
A & W secrets
and Montreal
Lost and not looked for
Ene and Nellie.

Pete, John and Gary
St. Phillip's School
and rope tied forts.
Soccer, football and baseball
Mechano sets and
Treetop swings.
Barns with chickens and rabbits
Motor cycles and reel to reels
Firesign Theater and
McKenna Mendelson Mainline
Marijuana and school presidency
Florida and British Columbia
Civil engineering and
Forest fire fighting
A London visit with Chimo
Mysterious phone calls
Pete, John and Gary.

Song for Gabriel *By Bill Siegrist*

My heart is a song that rises
It is a rainbow bridge
Spanning abysses
Of place and time.

My heart is a song that rises
To walk in One Light
To heal the wound

Between earth and sky.

My heart is a song that rises
It is the crystal fire
That wakens the sleeper
Into the dream.

My heart is a song that rises
It is the pure waterfall
That cleanses my path
With tears of joy.

What I May Muse

The worlds have their reason
To produce intonation of theory
In my lands I am Creator,
Soul benefactors
Of beauties that I may reap,
Soul sufferer
Of the horrors that may ensue.
The inhabitants of my Taraharmonia
Owe me no obeisances,
Owe me nothing
For you see,
They are nothing
But extensions of me.

The Epigenesis of Idle Ideas

The morning whispers the promise of a new day
Which need not be tied to those preceding.
The time for introspection beckons realization
That certain directions may need a thwarting.

The pain that I will cause you
Shall fray my nerves also,
But birth, for me at least. will follow.

Entrances into lives are often celebrated
With a drunkenness that masks attention.
Moments spent together elude the fruition
That must exist in other entrapments.

The positive is opposite to the negative
My negation may reassert your position
But doubt, for me at least, is only possible.

Ideas are oft toyed with when one is idle
Which may often find access to voice.
Upon further mind construction which is more sound
Many thoughts crumble leaving emptiness in their place.

Certain steps I must take
That will grate plans you have made
But survival, for me at least, will follow.

Delicate Sunflower

Delicate sunflower standing against the rain
Afraid to open her petals lest she may grow
And take her away from this moment
Where she has mastery over all that she knows.

Tall northern breed arched up against the wind
Has seen so many others before her become broken
When they dared to strive to reach for the sky
And forever had future words become unspoken.

Sweet ponderer of the stars in the ether
Chooses the night to stay away from dreaming
Becomes enwrapped in the thoughts of the dark
And fails to recognize her own sun beaming.

Delicate sunflower unfurl your petals and feel the mist awaken you
Feel your vitality, your beauty and your very reason become renewed.

Trust Me My Child

By Norma Robinson

I call out to you that I love you, -
I call out to you of my care -
I call out to you for an answer -
And the answer comes - "Trust me my child – I am here."

My Father when I pray to you – for answers –
To my most humble prayers you will heed –
And all I hear coming back to me is –
"Trust me my child – I'll fill your needs."

I'm learning to trust in you – “My Father” –
For everything – my all in all –
I'm learning and leaning upon you –
And I hear – “Trust me my child – I hear your call.”

My love for you deepens with your closeness,
My love for you widens with time,
My love for you is always before me –
With all of my prayers, all the time.

You hear all of my songs and praises –
You know everything that is inside, -
You see every tear that is falling –
For I'm learning to – “Trust and Abide”

“My Father”;----“My Father”, ----I love you –
You're all I ever needed in life –
I've come so close to your throne room –
I want to come there and abide.

With all of your love inside me –
I'm learning to reach farther afield –
I'm trusting in you for my life now –
And I hear – “Trust me my child – I am here!”

If ever there was an answer from you Father –
Tis – “Trust and abide in me,” –
And in everything and everywhere I wander –
I'm always trusting there you will be.

I'm not writing to you Father, as an orphan –
For I've always been walking with you on your path; -
But as I come closer to you now –
I'm learning to know you at last.

I thank you – My Father – for your patience –
For your unceasing love towards me –
I know I've stumbled along your pathway; -
But your hand and love uplifted me.

