

Sassafras Bay (Fiona Gillespie)

Out on the threshold 'tween land and the sea
Where the wind and the waves keep us lonely and free
we live among driftwood that groups on the shore
and we call the tall sand dunes our home

[chorus]

*Our Fathers before us were part of their game
But they casted us out and the slandered our name
But we are the wreckers of Sassafras Bay
And we call the tall sand dunes our home*

Over from England our ancestors sailed
Against the injustice of rule they prevailed
but freedom brought power they practiced in turn
So we call the wild sand dunes our home

When the storms tear at our Chersonese arc
we scan the horizon for clippers and barques
we do what we can to save every man
but we call the cruel sand dunes our home

They say that we mooncuss and lure with our lights
The merchants and sailors who pass by at night
We neither give solace nor offer false hope
Tho we call the harsh sand dunes our home

We live off the plunder the sea claims as pay
the scraps that it gives to the shores of the bay
we take what we find and we call it our own
but we call the tall sand dunes our home

Long Since Gone (Benjamin Stewart)

All of the ash has long since gone
In all the forest 'round here
All of the ash, they rot where they stand
Oh they've died in the field.

All of the trees they're dying in the wood
No safe home for to find
All of the trees they're dying in the wood
Dying from mankind

All of the plants growing from the ground
They dying with fear
All of the plants growing from the ground
They're shedding mournful tears

Oh my brothers, we gotta change our ways
Now we're but a wretched curse
Oh my sisters, we gotta change our ways
Let us live so light upon this earth

Smoky Mountain Elegy (Paul Morton)

There was a house on a hill full of moonshiners still
Built of barbed wire and the patient fire of a refugee
The lovers laid where seeds are sewn, the children played
And if this home can have a heart, then this house can bleed.

Some had dreamed and others lied, the masters rich and the workers died
But blood and gold, it all flows downstream
Below the dreams bled in the field, some were lies from devils real
And they cried a smoky mountain elegy.

There was a lie, there was a dream, the field was left to lay and bleed
The devils flew, oh as quick as they came
No river to wash away the sins, the water's gone with the trees and wind
They promised change, oh but this ain't the same.

Oh, my Appalachian ancient manger, I shed my blood at the first sign of danger
The hour's late and the pots and kettles all black
You will outlive us with the better angels, drive the devils from your smoky ranges
But beasts as us, it's best we don't come back.

Highway Moon (Fiona Gillespie)

Highway moon, roll out a bed for me tonight
Pull apart the palisades into your satellite
One day I'll be a local at an oak top bar
But tonight I'll make my home under the stars

Highway moon, roll out a bed for me tonight
Hitch my wagon to a caravan of fireflies
Into the gloam so far that west turns into east
Where less becomes the most of all and profit matters least

*Roll on road till the pavement is undone
On the road I rise and set with the sun*

Highway moon, roll through the waves with me tonight
Kill the preacher's megaphone and feed my appetite
For sea-changed eyes before I tend a plotted yard
Tonight I'll lay my head somewhere afar

Highway moon, roll out a bed for me tonight
Through the asphalt arteries of alabaster heights
Join the wind that tumbles down the road as it's undone
Where I can rise and set with the sun

Queen Among the Heather (traditional)

Oh, as I rode out one morning fair
Over lofty hill, moorland and mountain,
It was there I met with a fine young girl,
While I with others was hunting.

No shoes nor stockings did she wear;
Neither had she hat nor had she feather,
But her golden curls, aye, and ringlets rare
In the gentle breeze played round her shoulders.

I said, "Fair lassie, why roam your lane?
Why roam your lane among the heather?"
She said, "My father's away from home
And I'm herding of his ewes together."

I said, "Fair lassie, if you'll be mine
And you lie on a bed o' feathers,
In silks and satin it's you will shine,
And you'll be my queen among the heather."

She said, "Kind sir, your offer is good,
But I'm afraid it's meant for laughter,
For I know you are some rich squire's son
And I'm a poor lame shepherd's daughter."

"Oh, but had you been some shepherd lad
A-herding ewes among the heather,
Or had you been some ploughman's son,
It's with all my heart I would have loved you."

Now, I've been to balls and I have been to halls;
I have been to London and Balquhiddie,
But the bonniest lassie that ever I did see
She was herding of her ewes together.

So we both sat down upon the plain.
We sat awhile and we talked together,
And we left the ewes for to stray their lane,
Till I won my queen among the heather.

Casa Pavorreal (Benjamin Stewart)

Welcome one and all to this house of kingly fowl
Rusty tiles baking, forlorn lonesome legions 'gainst the Gauls a'howl
With new Pennsylvania oil riches flowing forth
For his California wife a man of means laid brick in mortared course.

Ne'er could he imagine in sixty-some odd years or so
Left to rot and crumble, molding carpet spreading with a yard unmown
May you ne'er endure the stench that lived within the floors
Hounds and mutts and squatters in the halls had made their happy home so poor

It was not so long ago, their three daughters grown
A pair of lovers seeking beauty claimed it as their very own.
They ripped up the carpets, they sanded down the floors
A rose with petals wilted may return to glory at its core.

One cannot imagine when they come upon
Oaken pillars formed like woven braids of some forgotten Don
Like oil, manna flowing - Rejuvenation
These halls again hold laughter, music ringing out from dusk till dawn.