So “My Father” – Thank you for your patience and caring –
I'm listening more now – I can see –

That in everything within me – my love –
I humbly lie down at your feet.

Your word unto me is to love you –
And trust in everything that you send; -
And knowing you ever so closely –
My trust in you never will end.

The Dingle Calls To Me

From far away the Dingle calls to me
From a land of unfamiliar mist I see a new home
From enchanted eyes descended from the veil of heaven
I walk into a light
I walk with no hesitation in my stride
I walk with purpose and direction
Into a light that tells me not to be afraid
Into a light that tells me I have never been lost
Into a light that tells me that I have been saved.

From far away the lion turns his eyes
From a land of proud history a daughter calls my name
From an angel's beck the noble clarion summons me
To walk into a new day
To walk with no doubt in my stride
To walk with dignity and my head held high
Into a new day where she resides
Into a new day where I will not be alone
Into a new day where love conquers all.

From far away a man watches out over his little girl
From a land beyond time I hear his instruction
From his filial love I am charged with a new fiat
To walk into her arms
To walk with eagerness and with certainty
To walk into a new home that has always been mine
Into a life that waxes upon the eternal
Into a life where I have always belonged
Into a life where Laura and I live as one.

From far away the Dingle calls to me
To walk into the light

Of a brand new day.

Evening Dove
“Gentle Is Her Way”

Gentle is her way
A cache of pastel reverie
And whispers that dare to speak
O'er the silence of the valley
In lilting song
And peaceful prayer.

Light is her wing
Held aloft by the echo
That dream casts upon the wind
And sets adrift o'er the ether
In a quietude
That time has no hold.

White is her shade
A harmony of healing hues
Held together through a hope
O'er hopelessness and reaching high
Into a heaven
And a paradise refund.

Laura is her name
A dove flying through the breeze
Seeking twilight's serenity
Set asail o'er the fading tempest
Into a shimmering sunset
Held firm by her Saviour's hand.

Most of the remaining pieces were written when my nephew Paul asked me to come up with some words for songs that he was writing. “The Ballad of Sir John Curry” and “In the North Country” were written in the mid-Seventies and were offered up to Paul as well. Paul never ended up putting these to music

however since he developed an extraordinary gift of verse on his own

Song For Corman

Been sitting for a lifetime in a stagnant pond
Been thinking about why things don't ever change
Ain't never really had any kind of magic wand
That would make the things in my life be rearranged

Not knowing that in fact that I really had it very good
Not knowing what was coming would give me a shake
And toss me out forever from my cozy neighbourhood
And send me out a searching in the Kawartha Lakes

Now everyday tells me that things will never be the same
And that no matter how hard I look for what I once had
I will never find it and I will have only myself to blame
Things have gone from so so good to now they are so so bad

This song is for Corman
Corman the Carp
He ain't no longshoreman
Or angel with a harp
There ain't no door, man
For Corman the Carp
He wanted more, man
But he ain't so sharp
His life ain't a bore, man
Because he is a carp
And there ain't much more, man
To Corman the Carp

I've made some friends here and there along the way
Pestro and Zardo and I can't forget little Crawmommy
She sticks to me like glue almost practically every day
To the point that at times that I think that I'm going balmy

We've gone through all the water looking for all my girls
We've travelled the lakes from Stoney all the way to Simcoe
With not a sign of them anywhere in any of the swirls
It's got me really really wondering about where did they go?

And now it seems the once warm water is turning into ice

And now the options are starting to really close in on me
And I'm turning to you to give me some of your good advice
Can't you hear the deep deep pain that I have in my plea?

This song is for Corman
Corman the Carp
He ain't no longshoreman
Or angel with a harp
There ain't no door, man
For Corman the Carp
He wanted more, man
But he ain't so sharp
His life ain't a bore, man
Because he is a carp
And there ain't much more man
To Corman the Carp

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Or angel with a harp
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For Corman the Carp
He wanted more, man
But he ain't so sharp
His life ain't a bore, man
Because he is a carp
And there ain't much more man
To Corman the Carp

Once In A While

Once in a while
Someone might ask me about you
Once in a while
I might think of the way it had been
And once in a while
I could even feel some regret

Once in a while
I can see us at the start

Once in a while
I might remember how good it was
And once in a while
I might shed a tear for those days

But now I wouldn't change anything
And I look forward to what tomorrow brings

And now we follow different paths
That I know will never cross again
Oh it is good to have fond memories
But it is better to have future plans

Once in a while
I may pull out your photograph
Once in a while
I may remember the sound of your voice
And once in a while
I imagine feeling you in my arms

But now I don't want to be with you
And what I want in life is something new

And now we follow different paths
That I know will never cross again
Oh it is good to have fond memories
But it is better to have future plans

Great Nations

Comanche
Apache
Arapaho
Hunting the great plains for buffalo
Cherokee
Cheyenne
Nez Perce
They were the ones who were here first
Shoshone
Blackfoot
Lakota
Warriors from Old Mexico to Dakota

Crow
Sioux
Navajo
Masters of the arrow and bow
Sitting Bull
Cochise
Geronimo
Heroic leaders that inspired from long ago
Quanah Parker
Lone Wolf
Crazy Horse
Men that begged people to stay the course
Custer
Crooks
Sherman
Chasing the people down like vermin
Small pox
Dyphtheria
Devastation
Greeted all who came to the reservation
Riding horse
Hunting buffalo
Counting coup
Ways of life for the Apache and Sioux
Poverty
Alcoholism
Alienation
Was the fate for all these great Nations
Vision Quest
Sacred lands
Happy Hunting Ground
Were the dreams of the few that were still around
Comanche
Apache
Arapaho
Hunting the Great Plains for buffalo
Cherokee
Cheyenne
Nez Perce
They were the ones who were here first
Shoshone
Blackfoot
Lakota
Warriors from Old Mexico to Dakota
Crow

Sioux
Navajo
Masters of the arrow and bow

There's A Sailboat Out There

There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere that I cannot see
There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere out there on the sea
There's a sailboat out there
And I know it's coming for me

Been stuck here on this lonely island for so long
Been watching everything in my life go so wrong
Been hoping that someone would join in my song
Been dreaming that maybe you would come along
Been burning signal fires along the shoreline
Been incinerating everything that once was mine
Been thinking that things could be once again fine
Been praying that you would only give me a sign
Been staying up all the day and all the night
Been wishing that everything will turn out right
Been looking through the darkness into the light
Been really needing to get you into my sight

There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere that I cannot see
There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere out there on the sea
There's a sailboat out there
And I know it's coming for me

Been trying to leave but I would have to get wet
Been getting absolutely nowhere at all as of yet
Been procrastinating and only hedging my bet
Been wanting you to somehow clear my debt
Been just looking only in all of the wrong places
Been trapped here in a constant state of stasis
Been fooling myself and going through the paces
Been searching my soul and the other empty spaces

There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere that I cannot see
There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere out there on the sea
There's a sailboat out there
And I know it's coming for me

There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere that I cannot see
There's a sailboat out there
Somewhere out there on the sea
There's a sailboat out there
And I know it's coming for me

Live in A Fiction (Used To Be)

Used to be that the world was all right
That every day would turn to every night
And used to be that you'd see the moon and stars
And you could tell your Venus from your Mars
And it used to be that you would know your land
As much as you would know the back of your hand
It used to be that that at the end of the long day
You would sit and listen to what the old would say
And it used to be that people were a whole lot more to you
Than role players to mend your head and fix your shoe
Used to be that you were never very far from home
Even if there was no house and all you did was roam
And it used to be that everything in your life
Was the same and none of it caused you strife
It used to be that the only thing that you did treasure
Gave you so much purpose and so much pleasure
It used to be that all that mattered was your family
For them there could be no match or facsimile
Used to be that the world was all right
That every day would turn to every night

Now things are not like the way that they used to be
Now life's basic simplicity is gone for you and me
And we live in a fiction
With so much friction
And futile addiction

And this depiction
Cannot do justice to the way that things used to be
And life's basic simplicity is gone for you and me

Used to be that the world was all right
That every day would turn to every night
And used to be that you'd see the moon and stars
And you could tell your Venus from your Mars
And it used to be that you would know your land
As much as you would know the back of your hand
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With so much friction
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And this depiction
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And life's basic simplicity is gone for you and me

To The Music Of Love

What was it about your face
That made my world go upside down
And everything fall out of place
What was it about your face?

What was it in your eyes

That made my life go inside out
And gave truth to the lies
What was it in your eyes?

What was it in your smile
That made me forget who I am
And made me go an extra mile
What was it in your smile?

I've been trying to come up with an answer
I've been trying to believe that it could be love
But to the music of love I have never been a dancer
Two left feet and push is always shove
And I think that it has to be something else
And I think that there is another explanation
For why that it seems that my heart always melts
Whenever you are near and in the current situation

What was it in your voice
That made me want to listen to only it
And make me think that I could rejoice
What was it in your voice?

What was it in your laugh
That made me believe in only us
That made me feel like I am half
What was it in your laugh?

What was about your heart
That made me shut out everything
And made me want to be a part
What was it in your heart?

I've been trying to come up with an answer
I've been trying to believe that it could be love
But to the music of love I have never been a dancer
Two left feet and push is always shove
And I think that it has to be something else
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That made my world go upside down
And everything fall out of place

What was it about your face?

What was it in your eyes
That made my life go inside out
And gave truth to the lies
What was it in your eyes?

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From The Depths

If all would come to an end
And the future became uncertain
There would still be a time
For me to think of you

You have taken me beyond
The veil of life's curtain
And into an unknown land
Where I hope I can find you

From the depths
Of my being
My sails are swept
To a new beginning
Where I am kept
In a state forever seeing
The tears you wept
When I was fleeing

From the very core
Of my soul
I go through the door
And pay the toll
And take what is in store
And enter into your fold
With you I get much more
And I come in from the cold

From the inner fringes
Of my heart
I still feel the singses
When we were apart
Now everything hinges
On me mastering the art
That takes you away from cringes
And gives us a new start

If all would come to an end
And the future became uncertain
There would still be a time
For me to think of you

You have taken me beyond
The veil of life's curtain
And into an unknown land
Where I hope I can find you

Hellbent

Racing with a tension building up in me

In wanting you but for the life of me
I'm just spinning my wheels
And going through the gears
Hellbent on going nowhere
For the rest of my years

Swarming thoughts are overwhelming me
And sinking me down into a tragedy
I'm just wasting my time
And going through the motions
Hellbent on staying afloat
On a wild and stormy ocean

Dreaming the dreams that can't come real
And wishing to stretch and reach some ideal
I'm just drifting away
And going down the drain
Hellbent on making it work
Come sunshine or come rain

Hellbent on being viable
Hellbent on being reliable
Hellbent on being who I am
Hellbent on giving a damn
And hellbent that someday
You will see
That there's a little heaven in me

Struggling with a gaping incoherence
Between what I feel and my appearance
I'm just fooling myself
And running into trouble
Hellbent on proving you wrong
And bursting your little bubble

Drowning in a deep and indignant sea
Waiting for the water to take over me
I'm just sinking down
And I'm just doing what is expected
Hellbent on making an impression
And maybe someday getting respected

Dying in a state of myopic misconception
Being the only victim of my deception
I'm just calling it all to an end

Hellbent that there can be redemption
And that you will still call me a friend

Hellbent on being viable
Hellbent on being reliable
Hellbent on being who I am
Hellbent on giving a damn
And hellbent that someday
You will see
That there's a little heaven in me

Children of the Sea

As ye run down the crystalline beach
The breeze will surround ye with salt
Whilst the shivery mist sends ye into a spell
You are bound to the chains of your mistress, the sea
Under her breaking waves we are free.

As ye peer down the ghostly harbour
The scent of downheartedness and decay
Erodes your fantasies of Drake and Magellan
Under the lamp the ancient first mate lay drunk for a fortnight
As the old mariner spins a yarn of his voyage roun' the cape
An' over there in the Whistlin' Keg
The cobwebs droop lazily from every corner
Upstairs the steps don't creak any more
Seein' Ole Molly has left for another port.

As ye look into the marish night
Look for the scepter with the extended finger
Pointing to the sight where the Blackmaster sank a century ago
Beware according to the aged
The Blackmaster still sails behind the dark mist
An' her crew of scallions still seek their home harbours.

Here if ye feel a longin' to ponder
Gaze into the heart of darkness
Hear the voices of the fallen children of the sea
Weep against the breaking surf,

We are free.

The Ballad of Sir John Curry

Silhouettes of the royal vicar broadcasted on the stone
In the dim chasm the porter ignites his fury
A death will be faced tonight by a man alone
Scarred by the fact that his name is Sir John Curry
A name that ranks to the vileness of godless horror
A man by whose own futility forfeits the earth out of the clown
The village gouges against the gaol for the blood of the sorcerer
Sir John will swing at the end of a rope before the whole town.

Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till your dead
Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till you lay down your head

Says John:
Black magic mistress where are you now?
The blood pours out of my jaded body
Black magic mistress come to me now!
I am forsaken by the people's body
Do something within your Satanic power
The occult has doomed me to play dead
Tomorrow morning I'll be hanging from the tower
I don't want it to happen as the townsmen said!

Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till your dead
Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till you lay down your head

Says the Royal Vicar to John:
The people tell me that you are a vampire
Why couldn't you have been the umpire?
Dracula is for movies, why are you here?
I hope by hanging you will see things very clear

There's nothing I could do for you except laugh
In all my time I have never seen one so daft
You can only pray to that devil of yours
To give the townspeople a better chorus!

Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till your dead
Swing John
Swing Johnny
Swing till you lay down your head

The morning came with a flash of lightning
Sunlight burns the face of Sir John Curry
Eroding flesh clings to his face tightly
And till the end Sir John's teeth snarled with fury
The hangman came amidst the town's tumultuous clamour
An apparition of gloom sent the daylight spiraling
A scepter appeared out of the darkness with all of hell's glamour
Sir John's vigil is over now all of you will be retiring!

Sing alone
Sing with everyone
Sing till you cry
Sing alone
Sing with everyone
Sing for Sir John has died.

Sing alone
Sing with everyone
Sing till you cry
Sing alone
Sing with everyone
Sing for Sir John has died.

In The North Country

What is it when I dream
That I've been forgotten by my Lord
Sleepin' in a dilapidated puptent
Way up here in the north country

Spent my youth in a daydream
Quizzing myself on the “what’s it all abouts?”
But now I’m freezing to death
Way up here in the north country.

I could spend a few bucks
And by tonight with any luck
I could be raising hell in Miami
Riding the tall surf down in Hawaii
But up here I’m part of the Eskimo
I am the walrus of the Arctic
I am the rocks underneath the snow
I am the northerly flow of the north Atlantic
I’m the north wind
I’m Kriskringle
I’m free!

Born in the midwest town of Denver
Came up north with the Mackenzie River
Living in complete isolation
Way up here in the north country
Stuck it out for two long years
Believing I wanted to go home
Watched my calendar fall into the garbage
Way up here in the north country.

I could spend a few bucks
And by tonight with any luck
I could be raising hell in Miami
Riding the tall surf down in Hawaii
But up here I’m part of the Eskimo
I am the walrus of the Arctic
I am the rocks underneath the snow
I am the northerly flow of the north Atlantic
I’m the north wind
I’m Kriskringle
I’m free!

Time grows long as the days grow short
My heart becomes warm as the temperature drops
Life is slow in a dilapidated puptent
Way up here in the north country
Now don’t bring your New York City
Keep your Detroit and Chicagos at home
I am at peace with myself

Way up here in the north country.

I could spend a few bucks
And by tonight with any luck
I could be raising hell in Miami
Riding the tall surf down in Hawaii
But up here I'm part of the Eskimo
I am the walrus of the Arctic
I am the rocks underneath the snow
I am the northerly flow of the north Atlantic
I'm the north wind
I'm Kriskringle
I'm free!

Jericho

Let it roll down the river to Jericho
Let it take it you with it
You got to go slow
Let it send you to the lookout
And make you a seer
Of unknown things in and out
Let it stand as your testimony
For others to believe
And let them crucify you
And make you money
Let them remember your name
Two thousand years from now
Let them die for you one and all
And make you their klaxon call
When they battle the barbaric horde
To do honor for what you stood for

Let it roll down the river to Jericho
Let it not take you with it
You've got to be a no show
Let it keep you away from the lookout
And keep you ignorant
Of all things in and out
Let it stand as your enemy
For others to see

And let them crucify someone else
And give you harmony
Let them not know your name
Two thousand years from now
Let them live for themselves one and all
And feel ten feet tall
When they embrace the foreign horde
To do honor for what you stood for

Where Are You Going, Man?

Where are you going, man?
Got to pay the tollie, man
If you want to get across

Listen to what I say, man
Nothing in life is free, man
Everything has got its cost

Get back to your home, man
Back to your woman, man
That is where you belong

What's that you say, man?
Can't understand you man
She ain't done anything wrong

You got to forget it, man
You got to open your eyes, man
You've never had it so good

You just start thinking, man
Where you would be, man
If she never came to your neighborhood

Think what you are doing, man
Hurting the one that you love, man
Why do you want to break her heart?

Just unpack your things, man
Put the rest in the garbage can

And give yourself a fresh new start

That is much better, man
Glad to see you come to your senses, man
Hope that it all works out

Now lend me a hand, man
I have my own mess in my life, man
Okay, you don't have to shout

Hobbiton Hero

Upon the rolling hills of the Shire
I met someone that I did admire
A hobbit he was, all round and stout
With a smoking pipe in his mouth
I said onto him "What be your name?"
"I'll keep it to myself if it is all the same"
He answered with a smug little smile
Because he knew I knew it all the while.

He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Hobbiton hero
Sets dogs' tails awaggin'
He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Uncle to Frodo
Another Baggins.

"Well Bilbo," I said, "Tell me why
There are no more dragons in the sky?"
He looked onto me with eyes in tears
"There hasn't been any for many years,
Not since the day I slew the worm named Smaug.
A mighty one he was coming out of the fog
And all that I had to defend me was my Sting
And of course as well this peculiar ring!"

He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Hobbiton hero

Sets dogs' tails awaggin'
He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Uncle to Frodo
Another Baggins.

I looked upon the stubby fingers of his hand
And there it was, that distinctive band
That ruled all the other ones as has been told
In the tales from Rivendell from days gone old
I said unto Bilbo, "But how can this be so?
I thought it destroyed by your nephew Frodo?"
All at once I was beset by a wave of gloom
For the ring was here and not in Mount Doom.

He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Hobbiton hero
Sets dogs' tails awaggin'
He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Uncle to Frodo
Another Baggins.

Bilbo's eyes grew narrow and grew sharp
And he spoke to me as silently as a harp
That things are not always like they seem
And it is hard to know when exactly we dream
"You are simply asleep my friend, that is all.
Soon you will wake up to the rooster's call
And there will be one thing that you will know
And that is you never met a hobbit named Bilbo."

He was Bilbo
Bilbo Baggins
Hobbiton hero
Sets dogs' tails awaggin'
He was Bilbo
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Uncle to Frodo
Another Baggins.

At first I refused to believe him and what he said
I said unto him, "How could that be I'm not in bed!"
Bilbo put his hand onto his belly and began to laugh

“There is more to life than a tale about Gandalf”
And when I did awake and started to remember
The vision that seemed so real during my slumber
Was nothing more than things that are unseen
Whenever I do read anything by J.R.R. Tolkien.

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